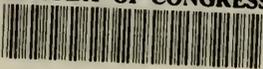


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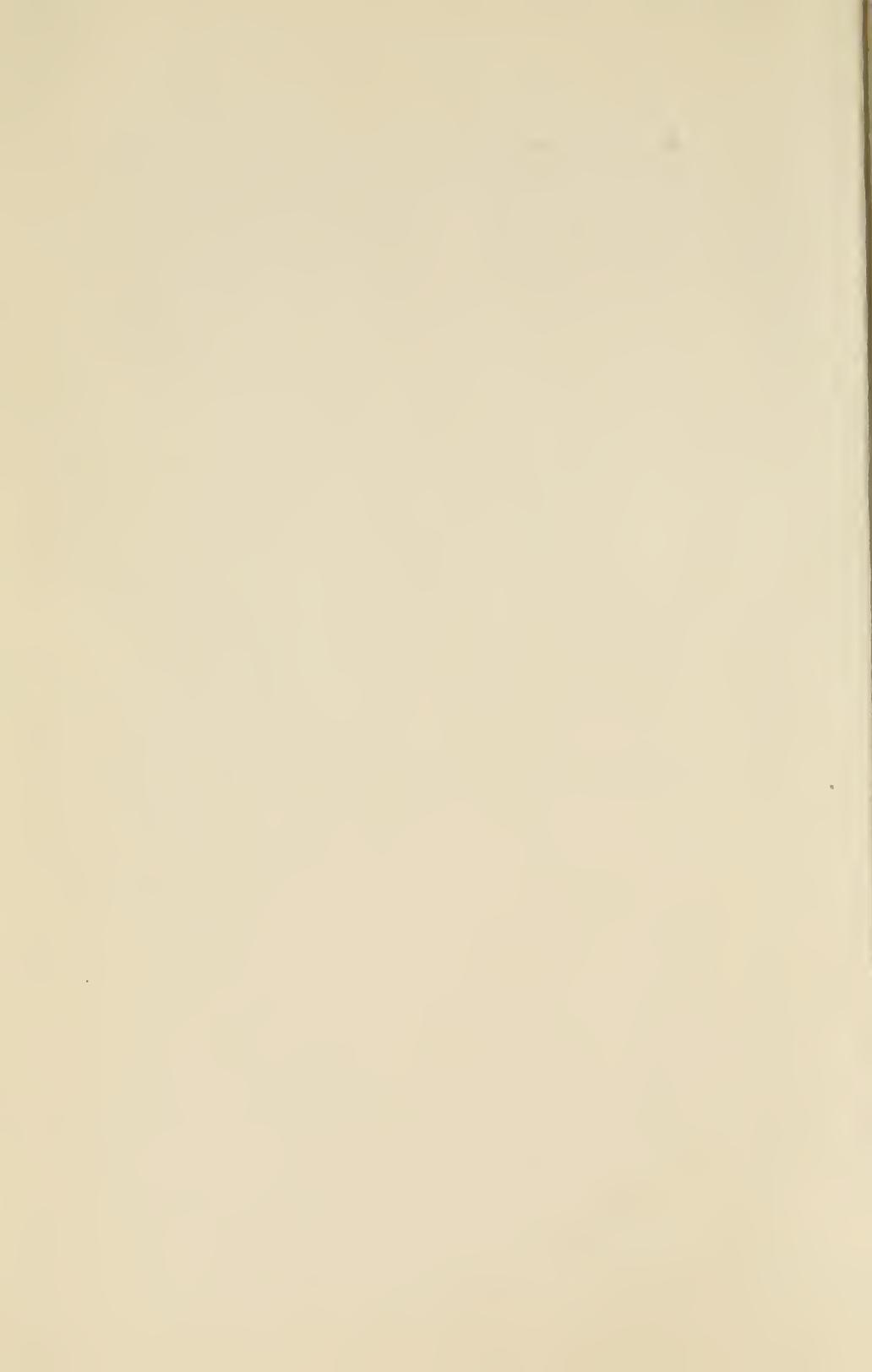


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THE STORY
OF
OUR REGIMENT

A HISTORY
OF THE
148th PENNSYLVANIA VOLS.

WRITTEN BY THE COMRADES

ADJT. J. W. MUFFLY, EDITOR.



1904
THE KENYON PRINTING & MFG. CO
DES MOINES, IOWA

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P R E F A C E

A book, like everything else, should have a good, substantial and evident reason for its existence.

This book will be read mainly by the survivors of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who know its history and who now record its achievements. It will be read, also, by very many of the descendants of comrades, who are eager to know all that may be known of the splendid regiment in which fathers and brothers and sons served the cause of the Union. It may chance to meet the eye of some who have no individual interest in its personnel. Possibly, indeed, it may serve a useful purpose in the hands of some great soul whose high mission it shall be to write the history of the great rebellion—the time for which is not yet. When the smoke shall have been lifted; the mists cleared away; the ephemera of the newspaper reporter; the selfishness of the politician, and the glamour of the poet, shall have been relegated to the limbo of oblivion, then in the cool retrospect of a century, impartial history will set out the great events and the men of the sixties in their just relations, and some great names may change places on the Nation's roll of honor.

As an act of justice to every individual patriot who served in any Union regiment in the rebellion, the history of every regiment should be written and a copy placed in every library in the land. Besides this, there are especial reasons why our Regiment should be so put upon record. Of the 2,047 regiments in the Union Army, the 148th Pennsylvania was one of the three hundred fighting regiments listed in Fox's "Regimental Losses." It stands number thirty in the list of forty-five regiments that lost 200 and upward killed in battle, with the record of 210 men killed out of a total enrollment of 1339. It stands (notwithstanding the fact that it went out a year later than many of the regiments contained therein) number fourteen in that splendid "sifted" list of twenty three regiments which gave fifteen per cent and upwards of their blood for the flag, and which are here set out as given by Colonel

Fox (page 8) with his introductory words: "The regiments in the following list can fairly claim the honor of having encountered the hardest fighting in the War. They may not have done the most effective fighting; but they evidently stood where the danger was thickest, and were the ones which faced the hottest musketry. They were all well known, reliable commands, and served with unblemished records. The maximum of loss is reached in this table:

KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS

Maximum Percentage of Enrollment

Regiment	Enrolled.	Killed.	Per Cent.	Corps.
2d Wisconsin	1,203	238	19.7	First
1st Maine Heavy Artillery.	2,202	423	19.2	Second
57th Massachusetts	1,052	201	19.1	Ninth
140th Pennsylvania	1,132	198	17.4	Second
26th Wisconsin	1,089	188	17.2	Eleventh
7th Wisconsin	1,630	281	17.2	First
69th New York	1,513	259	17.1	Second
11th Pennsylvania Reserves.	1,179	196	16.6	Fifth
142d Pennsylvania	935	155	16.5	First
141st Pennsylvania	1,037	167	16.1	Third
19th Indiana	1,246	199	15.9	First
121st New York	1,426	226	15.8	Sixth
7th Michigan	1,315	208	15.8	Second
148th Pennsylvania	1,339	210	15.6	Second
83d Pennsylvania	1,808	282	15.5	Fifth
22d Massachusetts	1,393	216	15.5	Fifth
36th Wisconsin	1,014	157	15.4	Second
27th Indiana	1,101	169	15.3	Twelfth
5th Kentucky	1,020	157	15.3	Fourth
27th Michigan	1,485	225	15.1	Ninth
79th U. S. Colored	1,249	188	15.0	Seventh
17th Maine	1,371	207	15.0	Third
1st Minnesota	1,242	187	15.0	Second

The Regiment was present in every battle of the Army of the Potomac from Chancellorsville to the surrender at Appomattox and was in the hottest of the fighting in all of them except the Wilderness.

At Spotsylvania it lost 301 killed, wounded and missing, the greatest loss of any infantry regiment on that field.

In the personnel of its officers and men—in their character for sobriety, morality, courage and patriotism, in their soldierly habits of order, obedience and personal cleanliness, in the perfection of the regimental organization, drill and discipline, in its appearance on dress parade and review, in the order, regularity and cleanliness of its camps, in its prompt and cheerful response to every call for duty, in its endurance in the toilsome march and the hardships of exposure and privation, and in the supreme test of battle, where its courage and dash, its daring and its staying qualities were proved on more than twenty bloody fields—the 148th Pennsylvania had no superior and few equals.

In the matter of returns and reports the record was altogether exceptional. From the very first, every officer was trained to forward promptly and fully, every report required. The result was that our officers, on their discharge from service, were able to settle their accounts with the Government in a day and draw their final pay, without an hour's delay.

The book, as now completed, is the fruition of a hope cherished for years by many of our comrades—a hope that ripened into a purpose and took definite form at the reunion of the Regiment held at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, February 19 and 20, 1902. Indeed the expectation of that result was a main factor leading to the holding of the reunion, and the proposed History formed the chief topic of discussion and action at the meeting.

The plan of the work, as suggested from the start (and faithfully followed) was, that it should be made up of stories by representatives of all the ranks, grades and departments of the Regiment's service. In pursuance of this idea, quite a number of papers were prepared and read at the reunion, all indicating a deep interest and eliciting profound attention and altogether giving a sure promise, now happily fulfilled, of a regimental history of intense personal interest, and in form entirely unique among books of the kind.

With so much of encouragement, the Regimental Association took action for the prosecution of the work. Committees were ap-

pointed and a general invitation was given to every comrade to contribute his personal recollections. So, without apology, we give to our children and to the Nation, the history of our service, written by the comrades who helped to make it. It is the record of an honorable service, the highest achievement of our lives, accomplished in the dawn of our early manhood. We can not hope ever to do any greater act, or win any higher honor than that which gathers about our deeds in the early sixties. Meade was never greater than at Gettysburg. Grant never rose higher than at Vicksburg. Sherman reached his zenith when he reached the "Sea."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. W. Muffly". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the main text block.

Des Moines, July 11, 1904.

The half tone illustrations in this work—made by the Star Engraving Company, of Des Moines—are mostly from war time photographs, and it is matter of gratification that we have been able to procure so many of them at this late day.



THE VAUGHN FAMILY —
GREAT GRAND CHILDREN OF
COMRADE EDWARD P. JONES OF "H" CO.

W H Y

Never since the wise man uttered it has it been more true than today that "of the making of books there is no end." In the whole range of literature to no class of books does this more truly apply than to that relating to the Civil War. Every phase of that great crisis in our national history is being portrayed with a fullness and vividness never equaled. Why add another to the apparently endless list of books upon this subject? The picture on the opposite page helps to answer this question.

Coming from Scranton a few weeks ago, the writer met an old comrade from the northern part of Pennsylvania, apparently not much over sixty years of age, who was coming with his wife from a Christmas visit to a married daughter in another part of the state. Commenting upon the pleasure of the visit, the comrade added, as a climax to what he was saying, "I have two of the nicest great-grandchildren you ever saw." This immediately started the inquiry, Have we any great-grandfathers among the survivors of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment? Upon inquiry several were found.

Among those who attended the reunion of the survivors of the Regiment at Bellefonte in February of this year (1904) was Sergt. Daniel H. Baumgardner, of H Company, now of Brookville, Pennsylvania, who rejoices in being not only a great-grandfather, but the father of a very interesting baby not yet two years old.

On the last day of our reunion Edward P. Jones, also of H Company, who resided at Port Matilda, in Centre County, and who was wounded at Gettysburg and is believed to have been one of the one hundred who made the celebrated dash with Captain Brown, October 27, 1864, on Fort Crater in front of Petersburg, died leaving to survive him, in addition to children and grandchildren, twenty-four out of thirty-two great-grandchildren born during his lifetime. The picture referred to shows the seven children of Elmer E. Vaughan and Theresa, his wife, who is a daughter of Johnson C. Jones, the son of our deceased comrade.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the character of the numberless inquiries made by the widows and orphaned children of those

who were killed or died of wounds or of disease during the War, who cannot tell even the company and regiment to which husband and father belonged, will appreciate the importance of preserving for the present and future generations the record of the service rendered by the men who served their country faithfully and well during the period to which reference has been made.

In order to preserve the record of the individual soldier and to tell as fully as may be, for the benefit of the first, second, third and all succeeding generations, just what father, grandfather or great-grandfather did in that great struggle, is the object of this volume. The story is to be told as largely as possible by those who were personally engaged in making it.

The book does not aim to be, and will as far as possible avoid being a history of the War. It will tell what each writer saw or heard or experienced in the place where, for the time being, he had his lot cast. The man with the gun rather than the officer with the sword is the hero, as he ought to be, of this story. To tell what *he* did in camp, on the march, on the picket line or in battle, or how, by cheerfulness, good nature and love of fun, he helped at the camp fire or on the march to revive the spirits of his companions, or by sympathy and helpfulness on the march, or in battle, or on the ghastly field after battles were lost or won, he gave assistance, relief and succor to those more unfortunate than himself; or on the firing line, in skirmish or battle, he carried himself bravely and established his record for coolness, courage and endurance, and so added to the enviable record of the Regiment which was proud to claim him, will be its object.

If in the present and the generations to come the descendants of the men who composed the 148th Regiment shall find herein the proud record of those whom they claim as their ancestors and shall have their pride in that ancestry increased by what they shall herein read, and shall be led to "highly resolve" that they will emulate the life and follow the example of the fathers as herein written, the object of our book will be accomplished and the wisdom of its publication vindicated.

J. A. B.

THE ITINERARY

Compiled by the Editor, assisted by Comrade Sergeant T. P. Meyer, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

1862.

- July and Aug. Companies recruited, and men "sworn in."
August 28. Company and regimental muster.
September 8. Organized at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and named 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
9. Left by rail for Cockeyville, Maryland.
10. Arrived at Cockeyville, guarding N. C. R. R. communication with the North. Four companies move to Gunpowder River under Major Fairlamb. Company A moved to Lutherville, Maryland, under Capt. R. H. Forster. Company B moved to Glencoe, Maryland, under Capt. Jas. F. Weaver. Four companies encamped at headquarters, Colonel Beaver.
30. First general inspection.
October 8. Field and staff mustered.
December 9. Left Cockeyville by rail, 2:00 P. M.
9. Arrived in Baltimore, evening. Night in Union Relief Association Building.
10. Left Baltimore by rail, 6:00 P. M.
11. At Washington, 3:00 A. M. To Soldiers' Retreat.
11. Marched for the front, 2:00 P. M.
12. Resumed march at 9:00 A. M.
15. Reached Liverpool Point.
16. Crossed Potomac River by transports to Aquia Creek, Virginia.
17. Marched to headquarters Army of the Potomac at Falmouth, Virginia. Assigned to First Brigade, First Division, Second Corps.

- 19. Located our camp. Very cold, but had no tents.
- 25. Built winter camp. Received tents today.

1863.

- January 17. Review of Corps.
- February Equipped with Springfield rifles in lieu of condemned Vincennes.
 - 9. Epidemic of fever. Many deaths.
- March 27. Visit of Governor Curtin.
- April 7. Visit of President Lincoln. Lincoln reviewed Army. 75,000 men on review.
 - 9. General inspection of Army.
 - 16. First payment. The boys of the Regiment send to their homes over \$75,000, carried and delivered, largely in person, by Chaplain Stevens.
 - 18. Regiment drilled in volley firing, with blank cartridges.
 - 27. Marching orders.
 - 28. Marched up the Rappahannock.
 - 30. Crossed the river.
- May 1. Marched to battlefield of Chancellorsville. Skirmishing begins.
 - 2. First man in Regiment killed, Samuel H. Holloway of "D."
 - 2, 3. Battle of Chancellorsville. Beaver wounded.
 - 4, 5. Cannonade and skirmishing continues.
 - 6. Recrossed river and reoccupied old camp toward evening.
 - 12. Governor Curtin visited the Regiment.
 - 16. Last of the wounded brought from the Chancellorsville battlefield and the remaining dead buried.
- June 14. Broke camp and started on the march to Gettysburg.
 - 15. At Stafford Court House. Court House and jail, with all their contents, burned.
 - 16. Dumfries. Camped at Occoquan River for the night.
 - 17. Fairfax Court House.

19. Centerville.
 20. Bull Run battlefield to Thoroughfare Gap.
 - 21-25. At Thoroughfare Gap. Bull Run Mountains.
 25. Haymarket skirmish.
 26. Edwards Ferry via Gum Springs. Crossed Potomac River into Maryland to Poolsville.
 26. Poolsville.
 27. Sugar Loaf Mountain.
 28. Frederick City. Arrived at noon.
 29. Reached Uniontown (thirty mile march) at night. Lay there the 30th.
- July
1. Into Pennsylvania at 6:00 P. M.
 - 1, 2, 3. Battle of Gettysburg.
 4. Skirmishing and burying the dead.
 5. Left Gettysburg, moved to Two Taverns, Pennsylvania.
 7. Two Taverns, Pennsylvania, to Jonesville, Maryland.
 8. Jonesville, Maryland, to Frederick, Maryland.
 9. Frederick, Burkittsville, across South Mountain and South Mountain battlefield.
 10. Antietam battlefield. Burkittsville.
 11. Hagerstown to Williamsport.
 15. Harper's Ferry.
 18. Back to Harper's Ferry. Crossed Potomac into Virginia.
 19. Colonel Beaver rejoined Regiment. Moved south six miles and camped.
 20. Bloomfield, Virginia.
 23. Ashby's Gap, to and through Manassas Gap, to Wapping Heights after night.
 23. Battle Wapping Heights. Supported Third Corps.
 24. Wapping Heights, near Front Royal, through Manassas Gap, Blue Mountains to the East.

25. Ashby's Gap via Salem to White Plains, twenty miles.
26. White Plains to Warrenton.
30. Warrenton to Elktown.
31. Elktown to Morrisville, Virginia, and camped.
- August 4. In camp, Morrisville.
- August 31. } Port Conway Expedition.
- September 4. } 1. Skirmish Richardson's Ford, at midnight.
4. Return to camp at Morrisville.
12. On Orange & Alexandria R. R. to Rappahannock Station.
13. Crossed Rappahannock to Brandy Station.
14. To Culpeper Court House.
17. To Cedar mountain.
24. Regiment transferred from First to Third Brigade, and changed camp accordingly.
28. Camp near Cedar Mountain.
- October 6. Back to Culpeper and camped.
10. Back to Rapidan. Skirmish. Covered retreat of Third Corps.
11. Rapidan via Culpeper, Rappahannock Station, twenty-five miles.
12. Rappahannock Station, recrossed Rappahannock River, skirmished and drove Rebels four miles southward.
13. To the rear twenty-five miles. Bivouac in timber on Cedar Run.
14. Battle of Auburn Mills. ("Coffee Hill.")
14. Battle Bristoe Station.
30. Received 115 recruits.
- November 7. Demonstration across river.
19. Received 158 recruits.
25. Marched on Mine Run campaign. Crossed Rapidan River.

- December 2. Recrossed Rapidan to the north.
7. Go into winter quarters near Stevensburg.
- 1864.
- March 10. Lieutenant General Grant visited the Army.
25. Assigned to Fourth Brigade.
26. Grant's headquarters established at Culpeper Court House.
- April 22. Grand review of the Army by General Grant. General reviews Second Corps.
- May 4. March to Wilderness. Second Corps crossed river.
4, 5, 6. Battle of Wilderness.
7. Marched for Todd's Tavern at night.
8. At Todd's Tavern at 9:00 A. M.
9. Crossed the Po River in evening. Drove enemy's battery.
10. Battle of Po River. Later recrossed Po River.
12. Charged and took the Salient, Spotsylvania.
15. Moved to Fredericksburg road near Ny River.
17. Moved back to the works captured on the 12th.
18. Assaulted enemy's new line.
18. Night movement towards Anderson's Mill.
20. Marched toward Guinea Station at night.
21. At Guinea at day break. To Milford and crossed river and intrenched.
22. Moved to Milford.
23. To Old Chesterfield. Advanced to North Anna River.
24. Crossed North Anna River. Advanced and intrenched.
26. Recrossed North Anna River.
27. Marched toward the Pamunkey. Camped at 10:00 P. M.
28. Crossed the Pamunkey River.
29. Reconnaissance to the front. Skirmish Swift Creek.
30. Skirmish all day and battle of Totopotomoy River in evening.

- June
1. March toward Cold Harbor.
 2. At Cold Harbor at 6:30.
 3. Battle of Cold Harbor.
 - 3-12. In intrenched line close to enemy. Truce to bury the dead.
 12. Withdrew at night and marched toward the James.
 13. Crossed Jones Bridge. Reached Wilcox Landing at 5:30 p. m.
 14. Crossed James River in boats from Wilcox Landing during the night.
 15. All across. Marched at 10:00 a. m. without rations.
 16. Assaulted enemy's works before Petersburg, Virginia. Beaver wounded.
 18. Battle at the Hare House, afterward Fort Stedman, Lee's second line.
 21. Skirmish near Williams House.
 22. Reconnaissance in woods to front. Were flanked and retired.
- July
- 1-26. In reserve front of Petersburg.
 26. To City Point.
 27. Crossed James River. Battle at Deep Bottom. Captured battery.
 29. Recrossed James River to south side before Petersburg. Returned to old camp.
 30. Burnside's mine exploded.
- August 12-13. Cross James River on transports, and move to Deep Bottom. Second expedition.
14. Battle Deep Bottom.
 20. Recrossed James to south side.
 21. Arrived at old camp before Petersburg.
 21. After short rest, march toward Weldon Railroad.
 22. Destroying Weldon Railroad.
 25. Battle of Reams Station. Colonel Beaver rejoined Regiment and was wounded.
 27. Return and camp at Avery House, front of Petersburg.

- September 5. Camp at Jones House.
24. Relieved Abbott's Brigade on front line.
26. Moved to right, extending from Fort Stedman to Fort Haskell.
- October 15. In rear Fort Stedman. Colonel Mulholland commanding Brigade. Reports at this date show a loss in the 148th of over 1,100 men in two years, leaving 182 muskets in the Regiment.
24. Changed position from Fort Stedman to Fort Rice, three miles to the left.
25. Skirmish near Fort Rice.
26. Changed position from Fort Rice to the left of Fort Morton.
27. Capt. Jerry Z. Brown, of Company K, and 100 men of the 148th, charged and capture the Confederate "Crater Fort" and lose one-third of their number.
29. Moved forward and skirmished heavily all day.
30. Relieved after night, and moved into Fort Meikle.
31. Advanced early; were relieved at 9:00 A. M., and moved to Fort Sedgwick, three miles to the left.
- November 5. General Humphreys relieves General Hancock of command Second Corps.
8. Presidential election. Return of the Regiment showed 127 votes for Lincoln, 72 votes for McClellan.
- December 1. Truce to bury the dead.
1. Captain Rhinehart, with seventy-five men, in garrison at Fort Sampson, Companies A, C, F, G and K.
1. Captain Weaver, with seventy-five men, in garrison Fort Gregg. Companies B, D, E, I and H.
9. Reconnaissance to Hatcher's Run.
10. Return to line.
24. Regiment united and in garrison Fort Cummings.
29. March at midnight twelve miles west.
- 1865.
- February In winter quarters front of Petersburg.

5. Formed line near Tucker House, advanced and captured enemy's works.
7. Ordered back to garrison, Fort Cummings.
- March 25. Advanced a mile and became engaged.
29. Moved to near the Boydton Road.
30. In line front of enemy's works supporting Brigade.
31. Moved to position at Gravelly Run and attacked, driving the enemy two miles. Captain Rhinehart wounded. Sutton took command.
- April 1. Marched to join Sheridan.
2. Joined Sheridan. Action near South Side Railroad.
- 3, 4, 5. Pursuit of enemy.
7. Action near Farmville. Regiment on foraging duty for the Division. Joseph H. Law, bugler, killed.
8. On the march.
9. Surrender of Lee.
10. Corps ordered to march 10:00 A. M. on the 11th.
11. Marched toward Burkeville.
13. Encamped at Burkeville.
- May 2. Broke camp and marched toward Richmond.
5. At Manchester, opposite Richmond.
6. Crossed James River on pontoon bridges, and marched through Richmond.
13. Encamped near Four Mile Run, near Alexandria.
23. Grand review in Washington of Army of the Potomac.
30. Corps reviewed at Bailey's Cross Roads. Great crowd of civilians in attendance.
- June 1. Mustered out in camp near Alexandria, Virginia.
3. Broke camp for the last time and marched to Washington.
4. To Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, by rail.
7. Regiment disbanded in Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

(The Second Army Corps was discontinued as an organization by General Orders No. 130 A. G. O., June 28, 1865.)

ASSIGNMENTS.

- 1862, December 17—First Brigade, Col. G. W. Von Schaack, 5th New Hampshire, 7th New York, 61st New York, 64th New York, 81st Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Beaver commanding.
First Division, Brig. Gen. W. S. Hancock; Second Corps, Maj. Gen. D. N. Couch; Army Potomac, Gen. A. E. Burnside.
- 1862, December 31—First Brigade, Colonel Von Shaack. (Same regiments as above.)
First Division, Hancock; Second Corps, Gen. John Sedgwick, temporarily; Army Potomac, General Burnside.
- 1863, January 31—First Brigade, Colonel Von Schaack. (Same regiments.)
First Division, Col. S. K. Zook (Hancock on leave); Second Corps, Gen. O. O. Howard; Army Potomac, Gen. Joseph Hooker.
- 1863, May 1—First Brigade, Gen. John C. Caldwell, 5th New Hampshire, 61st New York, 81st Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Beaver and Fairlamb commanding.
First Division, General Hancock; Second Corps, General Couch; Army Potomac, General Hooker.
- 1863, May 31—First Brigade, Col. E. E. Cross. (Same regiments as last.)
First Division, Gen. J. C. Caldwell; Second Corps, General Hancock; Army Potomac, General Hooker.
- 1863, July 1—First Brigade, Colonel Cross, Col. H. B. McKeen. (Same regiments.)
First Division, General Caldwell; Second Corps, General Hancock, Gen. John Gibbon; Army Potomac, Gen. George G. Meade from June 28th to the end.
- 1863, July 31—First Brigade, Col. Nelson A. Miles, 61st New York, 81st Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Beaver commanding.
First Division, General Caldwell; Second Corps, Gen. Wm. Hayes.

- 1863, August 31—First Brigade, Colonel Miles. (Same regiments as last.)
 First Division, General Caldwell; Second Corps, Gen. G. K. Warren.
- 1863, October 10—Third Brigade, Col. James A. Beaver, 52d New York, 57th New York, 66th New York, 148th Pennsylvania, Major Fairlamb commanding.
 First Division, Col. Paul Frank; Second Corps, General Caldwell, General Warren.
- 1863, November 20—Third Brigade, Colonel Beaver. (Same regiments as last, Major Fairlamb commanding 148th.)
 First Division, General Caldwell; Second Corps, General Warren.
- 1863, December 31—Third Brigade, Col. Paul Frank. (Same regiments, Major Fairlamb commanding 148th.)
 First Division, General Caldwell; Second Corps, General Hancock.
- 1864, January 31—Third Brigade, Colonel Beaver, 7th New York, 52d New York, 57th New York, 66th New York, 148th Pennsylvania, Major Fairlamb.
 First Division, General Caldwell.
- 1864, March 25—Fourth Brigade, Col. John R. Brooke, 53d Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Colonel Beaver; 64th New York, 66th New York, 2d Delaware. General Caldwell relieved and ordered to report to the Adjutant General, U. S. A.
 First Division, Gen. F. C. Barlow; Second Corps, General Hancock.
- 1864, May 31—Fourth Brigade, Col. John R. Brooke, 2d Delaware, 7th New York Heavy Artillery, 64th New York, 66th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Beaver commanding.
 First Division, Gen. F. C. Barlow; Second Corps, General Hancock.

During the period between June 2d and June 15, 1864, the Fourth Brigade was commanded successively by Beaver, Hastings, and Fraser, General Brooke having been disabled for further service by reason of wound at Cold Harbor.

1864, June 30—Fourth Brigade, Lieut. Col. John Hastings, 2d Delaware, 64th New York, 66th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 116th Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Capt. J. F. Weaver; 7th New York Heavy Artillery.

First Division, General Barlow; Second Corps, General Hancock.

1864, July 31—Fourth Brigade, Lieut. Col. K. O. Broady, 64th New York, 66th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 116th Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Captain Weaver; 7th New York Heavy Artillery.

First Division, Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Second Corps, General Hancock.

1864, August 31—Fourth Brigade, Col. Wm. Glenny. (Same regiments, Weaver commanding 148th.)

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, General Hancock.

1864, October 15—Fourth Brigade, Col. St. Clair A. Mulholland.

1864, October 31—Fourth Brigade, Colonel Mulholland. (Same regiments, Capt. James J. Patterson commanding 148th.)

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, General Hancock.

1864, December 31—Fourth Brigade, Colonel Glenny, 64th New York, 66th New York, 4th New York Heavy Artillery. 53d Pennsylvania, 116th Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, Weaver commanding.

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, Gen. A. A. Humphreys.

1865, January 31—Fourth Brigade, Gen. John Ramsey. (Same regiments, Weaver commanding 148th.)

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, General Humphreys.

1865, February 28—Same as last.

1865, March—Fourth Brigade, General Ramsey, 64th New York, 66th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 116th Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, 183d Penn-

THE STORY OF OUR REGIMENT

sylvania. Capt. A. A. Rhinehart commanding 148th, wounded, Capt. J. F. Sutton succeeded.

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, General Humphreys.

1865, April 30—Fourth Brigade, General Ramsey, 64th New York, 53d Pennsylvania, 116th Pennsylvania, 145th Pennsylvania, 148th Pennsylvania, 183d Pennsylvania. Captain Sutton commanding 148th.

First Division, General Miles; Second Corps, General Humphreys.



A. G. Austin

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES

PARTICIPATED IN BY THE 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS,
FIRST, THIRD AND FOURTH BRIGADES, FIRST DIVISION,
SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

1863.

1. Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 1st to 5th.
2. Hay Market, June 25th.
3. Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1st, 2d, 3d.
4. Wapping Heights, Virginia, July 23d.
5. Richardson's Ford, Virginia, September 1st.
6. South Side Rappahannock, October 12th.
7. Auburn Mills, Virginia, October 14th.
8. Bristoe Station, October 14th.
9. Kelly's Ford, Virginia, November 7th.
10. Mine Run, November 27th and 30th, December 1st.

1864.

11. Morton's Ford, Virginia, February 6th, 7th.
12. Wilderness, Virginia, May 5th, 6th, 7th.
13. Po River, Virginia, May 9th, 10th.
14. Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12th to 20th.
15. Assault at Salient, May 12th.
16. Milford Station, Virginia, May 20th.
17. Reconnaissance by Regiment, May 22d.
18. North Anna River, May 23d to 27th.
19. Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia, May 28th and 31st.
20. Cold Harbor, June 2d to 12th.
21. Cold Harbor Assault, June 3d.
22. Siege of Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864, to April 2, 1865.
23. Assault on Petersburg, Virginia, June 16th.
24. Assault Petersburg, June 17th.
25. Assault Petersburg, June 18th.
26. Jerusalem Plank Road, June 21st, 23d.
27. Strawberry Plains (Deep Bottom), Virginia, north of James River, July 27th, 29th.

28. Deep Bottom, Virginia, north of James River, August 14th, 15th, 16th.
29. Ream's Station, Virginia, Weldon Railroad, August 25th.
30. Fort Crater, October 27th.
31. Fort Morton, October 29th.

1865.

32. Attack and capture of picket line, March 25th.
33. Gravelly Run, March 29th.
34. Hatcher's Run, Virginia, March 30th.
35. White Oak Road, Virginia, March 31st.
36. Sutherland Station, April 2d.
37. Deatonsville (Amelia Springs), Virginia, April 6th.
38. Farmville, Virginia, north of Appomattox River, April 7th.
Surrender of Lee's Army, April 9, 1865.

CITIZEN'S STORY.

Introductory by General Beaver.

The President's call of July 7, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers met with a ready response in Centre County. A movement was immediately started to raise a Centre County regiment which was so far successful as to make the Centre County element dominant in the organization and to give that name to what was known numerically as the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. The county had not been derelict in its duty previous to that time. In the three months service in the Pennsylvania Reserves, and in the three years regiment raised in 1861, she had her full share of representation.

Immediately after the President's call the efforts to raise the regiment began and were prosecuted with enthusiasm and success. Stimulus was given to the movement by an executive order issued by the War Department, August 4, 1862, in which it was ordered:

“(1) That a draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called into the service of the United States to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quota to the states and establish regulations for the draft.

“(2) That if any state shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that state will also be made up by special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for this purpose.”

In addition to the stimulus afforded by this order for a draft, it became apparent that an active campaign northward was to be made by the Army of Northern Virginia, and in order to meet that movement on the part of Lee the organization of troops then under way was hurried so that they might be put into the field as soon as possible.

These conditions hastened the organization of the 148th Regiment and prevented the full realization of the plan for securing a Centre County regiment. The final result was seven companies from Centre County, one from Clarion, one from Indiana and one from Jefferson, although several of these companies had detachments or individual enlistments from other counties. Two of the companies

from Centre County were made up largely from the boys who were attending the Academies at Pine Grove (D), and Boalsburg (G), and as many of these were not from Centre County, the companies included representatives from a number of other counties, although enlisted and regarded as Centre County men. E Company was composed of detachments from Armstrong, Indiana and Jefferson Counties, but was always counted as an Indiana County company. F contained detachments from Huntingdon, Cameron and Elk Counties. I was almost wholly from Jefferson County; and K, although from Clarion County in the main, had a considerable detachment from Montgomery County. A somewhat careful analysis of the enlistments make it certain that at least thirteen counties were represented in the Regiment; namely, Armstrong, Blair, Cameron, Centre, Clarion, Elk, Huntingdon, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Mifflin, Montgomery and Perry.

An account of the movement in Centre County was very fortunately written during his lifetime by the Hon. H. N. McAllister, of Bellefonte, who was one of the foremost promoters of the movement, and canvassed the county making numerous addresses in its behalf. This was written in response to the request of Hon. Samuel P. Bates, who prepared the History of Pennsylvania Volunteers 1861-1865, but was too voluminous for his purpose. The manuscript was, however, preserved and very appropriately constitutes the next chapter.



Engraved by John Sartain Plat^m

A McAllister

THE CITIZEN'S STORY.

By Hon. H. N. McAllister

Seven companies of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, known as Companies A, B, C, D, E, G and H, were recruited in and afterwards severally mustered into the service of the United States as from Centre County between the 4th and 16th days of August, 1862.

In pursuance of a call signed "Many Citizens," published by hand bills posted throughout the county and by publication in the *Central Press*, a large public meeting was convened at the court house in Bellefonte on Saturday, August 2, 1862, to promote enlistments and enable Centre County to fill her quota of men called for by the Government, without the necessity of a draft. Hon. S. T. Shugert, was appointed president; Moses Thompson and twelve other prominent citizens, vice-presidents; D. J. McCann and John T. Hoover, secretaries. The object of the meeting having been stated by the president, a committee of nine, of which Hon. Samuel Linn was chairman, was appointed to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting. During the absence of the committee, Hon. James T. Hale being called upon addressed the meeting. The committee reported a preamble and nine several resolutions, among which were the following:

"Resolved, That we will furnish our full quota of men to meet the late requisition and that we will raise the amount of funds necessary for that purpose.

"Resolved, That the commissioners of Centre County be requested to pay each volunteer who may be enrolled in the service of the United States from this county the sum of Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars bounty by way of relief to such volunteers, and that for that purpose they be requested to borrow the sum of Ten Thousand (\$10,000.00) Dollars for the period of five years, paying the usual rate of interest therefor."

All of which were unanimously adopted.

H. N. McAllister, Esq., being then called upon addressed the meeting, after which Dr. J. B. Mitchell said that he had been author-

ized by his friend, Dr. George A. Fairlamb, who was necessarily absent on professional business, to announce that if encouraged to do so he would undertake to raise a company. This announcement was received with applause.

The action of the meeting upon the resolutions previously referred to having been communicated to Messrs. Ira Fisher, John McCalmont and Amos Alexander, the county commissioners then in session, resolved to offer a bounty as requested and to issue the obligations of the county for \$10,000, payable in five years with interest, on condition that the same should be taken at par, and the commissioners in no event to be held responsible. The resolution of the commissioners was reported to the meeting, whereupon bonds were immediately taken by subscription and within a few days afterwards cashed and the \$10,000 required placed in the treasury.

Dr. George A. Fairlamb being informed on his return of what had taken place at the meeting, commenced on Monday morning, the 4th of August, at the sacrifice of a good and growing practice, to recruit his company, which, with the aid of George A. Bayard, John L. Johnston and John A. Bayard, he accomplished within twelve days.

A further requisition for 300,000 men having been made by the National Government shortly after this meeting, the quota of Centre County was, of course, correspondingly increased. Commissions to recruit were issued by the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania to Robert McFarlane and Robert M. Forster of Harris Township; William H. Bible, of Bellefonte; Frank Stevenson, of Patton Township; James F. Weaver, of Milesburg, and Martin Dolan, of Boggs Township. Public meetings were called at Milesburg, Eagle Iron Works, Hublersburg, Unionville, Halfmoon, Pine Grove, Boalsburg, Potters Mills and Spring Mills. These meetings were, at the instance of those engaged in recruiting in the respective localities, addressed by Hon. James T. Hale, H. N. McAllister, Esq., Capt. William H. Blair, John G. Kurtz, Esq., and others disposed to aid in the vigorous prosecution of the War.

Robert McFarlane resided in the same vicinity with Robert M. Forster, and possessing the advantage of having been a Captain in the three months service, recruited his company

between the 4th and 18th days of August. James F. Weaver, who resided in the same vicinity with Martin Dolan, recruited his company between the 5th and 22d days of August. Martin Dolan, with the aid of William P. Wilson, of Potters Mills, recruited his company between the 8th and 25th days of August.

It having become manifest that Robert M. Forster, William H. Bible and Frank Stevenson could not succeed in each raising a company, they met by appointment at the office of H. N. McAllister and entered into an arrangement under which they were severally to recruit for the same company, McAllister agreeing to aid them in their work. They were to report their recruits at a time specified, when the organization of the company was to be decided upon. This agreement was carried out with the utmost good faith, the reports made at the time appointed and the company organized by the election of Robert M. Forster, Captain; William H. Bible, First Lieutenant; and Frank Stevenson, Second Lieutenant. This company was recruited between the 4th and 27th days of August.

All sections of Centre County had freely, from the commencement of the War, responded to the several calls of the President for men, not only promptly but enthusiastically, and were still responding, except the townships of Penn, Haines, Gregg and Miles, and it was thought that something should be done to arouse them from their lethargy. Meetings were, therefore, called by hand bills at Millheim in Penn Township on the evening of August 18th, at Rebersburg on the afternoon of the 19th, and at Aaronsburg on the evening of the same day. Capt. William H. Blair, of the 51st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, then at home on sick leave suffering from ophthalmia, and H. N. McAllister, Esq., were sent to address the meeting at Millheim, with an understanding that Hons. James T. Hale and S. T. Shugert would meet them on the 19th at Rebersburg and accompany them to Aaronsburg that evening. The meeting at Millheim was addressed at considerable length by both McAllister and Blair. They argued that it was most manifestly the interest of Penn Township that their quota of the 600,000 men should be filled by volunteers, as the draft must fall more heavily

upon them than upon those townships which had filled previous calls. A very respectable citizen of Penn Township, at one time a commissioner of the county, accompanied the speakers to their lodging from the meeting, and in answer to the argument in reference to the approaching draft, suggested that their men could evade it by taking refuge in the neighboring mountains.

Captain Blair's sufferings from his eyes having increased, McAllister left him at Millheim and went with James P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg, to Rebersburg, where they met Hons. James T. Hale, S. T. Shugert and J. G. Laurimore, and quite a large and respectable assemblage of citizens of Miles Township. The meeting being organized by the appointment of Hon. Samuel Strohecker president, and ————— secretary, was addressed by Judge Hale, H. N. McAllister, S. T. Shugert and others. The speakers stated to the audience that they came not to ask favors themselves, for their friends or for their country, but to do the citizens of Miles Township a favor in making known to them their true situation; that the Government, whilst they preferred a voluntary offer of service, were strong enough to take all they required, whether of money or of men. In the course of his remarks McAllister alluded to the conversation he had had the evening before with his Penn Township friend and to the spectacle the inhabitants of Penn, Miles, Gregg and Haines Townships would present whilst skulking in the adjacent mountains to evade the draft, a skulking which to be effective must continue not for days nor months, but for years. He suggested that they would most likely be compelled to live on fish, venison and the other reliances of savage life. The speakers dwelt upon the fact that they came in the interest of no particular recruiting officer. All they asked was that the citizens of Miles Township should raise a company and select their own officers, either from among or from outside themselves. Several names were mentioned. The president of the meeting then said that Robert H. Forster was a soldier in the Mexican War. If he would agree to act, he can raise a company in Miles Township. Forster being called for soon appeared, and after some conference and consultation agreed to make the effort to raise a company.

On the 22d of August, three days afterwards, his company numbered ninety-four men; seventy-one of them were from Miles Township, twenty-one from Penn and one from Harris. The speakers all left, Hale and Shugert for the meeting at Aaronsburg, McAllister to fill an appointment elsewhere, greatly encouraged and with high hopes of success in all the German Townships. Blair joining Hale and Shugert at Millheim, they proceeded to Aaronsburg where they met a still larger meeting than at Rebersburg, which was addressed by Hale, Blair and others. The announcement that R. H. Forster was recruiting a company in Miles Township received enthusiastic applause. The meeting resulted in an arrangement under which Andrew Musser was to raise a company, which was commenced before the meeting adjourned and which, with the assistance of Prof. John E. Thomas, of Pine Grove, was completed before the 28th of August. The proceeds of the \$10,000 issue of Centre County bonds having been well nigh exhausted in the payment of the companies recruited by Fairlamb and McFarlane, the commissioners, on the 18th day of August, passed the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the commissioners of Centre County will issue coupon bonds of \$50.00 each, payable with 6 per cent. interest, in five years, to each volunteer who is accepted and mustered into the service of the United States from Centre County under the two calls for 300,000 men each made by the President of the United States.”

At the meeting in Rebersburg and Aaronsburg a resolution, of which the following is a copy, was unanimously adopted:

“Resolved, That this meeting tenders its hearty thanks to the board of commissioners of Centre County for their noble and generous determination to pay each volunteer of Centre County a bounty of \$50.00.”

And a notice, of which the following is a copy, appeared in the *Central Press* on the 22d of August, 1862:

WAR MEETING.

“A meeting of the citizens of Centre County will be held at the court house in Bellefonte on Monday evening, August 25th (court week), to raise money for bounty to volunteers to fill our quota of

600,000 men called for by the President of the United States and thus save the disagreeable necessity of a draft.

"By order of the commissioners.

"S. M. IRVIN, *Clerk.*"

A meeting convened in pursuance of the above call was organized by the selection of Gen. George Buchanan as president; George Boal, S. T. Shugert, A. R. Barlow and William Foresman, vice-presidents, and John T. Johnson and J. S. Barnhart, secretaries. H. N. McAllister, William H. Blair, D. J. McCann, Jacob Houser and J. B. Mitchell were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, which presented a report, patriotic in sentiment, pledging the people to stand by the commissioners of the county in issuing bonds for the payment of a bounty to all volunteers who should be credited to the county.

Capt. William H. Blair and H. N. McAllister, Esq., being severally called upon, addressed the meeting, after which the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The companies recruited and enlisted as above stated left Centre County for Harrisburg in conveyances furnished by the citizens, without charge, as follows:

George A. Fairlamb's company, from Bellefonte via Lewistown, August 14, 1862.

Robert McFarlane's company, from Boalsburg via Lewistown, August 13, 1862.

R. Henry Forster's company, from Rebersburg via Lewistown, August 27, 1862.

A. Musser's company, from Aaronsburg and Pine Grove, rendezvousing at Centre Hall and leaving via Lewistown, August 27, 1862.

R. M. Forster's company, from Bellefonte via Lewistown, August 27, 1862.

J. F. Weaver's company from Milesburg via Lock Haven, August 21, 1862.

Martin Dolan's company, from Milesburg via Lock Haven, August 28, 1862.

The citizens of Centre County having with great unanimity fixed upon Lieut. Col. James A. Beaver, of the 45th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, as the most suitable person to whom the Coloneley of the Regiment could be committed, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was, on the 15th of August, 1862, addressed to Governor Curtin:

BELLEFONTE, 15 August, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY, A. G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania,

DEAR SIR: We take great pleasure in recommending our friend and fellow citizen, Lieut. Col. James A. Beaver, of the 45th Pennsylvania Regiment for a coloneley in one of the regiments now being formed. He is a young man of undoubted courage, indomitable energy and high military capacity. He had for several months an independent command and received for his conduct the high commendation of his superior officers. We, therefore, not only desire his promotion to a coloneley, but we most respectfully urge his appointment to the coloneley of the regiment in which we now feel the deepest interest—that in which the companies raised in Centre County by Messrs. McFarlane, Fairlamb, Weaver and others, to serve for the term of the War, shall be placed.

Yours truly,

GEO. A. FAIRLAMB,
ROBT. MCFARLANE,
JAMES F. WEAVER,
SAMUEL LINN,
S. T. SHUGERT,
R. H. DUNCAN,
W. H. BLAIR,
GEORGE BOAL,
H. N. McALLISTER.

Governor Curtin returned in reply to this letter that the War Department had refused to discharge any officer in active service to take charge of any unorganized regiment, and that, therefore, the Centre County companies would have to look elsewhere for a colonel. Colonel Beaver being informed of this, wrote H. N. McAllister that if the captains of the several companies desired his services and should unite in a letter to him to that effect, stating the readiness of the Regiment for immediate organization, he could procure his own discharge to assume immediately a higher command. This letter hav-

ing been handed to Captain Fairlamb, resulted in a letter, of which the following is a copy:

CAMP CURTIN, August 30, 1862.

LIEUT. COL. JAMES A. BEAVER,

SIR: We, the undersigned, Captains of companies from Centre County, being desirous of forming a regiment to be called the Centre County Regiment, and, if possible, to be commanded by a Centre County man, take this means of offering the said command to you, believing that under your care the Regiment will become efficient and realize the hopes of our friends at home. And we desire that you will endeavor to be detached from your present duties and as soon as possible assume the position of Colonel of this Regiment. Governor Curtin is aware of our wishes and is anxious to further them by every means.

[Signed]

GEORGE A. FAIRLAMB,
ROBERT MCFARLANE,
MARTIN DOLAN,
JAMES F. WEAVER,
R. M. FORSTER,
ANDREW MUSSER,

Captains.

The letter was transmitted with the following endorsement:

"This request is made with my approbation and for reasons set forth. I unite in the petition.

A. G. CURTIN,

"Governor Pennsylvania.

"HON. E. M. STANTON."

Lieutenant Colonel Beaver procured his discharge on the 4th of September, 1862, appeared in Harrisburg on the 6th of September; the Regiment was organized by the addition of additional companies from the counties of Clarion, Indiana and Jefferson, and was organized and equipped on the 8th and left Harrisburg for Cockeysville, Maryland, on the evening of the 9th of September, 1862, and was thus introduced into active service.

THE SISTER'S STORY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In making inquiries in regard to war time photographs for illustrating the "History of our Regiment," I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sophie C. Hall, *nee* Keller, the sister of our comrade Corporal Daniel S. Keller of G Company, who, after being wounded at Chancellorsville and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, became an efficient and trusted clerk in the War Department and was subsequently my close friend and devoted staff officer as Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General in the National Guard service.

In discussing the enlistment and organization of G Company, Mrs. Hall gave some account of the manner in which the company was enlisted and of the scenes which attended that enlistment. I immediately asked her to put what she said in writing, so that it would give, in some measure at least, an insight into the life of the mothers and sisters who remained at home during our Civil War. The result of her kind compliance with my request is found in the following pages which will, I am sure, add interest and zest not only to the story of G Company, but will give a realistic glimpse of home life in the quiet villages of our country, of which Boalsburg is a fine type, while sons and brothers were absent doing valiant service for their country.

JAMES A. BEAVER.

THE SISTER'S STORY.

By Mrs. Sophie Keller Hall

The 5th of August, 1862, dawned bright and fair. The day, rare as it was beautiful, was destined to become memorable in the annals of the quaint old town of Boalsburg. There was unusual stir in the village. The "Boalsburg Academy," then a noted classical school, had reopened. Many students who had spent the short summer vacation in their own homes had returned and the streets resounded to the buoyant tread and joyous voices of "young men and maidens."

It was the close of the noontide hour. Seated on the porch and steps of the old Academy were groups of students, but where was the bright repartee, merry laughter and song that were wont to greet the ear of the "late arrivals?" These on this occasion were two little girls (the youngest members of the school), who with arms interlaced and heads bent close together exchanging confidences, came slowly up the walk. As they neared the hall, the quiet that prevailed was so intense that instinctively the young girls felt something had occurred, and hastening up anxiously asked:

"What is the matter? Any bad news from the front?" For since the "Dark Days of '61," the war news was ever the first and most absorbing topic in that patriotic little town.

"President Lincoln has called for more volunteers and Professor Patterson is going," was the answer.

The pale, startled faces of the children turned toward their teacher. In their eyes he read the question their lips refused to frame, "Is it true?" and he answered gently:

"Yes, I am going and not alone, for I shall take as many of my brave boys as can and will go with me."

No lessons were recited that afternoon, but many were the lessons learned. Lessons of courage, faith, hope and love for home and country.

Professor Patterson spoke of the obligation that rested individually upon every loyal able-bodied man who could, to protect his country's flag in the hour of peril. He felt that the time had come when he must go, if he would be true to his manhood.

His words fell into hearts responsive and true. For some the decision their beloved teacher had made involved for them also infinitely more than the mere closing of the school. Among these was a boy whose natural ability and studious habits, had won for him honor and preferment. His career in life seemed full of promise. For several years he had pursued a prescribed course of study, and he had bright expectations of being entered the coming month a Sophomore in a celebrated college. But the words of his teacher changed for him the whole current of his life. He was descended from a long line of patriots—men who had given up country, home and friends for their

civil and religious liberties and who, when they became citizens of their adopted country, loved her well enough to uphold her in her great struggle for independence.

The great-grandson could do no less than strive to preserve the flag his Revolution sires had sought to win. He felt that he must abandon the idea of college life dear as it was to him. He confided to his sister (one of the little girls mentioned) his determination to enlist. Looking into his eyes, her own shining with unshed tears, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so proud and so glad. I only wish I were a boy and old enough to go with you."

Upon reaching home they found their mother greatly distressed over the rumors now rife throughout the town. Her son told her of the call for volunteers; of the meeting to be held for that purpose that evening, and of his decision to be one of them. He was his mother's first born son and dearly beloved as such. She besought him not to do anything decisive until his father, who was absent from home, should return. He loved and revered his mother as only a good son can look up to and revere a godly mother, but he felt it his duty to respond to his country's call. So he could not give her the promise she asked, much as it grieved him to refuse.

Seeing her mother's anguish, his sister was alternately swayed by emotions of love and patriotism, but she had promised to stand by her brother in all he would do, and she would—yes, she would.

As the sun went down and the trees cast long lingering shadows across the greensward, the clear notes of a sweet-toned bell rang out on the soft evening air. It was the bell in the tower of the "Old Stone Church," and to it were soon hastening men, women and children. Mere friendship drew some; idle curiosity none. Connoisseurs in art and architecture would glory in that "Old Stone Church," as it stood that day, with its graceful spire, its arched ceiling, its massive hand-carved and fluted columns and galleries, its high-backed pews, its spacious chancel, and dear old-fashioned pulpit with its spiral stairway and its sounding board whose "golden rays" symbolized the "sun of righteousness." No uncertain truths of faith and

doctrine ever fell from the lips of the men who stood within that sacred precinct.

Dear old church! So firm were her walls that the hand of man could scarcely lay her in the dust. Was not her resistance a silent protest, crying out to be left intact, as a monument of that memorable evening, where within her gates occurred events that consecrated her forever with tenderest memories that time cannot obliterate? No service since has been like unto that service, where with prayer and praise, were offered up young heroes, willing sacrifices upon their country's altar. What were the sacrifices of old in the temple compared unto these sacrifices? And as the gift on the altar sanctified the altar of the temple, so the free gift of these brave young hearts sanctified anew the dear old church of their childhood days, and hallowed the ground on which she stood!

"Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet,
We cannot forget,
That many 'brave boys' must fall."

Thus sang or tried to sing the wives, mothers, sweethearts and sisters of the men and boys ready to respond to their country's call. Inside the chancel stood a tall, majestic figure—a man born to be a leader of men. He made a strong, stirring, patriotic appeal. The man who had doubted where his duty lay doubted no more when Hon. H. N. McAllister, of Bellefonte, had finished speaking. Then followed a scene never to be forgotten by those present: James J. Patterson, principal of the Boalsburg Academy, arose. In his hand he held the roster of the school. The boy's sister recognized it, knew what was coming and drew her breath sharply, while her small hands were clasped convulsively together. Stepping to the chancel rail, Professor Patterson told of his own decision to enlist in the service of his country, and then added he would call the roll of the school for the last time and as many of his boys as had determined to go with him should respond, "Ready!" The roll was called alphabetically and the young girl heard, as in a dream the names of "Andrews—ready," "Baker—ready," and so on down the roll. Will they never

reach the name she longs yet dreads to hear? And, "Oh, will he go," she inwardly moans. Hush! There it is—"Keller—ready"—responds a brave young voice, and the little sister wonders why she cannot breathe.

The next she remembers the band is playing, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then she slips out of the church and runs into her mother's arms (that mother who could not enter that "Temple of Sacrifice," and yet could not remain far away from it). There in those tender, sheltering arms the child sobs out her grief and is comforted.

The boy who had enlisted could not be accepted on account of his youth without the consent of his father, but when that father returned home and heard his son's earnest pleading he could no longer resist him. He had planned such a different career for his gifted son; it was hard to abandon it when, as he thought, this call could be answered by men older and abler to endure the hardships of war. But when his boy, standing before him in all his youthful, manly beauty, said:

"Father, let me go! My country needs me, and I could never hold a book while the other boys were holding guns."

The man, and the father, answered:

"Then go, my son, and may God be with you."

And God was with him; for though the brave young life almost ebbed away on the blood-stained field of Chancellorsville, yet he lived, lived to return to be an honor to his country and to fight manfully in halls of justice, many other battles of right against wrong, unto his life's end.

During the fall and winter of 1862 the old Academy in Boalsburg continued to play an important part in the history of the town. Within her walls gathered the mothers, wives, sisters and friends of the men who had enlisted in Company G of the 148th Regiment. With our boy's mother as leader they organized the "Soldiers' Aid Society," which became so well known for its efficiency. Soon the old hall of learning was a great work shop, where the hum of sewing machines was heard, helping busy hands make clothing for sick and wounded in hospitals and barracks. In this work even the children

of the town had a share, and proud, indeed, were they when permitted to scrape lint and make bandages and slippers for the soldiers—a name that to them signified everything that was brave and loyal, and true and good. Here were given concerts, the proceeds of which were sent to the Sanitary Commission; and here were packed huge boxes filled with dainty work done by fair hands for the “Great Fair,” given in Philadelphia under the auspices of that same commission, whose chief executive was George H. Stuart, and from whom came many letters of acknowledgment and commendation. Some of these letters are still kept and prized by the secretary of the Soldiers’ Aid Society. Here, too, were packed many other boxes, still larger and more precious; boxes that found their way to Gunpowder Bridge, Cockeysville and elsewhere, bringing comfort and cheer to their own “boys in blue,” stationed there. Many a fond mother, as she lovingly placed into the box some special delicacy for her own darling boy, added one for the “stranger” who had gone from their midst, so that not infrequently his proved to be the “Benjamin’s portion.” Here were rehearsed the latest war news. As theirs was a common interest, so here were read letters from camp and field and hospital, telling of the noble daring and unflinching bravery of heroes in the naval and military arms of their country in its great Civil War—a war over which not only their own nation stood appalled, but the whole civilized world was stirred to its center. And here, too, when the skies grew darker and the war clouds gathered deeper and still deeper and darker, these “heroes at home” worked steadfastly on. Yea, worked while they wept, and fasted, and prayed, and waited. Waited from the going down of the sun at Chancellorsville until the rising at Gettysburg. And when at last that great day came when the Angel of Peace spread her wings over a bleeding yet undivided country, while giving thanks to Almighty God who had given them the victory, their hearts were stilled with holy awe at the thought that it was only won at the sacrifice of so many brave men and true who had fallen heroes and martyrs in the struggle.

“The air was full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.”

So many "Rachels" mourning for their children, for among the many "silent tents," spread on "fame's eternal camping ground," not a few were of their own, who had gone forth in the glory and strength and beauty of youth and manhood.

As we strew their graves amid tears with flowers let us not forget that in every age the Master of Life and Death, who is kinder as well as wiser than we, has translated to Heaven in their springtime, earth's sweetest flowers, and there they may rise on stepping stones of their own dead selves to higher things. Death cometh to every man soon or late, but death on the battlefield to the hero is a more glorious death than any other. Even in his dying moments it comforts him to know "his sword has won the battle for the free," and that "the thanks of millions yet to be" are his and so well content, he rests with the "storied brave." "Greater love hath no man shown." One of our best loved poets has said:

"There is no death,
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death."
"Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live: whom we call dead."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In Mrs. Hall's letter enclosing the manuscript of the little gem called the "Sister's Story," I find a very interesting contribution to the literature relating to incidents which preceded and led up to the establishment of the Grand Army Memorial Day. Mrs. Hall says: "On the 4th of July, 1864 (I think that was the first 4th of July following the death of Dr. Reuben Hunter, of Boalsburg), Emma Hunter, now Mrs. James T. Stuart, and I went to the Boalsburg Cemetery to decorate her father's grave. While making a cross of flowers and wreath of same, the idea suggested itself to us that it would be appropriate, considering the day, to decorate all the graves of the soldiers buried there. Going home, we soon procured more flowers and laurel and made a wreath for every grave of a soldier, and as some of your boys of the 148th lie there, I think it can be said that the 148th was the first regiment to have its graves decorated. This date of decoration was at least four or five years prior to the ordinance passed by the United States setting the 30th of May as the time, and several years before the claimants for the honor of first decorating graves performed that ceremony in the Georgetown Cemetery."

Beath's History of the Grand Army states that soldiers' graves were decorated at Waterloo, New York, May 27, 1866, and at Cincinnati in 1867. The formal order of Commander-in-Chief Logan of the Grand Army, establishing the Memorial Day was dated May 5, 1868. So far, therefore, as I am now advised, Mrs. Hall's claim is well founded and I am sure that we are all glad to know that the graves of our own regimental comrades were thus early honored.

J. W. M.

THE BRIGADE COMMANDER'S STORY.

PART I.

By Major General John R. Brooke.

The men of the 148th Pennsylvania played no small part in those years of war which will always be counted as the greatest years of the Republic. It had been but a few months in the field before the names of battles which it was authorized to inscribe on its flag began to appear in orders. These followed each other in rapid succession. The list runs thus, beginning with the first battle after it reached the front: Chancellorsville, May, 1863; Gettysburg, July; Bristoe Station, October; Mine Run, November-December; Wilderness; Po River; Spotsylvania; North Anna; Totopotomoy; Cold Harbor, May, 1864; Petersburg, June; Strawberry Plain; Deep Bottom, July; Ream's Station, August, 1864, and so on in the closing campaign to the end.

So the 148th marched along the highways of battle winning honors whenever and wherever the bugles sounded the advance. What can anyone say in eulogy that shall surpass what the mere catalogue of those names and dates bestows? He would be a fortunate soldier if no other honor had come to him in the War than to have commanded men who were authorized by the Government which they served to thus glorify their battle flag.

In the dreary winter after Fredericksburg the 148th attracted general attention in the Army for the excellence of its field quarters and its attention to all details which contribute to the perfection of military organization. Its Colonel had attained high standing with his brigade and division officers before the Regiment had been baptized in battle. It began its notable fighting experience at Chancellorsville, where we first became associated, my own brigade and that in which the 148th served being both in Hancock's Division. This organization continued through Gettysburg, Bristoe Station and Mine Run, and then the 148th was assigned to my own brigade on the threshold of that desperate campaign from the Rapidan to the James. From that moment the ties which bound us together were stronger

than hooks of steel. We went through the Wilderness together. It was as the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but glorified by such deeds as the 148th and their fellows of the Army of the Potomac performed. At Po River it crossed with unsurpassed gallantry, fighting the enemy in front with the forests blazing in its rear. The world knows of the bloody angle at Spotsylvania, and of the charge of Hancock's First Division on the 12th of May, a day that the living of our brigade will ever hold in proud remembrance. And so we went on together, down through Cold Harbor, and many minor engagements, to the James—across to Petersburg—and beyond the Appomattox and the glorious close of the War wherever the blare of bugle called to combat or the roar of battle told of the fiercest of the fight.

THE BRIGADE COMMANDER'S STORY.

PART II.

By Brevet Major General St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Having commanded the 148th Pennsylvania Infantry, even for the short time I had that honor, will ever be a happy and most pleasing memory of that titanic struggle, the great War of Secession. Truly the 148th was a noble regiment. There may have been a better one, but if so I have not seen it. Pennsylvania sent many splendid organizations to the front but I question if there was one that could be claimed as superior in any respect. In fighting qualities, in the personnel of officers and men, in the admirable discipline that ever marked the command, in every characteristic that made a really fine regiment, the 148th had few equals and no superiors. How vividly the memories of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg all come crowding back after the years that have passed, and the glorious fighting line of the 148th is recalled as of yesterday. From the very first shot fired by the command until the torn and blood-stained, victorious flags waved in the sunlight of Appomattox morn, the command was ever in the very front gathering laurels of victory and making a record of duty well done. No position so strong that would not be charged with unfaltering courage. No line ordered to be maintained but was held with the highest bravery. And how I recall the devotion to every duty, and the cheerfulness and alacrity with which the most toilsome and disagreeable duty was performed. At no hour of the night, even after the most laborious day's march and suffering, but the detail that might be called for would report promptly, ready and willing for any task, no matter how severe. It has always been a subject of astonishment to me that the members of the Regiment could maintain, under all circumstances, such perfection of the personal qualities that marks the true soldier. It was difficult to imagine how they kept themselves so neat and presentable, their muskets so shining, their equipments so polished and clothing so seemingly unsoiled, so that when ordered on "inspection," no matter how dusty



Major General Winfield S. Hancock



General John C. Caldwell



General Francis C. Barlow

General
OFFICERS
OF THE
ARMY,



Major General George G. Meade

Corps,
DIVISION
AND
BRIGADE.



General Nelson A. Miles



General John R. Brooke



Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland

the roads, or how long and tiresome the march, the men would turn out in such remarkable shape. And on these occasions, even in the midst of an active campaign, yes, even on the day of a battle, where those immaculate white gloves came from was a wonder. It is one thing to be an excellent fighting regiment, to cheerfully accept all the trials and sufferings of a severe campaign, to leave long lines of comrades' graves on every battlefield, and meet day by day the vicissitudes of active warfare, but to do this, and still preserve the corps d'esprit, as well as its high standing, requires and calls for much more than a mere fighting spirit.

The 148th was the ideal regiment. In battle, on the march, for picket duty, on the skirmish line, for inspection, for any and every duty, the motto of the command was "ready," always "ready," and because of this, I now feel after all these years (thirty-six years it is since I looked at the "dress parade" of the 148th Regiment for the last time) that I owe an apology to its officers and men in the fear that perhaps on many an occasion I assigned to them more duty than was their just share. Night or day, no matter when, or for what duty called for, I knew that the 148th was always "ready," cheerfully "ready," and hence, when time was a factor and the enemy pressing, I knew where to look for a prompt response and willing hearts; and so, in offering at this late day to make amends for seeming imposition on those who are now my veteran friends, I can, and do, plead justification in view of the excellent qualities of the "Regiment-Always-Ready" and so often called upon, although not always "next for duty."

I would love to tell in detail the story of the Regiment during the last year of the War; of the siege of Petersburg; of that glorious fight at Sutherland's Station, when the Regiment captured cannon, colors and prisoners; of Farmville and Appomattox, but others will tell the story better than I can do. One splendid deed of the 148th I can never forget or fail to record, one that can properly be a part of the "Brigade Commander's Story," a deed of valor, audacious in conception and brilliant in execution. It took place October 27, 1864, during the siege of Petersburg. As the end of October approached General Grant, wishing to make a vigorous effort to capture Peters-

burg or, at least, to seize the Boydton Plank Road and South Side Railroad before the bad weather set in and compelled the suspension of active field operations, sent the larger part of the Second, Fifth and Ninth Corps to find and strike the right of the Confederate line.

The expeditionary party marched during the night of October 26th, and fought the battle of Boydton Plank Road on the 27th. The withdrawal of so large a force from the works in front of Petersburg necessarily left but a very thin line in the intrenchments. The First Division, Second Corps, commanded by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then numbering about six thousand men, was spread out so as to occupy the whole line from the Appomattox River on the right to Battery 24, halfway between the Jerusalem Plank Road and the Weldon Railroad.

The Fourth Brigade of the Division, then commanded by the writer, occupied the line immediately opposite the Crater, where the mine explosion of July 30th had taken place, the left of the Brigade occupying Fort Rice and the right extending toward Fort Stedman. The picket firing was brisk during the day, and rumors of the battle, which was then in progress on the left, were flying, and an anxious spirit was manifest among the men in the works. Towards evening General Miles, wishing to deceive the enemy as to the force then holding the Union line, ordered an attack on the works in front to be made by a small party from each of the two brigades commanded by Colonel McDougal and the writer respectively.

About 5:30 p. m. I received an order from General Miles to take one hundred men and make a demonstration on the enemy's works. Believing it quite possible to capture one of the forts in my front, I selected for the attempt one hundred men of the 148th Pennsylvania Regiment. I took the men from this organization because I knew them to be excellent and reliable, and a big consideration was that they were armed with the Spencer magazine rifle, capable of firing seven shots without reloading. The storming party was under command of Capt. J. Z. Brown, Lieut. P. D. Sprinkle and Lieuts. Alex Gibb and John F. Benner.

Addressing the men, I told them of the desperate nature of the duty required, and I said that no one need go unless willingly. Every

man was not only willing, but anxious to go. As it was impossible to reach the picket line (from which the attack was to be made) in a body, since the sharpshooters were vigilant, and covered the ground between our main line and the picket, I ordered the party to break ranks and go out individually, taking different routes and creeping through the low brush, be able to assemble at a point indicated without being seen by the enemy. In fifteen minutes every man of the party met me as ordered. We were within fifty yards of the object of attack, and, so far, all had gone well. Forming the party into two sections, I ordered one, under Captain Brown, to run around the right of the fort and enter the sally port, while the second section was to charge up the face of the banquette slope and gaining the crest, pour their fire down into the works.

Ten of the men were given axes instead of rifles, and were to run ahead, cut the wires that joined the chevaux-de-frise, and open a section for the storming party to get through. The twilight was gathering by the time that all was in readiness, and the orders were to "make the demonstration at six o'clock." As I was about to give the order to charge I looked back and saw a horseman galloping rapidly towards me. He was coming from the direction of division headquarters, and thinking that he might be bringing some last order, I paused until he came up. It was Capt. Henry D. Price, my Adjutant General. He threw himself from his horse and said:

"Colonel, what's up? I have been at division headquarters, and heard that you were going to make an attack. I am going along."

I did not wish him to go, but he insisted upon it, and knowing his value, I finally consented with much reluctance. He drew his sword, unbuckled the belt, and handed it, together with the scabbard, to Lieut. Tom Lee, one of my Aides. He said:

"Tom, if I am killed send these to my mother."

I gave the order, and the gallant little band, leaping over the slight earthworks of the picket line, ran direct for the enemy's fort, not fifty yards distant. With a few blows the axemen cut the fastenings that lashed the chevaux-de-frise together, dragged out a section, and the party ran through. The attack was a complete success, Brown entering the fort from the rear, and Price mounting the slope from

the front. The defenders for a few moments made a gallant defense, but in vain. In ten minutes from the starting of the charge the fort was carried, and all in it were in our possession. It was getting quite dark when the rush was made, and Captain Price had disappeared from my view. I could not see him after he reached the crest, but I heard his voice as he called to the men to follow him, and then I heard him directing their fire. Suddenly his voice ceased, and I felt sure that he had fallen.

As soon as the fort was won, the prisoners were sent into our lines and an effort made to bring in or destroy the artillery, but little could be accomplished with the latter as the noble band that had done so well were now few in number. There was no possibility of getting re-enforcements. None could be spared from the thin line that held the Union works, and after holding the Confederate fort for twenty minutes, I very reluctantly gave the order to abandon it, and return to our own line, and not a moment too soon, for the enemy had begun concentrating a force to re-capture the works and their forts, and from the right and the left of the one captured there poured a terrible fire on the little band of Union men then in possession. The following account of the action is from the *Philadelphia Press* of November 1, 1864:

Special Correspondence to the *Press*.

“From General Grant’s Army—Brilliant affair on the centre—Capture of a Rebel fort and fifty prisoners—The garrison was completely surprised—A Confederate Colonel in our hands—Important information gained—The enemy’s line very weak—Their picket line cut into for several hours.”—(Mr. C. Edmund’s Dispatches.)

BEFORE PETERSBURG, OCTOBER 28, 1864, 9:00 P. M.

“The tremendous artillery firing which took place last evening, commencing about 9 o’clock and continuing until past midnight, turns out not to have been altogether without cause. One of the most brilliant affairs in which the Second Corps has participated has just been enacted by a portion of the Fourth Brigade of the First Division. About one hundred and fifty yards beyond our picket line, and scarcely a fourth of a mile from the famous mine which was exploded by the Ninth Corps under Burnside some months ago, stands one of the strongest and best constructed fortifications in the enemy’s outer line. It is an earthwork with bomb proofs, and is environed with

abatis of novel construction. Between this fort and Fort Rice, held by one brigade, is a ravine which the adjacent enemy's forts may sweep. The order for the assault was issued by General Miles, who intended the affair mainly as a reconnaissance, having no idea that the enemy could be so easily caught napping. To General Mulholland, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, the general management of the works was entrusted and a detachment of one hundred men from the 148th Pennsylvania Regiment volunteered. Shortly after 5:45 p. m. the brave little band passed out from the defences and silently formed inside our picket lines. Colonel Mulholland instructed the men as to the method of removing the abatis, and directed them not to fire a shot but to use the bayonet. They were likewise ordered not to cheer unless they should succeed in entering the fort, when a single cheer would be a sufficient signal for sending forward re-enforcements. About six o'clock the men started forward on the double-quick. It was raining at the time. The evening was dark, and they had almost reached the fort before the enemy perceived them. Still no shot was fired. They sprang over the earthworks, and before the garrison could recover from its surprise the victory was ours. The Confederates made some little resistance, but they had been taken completely by surprise and, save a few who effected their escape, the garrison, numbering about fifty men, were taken prisoners. We succeeded in taking the following officers: Colonel Harrison, 46th Virginia Regiment, commanding the fort; Lieutenant Colonel Wise, 46th Virginia Regiment; Lieutenant Bylen, 34th Virginia Regiment; Lieutenant Coxe, 46th Virginia Regiment, and about forty private soldiers. Colonel Harrison could not at first be induced to believe that he was a prisoner, so astonished was he at the audacity of the enterprise, and pronounced the affair a 'd—d Yankee trick.'

"We learned from the prisoners that Wise's Brigade, Bushrod Johnson's Division of General Anderson's Corps, together with Ransom's and Finnegan's Brigades, held the line opposite us. In addition to the prisoners taken, numbers of the enemy were killed and wounded in the trenches, refusing to surrender. Colonel Harrison admits that if our assailing party had been supported by two hundred men they could have maintained their position in the fort. But this was not to be. As soon as we took the fort our men gave a cheer as a signal, and Colonel Mulholland dispatched his Aides to the adjacent fortifications for re-enforcements. It was in the plan of arrangements that the 26th Michigan should be held in reserve. But this regiment did not arrive upon the grounds in time and no available troops could be gotten ready to send forward for half an hour. In the meantime the enemy rallied about seven hundred strong and drove out our men. About fifty men out of the hundred are missing, the majority being wounded. Captain Price was the only officer

killed. His body is still in the enemy's possession. A complete list of the casualties is subjoined. During the fighting which this recontre led to neither side used artillery, each fearing that it might inflict more damage upon its own men than on the enemy. But immediately upon the return of our assaulting party with their prisoners all our forts in this vicinity opened upon the Confederate forts a terrific cannonade, to which they responded with equal vigor. The firing commenced about nine o'clock, as I have stated, and lasted until one o'clock in the morning. During the whole time the rain was falling."

From the *Philadelphia Press* of November 2, 1864.

"The body of Captain Price has been recovered. A flag of truce will be sent for it in a day or two. A couple of deserters who came in last night state that they saw the body of a Captain lying in a trench fronting the fort, and from their description there can be no doubt that it was the body of the lamented officer referred to.

"The Colonel Wise captured turns out to be a nephew of ex-Governor Wise. He was in Philadelphia at the breaking out of the War and was a student in the office of one of the most eminent members of the bar. At the time of his capture Governor Wise was in the fort but escaped by concealing himself in one of the bomb proofs. He had just dispatched a courier to one of the adjacent regiments with a circular. The courier was taken but chewed up the missive in such a hurry that its contents are unknown. All the prisoners admit that their line was weaker than it had ever been since the campaign commenced. They say that if we had had one regiment in reserve to re-enforce the storming party we could have held the fort permanently, and with this fort we could have swept the whole outer line of their works. No better evidence of the weakness of Lee's Army is needed than this fact. As soon as the storming party returned to our own line all the forts on both sides opened a terrific fire that continued until midnight. Lieut. P. D. Sprankle, of the 148th Regiment, was severely wounded and left in the hands of the enemy, as were nearly all the wounded of that Regiment. In the darkness and confusion it was impossible to remove them. The attack was led by Capt. J. Z. Brown, and Captain Price was with the party as a staff officer, but took a very active part until he fell."

I had the very great pleasure of recommending Captain Brown for the brevet rank of Major, and also a Congress Medal of Honor for his distinguished bravery and excellent conduct on this occasion, and I rejoice that the well-deserved honors were accorded him.

A few days after the fight a flag of truce went out, and the body of Captain Price was recovered. We learned that on the morning

after the assault, an Irishman of a Georgia regiment had seen the body and recognized it by the number of the regiment as a former member of the Irish Brigade. He had tenderly wrapped him in a blanket and carefully buried him. When the body was brought into our lines it was embalmed and sent home. The ball that killed him had entered his forehead just above the eye. When he was embalmed he looked smiling and natural, his lips partly open, showing his beautiful teeth. And so died one whom we all loved and knew as "Little Priccy." Only a boy just from school, but a hero and a veteran gentle and unassuming, but brave as the bravest. How his boyish laughter would ring through camp! Even in battle his face would wear a smile. He sleeps by the Schuylkill on whose banks Meade and Hancock and a host of his comrades rest, and among the thousands who fell in the great struggle, none are more worthy of honor than the noble boy who died so bravely, and whose memory will ever be cherished.

The captured work was known as Davidson's Salient, and stood about fifty yards to the left (the Union left) of the Crater. A dark, rainy night followed the fight, and when morning broke, the men of the 148th eagerly scanned the fort that they had so gallantly captured the evening before, now again in the hands of the enemy, and saw some bodies lying around the work. One with upturned face to the falling rain was recognized as that of Captain Price. The men composing the storming party of the 148th were heartily congratulated by their comrades, and the following order was issued from brigade headquarters:

(GENERAL ORDER No. 31.)

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS.
October 28, 1864.

The Colonel commanding the Brigade takes pleasure in congratulating the detail of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers for the gallantry displayed in the assault and capture of the enemy's fort on the evening of October 27, 1864. Capt. Jerry Brown, Lieutenants Sprankle, Gibb, and Benner deserve special mention for their bravery and skill in leading the charge.

He deeply regrets the loss of Capt. Henry D. Price, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Fourth Brigade, who fell nobly sustaining the proud name he had won by

his valor in the field, and sympathizes with the brave men who were wounded.

By order of COLONEL MULHOLLAND,

J. WENDEL MUFFLY,

Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

The Confederate account of the affair is given by Gen. B. R. Johnson, and is most interesting. He states that the Confederates took fifteen prisoners, including one Lieutenant. He also accounts for Captain Price, whom he mentions. As thirty-three of the 148th were missing, it would seem that seventeen of them must have been killed or left between the lines, too severely wounded to get away.

HEADQUARTERS JOHNSON'S DIVISION

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, October 28, 1864.

LIUTENANT: About ten o'clock on yesterday morning, I moved Wallace's Brigade to the right, and relieved Saunder's and Harris' Brigades in the trenches. Wise's Brigade was moved from reserve into the position on the front line vacated by Wallace's Brigade. My right now rests at Battery No. 30.

About dark last evening a force from the 148th Pennsylvania Regiment, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, perhaps one hundred strong, advanced without support upon the battery on the front line to the right of the Baxter Road known as Davidson's Battery. It was the usual hour for relieving pickets, and the division officer of the day, who happened to be passing at that point, mistook the force for pickets returning to the line, and gave orders to sentinels not to fire. By others this force was regarded as deserters coming to our lines. This impression was communicated by the orders on the infantry line to the gun in rear of the Crater, which bore on the ground over which the force advanced. A light fire was, however, opened by our infantry to the right and left of Davidson's Battery. With axes the little force opened a passage through our chevaux-de-frise, and entered Davidson's Battery and mingled with our men. Their hostile character having been ascertained, troops of Wise's Brigade charged and drove them out, capturing one Lieutenant and fourteen men, who report that a number of their men were wounded and killed in the advance, among the latter a Captain of the 116th Pennsylvania Regiment.

About 10:00 p. m. the enemy advanced upon and drove our men from a portion of the picket line on the right of Rive's House, occupied by troops of Wallace's Brigade. General Wallace promptly threw out a force and reoccupied the line. During these events the mortar and cannon firing were heavy, especially from Colquitt's



MAJ. GEN. A. E. BURNSIDE



MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER



MAJ. GEN. G. K. WARREN



Salient to my right. Later in the night there was considerable artillery firing on my right. During the latter part of the night, Brigadier General Ransom, whose brigade is on my left, and extends to the river, reported that the enemy's troops were seen to be moving to our left. It was thought they might be massing in his front.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. R. JOHNSON, *Major General.*

LIEUTENANT MCWILLIE, A. A. A. G.

FOOT NOTE FROM 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, "BATES'
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS."

"When the party was forced to retire, Private William H. Kellerman was cut off and was unable to regain the Union lines. Determined not to be captured he concealed himself in some low bushes, and the enemy advanced his videttes inclosing him and completely shutting him off from all hopes of escape. For eight days he remained concealed, subsisting on roots and barks within his reach. The cold was so intense that his feet were badly frozen and his limbs were almost paralyzed; but still he would not surrender. On the evening of the eighth day the enemy was late in posting his videttes, and Kellerman, taking advantage of the growing darkness, succeeded in crawling and rolling himself outside of the rebel line, and was rescued. By careful nursing and medical treatment he was revived and restored. General Meade, admiring his fortitude, gave him a thirty days' furlough."

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By Gen. James A. Beaver.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION TO ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

For the men of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, which shall hereafter be called "our Regiment" or "the Regiment," and for their children and descendants to the latest generation, this story is written. It will contain little or nothing of what may be called general history. The life of the Regiment was identified with that of the Army of the Potomac. The history of that Army from the time the Regiment joined it, after the first battle of Fredericksburg, December 17, 1862, is its history. Little will be said, therefore, of marches, battles and campaigns, except as there may be something in them which is peculiar to our Regiment and may tend to emphasize or illustrate its inner life and come within my personal observation.

The "Citizen's Story" gives the details of the manner in which the Colonel and the Regiment were brought together. I had no knowledge whatever of the letter written by the citizens of Centre County to the Governor, asking for my appointment as Colonel, until a copy of it was sent me by Mr. McAllister. Promotion to a soldier is always attractive and often desirable but there are some things better than promotion. When the letter reached me, I was serving as Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, with which I had been associated for more than a year. Three companies and part of a fourth were from Centre County. I had exercised an independent command after going to South Carolina from December, 1861, until July, 1862, when the Regiment was reunited and transferred from the department of the South to Newport News, Virginia, where troops from that department were united with Burnside's Expeditionary Corps which had been operating in North Carolina and which were to constitute thereafter the Ninth Army Corps. Leaving Newport News, without being brigaded, our Regiment was stationed

at Acquia Creek. Colonel Welch was placed in command of the post and kept two companies with him. The balance of the Regiment, with headquarters at Brooke's Station, was guarding the railroad from that point to Fredericksburg, Virginia, and this was my command. Not having been brigaded as yet, the Regiment reported directly to General Burnside, who was then organizing his corps. I was in a quandary. I was serving with a regiment which I regarded as equal to any in the service. Its morale and discipline were excellent and I had no doubt as to the account which it would give of itself in any position in which it might be placed. I was much attached to many of the officers with whom I had been brought into specially intimate relations in South Carolina. As already intimated, many of the men were from my home neighborhood and I felt under personal obligations to remain with them. In addition to these personal considerations, there was difficulty in securing a discharge for the purpose of accepting increased rank in new regiments then being formed. These considerations had about determined me to decline the offer of the command of the new Centre County Regiment, even if it were made to me. In my perplexity, upon the receipt of a letter from the majority of the Captains of the Regiment, which is one of my valuable and valued war relics, I consulted General Burnside, gave him all the facts and determined to abide by his decision. I represented to him that the Regiment was organized and practically ready to take the field. The military exigency which seemed to make the order refusing a discharge to officers to accept higher rank in new regiments, seemed to have passed, as Pope's campaign was about finished, the Army was back in the defenses of Washington and there was no prospect of immediate hostilities. I had exercised an independent command for nearly a year and thought I might be more useful at the head of a new regiment, where my ideas of training and discipline could be carried out, than in an old regiment which was already trained, which had good officers and would, therefore, not miss me. All of the Captains, who had been under my command on the outposts of Skull Creek and Callibogue Sound on the southern side of Hilton Head Island had exercised somewhat independent commands and were, by their experience and training, much better qualified for

field officers than usual. My promotion meant promotion for some of them. Finally I did not expect to be out of the service more than about three days. The result was that General Burnside, in a quiet, confidential way, informed me that, as he exercised an independent command, his corps not then having been consolidated with the Army of the Potomac, and as I reported directly to him, if I would bring him my resignation, he could accept it and no one else would have anything to say about it or be in any way the wiser. I, therefore, on the 3d of September, 1862, wrote a letter addressed to him personally as follows:

“Having been tendered the command of a regiment now formed in Pennsylvania for during the War and believing that I can be of more service to the cause of my country in the position tendered me than the one which I now occupy, I respectfully tender my resignation as Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.”

On the following day, in Special Orders No. 36, issued from the headquarters of the Ninth Army Corps, Acquia Creek, Virginia, occurs this extract:

“The following named officer, having tendered his resignation, is hereby honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, being offered the command of a regiment now forming in Pennsylvania—Lieut. Col. James A. Beaver, 45th Pennsylvania Volunteers. By command of Major General Burnside. Louis Richmond, Assistant Adjutant General.”

On receipt of this order, I hastily broke camp, sent my horses overland by my colored servant “Ike,” whom many of the men of our Regiment will remember, and left for Washington the same day. Having exercised an independent command, it was, of course, necessary to settle my accounts for quartermaster’s and ordnance and ordnance stores in Washington, which was done on Friday, the 5th. I also found time to make a short visit to my brother, Lieut. J. Gilbert Beaver, who in command of his company in the 51st Pennsylvania (Hartranft’s Regiment) was then en route for Antietam. This was the last time I was to see him, as he lost his life in the gallant but useless charge across the stone bridge on the left of our Army September 17, 1862.

Leaving Washington that evening, I arrived in Harrisburg on the morning of Saturday, the 6th. The companies which composed the Regiment were all in camp, the most of them mustered into the service and ready for regimental organization. K Company, however, had not sufficient men to secure a complete organization, but the invasion of Maryland by the Army of Northern Virginia had then commenced and the railroad connections between Harrisburg and Baltimore were threatened. It was, therefore, necessary to dispatch troops to guard the Northern Central Railway and the organization of our Regiment was hastened, so that it might be dispatched for this service. Sunday, the 7th, and Monday, the 8th of September, were occupied in perfecting the details of organization and in securing quartermasters' supplies and ordnance and ordnance stores. On the 8th, field officers were elected and staff officers appointed and the Regiment officially numbered 148.

The slate, as we would call it in modern parlance, was arranged when I reached Harrisburg. Coming to the Regiment as I did, it was not politic nor did I, when the details were given me, think it desirable to interfere in any way. Capt. Robert McFarlane, who had been Captain of H Company of the 7th Regiment in the three months service, and was Captain of G Company of our Regiment, was elected Lieutenant Colonel. Capt. George A. Fairlamb, who had been largely instrumental in recruiting H Company, was elected Major. Robert Lipton, who had been Captain of E Company of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry but had resigned on account of his health in March, 1862, had been agreed upon as Adjutant, and John George Kurtz, editor and proprietor of the *Central Press*, of Bellefonte, as Quartermaster. Doctors U. Q. Davis, of Milton, Pennsylvania, and C. P. W. Fisher, of Boalsburg, Centre County, were assigned to the Regiment as Assistant Surgeons, Dr. Davis being subsequently promoted to Surgeon December 9, 1862. Rev. W. H. Stevens, who had assisted in recruiting H Company, and was its Second Lieutenant, was appointed Chaplain. Members of the non-commissioned staff were appointed because of their special qualifications for the several places to be filled. Joseph W. Muffly, a private of B Company, who had been a student at Dickinson Seminary and had enlisted during

his vacation, was, after what would now be termed a civil service examination, appointed Sergeant Major. Samuel D. Musser, First Sergeant of D Company, who had been a merchant at Pine Grove Mills and had considerable business experience, was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant. Lewis W. Ingram, of H Company, who had also considerable business experience, was appointed Commissary Sergeant. Jacob B. Kreider, on the recommendation of the Surgeons, was appointed Hospital Steward, and Robert A. Cassidy, a private of H Company, who was an experienced drummer and had special qualifications of temperament and disposition, was appointed Principal Musician. These appointments were all justified by the subsequent faithful and intelligent service of the several appointees.

I do not now recall, with sufficient clearness to indicate it, what led to the assignment of the several companies in line. Capt. Robert M. Forster and Capt. Andrew Musser were the senior Captains and would have been entitled to the right and left of the line respectively, but for some reason an arrangement to which I was not a party, except merely to carry it out, had been made by which Capt. Robert H. Forster's company was to have the right, Capt. James F. Weaver's the left and Capt. Robert M. Forster's the center as color company, Captain Musser being given D and taking his place in line as fourth in rank. The arrangement, whatever it was, was made by the Captains themselves, was faithfully carried out and proved to be, on the whole, advantageous and entirely satisfactory. The other companies were assigned according to the rank of the Captains. Captain Core's not having been filled to the minimum before we left Harrisburg, took the letter K, the Captain not being mustered until after we reached Cockeysville. With this organization and assignment of companies in line on the 9th of September, under verbal orders from Governor Curtin, the Regiment left Harrisburg in company with the 140th Pennsylvania, a regiment of which Lieutenant Colonel Fraser, who had been professor of mathematics in Jefferson College, when I was a student there, was then in command.

Being charged with the duty of distributing the two regiments along the line of railroad, I posted the 140th first and reserved the more important bridges and what was regarded as the most dangerous

locality for our own Regiment. Our field and staff officers had not been mustered into the service and were not mustered until Company K completed its complement of men, when our muster took place, October 8, 1862.

The headquarters of our Regiment were fixed at Cockeyville, and those of the 140th at Parkton. We guarded some fifteen miles of the railroad, extending from a point above the bridge across Gunpowder Creek to a point below Lutherville. We reached Cockeyville about six o'clock in the morning of the 10th and I reported personally to Major General John E. Wool, commanding the Eighth Army Corps, whose headquarters were at Baltimore, the same day. He confided to me, under very general directions, the distribution and location of the troops. The scattered condition of the Regiment and the heavy details required for outpost and picket duty made it practically impossible to bring the several companies together for battalion drill, which was one of my "fads," and the prospect of exercising which had been one of the inducing causes for my accepting a new command, which I supposed would give me opportunity for such exercise.

Our first general inspection was on Tuesday, the 30th of September, when all the companies were brought together at Cockeyville, except B and K which were at such a distance and had such heavy details that it was impossible to have them join the Regiment. They were inspected separately on the days immediately following. None of you probably remember that inspection as well as I do. It required most of the day and clearly revealed the task which was before us all. The result was that, when I finished the inspection of Company K, on the 2d of October, I was about as nearly discouraged as at any time during my whole military service. The command of a regiment was not nearly so attractive and desirable as it had appeared to me, when I left the 45th, with its year of service and consequent cleanliness, training and discipline. Some of you were not only much surprised, when the Colonel at that inspection unbuttoned your coats and showed your dirty shirts and tore up your knapsacks from the bottom and displayed the soiled clothing which had been hidden by a carefully prepared "top dressing," but were mad—in fact, very mad—and did not hesitate to express your opinion of such a Colonel. The

vigorous way in which the Colonel was cursed "from Dan to Beersheba" came to me in many ways; and, although not specially pleasing at the time, it indicated that your pride had been touched and in this there was hope for the future—a hope which was grandly realized as we came into closer relations as the weeks and months went by and you responded in such an intelligent and soldierly way to the demands of a discipline new to you but absolutely essential to the highest success in a military organization.

Life about this time was a more serious problem to me than it has ever been since. To prepare our Regiment for all that might be required of it by the stern realities of War was the dominant thought in my mind day and night. In addition to regular inspections and the routine of camp duty, I made many informal rounds of camp, guards and outposts and informal inspections of camps and quarters. In doing so, I came into more or less personal relations with the men of the Regiment and, although the serious side was with me always uppermost, many things happened which tended to relieve the seriousness of the situation. Many incidents not provided for by regulation have found their way into the traditions of the Regiment. I could recall many but there is one which perhaps has never been mentioned. In making the rounds of the quarters of one of the companies, I heard considerable profanity which I had been making a strenuous effort to check, both by orders and personal reprimands. Coming suddenly upon the soldier who was indulging in the profanity, I said to him:

"Do you know that under the Articles of War you would be fined (an amount which I do not now recall) for the profanity which you have uttered in my hearing?"

Without a word, he put his hand in his pocket and handed me a dollar bill. I, of course, did not expect to take his money and, so in order to avoid the necessity for it, I said something about not having any change. He immediately replied:

"Never mind the change, Colonel, I expect I'll swear it out."

It is needless to say that the money was not taken and that I retreated in the best order possible.

The first death in the Regiment occurred Sunday, the 21st of September, when Condo, of G Company, was drowned in the Gun-

powder. During the month of October, Crider, of F; Fisher, of E; Orr, of I; and Saylor, of B Companies all died in the hospital. The death of these men, due largely to the complete revolution in their habits and the lack of proper care of themselves in the matter of diet and exposure, made a profound impression upon the Regiment and led to more or less of depression of spirits and of homesickness, which is one of the most difficult things to deal with in the experience of new regiments. In order to counteract the evil effects of these unhappy influences, as many of the companies of the Regiment as could be conveniently assembled were brought together a number of times at Gunpowder Bridge, which afforded in the vicinity excellent ground for battalion drill. These drills were helpful in themselves and gave most of the companies practice in marching which was very useful.

On the 14th of November, Hon. Samuel B. Thomas, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, came, with a party of ladies and gentlemen from Harrisburg, to present our state colors to the Regiment on behalf of the Governor. It was an interesting occasion in many ways and especially so to me, because the Regiment had never presented a better appearance and had never before that exhibited in such marked degree the beneficial effects of our Sunday morning and monthly inspections and occasional battalion drills. The Regiment was proud of itself that day, as I certainly was of it, and the officers and men alike enjoyed the favorable comments which were made by our visitors and the people of the neighborhood upon its soldierly appearance and the precision and ease of all its movements in battalion drill and review.

In a letter to my mother, written the 28th of November, I spoke of our Thanksgiving Day on the 24th and said:

“I spent most of the day superintending my new hospital which is now almost finished and which will be ready to be occupied early in the coming week. We have bedsteads, plenty of bed clothes now, and a party of ladies from Harrisburg—Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. Curtin, the Misses Cameron and some others—are coming down to fix it up for us, so I hope to see my poor, sick boys comfortable and cheerful in a few days. The Ladies’ Aid Society, of Philadelphia, have sent us four large boxes and two barrels of hospital supplies—pillows and cases, sheets, bed ticks, shirts, slippers, handkerchiefs, drawers—in

fact everything we need. There are some boxes on the way from Centre County also and, when the ladies come from Harrisburg, they will bring us whatever we want. The new hospital is fifty feet long and eighteen feet wide, with kitchen, etc., attached. I will have it papered on the inside with bright, cheerful paper, which will answer the double purpose of making it look and feel much more comfortable."

In the same letter:

"Our barracks at this place are almost finished and if next week is favorable, I hope to see all my family comfortably fixed for the winter. The boys are becoming soldiers very fast and I expect tomorrow's inspection to show me a neater, cleaner set of soldiers than I ever saw before."

These extracts call vividly to mind the efforts which we had made and were making to provide comfortable quarters for sick and well alike and the various sources from which help came to provide for the comfort of the sick. The latter extract indicates how rapidly the men were learning to take care of themselves and to appreciate for their own sakes the importance of neatness and cleanliness in a soldier.

The most of the letters written by me during the War were preserved by my mother and furnish me with much reliable data as to the things which interested me most in the internal life and discipline of the Regiment. I wrote very little of such news as she could get from the newspapers for, as you will well remember, we scarcely ever knew what we ourselves had done, so far as general results were concerned, until the newspapers were received.

The monthly inspection of Saturday, November 29th, showed all that I expected as to appearance and cleanliness. It was very thorough and occupied most of the day. The disorder in one of the companies was very great which was not only not checked but seemed to be connived at by the officers. The company was marched off the ground during the inspection and the officers placed in arrest. This inspection in all of its results was most salutary and helpful in many respects and I do not recall one subsequently, under like favorable conditions, which fell below the standard which was there made for tidiness and cleanliness, and the severe measures resorted to for re-

pressing disorder were never repeated, because never necessary. The men had grasped the idea and were giving practical effect to it. In my next letter to my mother I spoke of a compliment paid the Regiment, which many of you will recall, for it was widely noised about at the time:

“The regiments which were taken prisoners at Harper’s Ferry were sent to Chicago and, having been exchanged, are now on their way to Washington. They have been some time in service and would be likely to know a neat soldier, if they saw one. They stopped here on their way down and, seeing our pickets go by and the guard in front of my door with their clean, white gloves, burnished brasses and blackened shoes, several of the officers called up some of our men who were standing about and asked them whether we were not regulars. I, of course, cannot judge very impartially but I think I never saw such improvement in so short a time. In fact, I never saw an inspection as creditable as that of today.”

In the midst of all our planning and building, with engagements of various sorts extending several weeks into the future, came, as is always to be expected by a soldier, marching orders, on December 7th. These orders directed us to proceed to Washington by rail and to report to General Casey, who assumed command of troops as they arrived in Washington, assigned them to brigades, etc., and so our hospital was never papered, our friends from Harrisburg, who had promised and planned to arrange the details of it and look out for the comfort of our sick ones, never came, the erection of our winter quarters was stopped and, on the 9th of December, we went by rail to Baltimore, where we were obliged to remain more than twenty-four hours, because of the lack of transportation. We were compelled to leave behind us about eighty who were unable to march or bear the fatigue of transportation. They were afterwards sent to the hospital at York and elsewhere, where a number of them died. There was no connection between the Northern Central and the Baltimore & Ohio, which was the only railroad from Baltimore to Washington, so we marched across the city, meeting nothing but apparent good will and many friendly manifestations, being fed during our stay at the Union Relief Association quarters. Upon reaching Washington at three o’clock in the morning after reporting to General

Casey, I found that there could be no transportation for many days, inasmuch as all the steamers were employed in carrying stores to the Army of the Potomac, then supposed to be engaged or about to be engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg. We were ordered to march down the Maryland side of the Potomac to Liverpool Point opposite Acquia Creek. Other troops, among them the 140th Pennsylvania Regiment, made the same march, but we marched independently and were not brought, during the march, into intimate relations with them.

We marched out of Washington about five miles on the evening of the 11th reaching Liverpool at 1:00 P. M. on the 15th, and crossed to Acquia Creek on the 16th, having occupied parts of five days in the march. I recall no special incidents of the march, except the ride back to Washington, after we started on our journey, to insure a plentiful supply of commissary and quartermasters' supplies and secure the assignment to the Regiment of an additional Assistant Surgeon, and the effort to prevent a raid upon an inviting turnip patch along the road, which was only partially successful. The weather was rather pleasant, viewed from a Centre County standpoint, except the first night out, which was very uncomfortable because of rain, mud and frost, but the roads were in bad condition which made marching heavy and progress slow. I am gratified to find in my diary, however, under date of December 12th: "Regiment marched well; little or no straggling."

I recall with great distinctness the scene which presented itself as we reached the Potomac at Liverpool Point. Steamers with supplies from Washington and those carrying the wounded north were numerous. Our boys from the country, who had never witnessed such a scene, were excited and jubilant. The scene was in itself intensely interesting but I was divided between my interest in the extravagant demonstrations of enjoyment on the part of the men and the sorrowful tidings which awaited us as we reached there of the crushing defeat of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg. Crossing the river, in a drenching rain, we reached Acquia Creek, remaining on board the steamer until our clothing and personal belongings

were sufficiently dried, and marched thence to the headquarters of the Army December 17th.

General Burnside, then at the head of the Army of the Potomac, directed me to report to General Sumner, the commander of the right grand division. He in turn referred me to General Couch, commanding the Second Corps, who sent me to General Hancock, commanding the First Division, and by him we were ordered to report to Colonel Von Schaack, who commanded the First Brigade in the absence of General Caldwell who had been wounded in the assault upon Fredericksburg. William G. Mitchell, who had been on the corps of engineers of the Bellefonte and Snow Shoe Railroad and had gone out as Lieutenant in the 49th Pennsylvania Regiment, was an Aide upon General Hancock's staff. I think he must have prepared the General for my reception. He was cordial and pleasant and made many inquiries in regard to the Regiment, its strength, where raised, etc., and, in giving him my views of discipline and the desire to be placed in a brigade where what I expected of my Regiment would be expected of me, I evidently made a favorable impression, which, being strengthened by subsequent fortunate experiences, established the most pleasant relations between us which continued to the end of the War and thereafter.

We found our place on the 19th of December and on the 21st I wrote home:

"Our bearings have been ascertained and we find ourselves in the First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, Right Grand Division, Army of the Potomac. Our division commander, General Hancock, is one of the best officers of this Army and, as we are directly, but little interested in those who are beyond our own Division, I feel very much disposed to rejoice that we have found a man of so large experience, nerve and decision."

And thus we were brought into relationships, so far at least as the Division was concerned, which were to continue until the end of the War, and, as this seems to be an appropriate place for ending a chapter, I will preserve for another the story of our further preparation for and participation in the serious work which confronted the Army of the Potomac.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By Gen. James A. Beaver.

CHAPTER II.

WINTER QUARTERS OF 1862-1863 TO RETURN FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Upon joining the First Brigade, the ground for our camp was pointed out and, upon examining it, was found to have within itself much of what was needed not only for camping but for building our winter quarters. It was evidently an old tobacco field which had grown up with a second growth of pine just about the right size for building huts. Our regimental front was larger than that of most brigades in the Army of the Potomac at that time. We formed a line in front of our camp and took all the ground covered by our regimental front. This gave us a generous allowance for streets and quarters. We were on the right flank of the division immediately adjoining the Irish Brigade, which was the Second Brigade of our Division. The topography of the ground, as well as the fact that we were upon the flank, led us to face up the river. A public road led through the camp parallel with the company streets. This gave us fine facilities for receiving our stores and also gave us command of the road. Our camp was laid out according to regulations and then came a period of waiting for our tents.

All our wagon transportation had been turned in before leaving Coekeysville and we were, therefore, compelled to rely upon public transportation for our camp and garrison equipage. No tents could be taken with us and, as no shelter tents had been issued to us at that time, we bivouacked from the time we left Washington until our tents arrived several days after we reached the Army of the Potomac. On the march, with the exception of one night, the weather was not intensely cold, but was wet and in many respects disagreeable. After joining the Army, however, the temperature changed materially and I find in one of my letters a remark in regard to it:

"The weather has been extremely cold and, as our boys are without their tents, it has required some considerable ingenuity to make themselves comfortable. This has been exercised in various ways, however, and I have been surprised to find how comfortable men can make themselves without shelter, when necessity requires it."

In due time, however, our tents arrived and the destruction of the pine timber began. Here came into play in a splendid way the skill of our woodsmen from Centre, Cameron and Clarion Counties. Company F had a detachment from about Snow Shoe, and in it were two specially fine woodsmen who were much over age—Wash Watson and Bill Perry. We organized our pioneer corps and they were, in a measure, the leaders of it, both as to size and efficiency with axes. As I think of them now, they must have been well onto sixty years of age. Watson had a long white beard and Perry, although close shaven, seemed to be of equal age. They rendered splendid service as woodsmen and kept their axes almost continuously employed during our entire term of service.

Dear old Wash Watson! He was as solicitous as a father for my comfort and welfare and was generally on the detail for putting up my quarters, whether consisting of a tent fly for the night or an elaborate hut of matched and dressed logs for permanent winter quarters. On the march, he habitually fixed my office, without any intimation on the subject, which consisted of driving four stakes in the ground, upon which my field desk was set, and a fifth one in front, upon which the lid rested. When this was done, I was ready for business at all times. He also provided for my comfort and cleanliness in making a washstand outside of my tent by driving a stake in the ground and nailing the end of a cracker box on it. It is astonishing how easily one's comfort is provided for under the stress of necessity. In the winter of 1863-1864, after my winter quarters were finished, I secured a furlough for Wash outside the quota allowed his company. When he returned, he brought me, with much pride and satisfaction, an ambrotype enclosed in a case, in which an unsuspected strain of vanity appeared, the old fellow having tied a red woollen sash around his waist, before the picture was taken. How vividly the old times come back, when little incidents like this flash across the memory.

Our huts for winter quarters were planned so as to be double the size of an A tent. They were built of pine logs—say three or four feet high—and upon them were securely fastened two A tents, facing each other, with the flaps crossed, so as to make a room inside about 7x14. The older troops, who had been through the campaigns

of the summer and fall of 1862, had turned in their A tents at the opening of the spring campaign and had received shelter tents in place of them. These were used by them for roofs of their winter quarters and the fact that we had regular tents, as well as the size of our camp, indicated that we were a "new regiment."

The completion of the camp was speedily accomplished and we settled down to a winter's hard work. Even before our tents arrived, we had been out upon battalion drill several times, an exercise which was hardly considered worth the while by the regiments which had been decimated by the campaigns through which they had passed, some of which were less, in number of effective men, than some of our companies. It was not remarkable, therefore, that, as we marched through the Irish Brigade to our splendid drill ground, the road was lined with veterans who had not seen for many months a regiment with full ranks, and, as we went by from day to day, with our large drum corps, our full ranks and our new flags flying, it was not surprising that many remarks half jest, half earnest, were made at our expense. I did not know certainly how to interpret a remark of one of the members of the Irish Brigade, as we went out one day for battalion drill. "Och, Colonel, it's loike the Fourth of July to see yez goin' out," may have meant that we were simply holiday soldiers or it may have impressed him as a sight that recalled the display and parade usually attending the celebration of our nation's birthday. Our white gloves were the target of many jocose remarks, but the use of them was insisted upon during our entire term of service—not so much for the show—although that was a consideration from the military standpoint—but the cost and care of them was very much less than the extra care and labor required upon the arms, when they were not in use.

Very soon after our arrival, being upon battalion drill, I noticed a General and his staff in our neighborhood. Lieutenant Mitchell rode up and informed me that General Hancock was near and I inquired whether it would be his pleasure to review the Regiment. The word came that he would be glad to do so and, being then marching in column and having in the meantime cautioned the company commanders as to their distances, we wheeled into line as beautifully as



Lieut. Col.
Robt. M. Farlane



Lieut. Col.
James F. Weaver



Lieut. Col.
Geo. A. Fairlamb

**FIELD
OFFICERS**

**148th
PA. VOLS.**



Col. James A. Beaver



Major
Silas J. Marlin



Major
Robert H. Forster



Major
Geo. A. Bayard

we ever did it and immediately opened ranks for the review. I presented the battalion, the General rode along its front and rear and, without waiting for us to pass in review, went to his camp. The Regiment made a good impression and assisted me thereby in securing what was just then a result for which I was laboring most earnestly.

When the Regiment was armed and equipped at Harrisburg, no arms were available, except a heavy, cumbrous, awkward piece, with a large sword bayonet called the Vincennes rifle, caliber .69. I commenced very early a vigorous campaign for a change of these arms and, in response to the requirements of General Orders No. 167, War Department, Adjutant General's office, October 24, 1862, requiring "Every commanding officer of a detachment, company, regiment or post who has arms in his possession or under his control, to make within ten days after the receipt of the order, if in camp, or twenty days, if on the march, an inventory stating the number, caliber, etc., of all the arms in his possession," made an inventory and report which was intended to be a protest against the unserviceable condition of our arms. I retained a copy of this report for future use and have it by me now. We had 882 of these rifles, of which forty-seven were unserviceable; and, in the column of "Remarks," occurs this description of them:

"General Orders No. 167, the 24th of October, 1862, received 7th November, 1862. The arms in use are less in number than the number of men in the Regiment, hence not only those serviceable but also the unserviceable are required to be kept in use. The caliber of the piece may be reckoned as .69, although the bore is so irregular that, whilst in some instances, .69 caliber ammunition fits the bore tightly, in others it falls from the muzzle to the breech. In many instances in firing at a target at two hundred and fifty yards the balls fall short, without even penetrating the ground. The locks are of soft iron and many of them are already unserviceable from wear. The workmanship, both in the wood and iron, is extremely rough and the piece very heavy. The bayonet is a formidable sword bayonet. The rifling of the piece is very shallow and adds nothing to the accuracy or effectiveness of the weapons. Altogether, the weapon is very inefficient and unreliable."

After joining the Army of the Potomac, I soon asked for an inspection, with a view to the condemnation of these arms. The inspec-

tion was made, the arms condemned as unfit for active service and our campaign for new ones began. As the winter wore on and we did not seem to be accomplishing much in the way of securing what we desired, I called to my aid, as I often did subsequently, Hon. James T. Hale, of Bellefonte, then the member of Congress from our district. He responded immediately promising all the aid in his power. In this as in very many other instances, where I endeavored to accomplish results through his assistance, I was rapped over the knuckles through regular military channels for presuming to attempt to secure help from outside sources, but I was quite willing to stand all raps, if the results followed. Judge Hale was untiring in his efforts to serve our Regiment. Many of the officers and men will recall his special interference in their behalf in the matter of the extension of leaves of absence and furloughs and similar services. I never called upon him for any help for the Regiment that it was not cheerfully and heartily rendered. He occupied a very influential position in Congress and was highly esteemed, both by the President and the Secretary of War. When he exerted himself, therefore, we felt the helpful influence of his efforts and, in this vital matter of the change of our arms, as well as in other cases, when I appealed to him later in behalf of some of our poor fellows who were in my judgment wrongfully condemned, he never failed us and, in some instances, I am quite sure, without his help, results would have been very different. As a consequence of following up our inspection reports energetically through regular channels and getting Judge Hale's assistance with the authorities at Washington before the campaign of 1863 opened, we were fortunate, prior to the 9th of February, in securing a full supply of new .58 caliber Springfield rifles, and I had the satisfaction of writing, on the 9th of February, 1863:

“We have received new arms during the past week and I now have the satisfaction of knowing that the Regiment is supplied with the best arms in the world.”

This was regarded as important, not only because of the increased effectiveness of the arm but, as our Vincennes rifles were of .69 caliber, the same as the old Harper's Ferry musket, I had greatly

feared that the proper ammunition might not be available, in case of a scarcity in an emergency.

After our general camp was in good condition, Colonel McFarlane, Major Fairlamb and I pooled our issues and had a large hut built upon which we erected our three wall tents, one of them at right angles to the other two, being used as a bed room and the two, covering a huge hut, with a fire place at the end, large enough to contain all the officers of the Regiment for an officers' school. In this the officers assembled sometimes two or three times a week for officers' school, in which the school of the soldier, the school of the company and the school of the battalion were carefully taught and, in connection with actual practice in the manual of arms, soon made all our officers, even those who had no previous military experience, proficient in drill and capable of instructing their non-commissioned officers and of drilling their companies.

By the 4th of January, 1863, our whole camp was in good condition, and I was able to write, so far as personal quarters were concerned:

"We are quite comfortable in our new house; have it carpeted with small pine boughs which are a great improvement over the dusty ground. To make our domestic affairs run smoothly, we only need a good cook. My boy Ike, who now acts as cook, has very little capacity in such things. Fried mush is the principal article of diet now and it's well that we can get it."

We joined in a review of our Corps on the 17th of January, which gave us an opportunity to see a large body of troops together. This was preparatory to the movement for which marching orders came on the morning of the 20th, the movement beginning that day. It continued Wednesday, the 21st, and Thursday, the 22d, through almost continuous rain. The mud became almost liquid and absolutely precluded further movements. The movement was countermanded on Friday the 23d, and thus ended what was known as "Burnside's Mud March." We did not move from our camp and, as all the troops moving up the river either went through our camp or immediately on its flank, we were privileged to see the most of the movement, without experiencing anything of its annoyances and discomforts.

I find in a letter, dated January 23, 1863, a reference to a detail which enabled me to witness some of the incidents attending the change in the command of the Army of the Potomac shortly thereafter:

"I have been on a court martial for more than a week and this evening there comes an order from the headquarters of the Army, detailing me on another court. As I am the eleventh on the list, I presume I will meet some officers high in rank on the court. Although sorry to be taken from my Regiment just at this time, I am glad, because it will give me an opportunity of seeing and meeting more intimately officers from other parts of the Army."

In obedience to that detail, I reported at army headquarters and write, February 1, 1863:

"On going over to General Burnside's headquarters last Monday morning, to attend a court martial, I found everything in confusion consequent upon the change of commanders. The parting scene was just being enacted and I joined in the performance. I was really sorry to see General Burnside leave. He has been so exceedingly kind to me and I do not forget kindness. I know little of General Hooker and all I need to know is that he is my commander."

In the same letter, reference is made to the illness of Colonel McFarlane, "Who has the first symptoms of typhoid fever and goes home in the morning on twenty days' leave of absence." Dr. George L. Potter, of Bellefonte, Surgeon of the 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers, accompanied him home. It may be well to say here that, after reaching home, the Colonel's illness became a pronounced case of typhoid fever, which detained him at his home for several months and from which he returned too soon and thereby not only endangered his restoration to complete health but laid the foundation for a condition which compelled him to resign later.

About this time we had an epidemic of fever and, in a later letter, after speaking of Colonel McFarlane's case, I said:

"We have quite a number of cases of fever and have lost several men lately. We seem to have brought the seeds of the disease with us from Maryland."

This epidemic became very serious and had an unfavorable influence upon men who were not stricken with the disease. I spent considerable time going about with Dr. Davis in visiting the sick and was impressed with his view that many men

were suffering not so much from disease as from pure homesickness and, in one case which I well remember, the doctor spoke of one of our men who occupied a somewhat important position in the commissary department—that he was dying, because his wife could not write a cheerful letter. February 27th I wrote:

“Our hospital is full; the quarters of the men are full of sick; we are just passing through our hardest trials as a Regiment. The whole number of deaths, since we entered the service, is twenty-nine. Of these nine died this month. This awful weather kills men on picket. I hope we are over the worst. Typhoid fever is the prevailing disease. It seems to take one or two companies at a time. Some of the companies have little or no sickness; others have as many as twenty-five or thirty cases.”

I find, in a letter of March 24th, a somewhat detailed description of a punishment inflicted upon some deserters which the entire Division was called upon to witness. I do not now recall their regiment but the ceremony, if it could be called such, was most impressive. March 24, 1863, I wrote:

“One week ago today I wrote you at length of the festivities of St. Patrick’s Day, or, as our boys say, of the 17th of Ireland. Today I witnessed another phase of army life—one which never presented itself to me before. We were asked this morning to assemble on our division drill ground to witness the punishment of some deserters who were sentenced to be drummed out of the service. Our whole Division was present, drawn up in two lines, facing each other. After the lines were formed, a large procession started at the right of our Brigade with a noise which resembled the rush of mighty waters. As it neared us, I could distinguish the notes of the Rogue’s March above the rolling of at least fifty drums. The procession neared us. First came three men with downcast eyes and tottering limbs, in soldier’s garb, the buttons and facings cut from their uniforms, their hats in their hands, the side of their heads turned toward us shaved clean and white. Behind them came three soldiers at a charge bayonet, the bayonets just close enough to make the culprits wish to keep out of their way. Next came the huge army of drums, composed of the drum corps of all the regiments in the Division. After the procession passed, I noticed ‘Coward’ in large letters painted on a board and hung on the back of each of the men being drummed out. As they passed around to march down the front of the line opposite us, their heads looked natural. They had been shaved on but one side. It was a hideous sight. I think no man who witnessed the ceremony, if it can be called a ceremony, will be inclined to imitate the gentlemen thus summarily disposed of.”

About this time, at the earnest request of officers of the 134th Pennsylvania Regiment, I became counsel for Gen. E. B. Tyler, who commanded a brigade in the Third Division of the Fifth Corps. The charges were based upon technical disobedience of orders: 1st, in refusing to draw dress coats for a review, as directed by the division commander; and, 2d, in making a report to Governor Curtin, outside of military channels, contrary to a General Order from the headquarters of the Army commending Col. M. S. Quay for exceptionally gallant conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg. The facts were against us and indicated technical guilt but we endeavored to justify, on the ground that the term of the service of the men was about to expire and it was unfair to compel them to purchase dress coats, at an expense of about \$9.00, for the sake of one review; and that, Colonel Quay, having resigned on account of ill health before the battle of Fredericksburg and having been out of the service, the only way in which his gallantry, as a volunteer Aide during the battle could be recognized was by a report to the Governor of the state. This trial brought me into contact with a number of our nine months regiments and gave me a temporary unfavorable impression of a most gallant and capable officer who was then their division commander and afterwards became the chief of staff of the commander of the Army and subsequently the commander of the Second Corps, General A. A. Humphreys. The result of the court martial was a finding that General Tyler was acquitted of all the charges preferred against him, except one, the facts in regard to which he admitted. He was sentenced to be reprimanded in General Orders and in carrying out the sentence it was hard to tell which was the more culpable, the accuser or the accused. Although this experience was outside our regimental life, it goes to show what made up the sum of army experience.

As illustrating the condition of the Army, which I think it did not misrepresent, I wrote in April:

“General Hooker is enthusiastically confident and intends or expects to go straight through to Richmond in about a week. No Army ever was in better condition—well fed, well clothed, well armed, well equipped, well disciplined, well drilled and confident. The country has a right to expect much from it and will doubtless

have stirring news very shortly. The month of April will be the great month in the history of this War."

And so I may add it would have been if the Army could have had its own way.

During this month Governor Curtin paid a visit to the Army, and, with General Hooker and staff, General Hancock and staff and a number of other general officers, made us a visit. We were, of course, enthusiastic and the Regiment did its best. After dress parade we formed column by division, on the center division, closed in mass, which was beautifully executed at the double quick and which I can see now, when I shut my eyes. It was our usual formation for divine service after dress parade Sunday evening and was a beautiful movement, when well done. There was no formal introduction. I merely said, "Boys, I needn't tell you who this is; give him three cheers." These were given with a heartiness born of personal affection and esteem for the man, as well as respect and admiration for the chief executive of our great commonwealth. This, of course, gave the Governor a chance to make us a little speech, which he did in his usual happy and inspiring way and left us well satisfied with ourselves and hopeful for the future. The Governor carried this little scene in memory as long as he lived and often spoke of it afterwards as being the best introduction he ever had. This visit, followed by that of the President, was an indication of active movements soon to follow. On the 11th of April I wrote:

"The President and his wife have been in the Army this week. We have had the most magnificent reviews of cavalry, artillery and infantry ever held on this continent. Four corps of the Army—ours included—were reviewed on Wednesday, the cavalry were reviewed on Monday and the corps which were too far distant to participate in the review of Wednesday were reviewed separately. The day of our review was not favorable. Our Brigade was ordered to wear their overcoats and the appearance of the Regiment was thus spoiled. I was not satisfied with our part of it at all and it was not the fault of the men either, for they looked well and marched well, but the overcoat hid their uniforms and brasses."

On the same date I was glad to write:

"We are improving in health, but few men go to the hospital and our convalescents are rapidly becoming fit for duty."

Colonel McFarlane, however, was not one of the convalescents. The news from him was extremely depressing and we had grave doubts many times as to his recovery. At the same time Adjutant Lipton, who had previously served in the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, was absent sick. I wrote, 22d of April, 1863, "Our Adjutant is, I am afraid, on his death bed. He has been home on sick leave, started for the Regiment and was seized with another hemorrhage and is now prostrate," a prediction which was after the fact, for he had died at Milesburg, April 20th.

During the sickness and absence of the Adjutant, First Lieutenant William P. Wilson, of F Company, discharged the duties of the office with great acceptance. He was thoroughly qualified for staff duty, having been the private secretary of Governor Curtin, and afterwards was detailed for such duty upon the Division and finally the corps headquarter staffs. On the 27th of April, 1863, Sergeant Major Joseph W. Muffly was promoted to the vacancy caused by the death of Adjutant Lipton.

We also lost, by discharge or resignation, during the winter the following officers: First Lieut. John E. Thomas, D Company, 16th January, 1863; Second Lieut. Lewis C. Edmonds, D Company, February 7, 1863; First Lieut. Jabez C. P. Jones, B Company, February 16, 1863; Second Lieut. David C. Freeman, F Company, March 2, 1863. These changes gave deserved promotions to some of our best non-commissioned officers. Israel F. Musser, First Sergeant of D Company, was promoted to First Lieutenant March 1, 1863. Sergt. William D. Harper, of B Company, was promoted to First Lieutenant in place of Lieutenant Jones, March 1, 1863. Sergt. George T. Curvan, of F Company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant March 2, 1863, in place of Freeman, resigned.

The Regiment was paid by Major George Marston, Paymaster U. S. A., Thursday, April 16th, the first pay received since the muster into service, an event which caused great rejoicing and relieved the necessities of both officers and men. Our Chaplain, as a consequence, received a leave of absence and undertook to carry to the families of the members of the Regiment the surplus not needed for personal expenses. This duty, as were all others, was discharged by him with the

utmost fidelity, the packages, aggregating thousands of dollars, being delivered individually to the persons to whom they were directed.

Reviews and inspections, such as we were having, indicated a general movement and, on Monday, April 27th, marching orders reached us. We were in line at sunrise on the following morning and, after a march up the river (the Rappahannock) of five miles, halted and bivouacked. Two hundred and fifty men were detailed for picket and our pioneer corps and one hundred men in addition for fatigue duty. The next day, Wednesday, the 29th, we made additional details for fatigute duty and Major Fairlamb went in charge of the pioneers and the detail. We marched perhaps four miles and halted for the night. It rained a little both days. On Thursday, the 30th, we crossed the Rappahannock and marched until about 11:00 P. M. We advanced next morning, Friday, the 1st of May, to a beautiful position, about a mile and a half in front of Chancellorsville, looking toward Fredericksburg. Before we went into position, a little colloquy occurred between General Couch and General Hancock, heard by many of our men, which, being speedily communicated to the Regiment, helped to inspire confidence and good cheer. As I rode up at the head of the Regiment, General Couch said to General Hancock:

“That Regiment can counter-march and occupy a position on the left of the road.”

I remarked:

“General, if it makes no difference, we can avoid the counter-march and come in on the right by file into line.”

General Couch looked at me for a moment and, turning to General Hancock, said:

“Can that *new* Regiment do that?”

General Hancock replied, with some spirit and in a manner which indicated entire confidence in us:

“General Couch, that *new* Regiment can do anything in the book.”

It was needless to say that we went on the right by file into line in fine shape and, when in position, looked out upon one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. We were on the top of a high ridge

commanding the country in our front for at least a couple of miles, which were in plain view. It seemed to be an ideal position. It was an ideal position in itself considered. Being in the road at the right of the Regiment, I heard all that occurred, as that point seemed to be the headquarters of both the Corps and the Division. An officer, who proved to be an Aide of General Hooker, approached and, in the ordinary military parlance, directed General Couch, by General Hooker's order, to retire from the position to a point in the rear. General Couch was much surprised and disturbed and said:

"That cannot be so, sir."

The Aide insisted upon it but the General refused to retire, until he had sent one of his own staff to ascertain that the order was peremptory. When it was definitely ascertained that the change was to be made, we retired to a miserable position half a mile in our rear which commanded nothing, in which we remained during the night. Before daylight we retired to a good position just in front of the Chancellor House which we made perfectly safe by felling trees and converting them into a sort of abatis in our front. Here the Regiment received its first baptism of fire. We were comparatively safe from any attack of the enemy in our front, but were vigorously shelled by their artillery, to which our own guns replied with much spirit. The day passed without special incident, except that one of our men, Samuel Holloway, of D Company, was killed by a sabot or its fastening from one of our own guns.

Our Regiment occupied a position across one of the roads leading into the plank road to Fredericksburg. When the break in the Eleventh Corps, which constituted the right wing of our Army and which was directly in our rear, occurred, our troops being in the form of a horseshoe around the Chancellor House, I posted a strong guard across this road, in order to prevent the stragglers and skulkers from passing beyond our front and being captured, their idea being that they were going to the rear. A continuous stream of men were turned in the right direction, the Sergeant in charge of the detail, who was a resolute fellow, easily turning aside the ordinary individual straggler, sometimes including individual officers, but finally he called me and

I came to find him expostulating with an officer on horseback who proved to be a Colonel at the head of his regiment. I addressed him very sharply and received from him the astonishing intelligence that his regiment had been cut to pieces and that he was taking the remnant to the rear. As there seemed to be behind him a regiment with apparently full ranks and in marching order, with their arms, I questioned the reliability of his statement. We had some sharp words but I found it very difficult to impress upon his demoralized brain that, instead of going to the rear, he was going immediately into the enemy's front. He finally realized his position and, counter-marching his regiment, joined the demoralized forces who were crowding the road to the river. The incident made a very profound impression upon me which was not lessened by the fact that within a year this same officer was made a Brigadier General, a promotion based in part upon his services at Chancellorsville.

On the first of May a detail of three companies had been made from our Regiment for picket or skirmish duty. The following day three additional companies were sent to relieve them but all were retained upon the skirmish line. On Sunday morning, the 3d of May, we, therefore, had but four companies—C, D, G and H—with our colors. After our breakfast and, while nothing specially urgent seemed to be in hand, I heard an officer making an earnest inquiry as to whether this was a brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps. I directed him to General Caldwell who was in the neighborhood but, supposing that something was up, called "attention," slung knapsacks, took arms and was in the road before we were directed what to do. In this way our Regiment led the Brigade and General Caldwell directed me to follow the road and report to General Hooker. As I came into the main road leading to the river, I met General Hooker alone on a small white horse. He inquired if this was a brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps and, on being informed that it was, he said:

"I will show you where to go in."

As we rode along, he informed me of the importance of the movement—that we must drive back the enemy who were endeavoring to reach the road which was the main avenue through which

we received our supplies, etc., and communicated with our bridges across the river. He rode with me to a little clearing on the left of the road as we marched toward the river and directed us to enter the woods at that point. We marched along the clearing in front of a little white house, which afterwards became our hospital, and, as I had been directed not to wait to throw out skirmishers, we marched by the left flank and entered the thick white oak underbrush which abounds in the Wilderness. It was impossible to ride through it and I, therefore, dismounted, as did all the field officers, and left my horse in charge of some one at the edge of the clearing. We moved forward rapidly, marching without a halt over a line of skirmishers of the enemy lying down in the woods and, within a short time, met a most withering fire which poured into our right flank. Finding that our line was not parallel to that of the enemy, I ordered the men to lie down and to commence firing. Fearing that the other regiments on our left might not change their direction, if I changed the front of our own Regiment, I signaled to General Caldwell, who was some distance in the rear, to swing the brigade around, so that we might meet the front of the enemy fairly. I had just succeeded in attracting his attention when I fell violently upon my face, my sword flying from my hand and, when I turned upon my back, found a hole in my clothing just beneath the two rows of buttons. Without stopping to consider the matter, I inferred that a ball had entered there and that my military service was ended. A couple of the boys who had seen me fall ran up to me and one of them, taking off his blanket was preparing to roll me in it, so as to take me away, but I said to them that it would be time enough to bury the dead after the fight was over and that they had better leave me alone. Balls were flying very thickly there, however, and they concluded that they would get me out of range at all events and, in this way, I was dragged until we met some stretcher bearers who took me to the hospital, where Dr. George L. Potter, who in some way had learned of my coming, had a table ready for me. Lying upon my back, looking into his face, I could see the deep concern which he manifested. After opening my clothing and examining the wound, however, and putting his little fingers into the apertures of the wound—there

being two of them—I noticed, before he said a word, a great change in his face, followed by, “Ah, Beaver, that’s all right.” The ball had struck me in the side, standing as I was facing to the rear to attract General Caldwell’s attention, and had evidently struck a little gutta percha lead pencil which J. Dunlop Shugert had presented to me, before we left home. This had been shattered into a half dozen or more pieces and had evidently turned the course of the ball, so that it went through only the fleshy part of the abdomen and did not enter the abdominal cavity.

Some of the drum corps of the Regiment who were present immediately arranged a stretcher and carried me the entire distance to and across the river, where we found our wagon train and where I had a tent put up and remained for a day or two, until the result of the movement was ascertained. After learning that the Army was to recross the river, I went in an ambulance to Falmouth, took a box car with a little hay in the bottom, filled with wounded suffering from all sorts of wounds, to Acquia Creek and went thence by boat to Washington, where Dr. William R. DeWitt, whom I had known in boyhood, as a physician at my old home in Belleville, met me, by direction of Surgeon Clymer, and took me to a comfortable boarding house, where he faithfully attended me, until I was able to travel.

After my return home, I received from Major Fairlamb a report of the battle, accompanied by a list of the killed and wounded, which tells its own story. It has not, I think, been heretofore published.

HEADQUARTERS 148 REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

May 8, 1863.

COLONEL: I have the honor to report to you the part taken in the engagement near Chancellorsville, Virginia, by this Regiment and subsequent to the time you were wounded and removed from the field. The Regiment continued to advance and was soon exposed—that is the right companies were—to a cross-fire which in a few minutes cut down many of our best men. Lieutenants Bible and Stevenson fell dead, Captain Bayard and Lieutenants Johnston and Rhinehart were wounded and left the field. Lieutenant Bayard was slightly wounded but remained and afforded me valuable assistance. Companies C and D were now without officers and Company H had but one officer. After a fierce struggle, we drove them from the rifle pits in our front and, advancing, met them again with the same result. By this time Company D had a little over twelve men remaining and Companies

C and H not over half. Company G being on the left, suffered comparatively little, not being exposed to the cross-fire. The enemy then getting guns into position to rake us with grape and canister, the General ordered us to fall back, which we did in line of battle, moving obliquely to the right and halting every few paces to check our pursuers with a volley of musketry. After leaving the woods, we were formed in line along its margin for some time and then, according to orders, I marched by the flank behind the artillery and there we threw up a line of entrenchments which, constituting the front, we had the honor to hold until the night of the 5th, exposed to a heavy fire of shot and shell and from sharpshooters. On the night of the 5th, the whole Army was ordered to cross the river, which we accomplished in the morning and by noon of the 6th day of May reached our old camping ground.

I enclose a list of the killed, wounded and missing. I believe that many of those reported missing are killed.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. FAIRLAMB,
Major Commanding.

List of the killed, wounded and missing of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers at the Battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, from May 1 to 5, 1863, inclusive:

Col. James A. Beaver musket ball in side; severely.
Maj. George A. Fairlamb, chin; slightly.

COMPANY A.

Capt. Robert H. Forster, throat; slightly.
Jacob Emerick, face; severely.
Daniel Long, shell, calf of leg.
Nathaniel Boob, musket ball, face.

COMPANY B.

Sergt. Michael F. Comer, leg and arm; severely.
William Ammerman, head; slightly.
John Biddle, arm; badly.
Michael A. Brown, head; slightly.
Joseph Iddings, arm.
Matthias Walker, arm.
Fred Doughman, wounded; not severely.

COMPANY C.

Lient. Wm. H. Bible, killed.
Lient. Francis Stevenson, killed.
First Sergt. C. C. Herman, right arm; flesh wound.

Sergt. A. Green Carter, killed.
Sergt. Jacob Lander, calf of right leg.
Sergt. J. F. Benner, head; slightly.
Corp. Christian Swartz, arm.
Corp. John Swiler, mortally.
Corp. James Beck, killed.
Corp. Nathan Yarnell, killed.
Albert Adams, left side; slightly.
Jacob Bard, killed.
William Carner, arm and thigh.
Reuben Cronemiller, shoulder and arm.
John Craig, arm and thigh.
William Campbell, missing.
Jacob Dorman, missing.
Martin Funk, missing.
Llewellyn Fulton, leg; slightly.
Robert Grater, side and shoulder; badly.
William Lambert, wounded.
Fabian Matts, arm; severely.
Wm. Musselman, missing.
Henry Markle, missing; supposed killed.
Thomas McBath, slightly in face.
Wm. McCalmont, head; slightly.
Henry Pennington, throat and arm.
Simon Segner, missing; supposed killed.
J. Calvin Sowers, breast.
Henry Sowers, abdomen, mortally.
William Smith, killed.
John Thomas, arm and breast; badly.
John Jackson, abdomen.
Thomas Williams, left eye and left arm.
Andrew Whiteall, slightly.
Ezra Walters, arm; slightly.
Joseph Yettters, mortally.
Christian Swiler, left arm; badly.
Amos Garbrick, missing.
William Norris, killed.
Robert C. Neil, head; slightly.
Samuel Bottorf, right hand.
Daniel Shivery, wounded.
James Ward, face; slightly.
Joseph Lee, thigh and right hand; badly.
Frederick Yocum, left hand; slightly.

COMPANY D.

Lieut. A. A. Rhinehart, left arm.
 Sergt. Samuel Harshberger, killed.
 Sergt. John A. Burchfield, left arm.
 Sergt. William Gemmill, head; very severely.
 Corp. William Bible, head; very severely.
 Corp. John I. Fleming, thigh; severely.
 Corp. Daniel Harter, shoulder.
 Corp. Wm. Weaver, wounded.
 Corp. John Bathgate, abdomen; slightly.
 George Allen, wounded.
 Jacob Kane, killed.
 Daniel Osman, killed.
 Samuel Leitzell, killed.
 Samuel Holloway, killed.
 Charles Hart, foot; amputated.
 Alfred Rankin, leg; flesh wound.
 S. P. Lansbury, head.
 Thaddeus Stover, both legs; severely.
 Benjamin Bloom, right leg; severely.
 David Wance, hip; slightly.
 William Reed, left arm.
 David Young, killed.
 Palser Imboden, missing.
 David Harshberger, hip; severely.
 Daniel Wolf, hip; severely.
 Charles Runkle, knee; badly.
 David Kerr, head; slightly.
 David Eters, head; slightly.
 Henry Campbell, leg; slightly.
 John Murphy, killed.
 William Knarr, thigh and right side; severely.
 Jacob Dunkle, left arm, thigh and left eye; severely.
 Franklin Durst, missing.
 John Reed, missing.
 Corp. Franklin Koch, killed.
 David Acker, killed.
 Michael Bower, shoulder.
 Alfred Fraser, killed.

COMPANY E.

Capt. Charles Stewart, foot; very slightly.
 First Sergt. Wm. T. Clark, leg; flesh wound.
 Corp. James Shoppart, hand.

COMPANY F.

William Watkins, hip; missing on picket.
James Dent, arm.

COMPANY G.

Corp. George W. Ward, killed.
Corp. Wm. L. Taylor, wounded.
Corp. Joseph Fox, slightly.
Corp. Daniel S. Keller, neck and back; badly.
Henry Eckenroth, arm amputated.
Joseph S. Harpster, arm; badly.
George W. Ishler, wounded; since dead.
William McGuire, throat.
David Miller, hand; slightly.
Reuben Reed, neck; slightly.
Alexander Ross, neck; severely.
Wm. H. Swinehart, hand; slightly.
John Youts, arm; severely.

COMPANY H.

Capt. George A. Bayard, head and chest; not dangerous.
Lieut. John L. Johnston, abdomen; slightly.
Second Lieutenant John A. Bayard, side; slightly.
Corp. Math. B. Lucas, killed.
Corp. Richard Miles, shoulder; amputated.
Corp. George H. Neiman, hand; badly.
Wyrman S. Miller, killed.
Michael Flynn, killed.
William Ludwig.
George T. Jones, badly.
Jacob Steiner, breast; badly.
James W. Test, killed.
Ulysses Wance, killed.
Harrison Yeager, killed.
Frederick Reeder, killed.
Benjamin Zimmernam, killed (mistake).
William I. Lucas, arm; severely.
Michael Lebkecher, arm; amputated.
Thomas Myton, arm; amputated.
Samuel H. Orris, face; severely.
Oscar L. Runk, hip.
Charles O. Whippo, arm and leg; badly.
John D. Wagner, leg; badly.
Daniel Woodring, arm; severely.

Adoniram Yothers, arm; amputated.
 Daniel O. Farley, abdomen; slightly.
 Peter Frantz, arm; badly.
 John W. Gahagan, arm and hip; severely.
 Francis J. Hunter, arm; amputated.
 Samuel B. Wyland, hand.
 George H. Long, left foot; slightly.

COMPANY I.

Andrew Craft, killed.
 John McManagle, leg and arm; severely.
 Reuben Lyle, slightly.
 John M. Davis, hand.

COMPANY K.

Captain Thompson Core, shoulder; severely.
 Corp. Ross Kirkpatrick, elbow; severely.
 Corp. Hugh S. Neil, killed.
 George Price, thigh; died later.
 John N. Rathbone, arm and side.
 Oliver Pettit, left arm.
 William Wyant, shoulder; severely.
 Andrew J. Kifer, left hand and arm; severely.
 Hugh Carnahan, missing on picket line.
 John Fox, missing on picket line.
 Robert Huey, missing on picket line.
 Henry Hillegas, missing on picket line.
 Josiah H. Jacobs, missing on picket line.
 James F. McNoldy, missing on picket line.
 Lavinus Shaffer, missing on picket line.
 Adam Wansettler, missing on picket line.

NOTE.—It will be remembered that Companies A, B, E, F, I and K were on the picket line when Companies C, D, G and H, which remained with the colors, were engaged in the woods on Sunday morning, May 3d. The list is given just as it was sent by Colonel Fairlamb, although one or two reported killed survived and some who were marked as missing were discovered subsequently to have been killed.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By Gen. James A. Beaver

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1863 AND WINTER OF 1863-1864.

As already intimated, it is altogether foreign to my purpose to discuss military campaigns, much less to criticise the action of our superiors in their management. It is impossible to avoid saying, however, that the Army was not beaten at Chancellorsville. The strategy and grand tactics which preceded the battle were simply superb and, if the troops had been handled during the battle with the same comprehensive grasp and decision, the result must have been the destruction of Lee's Army and its withdrawal from the line of the Rappahannock. With scarcely more than the one-half of our Army engaged and with the Army of Northern Virginia divided into two parts unable to co-operate, it is not difficult to see what the result would have been if our Army had been fought for what was in it and what it desired. General Hooker, the commander of the Army, never before lacked decision, dash and enterprise and, if they were wanting during the battle of Chancellorsville, the explanation can probably be found, at least partially, in the story of Doctor Fisher, who was present at headquarters, which is the supplement to "The Surgeon's Story." The country had a right to expect, and did expect, a different result, and never perhaps in the history of our Civil War was there more dread uncertainty and consuming anxiety as to "what next" than between the return of our Army to the north bank of the Rappahannock and Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, which culminated so disastrously for the Confederate cause at Gettysburg.

I shared, during my stay at home, in the uncertainty and anxiety, which must have consumed the people who were in the rear of the Army during the entire War, to such an extent that I became nervous and excitable and felt as if something must be done. The ball which entered my body had carried with it some pieces of clothing and it required time to get my wound cleared out, so as to enable it to heal. When it began to heal from the center, however, and there seemed to be no danger of internal inflammation, I could not restrain myself, and, finding that General Couch had been assigned

to the command of the Department of the Susquehanna, with headquarters at Harrisburg, went there, on the 16th of June, thinking that, knowing the Governor and many of the people of Harrisburg as I did, I might be useful to him in some way and could at the same time hear the latest from the front. When I reached Harrisburg and visited the General, he immediately appointed me an acting Aide-de-Camp upon his staff, although I was weak and tottery and unfit for active duty of any kind.

The militia had been called out and were pouring into Camp Curtin by the thousand. The next morning news was brought to the General that Captain Tarbutton, who had charge of the camp, had unceremoniously left and that pandemonium had broken loose among the crowds of unorganized men who were there assembled. The General in some way discovered that I had been in charge of the outside work of Camp Curtin in 1861, when Colonel Welch of the 45th Regiment had been in command of the camp. He asked me to go out and assume command. I felt utterly unable to do so but, upon his insistent request, I called a carriage and drove out. The scene which met me, as I entered the gate, is indescribable. The entire camp was a mass of unorganized men, without semblance of order. Fortunately, I encountered almost immediately a company from Gettysburg, composed almost entirely of students from Pennsylvania College. The headquarters of the camp were upstairs but I was unable to mount the stairs and seized a vacant building near the gate, called the boys of this company around me, instructed them in a very short time how to make out requisitions for camp equipage, wood and provisions, explained the difference between quartermaster and commissary stores, pointed out the location of each of these departments and sent them around with blank requisitions, directing them to call upon the Captains of companies and fill the requisitions for them for what they were entitled to of camp equipage and also of commissary stores. In a very short time fires began to be kindled all over the camp and, as the companies became supplied with camp kettles, mess pans, plates, knives and forks and with rations to cook, the scene was entirely changed and, before night, the camp assumed a military

aspect and, in a few days, we were sending organized regiments to the front.

On the 21st of June I wrote to my mother :

"I feel so much better now that I shall ask to be relieved here in a few days and will then join my Regiment, which I am very anxious to see."

On the 27th of the same month :

"I was on horseback this morning for the first time and suffered very little inconvenience from my wound. The place at which the ball entered has healed up entirely and the other is very nearly so. My locomotion is easy and comparatively comfortable. If General Couch will relieve me, I will try to join my Regiment this week. I asked him to relieve me on Friday, so that I could go up home to spend Sabbath and then go from there to the Regiment, but he thought I could still be of service here and desired me to stay. A few days will clear our camp entirely I hope and there can then be no excuse for keeping me longer."

In the same letter :

"The rebels are still advancing and are reported in force near Carlisle, which is eighteen miles from here. I am hoping to hear of the Second Corps striking them in the rear and compelling a retreat. If they come here in force, I am afraid our green troops will make but a poor stand. As usual, however, I hope for the best."

On the 3d of July :

"The news from the Army of General Meade is not definite and by no means assuring. I hope for the best, however. The day and the rain are both advantageous for us. God help our brave men! The battle of the War has been or is now being fought. I feel much more excited and nervous at this distance from the scene of conflict than if I were in range of the enemy's guns. Our Division has been engaged I think; General Zook, of our Division, is among the killed at all events. I am all anxiety to hear from my brave boys. If I were with them, I know it would be all right and it is perhaps egotistical as well as unjust to doubt them when I am absent."

There was no reason for doubt or distrust but the feeling was a part of that nervous apprehension which was inevitably connected with the life in the rear of the Army on the part of everyone greatly interested for any reason in what was being enacted at the front.

The rebels approached within a few miles of Harrisburg, their cannonading being distinctly audible in the city and their pickets visible from the west side of the river. There was some consternation in Harrisburg and many persons who could conveniently do so went elsewhere. The stream of fugitives from the Cumberland Valley was almost continuous through the city and kept up for days. Some went to Camp Curtin to be fed and, in this way, I came in contact with them. For the most part, however, they continued through the city into the Lebanon Valley.

Although making almost daily application to be relieved, my request was not granted until Wednesday, the 15th of July. When relieved, General Couch issued a most complimentary order which I have preserved as a valuable part of my war record. I could learn nothing of the Army and, therefore, determined to go to Washington by way of Philadelphia. When I commenced my journey, however, I soon discovered that I was not quite so robust as I had seemed in Harrisburg and it was necessary for me to proceed quite leisurely. I went to Philadelphia on the 16th, making needed purchases of blankets, saber, etc., thence to Washington by way of Baltimore, and thence to the Re-lay House and up the Baltimore & Ohio to Berlin. There Captain Morris, of the quartermaster's department, loaned me a horse and I found the Regiment near Wood Grove, Virginia. Much to my regret, when I joined the Army, I became the senior officer of our Brigade and instead of joining my Regiment was assigned to the command of the Brigade, which I retained until the 28th of July, when I was relieved by Colonel Miles. Little of special interest occurred between the 19th and 28th, except our marches Monday, 20th, from Wood Grove to Bloomfield; Tuesday, 21st, which is emphasized in my diary as rest; Wednesday, 22d, Bloomfield to Ashby's Gap, via Upperville; Thursday, 23d, marching at 5:00 A. M., Ashby's Gap to Manassas Gap, in which we had quite a little skirmish; Friday, 24th, Manassas Gap to Markham Station; Saturday, 25th, Markham Station to White Plains; Sunday, 26th, White Plains to Warrenton Junction, where we encamped for several days.

On the 28th of July I wrote:

“We are said to be near Warrenton Junction. Beyond that I know nothing. I have had command of the Brigade ever since I came back and today Colonel Miles, who ranks me by a few days, returned and I was glad to get to my Regiment. I immediately ordered an inspection and now the boys are rubbing and scrubbing and polishing at a great rate. They seem to have some recollection of our old inspections and are making an effort to look as respectable as possible under the circumstances. Poor fellows! They have had a hard time of it. My health has been good as usual since I returned but I have not felt as cheerful as is customary until I today got back to the Regiment and mingled among the old familiar faces. Alas! How many are wanting to complete the picture.”

Among those whom I specially missed were Lieut. William H. Bible and Lieut. Frank Stevenson of C Company, both killed at the battle of Chancellorsville; Capt. Andrew Musser and Lieut. Israel F. Musser, both of D Company, who had died at the Potomac Creek Hospital, the former May 14, 1863, and the latter May 26, 1863, shortly after his promotion; Capt. Robert M. Forster, of C Company, killed at Gettysburg, and Lieut. John A. Bayard, of H Company, who died from wounds received there. Other officers, who had resigned or been discharged for disability, were Lieut. George Hamilton, E Company, 1st of June, 1863; Lieut. E. J. Burkert, A Company, 26th of June, 1863, and Assistant Surgeon C. P. W. Fisher, 13th of June, 1863. Many of our most reliable and promising non-commissioned officers were likewise missing. I recall especially First Sergt. C. C. Herman and Sergt. A. Green Carter of C Company, both killed at Chancellorsville. Herman was especially promising and I had marked him for promotion for one of the first vacancies in his company. Sergt. Samuel Harshberger, of D Company, was also killed at Chancellorsville. The serious losses at both Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the fatiguing campaign through which the Army had passed seemed to me to very seriously affect, for the time, the spirit and elan of the Regiment.

Captain Forster's death made a profound impression upon me, not only because he was a most reliable officer and valued friend, but, in March prior to our Chancellorsville campaign, he had been seriously impressed with the premonition of being killed in the first battle

in which he engaged. He came to me to write his will. I endeavored to make light of the premonition but prepared his will for him, as he requested, and he then went about his duty as usual. He was very seriously indisposed at the battle of Chancellorsville but I think remained with the wagon train, unwilling to go to the Hospital. Gettysburg was, therefore, his first fight and there he met his fate, as detailed by Osman in a portion of C Company's story. The loss of the Regiment at Gettysburg had been very considerable. It fought under discouraging circumstances by no means calculated to promote efficiency, but the men were loyal to their temporary commander, notwithstanding the injustice done their own commanding officer (see Major Forster's Story of Gettysburg) and in a later letter I wrote:

"I hear the most flattering accounts of the behavior of our Regiment on all sides and begin to think that it is a little more than a common one."

One of these, most enthusiastic in its praise, was Col. H. Boyd McKeen, of the 81st Pennsylvania, a most gallant officer who commanded the Regiment in the first day of its fighting at Gettysburg.

I find, in a letter of July 28th, an allusion to a detail for bringing drafted men to the Regiment, and here it may be well to remark that we were extremely fortunate in having our Regiment filled above the minimum whenever we became depleted by the ravages of battle and disease. Recruits were sent us by our recruiting details and the drafted men assigned to us filled our ranks on several occasions so that, until the last campaign, we had comparatively full ranks.

On the 31st of July, I wrote:

"We are on the direct road to Fredericksburg, or rather Falmouth. The general impression, however, among officers with whom I have conversed is that we will assume the defensive along the line of the Rappahannock and hold it until a re-organization of the Army is effected and our thinned ranks are filled up by the conscription. There is one regiment in our Brigade which has only thirty men fit for duty and out of almost a thousand, with which we started in not a year ago, we have but three hundred and ten here with us for active duty. The balance have either died, been killed or discharged or are in the hospital or detailed on extra duty as teamsters, etc. We still bear about seven hundred and fifty on our rolls. Colonel McFarlane

is sick again and will be obliged to leave the Army for the present. He has never fully recovered from the effects of his attack of fever and is completely prostrated by the fatigues of these rapid marches."

One of our summer camps, at which we dug a well of our own and tried to make ourselves comfortable, is impressed upon me, as I read what I wrote in regard to it:

"My quarters are particularly pleasant. In front of my tent is an arbor covered and enclosed by branches of trees. I am writing in it now. I have a bed in it and when there is no danger of rain, sleep in it. It is very pleasant to sit in in the day time, as well as for sleeping at night."

In the same letter:

"The Regiment is small—so painfully small that I can find little or nothing to do. I can't endure this idle life long. If we get conscripts to fill us up, I will have plenty to occupy my time."

In the next letter, however, I mentioned the fact that "I was officer of the day yesterday and rode, in the twenty hours of my tour, at least forty miles. Our picket line is some twenty miles long. It was warm—very warm—and, with two woolen shirts and a heavy dress coat buttoned up to the neck, I felt it considerably. Today, however, it is cool and pleasant and, not being required to move about, I have remained in my tent, or rather in the arbor in front of the tent, nearly all day."

In the same letter:

"General Warren, the new Major General, has just assumed command of our corps temporarily. He is said to be an accomplished officer and has been for some time on the staff of the commander of the Army. General Hancock's wound does not heal very rapidly and he may not be back for some months. We miss him very much."

General Warren commanded our Corps for several months and endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, as a most considerate gentleman as well as capable officer. I became personally much attached to him and continued the intimacy after the War. I have always felt that he was most unjustly treated and think that has been the general feeling of all who knew his thorough training and absolute reliability. He remained in command of the Corps until

General Hancock returned the winter preceding the Wilderness campaign, and handled it with consummate ability in the retrograde movement from the Rapidan to Bull Run, which I shall speak of later.

As showing the manner in which the different parts of the Army communicated with headquarters, a paragraph from my letter of August 18, 1863, is pertinent. I wrote:

“Nearly the whole of our Regiment is out now, with Major Fairlamb, putting up a telegraph line to communicate with General Kilpatrick who is on our left flank with his cavalry. They left yesterday with three days’ rations and will be back I hope tomorrow. Our line is some fifteen miles long and our corps headquarters is connected with army headquarters by a line of telegraph. In fact, we are in telegraphic communication with the North. I telegraphed to a gentleman in Washington the other day from our corps headquarters.”

The first military execution which I recall occurred while we were in camp near Morrisville. I wrote, on the 24th of August:

“We had a military execution in the Second Division of our Corps on Friday last. I did not go to see it and, even at this distance from it, I shuddered when I heard the discharge of musketry which hurried a fellow-being into eternity. He was shot for desertion, his eyes bandaged and sitting on his coffin. I felt more over the death of this poor fellow than if ten thousand had been slain in battle, and yet his punishment was just and, at this time when conscripts are arriving so rapidly and making all sorts of efforts to desert, it seemed necessary to make an example. I hope it will be the warning which the poor fellow wanted it to be.”

Monday, August 31st, I was ordered to the command of the Fourth Brigade, during Colonel Brooke’s absence on sick leave, and remained in command of it until he returned, on the 20th of September. The Colonel was undoubtedly worn out with the exhaustive duties of the campaigns of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in which he played a conspicuous and gallant part, but he was also suffering from another malady which I suppose influenced him somewhat in seeking a leave of absence and which found its appropriate culmination in December of the same year, when I acted as his groomsmen in Philadelphia.

While in command of the Fourth Brigade, our entire Division broke camp near Morrisville on the 12th of September, marching to Rappahannock Station by way of Bealton, and on Sunday, the 13th, crossed the Rappahannock and marched to Culpeper Court House, the cavalry in the advance capturing a number of guns and several hundred prisoners. On Tuesday, the 15th, we occupied a position on the Madison Court House road ten miles southwest of Culpeper. On Thursday, the 17th, marched in the early morning, reaching the Rapidan, having marched around Cedar Mountain. There was a reconnoissance in force, the position in front being held by our Corps until the 5th of October, when we were relieved by the Sixth.

On the 23d of September, a rearrangement of the brigades of the First Division was made, which sent us to the Third Brigade, then commanded by Col. Paul Frank of the 52d New York Regiment. Although the assignment to the Third Brigade—arising from conditions which need not be discussed here—was not asked for by me, the new relation thereby created was pleasing to our men, inasmuch as it relieved to some extent the friction which had been created during the Gettysburg campaign and from which they were slow to recover. On the same day we were paid by Major Freeman, for the months of July and August.

On the morning of the 10th of October, I left camp in accordance with an order detailing me to sit upon a general court martial at the artillery reserve. Our court organized and adjourned and, on returning to our camp, I found the Brigade moving. General Warren being absent, General Caldwell temporarily commanded the Corps, Colonel Frank the Division and I was, therefore, left in command of the Brigade. We were awakened Sunday morning about half past twelve o'clock, took breakfast at 1:00 A. M. and moved at 2:30 A. M. We kept west of Culpeper, reached the Rappahannock about ten o'clock and crossed about twelve, reaching Bealton Station at three and bivouacked for the night. On Monday, the 12th, orders came suddenly, we recrossed the Rappahannock and formed a line of battle, advancing in line for several miles on the great plain south of the river. It was one of the most magnificent military pageants I have ever seen. It was a challenge to the Army of Northern Virginia to

meet us on that field—a challenge which they peremptorily declined, having already turned our right flank and moving evidently to interpose between our Army and Washington. As soon as this became evident, our Army marched rapidly for the rear. We commenced this movement about 11:00 P. M., October 12th. On the evening of the 13th we bivouacked on Kettle Run. General Warren had returned in the meantime and I was that night detailed as field officer of the day for the Division. Our picket line was posted advantageously on a hill to our left as we marched northward and in the morning, after the troops had gone, I met General Warren in the road and was asked by him to hold the crest of the hill until our wagon trains had passed. In fact he was quite insistent and said we must hold it if we lost every man. Hearing some firing on the line, I rode to the front, and being able to see nothing, I scolded the pickets for firing and rode out in front of them to show them there was nobody there. I soon discovered my mistake, however, and, with the bullets whistling around me, I made to the rear on old Frank at his liveliest pace. I there met Col. John P. Taylor, of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, in command of the skirmish line of Gregg's Division who joined us on our left. As I rode along our line, encouraging the men, one of them pointed out to me a number of men advancing along a stone fence some distance to our right. I soon discovered that they were the enemy and inferred that they were seeking to secure the crossing of Kettle Run, by which our troops and wagons had passed and were passing. I had already given the order to assemble on the right which would have brought us near the crossing. Discovering this movement on the part of the enemy, however, I countermanded the order and sent it along the line by a young Lieutenant of the 116th Regiment. Instead of assembling on the right, we assembled on the left and, crossing the run a half mile or more below the ford, we escaped the trap laid for us, escaped the shelling at Auburn Mills (otherwise called Coffee Hill, by our men) and joined the rear of our Corps in good shape. Lieutenant Sacriste, the young officer who aided me in this movement, was afterwards awarded a medal of honor for his services and, in endorsing my statement of the matter written in after years, General Warren said:

“NEWPORT, R. I., October 8, 1881.

“Colonel Beaver’s statements of events are in accordance with my recollections, which are very fresh. I witnessed the withdrawal of his pickets, after covering the crossings of both trains and the cavalry (which had also defended the crossing with much gallantry), hard pressed by an overwhelming force of the enemy, which had been held in check by the First Division pickets of the Second Army Corps, until we had completed the dispositions of a new line of battle, which the enemy dared not attack. It was one of the finest instances of effective picket and skirmish work I have ever witnessed, and I should accord you all the credit that General (then Colonel) Beaver accords.

“Very respectfully,

“G. K. WARREN.”

Our Corps in this movement was the rear guard of the Army and our Division the rear of the Corps. We were, therefore, too late for the splendid little affair at Bristoe Station in which Gen. Alex. Hayes, with the Second Division, made such a gallant charge, capturing guns, flags and prisoners. As we were moving, however, in the direction of the sound of his guns, a line of battle, with flags flying and officers mounted, came out of the woods on our left. I took it for granted that we would go for them, just as General Hayes had, when he discovered the enemy on his flank. The division and brigade commanders being in advance of us, I moved immediately, by the left flank, across the railroad, expecting, of course, that we would attack the enemy. We had not gone far, however, till we had orders to return and our artillery opened on the advancing line and soon drove it back. The only casualty which occurred was to Sergt. Samuel L. Barr, of B Company, who lost his arm by something which dropped from one of the projectiles fired by one of our batteries in our rear. I was very indignant and, not stopping to consider that the officer was not responsible for it, I made for him in a way which the boys told me afterwards was interesting both to see and hear.

Our retrograde movement continued until we crossed the Bull Run, about three o’clock on the morning of the 15th, clearly out-marching the Confederates and getting our Army well posted, so as to cover Washington and at the same time ready to assume offensive operations against the enemy. Skirmishing commenced about 2:30 P. M. of that day, but the enemy made no impression upon our line

which, when they discovered, their campaign was ended and they retired, we following them slowly in due time.

On Monday, the 19th, we began the advance, passing Bristoe that day. On the 20th, our Regiment was the advance guard of the Corps. We went to Gainesville, turned and marched thence to Auburn Mills. My diary says: "Beautiful skirmish line but met no enemy." On the 21st we occupied the position held by our picket line on the 14th.

These movements brought the two Armies into about the same relative position which they had occupied before the retrograde movement. There was marching and counter-marching, numerous changes of camp, reconnaissances in force and the methods usually employed to develop the enemy's position, and it was found finally that he had retired and seemed to be preparing to go into winter quarters south of the Rapidan. The Rappahannock River, it will be remembered, forks a little north and west of Chancellorsville and becomes two branches, the Rappahannock being the northern and the Rapidan the southern.

Although moving every few days, we laid out several camps and, on the 23d of October, finding that the Quartermaster pitched his tent in camp instead of with the wagon train, we inferred that it looked like a regular camp and so made arrangements for being comfortable. Our stoves had been sent to Washington at the opening of the spring campaign and, finding that the nights became cool and not being able to secure stoves, we resorted to the plan of a furnace, consisting of a trench in the tent underground with the flue outside, which enabled us to keep very comfortable. This was easily done, required no elaborate preparation, the furnace being covered with flat stones and boxes and barrels being all that were necessary for a flue on the outside. There was talk of going into winter quarters, of course, and some of the officers even went so far as to build log huts, having nothing but shelter tents. I did not encourage this, however, because I felt sure that we were not ready for winter quarters as yet, but it afforded employment and gave us ideas for the erection of our final winter quarters later.

On the 30th of October we received 115 men under the Enrollment Act and, on the 19th of November, 158 more, bringing the aggregate of the Regiment up to 978—almost the maximum. This, of course, gave us plenty of employment and we turned in with a will to train the new men, and now the results of officers' and non-commissioned officers' schools became apparent. Our non-commissioned officers were very efficient and, in the drilling of the new men and in the enforcement of discipline, displayed in a most satisfactory way the effects of their training.

When I started out as Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Regiment, I had bought from Mr. J. Harris Linn, of the Milesburg Iron Works, a fine riding horse who was called Frank. He was with me in South Carolina and, although seriously lamed in throwing him from the vessel, when we landed there, had recovered sufficiently to be ridden on the march and in the duties in the field; but, in order to save him, I had purchased another horse before joining the 148th, called Joe. These two horses became quite as much a part of the Regiment as I was and I used to think that some of the men were quite as much or more attached to Joe particularly (as I used him the most and he was the best known to them) than to me. He was very intelligent and understood the commands of execution, "march!" and "halt!" as well as any man in the Regiment. On an ill-fated day, when our camps were open, a stray horse wandered into our camp and helped himself from the troughs of our horses. The result was that both of my horses and Major Fairlamb's became infected with the glanders. When this became apparent, in order to prevent the spread of the disease, we were compelled to shoot our horses and, on November 16th, I find in my diary: "Had poor old Frank shot. *Requiescat in pace*; faithful to the end!" It was like the loss of a friend.

We had crossed the Rappahannock River a short distance below Kelly's Ford on the 8th of November, and had manouvered in line of battle in the hope of tempting the enemy to meet us but they declined, as they usually did, when battle was offered in the open field. On reaching the northern bank of the Rapidan, we found the Army of Northern Virginia strongly posted on the southern bank. There was now serious talk of winter quarters but this was all dissipated by

orders to move, November 24th. We broke camp on the morning of that day, formed line in the rain but were ordered to resume our camp, the movement being suspended on account of the rain. On the 26th, however, we marched at 6:30 A. M., leading the Corps; crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford at 2:00 P. M. on pontoon bridge; marched about three miles and encamped at Flat Run. This was the beginning of the celebrated Mine Run campaign which lasted until the 2d of December. I was in command of the Brigade during this campaign and had the honor of commanding the Division for a few hours one afternoon. The campaign was short and without decisive results, but I think I express the sentiments of those who were in a position to know the facts that both General Meade and General Warren rose in the estimation of the entire Army by their failure to charge the enemy's entrenchments and withdrawing from their front more than if they had made the attack, even if it had been successful. They displayed the moral courage characteristic of both, which was willing to assume the responsibility of failure in the face of great popular clamor. The weather was bitterly cold and a charge on the 30th of November, when it was contemplated, would have meant death to every man who was seriously wounded. Our Brigade on that day relieved the Third Brigade of the Second Division and I find a memorandum that three-fourths of the entire Brigade was on picket.

After our return across the Rapidan, Colonel Frank returned, on the 5th of December, and I was glad to get back home to the Regiment, for it was then reasonably certain that we were to go into winter quarters and I had plans for an ideal camp, as well as for thorough reorganization and the training of our recruits and drafted men.

Colonel McFarlane, failing to recover his health, was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability November 4, 1863. Other officers, who had resigned or had been discharged for various reasons during the summer and fall of 1863, were Capt. Martin Dolan, F Company, 7th September, 1863; Lieut. Josiah B. Ferguson, K Company, 7th September, 1863; Lieut. S. S. Wolf, A Company, 25th September, 1863; Capt. Charles Stuart, E Company, 25th September, 1863; Lieut. O. H. Brown, I Company, 30th November,

1863. Major Fairlamb was elected Lieutenant Colonel in place of Colonel McFarlane, and Capt. R. H. Forster, of A Company, was elected Major. These promotions and the other changes referred to led to numerous changes in the line of the Regiment. All of the company officers of A, C and D had been killed, promoted or discharged and, in order to give Companies A and C officers of experience as Captains, Lieut. John L. Johnston, of H Company, was promoted to be Captain of Company A, and Lieutenant Jacob B. Edmonds of G Company to be Captain of C. Other promotions to fill vacancies were made within the companies. When these were made the several companies were commanded as follows: A, Capt. John L. Johnston; B, Capt. James F. Weaver; C, Capt. Jacob B. Edmonds; D, Capt. Alfred A. Rhinehart; E., Capt. John F. Sutton; F, Capt. William P. Wilson; G, Capt. James J. Patterson; H, Capt. George A. Bayard; I, Capt. Silas J. Marlin; K, Capt. Thompson Core. Captain Wilson of F Company, and Captain Marlin of I Company were detailed for staff duty at division headquarters, the former as commissary of musters and the latter as acting assistant inspector general. Their companies were, therefore, commanded by the First Lieutenants of each respectively, namely, Lieut. Jacob Breon and Lieut. John A. McGuire.

It was unusual to appoint an officer from one company to a higher rank in another but the reasons for it are obvious in the cases of Lieutenant Johnston, who was promoted from First Lieutenant of H Company to Captain of A Company, and First Lieutenant Jacob B. Edmonds, of G Company, to Captain of C Company. The promotion from Sergeant to Captain of a company is something of a risk and, as A and C had lost all their officers, it was important for them to have immediately an experienced officer in command. The officers of the Regiment had all been instructed in our officers' school and in the school of the battalion and were, therefore, familiar with all battalion movements. Non-commissioned officers, as a rule, were instructed through the school of the soldier, but had little instruction and no practice in command of companies and it was, therefore, important to have an officer of experience and training in command of the company for tactical purposes, but it was more necessary to have

that experience for the benefit of the men. I once saw an officer of the Regular Army in hospital who was intensely anxious to join his company. He said:

"I must get back to my company. A company without its Captain is like a family without a mother."

And this is, to a large extent, true. The Captain is responsible not only to the commander of the regiment but is also responsible to the men of his command. The company is the unit of organization. The office work is of great importance, the muster and pay-rolls must be carefully made out so that all the rights of the soldier are preserved, and a Captain should have experience in military correspondence as well as in the routine of making out rolls and other papers for the quartermaster, commissary and ordnance departments: but it was also necessary for the comfort of the men that they should have an officer of experience to secure for them what was their due from both commissary and quartermaster departments. It was often found, on examination, that the failure of men to receive the full complement of rations to which they were entitled, was due to the carelessness of the Captain and, inasmuch as a Captain is superior in rank to the Quartermaster, his demand is usually listened to with consideration. It was important to have officers who could make such demand with effect and could see that their demands were met rather than to promote a non-commissioned officer, without experience in such matters, to the captaincy of his company. These and other considerations of like weight led to the appointment of these officers. So far as I recollect, they were the only ones in which officers were not appointed from the non-commissioned officers, when there was a vacancy. The results fully justified the appointments.

Monday, the 7th of December, we went into our winter camp near Stevensburg, three or four miles from Brandy Station on the railroad. We were again fortunate in getting near a wooded tract of land, and, although the clearing, ditching and draining of it involved great labor, we thereby secured plenty of good material for our winter quarters. Our "A" tents having been turned in to the quartermaster's department at the opening of the campaign, we were compelled to rely upon our shelter tents for the top covering. Great

care was observed in laying out the camp. The huts and officers' quarters were all of a uniform style and, with a plentiful supply of axes, we were enabled to proceed rapidly with our work. A fine parade ground was cleared in our front, all the company streets were deeply ditched, in order to drain the adjoining ground perfectly and these ditches led into larger ones along the streets upon which the line and field and staff officers' quarters were faced. A complete system of uniform board walks, made of logs split and, when necessary, dressed, was also laid, which made communication between the different parts of the camp easy and comfortable in all kinds of weather. For all general purposes the pioneer corps was kept steadily at work and for the most part the several companies erected their own quarters. Having a wall tent, I had a chimney built upon the outside of it and lived very comfortably while the camp was being built. After everything was finished, the pioneer corps determined to build me a house that was unsurpassed anywhere in the Army. They hewed logs, matched them thoroughly, dressed the corners, built a fine fire place and, having found some old yellow pine boards and a plane, added a mantel, which for beauty in the grain of the wood I have never seen excelled anywhere. The crevices were daubed with mud and the inside papered with newspapers, with a border of official yellow wrapping paper. The effect of it was extremely pleasing. The interior had a good board floor and, with two bright pieces of brussels carpet, one in front of my cot and the other in front of the fire place, it was as cozy a dwelling as could be found anywhere, and in it I think I had as much enjoyment as in anything more elaborate which I have occupied since. In addition to our quarters, the hospital was put in good order, the tents being used and well floored and a commodious chapel erected, the roof of the latter being composed of a huge tarpaulin contributed by the Christian Commission. After all was finished, there was no finer camp in the Army and we settled down to good, hard, honest work in preparation for the campaign of the next year.

In December, while the work of erecting the camp was in operation, I applied for the only leave of absence I ever had, except on account of wounds. That, as already intimated, was at the request

of my friend, Colonel Brooke, who desired me to act as his groomsmen at his marriage in Philadelphia. Leaves at that time for ordinary purposes were for ten days, with permission to apply to the War Department for ten days additional. Special Orders No. 288, headquarters Second Army Corps, December 22, 1863, contained this paragraph:

"1. Under the provisions of Special Orders No. 315, headquarters Army of the Potomac of December 10th, leave of absence for the time hereinafter stated is hereby granted each of the following named officers: Col. James A. Beaver, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers for ten days, with permission to apply to the War Department for an extension of ten days."

Before leaving camp, I had decided not to apply to the War Department for an extension, intending to see Colonel Brooke married and return at once. Upon reaching Washington, however, I met Judge Hale, who made inquiry as to my leave, and I told him the facts in regard to it. He immediately said, "You must have those other ten days," and insisted upon my going with him to army headquarters. I declined to do so, however, but went with him in a carriage to the office of General Halleck, who was then the Commander-in-Chief. The Judge was gone but a few minutes, when he came back much excited, saying:

"We might as well have a wooden man at the head of the Army."

I know nothing of what passed in General Halleck's office, having remained in the carriage. He refused to give up the quest, however, and we went together to the War Department. He seemed to have the entree there and pushed by the orderlies and went directly to the office of the Secretary of War. He began at once, "Mr. Secretary, here's Colonel Beaver; never had a leave of absence; only allowed ten days; he ought to have ten more; he deserves it," and other words to that effect, until the Secretary just stopped and gazed at him. Hale, nothing daunted, continued his fusillade, until the Secretary took my order from corps headquarters which Hale had in his hand, wrote "Leave extended ten days. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, December 23, 1863." He handed it to the Judge and said in a sarcastic tone:

"Is that all, Mr. Hale?"

"Yes," said Hale, laughing, "that is all I want just now."

The leave was later extended in an official form by Special Orders No. 568 of the War Department, dated December 23, 1863, signed "E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General," and marked "Official: R. Williams, Assistant Adjutant General." These autographs are all preserved as interesting souvenirs of the period.

After seeing Colonel Brooke married in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, and attending the social functions connected with the wedding, I made a little visit to my mother and to friends in Bellefonte and elsewhere and find, in my diary for 1864:

"Tuesday, January 12th. Left Washington 9:45 A. M., arrived at Brandy Station 3:30 P. M.; rode home."

The camp of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, although my dwelling was a wall tent, was then more of home to me than any other place in the world.

I moved into my new house the 5th of February, the last house in the camp to be occupied. We received marching orders at 4:00 A. M., and marched at 9:00 A. M. to Newton's Ford. I commanded the Division until evening. We were not engaged, although the Third Division crossed the river and re-crossed the same night, losing some one hundred and fifty men. This was probably a reconnaissance to ascertain whether or not the enemy were in force in our front or perhaps to prevent re-enforcements from being sent to their western Army. We returned to camp the next day, re-occupying our quarters.

Recruiting details were sent out at different times and returned with more or less recruits and our ranks were kept quite full. The period of rigid inspections came again, in order to train our new recruits and, although many of them were of excellent quality, there was more difficulty in bringing them under strict discipline than there had been, when we started out with our Regiment, notwithstanding the increased help which resulted from the experience and training of our officers and non-commissioned officers. We had some incorrigible cases—some fellows who could not be kept clean, some who couldn't learn the step and some who were determined to be ugly. The inspection at guard mounting every morning was very

thorough and the dress parades were more elaborate than ever before. The colors were escorted to the line with great parade and everything was done to impress men with their significance. Notwithstanding all, however, some men came under military discipline slowly and apparently reluctantly. I recall one instance when I resorted to extreme measures with a fellow who was specially slouchy and dirty. He had appeared on several occasions at guard mounting in a very disagreeable condition so far as cleanliness was concerned. After this had happened two or three times and the Adjutant had mentioned it to me, I had the guard detail marched in front of my quarters. They halted, were brought by the officer in charge to a rest, when I gave them an informal inspection. I had this man taken from the ranks, had my servant bring out a basin of water and detailed two of his companions to scrub him. This they did with soap and towel in a way that was amusing to the by-standers who had gathered by this time and both disconcerting and uncomfortable to the washee. The ceremony was kept up until he was thoroughly cleaned, at least so far as his face, ears, neck and hands were concerned. I let it be known that every man who appeared on guard thereafter in such condition would be treated in a similar way. I do not recall a single other instance in which that form of discipline was necessary.

Our field music was re-organized and spent much time in practice. They became very proficient and, being dissatisfied with the regular army drums, we had a full outfit of smaller metal drums secured for them by private subscription and the result was a pride in the music and a variety in it such as I never heard in a drum corps before or since. The different parts were played by the fifes and many of the pieces, such as "Gentle Annie," "Faded Flowers," etc., were rendered most artistically. Indeed the concerts at retreat and tattoo were often attended by the men of other regiments for a considerable distance around us. I hope we may have in the "Story of the Drum Corps" a detailed account of their work in this camp.

Besides the setting up drill for the new men I resorted to the bayonet exercise at dress parade every evening, when the weather was favorable. By increasing the distance between the front and rear

ranks and having the odd men step four paces to the front, there was abundant room for this exercise. The practical benefit of the bayonet exercise has often been doubted, for the reason that there are few occasions when the bayonet can be used. The chief advantage, however, which suggested itself to me was that it familiarized the men with the use of their weapon and was one of the most splendid gymnastic exercises then available. The guard, the parry, the thrust, the advance and the retreat combined to bring into play all the muscles of the entire body. The good effects were plainly apparent in the carriage of the men, in their physical development and in the ease and confidence with which they handled their pieces.

Our chapel was used for officers' school and also for a general school of non-commissioned officers which I conducted several times a week. In the latter I was very much interested, carrying the non-commissioned officers not only through the school of the soldier and the company but through the skirmish drill and endeavoring to familiarize them especially with the bugle calls. With work of this kind, covering the entire routine of soldierly duty, equipping our men with clothing, arms, accoutrements, etc., for the ensuing campaign, paying some attention to the social duties which devolved upon us, by reason of numerous visitors in our camp, and furnishing our share of the details for picket and fatigue duty, the winter wore away pleasantly and, on the whole, profitably. As showing the variety of duties which devolved upon us, I may mention the fact that, as corps officer of the day, I had at one time six hundred men under my command building a corduroy road from Brandy Station to our camps. This was a very considerable undertaking and was not finished in one day. I surprised them very much at corps headquarters, when I rode up in the evening to report, by making a request to be detailed for the following day, in order that I might finish the job, but I had become very much interested in the road and had acquired considerable practical knowledge during the day and thought I could more easily complete it than a new officer. I have been interested in the subject of "good roads" ever since.

In the early part of the autumn, before we made our retrograde movement, a very pronounced religious interest was manifested in

our Regiment. I did not know, until the War was over, that we had been denominated "The Praying Regiment." But it is a fact that in nearly every company there was at least a squad of men who maintained regular devotional meetings in their quarters weekly or oftener. Our Chaplain, as is made apparent from the "Chaplain's Story," so graphically written by his son, was extremely faithful in his religious ministrations. It was not confined to our Sunday morning service and to a prayer service at dress parade on Sunday evening, but was of a pastoral character, the Chaplain conferring with the men in each company who were disposed to lead a pronounced and active religious life. This interest continued and culminated during the winter. Our chapel was used constantly and a deep religious interest developed, which resulted in great good to many of our men.

Looking back upon the whole term of our service, I cannot recall a time when we more nearly approached my ideal of what a volunteer regiment ought to be than during the period in which we were camped near Stevensburg in the winter of 1863-1864. With full ranks, with officers and non-commissioned officers not only faithful but enthusiastic in the discharge of duty, with many of our men thoroughly trained and hardened by their previous campaign and anxious to instruct others, the days passed pleasantly and profitably, and the Regiment was instructed and disciplined in such a way as to make our work thoroughly apparent, when the spring reviews which preceded our active campaign, were held. These reviews were unusually elaborate and formal, inasmuch as we were all anxious to show General Grant, who had come into the Army as the Commander-in-Chief, what kind of soldiers made up the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Francis A. Walker, in his admirable "History of the Second Corps," referring to the review of our Corps, said:

"The appearance and bearing of the troops was brilliant in the extreme but among all the gallant regiments which passed the reviewing officer two excited especial admiration—the 148th Pennsylvania, Colonel Beaver, from the old Second, and the 40th New York, Colonel Egan, from the former Third Corps."

Before the opening of the campaign, my friend, Colonel Brooke, to whom I have made frequent allusions, applied for the transfer of

our Regiment to the Fourth Brigade and, on the 26th of March, the order making the transfer was received. This brought us into relations with the 53d and 145th Pennsylvania Regiments, and with the 64th and 66th New York Regiments, and the 2d Delaware Regiment. We were also joined, after the campaign opened, by the 7th Heavy New York Artillery. The change did not involve, however, at any time any change in our camp. We continued to occupy our winter quarters, until the campaign practically began.

In addition to reviews and inspections and to our regimental drills, which were frequent, we had, after our assignment to the Fourth Brigade, brigade drills and, on one or two occasions, division drills. I also exercised the entire Regiment in skirmish drill and occasionally, by special permission, we were allowed to indulge in target practice. This absolutely necessary part of a soldier's training was not as general as it should have been, for the reason that the firing was likely to be misunderstood in other parts of the Army where it was not known that target practice was going on. By having an intimation given from corps headquarters, however, that target practice would be allowed between certain hours, it was not difficult to avoid unfounded alarm. Even with the knowledge that target practice was being indulged in, it was difficult, when a volley was heard, to avoid calling for a horse and yelling to the Adjutant to form the Regiment, these being the essential things when any trouble was anticipated.

Never had the Army enjoyed the social features allowed us during this winter. At division headquarters a music and lecture hall had been erected, in which frequent dances, lectures and other social functions were enjoyed, many ladies visited their friends and a general social good time was had for several months. Mrs. Governor Curtin, with a party of young ladies from Harrisburg, visited our division headquarters and were, of course, the recipients of all the social attentions which we could bestow. Our headquarter mess had a very nice dining room, in addition to our other quarters, and we invited them for dinner. The general details of the dinner I cannot recall but I remember distinctly the dessert. I intended to have a bread crumb pudding with hard sauce. I knew, in a general way, that

the sauce was made up of butter, sugar and brandy. We had no brandy but the Doctor kindly furnished me some whiskey and I undertook to prepare the sauce myself. Endeavoring to mix the whiskey and butter, I soon found that that wouldn't work, but I succeeded finally in making something of a mess which was used and pronounced all right. If the butter and sugar had been mixed together first, I suppose the homogeneity of the mass would have been much more easily secured. At all events, we had a jolly time and my own cabin, which was turned over to the ladies for a dressing room, was pronounced the finest thing they had seen. We had numerous little dinner parties of gentlemen and ladies and of friends from other parts of the Army at many times, but never during the whole winter had we such a commotion in camp as when we entertained Mrs. Curtin and her Harrisburg party. The recollections of that winter grow upon me but it would be foreign to my purpose and to the design of our History were I to enter into further detail. I speak of them to show that our military service did not consist entirely of being shot at or trying to shoot the other man. It had many compensations, not the least of which, still remaining, was the consciousness of the great privilege of helping in some measure to preserve for the nation and the world the fact of free, constitutional government.

On the 22d of April we were reviewed by General Grant. The next day I wrote Doctor Davis, our Surgeon, of the prospect of an early movement, preliminary orders, indeed, being that day received, and, on Sunday, the 24th, I noted: "Used the chapel for the last time." On the 30th of April we were mustered by Lieutenant Colonel Striker, of the 2d Delaware, a most gallant officer, who was killed at Spotsylvania within two weeks, and upon the same day, Lieut. J. G. Kurtz, our Quartermaster, was discharged on account of physical disability. Quartermaster Sergeant S. D. Musser was immediately promoted to take his place.

On Monday, the 2d of May, we demolished our winter quarters and put up our shelter tents on the same ground. When this was done, with three days' full rations in our haversacks, six days' small rations in knapsacks and fifty rounds of ammunition we were ready for final orders for the initial march of the summer's campaign.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By Gen. James A. Beaver.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

Our final marching orders came on the 3d of May, containing directions to march after dark that night. Our camps were in plain sight of the enemy's signal station and, as a consequence, we could not remove our tents during the day time, without giving them notice of the movement. The last entry in ink in my diary was Monday, the 2d of May. Those which follow, beginning the 3d of May and during the entire campaign, were in lead pencil. My notes are somewhat full and the incidents which affected our Regiment are set forth as fully therein as I could possibly make them and it may perhaps be well to confine myself largely to these notes, with some explanations and side remarks where they will help to explain or clarify.

May 3d, after alluding to our marching orders, I wrote:

"Struck tents at 7:30 P. M. and moved to camp of the Fourth Brigade. Remained until 12:00 M.; marched with the Division, our Brigade leading; marched all night; rode to Germania Ford in the morning with Captain Wilson of the division staff."

Wednesday, May 4th:

"Marching when the day commenced; sunrise found us near Ely's Ford on the Rapidan with Gregg's Division of cavalry in our front; crossed the Rapidan on a bridge of canvas boats; marched rapidly and reached Chancellorsville about 10:00 A. M. All the localities are exceedingly familiar and the evidences of the terrific strife of a year ago are many and painful. Took up a position in front of the Chancellor House and in front of our entrenched position of last year. Pitched tents; detail of 200 pickets from the Regiment."

Thursday, May 5th:

"Ordered to march at 6:00 A. M.; did not start till after 10:00 being rear guard of the Corps. Marched to Walford's Furnace and turned to the left, reaching a position some three miles from it about 3:00 P. M. At Rose Mountain. Threw up some works, using a plow and board paddles. Arnold's Battery on our right. Moved to the right on the Brock Road and advanced through the woods about half a mile, forming in echelon with the left of the First Brigade. Firing on our right terrific, which continued until after dark. Marched

out of the woods and took a position on the road which was entrenched during the night. B, D and G on picket in front of our first position."

Our Brigade being the rear guard and our Regiment the rear of the Brigade, we were much delayed in our march by driving the stragglers. This enabled us, however, to keep a column well closed up and, when we took our final position, the Regiment was in fine shape. In order to show this to the men themselves, I gave cautionary commands as we approached our position and, when we halted, I gave the commands "Halt! Front! Right Dress! Front! Order arms! Stack arms! Unslung knapsacks! Rest!" just as if we had been on parade. Everything was done promptly and with great spirit. When ranks were broken, I rode up to a group of officers who seemed to have been interested in our movements and among them was General Gibbon, who was then commanding the left wing of our Corps which at that time consisted of four divisions, two of them having been organized out of our old Second Corps and two out of the Third Corps which was made a part of the Second. As I rode up and saluted General Gibbon, he said:

"Colonel, I had rather command that Regiment of yours than command this Corps." It seemed to me at the time to be quite a compliment, but the more I thought about it the more it seemed to me to be very natural. The command of a Regiment brings the commander in touch with his men. He knows to what extent he can rely upon them, he feels sure of his foundations and supports. If his regiment has been trained as it should be, there is little danger of panic or anything which will bring disgrace upon him. When you get further away from the regiment, however, although responsible for the conduct of everybody under your command, you know less of what you can depend upon. This feeling of General Gibbon grew upon me more and more during the campaign and explains, to some degree at least, the indisposition which I had to take command of another and a strange brigade when subsequently it twice was offered me.

Friday May 6th:

"Companies B, D and G were relieved and joined us about 8:00 A. M. Firing commenced about 4:45 A. M., which soon became very warm on the skirmish line. Our Regiment was formed in the rear

of the line of rifle pits as a reserve; remained until 10:00 A. M. and moved to meet an expected attack on our left flank; threw up a slight work of rails and logs and remained quiet until 2:00 P. M., when we removed to our old position of the morning. The Regiment occupied both sides of Gillis' Battery in expectation of an attack from our front. Our skirmish line drove the enemy back, however. K Company on the skirmish line. The general result of the engagement, at 5:00 P. M., is not very favorable, although not distinctly unfavorable. Remained in the rifle pits all evening; an attack on our right drove the Fourth Division out of their works; a portion of our Brigade drove the enemy back; night closed in with prospects of sleep."

It will be seen from these memoranda that our Regiment was not actively engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. Being the last regiment in column on the march, we were on the left of the line, when the line of battle was formed. The enemy's line evidently ran out before reaching our Regiment. We were, therefore, held in reserve and moved from place to place to guard the left flank. I was convinced that an attack by our Regiment on the right flank of the enemy would be disastrous to them, and made a little personal reconnaissance with a view of ascertaining how it could be done. It seemed to me that the advantages were all in our favor in making the effort, but I failed to get permission to try it and we were, therefore, used simply for the purpose of guarding against or repelling a movement against our left. There was evidently some well grounded expectation of an attack on our flank, for during the day I came in contact with Colonel Richard Coulter who, with the 11th Pennsylvania, joined us and formed line with us as we marched out a short distance and prepared for repelling an attack from that direction which did not come. Coulter and I had an opportunity to recall our three months' service and to compare notes as to the fortunes of the day. We lost but a single man in the battle of the Wilderness.

Saturday, May 7th, I record:

"Good night's sleep; day commenced at 4:00 A. M.; remained in the rifle pits all day; spent most of the day very pleasantly at General Gibbon's headquarters (in order to get early information of any movement which might be ordered). Marching orders came at dark. I was appointed, by orders from corps headquarters, corps officer of the day, with directions to report to General Hancock in person for detailed instructions, and did so at 8:00 P. M."

Prior to this, however, Colonel Egan, 40th New York, from the Third Division, Lieutenant Colonel Stryker, 2d Delaware, of the First Division, Lieutenant Colonel Schoonover, 11th New Jersey, of the Fourth Division, and Major Welch, 19th Maine, of the Second Division, reported to me as division officers of the day. I directed them to take command of the pickets from the several divisions and rode to corps headquarters. On arriving there, I found a great gathering of officers, dismounted, and among them, General Grant, the Commander-in-Chief of all our Armies, sitting alone at the root of a tree whittling a stick. I dismounted and sought General Hancock and was informed by him of the general movement of the Army; that the corps on our extreme right would withdraw, marching in rear of the others, followed by its pickets; that the next corps would, in like manner, follow when it had passed, and so on, until the left was reached, and that our Corps would then follow and I would be left with the picket line of the Corps to hold any demonstration which might be made from the front, until the Army had gotten well on its way toward our new position. In the midst of these directions, we heard a great volley in our front, with somewhat continuous firing. I sprang to my horse and was riding off, General Hancock's staff were calling for horses, when I was suddenly stopped by General Grant, who said:

“Hold on, Hancock; that firing is all on one side.”

This arrested my attention, I waited for a minute and, finding that the fire slackened appreciably, returned to receive my final instructions.

The operation of withdrawing in this manner was, of course, a very delicate one, but was executed in such a way that the enemy evidently did not discover it during the night. General directions were given by me to the division officers of the day to give special attention to their picket line and to see that every one was vigilant and wide-awake. Sunday morning came and found the movement unfinished.

I made this entry Sunday, May 8th:

“Slept none during the night. Colonel Sleeper, 11th New Jersey; Captain Allen, 11th Massachusetts, brought in their pickets without

orders. Considerable confusion resulted. They were, however, returned to the line. Did not commence to withdraw our pickets until 10:00 A. M. instead of 2:00 A. M., as at first ordered—the other Corps not having marched at the time appointed and ours not having withdrawn in time to enable us to complete the movement during the night.”

It occurred to me, seeing Colonel Egan and noting his appearance and age, to inquire as to his rank. I found that he ranked me; told him I could not turn the command over to him, because I had been specially entrusted with the movement by General Hancock, but that, if he had any feeling in regard to serving under a junior, I would excuse him and that he could join his command. I was, of course, pleased with his prompt and soldierly reply:

“This is no time to quibble about rank; I will be glad to serve under you and do all we can to withdraw our pickets in good shape.”

We had scarcely assembled our pickets and were ready to march off, when a line of skirmishers appeared, coming over the breastworks of the enemy. Desiring to show my confidence in Egan, I asked him to deploy the pickets of one division as skirmishers and drive the enemy back, whilst I held the other pickets in reserve. He did this in fine style and we withdrew, marching rapidly toward Todd's Tavern which we reached without the loss of a man. General Hancock had sent an anxious inquiry during the day and, when I reported to him personally in the evening, with my little column intact, he thanked me very warmly. I found our Regiment a little to the right of Todd's Tavern but we were in the second line and were, therefore, relieved, as I supposed, from the duty of throwing up any entrenchments. This, however, did not last long as I found.

Monday, May 9th:

“Sent a fatigue drill of 250 men at 11:00 P. M. to build works for the artillery brigade, which worked all night.”

Continuing, my pocket diary says:

“An order from army headquarters says: ‘The Army will remain quiet.’ We moved, however, about 12:00 M., notwithstanding, in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House, marching about eight miles, and threw up a line of handsome rifle pits. We had just finished them when we were ordered to cross the Po River and advance

upon the enemy, who were in position at Wright's Shop. Our Regiment crossed alone and advanced, our skirmishers under a heavy shelling; found the enemy's force to consist of cavalry and horse artillery; drove the whole party at a charge of the skirmish line and took the cross roads with the loss of one officer and eighteen men wounded. Byers, of B, died of his wounds. The whole Corps crossed the river subsequently and we advanced toward Spotsylvania Court House, formed line in the woods in front of the road and rested."

Tuesday, May 10th:

"Isaac Sweetwood, of H Company, killed on a scout; commenced the day by changing our position and continued changing all day, occupying twelve different and distinct positions, in two or three of which we built rifle pits. Our last and worst position was taken on the south side of the river opposite rifle pits which had been built by the Irish Brigade in the morning. The enemy came up in force occupied the rifle pits and poured a murderous fire into our exposed line. We held that position two hours and a half, expended all our ammunition, were cut off from the balance of the Army by a burning woods and were flanked on the right by reason of the retiring of the Third Brigade. We got off safely, however, with the loss of about one hundred and seventy-five. My sorrel horse was killed."

Our last position referred to was altogether the most critical in which the Regiment was placed during the entire War. Having crossed the river the night before by fording and on a log, I had no knowledge of the building of bridges and nothing had been said to me in regard to them. Having received no instructions for an hour or more from Colonel Brooke and doubting, from the movements on my right, the continuation of our line by the Third Brigade, which I had been led to believe was in position there, I sent Sergt. Robert Kissinger, of I Company, to reconnoitre on our right. He was a thorough reliable scout, with undaunted courage, quick eye and good judgment. He served me well on several occasions such as this. He had scarcely gone beyond our right flank, when he returned on a full run, with eyes blazing, and, in emphatic language, said:

"Colonel, the rebels are in there!"

I cross-questioned him somewhat so as to be sure of it and found there was no reason to doubt his word. There we were, therefore, with the woods on fire on our left and with our right flank, exposed and the enemy, if they did not already know it, sure to ascer-

tain that our flank was in the air. Giving the Adjutant some directions as to the movement, I determined to change front to the rear on the left company. This enabled us to cross a ravine and get a favorable position on a hill beyond. I stayed with the left and kept up a continuous fusilade upon the enemy who were opposite us. When the change had been made, the right flank rested near the point at which we had crossed the night before. I then gave directions to the companies from the right to cross the river. My horse had been shot through the flank and I felt sure would die. Lieutenant Cook, of H Company, had been wounded in his leg and was unable to walk. I put him upon the horse and begged him to get him across the river, if possible, so as to save himself and at the same time my saddle and bridle. Fortunately he did so and the horse dropped dead after carrying him across the river. We began the removal of the wounded and, as the companies melted away, the last company on the left finally started, after giving a couple of quick volleys, to give notice to the enemy that we were still there. The bank of the river was very marshy and in urging the passage of the men and, in helping to get off the wounded, I became mired and almost exhausted. One of the men of the left company writes me that he has a distinct recollection of helping me carry the corners of a blanket with a wounded officer in it, before we crossed the stream. I finally crossed and fell exhausted upon the opposite bank of the river—and here I have a confession to make. An artillery officer rode up to me, took the flask from his shoulder, unscrewed the top, which when reversed was a cup, filled it with whiskey and said:

“This is what you want, Colonel.”

I drank it down and, although nearly strangled, was immediately revived. It was the only drink of whiskey I took during the War. As soon as I had recovered myself, I found, to my surprise, that our Brigade had withdrawn and that we had been left alone to confront an entire division of the enemy, without support and no connection either on our right or our left. Complaining to Colonel Brooke about it, he said he had tried to send a staff officer to me several times but that it was impossible to communicate with me, because of the fire in the woods.

Another incident occurred during this fight which was intensely interesting. Up to that time and afterwards, it was the boast of the Second Corps that it had never lost a gun or a color. During that fight, however, Captain Arnold, of Rhode Island, in moving his battery in the rear of our Regiment, had one of his guns wedged between two trees. The force had been so great that it was impossible to move it either way. I detailed a number of men to assist but, having no axe convenient, it was impossible to move the piece and the horses were unhitched from it and it was abandoned. It was captured from the enemy afterwards, however, so that our boast remained good for some time subsequently.

Sunday, May 11th:

“Remained quiet during the whole day, taking a position in the morning and occupying it until night. Put up a tent and prepared to enjoy a night of quiet rest, so much needed by us all. At 9:30 o'clock marching orders were received. We moved quietly to the left of the Army and formed by battalions in mass, doubled on the center for a grand assault in the morning.”

Thursday, May 12th:

“Waked about 4:30 A. M., somewhat refreshed by a short sleep; gave a few short directions to the men, with a word of cheer, and started on our perilous undertaking. Reached and took the rifle pits on the skirmish line, with little trouble. Advanced a short distance and then commenced the double quick, with a cheer. It was a glorious sight. The enemy opened with musketry and grape and canister. The column wavered but was rallied and pressed on, through the abatis and up over the enemy's works and down into their pits. The scene was one never to be forgotten. Prisoners poured through the column by thousands, guns and colors were captured by the score and the whole mass of troops became thoroughly mixed up. The enemy made a vigorous effort to retrieve their lost ground but were unsuccessful. The Sixth Corps coming up, we retired to re-form our line and were, in turn, ordered to support the right of the Sixth Corps. We were here actively engaged and subjected to a most deadly musketry fire. I was struck on this book by a spent ball. Our loss today about one hundred and twenty-five.”

This was the grand assault on Spotsylvania Court House, which was unquestionably the most successful bayonet charge of the War. Gen. George H. Stuart, commanding a brigade of Johnson's Division,

surrendered to me personally. He came toward me with the remark:

"I would like to surrender to an officer of rank."

I replied, "I will be very glad to receive your surrender, sir; whom have I the honor to address?"

He replied, "General Steuart."

He was so different in appearance from what I imagined General Stuart, of cavalry fame, to be and, knowing of no other General Stuart, I said in a very surprised tone:

"What! Jeb Steuart?"

"No," he said, "George H. Steuart, of the infantry."

I then asked him for his sword and he looked about in a surprised way and said:

"Well, sah, you all waked us up so early this mawnin' that I didn't get it on."

I expressed my regret that I could not remain with him and could not see him to the rear. At this juncture a trig little Corporal of the Irish Brigade said, "I'll take care of him, Colonel," and, directing him to see the General safely to the rear, I hurried on.

In coming through the abatis in front of the salient, I had bent and partly broken the scabbard of my sword. Fortunately the piece was not lost but it was rendered unfit for immediate service. One of our men picked up a beautiful little field saber with a steel scabbard, the exact counterpart of which I have never seen, after we entered the enemy's entrenchments. He gave this to me and I carried it afterwards during the remainder of my service. My old saber, however, was repaired subsequently and I have both as valued war relics.

As intimated in my diary, we became so thoroughly mixed up that the regimental organization was entirely lost. Encountering a second line of the enemy's works in this confusion and finding that it was impossible to carry them, we retired and began to form our lines outside the salient, the left of which had been carried by us. It was not long until we were ordered to the right and, to our amazement, we marched over two or three lines of battle of the Sixth Corps lying on the ground which had evidently not been engaged. I have never yet been able to understand why this was done. It was

not ours to inquire at the time. We marched to the front and became warmly engaged and kept up our musketry fire till our ammunition was entirely exhausted. I had the file closers gather ammunition from our dead and wounded and afterwards carry it in their caps from the lines of the Sixth Corps, which were lying in our rear. Although losing heavily, we accomplished but little in this second stage of the engagement. At one time during the musketry fire, I went close to the line to ascertain whether everything was going well, when I saw Sergeant Kissinger, referred to above, coolly cutting off a piece of his shelter tent, putting the screw upon his ramrod and deliberately cleaning his rifle. He called to me, "Colonel, don't come up here. This is a warm place; you have no business here; we will take care of this," and kept on cleaning his rifle and speaking in turns to me and to the men who were immediately about him. Such exhibitions of coolness and courage were by no means unusual. They show the extent to which discipline and training, added to natural gifts, can bring the American soldier.

We evidently retired from this position and threw up some protection in the rear, although I have no distinct recollection of this, for, on Friday, May 13th, I note:

"Remained quietly in our works until evening, when we moved to a position some distance in advance, where we threw up a new line of works adjoining the Ninth Corps on our left. This was just the point at which we entered the enemy's works yesterday morning. Many of our killed and wounded were found here. Sharpshooters were very troublesome."

The satisfaction with which I wrote the first words of the entry on the following day can scarcely be appreciated by those who had not shared in the fatigues of the five days immediately preceding. Saturday, May 14th:

"Remained quiet all day. Sat on a court of inquiry in the case of Colonel —————, accused of drunkenness on duty; visited the 45th and saw very many of my old friends and acquaintances; had several men wounded on the skirmish line."

On Sunday, May 15th, I note a slight movement:

"Moved in the morning near the Ninth Corps hospital and bivouacked in column by division at half distance; put up shelter tents

and commenced cleaning up. Are near General Grant's headquarters; saw Doctor Christ (45th Pennsylvania Volunteers)."

Next day, Monday, May 16th:

"Remained in the same place all day; had an inspection at 5:00 P. M."

This inspection was not merely for the sake of having something to do but, after the serious business in which we had been engaged, it was important to ascertain that the arms were in good condition and that the men were supplied with ammunition, as well as to see that shoes and clothing were sufficient and haversacks filled.

Tuesday, May 17th:

"Remained quiet until after dinner, when we moved a short distance to the left. Moved again at dusk to form for an attack on our extreme left. Faced about just before we were in position, however, and marched to the extreme right and formed double column in mass. Had visits from several members of the 45th, including my brother Addams and Capt. Austin Curtin."

Wednesday, May 18th:

"Moved before daylight and formed the second line in a disastrous assault in which the Second and Third Brigades suffered severely; had four men wounded; had just prepared myself for a good sleep when marching orders arrived; marched from the extreme right to the extreme left beyond the Andrews House."

Thursday, May 19th:

"Remained quiet all day; received a mail in the morning. Cannonading just before sundown started us to the right to assist General Tyler's Division of Heavy Artillery. They drove the enemy before we arrived, however, and we returned to our old ground."

Friday, May 20th:

"A good night's sleep; orders to be ready to march at daylight waked us rather early, however; marched at 11:00 P. M. precisely to the left and turned the right flank of the enemy's position."

Saturday, May 21st:

"Halted a short time at sunrise, having marched all night, and then pushed on; crossed the *R————— & P————— Railroad two or three times; crossed the Mat and reached Milford, after passing through Bowling Green, a beautiful little town; deployed the

*Richmond and Potomac.

Regiment along the banks of the Mattapony; found a ford and pushed across up to the waists in water; captured a few prisoners and a little camp and garrison equipage, skirmished for two or three miles and were relieved by the Second Division, our Brigade lying in reserve."

I find, in a letter of May 26, 1864, this account of our crossing of the river:

"Friday evening last at eleven o'clock we commenced a great flank movement which resulted in compelling the enemy to evacuate his strong position at Spotsylvania Court House and take a position some twenty-five miles nearer Richmond. Our Corps led the advance, my Regiment in the lead. We were the first to cross the Mattapony, which we did by fording it, waist deep. We took up a strong position around Milford Station, fortified ourselves and waited for the balance of the Army. On Sunday I was sent with my Regiment on a reconnaissance; we went some five miles out, met the enemy's cavalry in front and were fired into by our own cavalry in the rear, but fortunately lost none. Next day the Army came up and we marched here, which is some twenty-two miles from Richmond. The enemy are strong in our front and the indications are that we will again turn their position which is I believe now being done by other portions of the Army, whilst we hold them in front."

Later, in this same letter:

"It rains as I write, very steadily, but, thanks to my pack mule, we have a tent with us and are perfectly protected against the weather. We are very well fixed for a campaign. I carry with me in my saddle bags a complete change of underclothing, have rubber coat and pantaloons, so that I can ride a whole day in the rain, without inconvenience; have our catables in a pair of panniers carried on 'Nan' and material for a good bed in any kind of weather. The only thing I need badly is a chair and I intend to have one as soon as I can send to the train."

These extracts recall vividly to mind the all-night march, in which our Regiment led the entire Corps in the advance of the Army, and especially the beauty of the scene after sunrise as we reached and passed through Bowling Green. It was in a beautiful, fertile valley and, not having been over-run by either Army, everything was fresh and beautiful. It was in striking contrast with all that we had seen and experienced since crossing the Rappahannock. The reference to my pack mule also recalls that beneficent institution. My stable

man, who was a detail from Company I, was a natural born trader. He found this little white mule somewhere before we started and bought her for \$20.00. I had a pack saddle manufactured and loaded her, as indicated in the letter quoted above. She was a most intelligent and useful animal. Unfortunately, my factotum was in the habit of getting a little off the track from the temperance standpoint, when he had the opportunity. On one occasion about this time in the campaign he swerved from the strict line of rectitude and lost the mule. The result was that we went to bed without any bed, and practically supperless, except for the bounty of some of the men, who gave us some of their hard tack, upon which we thankfully retired. Some time during the night I heard the most jubilant mule song and waked up to find one of our boys with Nan, who had found the Regiment, without the help of her custodian. She was quite as much rejoiced as we were. She remained with us during the entire campaign and, after my military career had closed, I sold her, if I remember, to Capt. William H. Humes of our town, who was an Assistant Quartermaster in the Army.

The reconnaissance referred to in the letter above quoted took place on Sunday, the 22d of May, as to which I note in my diary:

“Started on a reconnaissance toward New Bethel Church; had a very pleasant trip; scared up a few of the enemy’s cavalry and were fired into by our own; returned in the evening, without losing a man.”

On Monday, the 23d:

“Marched in the early morning toward the North Anna and arrived on its banks about 3:00 P. M.”

Next day:

“Crossed the North Anna on pontoon bridge east of the railroad; lay under protection of a hill for several hours and advanced in the evening to attack the enemy’s position; orders were countermanded, however, and we advanced a short distance and threw up heavy works; detailed as corps officer of the day; heavy showers.”

Wednesday, May 25th:

“Went to bed at 1:00 A. M., after seeing rifle pits almost finished; had a tent put up during the day and tried to be comfortable.”

Thursday, 26th:

"Remained in our old position, without incident, during the day. Sent out 200 men on the picket line to remain until all troops were withdrawn; our Brigade crossed the river to the north bank last."

Friday, May 27th:

"Pickets came in safely early this morning; had a little sleep and some rest; terrible firing on the river bank, without much occasion for it. Marched at 11:30 A. M. A slow, steady march, some distance from the bank of the North Anna brought us at midnight to _____; passed Concord and _____ Churches."

Saturday, May 28th:

"Marched at 6:30 A. M. A pleasant, steady march brought us, at 1:00 P. M., to the bank of the Pamunkey which crossed on a pontoon bridge; took up an advantageous position a short distance from the river some eighteen miles from Richmond; threw up strong earthworks."

Sunday, 29th:

"A delightful sleep all night, with my trousers off—*mirabile dictu!* Spent a pleasant morning; inspection and divine service as in camp. Services abridged, however, by an order to march; Division made a reconnaissance on the Richmond road and found the enemy entrenched on Totopotomoy Creek; formed line at right in rear of the Second Brigade."

Monday, May 30th:

"Made numerous changes during the day and at length joined a portion of the second line in a charge across the Totopotomoy. Did not cross, however, but threw up a heavy work on the hill on the north side."

Tuesday, May 31st:

"Tools were scarce and we occupied the whole night in perfecting our works; remained in them quietly most of the day and at night crossed the creek and threw up new works."

Wednesday, June 1st:

"Another night spent at breastworks which afforded us protection against the enemy's skirmishers—nothing more; ordered to move at night; commenced the march at 4:00 P. M."

Thursday, June 2d:

"Were marching when the day commenced in a choking and sickening dust. Arrived at Cold Harbor early in the morning; formed in rear of the Sixth Corps until we had breakfast; deployed Regiment as skirmishers and advanced beyond the Sixth Corps, driving the enemy a considerable distance; a delightful rain refreshed us considerably. An assault ordered for the morning; corps officer of the day."

Friday, June 3d:

"Formed five companies with the Brigade at 3:30 A. M. in the second line; five companies on the skirmish line advanced several hundred yards and came upon the enemy's works, the outside of which we gained; the Second Division not affording prompt support, we failed to enter and dropped under the hill; pushed up gradually and got a little earth thrown up which soon grew into a rifle pit some one hundred yards from the enemy; had a warm time all day which closed at night with a tremendous fusilade; was struck with a spent ball in the hip; lost five killed, forty-eight wounded and missing."

Saturday, June 4th:

"Worked most of the night strengthening our works and preparing them for artillery."

This battle of Cold Harbor has been much discussed and General Grant has often been much criticised for having made the assault. I know nothing of the battle beyond what took place in our immediate front. As indicated in the diary, our Regiment was divided, five companies being upon the skirmish line and the other five in the second line of battle. Before the battle commenced, although I was by no means the ranking officer, Colonel Brooke placed me in command of the second line with directions that, if anything happened him, I should assume the command until the fight was over. He accompanied the first line, composed largely of the 7th New York Heavy Artillery under Colonel Morris. This line actually entered the enemy's works. The second line followed closely and was just upon the outside of them, when the first line, being driven back, poured through us, at such a rate as to break our organization. By that time a second line of the enemy had come forward and rendered our occupancy of the works permanently impossible. Colonel Brooke

was wounded and I took command of the Brigade. There was some uneasiness and uncertainty on our left flank. I sent one of the Brigade staff to that point to keep things from becoming demoralized, sent another to the right, and was standing talking to Captain Brady (afterwards Gen. J. D. Brady, of Petersburg, Virginia) when we both jumped from our feet at the same time. I supposed that my whole right hip was carried away but, when Brady fell, I put my foot down and, finding that I could stand upon it, I looked after him. It became evident then that the ball which went through his arm and the fleshy part of his body had struck me on the hip. The morning was rather wet and I had my waterproof coat on. The force of the ball was just sufficient to cut through the waterproof and to give me an ugly bruise which, although exceedingly painful, did not disable me. In addition to the wounding of Colonel Brooke, Colonel Morris of the 66th New York, who ranked me, was killed.

The next morning, in conversation with Colonel Morris, of the 7th Heavy Artillery, who had joined us for the campaign after it commenced, I happened to make inquiry as to his rank, although I had no reason to suspect that he was older in commission as a Colonel than I, but I found from his answer that he was and turned the command of the Brigade over to him. He was an officer in the Regular Army and had such experience that I had no misgivings in serving under him. He was killed that day and I was sent for by General Barlow and formally placed in command of the Brigade. Previously during the campaign I had been offered the command of the Third Brigade and also of the Second Brigade of our Division but begged off each time, for the reason that I much preferred to serve with my own Regiment and did not care to be made responsible for the conduct of troops with whom I had not been associated and whose immediate commanders, although known to me in a measure personally, had not been so intimately associated as to enable me to judge of their efficiency or to give them an opportunity of judging of my capacity to command them. In addition to this, there had been so many changes since the campaign commenced and so many of the field officers had been killed or wounded that the regiments were often in command of Captains and I much preferred to remain with my Regi-

ment and the Brigade of which it formed a part, until the fortunes of war made it incumbent upon me to assume the command of the Brigade. This happened at Cold Harbor, as already intimated, and, without hesitation, the responsibility which was entailed by the casualties of the War, was cheerfully assumed.

On the 4th of June, I wrote a letter to my mother which is, all in all, the most strikingly military letter written by me during the entire War. It is dated near Gaines Mills, Virginia, is written upon an octagonal piece of brown manila paper, which was the wrapper of a package of cartridges. The reason for it appears in the letter itself and, although a repetition of what has been said, it helps to throw light upon the situation and I, therefore, quote it:

"This letter is to be purely military, written on the wrapper of a package of cartridges. We have had fatiguing times for several days. For four days previous to last night we had been so constantly engaged marching, fighting and building breast works that the men had little or no sleep. The result was that they were completely worn out and, when our labors culminated yesterday morning in a grand assault upon the enemy's works, they were scarcely able to advance. Some of our men entered the works, but, being poorly supported or rather, not being supported at all, they (the main body) failed to enter. We remained within less than one hundred yards of the works, however, and cautiously commenced to throw up slight works. We could have been driven from our position very easily but the enemy were evidently very much frightened and did not attempt it. We are so close under the enemy's guns that they can do us no harm, firing entirely over us. As usual, my Regiment is in the front and are safer here now than if they were a mile in the rear. We have lost but two or three since our works were completed. Our loss during the day in killed, wounded and missing is about fifty. Close as we are to the enemy, last night is the first one in five of which the men have had any chance for comfortable sleep. Our Quartermaster Sergeant is here and will take this with him to the train, whence it can be sent by mail. Colonel Brooke was wounded yesterday and Colonel Morris severely today. I am, therefore, in command of the Brigade. I was struck again yesterday on the hip but the skin was not broken and, although somewhat painful, the wound does not prevent my running about as usual, the force of the ball having been spent. We will have tough work from here to Richmond, though I think it will be principally by digging, which will not involve such a loss as our late system of daily assaults."

We remained several days in the position which we had gained during the assault at Cold Harbor and, after a night or two of sleep, it seemed well to me to give employment to our men and we commenced, without any orders upon the subject, to tunnel under the enemy's entrenchments.

On Sunday, June 5th, I find in my diary :

"Commenced regular approaches to the enemy's works."

Monday, June 6th :

"Up most of the night; commenced mining this morning, being unable to work in the regular parallels; sharp shooting very annoying."

Tuesday, June 7th :

"Flag of truce; cessation of hostilities from 6:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M.; buried the dead and brought in one wounded man."

This flag of truce went out on our front. When the time for the commencement of the truce began, a flag was put up on each side and, in a minute, the men from both sides were over their respective works and, notwithstanding the orders to the contrary, it was impossible to restrain them. Regular burying parties had been detailed and officers and men outside of the details mingled together in conversation, trading tobacco for coffee and other things which our men had and which were a novelty and a luxury to the Confederates. Even after the time for the truce had expired, there seemed to be an indisposition to resume hostilities. On Wednesday, June 8th, I note :

"The truce seemed to continue some hours during the morning—a treacherous quiet which was by no means pleasing; felt much more at home, when the usual sharp shooting commenced; nothing unusual today."

There was no change in the situation, except continuous work on our tunnel, until Sunday, June 12th, under which date I find :

"Ordered to withdraw after dark, a very delicate and critical operation, which was performed successfully with the loss of considerable patience and a great deal of nervous excitement; got off safely; removed to an open space near the Tyler House and commenced the march a little before twelve."

Monday, June 13th:

"Marched all night, crossing the York River Railroad near Tunstall's Station; reached the swamps of the Chickahominy early in the morning; rested for an hour or more and crossed on a pontoon bridge on the side of Long Bridge at 10:06 A. M. Continued the march and reached the James—noble river—at Sweeney's Landing at 6:00 P. M. Put up tent and had a warm supper—the first meal of the day."

Tuesday, June 14th:

"Elegant sleep with boots and stockings off; spent the day resting and washing; marched in the evening and crossed the James to Windmill Point on the George W—————; Brigade occupied three boats; bivouacked about a mile from the river."

Wednesday, June 15th:

"Moved about 12:00 M.; marched steadily all day and arrived in the vicinity of Petersburg late at night—too late; we had marched six or seven miles out of our way."

The ignorance or treachery of a guide employed by division headquarters took us out of our way and prevented our reaching Petersburg in time for the first assault. As we approached, the wounded men of the colored troops, who had made or were just making the assault, were coming out of the fight. They were in no panic and, to my amazement, each man seemed to bring his gun with him. I had never seen wounded men come out of a fight as they did.

The Fourth Brigade was leading the Division in the march and, as we came up, with the scenes of battle about us, Captain Marlin, who was on the division staff and representing General Barlow, approached General Hancock and said:

"General Hancock, General Barlow sends his compliments and desires to know where you will have these troops placed."

Hancock, evidently much excited, said, "Captain, you had better put them on that hill," pointing to an elevation some distance to our left.

The Captain, supposing the order to be meant as given, turned to communicate it to me, when Hancock broke out, "Yes, put 'em there, if you want every one of them killed," and then said, with great impatience:

"Where's General Barlow?"

It seemed that he had made some inquiry for him the day before on the banks of the James and found him asleep. When Captain Marlin then said: "He stopped a little distance back to bathe his feet," Hancock, dropping the rein of his bridle, wrung his hands, as if in great agony, and said:

"That's it; that's it; always asleep or washing his feet."

It was so ludicrous that, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, we couldn't refrain from a hearty laugh, in which I think Hancock himself quietly joined, as he turned his horse and rode away.

In a letter of June 6, 1864, I wrote:

"We heard last evening of the death of Captain Core, one of the best officers in the Regiment, from wounds received the morning of the charge, 12th of May. Poor fellow! I don't know when I felt more sorry over the loss of any one. He is the fifth officer dead since we commenced the campaign."

The other officers referred to were Lieut. James B. Cook, of H Company, who died from wounds at Po River, Lieut. John McGuire, of I Company, who was killed at North Anna; Lieutenant Lander, of C Company, who had been detailed as Quartermaster prior to the receipt of the commission of Lieutenant Musser and had joined us upon being relieved but a day or two before, who was sitting immediately behind me upon a slight earthwork, when General Barlow and I were discussing the situation. A shell or spherical case struck the earth work and exploded. I heard a groan, looked around and Lander was dead. The fifth officer referred to was either Capt. A. A. Rhinehart, of D Company, who was seriously wounded at Po River, the officer whom I assisted to carry from the field in a blanket, who afterwards returned to the Regiment, or Lieut. James M. Sutton, of E Company, who lost his leg at Po River and, although not dead, never rejoined the company and was then supposed to be dead. Captain Core had no military experience whatever when he joined our Regiment. He came from the rural part of Clarion County with a company of men made up, for the most part of neighbors accustomed to rural life. The fashioning of his company into shape as part of an efficient military machine was one of the difficult problems in the training of our Regiment, but the men were earnest and deter-

mined, when they came to understand the gravity of the situation and the necessity for discipline and training. The company developed some of the best officers and men of the Regiment.

I recall a little incident, illustrating Captain Core's devotion to duty, which happened I think in the campaign of 1863. Details were made for picket duty from the several regiments and reported to a division officer of the day. Our usual detail for picket had been made in the evening under command of Captain Core. The march was resumed next day; after we had gone some distance, I inquired of the Adjutant whether our picket detail had reported. He replied in the negative and a little later on I made another inquiry and found that they had not yet returned. I then said:

"Who is in command of the detail?"

He said, "Captain Core."

"Well," said I, "go back and hunt them up, for, if Core hasn't been regularly relieved by the officer of the day, he would stay there till eternity."

This gives the idea of the fidelity and absolute subordination to orders which characterized the men.

Thursday, June 16th:

"Moved early in the morning within sight of the spires of Petersburg."

The next entry in my diary is Friday, June 17th: "Laid in hospital."

The events which occurred between these two entries explain the latter. Later in the day, after the entry of the 16th, our Brigade was ordered to charge two redoubts immediately in our front, which seemed to present a most beautiful opportunity for an effective assault. The Brigade was formed, the regimental commanders called together, their attention directed to two trees between the redoubts toward which our march was to be directed, instructions were given as to the succession in command of the Brigade, so long as a regimental commander remained unhurt, and the start was made in fine style. The march was beautifully executed, the column appeared well closed up and was compact and steady as possible. The fire was not

unusually severe, although the artillery was kept playing upon us from the time we started and musketry commenced when we were within range. We came under the very shadow of the works, however, and just as I was about to give the command for a cheer and the double quick what I suppose was the last discharge from one of the pieces of artillery in one of the redoubts, which was very much depressed, buried a shell in the ground, which exploded and blew me into the air feet foremost. I have a distinct recollection of coming down on my right shoulder. I was probably unconscious for a little, for I have no recollection of what immediately followed. When I recovered consciousness, my orderly, who carried the brigade flag, had the pole under my arms and was dragging me along the ground with some additional help. The brigade staff was scattered in different directions, so as to help by word and example the different regiments. I regarded the object of the charge as practically attained when I fell, and was very much surprised to learn subsequently that it was not a success. It seems that the officer who succeeded me in command of the Brigade, failed to push forward and some of the regiments, finding that the march had been stopped and that no further advance was to be made, retired of their own account. Others, who remained on the ground, were captured.

The wound which I received was in the left side and was a very painful one and the issue of it quite uncertain for a time. I remained with the Army for a day or two, when I was moved to City Point and thence, by slow degrees, to my home. Returned to the Army Friday, the 29th of July. I found, however, on reaching there, that I was utterly unable to ride on horseback and after spending two or three days at General Hancock's headquarters, during which the explosion of the mine and what followed it occurred, I was compelled to return home.

I rejoined the Army Wednesday, August 24th. An ambulance met me at City Point, in which I journeyed to the wagon train of the Second Corps and found that our Division in company with other portions of the Corps had gone to Reams Station. I followed the next morning in the ambulance and had a very tiresome journey, joining the Corps, or so much of it as was with General Hancock at

Reams Station, where they were engaged in tearing up the Weldon Railroad. As I reached the vicinity of Reams Station and was driving in to join the troops, I found our cavalry on both flanks of our infantry engaged with the enemy's cavalry, so that their fire came from both directions across the road on which I was traveling. This indicated that the force engaged in tearing up the railroad was nearly surrounded. I passed that point of danger, however, safely and reported to General Hancock. He seemed very glad to see me and directed me to join my Brigade. He said:

"You are just in time; your Brigade needs you today."

Being without a horse, I borrowed one from our regimental Quartermaster which I think belonged to Colonel Fairlamb. General Miles, who was commanding the Division that day, was in some other part of the field and I had no opportunity of communicating with him. I rode along the lines for a little distance to find what my connections were and returned to the center of the Brigade, where I relieved Colonel Broady, of the 61st New York, who was in command of it. Some of the staff officers reported to me and, finding that there was some skirmishing in the front and that a stray ball came into our neighborhood occasionally and that we were behind an embankment of the railroad, which afforded good shelter for the troops, I directed the Sergeant who had brought me the horse to take it and his own behind a little church that was in the immediate neighborhood, and that I would call for him, when the horse was needed. As it was a borrowed horse, I did not like to run the risk of having it killed. There was little firing going on, however, and I had no apprehension at all of any untoward result. Having a pair of new shoulder straps on, it occurred to me that it might be possible there were some sharpshooters in the trees in our front and I, therefore, walked up and down in one of the old cotton or tobacco rows, taking an occasional look at the front to see how the skirmishing was coming on. It was quite apparent that the cavalry had disclosed the position of the enemy and that our infantry skirmishers were engaged. The cavalry started for the rear, their work being done, and, as they approached the railroad embankment, I suddenly fell, with my right leg almost at right angles with my body. The first thought which came to me

was that the cavalry would tramp me to death. I raised myself on the right elbow, finding that I was unable to rise, shook my cap in the air and the leaders of the column of fours reined in their horses and sent the squadron or battalion around me, thus saving me from the danger which I apprehended. Two of the men who halted dismounted, giving their horses to their comrades, and dragged me from the place where I had fallen, until we encountered stretcher bearers, who carried me to the field hospital, where a slight examination was made of my wound and I was put into the ambulance which had brought me to the front. My leg was amputated the next morning, the amputation being very skillfully made by Dr. J. W. Wishart, the chief of the operating staff, Surgeon of the 140th Pennsylvania Regiment, my own Surgeon, Doctor Davis, and Dr. George L. Potter, Surgeon of the 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers, being present. Fearing to be taken to the hospital, I begged to remain with the troops at our field hospital. The men of our drum corps arranged a stretcher, with a canopy made of shelter tents over it, and carried me the entire distance from the point at which the amputation was made to the field hospital, about eleven miles. Here I was placed in one of the parlors of the Burchett House, in the ground around which our field hospital was arranged. I cannot conceive of a wounded officer receiving better attention than was given me by surgeons, hospital quartermaster, nurses and friends in the vicinity. Some of my drummer boys undertook the care of me. Miss Helen M. Gilson, a niece of Mr. Fay, the president or chief of the Sanitary Commission in the Army, whose services were rendered for the most part in the Third Corps, came, at General McAllister's suggestion, to see me and remained two or three days, giving the boys suggestions in regard to my care and nourishment.

I was, of course, disqualified for active service in the field and remained as a practical inmate of the field hospital until about the 1st of October, when the Corps moved and I was taken to City Point and thence worked my way home gradually. An offer was later made me, at the suggestion of General Hancock, for a detail for court martial duty at Washington, but I had no fancy for that kind of military service and, at my own suggestion, I was mustered out December 22,

1864, on account of wounds received in battle. This terminated my connection with our Regiment. I, of course, continued interested in the Regiment and all that it did, receiving frequent communications from the several officers in command.

A few days after my wound at Petersburg, the Regiment was again engaged in the neighborhood of our first assault. In that battle Capt. Jacob B. Edmonds, of C Company, was killed. At Reams Station Lieut. David G. Ralston, of the same company, was also killed. That made two complete sets of officers of this company killed on the field of battle. In October, 1864, Sergt. Samuel Everhart was promoted from Sergeant to First Lieutenant and, on the 1st of March, 1865, to Captain, although not mustered. He was killed at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865, making seven officers of this company killed outright on the field of battle. Gen. James W. Latta, who served during the Civil War as First Lieutenant of the 119th Regiment, and later as Assistant Adjutant General United States Volunteers, and afterwards Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, who has made something of a study of the statistics of the War, has frequently referred to the record of this company as being absolutely unique in the Civil War.

It is a matter of much regret to me not to be able to finish the "Story of the Regiment" more fully as to the details of the last campaign. It was later honored by General Hancock in being designated as the one regiment in the First Division of the Second Corps to receive repeating rifles. The heroic assault upon one of the enemy's forts in front of Petersburg by one hundred men of our Regiment, led by Major J. Z. Brown, is graphically told in the "Brigade Commander's Story," by General Mulholland. The details of the closing campaign in the spring of 1865 will doubtless be fully given by some of the officers or men who took an active part therein. It is possible that I may have some contribution for the chapters of incidents and aftermath which I understand will constitute a part of our History.

In closing the "Colonel's Story" I desire only to say that, whilst as a Regiment and as individuals, none of us did more than our duty, it has always been a source of great gratification to me that officers and men alike in our Regiment, with fewer exceptions than would

naturally be expected, in every time of danger, emergency and trial, rose to the demands of the occasion and, so far as my personal knowledge and memory go, brought no discredit upon the unsullied record of the Regiment. We had an esprit de corps that was unusual, a well defined ideal toward which we aimed and a devotion to duty which met all demands and surmounted all obstacles. The comradeship, born of the scenes and trials through which we passed as a Regiment, has continued to this day and has been, as it continues to be, one of the greatest pleasures and most constant sources of enjoyment of my life.

LIEUT. COL. GEO. A. FAIRLAMB.

About the latter part of July, 1862, Dr. Geo. A. Fairlamb, of Bellefonte, at his request, received an order from Harrisburg to raise a company of one hundred men for immediate use in the field, and in the early part of August the men were in Harrisburg, reporting for duty. These men afterwards became H Company of the 148th and Doctor Fairlamb was appointed Major of the Regiment. His commission as Major being dated September 8, 1862, and on the 30th day of October, 1863, he was made Lieutenant Colonel vice Robert McFarlane resigned. In the early part of the engagement at Chancellorsville in May, 1865, Colonel Beaver was wounded and removed from the field and the command devolved upon Major Fairlamb. They were thrown into the woods north of the Chancellor House to check the advance of the troops of McLaws' Division of Confederates without time being given to throw out skirmishers—being put in by General Hooker himself. After a severe engagement, almost at "hand-to-hand" in which they lost very heavily in killed and wounded, they succeeded in driving the enemy from the woods. At that time word was brought from the headquarters to Major Fairlamb that the enemy were about to shell the woods where the Regiment was, and that he was to get his men out the best way he could, which he succeeded in doing in good order and without any further loss.

Colonel Fairlamb participated in the Mine Run campaign, in the affairs at Auburn Hill and the battle of Bristoe Station. He was through the fight in the Wilderness, and at the battle of Po River had his horse wounded under him.

At the battle of Spotsylvania Court House when Hancock stormed the enemy's works at the break of day, at the Salient (which has since been called the Bloody Angle) the first man to mount the enemy's works was Colonel Fairlamb, shouting to the Regiment to follow him, which they did in good style. Further on, within the enemy's second line Colonel Fairlamb received a rifle ball crushing the elbow of his right arm and afterwards was shot in the left

shoulder. He was captured and that afternoon was operated on in the woods by Doctor Holt, the Chief Surgeon of Scales' Confederate Brigade. A few days afterwards he was taken to Richmond and confined in Libby Prison, during the summer suffering all the hardships and miseries which have so often and so truthfully been told of that notorious prison.

Suffering from his wounds and in a high fever he had no recollection of the first three or four weeks of his sojourn there. His first memory was hearing one of his fellow prisoners saying, "Less to eat now than ever, since that officer has begun to take food."

In September of the same year a council of Confederate Surgeons pronouncing him unfit to ever return to the field he was paroled and sent to Annapolis, after a time being exchanged. On the 24th of February, 1865, he received a discharge from the Army "on account of wounds received in battle."

F. E. B.

THE LIEUTENANT COLONEL'S STORY

AND INCIDENTALLY THE STORY OF COMPANY B.

By Lieut. Col. James F. Weaver.

The month of August, 1862, was one of the darkest periods during the War. McClellan had been recalled from the Peninsula and Pope had suffered a terrible reverse at Bull Run. The President, on the 2d of July, had issued a call for 300,000 fresh troops and, on the 2d of August, ordered a draft of 300,000 additional. The entire North was in a feverish excitement. Many feared for the safety of the Union, while all regarded the situation as extremely critical. The hour had come to test the strength of a government "of the people, for the people."

It was in this hour of national trial I determined to contribute my poor service in defence of the flag of stars and the constitution as our fathers made it. Early in August I went to Harrisburg and was mustered into the state service as Second Lieutenant, with authority from the Governor to raise a company for the defence of the National Government, to serve for three years, or during the War. Immediately on return recruiting commenced. Public meetings were held at several points and strong appeals made to influence men to enlist. Notwithstanding the fact that three companies had previously been recruited largely on the same territory, to-wit, Companies A and D of the 45th, and Company A of the 49th, enlisting went on briskly. With the assistance of J. C. P. Jones (who subsequently became Lieutenant and rendered willing and efficient service), the quota was soon secured.

The company was enlisted almost entirely in the Bald Eagle Valley, between Howard on the east and Martha Furnace on the west. A few were added from the sunny side of Muncy Mountain, along Buffalo Run, four or five from Snow Shoe and Karthaus, and two or three from Nittany Valley, at what was then known as Washington Furnace, and all rendezvoused at Milesburg on the 20th of August.

On the 21st, the good citizens of the town and vicinity very generously afforded local transportation to Lock Haven, it being the nearest railroad communication at the time. We arrived there in the early evening, with the exception of seventeen men who had been granted special permission to report a week later. The company was provided with supper at the Fallon House and a little later the same evening received transportation to Harrisburg, where we arrived about three o'clock the following morning. Breakfast was furnished at the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, either in or near the station. A little later several mounted officers appeared and conducted us to Camp Curtin.

We were now environed with military. Troops were constantly arriving and departing. The stirring music of the fife and drum was heard in all directions. Patriotism was at par and the boys were anxious to reach the front.

Among the first duties to be attended to was to make requisition for commissary supplies and camp and garrison equipage, which was promptly attended to. Each man was supplied with a tin plate, tin cup, spoon, knife and fork and canteen and a reasonable amount of cooking utensils for the use of the company. Some regarded the outfit as rather meagre, but experience proved it quite ample. Thus provided, the boys sat down, on the dusty ground, to discuss the merits of their first dinner in camp. It was mostly enjoyed with a relish, as many had been accustomed to camping in the woods and cabin life, but one fellow, as he hastily scanned the menu, was heard to exclaim, with a deep sigh, "Are we to have such fat meat all the time and no butter?"

During the afternoon tents were erected and the boys began to select their messmates and prepare themselves for campaigning and the realities of soldier life.

On the 23d, a formal election was held which resulted as follows: Captain, James F. Weaver; First Lieutenant, Jabez C. P. Jones; Second Lieutenant, James E. McCartney.

The company numbered among its enlisted men two who had formerly served as officers in the earlier days of the War and two who had served in the ranks in the three months' service, to-wit: Rob-

ert Lipton, Captain Company E, 1st Cavalry; William D. Harper, Second Lieutenant Company A, 49th, and Constans Barger and James E. McCartney, in the ranks. This was all the *military capital* the company possessed.

Lieutenant Jones was dispatched for the seventeen men who had been granted an extension in time of reporting and arrived in camp with the detachment within the specified time, filling the company to the maximum.

A week spent in Camp Curtin did not materially increase the efficiency of the organization.

The camp was regularly guarded by soldiers carrying guns but without ammunition. Dress parade was held each evening, the boys appearing in line without arms. Maybe some of them carried canes, which served instead of guns.

It was *military in its incipency*.

In the organization of the 148th Regiment, the companies (which were designated by letters from A to K) took position in the line according to the rank of the Captains; thus, B Company was assigned the extreme left of the line, the second post of honor, and continued to hold its place until the promotion of Capt. R. H. Forster of Company A in December, 1863, when it was transferred to the right of the line, and held that post until the close of the service.

It must be remembered that the relater occupied his place in the line and continued to serve in the line the greater portion of his term of service and until ranking Captain on duty in the field in the First Division of the Second Corps, being in consequence placed in command of the Brigade on one occasion and retaining the command several days. Consequently his range of vision was necessarily confined mostly to incidents occurring in his own command and those near by.

The reader will also pardon me for entertaining a very exalted opinion of Company B. It was composed of noble and patriotic men. Many of them were my neighbors and neighbors' sons, inured to toil and hardships. Its ranks furnished the Regiment two Adjutants—Robert Lipton and Joseph W. Muffly—the latter subsequently Brigade Adjutant—one Sergeant Major, one First Lieutenant in the

41st Regiment United States Colored Troops and one Second Lieutenant, 18th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, in addition to filling all vacancies of its own.

But, whilst justly proud, as we think, of Company B, we are no less proud to have been associated with the other companies of the Regiment, composed of just as true and patriotic men, who never shirked nor flinched.

Once fairly in the service, "the boys" (as we were called then), in the full flush of early manhood or verging on it, but now grown somewhat older and dignified as "comrades," were full of fun. No aggregation of men enjoy amusement more than soldiers. It is really necessary, in order to prevent their brooding over former associations, not infrequently producing "homesickness" and ultimate physical decline and premature death. Bereft of amusements, the finest body of soldiers in the world would soon become as phlegmatic as an ice berg.

The boys soon caught the true idea and worked it for all that was in it. Company G, which trained immediately on the right of B in the line, was composed largely of *young* men—many of them in their teens—fresh from the sports of rural life and school and college, as tough as hickory and brave as tough. They seemed to be natural leaders and excelled most of the others in playing pranks. Let me illustrate by relating the following episode:

While B was at Glencoe and G at Gunpowder some four miles south, we happened to be passing regimental headquarters at Cockeysville, when the Colonel called out, in his positive military style: "Captain, I had to pay Major J—— at Gunpowder for a couple of turkeys your boys stole," on a certain day, naming the date. We tried to extenuate but could not deny it, for it at once occurred to us that we had given a pass on that date to a couple of the boys to visit the camp at Gunpowder. We replied, however, we would try to ascertain the facts and, if B boys were actually guilty, would make the *amende honorable* by paying for the birds. He said, "There could be no doubt at all that Company B boys had taken the Major's birds." He described them fully as small of stature with the letter B on their caps. The evidence, at first blush, did seem pretty conclusive.

On my return to camp I sent for the boys who had been given the pass and confronted them with the alleged charge. They stoutly denied and declared their innocence. I insisted the evidence seemed rather against them and, unless they could produce evidence to the contrary, their guilt was assured. After a little reflection they said, almost in unison: "Now we see through it," and proceeded to relate that while they were the guests of the boys at Gunpowder and enjoying their hospitality, a couple of G boys proposed to exchange caps for a little while, to which they did not object; and the G boys, while masquerading with borrowed caps, had in some mysterious way "run afoul" and captured the Major's turkeys. The story, as related, caused me to hesitate; besides the boys that were charged with the crime were large and stood near the right of the company when in line, while the Major described the poachers as *small of stature*. I concluded to let the case rest for the time.

The next time I met the Colonel, I related the statement as I received it, and opening the descriptive book in the Adjutant's office, called his attention to the stature of the boys who had made the visit. In place of being small men, as Major ——— described them, they were large and stood near the right of the company. The Colonel seemed puzzled, and as the lawyers would say, plead surprise. I never heard anything more of the Major's turkeys, but it was currently rumored at the time—but I do not vouch for the correctness of the tradition now—that our Major, in command at Gunpowder, presided at the banquet where the birds were served.

One pleasant afternoon, some time in September, a nicely dressed young man sauntered into camp and made himself very familiar with the boys. He inquired particularly in regard to the strength of the post, where the nearest re-enforcements were stationed, and how long it would take them to reach our camp, in case of an alarm. He even examined the guns and wished to know how many rounds of ammunition were on hand. When he had secured the information desired and was about to retire, he said he was from Baltimore and had come out to visit an uncle who resided in the vicinity of our camp and whose acquaintance we had made during our short stay at Glencoe.

When informed of the conduct of the young man, his inquisitiveness in regard to the strength of the post and the nearest point to re-enforcements, the arms and the camp, even to the quantity of ammunition, his conduct appeared somewhat suspicious. It seemed as though he was gaining the information for the purpose of leading a guerrilla band to attack and capture the post and destroy the railroad that we were especially there to guard. We determined to ascertain whether the statements in regard to where he was from, where stopping, etc., were correct. A special detail of sufficient strength was given Lieutenant Jones, with instructions to go to the home he alleged he was visiting and, if there, to arrest him and bring him into camp. Starting a little after nightfall, he proceeded quietly to the designated place and, under cover of the trees and shrubbery, stationed a guard around the house, so as to prevent his escape, *with orders to fire*. He approached the house and found the young man sitting on the balcony between two interesting young ladies, enjoying their company, the fresh air and the fragrance of flowers—altogether unconscious of the cordon that surrounded him. The Lieutenant, introducing himself rather abruptly and in a stentorian voice, addressed the young man as his prisoner. The girls became alarmed and, peering out into the darkness, saw the gleam of the broad saber bayonets of the guards, which added to the intensity of their excitement. When the prisoner was taken from their home, they were wild with alarm for the safety of their friend and one of them, under the peculiar stress, fainted away.

The young man—we do not now remember his name—was brought into camp considerably frightened and nervous. After a rigid examination as to where he was from and what were his intentions in the survey of the camp and the information he solicited in regard to the strength of the post and the nearness of re-enforcements, the arms, etc., he declared it was simply idle curiosity on his part, without the remotest idea of carrying information to Confederate bands. He positively asserted his complete innocence and his uncle, whom we knew to be a true Union man, strictly verifying the young man's asseverations, he was released; a little wiser, perhaps, than he

was before, as we do not believe he would again enter a military camp under the same suspicious circumstances.

Six months later, after the boys had gained a little more experience, an intrusion of the same character would have been promptly resented and the intruder marched to the guard house, without the information he sought.

We never saw the young man afterward. The uncle frequently visited camp and enjoyed talking over the affair and the lucky escape of his young friend. The ladies also freely forgave the Lieutenant for his unceremonious intrusion and were just as friendly afterward as they were before. Subsequently the boys assisted in husking corn and were handsomely entertained and royally feasted in return, by the family.

Our line extended north to the south end of the railroad bridge that spans the Gunpowder Creek just south of Monkton. The 140th Pennsylvania joined us on the north.

Between nine and ten o'clock one dark, dismal night, some time in November a courier from the outpost, breathless from exhaustion, announced the railroad bridge at Monkton was on fire. He did not know the cause, but help was wanted immediately. The company was called out with as little delay as possible. Leaving a small guard, we proceeded at a double quick in the direction of the alarm. The darkness rendered the march along the track, for several miles, very tiresome. After proceeding some distance, we found the body of a man lying alongside the track, in an unconscious condition, but still alive. His general appearance resembled a tramp but what his real character might be we could not divine. A small detail carried him to camp, where he finally regained consciousness, but, being a foreigner, could give no intelligent account of himself. Whether he had been stealing a ride on a freight and been thrown or fallen off, we never ascertained.

As we hurried on in the darkness, all kinds of conjectures were entertained. Some imagined that hostile citizens had overpowered the guard and committed the incendiary act. Others assumed some guerrilla band had committed the vandal deed, destroyed the outpost and were in ambush to receive us with *bloody hands*. But the com-

mand pressed on, *every man with a firm grip on his Vincennes rifle and ready for any emergency.* Finally the glare of the burning bridge advised us that we were nearing the objective point. Rounding a short curve immediately south of the bridge, the burning structure was reached.

Destruction seemed almost inevitable. Couriers were sent down the track with lanterns to signal the Baltimore Express, which was almost due, of the peril ahead; but, before the train could be stopped, it rushed around the curve and over the bridge at a high speed, knocking down the ladders and other appliances the boys were employing to reach the burning timbers overhead. Fortunately the structure withstood the pressure of the rushing train but the timbers were so badly injured they were immediately replaced by new.

The fire, as we learned, was occasioned by sparks from a passing engine which the boys in their own nomenclature denominated an "Old Camel Back," on account of its peculiar appearance, resembling the animal of that name.

When the flames were extinguished, the company returned to camp. After that night, although no foe was encountered nor gun fired, we had no fear of the pluck of Company B.

As time wore on, now and then a plea was put in to be sent to the front. They wished to see what they called *active service*. In other words, they were tired of doing guard duty and desired to be taken to the front. To all such appeals we replied that it was not in our power to select the kind of service desired, but we said, "Never mind, boys, you will get enough work in the front yet"—an assurance we think was literally fulfilled during the remainder of their term of enlistment; at least we never had anyone to question our sagacity afterward in regard to it.

After reaching the Army of the Potomac and during the early spring of 1863, when the weather would permit, the Regiment was almost daily on regimental drill. No opportunity was unimproved in this respect. The bugle call to "fall in" began to sound worse than any other. In addition to battalion drill, certain hours were devoted to practicing "McClellan's Bayonet Exercise," a grotesque part of

military science, which in actual warfare was far more "honored in the breach than the observance."

Allow me to relate the following episode which occurred on one of those occasions, which many of my readers will remember. One bright morning, about the first of May, the Regiment was formed for morning drill and marched to the usual field occupied for that purpose. The battalion exercise was lively for perhaps an hour and a half, when the Regiment was halted in line and "Parade Rest" ordered. While standing in this position, the Colonel directed company commanders to take charge of their companies and practice "bayonet exercise" for an hour, and then (parenthetically, as we suppose) added, in a somewhat subdued tone of voice, that he would return and re-form the Regiment and march back to camp.

The order for drill was observed by all the companies. After the hour was fully up, Company B, which had failed to hear the latter part of the order, returned to camp, marching close by where some of the companies, having drilled their hour, were resting in the shade, but not one of them gave the least intimation that the companies were to await the Colonel's return.

A few minutes later and after Company B was out of sight on its way to camp, as we were informed, the Colonel did return and ordered the Regiment to form. Observing Company B was tardy in taking its place on the left of the line, he rode up to the crest of the hill where he could see over the field, but B was not discernible. Returning to the Regiment that was in line, he called out impatiently, "Where is Company B?" That was too much for the officers of the other companies and a broad smile ran over their countenances as they informed him Company B had returned to camp.

Shortly after the Regiment had reached camp and I was comfortably resting in my bunk, after the morning drill, all unconscious of having violated military discipline, there was a rap at the entrance to my quarters and, in response to my "Come in," the Adjutant presented himself and said, "The Colonel has sent for your sword." Of course, I obeyed. A good soldier never asks any questions. But the Adjutant very gentlemanly informed us the cause consisted of the fact that we had left the drill field contrary to orders, as we were

to have remained there in the hot sun, until the Colonel's return. I was stunned and began an inquiry among the boys as to whether they had heard the order that the companies were to remain on the field until he (the Colonel) returned. The answer was universally in the negative. Then I began to breathe somewhat more freely.

The Regiment was under marching orders. During the afternoon another rap was heard at the entrance of my tent. I bade him come in and the veritable "Ike" (the Colonel's colored servant) presented his ebony face at the opening and said, "De Colonel wishes to see you at headquarters." Thither I repaired and, when confronted with the charge of "disobedience of orders" I pleaded innocence of the charge on the ground that I had not heard the order, neither had any member of the company, so far as I could ascertain; that it was entirely foreign to my purpose to disobey orders and that I regretted the circumstance which made this explanation necessary. The Colonel very generously accepted the explanation and added, "I will return your sword," which he accordingly did the same day.

The occurrence, so far as I am aware, in no wise disturbed our personal or official relations during the remainder of the service. I can scarcely determine, on a full survey of the occurrence, whether the joke was on the Colonel or Captain of Company B, or both.

At Chancellorsville, on Sunday morning, the 3d of May, six companies were on the picket line, facing toward Fredericksburg. The firing was brisk and continuous and a number of casualties occurred. When it became necessary to establish a new and shorter line, a verbal order was received from Gen. W. S. Hancock, directing that the picket line should be withdrawn, but no indication was given as to the direction in which it should retire. It was evident there was trouble brewing. We determined to move toward the river. The line had evidently been withdrawn on our right and the Confederates were coming in on our flank, rendering it rather unhealthy to remain. Fortunately for us, we got out safely and rejoined the Regiment in the new line of hastily constructed works. Major Fairlamb was in command, Colonel Beaver having been seriously wounded. The Major was sitting quietly on a stump, with his legs crossed, im-



LIEUT. JAMES E. McCARTNEY



LIEUT. DAVID H. SWYERS



CAPT. JAMES WEAVER



1ST LIEUT. W. D. HARPER

OFFICERS AND MEN

OF

CO. B.



SGT. CONSTANCE BARGER



J. W. SUNDAY AGE 15.

mediately in rear of the line, apparently in deep thought. As we approached, he roused up and inquired particularly as to how the boys on the picket line had fared. We gave him a brief account of the experience we had on the line and our ventures in rejoining the Regiment. He then proceeded to tell of the terrible baptism of fire and blood the four companies in the line had passed through, himself being slightly wounded.

The Confederates, having descried our new line, ran out a battery near the White House, and promptly opened fire, one of the missiles passing the Major so closely that the *windage* threw him to the ground. We supposed he was hit and badly injured. Before we could reach him, however, he jumped up and, looking defiantly in the direction of the battery, which was plainly visible, shaking his fist, exclaimed, "You can't do that again," and sat down on the same stump and resumed the conversation. He was as cool as though nothing had occurred.

Some of the best blood of the Regiment moistened Virginia soil on that memorable occasion.

Just one year and a day thereafter (May 4, 1864) the relater with a large detail from the Regiment, was on picket on the identical line we had occupied on the 3d of May, 1863. The coincidence created considerable interest. As there was no hostile foe in our front, the boys took the opportunity to exploit the positions occupied on the former occasion. There was evidence of severe conflict by the number of graves which were plainly visible, especially on the ground occupied by the Confederates. On that part of the field a small leather wallet or pocketbook was picked up, which contained a bright gold dollar. As no evidence of ownership was discernible, the finder treasured it as a souvenir.

At Po River, on the 9th of May, the 148th was leading the Brigade, and was the first to plunge in and cross the stream, a portion of the Regiment deploying as skirmishers, under cover of a thick wood, with orders to advance. The Confederates were posted on the crest of the hill beyond. As soon as the skirmish line emerged from the wood, or brush, the Confederate batteries opened on the advancing line, with considerable effect, wounding a number of our boys. In

this advance Private George W. Walker, of Company B, received a severe wound in the fleshy part of the right arm, severing an artery from which the blood, on certain movements of the arm, gushed out higher than his head. Lieutenant Harper, seeing his condition, called to him to go back to the rear or he would bleed to death, to which he very coolly replied, "Lieutenant, just let me have one more 'whack' at those fellows." He deliberately loaded his gun and sent them another messenger before he retired.

The march to Spotsylvania, on the night preceding the 12th of May, was extremely fatiguing. In addition to the extreme darkness, which rendered the march more difficult, the roads were blocked with artillery and the infantry were compelled to advance through fields on parallel lines. In many places deep ditches, on either side of where fences once stood, were encountered, and the boys stumbled and fell in passing over the obstructions. Private John T. Ammerman, of Company B, was afflicted with hemeralopia or "moon eye." He was a mere stripling of a youth and a gallant soldier, but at night was almost totally blind, but he scorned to remain behind. Aware of his condition, we called him to the right of the Company and, taking him by the arm, led him the greater part of the way. Notwithstanding the support we were able to afford him, he frequently fell full length and his gun would be submerged in the mud. Gathering himself up and rubbing the mire off his gun, he would again take his place in the column. Not a murmur escaped his lips. At three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, when a halt was ordered and the 148th formed in double column closed *en masse*, Ammerman was in his place. Permission was given to lie down but not lose places nor unsling knapsacks. A few minutes later an order was passed along the lines, in a whisper, to "Uncap pieces." The movements that followed and the results accomplished we leave for the impartial pen of the historian.

In the early morning, Lieutenant Colonel Fairlamb was severely wounded. The first line of Confederate works had just been carried and he was standing in an exposed position on the ramparts. We were informed by a comrade of Company H, who was near him at the time and assisted in placing a bandage around his wound, that

he positively refused to go to the rear. Summoning his remaining strength, he made one supreme effort to go forward, and did, but weakening from loss of blood and the terrible shock to his system occasioned by the wound, his strength failed him and, when the line was compelled to retire for want of sufficient support, unable to escape, he fell into the hands of the Confederates. No braver officer drew sword during the War.

Privates George W. Harris and R. Wesley Ammerman, of Company B, each captured Confederate battle flags in the memorable assault in the morning, for which they were subsequently rewarded with "medals of honor," authorized by Congress for valor on the field of battle. They were presented by General Meade in person.

At the North Anna River, on the 24th of May, Company B was sent out to ascertain the strength and whereabouts of the enemy in our front. After advancing a considerable distance and finding none, Sergeant Constans Barger was given a detail of picked men, consisting of Privates James Hines, Jacob W. Sundy and several others, with instructions to follow a road which led through a wood, keeping a sharp lookout. After going a considerable distance and finding none, they became less cautious, when suddenly they encountered a Confederate outpost, which sent a volley into the party, a minie ball striking Sergeant Barger on the belt buckle, doubling him up and throwing him heavily to the ground, unconscious. His comrades supposed he was killed, but a few minutes after he rallied from the concussion and resumed his place as usual. After a few volleys, the Confederates fled. The detail reported and the company returned to the Regiment. On the 26th we re-crossed the river at the same place we had crossed in the advance.

While in the works at Cold Harbor, Maj. R. H. Forster was in command of the Regiment, Colonel Beaver being assigned to the Brigade. The lines being very close, the Confederates annoyed us by throwing mortar shells into our works. It made it very unpleasant, the missiles frequently bursting overhead and the fragments flying in all directions. On one occasion the Major had seated himself to partake of his evening meal, when a heavy fragment descended through his shelter tent, passing within a few inches of his head,

overturned his table and buried itself in the ground, covering everything with dust. He had to retire supperless and complained of damage to his shelter tent.

On the evening of the 13th, the Army reached the James River. From some cause the supplies which were to have come up the river on boats failed to materialize and the consequence was many of the boys had to lie down without supper. The writer fared a little better, his cook having captured an old rooster that evidently saw the light long before the War broke out. He had not been specially fattened for market and was rather lean for table use, but Charlie, with the skill of an expert chef, prepared him for supper, but, without salt, pepper, butter or hardtack, the broth was rather thin and tasteless. However, after a tiresome march of about thirty miles, it was far better than none. The next morning Charlie proposed he would go down to the river and gather mussels for dinner. These bivalves somewhat resembled oysters, but the peculiarity about them was the longer they were boiled or fried, the tougher they became. They were about as palatable as old leather. We were generous with our rare menu and cordially invited comrades to partake of our hospitality. Thirty-six or forty-eight hours after the commissary department should have reached us, it put in an appearance, to the gratification of an army of hungry soldiers.

A fierce and determined assault was made on the evening of the 16th of June on the Confederate line in front of Petersburg. The attack, which was well planned, should have been delivered in the morning, was postponed until evening. By that time General Lee had discerned our intent and was prepared to meet us. The assault failed, for want of sufficient support.

Colonel Beaver, commanding the Brigade, prior to the advance had a consultation with the regimental commanders, as to the succession in command of the Brigade in the event of an emergency requiring it. The result was most unfortunate. The loss was fearful. Colonel Beaver was himself severely wounded. We refer to this incident as an illustration of remarkable coolness and forethought on the part of the commander of the Brigade not often evinced on such occasions.

When the retreat was ordered, Color Sergeant William Ward, of Company H, was well in the advance. Finding it impossible to escape with the colors, with great presence of mind, he buried them in the sand, where they were found and recovered the next day, he himself being captured. The Sergeant carrying the regimental flag, succeeded in making his escape and brought in the colors a little later.

At Jerusalem Plank Road, on the 22d, when flanked out of the position we occupied in the wood, Corporal Samuel R. Gettig, of Company A, was struck on his knapsack with a minie ball, which, knocking him down and passing through his wardrobe, penetrated his Bible which he had carefully stowed away in the knapsack and buried itself in its sacred pages. He still retains the book with the missile embedded therein and has unbounded confidence in the Bible as a life preserver, here and hereafter.

Private Frank Wolf, of Company A, also escaped death on July 3d at Gettysburg in a similar manner. A minie ball struck his knapsack, plowed through his wardrobe and passed almost through his Bible which lay nearest his person. The singularity of this incident was that the missile was strangely cut in strips, as shown by the manner the paper was cut, and penetrated nearly through the book and remained embedded therein.

In referring to my diary, under date of August 2d, I find the following:

“Had regimental inspection and Brigade dress parade in the evening. Lieutenant Colonel Broady, commanding Brigade, complimented the 148th on being the *best regiment in the Brigade.*”

At Ream's Station on the 25th of August, the enemy were again encountered in greatly superior numbers. A little after noon the Regiment was moved at a double quick to the left and formed line. Twenty minutes later it was ordered to return to the right at the same rapid rate, and took its place in the line it had vacated a half hour before. It was evident trouble was brewing. Picket firing was rapid. Confederate sharpshooters were picking off our officers and killing horses attached to our batteries. The 148th was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and ascertain the strength of the enemy in front. The deployment was effected immediately in rear of our temporary

works. The signal for the advance was a general volley along our line. Before the smoke had time to disappear, the boys leaped the works and advanced some distance when they encountered the enemy, concealed in the wood in strong force and evidently preparing for an aggressive movement on our line. Captain Sutton, of Company E, with a number of his boys, succeeded in reaching an old house and were doing deadly work from the defence which the building afforded. They were soon discovered, however, by the Confederates, when a rush was made upon the house, and the Captain and his gallant little party were compelled to beat a hasty retreat to avoid capture.

The Regiment scarcely had time to resume its place in the works when the enemy delivered a determined assault upon our line, which was handsomely repulsed. A second effort was made to dislodge us, with like result. Terrific artillery fire followed a third and supreme effort on their part in which they succeeded in entering our lines on the left of the 148th and captured a couple of guns that could not be gotten off and turned them upon us with terrible effect, enfilading our line for some distance.

The 148th stuck to the works to the last. Their portion of the line up to this time was intact but the enfilading fire from the left finally rendered the works untenable.

The fighting was severe, as the list of killed and wounded fully attests. On portions of the line it was hand-to-hand across the works. Sergt. Joseph Fox, of Company G (subsequently Lieutenant Fox), came out of the racket with seven bayonet wounds upon his person.

The casualties of the campaign had fallen heavily upon the Regiment. All the field officers were permanently disabled for active service. The command of the Regiment had devolved upon line officers from the 18th of June.

Lieut. Col. George A. Fairlamb was the first victim, being severely wounded at Spotsylvania on the 12th of May. He was a brave officer and a most genial companion. Maj. Robert H. Forster was a veteran of the Mexican War and a true soldier. He left us on the 18th of June. Then followed Col. James A. Beaver, through whose instrumentality the Regiment had attained its acknowledged high standing in the service and whose removal from active service, by rea-

son of severity of wound on the 25th of August, was greatly regretted. He was a gallant and rising officer, with whom we were justly proud to have been associated and we are not ashamed to acknowledge after the lapse of years, that when we learned of his loss, tears coursed down our cheeks.

On the 7th of September, 1864, an order was received, relieving Sergt. Major Joseph E. Hall, of Company I, to accept the position of Adjutant, with the rank of First Lieutenant, in the 183d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The gallant charge of Capt. Jerry Z. Brown, of Company K, with one hundred men of the 148th, on the 27th of October, is too well known to require reference. It is a part of the history of the War for the Union. We simply wish to refer to the heroic conduct and unparalleled physical endurance of Private William H. Kellerman, of Company H. He was one of the charging party and entered the fort with his comrades. When the garrison surrendered, he was detailed to assist in taking the prisoners to headquarters and would have been justified in remaining there but he sought to rejoin his comrades, where he had left them in the fort, unconscious that they had been compelled to retire into our own lines. Before he was aware of his surroundings, he found himself inside the Confederate videttes and, unable to escape, he stubbornly refused to surrender. For eight days he lay concealed in the bushes, subsisting on bark and roots, hoping and longing for an opportunity to escape. Finally, on the evening of the eighth day, the favorable opportunity arrived. The Confederates being a little later than usual in advancing their videttes, taking advantage of the darkness, he succeeded in crawling and rolling himself into our lines, his ears, nose, fingers and toes frost bitten, weak and exhausted from his terrible exposure, bringing with him his gun and all his equipments.

I still retain in my possession an autograph letter of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, commanding the Division, asking for a brief history of the soldier and his photograph, which we cheerfully furnished. It was afterwards printed in *Harper's Weekly*, with a full page likeness. General Meade subsequently issued a special order, descanting on his heroic fortitude and granting him a thirty days' furlough.

Professor Bates, in his "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," refers to this unprecedented instance of soldierly endurance in a foot note in small type. If we had authority, we would emblazon it in letters of gold, near the apex of the proposed monument to be erected to the memory of our fallen comrades, that his children and children's children might read it with pride, and the young men of Centre County, should their services ever be required in defence of the flag of stars, catch inspiration from this unparalleled instance of physical endurance.

On the 30th of December, 1864, the following order was received:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
December 29, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 332.

EXTRACT.

* * * * *

In accordance with instructions from the Major General commanding the Army of the Potomac, Second Lieutenant Luther D. Kurtz, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, will relieve Lieut. W. A. Shoener, 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers as Commandant of the Guard and Acting Assistant Quartermaster at the Depot Field Hospital at City Point.

* * * * *

By order of MAJOR GENERAL HUMPHREYS.

SEPTIMUS CARNCROSS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official:

SAMUEL EVERHART,

Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant 148th Pennsylvania
Volunteers.

The month of January, 1865, was occupied in further strengthening our lines in front of Petersburg. Frequent inspections were ordered and every effort employed to have the Army in fighting order in the early spring. On the 17th of January, Brigadier General Ramsey, commanding Brigade, personally inspected the 148th, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Regiment was up to the standard of military discipline, in order to insure the officers' leaves of absence, and enlisted men furloughs, in accordance with general orders from the War Department. The Regiment formed in line, open ranks.

The General passed down the line, taking in the general appearance of the command. Returning to the right, he took a gun here and there, looked it over and gave it the ordinary toss and awaited the jingle occasioned by the rebound of the ramrod. He seemed puzzled. The test was not entirely satisfactory. In order to relieve the situation I quietly remarked that the Ordnance Department had not issued ramrods with the breech loaders. He gave us no expression of approval, but we continued to get leaves of absence and furloughs approved all the same.

An order was promulgated in the early winter, providing for a thirty-day furlough to one enlisted man at one time in each Brigade, conditioned on a competitive inspection as to soldierly appearance and proficiency in the manual of arms; said inspection to be held at brigade headquarters. It was free to all who desired to stand the examination. On the appointed day a number of contestants presented themselves. Sergt. Simon P. Lansberry, of Company D, was the winner in the first contest in the Fourth Brigade.

Just before starting on the campaign of 1865 an order was received, relieving Sergt. George M. Boal, of Company D, to accept the position of Quartermaster of the 83d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, with the rank of First Lieutenant.

At Sutherland's Station, on the 2d of April, the Regiment was deployed as skirmishers and ordered to advance. Captain Sutton, of E, commanded the right wing, and Captain Harper, of B, the left wing. Although exposed to a terrific fire, the line advanced rapidly and succeeded in flanking the Confederate works; and, delivering a rapid fire from their breech loaders, nearly an entire brigade surrendered. Major Ulmer, of the 4th North Carolina, delivered his sword and pistol to Captain Harper. Captain Harper and Private Jacob W. Sunday, of Company B, were the first to enter the Confederate works and drive the enemy from their guns. General Miles commanding the Division issued a special order commending the gallantry of the 148th on the occasion.

At the Grand Review on the 23d and 24th of May, in the city of Washington, at the close of the War, the 148th was at its best. Their soldierly bearing, steady step and correct alignment were equal

to those of regulars at our training schools. As the column was passing the reviewing stand (twenty men front) and saluting, Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, the ideal soldier, under whose immediate command we had served the greater portion of our term, arose from his seat on the platform and, pointing to the moving column, was heard to say, "That is the Regiment that always could be depended on," a compliment well worth treasuring as the years go by.

On the 30th of May, the Second Corps was reviewed for the last time, near Alexandria, by President Johnson, Governors Fenton, of New York, and Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Generals Meade, Hancock and Humphreys. The scene was most imposing. On the hillside, in rear of the reviewing stand were thousands of ladies and gentlemen who had driven out of the city to witness the grand pageant. No artist could have painted such a scene. The day was bright, the sky unclouded. Thousands of swords and bayonets glittered in the sunlight. The boys caught inspiration from the gay surroundings and, as they passed in review, their step seemed more elastic and each vied with his comrade to excel in soldierly bearing.

After passing the stand a considerable distance, moving at quick step, the column wheeled to the left and passed off the field. When the 148th reached the wheeling point and was adjusting itself to the new direction, and each company, at the command, swung around on a "double quick," the boys, from some innate spirit of mischief or satisfaction at having done well on their last appearance on review, broke out in a regular "charging yell"—much to the discomfiture of the commanding officer. I was mortified but, before it could be arrested, the last company had made the wheel and we were leaving the field. The situation was somewhat relieved by the vociferous manner in which the vast multitude on the hillside responded in tremendous outbursts of applause as each company wheeled and cheered, the ladies swinging their handkerchiefs and joining in the general jubilation which continued until we were mostly out of sight.

We expected that our brigade commander, General Mulholland, who prided on the 148th, would reprimand us sharply for this breach of military discipline, but we never heard of it afterward.

The Regiment broke camp, for the last time, on the 3d of June, 1865, and left Washington for Harrisburg the same day, arriving at the latter city the following morning; breakfasted at the "Soldiers' Rest Refreshment Saloon," reported to General Henks and was ordered to "Return Camp" (formerly "Camp Curtin"), where canvas was assigned us and rations were issued.

The drum corps made a very favorable impression on the commander of the camp. He was so delighted with the music which they discoursed that he made a written request that it might be sent to his headquarters in the city, to which we readily assented (he furnishing transportation both ways). He entertained the members very handsomely and thanked them beside for their excellent service upon the occasion.

Whilst in camp, Governor Curtin requested us to make recommendation for commissions to fill all vacancies in the several companies and regimental organizations which, under orders of the War Department, could not be mustered into the United States service on account of the companies and Regiment not being up to the minimum quota. In accordance with recommendations, commissions were issued and delivered as follows: Colonel, James F. Weaver; Lieutenant Colonel, George A. Bayard; Major, Silas J. Marlin; Junius F. Crain, Captain Company I; Frank W. Clark, First Lieutenant Company I; Thomas W. Douglass, Second Lieutenant Company I; Thos. F. Taylor, Second Lieutenant Company B; Ezra B. Walter, Second Lieutenant Company C; John A. J. Fugate, Second Lieutenant Company H.

Before leaving Harrisburg, we called upon the commander of the camp to thank him for his kind treatment and courtesy while under his command. Turning to us, he replied with warmth:

"Colonel, you have the best behaved regiment that has been in this return camp. Your men are as orderly and gentlemanly in camp as they were brave on the field of battle."

We have always esteemed his remarks as a glowing compliment.

And now, one word more and our story is ended. We wish to add in conclusion that we shall carry to our grave pleasant recollections

tions of our association with the officers and men of the 148th Regiment.

I have only related some of the minor incidents and episodes and personal acts of heroism that will not come within the purview of the regimental historian. As I recount the hardships and trials through which we passed during those years of service for the maintenance of the Union, I am glad to be able to refer to them without any unkind feeling toward any member of the Regiment. And whatever of honor and glory is due for meritorious service, while I had the honor to command it, is largely due to the faithful and efficient corps of officers and the noble and patriotic men who carried the guns.

DAVID H. SWYERS, COMPANY B, 148TH REGIMENT
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

By his sister, Mrs. James McMullen

At Po River, May 10, 1864, Corp. David H. Swyers, only a boy, but true to his calling, bravely bore the colors in the midst of the battle. First his cap was shot off, then his knapsack, then his canteen, and his blouse was riddled to pieces, then a bullet penetrated his left breast and came out underneath his shoulder. From this wound he suffered very much and was sent to Philadelphia Hospital. Having recovered, he was again sent to the front, promoted to be First Lieutenant and was wounded a second time at the battle of Gravelly Run (White Oak Road). This time the bullet entered above the left knee, coming out at the thigh, making an ugly wound. From that time until his death he was a continual sufferer.

The first wound had splintered a piece of rib into the lung and a few weeks before his death he coughed it up after a period of twenty-five years. He was a member of Gregg Post, G. A. R., and died April 28, 1889. He was followed to his grave by over one hundred of his comrades and friends.

“Wrapped in the flag he so nobly defended,
Laid to his rest by his comrades in blue;
His a devotion known only to heroes,
His the reward of the brave and the true.”

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

PART I.

By A. T. Hamilton, Late Assistant Surgeon 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers

My military service was preceded by an examination before the State Board of Medical Examiners. Upon the "merit" developed thereby depended my appointment and commission as Assistant Surgeon with the rank of First Lieutenant, by Governor A. G. Curtin, January 31, 1863.

After having been mustered in at Harrisburg, February 4th, I wended my way to Falmouth, Virginia, where I landed in mud, through which I waded to the camp of the 148th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, located on a worn out farm grown up with pines, but cleared to make room for quarters of a regimental camp.

Here I found the boys who marched through my own Lewis-town the previous August, having come over the Seven Mountains to reach the cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A new life opens; the tented field; the morning sick call; the Lacy House and its environments where the battle of Fredericksburg was fought; the frowning cannon in position to respond to any the enemy may open from Marye's Heights; the rebel picket within hailing distance, and the frequent firing on the line necessitated the presence of a medical officer with the picket detail. The experience with one hundred of our men on picket duty at night when covered with blanket both of wool and snow while sleeping; the sick in quarters and hospital tent made a round of duty that kept me busy while in camp at Falmouth, to say nothing of camp discipline, fatigue duty, drill, dress parade or policing camp grounds. The impress of the Colonel's ever present eye by which all felt that we must do our best, kept up the busy routine of camp duty.

The practical school of the soldier hung heavily on so many, odious for the time being, but in the activities of battle became a revelation. This rigid discipline made the 148th the gallant, brave and resourceful military body of which each and all were proud.

That the 148th was the best regiment came not from the verdict of its own members, but when measured by the highest military standards the meed of praise was accorded it without hesitancy. Twenty severe battles proved her valor. Her trophies attested her bravery. The intelligence of its rank, file and staff gave such thorough conception of the teachings in the school of the soldier that when the hour of supreme duty came the gallant soldiers of the 148th had a moral courage backed by discipline and reliance upon self and commander that made them almost invincible.

A thousand men in camp, exposed to winter weather and the duties incident thereto, from the middle of December until the last of April, developed much sickness. Notwithstanding a well policed camp ground and comfortable quarters, we labored under the great disadvantage of having drinking water polluted more or less by surface drainage into the springs. I quote from a letter of February 17, 1863:

“We have many sick in quarters and a dozen in hospital; three deaths since 5th of February.”

In the light of later experience I believe it would have been economical had we been supplied, while in camp, with distilled water for drinking purposes. Typhoid fever prevailed to a large extent. Other forms of fever disabled our men to such an extent that the hospital tent was not large enough to accommodate the sick. Many mild cases were treated in quarters; cases more severe went to regimental hospital; the more severe cases were sent to division hospital. Our Regiment was known throughout the Second Corps for its large sick list and mortality in camp. The best medical skill availed little when the occult typhoid germ and other bacilli entered the human system and engendered every grade of enteric fever.

Our men knew how to cook food. They knew how to obtain it, for was not the Irish Brigade commissary on the borders of our camp, to which the boys repaired for the necessary subsistence to make up “variety” lacking at our own?

At this late date I may be pardoned for telling tales out of school. So many depredations were committed on the Emerald Brigade that complaint sent our Colonel among the mess tents

to discover "who stole the bacon." On one occasion a barrel of flour was missing from the supplies of Erin. The Colonel went around and in a certain mess tent he stood on the "bunk" and told his tale of woe, and threatened the guard house, buck and gag, penal servitude or anything else necessary to stop thieving, if he found the gang that "stole that flour." These threats failed of the mark because the mess was so well heeled by the fact that the flour was securely hidden in a cavity previously prepared, *under that bunk*, sufficiently large to receive the barrel. Company G could not only have plenty of flour for flap-jacks, but molasses was obtained at the rear of General Meagher's commissary thus: The guard in front of the commissary tent was engaged in argument with one or more of our boys while their comrades would raise the canvass in rear wall of tent, dip a board into the open end of a barrel of molasses and by turning the board while retreating to camp the thick syrup was retained until let drip into a mess pan. Potatoes, sugar, coffee, bacon, etc., found their way into camp under similar circumstances. What the gay Irishmen lost in solid subsistence was made up in liquid refreshments. On other occasions, whole quarters of beef were abstracted and carried off, not only at Falmouth, but later on, with the precaution of changing the figures on the cap to indicate a neighboring regiment, so that in case the boys were pursued the cap would be dropped and the clue lead to an innocent camp. This was not stealing. It was borrowing from Uncle Sam who contracted to furnish the grub.

The general health of the Regiment was good throughout the service, barring the effects from drinking water contaminated with animal, vegetable and mineral impurities. Given a distilled drinking water, light weight magazine rifle of small caliber, light marching equipment, condensed ration and an intelligent soldiery who has the initiative of the American, future conflicts will be short, sharp, decisive and of lessened mortality from gunshot in front or the dreaded hospital of our rear.

Our boys came from the farm, the school, the workshop of the mechanic and artisan, ready for almost any duty. The large details made upon us for men skilled in the various avocations of life were evidenced by frequent calls from brigade, division and corps head-



REV.
WM. H. STEVENS, CHAPLAIN.

LIEUTENANT JOHN G. KURTZ
QUARTERMASTER.

LIEUTENANT S.O. MUSSER
QUARTERMASTER.



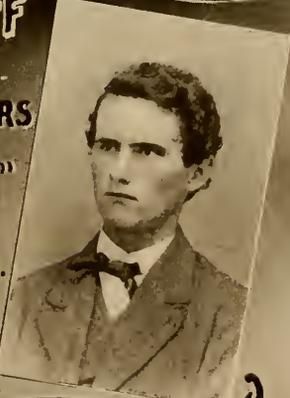
MAJOR U. Q. DAVIS
SURGEON.

LIEUTENANT C.W. FISHER
ASST. SURGEON.

LIEUTENANT A.T. HAMILTON
ASST. SURGEON.



STAFF
OFFICERS
148"
Penna.
VOLS.



LIEUT. J. W. MUFFLY
ADJUTANT.

LIEUTENANT G. A. RAMSEY
ADJUTANT.

quarters for skilled men. The day's march ended with preparation for comfortable night shelter. Temporary camps assumed the condition of permanency, so handy were our boys in keeping house. All these things lent aid to the surgeon in hedging against sickness in camp.

"Our Colonel makes *us* come out daily on dress parade, whereas there are no other surgeons who attend the daily dress parade. Our Regiment was inspected today, also our hospital. Our hospital was pronounced by the inspector the best in the Army."

When we broke camp for Chancellorsville I took the sick to Potomac Creek Hospital in ambulances. Several died while there, thus escaping a terrible death by bullet and fire.

Corroborative of Doctor Fisher's story of Chancellorsville, I quote letter, one of two hundred before me at this writing, bearing inside date and outside post mark.

"Chancellorsville consists of one brick house, about eight or ten miles west of Fredericksburg. Here Hooker made his headquarters, and all around it the fight raged fiercely until the rebels burned it down by bombarding it. Our batteries were numerous planted around this house and we all thought that there was artillery enough to whip any force that would come against us. Doctor Fisher was detailed to stay in the brick house with wounded, and he remained until the house was pretty well battered down and nearly burned up. Several women were in also, and barely escaped, owing to their refuge in the cellar. I was sure he was captured or killed. Doctor Webster, Assisant Surgeon of Regulars, was also detailed to stay and was captured but was soon released. The surgeons have a poor chance to do the wounded justice when we do not hold the field."

An incident of the battle came under my notice. One of our batteries engaged in the front of the brick house lost all its men. During a lull in the battle some of the Irish Brigade hauled the guns off. The papers were full of the gallantry of the men who rescued the guns, while the situation was such that anybody could have done the same without risk, or fighting to get the chance to haul them off.

The fierceness of this battle is described by one of a detail sent under flag of truce to search for some bodies. The underbrush, limbs of trees, even large oaks as thick as a man's body, were cut off like pipe stems. It seemed as plowed ground from the shells, and the

closely bullet trimmed trees, impossible for the soldier to escape death, to say nothing of the fire burned bodies of the wounded.

Early in June we left Falmouth to intercept Lee in his raid into Pennsylvania. The march was severe on the men, many fell out to be picked up by ambulances, many died. We approached Thoroughfare Gap, passed the Bull Run battle fields where the half buried bodies were noticeable. An occasional skull protruded from a small heap of earth indicating the burial place of friend and foe, the former was laid with head any other way than south, the latter always south. Passed through Haymarket where there is little else to mark this place but large chimneys characteristic of southern architecture showing that at one time a house stood between each pair.

A weary march through rain, mud and worse than Egyptian darkness brought us to Thoroughfare Gap, and most of us went supperless to bed: I made my bed on the ground with the indispensable gum blanket laid on a short growth of clover, our shelter tent next, a blanket next, ourselves next and a woolen blanket over two of us, and above us a cloudy curtain threatening rain. The darkness and scarcity of wood excluded the luxury of tents while the weary soldier dropped down regardless of all else but rest and sleep.

On the 28th of June, after tiresome marching all day and much of the night the two days previous, so sleepy as to be scarcely able to remain in the saddle, we reached a point two miles from Frederick, Maryland. The land here is very good and the country beautiful for miles around. Wheat is being cut, hay made and all the crops good and abundant. The residences are fine and altogether it looks very much like home. The desolation of war has blighted Virginia and the difference is very marked between Virginia and Maryland. We expect a heavy battle at South Mountain, Antietam or some other point near there.

Left Frederick on the 29th; marched to Uniontown, a distance of thirty-two miles. Our Corps marched this great distance in one day whereas it is usual for a corps to march only ten or fifteen miles a day. The rescue of Pennsylvania required us to move ourselves and all that belonged to us. The marching went hard with the boys. A great many straggled and did not catch up until the next day.

Upon the whole the men stood the march well. The people along the road sold and gave away all the eatables they had and seemed glad to see us pass and were surprised at our coming. The roads were in very good condition, neither muddy nor dusty, still it was sultry and drizzled rain most of the day.

Thirtieth June: Camped at Uniontown; Fifth Corps passed, also Pennsylvania Reserves. Hancock complimented us for the long march. As usual we were mustered on this date, being the end of two months on which muster for pay is made.

July 1st: Left this morning and by slow and continuous marching camped three miles from Gettysburg, after dark, threw up breastworks and lay behind them until morning. Did not get any sleep. When near Gettysburg we met the body of General Reynolds being taken to the rear in an ambulance. Was glad when we trod the sacred soil of our own native state.

Details of the approach to Gettysburg are given to throw light upon the worn out condition of our men from long marches, loss of sleep, lack of rations, which were largely consumed from issue made before starting; absence of supply trains far in the rear; no commissary to fall back upon except the haversack; will give the civilian an idea how far spent the physical man was when we went into the fight and kept it up three days.

Our men slept under the cannon's mouth while supporting the batteries on the left center so much exhausted were they. The strife of the 2d and 3d of July left them without physical ability to pursue Lee, hence the clamor of those who scented the battle afar off had no grounds for faulting Meade for permitting the escape of the enemy southward.

July 2d, our Army—the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, took position on the south of Gettysburg. Skirmishing commenced in the forenoon and grew brisker until a general engagement was brought on at four-thirty o'clock and continued until after dark. The gallant D. E. Sickels took his Third Corps into action in fine style. He led the veterans of many battles down the hill we commanded, crossed the little stream and ascended the slope commanded by Lee. The sunlight reflected from thousands

of highly polished bayonets and musket barrels. The "broad stripes and bright stars" floated gayly in the breeze—altogether the scene was grand as the line of battle advanced to the deadly conflict. The column advanced to the attack and thus was brought on the severe struggle of the 2d of July. The battle is terrible. The cannonading regular and continuous, the rebels getting on our right and left flanks but held none of our ground any length of time. The 148th stood well and lost 128 men out of 468 present for duty.

I established my temporary hospital at the house of Jacob Hummelbough. The family had just left a partially eaten meal on the table. A half barrel of flour was in the attic. With our supplies packed many miles in the rear and six days' rations issued when we started for Gettysburg exhausted, the flour tided us over in the "slap-jacks" made by Davy McIlhattan and other attendants. The house was soon filled with wounded, chiefly from the Third Corps, of those too severely wounded to be taken further.

July 3d, at 4:30 A. M., the pickets opened the battle which became general along the whole line. The firing lulled in the center, where our Brigade supported some batteries. At eleven-thirty o'clock the battle again commenced and the greatest artillery duel of the War was continued until six o'clock. The battle raged fiercely all the time and the conflict was terrific on both sides. From wounded prisoners who came in I learned that Lee told his men on his march northward they would have militia only to contend with and that our position was held by militia. The desperate charge by the forlorn hope was met by Stannard's men who heroically withstood the great charge in their initial engagement. The culminating charge was anticipated by re-enforcements twelve lines of battle deep, reaching back to my hospital so that, had the front been broken by Pickett, column after column together with hundreds of cannon were ready to receive the whole rebel army at that point.

The wounded were carried in during the night of the 3d in such numbers that they filled the barn floor and open space surrounding it. One poor fellow who was badly wounded seemed to be in the way of those moving among the wounded and, pained by being knocked about, got into the hopper of an old wind mill after dark,

hoping to be undisturbed. A shell struck him and tore him to pieces as he lay coiled in the hopper. Strange to say I saw the same old mill many years afterward at the same barn, having been patched up and used.

During the fight I saw Colonel Cross of the 5th New Hampshire, a little in the rear of the line of works at the time of his first wound—the twelfth battle wound—a white bandage tied around his top-head. I thought of the occasion when he struck Duffy, of Company G, with his sword while on the march to Uniontown.

I was the only medical officer at the left center front during the 2d and 3d of July until night of the latter day. The wounded received all the care my attendants could give.

The following will throw some light on the rebel theory of Pennsylvania's defense:

I attended General Barksdale of Mississippi. He was shot through the left breast from behind, and the left leg was broken by two missiles. He was brought by some staff orderly to my temporary hospital. I gave him what I had to relieve him. He asked several times whether I considered his wound necessarily mortal. I told him I did. He desired peace, but only upon terms that would recognize the Confederacy. He was large, corpulent, refined in appearance, bald, and his general physical and mental make up indicated firmness, endurance, vigor, quick perception and ability to succeed whether as politician, civilian or warrior. He told me he was a member of Congress under Pierce and Buchanan. He asked about our strength and was answered that heavy re-enforcements were coming. Said he, "Militiamen under McClellan?" He said that Lee would show us a trick before morning; that before we knew it Ewell would be thundering in our rear. He was dressed in the jeans of their choice. His short roundabout was trimmed on the sleeves with gold braid. The Mississippi button, with a star in the center, closed it. The collar had three stars on each side next the chin. Next his body was a fine linen or cotton shirt which was closed by three studs bearing Masonic emblems. His pants had two stripes of gold braid, half an inch broad, down each leg. Thus conditioned the politician and warrior was laid on the sacred soil of Pennsylvania to

breathe his last. He was a Brigadier in McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps.

This account of General Barksdale was published July 13, 1863, with the above minuteness so that his friends would be assured of his identity; and further to indicate that Lee's theory of attack was revealed by one high in military councils.

The marching and counter-marching, after we crossed the Potomac, over the battlefields about Centerville would fill a volume itself. Line after line of battle was formed, fortified and abandoned. The retreat from Auburn Hill, covered so masterly by General Warren with our Brigade covering the extreme rear, was full of night marches and thrilling incidents, one of which remains impressed vividly, by the fact that for quite a distance the Johnnies moved alongside of us with the railroad track only between us. So dark was the night that neither of us knew whether friend or foe was at the other end of the cross-tie in our race to reach the heights of Centerville.

In the chess playing for a third Bull Run the rebels were checkmated in their effort to secure the prestige of former victories at that point.

Meanwhile the medical department was without temporary or field hospital and little could be done in regimental camps.

Mine Run followed in November with a few casualties treated temporarily in Division Hospital at the front, after which we lapsed into winter quarters at Stevensburg, Virginia, where recruits were added to our Regiment, thus entailing increased duty at sick call, in quarters and hospital, by those who joined the Army for the bounty and expectation of reaching civil life through a surgeon's certificate by persistent shamming.

March 26, 1864, 740 officers and men present for duty and daily we are receiving recruits, while there are over two hundred absent from various causes. The surgeon absent on leave for twenty days I will have all these to attend myself. Doctor Fisher's resignation in June, 1863, was not filled by the Governor until May, 1864, by the appointment of Dr. J. W. Allen.

After busy preparation during winter of 1863 the coming campaign opened on evening of May 2, 1864, when we broke camp and

moved to Ely's Ford and crossed about sunrise. Our Brigade led the advance and our Regiment the second to cross on canvas pontoons. (Bridges are thrown across streams down here in a wink and the Army move on without much delay. When a stream is too wide for one length of timber the pontoons are ordered up and float quickly and soon after throb with the steady tread of heroes.)

We reached the old Chancellorsville battle field just one year exactly after our hard fight of May 3, 1863. Our men were thrown into line of battle immediately in also the same battle lines we held during the battle. Pickets were sent out and some of them posted on the identical spots they held two days while fighting continued. What a singular coincidence that the same man should be posted on the same spot that for two days they held tenaciously in spite of repeated assaults.

On May 5th, at three o'clock the battle of the Wilderness opened on our right and was fought out on that line until we reached Petersburg. The battles—Wilderness, Po River and Spotsylvania—were a continuous eight-day fight. [Fourteen days.—Editor.] Our Division Hospital was full of wounded. As fast as wounded were cared for and fit to stand transportation they were taken to the rear in ambulances and army wagons, on the way to northern hospitals. Many died on the way. At one of our field hospitals near Po River I was detailed to remain for capture with the wounded. Many severe surgical cases and scores of rebel wounded were with me, but by dint of energy and good fortune I managed to get transportation for our own and escaped transportation (?) to rebel prisons.

Of the battle of Spotsylvania Court House much has been written, hence what I may say seems superfluous. Such heaps of rebel dead who fell behind their own deep trenches I think never were seen elsewhere to exceed those of Spotsylvania. The deadly firing of that awful night was never equaled. That silent midnight march and daylight charge never had its counterpart and the successful issue is emblazoned high on the tablets of military heroism.

I leave the story to others who doubtless will enlarge the theme. The historian is chiefly a compiler, but the story of the soldier, whether of the staff or line, when written on the spot of occurrence,

has the merit of authenticity from *his standpoint*. Soldiers' stories may differ, but that difference is owing to the viewpoint. It was not possible for each to see everything, nor in the same aspect, nor was it possible for each to be impressed with a fact the same as the other eye witness.

June 1, 1864, camp near Richmond. The lines are gradually nearing the rebel Army. Every forward step is contested south of the Pamunkey. Every advance is entrenched. No sooner is a line advanced than it is immediately protected by breastworks. Orders have been issued that plundering will be punished by shooting the thief in the act of stealing. This so that our men keep in the ranks and maintain the reputation of the Second Corps for discipline. However, our boys once had a reputation for stealing. It cropped out at the time General Hancock detailed a squad from our Regiment to guard his headquarters. Dinner was on the General's table. Some important matter detained him. Our boys were hungry and that hunger intensified by savory odors from the mess tent, they ate the General's dinner. He blustered around and declared in his mild way if he could put the 148th before Richmond the boys of that Regiment could steal it.

The Ninth Corps laid waste everything they could. Where our Division goes, a guard is placed over the dwellings and eatables are purchased for our men, but notwithstanding this, our boys get some plunder in the shape of chickens, pigs, etc. I remember on one occasion while marching past a full tobacco barn General Brooke rode along and gave the order personally, "Don't let me see you take any of that tobacco." The boys obeyed to the letter, for when the General was out of sight the tobacco speedily disappeared. General Miles when near the Taliaferro home, likewise ordered a comrade who was wheeling a spinning wheel to camp:

"Now, don't let me see you at anything like that."

"I will not, General. I will just wait until you turn your back."

June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor. Our Division lost severely. Lieutenant Lander killed—one of the best officers we had. The rebel works are not forty yards distant and getting closer. The rebel flag opposite our Regiment was shot down very often. Our boys charged

so closely that they could neither advance nor retreat. Spoons, forks, knives, tin plates and similar utensils were used to dig dirt and keep it up in order to hold the line. It was held stubbornly and with great loss. Cold Harbor is one of the places *warmest* in the memory of the boys who participated.

June 6, 1864. Of the wounded some are brought in who have been between the lines for days and only got away by crawling out the best they could. Colonel McKeen of the 81st Pennsylvania was killed between the skirmish lines and lay two days before his body was brought off, and then it was secured at the sacrifice of two lives and one wounded who attempted at night to get the body. Another effort was made by four men who dragged him out by the feet. This is a sample of the manner in which bodies are recovered from the extreme front.

I was on duty at the field hospital when Colonel McKeen's body was brought in. I there witnessed a most pathetic sight. A Chaplain in black, with rosary dangling from his neck approached a speechless dying boy. The sight of the rosary brought tears to his eyes and tremor through his body, owing to the recognition through sight alone, of his spiritual minister who was a Roman priest. The complete submission and religious delight manifested there brings tears when memory recalls the incident. What a hold the Catholic religion has upon its votaries when death is lightened by exhibition of its symbols and heaven opened to one who has vision only to bear his spirit to eternity. Not my faith, but a faith to be admired.

June 21, 22, 1864. Our attenuated line extended to the left and was not entire. We moved from the fortified camp to the Weldon Railroad and along it. At one time Lieutenant Harpster of G, then on ambulance duty, and I went among the small pines beyond our front and mingled with the Johnnies. Harpster had on a gray woolen shirt and bore no insignia of rank. He was considered by the rebels as one of their kind and thus escaped. Captain Edmunds fell shot through the heart while on that weak line. His Bible found on him was sent to his wife. Captain Bayard was captured.

On July 25, 1864, I was detailed with the 53d Pennsylvania, as it had no medical officer. Our Regiment was decimated to such

an extent that one surgeon was sufficient. We made a trip to the extreme right and were engaged at Jones Neck July 28th, where was fought the battle of Strawberry Plains.

August 14th the Second and Tenth Corps made a feint on the rebel left where the 145th lost six killed and twenty wounded at Deep Bottom in our effort to divert the enemy from the mine explosion in front of Petersburg.

August 22d moved south along the Weldon Railroad, tore up the rails and ties, burned them. After doing much damage fell back to Ream's Station, where the biggest *little* battle of the War was fought, resulting in a loss of 1,500 prisoners, many lives and defeat.

The railroad cut and embankment served as our line of defense in part as well as being an element of weakness. Some raw recruits lately assigned to our Brigade sought shelter in the deep cut thus breaking the continuity of our line, leaving a gap on top of the bank. The rebs got through and by a plunging fire demoralized the green soldiers and turned the flank of our veterans who were heavily pressed in front. Here the lamented David G. Ralston, First Lieutenant of Company C, was killed—a soldier every inch and a gentleman. Joseph Fox, First Lieutenant, of Company G, stubbornly fought hand to hand the attacking party until he received seven bayonet wounds in the face and neck. This brave duty soldier survived the score of battles in which his company participated to meet death in civil life at Bellefonte on a railroad track. Our Colonel, after convalescing from former severe wounds came upon this battlefield and, while walking to the front, buckling on his sword, was wounded so badly as to necessitate amputation of the thigh.

Had the Ninth Corps gotten out of its snail's gallop, the result would have been a Union victory.

September 25, 1864, moved into Fort Stedman where the enemy's line was about thirty yards distant. Here our Jerry Brown won his brevet Majority for capturing the rebel fort opposite.

October 7th our Regiment, being considered one of the best in Second Corps, was honored by issue of the Spencer repeating rifle or seven-shooter. Only three regiments in our Corps got them. It is intended for skirmishers and ours being notoriously good at this kind

of fighting, as well as every other kind, were given a rifle commensurate with their skill and bravery. Of this gun the Johnnies asked our pickets, "What kind of a gun have you Yanks got that loads once and shoots all day."

October 26, 1864. The lines are changing. Having been ill with fever, I am not able to go to the extreme left, hence I was taken to City Point Hospital and remained quite ill until December 16, when I returned to the Regiment at Fort Cummings.

February 16, 1865, was detailed for duty at City Point and was assigned to a division of the Second Corps Hospital where I remained until April 6th. City Point Depot Field Hospital consisted of stockade and hospital tents. Hospital wards consisted of three hospital tents placed together and communicating. A section consisted of four wards. A division of four sections. A division contained four hundred beds, about seventy-five of which were occupied by nurses and attendants. I had charge of a division and in addition prescribed for a section of five stockades containing one hundred beds. Up to April 1st I have not lost one patient by death.

April 6th I was detailed to assist in establishing a Sub-Depot Field Hospital at Burkesville Junction, sixty-two miles from City Point, with capacity for ten thousand patients, where we treated sick and wounded who fell in the rush to Appomattox. This hospital did not assume the proportions set forth in the order establishing it. While here many disabled soldiers were handled. Train loads were forwarded to City Point. Here the survival of the fittest was in evidence when eight thousand stalwart rebel prisoners passed under guard of a few soldiers. Custis Lee, Generals Corse, Ewell and many other general officers were grouped as prisoners of war—sullen, quiet, defiantly submissive in their defeat.

The private soldier does the hard labor in trenches, march and battlefield; suffers from wounds and disease; lays down life; to him is due our victories. No one knows so well as he how the soldier labored on this campaign, but so long as the move is toward the heart of the rebellion he is cheerful under fire, in hospital or when dying on the stretcher.

These several "stories" are written. How sad the fact that so

few who were participants will peruse them. So few to corroborate or deny them. Our children and theirs may revel in the pleasures recited, and sorrow at the hardships, privations, perils, wounds, sickness and death suffered by their forbears. Like the stories of the Revolution, methinks they will be read through all time and excite wonder at the valor of the American soldier who fought as such, regardless of the cause he espoused.

In the preparation of my story I availed myself of two hundred letters written home, all of which have been carefully preserved. Occasional quotation marks occur but they are hardly necessary as the story is virtually a description of occurrences transferred from those letters in the language written on the spot. A few digressions from the original text may be easily discerned by the casual reader.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

PART II.

*By Dr. C. P. W. Fisher, Assistant Surgeon 148th Regiment
Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

Our Regiment, as part of the Second Corps, Army of Potomac, found itself on the morning of the 2d of May in line a short distance in front and to the left of the Chancellor House, facing toward Fredericksburg. It had occupied a very advantageous position the day before, from which it had retired very reluctantly and, after occupying an untenable position for a part of the night, reached its final line about three o'clock in the morning. This line was strengthened by various defensive devices.

During the forenoon a rebel battery, or at least a portion of one, suddenly made its appearance on the face of the ridge to our left front, not more than half a mile away. I remember the thrill of terror which came over me, as I looked over the field close by and saw it covered with a mass of boys in blue, fearing the result, if the battery was allowed to open upon them, but my fears were soon allayed. One of our artillerymen in the neighborhood sighted his piece and fired and, before the enemy's battery could unlimber, the air fairly rang with the cheers from our boys as they saw a caisson explode as the result of the well aimed shot. A second shot exploded a second caisson and the battery, from which I feared so much, left unceremoniously, without firing a shot. The cries of the wounded and burned rebs could be distinctly heard and I was told that some of our boys ventured over and brought into our line one of the poor fellows who had been terribly burned by the explosion.

The large brick building, known as the Chancellor House, was General Hooker's headquarters. About four o'clock in the afternoon I strolled up in that direction to see what was going on and saw General Hooker, with a large number of other general officers, with their staffs, on the porch facing the woods or heights opposite. An occasional bullet from a sharpshooter in front would strike the house

but fortunately no one was hit. One of these bullets struck a brick by the side of Dr. U. Q. Davis, our Chief Surgeon.

About this time I saw a line of battle forming a few hundred yards in front of the house. My brother Frank (Gen. B. F. Fisher) was at that time Chief Signal Officer of the Army of the Potomac, and I was told by him that this line, under the command of General Geary, intended to make a charge into the woods and drive out and capture the rebs who were in our front. Having never seen a charge, I thought I would accompany the line of battle, although it was not in our Corps. We went in with a rush and a yell but the Johnnies were ready for us and our lines didn't stay long. We came back quicker than we went in—at least those who were unhurt. About the time the bullets began to fly thick about me, I became forcibly impressed that I was not in my proper place and that, if I were hurt, I would get no sympathy, as my place was with my own Regiment. That thought hastened my steps but my surprise cannot be imagined, when I got out of the woods, to see the whole line of our troops right up with me.

I went again to headquarters and was watching the reforming of General Geary's line, when an Aide rode up to a group of officers about General Slocum and said that General Geary wished permission to have the artillery shell the woods. I heard General Slocum say:

“Tell General Geary to please wait a little, we have another object in view.”

It was just at this moment that an entirely unexpected occurrence took place and one which changed the entire program. A tremendous yell came from our right front. There was no break in it but one continual roar. Then there was wild hurrying and confusion amongst our officers. My brother told me that General Jackson had charged in on our right and was driving in the Eleventh Corps. The yell was now accompanied with an incessant roar of musketry and soon the artillery joined in it, but, over it all, could be heard the terrible yell of the twenty thousand rebels who were forcing back and endangering the entire right wing of our Army. Everything was at once turned in the direction of meeting this unexpected attack and it

was only by the most urgent haste and the use of all the troops at command that the progress of the enemy was stopped and their reaching the road to the river prevented.

Wishing to see and know all about the fighting, I walked down the road toward the place where the struggle was going on and, whilst on my way, saw two captured rebel regiments with their flags still flying. I could not understand it at the time but was told afterwards that they, in mistake, marched right into our lines in the woods in column and that our officers, seeing them come, ordered our troops not to fire but to lie down on the ground, until they advanced sufficiently far, so that they were entirely surrounded. Then one of our Colonels rode up to their commanding officer and told him he had better surrender, as they were entirely within our power. Seeing this to be the case, the officer handed over his sword with the surrender of his command.

I did not go far until I met with such a mass of men coming back that I was carried back with them. When I returned to the Regiment, Colonel Beaver came to meet me and inquired what was the matter. I well remember the reply I made to him and also his reply to me. I told him that the rebel General Jackson had charged on the Eleventh Corps and had completely beaten it and that on the morrow this Army would be completely whipped. I did not stop to consider that I was speaking in the hearing of our men who had never yet been under fire. The Colonel immediately straightened himself up and said:

“Doctor, this Army whipped. The Army of the Potomac cannot be whipped.”

The remark perhaps was injudicious as to time and place, but history shows that my prediction was correct. In addition to what I had seen, I was impressed by the boastful character of the order which General Hooker had issued to the Army, but I had been told by one who heard it that the remark afterwards attributed to General Hooker—that he had the rebel Army where he wanted them and that God Almighty himself could not keep him out of Richmond—was actually made. This, more than what I saw, caused my depression and led to the remark which I made.

Evening ushered in one of the grandest sights I have ever seen. The sky was perfectly clear, the moon at about its full, when the artillery on our side opened upon Jackson's troops, driving them out of the persimmon bottom where, after driving out our troops, they had bivouacked for the night. The roar of our artillery and the answer to it by that of the enemy was terrific, although the casualties on our side were few. After the artillery had ceased, I lay down upon the ground at the foot of a tree with nothing to cover me. I awakened during the night in a severe chill but got up and crawled under the blankets between two of our boys where I soon got warmed. I was soon after, however, taken with a severe pain or stitch in my side, and, on getting up, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could straighten my body. I spoke to the Colonel about it, who remarked that it was a bad time for me to get a pain and I felt it so too, as the rebels were then commencing to throw their shells among our companies and spoiling the boys' breakfast. This was Sunday morning, May the 3d, but to my great joy I found that as soon as the sun came up and I got warmed thoroughly all my pain left me as if by magic.

It was just a few minutes after sun-up when some of the members of Company D carried Charlie Speaker, of their company, who had been, as they and I supposed at the time, badly wounded by a shell which had just passed over his back, he having been lying in the trenches. I looked out a clean place on the grass and told his comrades to lay him down there and I would attend to him, and whilst they were in the act of conveying him to the spot designated, two officers on horseback came slowly riding up to me from the front—the one evidently wounded and held on his horse by the supporting arms of the other. At the same moment General Hancock came from the opposite direction. They met in the road right at my side. The wounded officer was Colonel Miles who said:

“General Hancock, I am wounded.”

The General remarking, “I am very sorry to hear it and hope it is not a serious wound,” looked around and said:

“Is there a surgeon here?”

I replied in the affirmative and he requested me to take charge of Colonel Miles and dress his wound. I asked the officer who was holding the Colonel on his horse to take him to the Chancellor House, but a short distance away, where I knew he could be better cared for, as I had seen beds and sofas there, and I picked up my field case and prepared to follow. I went over, however, to my friend, Charlie, and said:

“Charlie, have a little patience and, as soon as I dress the Colonel’s wound, I will send some of the boys to carry you to the house, where you can get better attention.”

I fully expected to see and attend to him in a short time but it was over a quarter of a century before I had the pleasure of again meeting and seeing him, and he was then in good health.

When I reached the house, I had the Colonel laid on a table and proceeded to dress his wound. He had been shot by a large musket ball which entered near the center of the abdomen between one and two inches below the navel. I thought, of course, the wound would prove mortal. I dressed it as well as I could, not venturing to remove the ball. He was sent back to the hospital, from there to Washington, where the bullet was extracted, and he still lives and is now a Major General in the United States Army. After dressing Colonel Miles’ wound, I reshung my knapsack of surgical instruments, and was about leaving the building, when an officer came up to me and said:

“Is there another surgeon with your Regiment?”

I answered, “Yes.”

He then said: “I order you to stay here in this building with me and, in the event of the retreat of our Army, you are to remain and surrender with me and help me take care of the wounded.”

I inquired, “By whose authority am I to remain?”

He said, “By the authority of the Assistant Medical Director of the Army.”

Said I, “Will you please make a note in your memorandum of this order.”

He took out his book and made the entry of it. I knew, or at least supposed, that my being absent from my Regiment at that time would result in a Court of Inquiry and it was even so after the cam-

paign. My case was investigated and, having the necessary proof and General Hancock's endorsement, I was honorably acquitted of all charges. If any of my old comrades will read this account and have not heard before the cause of my absence in that sore time of need, they will now fully understand it.

After the director finished his order to me, he took me by the arm and escorted me into a room which was filled with wounded rebels, and my orders were to dress their wounds. Poor fellows, how I pitied them! Although they had been the enemies of my country, I could not withstand their sufferings and did all that I could to relieve them. One poor fellow, who told me he was from Vicksburg, touched my sympathies especially. He had been shot through the shoulder; another ball had gone into his chest, passing through his lungs. His sufferings were very great. The death shadow was on his face. How thankful he was for my assistance and sympathy. All the wounded rebels who were in the room were very quiet and not a groan escaped from any, even when I was dressing their wounds, except from the one whom I have mentioned, and with him I think it was the death agony.

After dressing their wounds, I retired to another room and sat in a window seat to see the scenes which were then transpiring about the house. The outbuildings, the well curb and other surroundings, which were there when I entered the house, had all been knocked away by the artillery and the dead bodies were lying about, including one or two cavalymen, one of whom was still sitting upon his horse, the horse and rider being evidently both dead. About this time a Major, who had been severely wounded, was brought in. Whilst his wound was being dressed, I overheard one of the officers, who had come with him, remark to the other, "This is the heaviest cannonading of the War; it beats Malvern Hill." About fifty yards from where I was then standing a battery of probably a dozen of our heavy siege guns was posted, upon which the rebels seemed to be concentrating all their fire. I watched the brave fellows loading and firing, until there were scarcely any of them left, and their ammunition seemed to be exhausted. This was the battery which was afterwards hauled off under the direction of Lieutenant Wilson, of Com-

pany F of our Regiment, then serving upon General Hancock's staff, who, by General Hancock's direction, with a number of men pulled the guns to a place of safety.

During this cannonade, solid shot and shell frequently struck the house, doing no special damage. I went at one time into the room where the wounded rebels were lying. Just at the moment I entered a cannon ball struck the chimney. There was an old-fashioned fire place in the room and two of the wounded were lying right in front with their feet in the fire place. I heard the brick coming down the chimney, when I jumped and caught my two wounded Johnnies under the arms and drew them back to a place of safety, and well for them that I did so, as the entire fire place was filled with the falling brick and debris.

I at one time noticed a great running up and down the stairs to the cellar and felt curious to know what was going on down there so I went down, and to my great surprise found a great many soldiers—among them some officers—skulkers I thought at the time, for the impression was that the cellar was a good place for safety. I, of course did not think much of their bravery then, but I had good reason soon after to think differently, for these very persons came to my assistance a short time afterwards, when their help was much needed. Amongst others I saw in the cellar were six or seven women—one with a child about six weeks old in her arms. These women, I afterwards learned, had been gathered in with some old men and a lad about sixteen years of age and placed in the cellar to prevent them from carrying information to the enemy.

After my curiosity was satisfied about the cellar, I went out upon the front porch, the roof of which was sustained by pillars about thirteen inches in thickness. The fire of the rebel batteries, which were plainly in sight, seemed to be concentrated upon the house, the shells were exploding all around me and I thought I could then understand why their fire was directed at this house. They were evidently desiring to batter it down, so as to reach our troops, who were marching in the rear of it. The only person on the porch at the time was General Hooker. He was walking backwards and forwards, with one hand behind his back and the other holding his

field glass which he would raise now and again to enable him to take in the position of the enemy. Seeing the General's exposed condition, I thought him the bravest or the most foolhardy man I had ever seen, I scarcely knew which. After remaining but a few minutes, I turned around and had just walked into the house, as the General leaned up against a post on the porch, with his glass again up to his eye. I had scarcely shut the door, when there was a fearful explosion, a shell having struck the post against which the General was leaning scarcely more than a foot above his head. When the shell exploded, the post was completely cut off and the concussion alone knocked the General insensible for the time.

It was about this time that I began to see the Army fall back and, expecting then to be taken prisoner, as my orders were to surrender with the wounded, I looked forward to Libby Prison and all that it involved, and I did not hesitate, as my orders must be obeyed.

After General Hooker's surgeons got hold of him, he was carried back and General Couch assumed command and I have often thought since that, if General Hooker had not recovered consciousness when he did, the issue of the battle of Chancellorsville would have been very different. It was not long after Couch assumed command that, to my great joy, I saw the troops again advancing. My spirits rose and I said to myself, "We will whip them yet," but this was short-lived for, when General Hooker recovered consciousness, the movement in retreat was resumed.

After the most of our troops had retired, a soldier came running into the house and said the roof was on fire. There must have been nearly two hundred of our wounded in the building beside the room full of rebels. Now came our chance. The medical director and myself made all the cellar skulkers come up and take each one hold of a wounded man and help carry them to a place of safety within our lines. A number of the provost guard, seeing the fire, came in and took charge of my wounded rebels. After the wounded were all disposed of, then came the women. I can never forget the great shrieks and cries of those poor creatures. We would get them to the door and try to encourage them to leave the house but, as soon as they could get a sight outside and see the destruction and hear the terrible

din, they would come screaming back. By this time the fire had made such rapid progress that I expected every moment the whole upper stories would fall in. A general officer came rushing in and said we must all get out of the building instantly, as the house would fall in on us. We again tried to get the women out but, as soon as we got them to the door, a shell exploded on the outside and they again came screaming back. A young rebel lad was in the lead and he seemed to be the most noisy and worst frightened of the crowd. The General couldn't stand it. He drew his pistol, cocked it, pointed it to the boy's head and swore that, if he didn't instantly come out of the house, he would shoot him dead on the spot. With a scream of terror one of the women jumped in front of the pistol. It must have been the boy's mother. She begged the General not to shoot. He put up his pistol and the medical director, the General and myself caught hands, thus forming a chain, and just pulled the whole of them out of the house. What a terrible place for women! I was told afterwards that three of them were wounded, before they could be gotten to a place of safety. The boy and the baby I think came out all right.

After the house was emptied, I began to think of myself, the medical director who went with the women having disappeared, and buckled on my sword, took my surgeon's knapsack and looked at my overcoat hanging on a nail. My first thought was, why take my overcoat with me? I cannot run this terrible gauntlet between both armies and come out alive, but a second thought came—I may perhaps get through and, if so, I will need my overcoat these cold nights. I took down the coat, threw it over my shoulder, left my haversack containing my dinner on a nail, which I much regretted afterwards, and went to the door. One glance was enough. Our skirmishers right in front of me were coming, jumping out of the rifle pits in a confused mass and running toward me and right behind was a long line of rebs coming to give a charge. I saw at a glance that what was done must be done quickly. I jumped down from the door and ran thirty steps, when I found I could not run any more on account of the heavy load I was carrying and the hot sun. I then concluded not to run any more but simply to take my time and walk independently of what was going on around me. I was expecting every moment

to be shot, but thanks to a kind Providence I escaped unhurt, although I discovered afterwards a hole in my sash which I had never seen there before. Whilst passing through this terrible gauntlet on the way back to our lines a shell came flying so near my head that I involuntarily ducked my head. At the same moment another flew so close to my head that I made a second dodge, and, in so doing, I tripped myself so as almost to fall down. I straightened up with a feeling of anger and determination that I would do no more dodging and that right in the presence of our Army. Scarcely had this resolution been made, however, when a shell flew by and exploded so near me that, before I could give a thought, I made a great jump to avoid it. I have since learned that in thus ducking and dodging I was not singular.

Of the retreat of our Army the next night and the re-crossing of the river history has told the story. I will only say we were much disappointed and all felt sad at the great loss of life and worse than fruitless result of the campaign.

It was but a few days after the battle when an incident occurred which I have never yet seen in print. We had returned to our old camping ground, when it was rumored that Governor Curtin had arrived. The boys, who were unhurt, were ordered out upon dress parade, and, after a hearty cheer from the Regiment, the Governor mounted a large stump and began an address. It proved, however, a very difficult matter for him. He tried to console and encourage the boys, spoke of his sympathy in their behalf and of the great loss of life and the loss of many of our Regiment whom he personally knew. "Where," said he, pointing his hand over toward the river, "Where is my friend Lieutenant Bible? and where Lieutenant Stevenson? Their bodies, with those of many others of my personal friends, are lying on the other side of that river." He could say no more. He burst into tears. He was completely overcome. It was now the Regiment's turn to sympathize and try to comfort the heart of the Chief Executive of our great state. Discipline and restraint were at an end; there was one universal rush of the men, officers and all, to grasp the hand of the great War Governor.

STORY OF THE CHAPLAIN.

By his son, Rev. Emory M. Stevens

William Henry Stevens was of Scotch-Irish descent, born near Shirleysburg, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, December 12, 1831, and died of neuralgia of the heart, a legacy of his army experience, after but fifteen minutes sickness, in Shelby, Iowa, June 10, 1901. Ten days prior to the public memorial service of the G. A. R. Post, of which he was Chaplain, he had from the theme, "Who shall be the next?" delivered an eloquent and pathetic address upon the rapid passing of his comrades. His death was the answer to his question.

Sunday morning, June 2d, he preached his last sermon from Revelations 22:5. "There shall be no night there." What are believed to be his last written words closed a letter to his son a few hours before his death. He had just conducted a prayer meeting service, and in writing of it and his own peace of mind and heart, closed with his personal testimony, "My happiness is not based on things temporal and seen, but on things unseen and eternal."

His body rests in the Three Springs Cemetery, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. Comrade Thomas W. Myton, of Company H, whom the Chaplain had aided when sorely wounded at Chancellorsville, represented the Regiment at his funeral and, in a feeling and appropriate manner, paid a beautiful tribute to his character as a man and Christian, and his fidelity as a soldier and Chaplain.

The Chaplain in physique was spare of flesh, but sinewy, erect, six feet one inch in height, hair black and abundant, eyes steel gray, voice strong, distinct and having great carrying power so that it could easily be heard at considerable distances in the open air.

In March, 1855, he entered the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his presiding elder being John A. Collins, leader of the anti-slavery debate in the General Conference of 1844, which resulted in the withdrawal of the southern delegates and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The annual conference of March, 1861, met in Baltimore and part of the

time was held behind closed and guarded doors, because of the intensely bitter pro-slavery feeling of that city. At this conference he was appointed to Bald Eagle Circuit, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and moved to Port Matilda, one of the appointments on his new charge.

He had not made the second round of his several preaching places when Fort Sumter was fired upon. His pulpit at once rang with the most loyal expressions and fervent appeals. Four brothers enlisted for the defense of the flag, a fifth offered his services and was rejected because of ill health, and only his obligations to his parish kept him back.

In the summer of 1862, a number of his officary suggested that he raise a company. In response he enlisted thirty-five men, mostly from the attendants upon his ministry. The 148th Infantry Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, was just being organized. Early in August going to Bellefonte with these recruits they joined the squad raised by George A. Fairlamb, M. D., the two constituting the larger part of Company H, with George A. Fairlamb, Captain; George A. Bayard, First Lieutenant and William H. Stevens, Second Lieutenant.

They were conveyed by hacks and stages over the mountains to Lewistown and there in the night took the train for Harrisburg. Scarcely started when the front end of the coach occupied by Company H caught fire, the motion of the train fanned the flames, which with the stifling smoke drew through the car. There was no water, the engineer was unconscious of the difficulty, all communication with the engine being cut off, the whole train was in danger. One man in desperation leaped from the car and was killed. Finally from the rear platform, one was lifted by his comrades to the roof of the car, whence he crawled to the engine and reported the danger. At Mifflin the partially consumed coach was side tracked. Soon after daylight they reached Camp Curtin, were assigned quarters, awaited their physical examination, all of the original squad passing, save one, and August 16, 1862, were sworn into the service of the United States.

While officer of the guard here, Lieutenant Stevens found a member of the Regiment asleep at his post; the man was badly frightened; the Lieutenant talked to him of what might have been the consequences if they had been in the presence of the enemy, how thousands of lives would have been jeopardized. After soundly admonishing him the Chaplain told him that, because picket duty was so new to him and no doubt trying, he would not report his neglect, if he promised never to permit such a thing to occur again. The promise was gladly given, the man became a most excellent soldier and several years after the War, sought out the officer and thanked him for his kindness.

It may be of interest to note that each of the line officers of Company H, in its preliminary organization, later became regimental officers, closely identified with the Regiment's splendid record. Capt. George A. Fairlamb, promoted to Major and later to Lieutenant Colonel; severely wounded and captured, loved by his command, who delight in telling how when freezing on the picket line he sent loads of wood for fires, thus instituting a custom later adopted by many others; Lieut. George A. Bayard, ever kind hearted and considerate, also promoted to Major and Lieutenant Colonel, wounded and captured, who returned from his enforced exile in time to rejoin the Regiment in its closing struggles, and Lieut. William H. Stevens, promoted to the chaplaincy.

There were many applicants for this position, he was not distinctly so. His selection came as an agreeable surprise and was due to Col. James A. Beaver more than to any other person. The evening before the organization of the Regiment he was summoned to the Colonel's quarters who said:

"Lieutenant, which would you prefer, to retain your present position with the possibilities of promotion or become Chaplain of the Regiment?"

"My business is preaching, I would rather be Chaplain."

"Then go sell your sword and buy a Bible."

Colonel Beaver who had already seen a year of active service and thoroughly understood the needs of a soldier's life and knew the sore temptations to which they were exposed, said he desired a Chap-

lain who came from the men rather than to them, who would freely mingle among them, win their confidence, make their trials his own, conduct prayer and similar meetings, look after their spiritual welfare and help them to bear the strain of camp, march and battle, in fact be the pastor of the Regiment. He also stated that he believed that his choice of a Chaplain would have been that of the rank and file, had they been consulted. Later he said to the Chaplain, "If you need money to purchase books or papers or any aid in conducting meetings or in any way helping the men to better moral, intellectual or religious experience, be free to make your wants known and I shall do all I can to see that they are supplied." This promise the Colonel faithfully kept as long as he was with the Regiment, and his loyal and enthusiastic support added not a little to the efficiency of the work of the Chaplain and that fidelity to the position which led one of the brigade officers, years afterwards, in an address before a G. A. R. Post, fifteen hundred miles distant, on the "Model Army Chaplain," to use the Chaplain of the 148th, as an illustration of his high ideal. With the Colonel's view of the office, duties and responsibilities of a Chaplain, the Chaplain himself was in most hearty accord and with all possible energy at once threw himself into his work. Comrades still live who remember how while on guard near his tent they paused to listen, as in family prayer with the mess, he fervently plead, at a throne of grace, for the troops, their cause and the loved ones at home. Prayer meetings and preaching services were regularly maintained whenever the exigencies of the campaign did not prevent.

The character of his work and his anxiety for the welfare of those under his care is revealed in a letter to his wife, "In the field near Rapidan Station, October 4, 1863." Commenting upon the prospect of getting home, he adds:

"But my work is here now and I hope it will soon be at home with you and the boys. But so long as my health is good and my Regiment is in the field, I feel that this is my home, and now that the Lord is to some extent blessing my labors I take courage. Two souls have been converted at our prayer meeting since I last wrote you, others are seeking, we have pleasant times, I feel the presence of the Lord with me in my work and am satisfied that he is giving

me favor with the men. There is not an officer in the Regiment who does not treat me with the kindest respect, and I have been told several times that General Caldwell (Division Commander) has said publicly that the Chaplain of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers was the best Chaplain in his Division. These things make me thankful to my Master."

Soon after this in the splendid winter camp near Stevensburg, Virginia, a comfortable and commodious church was built. The pioneer corps had in it many skilled woodsmen who were unexcelled in the use of the axe; these felled the Virginia pines, hewed the logs and put them together in a way that made a really fine building. Near camp was an old saw mill which had been abandoned for several years, but the practical mechanics and lumbermen of the Regiment so restored it that the old lady who owned it said she, "Never saw such fellows as these Yankees. That old mill had rotted down ten years ago, but now they had made it better than it ever had been." From lumber cut on this mill, in addition to some old lumber found and confiscated, doors, windows, seats and flooring were made. The Christian Commission furnished canvas for covering. In it more than two hundred were converted during the winter, and for weeks there was scarcely a time between reveille and taps when some kind of a service was not in progress in it. It also served for an instruction room for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Regiment as well as a school room for such of the privates as cared to thus spend the heavy winter hours, a reading room and a place to write letters to home loved ones and for social gatherings. During the erection of this building the Chaplain cut his foot on an axe left sticking in one of the logs, and was laid aside for several weeks.

His mother, who lived on a farm had been given a calf, this she personally cared for and when it reached a marketable age, disposed of it to a drover and with the proceeds purchased a Bible for each of her children. His Bible he carried during all the years of his chaplaincy, used in his hospital work and all his religious services. It is still in possession of the family. Many of the texts, passages of scripture and chapters he read or discussed in those days are marked, and it would be of intense interest to know the history of some of them, fraught as they were with earnest appeals for the solace and

comfort of some sick, weary or dying boy. A comrade's dairy records that just after the return to Virginia from Gettysburg, he preached at 11:00 A. M., Sunday, August 9, 1863, from Isaiah v:5-6, and near Petersburg, Sunday, July 17, 1864, from Matthew xxii: 14, "For many are called, but few are chosen." These are the only passages the identity of which can now be established.

The Chaplain was ever a safe and sympathetic confidant and counselor and a willing friend in need. During a battle he was often found on the firing line, ministering to and aiding the wounded, comforting and praying with the dying, receiving their farewell messages, caring for their effects and after all was over writing the friends in the desolated homes.

Major General John R. Brooke relates that when the troops expected a sudden attack at Jonesboro, and it seemed necessary to quickly dig rifle pits and throw up breast works, he saw the Chaplain, with his coat off, vigorously swinging an axe and later as industriously as any other rolling logs; also that in the heat of battle, when the men could not leave the line and were suffering for water, he had seen him so strung full of canteens, suspended from almost every part of his body, that he could scarcely travel, in his effort to succor them. A brother officer says that in digging of wells for water he seemed to have a kind of instinct, and they so seldom failed to obtain water where he suggested the propriety of digging, that it became the common thing to consult the Chaplain before beginning this kind of labor.

When Henry C. Campbell was wounded at the battle of Chancellorville, he carried him on his back to the field hospital, a mile distant, and not a few stricken ones were thus assisted to places of safety and relief.

On the march he was frequently seen bearing the muskets and luggage of exhausted soldiers, while they rode his horse. An example of this was at Mine Run to which the Regiment had made a forced march for picket and reconnoitering service. After having been continuously on duty for three days and nights, under most trying circumstances and subject to great exposure, the return march was made through deep mud, many becoming exhausted. One in de-

scribing it said that he met the Chaplain, "trudging along, leading his horse, which was covered from head to tail, with twenty-five or more knapsacks."

During the race with Lee for Gettysburg, on the first day of the battle, the Regiment made thirty-five miles; the heat was intense and the dust several inches deep, rising and settling everywhere and filling eyes, ears and throat. Much of the afternoon of that day his horse was at the disposal of the foot-sore. The Regiment neither knew where they were marching nor what was transpiring in their front. Toward evening he stepped out of the column, and from an old man near the road, learned that a great battle was being fought and that one of the Union Generals had been killed. This was the first news the Regiment received of Gettysburg where so many of their number were to fall. A few minutes later an orderly passed asking for General Hancock, and still later the escort bearing the body of General Reynolds was met.

At this battle he assisted in the care of General Barksdale of the Confederate forces, when mortally wounded, as also in his burial under the little peach tree, near General Meade's headquarters.

On the morning after the battle, while down near the public road between the lines, with a squad gathering up the wounded, and while giving food to Lieutenant Stevens, a Confederate officer from Fredericksburg, Virginia, General Lee's picket line and rear guard fired, scattering the squad. This Lieutenant stated that the Confederacy had received their death blow, that they came north expecting to fight a few militia and home guards and only realized what was before them, when on the morning of July 2d, they saw the butterfly of the Second Corps and knew that that meant the Army of the Potomac was in their front. This officer refused to be exchanged when the opportunity was presented, said that it was useless to fight longer and that he had enough of it. That he had believed that the North was as nearly depleted of men and supplies as the South; to march with this impression into Southern Pennsylvania in the midst of wheat harvest, and find the hills and valleys covered with waving grain, with apparently ample help to gather it, was a revelation coming with the sensation of a shock, quickly dispelling the illusions held by the Army

of Northern Virginia. The same day of this experience the Chaplain, counted five dead rebels, each shot through the forehead, behind a rock, in front of the Regiment's position in the second day's fight, bearing awful testimony to the marksmanship of the command.

He was deeply religious and thoroughly reverent and often said that the only time he ever heard anything savoring of profanity, that was not utterly repulsive to him was during the great artillery duel of the third day. He was with the reserve artillery, which was parked near Rock Creek. It seemed to him that everything was being blown to pieces and at the rate the reserve was being hurried to the front, there soon would be none left. A Lieutenant in charge of a field piece came back; two horses were dragging the gun, one wheel of which was gone, the axle being supported by a rail. As the Lieutenant was coupling to a new gun the Chaplain ventured to ask:

"Lieutenant, how is it going up there?"

Sharp and emphatic the answer came, "Oh, we're just giving them h——."

The Chaplain felt relieved, and if General Sherman's definition of War is correct, the Lieutenant's answer described the true situation.

After the battle he was present at the Corps Hospital when the second examination of General Hancock's wound was made and the nail, either from his saddle tree or an enemy's gun was found. The remarks made by the General when told of the discovery were not exactly religious.

His duties frequently took him to the hospital and there much of his time was spent, after a battle his almost constant presence being required. The night after the terrible struggle at Po River, May 10, 1864, he was alone in charge of several hundred wounded. Two men had been detailed to assist, others were to have been sent later, but none reported. Of the two, one decamped early in the evening, the other remained and faithfully labored, but about midnight the Chaplain noticing how weary he was, told him to take his blankets and lie down and after he had a little rest he would call him. He was soon in a sound sleep and the Chaplain knowing that he had fought all day and probably would have to fight all of the

next day did not awake him until daylight, and then told him to join his Regiment. All he could do that night was to carry water, give the wounded drink and wet their bandages. The water he obtained from a spring some distance away and at the foot of a hill. This spring was surrounded by tall pines in which during the night owls congregated with their dismal hootings. He often stated that that was the most trying night he ever experienced and that it was difficult to tell which was the most nerve racking, the moans of the suffering in the hospital or the hooting of the owls in the pines over the spring. Eighteen men died that night. One, shot through the heel, suffered excruciatingly and continuously groaned in his agony. The one next to him said:

“Comrade cannot you keep quiet? I cannot sleep and do not care to, but perhaps some of the boys could if we were quiet.”

The other replied: “I cannot; I suffer so with my feet.”

The response was: “I have both feet off.” The former died, the latter lived.

One poor fellow who had lost a foot, tried to console by telling him that he would not have to fight any more, and would soon be discharged and get home. He burst into tears and exclaimed: “But, Chaplain, what will my poor wife and children do now that I am not able to provide for them?” This was a hard question to answer in those days.

Not all of his hospital experiences were pathetic, some being rather humorous as when one who was sick begged of him to endeavor to get him sent home, “For, Chaplain, I am afraid I shall die if I remain here and you know it is said dust to dust, but if I am buried here I will turn to sand.” As when William H. Kellerman, with frozen feet, after having been for seven days cut off from his command, in front of Petersburg, lying during that time, in a little hole in the sand under a brush heap; during the day constantly exposed to the fire of both armies and at night within a few feet of the rebel vidette, without food, shelter or water, save that from his own person, in the darkness and falling mist of the eighth night, carrying his Spencer and all his accoutrements with

him, crept into his own lines and then fainted from exhaustion, was carried to the hospital, where he was told by the Chaplain:

"Had I been as weak as you are, I would have left those things behind."

"Left that gun! Let the rebs have that gun! I would have died first."

That was the kind of material the 148th was made of.

An incident the Chaplain related with great gusto, was that while in front of Petersburg, the pickets had to dig holes in the ground for protection. John M. English crawled out to one of these, dropped in and proceeded to build a fort for his better protection. By keeping his head down and working diligently, he soon had quite a dirt barricade with a port hole in its center for his Spencer. In his immediate front was a large rebel fort. Getting range of the port hole directly opposite he drove the artillerymen from their gun and silenced the piece. He thus held his position for several hours, when they began to fight upon the right and the balls began to come down the line. He turned his head to see what was going on up there, the enemy took advantage of his inattention to open upon him with artillery. The first shot was too high, but John knowing what was coming next got down as close to the bottom of the hole as he could. The second shell at the same time hit the fort and exploded, throwing the gun back twenty feet, although not injuring it. John was knocked unconscious, quite badly cut about the arms and back, had his coat nearly torn off and was buried under the wreckage. His comrades ran in and pulled him out. The first thing he said when he partially regained consciousness was, "I knew the rebs were mighty mean but never thought they were mean enough to open on one man with artillery."

One of the unpleasant features of a Chaplain's duties was that of ministering to men under sentence of death by court martial, of which several cases came under his care, although probably none from the Regiment itself. In the letter of October 4, 1863, already mentioned, he says:

"I performed the most solemn duty on the 2d (Friday) that ever crossed my pathway. I was sent for on Wednesday night to

visit a young man at division headquarters, condemned to be shot for desertion. When I went to see him the General asked me to become his spiritual adviser and to officiate at the execution. I could not refuse as there was no Chaplain in the Regiment to which he belonged and the young man desired a Methodist Chaplain, and I was one of the only two in the Division. I found him very ignorant on all religious subjects and seeing that I would have to be his teacher as well as spiritual adviser, I commenced at the alphabet of religion. He readily comprehended the plan of redemption and on Thursday night was converted. I have no doubt of his genuine conversion. He was too ignorant to be susceptible of deception or hypocrisy. He sang hymns until the provost marshal came in and told me that they were ready. He arose, put on his cap, took my arm and marched behind his coffin, borne by four men, half a mile, approached his grave, took his cap off, heard his sentence read. I then prayed and bade him good-bye. The provost marshal then blindfolded him, he then seated himself on his coffin and in a moment was pierced by eight balls, six in the body and two through the head. All of which time he never moved a muscle—was as composed and cheerful as I have ever been in all my life. He made this remark when on the way to the place of execution, when I exhorted him to continue to trust in Christ, "Chaplain it seems to me that the Lord goes with me wherever I go." He belonged to the 66th New York. Name, Adam Small, aged twenty years, has a mother and four brothers. Strange to tell, though a few weeks ago I stood off and saw the execution of two men, I was so shocked that I could hardly stand on my feet, I led this young man to the place of execution, attended him in his last moments and saw him shot, put in his coffin and buried without the least emotion or unpleasant feeling."

Eighteen days later he writes:

"We marched from Bull Run on Monday, arrived here on Tuesday, lay in the woods yesterday, were ordered into regular camp this morning, worked hard all day fixing up nice and held prayer meeting in the evening, came to my quarters and found orders to march at seven-thirty in the morning. I have no idea where we are going, hence I write. On last Friday I led the second young man out to his grave, seated him on his coffin and saw him shot. These are duties which require courage."

At least one other such duty was performed. The man, who was near middle life, nearly collapsed and leaned so heavily upon the Chaplain, in the march from the ambulance to the grave that he had to almost carry him. To add to the painfulness of the situation, the first volley missed the condemned man, the second only

broke his arm, when the officer in charge completed the execution by a shot from his revolver.

The Regiment not having been paid for several months received their back pay April 16, 1863. At their request the Chaplain was sent home with their money, carrying \$65,000 to Washington, where the amount belonging to the companies west of the Alleghany Mountains, was expressed and \$45,000, in a satchel from there to Centre County. Each soldier's money was in a separate package and in nearly every case was delivered to the family in person.

Upon his return he was surprised by being presented by the officers with the magnificent bay saddle horse, Jim, seventeen and a half hands high. Lieutenant Wilson was the purchasing agent. Jim had been brought to the Army for the use of another officer, but was so full of mettle, especially when under fire that the owner could neither ride nor manage him. When this was told Wilson he said, "The Chaplain can ride anything," and at once bought him. The men furnished the equipment; his enumeration of this in a letter of May 17, 1863, was "Saddle, bridle, halter, nose bucket, brush, curry comb, saddle blanket, saddle pockets, watering rein and bit, picket iron and rope and pistol holders." One of the conditions of the presentation was that the horse should remain with the Regiment so long as it maintained its organization. The Chaplain rode him until the close of the War. In passing other regiments it was the common cry, half in jest, half in earnest, "Oh, what a big Chaplain! Oh, what a big horse!"

The evening of the second day's fight at Gettysburg, Jim was left in the rear of Cemetery Ridge, while the Chaplain went to the line to minister to any in need of his services. When he returned, Jim was gone, a cavalry officer having appropriated him. He was recovered the next day. The officer at first with a good deal of bluster and many threats refused to surrender him, but when he discovered that the Chaplain, who had only a fatigue suit on, probably ranked him, quickly quieted down and meekly listened to a lecture on horse stealing. Later Jim was again stolen and after six weeks absence was found in a sutler's team.

In the Wilderness the Chaplain lay down at Jim's feet with his arm through the bridle rein, to be awakened by the pawing of the horse and to find that for some time the fight had been raging all around him. Later one night with the Regiment he lay down by the road side, when he awoke it was daylight and he and Jim were the only living things in sight. Uncomfortable visions of Libby Prison began to flit before him. From an examination of the road he detected which way the Regiment had marched. It was ten o'clock before he came to where they were resting they having marched all the after part of the night and morning.

A letter written from Boydton Plank Road, March 31, 1865, says:

"Yesterday we advanced one mile and found the enemy strongly intrenched, but there was not much fighting done on account of the rain which fell in torrents all day and still it rains beautifully. There is heavy firing on the skirmish line at this time but it rains so hard that I think there will not be much done until it slackens. While eating my supper last evening, a shell exploded in the vicinity of my quarters and a very large piece cut my bridle rein in two, passing under Jim's neck and entering the ground on the spot where my tent had been erected but two hours before. I was eating supper about two rods distant. I think my escape providential, for I took my tent down for no particular reason and had been sitting in the rain at a little fire and had the tent been up I would no doubt have been in it."

At another time while sitting on Jim a spent ball buried itself in the saddle flap.

Near Petersburg, one afternoon he rode to the front with Quartermaster Musser. The road was up the bank of a stream partially wood lined. When they came out of the woods into the opening the rebel sharpshooters, who were in a log house on the bluff, got the range of them. The wind of a bullet cut the Chaplain's face. In an instant he was on the ground. The Quartermaster sat on his horse laughing at the Chaplain's bravery and remarking, "Those fellows cannot hit anything at that distance," when a second ball just missed his ear. He promptly joined the Chaplain. By creeping on hands and knees, behind the bushes along

the river and leading their horses, until they regained the timber, they made their escape.

At the close of the War Jim was brought to Orbisonia, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, and sold to a wool dealer, who treated him kindly and prized him highly. For several years he made frequent visits to the Chaplain's home, where Jim always received an enthusiastic welcome, and never failed to recognize his former rider, giving manifestation to his pleasure in horse fashion. The saddle and bridle, though frequently patched up were used by the Chaplain until within a few months of his death. The family still preserve the saddle, not much being left of it save the tree.

Besides his pack horse, Doll, the Chaplain during the last months of the service, had a third horse, Jack, inquired of by the regimental survivors in recent years almost as frequently as Jim. Jack was in almost every respect the opposite of Jim and was somewhat of a curiosity. He was an undersized, club-footed, long-haired, sorrel colt, and many a sly remark was made to the Chaplain about his new mount. Jack joined the Regiment in this way. In the fall of 1864 a twelve-year-old bare footed girl came into the camp, selling cakes and pies. Questioned by the Chaplain, she stated that her home was near. After several visits to his quarters he accompanied her to her home and found it to be a very humble log cabin, occupied by the father, mother and several children. They were soundly loyal and greatly desired to get father north, where their surroundings would be more congenial and where the father believed he could better care for his family and his children could obtain an education through the free public schools. Twenty-five dollars would pay their car fare, but they were very poor, had no money and nothing to sell, save Jack, who at that time was hardly worth five dollars. The Chaplain purchased him paying the amount needed for transportation, from the double motive of aiding the family and experimenting on Jack's feet. In due time Jack was led into camp, the observed of all observers. Dismay struck the heart of every horse owner in the Regiment, if not in the Division, when it was speedily noised abroad the Chaplain's new horse was not only ugly and worthless but lousy—myriads of them—the shaggy

jacket full of them. Consternation rapidly gave place to indignation; angry protests were uttered. The Chaplain calmly replied that the charges against Jack were true but that he would be responsible for him and his numerous colony. The troops were receiving rations of potatoes; he went among the boys and begged the peelings, boiled them thoroughly, washed Jack in the water and ever afterward he was as clean as any other equine. When the Regiment broke camp in the spring of 1865, Jack was turned loose to shift for himself. When the Regiment marched out of sight he was contentedly munching at a pile of several bushels of oats, heaped on the ground. But he was not loyal to his former master and had been too long with the Regiment to be forsaken in that way and did not propose to remain alone in rebeldom, even if unlimited freedom was the proffered bribe. The next day as the Chaplain rode in the marching column, Jack gaily trotted up to him. After trying to drive him away and failing, he told the boys to get a rope, put a halter on him and load him with their pans, kettles and knapsacks. Thus he participated in the pursuit of Lee and the long return march to Washington, was then sent to Meadow Gap, Huntingdon County, and became the property of a Dutchman, proportionately diminutive as he was. His new owner never having possessed a horse did not understand all the complicated mechanism of a horse's anatomy and a few days after the sale came to the Chaplain in great anxiety asking him to take Jack back, that there was something wrong with him.

"There is nothing wrong except his feet and you knew that before you bought him."

The Dutchman replied, "There is something wrong with his insides, when he runs down hill they go gooly, gooly, gooly."

He was persuaded to give Jack a further trial and became so enamored of him that to his dying day he was rapturous in his praise of the good qualities of "mine Shaek."

The facts were, Jack's feet became nearly straight, his shaggy coat short and lustrous and he developed into considerable of a horse.

The Chaplain had pronounced views as to when foraging was permissible, contending that only in case of actual need or to deprive

the enemy of the means of subsistence was it ever justifiable and then rarely except by regular organized squads sent out for that purpose. George W. Farnsler says that the first and last thing he ever stole, while belonging to the Regiment, was a bag of oats which he thus appropriated for the Chaplain's horse, while in front of Petersburg, and the Chaplain made him carry it back over half a mile. The Chaplain himself never but twice exercised this privilege of a soldier, each time to relieve the wants of Jim. The first was when on a hard march no grain could be obtained and Jim had been without food of any kind for more than twenty-four hours. Near the place of the evening encampment a well-filled corn crib was found and attacked by the boys. When he arrived an old woman and her daughter were in the crib on the corn, vigorously defending it against a dozen soldiers crowded about the open door. Passing around to the rear he pried off a lath, dropped about a bushel of ears into a sack, came to the front, handed the woman fifty cents, shouldered his corn and walked off. Later when Jim's commissary was again empty, he followed a road cut zig-zag through the dense pines, for a mile, and came to where corn in the shock had been hauled for concealment. From this he husked a sack full, the horse helping himself to a bountiful feast of fodder.

When during the first winter, certain of the Regiment one morning in a few minutes nearly emptied the molasses barrel of the commissary of the Irish Brigade, by means of sticks, boards and shingles plunged into the sticky substance, twisted until full and then turned as they ran, one rushed into his quarters with a shingle from which was scraped three quarts of the pilfered sweet. No account is extant as to what became of it, but none was ever returned to the sons of the Emerald Isle. It was this prank in addition to many similar raids on pork, beef and hard tack that led General Hancock to interview a detail of the Regiment, engaged in cutting wood at his headquarters, as to how they fared. When one answered:

“General we do not get half enough to eat.”

The General responded, “I would not give a d—— for a soldier who got half enough and could not steal the other half.”

The sequel was the stealing of the General's breakfast, off his table, a few weeks later, and his remark, "If I could get Beaver and his Regiment within three or four miles of Richmond, they would steal the city and Jeff Davis and his Cabinet along with it."

This subject recalls several meals among the many obtained under peculiar circumstances. At a time when rations were scarce, one of his company sent Captain Bayard a nice ham. Although fresh and skinned the Captain, under the circumstances thankfully accepted the gift and asked no questions. The Captain knew the Chaplain's scruples in regard to foraging but knowing also from a conversation of a few hours previous, that the Chaplain's mess was out of meat and almost every thing eatable, generously invited him to dinner. The Chaplain knew that the Captain's larder had been as empty as his own. Though surprised at the invitation and wondering what the dinner would consist of, accepted the invitation with the alacrity of a hungry man. If he discovered the probable source of the dinner he kept quiet for conscience or stomach's sake and also asked no questions. When seated at the table the Captain suggested that the Chaplain "say grace," who responded in a reverent and solemn manner, by thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for so abundantly providing for them *this food* in their hour of need. The staff who knew that the pig was stolen, were greatly amused.

Near Falmouth the Regiment went rabbit hunting. A large abandoned field overgrown with briars provided a convenient cover for a numerous family. The discovery was no sooner made than the whole force charged through the thickets and undergrowth, yelling and beating the bunnies out of their retreat and capturing a number. The Chaplain crossing the field by a path saw a rabbit coming as only a badly scared rabbit can, squatted down in the path with the intention of trying to seize it as it passed. The creature possibly taking him for a stump, ran under his coat and started up his back. It is needless to add that it constituted a very acceptable portion of the evening meal.

At this same Falmouth "Bob Cassidy's" famous Christmas dinner was served. The Chaplain, who was an expert axeman, was

at work Christmas day with the mess hewing logs and building their winter quarters, known from its resemblance in form to the noted Confederate ram, as the Merrimac. Bob was given charge of the preparation of the dinner, consisting of pork and beans in the form of a soup. A temporary shack for shelter, of brush and leaves, had been erected a little distance from where the Merrimac was being built. Here Bob kindled his fire and placed the kettle over it, resting on two logs. The contents of the kettle did not cook as rapidly as desired. The exercise of the open air whetted the appetites of the builders, who kept calling out, "Bob, what is wrong?" "Is that dinner not ready?" At length when almost cooked one log burned in two and the kettle turned upside down in the ashes. Bob quickly turned it over, gathered up the meat and what beans he could with his hands, threw them back into the kettle, brushed the ashes over the scene of the catastrophe, poured water into the kettle and serenely announced dinner. The first course seemed all right and Bob was praised for his ability as a cook, but when one of the company went back for a second plate, he made a wry face and remarked that, "There seems to be a good many ashes in that soup." Bob explained it by the statement that "the wind blew hard and I could not keep them out." But the next one dipping still nearer to the bottom of the kettle with his tin cup, got sand which began to grit between his teeth and demanded how sand had gotten in there. Bob in his inimitable way gave a plausible explanation for this but after dinner was compelled to tell the truth about the mishap.

This dinner while unusual in seasoning and variety was not quite so abundant as when the mess prepared their first rice, taking a tin cup of the dry cereal for each man. Vessels were not numerous enough to hold the resulting expansion and no Chinaman ever ate more rice in a given time than did they.

Scarce as provisions were at times the distress from this cause evidently was not to be compared to that endured by the enemy. After the repulse of the attack popularly known as "Hot Coffee Hill," from the fact that the morning coffee was just boiling on the camp fires when the first volley came, scattering both breakfast and

men, he opened the haversack of a dead Confederate and found nothing therein, save three ears of dry corn, one of which showed tooth marks where an attempt had been made to eat it in the hard and raw state.

The duties of the Chaplain had but little to do with the drill and discipline of the troops and perhaps, after his promotion he was never asked but once to give them an order. In this case the regular regimental officers being sick or absent the command for a few hours devolved upon one who was unaccustomed to this responsibility and not very familiar with the manual of arms and the forms in which orders pertaining thereto as well as the ordinary formations were given. The Chaplain was watching this officer drilling the Regiment, when he became confused and turning to him said:

“Chaplain, you give the order.”

“What do you want them to do?”

“You know, Chaplain, just give it.”

“But I do not know. I shall be glad to do so if you tell me what you want done.”

“Hang it, bunch them, Chaplain, bunch them.” He wanted them massed and had forgotten the order.

The Chaplain was not a coward as his comrades will attest; nevertheless on a certain occasion he perhaps was the worst scared man in the Army of the Potomac. When camping he was accustomed to stretch his lariat between two trees, throw his tent over one end and gave the boys the privilege of placing their pup tents on the remainder. In this instance the rope had been stretched from an apple tree whose base was thickly grown about with sprouts. He placed his tent against the tree, breaking down the sprouts upon which he spread his blankets for a bunk. The pup tents were strung out on the line two feet apart, just giving room for a man to pass between them. The country was full of large black snakes. One day after dinner a squad of soldiers surrounded one of these reptiles, just back of the tents. When the snake would attempt to pass the circle, they by yelling and stamping their feet would drive it back. The snake becoming more and more excited

and terrorized was making every effort to break the cordon, when General Caldwell who commanded the Division and was a very humane officer, attracted by the furor came up and said, "Boys, do not be so cruel. If you are going to kill that creature, kill it, but do not torture it in that way." While the attention of the circle was drawn to the General, the snake took the opportunity to break through and glided down between the first pup tent and the Chaplain's tent, where he met a soldier coming up the narrow passage. To escape the new foe he turned aside into the Chaplain's tent and started for the apple tree. The Chaplain was asleep on his bunk, lying on his back with his mouth open, his usual manner when in that posture and condition. The snake ran up his prostrate body and he did not awake until it was crossing his face in its flight up the tree. No athlete ever made such a spring from such a position and when he landed without the tent, his face bloodless and his whole frame quivering from the nervous shock he was greeted by a chorus of shouts, "The Chaplain has swallowed the snake." When his snakeship was shaken from the limb where he had concealed himself and was bayoneted he was found to be nearly six feet long.

Though the boys thought often and even sang of the girls they had left behind them, the Chaplain was requested to solemnize but one marriage during his army experience. This was the marriage of Colonel Paul and an English lady who had crossed the Atlantic for that purpose. It was performed at night in the Colonel's quarters and was intended to be somewhat secret, but was in part revealed by the hilarity of a portion of the participants, and in part by the Chaplain over sleeping, the next morning indicating to watchful eyes that he had been up late. The wedding was a double one, only one bride and bridegroom, but two separate and distinct ceremonies being performed, one Protestant, the other Catholic. A priest who was a Chaplain in the Irish Brigade, being the other celebrant. One of the contracting persons was a Protestant, the other a Catholic. Certain property rights were involved in England and the English law required that the double ceremony should be performed. Colonel Paul was certainly well married. A few hours

after the wedding the bride left for her home land and shortly after Colonel Paul resigned for the same reason that made his wedding so hilarious.

The Chaplain's letters during 1863 refer frequently to suffering with rheumatism. In his Rapidan Station letter of October 4th, he says, "I have been troubled with rheumatism to some extent for a week. We are on very low ground and in a thick wood; the weather has been very cold and wet for several days, and I am satisfied that if there is any predisposition to rheumatism in a man's system soldiering will bring it out," and expresses the opinion that because the camping ground is so very bad the Regiment would soon move, probably to Culpeper. The evening of the sixth he writes that the order to move had been received and they would march in the morning. At another time he writes, "It has been raining for several days and is rather uncomfortable when you have been in the rain constantly for seven days and nights without shelter and continually chilled." A letter from the North Anna River, May 26, 1864, says, "I have been troubled very much with headache since we commenced campaigning. I think my stomach is out of order." June 30th he writes, "The weather has been very warm for several days but is cooler now. We have had no rain for several weeks and the dust is half knee deep in many places. We have had trouble to get water, there being none except when we dig for it. We dig holes where the ponds have been and get water in three or four feet." What kind of water must this have been? These conditions, indicating physical distress and approaching sickness increased rather than diminished. One of the surgeons had instructed him, the first year of service, never to enter the hospital without first having eaten something if only a piece of cracker. Early in August, having slept late, he arose hurriedly and at once went to the hospital to see a comrade who was dangerously sick with fever. The surgeon coming in asked:

"Chaplain, have you had your breakfast?"

"No, sir."

"Then at once get out of this, you are neither well nor strong enough to take this kind of risk."

A week later, August 12, he was down with fever complicated with diarrhoea. In a semi-conscious condition he was sent to City Point Hospital. As he was carried to the ambulance one of his brother officers remarked, "That is the last we shall see of Chaplain Stevens." The route lay over corduroy roads for several miles, part of the distance. Because of the crowded condition of the ambulance, his legs from the knees down hung out of the rear of the vehicle. At this hospital he overheard several of the surgeons in consultation. They said that he would die any how and they proposed to experiment on him. But when they attempted it he objected to being made an experiment station. He vomited almost continually until Wednesday morning, August 17th, when he suddenly broke into a profuse perspiration and obtained some relief. Friday, 19th, he was sent by boat to Carver General Hospital, Washington. He arrived Sunday, 21st, not having taken any nourishment since leaving City Point. He was so weak that it required two hours while lying on his back to pencil a short note to his wife, closing with, "In all this affliction the Lord is kind." That night the vomiting returned with increased pain and weakness. He believed that his life was at the time preserved by the gentle ministrations of a lady, a Sanitary Commission nurse, and to his dying day he regretted that in his enfeebled condition he forgot to secure her name and address, and since he could not remember it he was never afterward able to thank her for her kindness. About the first of September he was furloughed. Reaching his home in Orbisonia, to which place the family had removed after his enlistment, he was carried to bed. The physician said that he could not live more than a few days. He had an intense craving for green vegetables. The surgeons had said that it would be almost instant death to eat any thing of this kind; with this his home physician agreed. A few evenings after his home coming, his wife prepared sliced radishes for supper. From his bed he saw them on the table in an adjoining room and begged for a piece, however small. Told it would kill him, he replied, "They all say I must die anyhow and I might as well die eating what I want." His wife went to the kitchen, he rolled out of bed, crawled to the table got a piece of radish, ate it

and when she returned, she found him under the table in a state of collapse. All was excitement and consternation. The neighbors helped to carry him back to bed. The physician was hurriedly summoned. He said he could not live until morning. In a little while the patient sank into a sleep, which all felt would have no waking. A former companion kept watch with the family. At ten o'clock he suggested that they retire and get some rest and he would call them when needed. That comrade, recently describing that night's vigil said he would never forget the thin hand, sunken eyes, skin drawn over the bony head, the neck wasted to only the thickness of the wrist, and the slow labored breathing of the sleeper. Long after midnight he suddenly awoke, turned his head and said, "Brother, that is the best sleep I have had for weeks. I am better. I am not doing to die. My work is not done yet," and in a few minutes he was again asleep. When the doctor came in the morning and saw the change he exclaimed, "This is a miracle. I never saw the like of it. Eat all the green things you care to." Two or three days later he made a meal on sliced radishes, slept soundly all night, began to eat everything green he craved and in six weeks joined his Regiment. When he reached camp, one of the first persons he met was Surgeon Davis who asked in surprise:

"Chaplain, how is this, we thought you were dead?"

He told his story and the surgeon answered, "Every surgeon in this Army would have said it would have killed you."

"But, Surgeon," the Chaplain responded, "I am not a physician, but it seems to me that the opposite of that which produces disease should aid in curing it. Chronic diarrhoea is ordinarily produced by eating green, bulky matter, but with us it is caused by eating concentrated food, such as hardtack, pork and beef. If you would feed the men more potatoes and cabbage and less quinine it would be far better."

The Surgeon replied, "Perhaps so."

The Chaplain very naturally held to this theory to the end of his life and often told in support of it, how when two gallons of apple butter had been sent him from home, the boys begged the most of it from him and that it was better for them than medicine.

Also how one evening the Regiment camped near a corn field in the roasting ear period. The owner, who was a southern sympathizer, when the boys in blue were not around, asked for a guard to protect his field. The officer in posting the guard, said, "Understand, you are not to see any one taking corn from this field tonight." The guard faithful to instructions saw no one taking corn, neither did the morning light see an ear of corn left in that field. There were an unusual number of cases of diarrhoea in the Regiment, but within three or four days after that corn feast all had disappeared.

With a soldier's natural pride in his own command he considered the 148th one of the best Regiments in the service; that it was one of the model regiments of the famous Second Corps, and that purely from its soldierly bearing and fighting qualities was General Hancock's favorite in the Division. He gave as illustrations of this its selection to carry the Spencer magazine rifles; the many difficult and hazardous tasks required of it; the fact that when a whole New York brigade had been hurled back in an attempt to capture the enemy's position, the General indignantly declared that he had one regiment of Pennsylvanians who could alone do that work, and for the effect on other troops, he requested the commanding officer to put the Regiment through the manual of arms under fire, which they did as coolly and accurately as if on parade; also Colonel Fox's statement that the Regiment was one of the forty-five infantry regiments losing more than two hundred killed in action. Ten corps were represented in this roll of honor, the Second by twelve regiments, no other having more than seven.

He attributed the high standing of the Regiment to three causes. First, its splendid material, being composed of hardy young men of more than average intelligence and character. One of the regiments of which President Lincoln said, "I could pick out from among them a body of men competent to set up and run any government on the face of the earth." Second, to the character of the officers, especially Col. James A. Beaver. I can remember hearing a brother who was an officer in the Fifth Corps say to him, "Our regiment would have been as good as yours if we could

have had your Colonel." Third, the thorough drill and rigid discipline, especially that of the first fall and winter. He frequently related how while guarding the railroad at Cockeyville, when the enemy was reported to be near, some of the boys nearly fainted at the noise of a mouse in the leaves, the same men a few months later fighting like veterans in their first battle at Chancellorsville, and believed that had it not been for their splendid discipline the Regiment would have been annihilated that day. Of that baptism of fire he writes from "Camp near Falmouth, May 12, 1863:"

"On Friday, May 1st, the battle commenced on our right front one and one-half miles. We were ordered forward and by one o'clock we were one mile from Chancellorsville, formed in line of battle, remained in position a short time and then fell back to Chancellorsville, formed in line, at which place we lost our first man. We buried him, advanced one-half mile and held our position until Saturday morning. We then fell back, formed a new line, held it during all the fighting on Saturday and Saturday night. During all this time we had six companies out on picket in front, but had sustained but little loss—several wounded but three or four killed. On Sunday the four companies, which were not on picket went into the battle on the right, where I suppose was the hardest fighting the world ever knew, and in less than an hour they came out to the rear with much less than half their numbers. Soon after this the battle ceased for that time. Our loss in the Regiment is about one hundred and sixty. About forty killed, eight prisoners, remainder wounded. I spent today at the Division Hospital and the boys are generally doing well. I saw Brother Whippo and Wagner, they are both doing well. Wagner is wounded through the thigh. He is able to walk about. Daniel Woodring had his arm amputated on Sunday last. He is doing well now. This makes six men in Company H who have lost an arm and I think there are not more than four or five in the whole Regiment besides. The rebels appeared to give Company H the hardest knocks somehow. I have now seen all of war and all of its awful consequences and still my mind is unchanged. I have the same desire to see the Army advance now, that I had before its last move. The salvation of the country depends upon vigorous effort. The Army is in fine spirits and came back in as good state of discipline and organization as when it crossed over, save its thinned ranks. The rebels shelled our hospital several times during the fight."

The first man killed in the Regiment, mentioned in this letter, was Samuel H. Holloway, of Company D. A shell fired by one of our own guns exploded immediately in the rear of the line, a piece of lead off the head struck the upper outside of his knapsack, passing down through and coming out of the lower inner edge, passing through his body and coming out in front. On his person was an ambrotype of his wife having upon its case the inscription, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." Robert A. Cassidy took from his clothing, his effects and with the Chaplain prepared his body for burial, by rolling it in his blanket. "Tine" Rumbarger and L. B. Bathurst dug the grave under a thorn or haw tree on the north side of the road. The Chaplain committed his body with the rites of the church, probably being the only soldier, who fell upon that field, who was thus buried.

Daniel Woodring whose arm is mentioned as having been amputated, had an experience worthy of record as an example to this generation, as to how they suffered and endured in those days, that tried men's souls. At 3:00 p. m. Saturday, May 2d, with three others he was detailed from Company H and sent to the picket line near where General Miles had been wounded. Here they remained until daybreak May 3d, when they were ordered to rejoin their command, which they did just as the Regiment was falling in, and not in time to get anything to eat. In the engagement that immediately followed, Woodring was so severely wounded as to be unable to get from the field, but was carried to the Twelfth Corps Hospital. The woods in which it was located was soon heavily shelled and hurried preparation was made to move. Discovering that he was to be left behind, he called to the steward and asked to be taken along. The latter replied, "Lay there and die and be d——, that will be the end of you anyhow." After the hospital was gone he turned on his face and by keeping his head low down, managed to crawl down the hill to where he heard running water, for which he intensely thirsted, but got into a hole made by a fallen tree and could not get out. About sundown the 124th Pennsylvania Volunteers marched by. The Colonel stepped to the bank

and asked what he was doing there. When told of his helpless condition, he took four men, made a stretcher of their muskets and ordered them to carry him to the road. When the road was reached it was at the point where the Twelfth Corps Hospital train was standing. When the bearers attempted to put him on an ambulance, the same steward swore they should not do so. The Chaplain of the 148th had just come up looking for the wounded of his Regiment. He told them to put him in. Again the steward in the same profane way objected, and blustering and swaggering, declared what he would do if it was attempted. Instantly the Chaplain's coat was off and telling the steward that he would grind him into the earth if he interfered, turned to the detail and said, "Put him in," which they promptly did while the steward swore and threatened but kept at a safe distance. The Chaplain then ordered the ambulance to the north bank of the river. Early Monday morning, the hospital there being shelled, Peter Frantz helped the wounded man to his own corps hospital tent, where an ambulance was starting for Potomac Creek, upon which he was placed. Upon arriving there he was carried into a small tent, which afterwards was tied shut from the outside and the occupant forgotten, being too weak from loss of blood and lack of nourishment to make sufficient noise to be heard from the outside. Sunday, May 11th, he was discovered by a comrade, who out of curiosity looked into the tent. His wounded arm was full of maggots. Stimulants and a little food were given him, the first he had since May 2d, then only a cracker or two. In the afternoon his arm was amputated. He recovered and is still living.

Five days after his first letter, the Chaplain again writes of this battle:

"Our Corps is cut up most, being in the hottest of the fight. George T. Jones has come to life. He was wounded through the leg just above the ankle; bone was broken. He was a prisoner and is paroled. He with a number of others came to our General Hospital on Thursday last. The surgeons held a consultation yesterday and decided that his leg must come off, but after they had him on the amputating table, through his entreaties, concluded to leave it a few days. I hope it will not have to come off. Many of

our wounded and the wounded rebels burned to death. Those who came back had to crawl on their hands and knees to get out of the fire. Some of them had matches with which they set the leaves on fire and burned against the running fire and by that means saved themselves, but they say some of the wounded men trying to get away fainted and fell into the fire. Poor fellows! This causes the heart to sicken."

George T. Jones, referred to, made his escape from burning to death, through the kindness of a Confederate soldier. Shot several times, including a severe wound in the leg, unable to walk, the wood on fire all around him, he was in danger of burning to death, when he appealed for help to this Confederate who was charging past. He helped Jones up, told him to put his arms around his neck and hold on. This he did while the Confederate half dragged him along. When the order ran down the line, "Guide right," he obeyed and as Jones fell off, he told him what direction to crawl to escape the fire. General Lee not being able to care for the captured wounded, sent the worst injured back to their own lines under a flag of truce. Jones was among these. His leg never came off. He also still lives.

His letters contain frequent references to the hardships, struggles and valor of the Regiment. October 18, 1863, from near Bull Run he writes:

"We are packed and waiting for orders to fall in. It is two weeks since I have written and they have been weeks of great excitement. We have been marching and counter-marching all the time, day and night. You will have learned by this time that the Second Corps was rear guard on the retreat from the Rapidan to this place. We were twice surrounded and cut our way out. On last Wednesday morning while we were cooking our breakfast, the rebels opened a battery on us, throwing shells directly into our ranks. We soon make them skedaddle, but had four or five men killed and several wounded in the Division, two were slightly wounded in the Regiment. In the afternoon, just as the column reached Bristoe Station, the rebels pitched out on the railroad in our front, when a brisk fight took place. Our boys went in and the enemy soon ran. The Regiment had two wounded in this engagement, one having an arm torn off by a shell. We have had a number of brushes with the enemy since we reached this position, but now he seems to have left us, whether he has gone back to the Rappahannock or toward Pennsylvania, we do not know."

May 16, 1864, he says:

"We broke camp on the evening of the 3d, crossed the Rapidan River at Ely's Ford on the morning of the 4th and camped on the old Chancellorsville battlefield. Yesterday morning we resumed the march and arrived in line in the afternoon. The battle raged furiously from 3:00 P. M. until after dark and opened at daylight this morning and continued until about 10:00 A. M., since which time all has been quiet except a little burst occasionally on the front line. We have driven the enemy and held the field. Four-thirty o'clock: The battle is raging again. The musketry is desperate. Saturday morning, 7th: The battle last evening did not last over an hour, but was very destructive. There has not been much fighting this morning."

May 11th:

"I am safe and well but Brother David has fallen. He was killed in a charge on Sunday evening (the 8th). Brother Frank came to our hospital this morning. He and I rode to the grave, Frank having buried him on Monday morning. He was shot through the body. We have not seen any person who saw him after he was wounded, but he evidently lived for some time, as he had been carried to the rear on his own blanket. He was dead when Frank found him. The shot was falling so heavily about the grave that we were compelled to leave our horses in shelter and creep to it. This is the seventh day of the battle and it still rages desperately. We have fought hard all day. The battle is going most furiously now."

Two days later from near Spotsylvania Court House, he writes:

"Yesterday was the most terrible day I ever witnessed. The battle commenced at or before four o'clock in the morning and continued all day. The skirmish line was engaged all night and is still fighting. The battle opened yesterday morning with a charge by our Corps in which they captured the enemy's works, with cannon and everything on that part of their line. We got many prisoners and three Generals. The slaughter was awful. We received nine hundred wounded into our Division Hospital during the day. We lost heavily in our Regiment yesterday, about seventy-five. Our officers have come off well. The Lieutenant Colonel is missing but may turn up. All is quiet at this time, 8:00 A. M., except on the skirmish line where there is constant musketry fire. I must close and go and see the wounded."

May 26th while sitting on the ground, he wrote:

"We this day commenced the fourth week of the fight. This is the 22d day and we have fought more or less every day. We have now advanced to the North Anna River. Our Corps on Friday night of last week marched from the Court House by a circuitous route, some thirty miles and came in on the enemy's flank, who made haste to leave. Sunday we lay quiet while the other corps followed the enemy. Monday morning we fell into the line of march and came up to the enemy in the evening, who was strongly fortified on the south side of the river. Our boys charged and drove him out of his works. Tuesday our lines advanced one mile from the river. All was quiet yesterday, except skirmishing and some shelling. Nothing doing today, except skirmishing. Though a great deal of cannonading there was not as much musketry firing in this fight as usual, consequently our loss is not heavy. The report is that we are going to flank again by way of the Pamunkey River, and by way of the White House endeavor to reach Richmond. The railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond is now being destroyed; this indicates a change of base. The trains have now begun to move which indicates that the troops will move at dark this evening."

Five days later he says:

"Since I last wrote we have marched around the enemy's right flank again and have crossed the Pamunkey River, some distance above the White House. We are within twelve miles of Richmond. We have not had a general engagement since we came here, but had very hard skirmish fighting yesterday and last night and some heavy cannonading. I left the front this morning to get my horse shod and am now on the bank of the river, six miles in the rear of the line and there is now heavy cannonading at the front. I suppose we shall have to fight every foot of the way to Richmond now."

On the day of Cold Harbor he writes:

"This has been a desperate day. Our forces charged the enemy in their intrenchments this morning and captured the first line. The lines are within a few rods of each other now and neither can stick their heads up for fear of being shot. Our Regiment has suffered heavily today. This is the thirtieth day of the fight and more desperate than any other. We are still driving the enemy, but it is by inches. They fight desperately. I scarcely know how any escape. On some of the battlefields there is hardly a tree or bush that is not cut to pieces with balls."

The letter of June 7th contains these suggestive statements:

"We this morning enter upon the thirty-fourth day of the strife. Our lines are not materially changed from what they were when I last wrote. We seem to be preparing for a siege and are building forts and digging intrenchments, in fact are digging under the enemy's works. We may have another Vicksburg affair. Our losses for several days have not been so heavy as formerly, but our Regiment has lost fifty men since we crossed the Pamunkey, most of them we lost on the 3d. We have lost in all three hundred and fifty men. There are but three men with the Regiment of all I brought with me from Bald Eagle. Sergeant Fugate, Corporal Bumgardner and Private Farnsler. McDonald is dead. He is the only one of my men who was dangerously wounded. There were six Colonels in our Brigade when we started from camp, now our Colonel is the only one left. One was discharged, one captured, one wounded and two killed. We have also lost three or four Lieutenant Colonels. I trust the strife that has caused our Nation and individuals such heart rending agony and grief may soon close and Oh! with what delight I could welcome that day."

June 30th:

"We have been quiet on the left of the line for six days. There has been some skirmishing and cannonading on the right of Appomattox River, near Petersburg. Our part of the line is five miles south of that city. We have less than two hundred men out of eight hundred. We have had a number captured. We lost one Lieutenant and two Captains on the 22d. We supposed they were all captured but the body of one of the Captains has been found on the skirmish line."

December 11th he wrote to his sister:

"Within a few weeks we have changed camp six times in rain and mud. The weather is cold now and requires the erection of chimneys in our quarters. We had a snow, or more of a sleet on the night of the 8th, a portion of which is still on the ground, in consequence of which this has been to me a lonely Sabbath. We could not hold services and the day has been cold, damp and dreary, but now at nine o'clock the stars shine forth all beautiful and lovely as though no hostile armies were encamped beneath them. We may have better weather and Oh! how I desire it, knowing as I do that many of our brave boys are far from camp at this time. Think of a pelting sleet such as you have in old Pennsylvania sometimes, and imagine yourself out in the woods or fields with a little shelter tent and one blanket, without fire and you have a faint description of camping this season of the year."

He then mentions recent movements of the troops through and fighting in the snow and mud, and says:

"In all this last move, our Regiment has been highly favored, owing to the fact that we garrisoned forts, we were left on the line, and did not break camp. We are now as a Corps on the extreme left, having left the front of Petersburg two weeks ago and our Regiment now garrisons Forts Sampson and Gregg. I think our Regiment is being favored on account of their daring deed on the evening of October 27th, in which one hundred of them charged and captured one of the enemy's strongest forts in front of Petersburg."

Captain J. Z. Brown, who led this assault, said while sitting in the Chaplain's quarters after his return from the leave of absence, granted as a partial reward for his gallant deed, "Chaplain, it is all very nice to be Major, sent home, have receptions and dinners tendered you, have your portrait in *Harper's Weekly* as the hero of Fort Crater, but when I was ordered to go in there that night I felt I was receiving my death sentence, but I was an American soldier and my duty was to unhesitatingly obey orders, but the next time General Miles or General Hancock or any of the rest of them have a job like that on hand, they are welcome to do it themselves, I have had glory enough."

March 31, 1865, he writes in regard to the last campaign:

"On the evening of the 28th we received orders to move at six o'clock in the morning, accordingly we marched on the morning of the 29th, moving by the left flank. On the afternoon of that day we found Johnny and drove him back toward the South Side Railroad. Yesterday we advanced one mile and found the enemy strongly intrenched, but there was not much fighting done on account of the rain which fell in torrents all day. Reports say that little Phil. Sheridan has cut the railroad on our left. I know that he marched in that direction and I am inclined to believe the rumor."

On the same sheet of paper, the back of a company quarterly returns of enlistments, next morning, Saturday, April 1st, he adds:

"Soon after I finished writing yesterday morning a furious battle commenced, which continued with short intervals, until dark, at which time the enemy had been driven a mile. Our Regiment suffered severely as usual. I do not know the number of casualties. Our Adjutant was shot dead.* The Captain commanding the Regi-

* This refers to Lieutenant Everhart who had been Acting Adjutant but was then in command of C Company.—(EDITOR.)

ment was shot through the heel, one Lieutenant was slightly wounded, the color bearer was killed just as he was planting the colors on the enemy's works. All is quiet this morning except a little practice on the skirmish line. It has ceased to rain and the weather is fine but the roads are very bad."

That night soon after dark, the Regiment quietly moved forward in line of battle. He essayed to go with them when the officer in command said:

"Chaplain, this is no place for you; you will be needed at the hospital before morning."

"What is up?"

"I do not know, but I believe the Confederacy will fall to-night."

He went to his quarters, fell asleep and a little after midnight was awakened by the crash of artillery. It made him so nervous that the comrade at his side noticed it and asked:

"Chaplain, are you cold?"

"No."

"Are you sick, you tremble on?"

"No, the fight tonight has kind of stirred me up. That is the heaviest cannonading I have heard since Gettysburg."

The impression had fastened upon him that what the officer had said was true. The discharges began to come in volleys. He knew that one line was falling back, standing and falling back again, but which one? He arose and stood at the door of his quarters until he perceived that the volleys were getting farther away, then lay down. When he awoke it was morning. An orderly dashed past to the hospital. He heard the order given to move. Rushing to him he asked:

"Where is the Second Corps?"

"I do not know, perhaps in Richmond."

"Have they been captured?"

"No, man; don't you know Petersburg has fallen?"

Obtaining leave to join the Regiment, he and Jim were soon on their way, leaving the mess to care for the camp outfit.

He kept with the Regiment to the end. On the march General Sheridan dashed by shouting, "Go in boys, we have just captured 3,000 of them down here and old General Early among them."

April 7th, at Farmsville, while talking with Brigade Bugler Joseph H. Law, that battle opened. Law had just spoken of his home, his wife and little boy of four years whom he had not seen since his enlistment, and of how anxious he was to see them and said, "Chaplain, Lee is on his last legs. He will surrender in a day or two and then we shall soon get home." He turned and rode into the battle and in a few minutes a solid shot swept his head from his shoulders, the last man to fall in the Regiment.

General Lee's surrender was announced by General Meade, hat in hand, white hair flying in the wind, shouting with every leap of his horse, which apparently was as much excited as the rider, "They have surrendered! They have surrendered!"

Then came the shock of the assassination of President Lincoln of which he writes

"It is astonishing what a change has come over the minds of the men composing the Army since the assassination of President Lincoln. Before that horrible act was perpetrated, four-fifths of the soldiers would have been satisfied with peace on the simple terms of submission upon the part of the South and perhaps the execution of Jeff Davis, could he have been arrested, but now every man demands the execution of all. The enlisted men of the rebel Army are treated kindly by the soldiers. They do not appear to recognize them as enemies but woe be to the leaders if they ever fall into soldiers' hands."

Then came the illumination of Richmond Heights and the march backward over the old battlefields, an incident of which was an old negro dancing by the road side and singing an impromptu song, "Bress de Lawd Massa Lincum's got the biggest drove dis time," with the refrain,

"If you' git dar befo' I do,
Tell Uncle Abe I's comin' too,"

while the boys piled his hat, arms and the ground about him full of hard tack.

From Burkesville, Virginia, April 28th, he wrote his wife:

"My girl is baking pies this afternoon, and I have had my sewing in my hands all day and feeling tired have concluded to write.

I have looked forward to the time which might elapse between the cessation of hostilities, and our discharge, with some degree of dread, but I did not think of that time being so long. I thought Lee would put up a stiffer fight this spring than he did and that he would not be conquered until in the summer. If we have to wait for our discharge, until our term of enlistment expires, four months hence, the time will grow very monotonous, for soldiers live on excitement. In my dreams last night I thought myself in your company, before we were married and we were making arrangements for the wedding. This was getting rather behind hand."

Frequently in his letters and conversation he referred to the homesickness, hinted at here, that came over men in the Regiment, how he had seen men die from it, had taken them into his quarters and had tried to cheer them up, felt that no one who had not experienced it could realize the depressing effect it had on a soldier's life and believed this and not cowardice or lack of true patriotism would explain most of the desertions. Homesickness at this time was especially prevalent among the recruits of the last winter who now believed that the original members of the Regiment would be discharged in August while they would have to remain longer. Apparently later he closes the letter quoted above with:

"News has just reached us, of the surrender of General Johnson to General Grant on the same terms that General Lee received. This closes up the scene and we may soon get home."

The pie baking girl referred to was "Tine" Rumbarger, and the sewing probably that of repairing his coat. The Regiment had an enviable reputation for neatness and cleanliness. Because of this as well as their soldierly bearing it was not unusual for them to be taken for regulars. The Colonel's orders in this respect were like those of the Medes and Persians—imperative. His inspections were thorough to the minutest detail. To groups of old soldier friends, the Chaplain often humorously related how there was one young man in the Regiment in its early history, who was exceedingly untidy. He would come to Sunday morning inspection in a generally unkempt condition, including dirty hands, neck and ears. He was often warned, advised and reproved but his appearance did not improve. One morning the Colonel ordered him out of line and to

his tent. When inspection was over an orderly summoned the young fellow to the regimental headquarters, where Colonel Beaver with coat off, sleeves rolled up and an abundance of soap and water waited to receive him. When the delinquent appeared he mildly said to him:

"I want to wash you."

"But, Colonel, I can wash myself."

"No you cannot, for no young man would go as filthy as you do if he could wash himself."

And there in the presence of a good share of the Regiment he gave the fellow such a scrubbing as he never forgot and was not necessary to repeat. This habit of cleanliness followed the Regiment to the last. While lying at Alexandria, waiting to be mustered out, the Chaplain had one of the few wash basins in camp, nearly every thing of that kind having been cast aside on the long march from Richmond. It was in almost constant use. An Irish woman came into the camp selling fruit. A few minutes after she had left the vicinity of the Chaplain's quarters an officer rushed in exclaiming:

"Chaplain did you give that woman your wash basin?"

"No, I did not."

"Did you sell it to her?"

"No, what is wrong?"

"Then she stole it, for she has carried it off."

"Well, then you must catch her and get it, or go dirty."

The officer dashed out of the tent and after a lively sprint overtook the woman and charged her with stealing the Chaplain's wash basin. She indignantly denied the accusation. He jerked up her apron, when the basin, which had been concealed thereunder, fell to the ground.

While a private was not excused if he failed in neatness, for an officer to appear shabby, could not be tolerated and was nearly an unpardonable offense. In the case of the coat referred to, its front had become badly worn. The Regiment had not been paid for four months. There was neither money nor opportunity to get a new coat, and he resorted to the expedient of cutting a piece off the tail, which was long and in good condition. With this piece he

faced the front. Another economical expedient resorted to, to maintain the standard of dress, was to buy paper collars, wear them until soiled, then split them and by turning the inside out make one serve as long as three.

June 3d, the anniversary of Cold Harbor, came their discharge, with the glad cry, "Boys this is not a year ago," and the 148th deeds of courage, devotion and suffering had become history. Two or three nights later three boys, bare legged and bare footed, in their night shirts, tumbled out of bed and ran into the street to welcome their father, to be ordered back to get their clothes on. Later that night after a united family supper, family prayer was held. God was thanked both for his protection in the hour of danger and the country's safety, not forgetting a tender petition for the loved ones of those who came not again and a plea for the comrades scattered to their own homes, that they may be eternally reunited.

THE ADJUTANT'S STORY.

By Adjutant J. W. Muffly.

On an August day in 1862, during a college vacation, as I sat at dinner at the home of my sister, Mrs. Hiram Baker, in the village of Howard, a wagon load of men passed in front of the house, soon followed by another and still others until it grew into a procession. This was my first sight of a part of the material that was to make up seven companies of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

The war fever, which had been disturbing my studies at Dickinson Seminary, was so intensified by the sight that I said, "My time has come," and bidding my friends a hasty good-bye, I hired a team and drove after the procession to Lock Haven. My acquaintance in Centre County, at that time was quite limited. I had lived for three years, from 1856 to 1859, in the state of Illinois, and after my return had spent the years (except when teaching school) at Williamsport. But at White's Hotel I found Capt. James F. Weaver, with whom I had some acquaintance, and I at once enlisted, August 21, 1862, as a private in his company (afterward B), and went with that company to Camp Curtin.

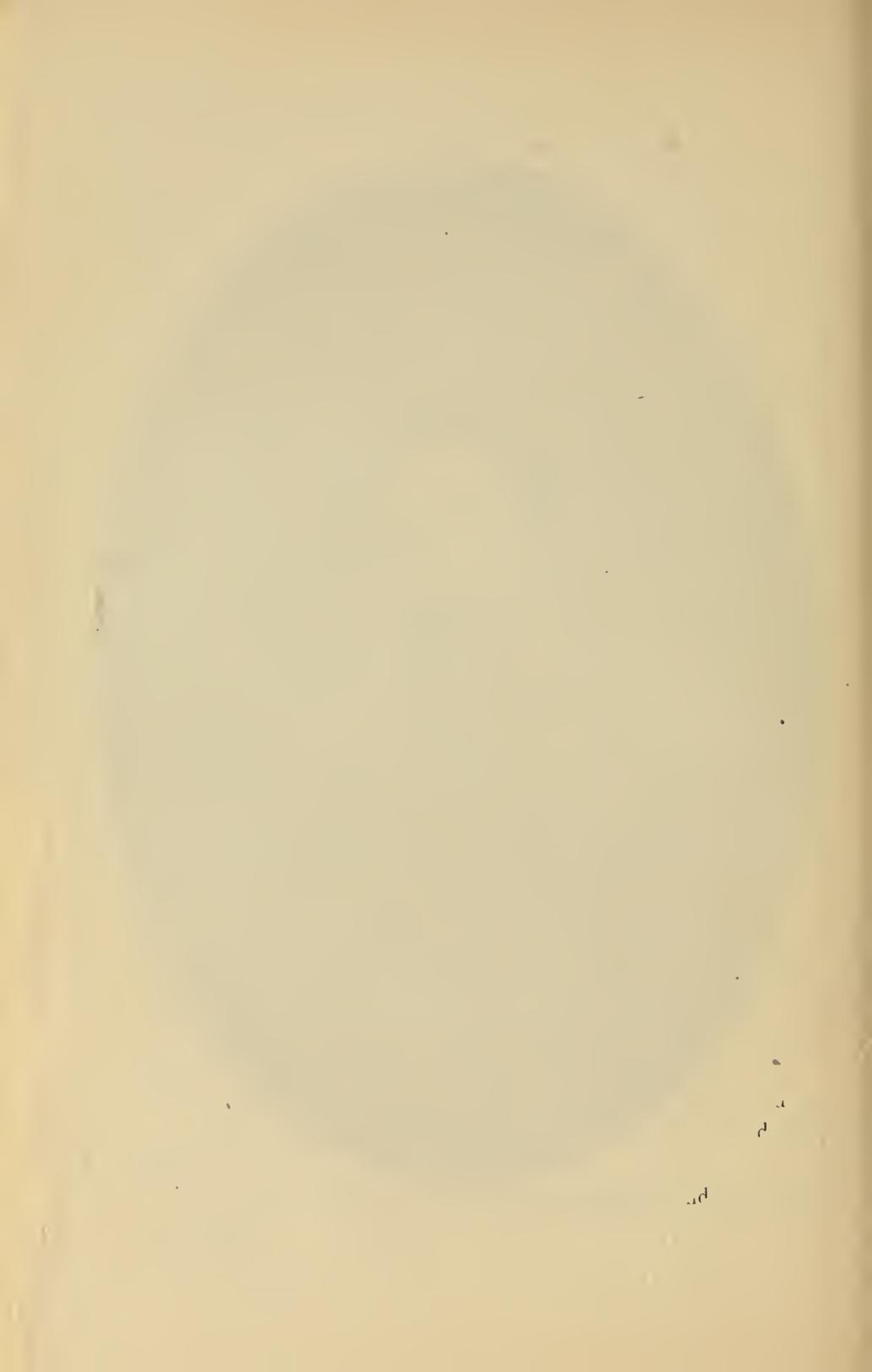
While awaiting muster-in at Harrisburg, I formed the acquaintance of a Captain Johnson, a very genial gentleman, evidently a good soldier, who had seen hard service, having been slightly crippled by a wound and who was seeking a commission as Colonel of one of the new regiments. He was pleased to show quite an interest in me, and after several very pleasant interviews, he said to me one day:

"Young man, you ought not to go out as a private. You can serve your country better in some other capacity. You would make a good Sergeant Major."

I promptly exposed my ignorance by saying, "And what might that be?"



ADJUTANT JOSEPH W. MUFFLY



His explanation of the nature and duties of that unpretentious position stirred me up to some moderate degree of ambition of which I had been up to that moment, patriotically and ignorantly innocent. He was good enough to say further, that if he should be made Colonel of the Regiment—which he very much desired—he would appoint me to that office. This, of course, was not to be. The Regiment had but one choice for its commander. And so my modest little new-born ambition was left to the chance favor of a perfect stranger, whom I had never seen and with whom I had no sort of “pull.” In due time Colonel Beaver was given his discharge from the 45th and his commission as Colonel of the 148th, and at once assumed command. I was introduced to the Colonel by a relative connected with the Adjutant General’s office, and made known my wish, saying something about my being able to procure a recommendation from the line officers—a thing which I myself thought very doubtful because of my limited acquaintance—and I was therefore very glad when he said:

“You need not trouble about any recommendation—I shall make the appointment on merit. I want some one in that place who is scholar enough to formulate an order when I give him the points, and who can keep the records and accounts of the Regiment neatly and correctly. Send me a letter of application, enclosing with it a ‘Morning Report,’ and I will see about the appointment.”

I was glad to be relieved of the task of getting recommendations, but my next thought was, “But I am to be put upon my merits. I have never written a military letter—never saw one and know nothing whatever about Morning Reports.” But I went down town, got a copy of Army Regulations, hunted up the forms of letters and reports and wrote the letter, ruled up a form of report and filled it up with imaginary figures of an imaginary regiment and sent the document in. The result is contained in the following:

“HEADQUARTERS 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.
Cockeysville, Maryland, September 13, 1862.

(Order No. 1.)

(EXTRACT.)

1. The 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers has been organized by the appointment of the following officers who are hereby announced as constituting the field and staff of the Regiment.

2. The non-commissioned staff are announced as follows:

SERGEANT MAJOR JOSEPH W. MUFFLY.

* * * * *

By command of COL. JAMES A. BEAVER.

(Signed) ROBERT LIPTON,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant."

And this is how I got into the 148th and how I came to be its first Sergeant Major. So I seem to have blundered into one of the finest regiments under the flag, commanded by a Colonel who had no superior and few equals, and thus came to share in its splendid record and its notable achievements. I am sure that I voice the sentiment of every man who served in the Regiment, when I say that our greatest pride and highest honor in life is in the fact that we served in the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers. The summary of my experience in the Regiment has always seemed to me somewhat unusual. I enlisted as a private, probably the last of the original recruits, with no purpose or hope other than to carry a musket in the ranks. Yet I never carried a gun for an hour, never did an hour's guard or picket duty, never was sick a day, never missed a battle or skirmish in which the Regiment was engaged prior to my discharge, was never seriously wounded, was hit three times—twice just hard enough to give me a short leave of absence, and through the entire term was called to serve in lines that were less arduous and more agreeable than fell to the lot of many.

Our Regiment, as above intimated, began its field service at Cockeyville Station fifteen miles north of Baltimore on the Northern Central Railroad. Our duty was guarding the line of railway. Whether our service was of any use whatever in that direction, I do not know and never did. But I do know that our three months at Cockeyville resulted in the evolution of a thousand good citizens into a regiment of soldiers, perfect in appearance, drill, discipline and esprit de corps. It had come to be—A REGIMENT. It was a military unit—an engine of war—a fighting machine. This condition was not the result of good luck or chance, except in so far as our three months as a detached post afforded the opportunity. It was the logical outgrowth of the most perfect discipline applied to the very best of material.

The organization of the Regiment at that time is shown by the roster and muster rolls, which will be found in succeeding pages.

This body of men—field, staff, line, rank and file—was made up of the sober, solid, intelligent business and professional men and the bright boys from farm, shop, store, school room and college. They were largely native born, with a minority of the best foreign born citizens. In common with a million and more of their fellow countrymen, they had sacrificed the endearments of home, the pleasures of society, the interests of business, the ambition of students, for the privations, hardships, danger and humiliations of a soldier's lot—all this for the flag, for freedom and the rights of man.

The regimental camp was established on a tract of woodland sloping toward the railway track a few rods below the station. The Colonel's headquarters and Adjutant's office were located in adjoining rooms in a board "shanty" at the station near the track. Later on six of the companies were detached and posted at points above and below the station. We were now in what was known as the Middle Department (Eighth Army Corps), under command of Major General John E. Wool, headquarters at Baltimore.

Then began a systematic course of drill, discipline, training and education of officers and men that would have done credit to a graduate of West Point after years of active service. It was characterized by a punctilious and rigid attention to every detail of the requirements of army regulations and current orders. A field desk was procured for the Adjutant's office. A full supply of regimental books and blanks was ordered and soon received. Adjutant Lipton was a man in failing health, who, I believe, had seen hard service in another command. He was a brave man and no doubt a good soldier, but he was not only broken in health, but he had no fondness for office work. For these reasons, I suppose it was, that when our books and blanks came, Colonel Beaver placed them in my charge and gave me a thorough course of instruction in the forms and methods of reports and records, closing with the earnest injunction, "Now, Sergeant Major, be very careful, neglect nothing that is required, make no mistakes. I would not have a report returned to this Regiment for correction for FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS," and he spoke the last

three words in such large capitals that they kept me trembling for a week. So there I was—a green Sergeant Major, having to deal with ten First Sergeants, most of them as inexperienced as I, and some of them without much clerical skill. But we managed to get on together and keep each other straight, so that as far as the Colonel knew no report was ever returned to the 148th for correction, and so far as I knew but one trivial error was ever made in our reports.

The school of instruction for officers was promptly opened, and remained a permanent factor in the Regiment. From the first day of service to the end, every officer was required, and if need be, compelled to make and forward promptly, every report of every kind required. Especial stress was laid upon property returns, so that officers' accounts with the Government were always complete and up to date. The daily routine of duty and details was at once established and faithfully continued to the end. Reveille, guard mount, picket duty, camp and headquarter guard, camp police, dress parade, tattoo and taps followed each other as regularly as the sun. A fine drum corps of ten fifes, ten kettle drums, a bass drum and several buglers, under the skillful direction of Bob Cassidy added life, inspiration and beauty to our dress parades and other movements. Officers and men were always fully armed, uniformed and equipped—and the uniform was UNIFORM. A slouch hat was an abomination in the Regiment, and not one was ever seen on dress parade.

The headquarter guard was always composed of picked men—at least for a time, for it was not long before all the men were picked. Companies very soon learned that it was useless to send anyone who was not up to the standard of absolute neatness and soldierly bearing. Such were sure to be sent back to their companies. The Colonel was ubiquitous. The eye and hand of a master were everywhere in evidence. Nothing escaped his notice. Alert, forceful, earnest—stern at times, so we thought, impulsive but with magnificent self-control, always a gentleman, he did not know the taste of liquor and he never uttered a profane word. I have so far emphasized the splendid character of the material side of our training. We all remember how old veterans passing by on the train seeing our clean and well arranged camp, the sentinel on the beat in front of the Colonel's

quarters and all the evidences of perfect order, would inquire what regiment of regulars it was. Said one of them, "Regulars?" "No, Volunteers." "Aw, grab a root, what do you take me for?"

A single incident will illustrate one method of enforcing discipline. The Colonel was sitting in the doorway of his quarters one morning when a Captain and a Lieutenant from one of the companies up the line came down to call on him. They sauntered up toward the sentinel's beat, who promptly halted, faced outward and came to a salute. The officers heedlessly crossed the beat and had got half way up to the door when Beaver thundered out, "Gentlemen, do you see that sentinel? You can't come in here that way. Go back, go right back across that beat, and acknowledge the salute. If I were a soldier and saluted an officer and he did not recognize it, I would never salute him again." And they were obliged to retire and correct the error. I am sure neither they nor the soldier ever forgot the lesson.

But there was something deeper and more commendable in all this rigid drill than any of us realized at the time. It was not the mere love of power, not the pride of command, not even the ambition to gain reputation, make a name and win promotion. Later on, and more and more as the years go on, we see that underlying all this severe discipline and apparent sternness, was a high sense of the responsibility of a Colonel for the lives, and health, and morals, and reputation of a thousand good men, all dependent upon his capacity and fidelity. For just so surely as it is "Like priest, like people," so is it, "Like Colonel, like regiment." I well remember how we had been imposed upon by the Government in our armament. We were furnished with the old Vincennes musket with saber bayonet—a clumsy gun, sure to be more dangerous at the breech than at the muzzle. Colonel Beaver had them inspected and condemned. He then set to work to have them replaced. He wrote letters to everybody, pleading and threatening, saying in one of them that he had a regiment of as good men as ever took the oath of service, but that he would never consent to lead them into action to be helplessly murdered with no chance to defend themselves. And there was no rest for anybody in authority until we got our Springfields.

So, too, we remember how he weeded out a number of men who were physically unfit for service. He demanded a re-examination of these men, who, as he wrote, "had been passed by the carelessness of a drunken examining surgeon," and persisted in his efforts until they had all been discharged.

These are but illustrations of that constant scrupulous care for the wants and needs of the men, and of that intelligent attention to details, which secured for them every attainable thing that men ought to have. There is much in a good start. We got a good start at Cookeysville and we came to the end of our service there with a regimental character well formed. We were fixed in soldierly habits of drill, obedience, orderly conduct and regimental pride that remained with us all through the service, that stood the test of fire and blood and gave character and reputation to the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers to the last day of its service.

The achievements and the record made by the Regiment are facts of history well known to all who are at all familiar with the events of the Civil War, and if there could be any sort of question about it, a single incident will tell the whole story. In "Fox's Regimental Losses," at page 302, the author closes his sketch of our Regiment with these words:

"In September, 1864, the War Department ordered that one regiment in each Division should be armed with breech-loading rifles; the 148th Regiment was selected by General Hancock as the deserving one in its Division to be thus armed."

I have therefore aimed, thus far in my story, not so much to set forth the fact that we had an exceptionally good regiment with a most brilliant and honorable record, as to try to show how it came about. I write in the cool retrospect of forty years, and in the mellow light of our autumnal days, with no motive or purpose to fawn or flatter; but as the memories of the old days of our glorious past rise before me, I see again the splendid line of the 148th on dress parade. The troop beats off, the men come to the shoulder and I march down the line to the center and out to the front, and as I turn and command, "Present arms," I stand between the men and the commander—the two factors in our service, our glory and our pride.

The following incident is from Burr's Life of Gen. James A. Beaver:

Beaver was in love with his Regiment and his duty, protected and cared for it with great earnestness, and this spirit breaks out in all his letters to his friends, and his official communications, with a force—even an affection—which military discipline forbade him to manifest to the men. A little episode will illustrate this feature of his character.

The Quartermaster of the Regiment, a modest man, new to military life, went to Baltimore to draw supplies from Colonel Belger, then Chief Quartermaster there. Belger was a blustering officer of the Regular Army, who took delight in brow-beating a volunteer officer when he could. Irritated by something the Quartermaster said or did, or neglected to say or do, Colonel Belger gave the officer a round cursing. The volunteer Quartermaster retired in dismay, and went back to camp without transacting his business to report the occurrence to Colonel Beaver. The indignity put upon his Regiment aroused the Colonel. The very next morning early found him in Baltimore, walking into Colonel Belger's office with blood in his eye. Approaching that august personage, he saluted him and said:

"Are you Colonel Belger?"

"I am!" was the gruff reply. "Who are you?"

"I am Colonel Beaver, of the 148th Pennsylvania," was the reply.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Yesterday, sir, I sent my Quartermaster here to transact some business with you. He is a gentleman, sir, and entitled to be treated as such. He reports to me that you cursed him, and refused to attend to his business. I am here to say to you, sir, that whatever swearing is to be done at the 148th Regiment must be done at me. I will never permit regular or volunteer officer to illtreat the humblest man in my Regiment."

Colonel Belger, finding that he had waked up the wrong man, undertook to explain his rudeness of the day before. The business was attended to, and thereafter the 148th had no trouble with Colonel Belger.

The days of our regimental schooling at Cockeysville ended on the 9th of December, with orders to join the Army of the Potomac at the front. We went by rail to Washington, stopping at Baltimore on the way, where we were lodged and fed by the Union Relief Association. At Washington we found there was no transportation for us, and we started on our first long march—the march to the front. We

made some ten miles in the fraction of a day, and bivouacked in the woods. Here our gallant Colonel met his first and only defeat. It must not be supposed that all the officers and men would or did submit to all the requirements of strict discipline without any of the impatience common to all new recruits. Of course there had been more or less grumbling all along, and there was one requirement that met a more serious resistance than all others. Finding that regulations required enlisted men to wear shoulder scales, and being resolved that the Regiment should lack no single point of a full equipment, Colonel Beaver had ordered and insisted on our wearing them. The men had submitted with ill-concealed aversion, and on the morning after our first night on the march the first squad who went out for water, took their scales along and left them in a ravine. Others followed their example. Presently, abandoning all efforts at concealment, they went in squads and platoons and boldly threw the scales down the hill. When we resumed the march there was not a shoulder scale left in the Regiment. The camp was always known thereafter as "Scale Hill." This incident passed without a word of comment, so far as I ever knew, on the Colonel's part.

We arrived at Acquia Creek Landing on a raw December day, cold, tired and hungry, having escaped the slaughter at Fredericksburg (which it was probably intended we should have shared) by reason of the lack of transportation from Washington. We marched to the front, passing through the camps of the torn and bleeding fragments of the Army, greeted on every hand with the inquiry, "What brigade of regulars is that?" We were assigned to the First Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, and went at once into camp.

In this connection, I quote again from "Burr's Life of General James A. Beaver:"

The smoke had just lifted off the battlefield of Fredericksburg. The Army of the Potomac had shrunk back to its encampment on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, out of the bloody tub-like space into which Lee had tumbled Burnside's force from off the heights of Fredericksburg, stormed with matchless, yet fruitless valor. The fight had torn great rents in the organization of the Army, shattered its confidence, broken its ranks, here and there proved its weakness, turned the thoughts of all men towards another

winter of patient preparation in camp and on parade. Nothing was left but by slow, patient discipline to prepare again for action the great Army defeat had dislocated.

It was at this juncture that a Colonel of volunteers, not yet twenty-four years of age, first caught the attention of General Hancock, who records now the matured judgment of years in passing upon the military record of the young officer who reported to him for duty on a dull December day in 1862, with an urgent plea to be put where distinction was to be had.

He had just arrived at the front, with a full regiment of Pennsylvanians, when he rode up to General Hancock's headquarters. He looked young enough to have passed for a student on his vacation. Lithe, straight, soldierly, with a bearing of a man and the pale, beardless face of a boy, he carried on his shoulders the eagles won in eighteen months of actual service, which had placed him at the head of a Regiment mostly raised in the county which knew him best. To his hands had his neighbors and folk, near whom his kin had lived for over a century, committed their townsmen.

"General Hancock," said the young officer, "I have been ordered to report to you, sir, for duty."

"What is your regiment, Colonel?"

"148th Pennsylvania Infantry," was the reply; "and, General, while I would not presume so much as to suggest the disposition that is to be made of my Regiment, I should be glad if it could be placed in a Brigade of your Division where the men can see a daily exemplification of the good results of the soldierly discipline I have endeavored to teach."

The great soldier, not more surprised than pleased to find in the young commander of a raw regiment so keen an appreciation of the first military requisite, replied:

"Colonel, I regret to say that we have no such Brigades. I only wish we had. You will report for duty, sir, to the commander of the First Brigade of this Division."

The request that the young officer had made naturally led General Hancock to keep a careful watch upon his future course, and it was not long before he observed that in camp and upon parade the Regiment this young officer commanded was a model for all the others of his command. So conspicuous was its excellence that long before the Army was again prepared for battle Joe Hooker had predicted that it would not be long before he would be a Major General.

Through the winter the Regiment shared in the slow work of discipline, which converted the Second Corps into a matchless engine of war. When Colonel Beaver joined it, General Hancock was still commanding a Division, General Couch was at the head of the Corps, and the Brigade to which the 148th Pennsylvania was assigned was

commanded by General Caldwell. When General Beaver, just twenty months later, was carried off the field at Ream's Station, his leg shot away, a wound still open in his side, his body scarred with a bullet from Chancellorsville, and pierced with the shot that had sought him in every general action in which he had taken part but one, General Hancock was commanding the Corps he had made his own child by the bloody baptism of the field, General Barlow was chief of the Division, and General Beaver commanded the Brigade. It is the habit of European armies to make up by significant decorations for the rank men miss by disabling wounds. It is enough in a Republic to say of a man—a Colonel almost at the opening of the War, and mustered out a Brigadier General just before its close—that the bullets of the enemy were his brevets, and his own blood blotted the commissions longer service would have brought him.

The military companionship which began in this interview after Fredericksburg, lasted through more than two years of active warfare, and ended only when wound after wound had shattered the young Colonel past all active service. The personal friendship then begun remains unbroken. The high opinion of the commander of the old Second Corps of an officer who materially aided him to make it famous can best be expressed in his own words:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK, May 9, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the 7th inst., I have to state that General James A. Beaver joined the First Division of the Second Army Corps (then commanded by me) with his Regiment, the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, just after the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, and served constantly under my command in the Second Corps (save when absent, from wounds received in battle) until the fall of 1864. During that period he was engaged in some of the most important campaigns and battles of the Army of the Potomac, and took a conspicuous and distinguished part in many of them.

I considered him one of the most intrepid, intelligent and efficient young officers in our service during the War, and on several occasions mentioned him in my official reports for valuable services and distinguished bravery. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, again while gallantly leading his fine Regiment and Brigade in an assault upon the enemy's works at Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864, and at Ream's Station, August 25, 1864. On this latter occasion he had just joined his Regiment on the battlefield, and taken command of the Brigade, to which it belonged, after an absence caused by former wounds, when he was struck by a musket ball which shattered his thigh, and disabled him for life by the loss of a leg.

He was breveted Brigadier General for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct, and for valuable services, especially at Cold Harbor, Virginia, where he commanded a Brigade.

I am, very truly yours,
WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

A regulation camp for winter quarters was established on a tract of rolling ground showing the ridges of abandoned cultivation and covered with trees of many years' growth, which were utilized in the construction of huts. The Regiment was soon settled as comfortably as soldiers know how to make themselves, and the winter passed in drill, discipline, guard and picket duty, parades and reviews. Two drawbacks to our comfort in "Camp near Falmouth" that are vividly recalled by the survivors were, first, the abominable Virginia weather. A succession of rain, snow, freeze, thaw and mud prevailed during a large part of the season. Second, an epidemic of severe illness among the men, attended with much suffering and many deaths.

Adjutant Lipton's health had steadily failed while in camp at Cockeysville and he was, in consequence, at home on sick leave when we moved to the front. He never rejoined us, but in the latter part of April we received notice of his death at Milesburg. During all of these months, with a Lieutenant acting Adjutant, I had full charge of the office and had become quite familiar with the routine. The First Sergeants and the company and staff officers had all become proficient, so that the business machinery of the Regiment was working with ease and good order.

On the morning of the 27th of April, as I called at the Colonel's quarters for the orders of the day, he handed me the bundle and said, "Sergeant Major, you will find an order there of personal interest to you."

I looked over the package and read the following:

"HEADQUARTERS 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.
Near Falmouth, Virginia, April 27, 1863.

(ORDERS No. 9.)

(EXTRACT.)

1. Sergeant Major Joseph W. Muffly is hereby promoted to be Adjutant in place of Lieut. Robert Lipton, deceased. The appointment being subject to the approval of the Governor of Pennsylvania.

JAMES A. BEAVER,
*Colonel 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
Commanding Regiment.*"

I expressed my thanks for the promotion and promised my best efforts to deserve it. The Colonel said:

"That's all right, Adjutant, you are entitled to the commission; and now you will find marching orders among the papers, so take off your chevrons, get a pair of shoulder straps and be ready to move."

We had now been in the service more than seven months. The first three months of detached service had developed the individuality of the Regiment, and now these last four months with the splendid Army of the Potomac had opened to us the wide horizon of War and prepared us for our part in the great events then pending.

Our part in the battle of Chancellorsville is very graphically portrayed by many contributing comrades in their stories. I shall pass it with little comment of my own. It had all the special interest of the "first battle." At the most acute stage of the fighting, the Regiment was divided, Companies C, D, G and H being in Brigade, and the other six on the skirmish line. The former battalion under command of the Colonel, was thrown, with the Brigade under General Caldwell, into the woods in rear of the Chancellor House, soon meeting the enemy in full force in rifle pits. After a sharp battle, we charged and drove them and continued the fight until ordered to another position. After the wounding of the Colonel, the command devolved on Major Fairlamb, Colonel McFarlane being absent on sick leave.

The other companies had quite a warm time on the picket line. They were hotly engaged at times and had many narrow escapes from being cut off and captured. Our loss in this, our first battle, was one hundred and sixty-four, of whom there were killed two officers and twenty-nine men; wounded, nine officers and one hundred and ten men; missing, fourteen men. (Colonel Fox in "Regimental Losses," page 302. See also Major Fairlamb's report in Colonel's Story, Chapter II.) The official reports give the following account of the Regiment in this battle. General Hancock says:

On May 2d the enemy frequently opened with artillery from the heights toward Fredericksburg and from those on my right, and with infantry assaulted my advanced line of rifle pits, but was always handsomely repulsed by the troops on duty there, consisting of

the 57th, 64th and 66th New York, and detachments from the 52d New York, 2d Delaware and 148th Pennsylvania. During the sharp contest of that day, the enemy was never able to reach my principal line of battle, so stoutly and successfully did Colonel Miles (Gen. Nelson A.) contest the ground. On the morning of the 3d inst. the battle was renewed at 5:30 A. M. The line was frequently assaulted during the morning with great gallantry, the enemy marching their regiments up into the abatis. The 64th New York behaved with great distinction, repulsing regiment after regiment. The same may be said of the 61st and 66th New York, the detachments from the 53d Pennsylvania, 2d Delaware, 140th, 145th and 148th Pennsylvania and 27th Connecticut. —(Official Rebellion Records. Serial 39, pages 312, 313.)

General John C. Caldwell (commanding Brigade) says:

The next morning (April 30th) we marched to Chancellorsville and out on the road toward Fredericksburg, a distance of over a mile from Chancellorsville. I here formed the 148th Pennsylvania in line of battle on the right of the road. * * * After remaining in our position for more than an hour, in obedience to orders from General Hancock, I fell back along the road. * * * I formed my brigade in line of battle in the open field near Chancellorsville, the 148th Pennsylvania on the right. * * * My troops lay down and the artillery fired over them. One man of the 148th was here killed by a shell and a few wounded. About three o'clock on the morning of the 2d, I received from General Hancock the order to fall back to a line that had been previously designated near Chancellorsville. * * * We immediately set to work digging intrenchments and constructing abatis, and before noon had a line of great strength. * * * Colonel Miles (Gen. Nelson A.), of the 61st New York, was placed by General Hancock in command of the picket line of the Division, which consisted of six companies of the 148th Pennsylvania, 47th New York, two companies of the 52d New York and four companies of the 2d Delaware, supported by the 11th Massachusetts. With this force, Colonel Miles skirmished all day long with the enemy, and at 3:00 P. M. repulsed, with signal loss, a determined attack of the enemy, made in two columns on each side of the road. I do not doubt but that this repulse of the enemy, which kept them from our main lines, was due principally to the skill and gallantry of Colonel Miles, who, with a single line of skirmishers, deployed at three paces, repelled a determined attack of the enemy made in column, a feat rarely paralleled.

We lay in our intrenchments, under a heavy artillery fire, on the morning of the 2d and the morning of the 3d, the men behaving with the greatest coolness. Between nine and ten o'clock on the morn-

ing of the 3d, I was ordered * * * to report with my Brigade to General Hooker. * * * I took four companies of the 148th Pennsylvania, the other six being on picket, the 61st, 52d and 57th New York, in all between five hundred and six hundred men, and marched by the right flank down the road toward United States Ford and halted facing the woods, on the right of the road. About twenty minutes afterward I was ordered by General Hooker, in person, to conduct my Brigade into the open field and through the woods from a point designated. The four companies of the 148th Pennsylvania under Colonel Beaver were on the right, next to them the 61st New York. * * * The 57th New York was on the left, with the 52d New York on their right. We advanced in this order through the woods, under a fire of grape and canister * * * until we encountered the rebels, in rifle pits on our right, who opened on us a very severe fire, which killed and wounded many of the officers and men of the 148th Pennsylvania, among others Colonel Beaver of this Regiment. The severity of the fire, and the fall of their Colonel produced a momentary confusion in the 148th, but they rallied almost instantly and poured a steady and most destructive fire into the enemy, who after a few minutes broke and fled. * * * Of the conduct of officers and men during the entire movement, I can not speak in terms of too high praise. I confess I was somewhat anxious for the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, it being a new regiment, and never having been exposed to fire. It behaved, however, throughout, with the greatest coolness, vying with the old troops in steadiness. Colonel Miles speaks in high terms of the six companies that were on picket, and the other four companies fought with the greatest gallantry under my own eye. I have seldom seen a more steady or better directed fire than theirs was in the woods on Sunday. * * * Colonel Beaver of the 148th Pennsylvania deserves the highest praise for the discipline and efficiency which he has secured in his Regiment. To him belongs, almost exclusively, the praise that his men, in their first battle did their work so handsomely. He was, unfortunately, wounded severely at the first fire, and was borne from the field before he could see the heroism of his men. The command, however, devolved on worthy shoulders. Major Fairlamb rallied and fought the Regiment in the noblest manner.—(Official Rebellion Records Serial 39, pages 318-321.)

The afternoon of the 6th found us in our old camp near Fal-mouth, where we remained, with Major Fairlamb in command, until the return of Lieutenant Colonel McFarlane. The visit of Governor Curtin soon after the battle was an incident of great interest to the Regiment. With the regular routine of camp life, plenty of rations

and rest, our wounded beginning to return with wounds healed, the Regiment soon recuperated from the fatigue, loss and disaster of battle.

I recall no incidents of importance during our six weeks rest, which ended on the 14th of June, when we broke camp and started on the long march to Gettysburg. We moved by way of Stafford, Dumfries, Fairfax, Centerville, across Bull Run battlefield reaching Thoroughfare Gap on the 21st. It was a toilsome march in dust and heat. It was on this march that I first met that inveterate and voracious enemy of the Army—the renowned “grayback.” Hitherto I had entirely escaped his personal attentions, but now I found them by regiment, brigade, division and corps making free use of my person as a commissary department, and I was obliged to join the rest of the comrades in a skirmish “*en dishabille*.” A few days later, there was an issue of clothing by the Quartermaster, and I bought a complete outfit of government clothes, threw away every stitch of clothing, blankets and all. This was my first and last experience with that gang of parasites.

On the 26th of June the march was resumed via Gum Springs, Edwards Ferry, Poolsville, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Frederick City, reaching Uniontown on the evening of the 30th, after a march of thirty miles on that day.

Up to this time I had not been able to procure a mount and had been riding a horse belonging to an absent officer. At Frederick I learned that a farmer living a mile or two off the road had horses for sale. I rode out to his place, found the man, and said:

“I am told you have horses for sale.”

He replied, “I have some horses, but I don’t know as I have any to sell.”

“Oh,” I said, “then I have been misinformed. Good day, sir,” and turned toward the lane.

“Hold on a minute,” said he, “I have one that I might sell.”

“Oh, then, you have a horse to sell. Well, let’s see the brute. I have no time to monkey,” and he took me to his barn where there were eight or ten head in the stalls. He brought out a bay horse a trifle

under size and rather long coupled. I asked him the price, which he put at \$100.00.

I said, "I don't know much about horses, but I guess I can ride as fast as he can go. I'll give you \$95.00."

He took the money and I mounted, leading my new purchase, and soon overtook the column. In the evening I procured a saddle and the next day rode my own horse. He proved to be all right and served me quite well as long as I kept him. How we parted company will appear in the story of "Coffee Hill." In our bivouac that night, Col. E. E. Cross, of the 5th New Hampshire, commanding the Brigade, assigned Col. H. B. McKeen, of the 81st Pennsylvania, to command our Regiment, relieving Lieutenant Colonel McFarlane. This act of Colonel Cross was wholly unjustifiable, the culmination of a series of insults and indignities, which, taking advantage of Beaver's absence, he had inflicted on the Regiment. It was bitterly resented by the men and as I passed through the camp late at night I found men gathered in groups discussing the act and expressing their indignation in very strong language. For a full account of this incident see Major Forster's address at the dedication of our monument on the Gettysburg battlefield.

On the first day of July we entered our native state of Pennsylvania and in the evening were formed in line across the Taneytown road two or three miles from Gettysburg. On the morning of the 2d we took position on Cemetery Ridge. The story of the battle—the great battle—Meade's battle—the battle of Gettysburg that marked the high tide of rebellion and its logical end, has been told many times over, and the part taken by our Regiment will be fully set out by the comrades in the following pages. They will fill with their personal experiences and with incidents the outline—the hours of resting on Cemetery Ridge, Hancock's sharp order to build breast works, the galloping Aide with orders to Caldwell and Cross, the "Fall in, Take arms," and double quick down the crest to the cross-road, the halt and malformation, at the fence, the rush into the wheat-field, the hours of hot musketry fighting at close range, the relief by other troops when men and ammunition were alike exhausted, the

passing files to the rear, and return to the crest, the night bivouac in line, the waiting on the third, the ride of our superb Hancock down the corps line, the signal gun and the terrific impact of Pickett, the slaughter of Wilcox's Brigade in our front—his men becoming our prisoners, and the night closing down upon the failure of Lee's daring invasion and the great Union victory of the War—all will be told. The extracts from official reports bearing upon our part in the battle are all given by Major Forster in his address and need not be repeated here.

During the night of the 2d as I approached the little house—now the field hospital—I stepped upon something that felt so peculiar that I stopped and picked it up. It proved to be an arm. Happening to look at the west window I saw an outline of a pyramid of some sort, which on examination I found was a pile of hands, arms, feet and legs which the surgeons had thrown out in their work and which had now reached the window sill. In front of the house lay General Barksdale mortally wounded, his breast torn and one leg shattered by grape shot. Alternately begging for water, which a drummer boy was giving him with a spoon, and cursing the Yankees, it was a most pathetic scene.

“Bring me water, cold water,” he would say. “When I am well I am a great lover of water, and now when I am shot all to pieces and burning with fever, I must have cold water.” Then he would break out, “Yes, you think you have whipped us, but wait till morning and you will hear Ewell thundering in your rear.” He died during the night. (See the Surgeon's Story by Doctor Hamilton.)

About the middle of our battle in the wheat field I caught a piece of Confederate shell on the large tendon above the knee with force enough to give me quite a whirl, and with shock enough to make me feel down to find if the leg were on or off. I limped back to the rear of a huge rock that afforded good shelter for our wounded, where I found quite a number of the boys with a variety of wounds. Just after me came a Sergeant badly hurt in the shoulder, who begged me to remove his knapsack. Next came another with blood spurting from a shot through the wrist. After fixing them both up as best I could, I examined my own case and found it to be only a bad bruise

of the tendon, sore enough but not serious. I limped back to the Regiment and "fought it out on that line." I was obliged to mount my horse for a week on the right side, which is, of course, the wrong side, the left side being the right side—cavalry paradox. Coming out of the wheat field the men showed the effects of the relaxation from the terrible strain and excitement of battle in an unusual degree. We were panting, pale, except where powder-marked, and in a state of general collapse. A good comrade seeing my difficulty in marching handed me his canteen and said, "Take a drink of this, Adjutant, it will do you good." I took two big swallows of commissary whiskey—my first and last taste of liquor during the service, and I must admit that it did me good.

On the evening of our first march from Gettysburg we bivouacked in a fine field of clover. We lay down with every prospect of a splendid sleep, but I had only got well going when I felt a small and very cold river creeping down my back and woke up to find that we were having a soaking rain—inevitable sequence of a heavy battle. I had tethered my horse near by but when daylight came he was nowhere in sight. After a long search, I found him in the most distant corner of the field, and worst of all, lamer than I was. However, he recovered after a few hours marching, but when we unrolled our blankets the next evening, having been compelled to roll them up very damp, we found them so foul as to require much airing and drying.

Of the long march back to the old lines in Virginia, from the 5th of July until the 4th of August, when we reached Bealton, I recall nothing of importance that is not told in the stories that follow or precede. Colonel Beaver had rejoined us on the 23d of July near Ashby's Gap. He had procured a mount on the way and came to us as we were on the march. As he approached the head of the column I called out, "Look here, boys," and in an instant the Regiment broke out with cheer upon cheer, welcoming his return with the utmost enthusiasm. August, September and part of October were spent in fruitless manoeuvres, which finally brought us to Auburn on the 14th of October. The Second Corps was rear guard of the Army during the retrograde movement which brought the Army from Culpeper

nearly to Washington. We had bivouacked in a body of timber on Cedar Run, and in the morning were moved out and halted on a cone shaped hill covered with shocks of corn where we were to breakfast. While coffee was cooking and pork frying, we noticed a battery going into position on a hill half a mile east of us. We paid no attention to it, supposing it one of ours, but just as our coffee was ready a shell came from the other hill, followed by a vigorous cannonade, which caused a lively stir and ended our breakfast before it began. "Ike" had my two horses at a shock of corn from which they were feeding, and as I turned to call to him I saw that they were plunging frantically, my riding mare "Kate"—a fine English hunting animal that I had bought a month before—being thoroughly frightened. In a moment they broke away and started north over the hill, soon getting mixed up with one of our batteries, and, with Ike following hard after, they disappeared over the hill and were gone. My whole marching outfit was packed on the little horse and I was left dismounted with my sword and the clothes I wore. The Regiment was promptly called to arms and moved to the west side of the hill under cover and our battery soon drove the enemy from his position. This was our "Coffee Hill," and I quote from "Burr's Life of Beaver:"

"As long as you have a man left, hold the brow of the hill above the road until the wagon-train passes!" This imperative order was given by Gen. G. K. Warren, who was then commanding the Second Corps, to Colonel Beaver, of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was at the moment corps officer of the day.

Colonel Beaver being corps officer of the day, had command of the picket line which first and last met the advance of the Confederate column. His duty was delicate and hazardous, for the enemy was after the wagon and ammunition trains, which were altogether too near his grasp for safety. At the first warning of danger General Warren was upon the field, and, in addition to the force already at the disposal of the commander of the outposts, he added a heavy detail of infantry and cavalry, that he might hold the road until the wagons had passed, after he (Warren) had withdrawn the main body of the troops. Warren deemed it all-important that Colonel Beaver should hold the hill above the Warrenton road, and so gave the order which opens this chapter.

Colonel Beaver obeyed his orders to the letter, difficult as they were. Before he withdrew his infantry pickets he saw the Confederates steal down a stone fence and take possession of the only ford

on the stream, which he must cross to regain his Corps, and yet he held the hill and kept his infantry force with the cavalry until every wagon had passed and was safe. The result demonstrated the wisdom of General Warren's order, and he thanked the young Colonel for the manner of its execution. Some time after the event, writing of Colonel Beaver's work that morning, he said:

"It was one of the finest exhibitions of skirmish line fighting and manoeuvre I ever saw."

Colonel Beaver's greatest peril came after he had so admirably handled the troops at his command on the hill, and saved the wagon train. The enemy had taken the only ford on the creek, while he was holding the hill, and there was no alternative left for him except to take to the stream wherever his troops could get into it, and run chances of getting across. He therefore pushed his men into the creek wherever they could get in. It was a scramble for safety under fire, but he got them all over, formed on the other side, and marched diagonally across the country, and joined the main body of troops while the bullets of the enemy were still dropping all around. He narrowly escaped death during this combat with the advancing Confederates. Besides the perils already related, once, while in advance of his picket line trying to sight the position, and movements of the enemy, a ball from a sharpshooter's rifle pierced his saddle, and another destroyed the canteen which swung from his shoulder.

The actual condition of things at the moment was not so bad as reported. * * * Colonel Carroll gained the position assigned him and found Colonel Beaver's command already there and not the enemy.—(Report of General Warren, Rebellion Records, 48-239.)

On moving across the run in the morning, I had left my picket in position under the able command of Colonel Beaver of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.—(Report of Gen. John C. Caldwell Rebellion Records, 48-254.)

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the good behavior of officers as well as enlisted men of this Brigade—from the old regiments * * * and the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers and their officers. Nothing else could be expected, they having gained fame on many battlefields before.—(Report of Col. Paul Frank, Rebellion Records, 48-266.)

We were soon on the march toward Bristoe Station. My man Ike overtook the column and reported to me, "Foh de Lor's sake, Adjutant, you nebber see dem hosses no moh. Dey gone to de debble shuah—I foller 'em and foller 'em till I see de rebs." And I never did see them again. Some years after the War, my claim for them was paid by the Government.

We soon heard the firing at Bristoe and struck the double quick for the fight, in which we had a little share at the close.

At the end of October and again toward the middle of November we were busy receiving, enrolling and assimilating nearly three hundred recruits, mostly under the enrollment act. They were in the main worthy and welcome additions to the ranks. A few were worthless and depraved. The conduct of some of these latter called forth a characteristic speech from the Colonel, which will be referred to hereafter.

The campaign closed with the Mine Run episode and by the 7th of December we were in winter quarters in "Camp near Stevensburg," and here began five months of the Regiment's most delightful experience of all its three years' service. It was a veritable oasis sandwiched in between the toilsome marches and the bloody battles that had preceded and the still more exhausting marches and inexpressibly horrible and bloody carnage that were to follow.

The camp, located on a tract of level ground, heavily timbered, was as pretty a soldier village as you could picture. At the head of the camp, against a background of timber, the straight row of neat log huts of the field and staff, in front of these, a wide sentinel beat, and butting against this, the company streets running at right angles with the line of headquarters, and fronting on either side of the company streets, the row of huts, one for each mess and the company officers' quarters at the head, all well built, roomy and clean; the big log house just to one side the camp, our chapel, where good Chaplain Stevens preached every Sunday and held prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. This little village of ours was but a small precinct in a great military city which spread out over many miles of area and in which one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers were encamped.

On the 23d of January I was granted my first leave of absence and was soon on my way for a longed-for visit to home and "the girl I left behind me." After a few delightful days at Howard, I hurried westward to visit my father, brothers and sisters, who with one exception had removed to Dakota, Illinois. There I learned that my older brother Charles had enlisted and was serving in the 46th Illinois.

Returning to Howard, I stopped just long enough to celebrate St. Valentine's Day in a short ceremony, as a souvenir of which I took with me some cards, one of which, bearing the name of Mary Baker, was tied to my own with a bit of white ribbon. The knot is still tied and the ribbon still white.

Returning at the end of my leave, I found the Army in the midst of a scene of life and gaiety that transformed "grim-visaged war" into a semblance of the royal court of France in the time of the Empire.

An order had been issued passing ladies into the lines, and many hundreds of the wives, sisters, daughters and friends of officers had availed themselves of the privilege. One may more easily imagine than describe the effect of such an angelic irruption into the camp of an army. A great wigwam was built at our division headquarters where balls, theatricals, literary entertainments and social functions of all sorts were had almost nightly. At one of these balls, I remember seeing Grace Greenwood being led through the quadrille by the stout and florid General Caldwell.

Mounted parties of soldiers and ladies were everywhere in evidence, visiting the different headquarters, or making calls on acquaintances in distant camps. The 148th came in for a full share of the courtesies of the time.

Our evening dress parade was a leading attraction. On these occasions we were seldom without visitors, and often very large parties came from the most distant camps to witness our display in this most beautiful of all military forms. And so the winter passed—a long season of rest, in comfortable quarters, with abundant rations and supplies of all kinds in plenty.

As the weather began to moderate toward spring, we had quite a number of "ax-idents," and half a dozen or more men were in the hospital with cut feet. One evening at dress parade, after I had formed the parade, the Colonel ordered, "Double column closed in mass," walked down to the colors and said:

"Men, we have had a hundred axes in this Regiment all winter. You have cut down trees enough for quarters and fuel and there never was a foot cut until within the last few weeks, when there is prospect

of active operations. Now, I want it understood when a man cuts his foot it will be noted on his muster and descriptive roll, on the books of his company and on the records of the Regiment, and that this record will follow him through his Army service and through all his civil life when the War is over; that he CUT HIS FOOT—that he did it himself—that he did it on purpose, and that HE IS AN INFERNAL COWARD.” There was no more cutting of feet.

On the 10th of March Lieutenant General Grant made his official visit to General Meade, and on the 26th established his headquarters with our Army at Culpeper Court House.

Major Fairlamb, with his Byronic face, fine literary turn and brilliant wit, found frequent occasions for amusing sallies during this winter. Himself a physician and surgeon of high repute, he took especial delight in firing off jokes at the expense of the surgeons. Coming out of his quarters one morning, as he approached a group of officers, among whom were two of the surgeons, he looked up at the sky and around at the horizon, and said:

“Fine morning, gentlemen. Clear sky and balmy weather. Everything getting ready for a fight. The turkey buzzards and surgeons gathering around, all ready for business.”

General Hayes was somewhat noted for extraordinary profanity. One day on the march, when Fairlamb was in command of the Regiment, as evening approached, the head of our column came up to where General Hayes had gone into camp for the night. The Major turned to me and said:

“Hello, here’s General Hayes, all fixed up for the night, tent on the hillside and headquarters flag flying. All he needs now is a sign, ‘Lessons given in plain and ornamental profanity.’”

From “Burr’s Life of Gen. James A. Beaver:”

More than a year of hard campaigning had left its ghastly mark upon the 148th. Familiar faces were missing from the ranks. Some were lying in hospitals nursing their wounds; some had now honorable discharge by reason of permanent disability; and some had gone to sleep amid the din of battle. But others came to take their places, perhaps to share their fate. Pennsylvania, whose zeal never flagged throughout the long conflict, looked well to her shattered regiments in the field; and while the 148th was in winter quarters at

Stevensburg in the winter of 1863, fresh recruits had come in and made it as strong as when it left Camp Curtin.

The new camp was pleasantly situated, the site having been chosen with regard to the health of the command. The weather was intensely cold, with little promise of any abatement before spring, and Colonel Beaver went to work at once to put up huts and provide the men with such comfort as the rough regimen of war would permit. A neat little chapel was erected, and in this were held religious exercises and the regimental school for commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Great interest was shown in the prayer-meetings through that winter of preparation for the hazardous work of the spring campaign, and the effect on the Regiment was marked.

The school was a feature of the camp, and very largely owing to its wholesome influence there was raised up from the ranks of that Regiment some of the very best of company officers in the Army of the Potomac. From the day the 148th was organized it had been Colonel Beaver's ambition to make it a model regiment. In camp or on the march, night or day, he had never lost sight of the fact that discipline and instruction were all important factors in reaching perfection. His order for the regimental school was, when in camp, imperative. How he always insisted upon its observance is best told by an occurrence that took place while in the winter camp at Stevensburg.

He went to the chapel one evening and had the officers' call sounded, but there was no response. The Colonel waited a few minutes, but no officer came. Calling his Adjutant he said:

"Adjutant, place every commissioned officer in the Regiment under arrest for twenty-four hours!"

The surprised officers explained that they were issuing clothing when the call sounded.

"Issuing clothing!" exclaimed the Colonel, with amazement. "Clothing can be issued at any time. Here is a standing order—a regular part of each day's duties."

The next day the Regiment went on dress parade without a single commissioned officer but the Colonel and the Adjutant, each company commanded by an Orderly Sergeant. This was not a mere freak or whim. The order was known to every officer, the duty regular. "It showed the character of the man," says a general officer of the Army of the Potomac, in speaking of the occurrence. "The order was for the welfare of the Regiment, reasonable and right, and the punishment necessary to the maintenance of military discipline.

Five months passed of thorough drilling, with close attention to the smallest details. The dress parades of the 148th Pennsylvania became famous, and it was known the Army through as Hancock's pet Regiment. Commendations were freely bestowed upon the splen-

did command and its young Colonel. Particular attention was paid to skirmish drill by the sound of the bugle—a practical accomplishment which was turned to telling account soon after in the Wilderness and the other great battles in which it bore a conspicuous part. Well-clothed and equipped, thoroughly disciplined and drilled, no finer body of men ever marched to the beating of a drum. Four months of schooling for officers and men had made a regiment fit for any work.

A letter written by Colonel Beaver shortly before breaking camp in the spring shows that while he was a strict disciplinarian he had a warm personal interest in every man in his Regiment, and was ready to do a good friend's part.

"One of my boys," he writes, "is sentenced to be shot for desertion, but, as he has behaved very bravely at all times, and is really not guilty of desertion in its bad sense, I will make every effort in my power to have him pardoned or at least reprieved." The man was spared.

These instances of care for each individual man of the 148th might be multiplied by each day of its service while Colonel Beaver was at its head. But the record it made after Stevensburg is the most interesting and brilliant part of its history and of his connection with it.

The First Division of the Second Corps was an especially strong one in the personnel of its officers. Among the Colonels were many men of high character and splendid ability as commanders of regiment or brigade. There were Miles, Brooke, Beaver, Mulholland, Smythe, Brown, McKeen, Cross, several of whom died nobly in battle, while others have achieved honor and distinction in military and civil life since the War. There was much talk among the friends of these Colonels about the promotion of their favorites, and a spirited but friendly rivalry as to which one should first win the star. Of course, we of the 148th were quite sure that our Colonel ought to be the first to win the coveted rank. While Beaver could not help hearing something of these remarks, he manifested no anxiety on the subject, and neither said nor did anything to further his ambition, if indeed he had any. The great review of the Army by General Grant, which occurred shortly before the march to the Wilderness, afforded him an occasion for a very frank expression of his feelings about promotion. I had read the order calling for the review, on dress parade one evening, and after taking command of the Regi-

ment, he walked down to the colors, and called attention to the order, and said, "You know what that means. Now get ready." And we got ready. During the intervening days, there was such cleaning of uniforms, burnishing of brasses, and polishing of weapons, as showed how well the men understood the admonition. The day of the great review dawned, bright and clear, and the Regiment turned out with full ranks, and every officer and man in his place, all in dress uniform, with white gloves, polished shoes, and uniform caps, every field officer present in his place, the Surgeon and two assistants on hand, with the Chaplain and Quartermaster, and the non-commissioned staff. On the way to the review ground, as we descended a long and gentle slope on the Virginia road, when the head of the column reached the foot of the descent, the Colonel turned in his saddle and commanded, "Right shoulder shift arms." The guns came up, the band struck up the music, the Regiment took the step, and the Colonel pointing back to the line, said, "Adjutant, look at that. Isn't it a beauty? Talk about promotion. I'd rather ride at the head of that Regiment than to command any Brigade in the Army. I'd rather be a good Colonel than a poor Brigadier."

The 3d of May, 1864, marked the end of our stay at Stevensburg, and of all rest, ease and comfort. Thenceforward, toil, hardship and slaughter were to be our constant experiences to the end. On that day we crossed as we had crossed one year before, and found ourselves once more on the old battle ground of Chancellorsville. The battle of the Wilderness was fought on the 4th, 5th and 6th of the month, and was a drawn battle. As it sometimes happens, our own Regiment did not become engaged on this field, and sustained a loss of but one man killed.

In connection with the movements in the Wilderness, the following from "Burr's Life" will be found of interest:

The Regiment swung out to the right, reached its post, and took its station in the line of battle, against which Longstreet was to dash the next day in vain. Moving by shorter lines up the middle fingers, to recur to the simile of an outstretched hand, the Second Division, under General Gibbon, was already in place. Its commander rode up to see the approach of the vanguard of the Corps as it came up the road. The full ranks of the 148th swept up in marching order.

The winter's hard drill had done its work. Nine hours' march in a May, Virginia sun left it still fresh. "I was always very particular," said its commander, diffidently, in telling the story, "when we came to a halt to dress our lines, stack arms, unslung knapsacks and put everything in perfect shape for any emergency before breaking ranks." The order "break ranks" came at last, and the young Colonel rode over to the group of general officers, who had been watching the methodical drill of nine hundred gleaming bayonets, while already the sharp snapping roar of a great battle could be heard five miles away. "Colonel," said General Gibbon, in command of two divisions, holding an advance line on the eve of a great battle, "I'd rather have that Regiment in its splendid condition, and command it, than occupy the position I do."

But in the Army, as in the world, the law of compensation holds good, and as we moved out of the Wilderness on the evening of the 7th, we entered upon an epoch in which we were to pay dearly for our exemption in the Wilderness. From the 8th of May to the 19th, we were prominent factors in the scenes at bloody Spotsylvania. This battle will be so fully described in other chapters, including a special contribution on the battle by the editor, that I need not in this place add any words of my own. Our loss was thirty-three killed, two hundred and thirty-five wounded and thirty-three missing, a total of three hundred and one, being the heaviest loss of any infantry regiment on that field. But the magnitude of the operations at Spotsylvania, ranking as it does, next to Gettysburg, the greatest battle of the Civil War, warrants me in the insertion in this place of the following account from "Burr's Life:"

BREAKING THE REBEL LINE AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

"I know they will not come back! They will not come back!" exclaimed General Hancock, as he sat on his horse and watched those grand soldiers he commanded with so much spirit and efficiency upon so many battlefields, as they slowly and silently, in solid mass, marched toward the strong works of the enemy in the gray of the morning of the 12th of May, 1864. His manner and his words betokened not only a confidence in the valor of his men but that love for the old Second Corps that is the index to its success, and his supreme support as a man and a commander. It was a critical moment in the history of that command, and indeed of the whole Army, for a movement of mighty import began when Hancock watched his troops as they started for the Con-

federate line that morning. No charge of the War had been planned with so much care. Troops had never been sent against an enemy in this country in such formation. The result was a brilliant episode of war.

Watching the massed line as it swept over the low ground and up the sloping hill was a duty which would have filled even a less impetuous man than Hancock with enthusiasm. The morning light was not yet strong enough to lift the fog. The further the men went from the point where Hancock stood, the more faintly were their forms seen. When they began to ascend the hill nothing but their heads and the upper part of their bodies could be distinguished. The strange billowy motion of the swaying silent line suggested to the observer an army of turtles cautiously creeping up hill, and Hancock is said to have so described it. Seeing the precision of the march, which was guided by a compass from the point where he stood to a house inside the Confederate lines, he thrice gave vent to his sincere satisfaction, as he saw them near the enemy's works, by the earnest words of confidence, "They will not come back!"

It was Grant's plan to assault the enemy in their intrenched position at daybreak, before they were aware of the presence of his troops, and his orders to the corps commanders were given with that end in view. Every preparation for the attack, which gave all officers much solicitude, and called from Hancock the striking expressions above quoted, had been made under the cover of night. Early on the evening of the 11th, Hancock had assembled his division commanders, and given them their orders. He carefully explained the plan of attack, and spoke with earnestness upon the minutest detail of the march and assault. But important as was his council with his immediate subordinates, the consultations which followed between division and brigade, and between brigade and regimental commanders, were no less dramatic and significant. The night was very dark, and the rain beat mercilessly down upon the unsheltered troops, whether they were in the tangled forest, or the open field. It was between eight and nine o'clock when the brigade commanders of the First Division of the Second Corps were called by its commander. In a dense and gloomy forest, in a secluded spot cleared for the purpose, Barlow met his Brigadiers—Brooke, Brown, Miles and Smyth.

The desultory firing of the day had ceased. No sound came from the bivouacs where the weary men were snatching an hour's rest after the marching and fighting of the Wilderness. Barlow's Division was to be honored with a position of great peril and importance, and now his Brigades were to be assigned to their work. The flickering light of a lantern shed its dim, uncertain rays over the dreary woods, and on the little group huddled together in the dismal storm to map out the plan of the morrow's desperate business. By the lantern's

faint, unsteady beam, now flaring its red glare upon a thoughtful face, almost beaten out by wind and rain, Barlow traced upon the moistened earth the plan of the deadly assault. It was a rude map, but the Brigadiers followed each outline with eager eye, and when the Druid council was over, each understood the part he was to play, and hastened to his command to summon his Colonels to a similar council. Brooke called his regimental commanders, among them Colonel Beaver, and gave them their instructions for the charge. Not a gun was to be fired in the advance. "Let silence—dead silence—be the awful menace!" said Brooke, "and break it only with the bayonet!"

Barlow's Division was to take the lead of the Second Corps, in two lines of masses, Brooke's and Miles' Brigades in the front, each regiment forming double column on the center. The enemy lay strongly entrenched in his works, posted on an elevation, having all the advantage of position. Colonel Beaver had scarcely turned in for a few hours' rest, when, about ten o'clock marching orders came. The troops moved at once, and never did men start upon a march under circumstances more dispiriting. To the inky darkness of the night was added a chilling rain, the more depressing because it came in the shape of a dense searching mist, that wet to the skin, and left men with a sensation of having been varnished with fresh mucilage. It covered the country with a fog, and made the woods and tangled forests through which the march had to be made doubly dismal and difficult to penetrate. General Beaver's diary records the fact that "the night was chilly, and that the storm was such that he shivered more than ever before in his life."

From eleven o'clock until nearly one in the morning the Second Corps struggled over the difficult way, led by the unsteady light of a lantern which Col. C. H. Morgan, Hancock's chief-of-staff, carried in his hand, far enough in advance of the head of the Corps to keep it from reflecting the long line of gleaming guns which followed him. The story of that night's march of the Second Corps cannot be pictured with words or brush. Silently the men struggled on over the tangled and tortuous path, following the glare of a candle. Now and then one would whisper beneath breath a word to a comrade, or touch an elbow to make sure he was there. Not a loud word spoken, or a noise made to show that an army corps was on its way to desperate work. At last the silent column halted and went into line. The 148th took position with its Brigade to the left of the Army of the Potomac, in full face of the enemy.

Many times during this weary, dangerous march around the balance of the Army, in the face of the enemy, did the men of the Second Corps give significant evidence of that admirable spirit, discipline and bravery so justly the pride of its commander and so clearly the foundation and creation of its brilliant career. Hancock's orders

were that perfect silence be maintained during the march. Not a loud word was to be spoken by officer or man. The route lay within stone's throw of the enemy's position. A loud word, the rattle of camp equipage or the shaking of a canteen, might reveal the movement and give the enemy time to prepare for the attack, or what was worse, to assault the moving corps in column and beat it back, if not destroy it. Everything the men carried that could make a noise was strapped close to the body, and the column moved as noiselessly as a well-ordered machine. The leading division had arrived at the point where it was to go into line when an incident occurred that strikingly illustrates the wonderful discipline and self-control of the men about to go into battle, even in a stampede. Col. W. P. Wilson, of the 148th, but then of General Hancock's staff, who was that night guiding the Third Division of the Corps (Birney's), tells the story in graphic detail. Colonel Comstock, of Grant's staff, Colonel C. H. Morgan, Hancock's chief-of-staff, and Captains Mitchell and Wilson, Aides on the staff of the commander of the Second Corps, had the day before located the line of march and point of assault, and of course all save Comstock played an important part in the events of that memorable night.

"The First Division was going into position," says Colonel Wilson, "and the Second came to a halt." The weary men drenched to the skin, sunk down on the hillside, and were asleep as soon as they touched the ground. I fell asleep on my horse, and awoke suddenly to find that the column was moving, man by man silently down the hill. I shall never forget the sight. It seemed as though the line was fading away into the darkness, or enveloped by a cloud. Perhaps a line of phantom soldiers, moving in the mist, would best describe their appearance, as I awoke. I sought General Birney and asked in a whisper:

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know," he replied, looking anxiously at the moving line. In an instant his staff officers and commanders of regiments and companies were after the disappearing column, bringing the men back, man by man, to their places. In either movement not a loud word was spoken."

When the line was again reformed, an inquiry as to the cause of the movement down the hill developed the fact that a pack mule laden with intrenching tools, that had broke away from the sleeping man who had been leading it, was grazing down the hill between the Union line and the enemy's position. The tools rattled a little, and thinking that the enemy had discovered the movement and was advancing, the men stampeded, each man moving off by himself without a word. They even in their fright never forgot their commander's orders for perfect silence.

When the divisions of the corps that were to make the charge, the First, Second and Third, got into position, the men slept upon their arms, ready for their task. When the hour given for the assault arrived, the men were called to begin the more serious day's work of the War. But dense penetrating fog hung over the scene of the coming battle, and Hancock held back his men until the light grew stronger through the mist of the early morning. At 4:35 A. M. came the order to advance. With a word of cheer to his men, a short, ringing speech that kindled the fire of patriotism, Colonel Beaver and his Regiment moved forward with the Brigade. Through the only clearing between the Armies, up the rugged ascent, facing without response a hot fire from the enemy's picket reserve, the 148th in the front line, they broke through the enemy's picket line, and in an instant were in the rifle pits on his skirmish line. Not a shot had been fired from the Union troops. Barlow pressed on, Birney keeping pace with him. But the men were burning with enthusiasm, impatient for the decisive clash. They were half way up the slope—almost on the enemy's works. Not a sound from the veterans, strictly disciplined and mindful of their orders. But a new regiment, thinking that the victory had been won when the picket rifle pits were taken, broke into a cheer. The fire had been lighted. The shouts ran through regiment after regiment, until the whole force was yelling like mad, and soon they were dashing on the enemy at the double-quick. Down from the rebel works poured a galling fire of musketry and grape and canister—a hot and deadly blast that tore great rents in the advancing ranks. Stunned by the murderous fury of the sudden and continuous fire, the column wavered for an instant, only to rally with louder yells and accelerated pace for one of the bravest, bloodiest charges in the annals of war. On they drove, the enemy raking them as they advanced, marking their pathway up with many killed and wounded. But the torn ranks closed as fast as the heroes fell, and when the crest of the slope had been reached, two whole divisions threw themselves at once upon the works. The pioneers had been placed along the front of the line, axes in hand. When the abatis was reached they cut the timber, the troops dragged it aside and poured through the lanes thus made, and, against a gallant and obstinate defence, hurled themselves fair upon the enemy. Now began one of the boldest and deadliest hand-to-hand combats of the War. With sword and bayonet our troops cut their way. With sword and bayonet and hand-spike the rebels replied, until, overborne by the fury of the assault, they broke and gave up the works to Hancock's veterans. Veteran campaigners had never looked upon such a sight as they beheld when the enemy had been driven out. Dead and dying were heaped in piles.

"In one little spot," says General Brooke, upon whose authority the graphic details of this march and charge are given, "I saw sixty bodies lying, every one of them pierced with the bayonet."

Not far off a Union and a Confederate soldier struggled, each with his bayonet fast in the other's body. Captain Anderson, of the 53d Pennsylvania, was felled by a rebel cannoneer's hand-spike, and picked up for dead, though fortunately he recovered.

General Grant, in his report of this engagement, says:

"The eighth day of the battle closes, leaving between three thousand and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found their last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even that of a company, whilst we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's) and one brigade (Dole's) and one regiment entire of the enemy."

General Badeau, in his "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," says:

"During the War the rebels never made so important and successful an assault as that of Hancock, on the 12th of May. Indeed, they rarely attempted to assault fortified works, and never captured one when Grant was in the field."

Hancock, in his report, pays this tribute to the gallantry of the men, and describes the pursuit after the works had been carried:

"They rolled like an irresistible wave into the enemy's works, tearing away what abatis there was in front of the intrenchments with their hands, and carrying the line at all points in a few minutes, although it was desperately defended. Barlow's and Birney's Divisions entered almost at the same moment, striking the enemy's line at a sharp salient point, immediately in front of the Lendrum House; a fierce and bloody fight ensued with bayonets and clubbed muskets; it was short, however, and resulted in the capture of nearly four thousand prisoners of Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, twenty pieces of artillery, with horses, caissons, and material complete, several thousand stand of small arms, and upwards of thirty colors. Among the prisoners were Major General Edward Johnson and Brigadier General George H. Stuart, of the Confederate service. The enemy fled in great confusion and disorder, their loss in killed and wounded being unusually great. The interior of the intrenchments presented a terrible and ghastly spectacle of dead, most of whom were killed by our men with the bayonet when they penetrated the works; so thickly lay the dead at this point, that in many places the bodies were touching and piled upon each other."

After taking the works the troops could not be held back, but pursued the fleeing enemy towards Spotsylvania Court House, where they encountered a second line of formidable earthworks. The enemy

heavily re-enforced, beat back our wearied ranks to the first line of works, that had been so gloriously taken, and were now held in spite of spirited efforts to dislodge them.

Summing up his report of the day's fighting, Hancock says:

"A cold, drenching rain descended during this battle, in which the troops were constantly under heavy and destructive musketry fire for nearly twenty hours. Our losses in killed and wounded were quite heavy, but we had inflicted a signal defeat upon the enemy. Ewell's Corps of infantry was almost destroyed; the celebrated 'Stonewall Brigade' was captured nearly entire. The losses of the enemy during the day in killed, wounded and captured, must have amounted to at least ten thousand men."

HOLDING THE SALIENT.

Day was just dawning as the crest of the National advance broke on the rebel works and flooded them. The swift movement had been successful along the line in front of General Brooke's Brigade, whose commander had sprung on the rebel works at one end of the line, covered by the two Brigades of the First Division, just as he saw one of his Colonels leap on the works at the other end. "The first I knew," says a general staff officer who was following the line of battle just in its rear, "was the prisoners boiling over on me, and I had my hands full taking care of them." Success had come; but the worst of the battle was still in the future. General Barlow's Division had struck full on its center a broad, flat V-shaped salient, and swept over it. The flat, open cleared space behind, turned on the instant into a seething cauldron of fighting men, was in the undisputed possession of the National forces. Over twelve thousand men jammed in the narrow space of a few acres, swayed hither and thither in the wild delirium of success. For the first and for the last time in the long wrestle of the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of Northern Virginia, an intrenched position mounted with artillery well chosen, well manned and well armed, had been taken by an assault in column. It remained to hold it. In the swarming, struggling, mass of men and officers, lines lost, regiments confused, brigades confounded, cool heads were at work putting the command into order for the inevitable counter assault. The recollection of the actors in the great struggle is hopelessly confused as to its details. It is easy for widely different conditions to exist along the front of a long line nearly a mile in breadth. It appears to be unquestionable that the headlong rush of assault swept part of the attacking force against the inner works of the enemy half a mile distant, and equally clear that elsewhere the National forces were held in hand, and brought into line just in the rear of the works they had carried. It is now known that, screened by the woods, two divisions, Mahone's and

Wilcox's, were falling into line to repel Hancock's advance, within a few moments after the assault. Brooke's Brigade, with the 148th on its left, had been the first to cross the enemy's works. To this day it is a disputed point whether any but the First Division actually carried the works before it. However this may be, there seems to be no doubt that the first line thrown forward to hold the hard-won position was the highly disciplined Brigade, the fortune of one of whose regiments this sketch seeks to follow. It lost in the trophies of the field by the act; but it saved the fortunes of the day.

The Salient carried by the National forces had been placed where it was by the Confederate engineers, because at this point the slope which ran down to the creek between the naked ridge on which Hancock formed his men, and the ground rising towards Spotsylvania, dipped into a low swale, which lower sank into a narrow ravine. In the day-long struggle that followed, this depression, slight, a mere wrinkle on a contour map, played the part of a covered way, and made it possible for the Union forces to hold the point they had won. Lee was in imminent danger. The Second Corps had cut his Army in two. The joint in his harness had been found by the keen, highly tempered blade with which Grant had been searching his armor for a fortnight.

The contracted limits of the Salient became a great slaughter pen, swept by one continuous blaze of musketry. There was no room to bring in guns, and no space to use them. The Second Corps stretched first in an irregular line across the space it had won—Mott, Birney, Gibbon, Barlow from right to left, the 148th, with its Brigade, pushed sharply to the left—volley by volley, at point blank range, beat back the rebel advance. Inch by inch the line fell back, it lay on the works it had won, when at 6:00 A. M. the Sixth Corps brought it its first aid. Great trees were cut off like reeds by the musketry fire which swept the works back and forth like canister. The lines were reversed, and the National forces fought on the outer edge of the works they had early won. Ammunition soon ran low, and all day pack-mules, the ammunition cases slung on their backs, were passing up the ravine, and across the dip of the swale the Salient had been intended to command. By the same shelter wounded men went to the rear, and supports and reliefs came to the front. The presence of this natural covered way made possible communication with the very center of the battle, whose hot fire the War did not see equaled. Without it it is hard to see how the difficulty of supplying an advanced line through twenty hours of continuous firing, could have been surmounted.

"The angle," says Brigadier Gen. L. A. Grant, of the Sixth Corps of the defence of the Salient, "became at once the key-point and scene of a terrible struggle. It was apparent that if we held it, all

the line to the right would fall into our hands, and equally apparent that if we failed to hold it, the captured lines to the left would fall into the enemy's hands. Perhaps there was not a more desperate struggle during the War. It was not only a desperate struggle, but it was literally a hand-to-hand fight. Nothing but breastworks separated our force from the enemy, and our men mounted the works, and, with muskets rapidly handed them, kept a continuous fire until they were shot down, when others would take their places, and continue the deadly work.

"Several times during the day the rebels would show a white flag above the works, and when our fire slackened, jump over and surrender, and others were crowded down to fill their places. Scores, and no doubt hundreds of men are now living who were engaged in that conflict, and whose recollections of it are vivid. It was there that the somewhat celebrated tree was cut off by bullets; there that the brush and logs were cut to pieces and whipped into basket stuff; there that fallen men's flesh was torn from the bones, and the bones shattered; there that the rebel ditches and cross sections were filled with dead men several deep. It was there that General Barlow says: 'I myself saw in the excavation on the enemy's side of the log breastworks, such a mass of the dead and wounded as I had only seen once before, and that was in a sunken road at Antietam, which is still called Bloody Lane.'"

Even for a single regiment the day was crowded with incidents. Every group that was formed under this fire had its casualty. During the worst fighting of the day, after Brooke's Brigade had been pushed to the front over two battle lines to the Sixth Corps, to hold a very important position, their ammunition ran out, and the file closers of the 148th ran back to the idle troops behind them, and carried cartridges up in their caps to the fighting men.* Brooke had been ordered to hold the road at all hazards, and while he was making a stubborn fight to do so, he rode up to the 148th for a word of conference with Colonel Beaver. While they were consulting, Beaver fell, and the men of the Regiment shouted, "The Colonel has got it again." The shock was but momentary. A spent ball flattened itself on the note-book, so frequently quoted from in these pages, which he carried in his vest pocket. Later the Regiment found its cartridge boxes empty, and Major Forster went back and informed General Brooke of the fact. "Tell Colonel Beaver that he must hold that road," was the reply. "Let his men fix bayonets, lie down and hold it with cold steel." Beaver obeyed the order. The 148th lay in the woods ready to hold the road with the bayonet, but it was withdrawn before the necessity of doing so arose.

While the fighting was hot and the artillery of the Second Corps, massed on the ridge from which the troops started, was playing over

* See story of Lieutenant McCartney.—EDITOR.

the heads of the men in the Salient on the rebel line beyond, it was determined to place two pieces at the angles of the Salient, and sweep the approaches obliquely.

"I can't take my pieces there," said the artillery officer to whom Colonel Wilson, General Hancock's Aide, came with the order.

"My horses will be shot down before we get there."

"I expect you to take them up there by hand," was the reply.

"But the men can't under that musketry fire," pleaded the officer.

"Then I'll get a detail from the 148th Pennsylvania lying there that will. They'll not only get the guns up there, but work 'em," said the Aide. The detail was made up before the officer gave way, and the pieces were started out to their post.

Through hours and hours of hard fighting the long forenoon wore away into the afternoon. Night even came on and still the fighting continued. After the conflict the Regiment was marched back, and lay down under the shelter of the ravine. General Hancock, in his official report, speaking of the share of the work of Brooke's Brigade, and the 148th Regiment on that day and in that fight, says:

"Although it had taken part in the first assault of the morning, and had been among the first troops to enter the works, where it was hotly engaged for hours, when General Brooke marched to re-enforce the Sixth Corps, he was thrown forward on the front line of battle, where he relieved a portion of Wheaton's Division; his Brigade fought in this position, losing very heavily, until it had again exhausted its ammunition, when it was returned to me."

It was nine before firing ceased, it was midnight before the enemy retired. Thirty-six hours before the troops had broken camp, after hours on the march, they had been kept waiting in the dull soaking mist, waiting other hours for the attack, a few hundred yards from the enemy, at a point where every soldier felt that delay would mean defeat. No better proof of the strain under which the troops lay could be offered than the fact that the dull clatter of a pack mule laden with intrenching tools, which strayed down the line, sent the men dropping singly and by squads to the rear. As the line melted away in the dark it was caught, and brought back by its officers. Discipline was strong; but even discipline was not proof against the chance panics of the darkness. The assault followed, the long struggle over the ground won lasted through the day. When the battle was over the 148th had lost one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded, one man out of five.

General Brooke, who commanded the Brigade in which Colonel Beaver served, in his official report to General Hancock of the rapid operations of the 12th, and the few preceding days, says:

“Col. James A. Beaver distinguished himself on every occasion, but most particularly at the battle of the Po, My 10th, and at Spotsylvania, May 12th.”

So conspicuous had been his gallantry, and so valuable his services during these days of tiresome marching and hard fighting, that his superior officers desired to do more than compliment him in official reports. On May 13th, the day after the brilliant work at the Salient, General Barlow issued the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS,
May 13, 1864.

ORDERS.

Col. James A. Beaver, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, is hereby assigned to the command of the Third Brigade, and will report to these headquarters at once.

By command BRIGADIER GENERAL BARLOW,
JOHN HANCOCK,
Assistant Adjutant General.”

He of course reported, but asked to be allowed to decline the proffered advancement. He preferred, he said, not to leave his Regiment. He felt it his duty to stay by the men he had brought into the field. This was the second or third time he had declined promotion, and Barlow asked, rather sternly, “when he would be willing to take a Brigade?”

“When the losses of war leave me the ranking officer of the Brigade in which my Regiment is serving,” was the prompt reply.

On the night of the 20th, we turned our backs upon the bloody scenes of Spotsylvania, and resumed the flanking movement southward through Guinea’s Station and Milford, to the North Anna River, the scene of our next engagement, from which we emerged with a loss of ten men.

Continuing, Burr says:

Weakened by losses, wearied by wearing marches in mud and rain, the Regiment, Friday, May 20th, fell into line at daybreak to begin the dangerous and hazardous movements of the next fortnight, which shifted the base of the Army from the Rapidan to the James, the Second Corps playing the part of the advancing half. For over a week during this march the 148th shared the hazard and anxiety of daily movements, in which the entire force was aware that it was pushing alone into the enemy’s country, with its flank exposed, and its supports distant, liable any day to feel the weight of Lee’s whole Army. It started across the Mat River after almost half a week’s rest from actual fighting. It was the turn of the First Di-

vision to lead, and Saturday, the 21st, the 148th had the front of the line, its march lying by a road which doubled the track of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, crossed the Mat, lay through Bowling Green, and at last brought the Regiment at Milford Station to the Mattapony, which was forded waist-deep. It was a long march for a single day, and it had brought the command out of the woods and tangled thickets of the region back of Fredericksburg, into the rolling land, the cultivated fields, and sandy soil of the lower Virginia rivers. The Corps was about to enter the second series of operations which ended with the dogged siege of Petersburg.

The 148th led off with the first skirmish of the march. Forging the stream of the Mattapony waist-deep, it captured a small camp at the cross roads just beyond the ford opposite Milford Station, made a few prisoners, and took the camp equipage. The trifling skirmish over, the Regiment was pushed out on a reconnaissance towards Harris' Store. "A very pleasant trip," says Colonel Beaver, in his diary; "scared up a few of the enemy's cavalry, and were fired into by our own. Returned in the evening without losing a man."

Wednesday night began the movements which were to end at Cold Harbor. A division at a time the National forces were started in the night, and a strong column was well on its way towards the Pamunkey before the new march was discovered. The Sixth, the Fifth, and the Ninth Corps were successively removed, and at last the Second Corps was withdrawn across the stream. Again, as after the Wilderness, Colonel Beaver's Regiment furnished its share (two hundred men) of the last thin skirmish line left to veil a retreat by two bridges across a deep stream, before a force, which now that the Second Corps lay before it alone, outnumbered the National forces three to one. Every man was brought off in safety. "Our Brigade crossed the river to the north bank last," says his diary. For two days, May 27th and 28th, steady marching continued, the Second Corps occupying the center of the advance. The Pamunkey was crossed, Brooke's Brigade was pushed to the front, in the series of operations which brought the Corps to Cold Harbor, and each afternoon saw a skirmish as the enemy's advance line was reached. His main position was still a day's march away, and the Brigade was hourly moved brief distances along the line of Totopotomoy until the way was opened for a movement on Cold Harbor.

The assault at New Cold Harbor was an attempt, by sheer and furious fighting, to force the advantage which march and manoeuvre had missed. It failed at a cost of life matched by no other fifteen minutes of four years war. It left the Regiment which Colonel Beaver commanded at the opening of the action, and the Brigade of which he was in command at its close, pushed to the very lip of the enemy's position, lying in a work thrown up under fire, at a biscuit toss from the enemy's works.

The Army once across the Pamunkey and established on its southern bank, its next effort was to extend its line southward towards the James. The Second Corps marched at noon, May 29th, the next day, General Barlow's Division in the advance, reaching southward for the cross roads at Old Cold Harbor that spread towards both rivers. The order to march "abridged the divine service" at which the 148th was gathered, and in the Sunday afternoon—to turn to General Hancock's report—"the enemy's skirmish line, strongly intrenched, was handsomely carried without much loss, by skillful manoeuvring by Brooke's Brigade of Barlow's Division."

General Brooke, in his official report to General Hancock of this movement, says:

"I ordered Colonel Beaver, whose Regiment was deployed as skirmishers, to drive the enemy into his works if possible, and about 4:00 P. M., hearing firing on our left, I ordered him to make a strong attack, which proved successful."

The slow advance across the Totopotomoy continued all day, and just at dusk a brisk rebel attack having fallen on Warren, Hancock was ordered again to attack to relieve the Fifth Corps. As usual the Brigade of which the 148th formed a part was selected, particularly as, to quote General Hancock again, "there was no place on my line where an assault could be made with success at short notice. Brooke's Brigade, however," continues General Hancock's report, "advanced just at dark over obstacles which would have stopped a less energetic commander, and carried the enemy's advance line of rifle pits."

The two Armies now lay in parallel lines, each front covering an extent of about nine miles, the National forces daily developing to the left, and the Confederate to the right, the Second Corps working along with the rest, throwing up works almost hourly, and making each day an advance which brought the two hinged lines closer together. The Second Corps started at 11:00 P. M. to take its familiar place on the left of the line, where the blow of battle was to fall.

It was hoped and intended to advance the Second Corps on the enemy immediately on their arrival, but the tired, hungry, heated troops needed rest and breakfast, and the assault was postponed until five in the afternoon. All the day before and during this day desultory fighting was in progress along the line; but as Badeau says of the Second Corps and its commander, "all but Hancock were slower than the Lieutenant General desired." The assault was deferred again until early the next morning.

Before day broke a heavy rain fell, "refreshing us exceedingly." The low mists and heavy clouds of early June still hung about the swamps and stunted pine thickets when three Corps, the Second, Hancock's, the Sixth, Wright's, and the Eighteenth, Smith's, fell into line at 4:00 A. M. Their front stretched, with intervals, over

two miles, and led up to the low rising ground on the part of which the Army of the Potomac was stationed when Lee attacked McClellan in the early days of the War.

Of the positions before the Army little was known, save that for three days they had been filling with rebel troops and artillery. The pickets of the two armies were touching. A reconnaissance was deemed impracticable; the division commanders only knew that they were to push forward until they struck the enemy's works, and then carry them. The attack was a simple brute rush in open day on strong works.

It cost the National forces from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand in killed, wounded and missing, and one-fourth of this loss fell on the narrow line of the two divisions of the Second Corps in which the 148th charged. Into the wider fortunes of the field it is not necessary to enter. It is enough to describe the brief space in which some small measure of success was won by the First Division of the Second Corps in this bloody but fruitless struggle. General Barlow's Division, as it pushed forward in two lines, Brooke's and Miles' Brigades in the First and Byrnes' and McDougall's in the Second, found itself, as it emerged from shelter, on a broad and level field running in a smooth and even slope up to the enemy's works. The right of the advance passed over a sunken road which played its part in obstructing an advance. The left, under General Brooke's immediate direction, went over the same road on a level, struck, half way up the hill, a rail fence, and from this point had no further obstruction but the hot fire of a nearly equal force.

The charge at Spotsylvania had been made in a dense formation which swept into the works like a flood. Here in broad day and on open ground, a full fair target for the enemy, this was out of the question. Instead, General Brooke spread along his front his rawest troops, the 7th New York, placed behind them at an interval the two Brigades already noted, and in the rear the supporting second line under the command of Colonel Beaver. A battalion of the 148th Pennsylvania, under command of Major Forster of that Regiment, had been thrown out in advance of the assaulting column with instructions to drive the enemy's pickets and skirmishers into their works. They did the work and joined their Regiment just as the front line made its final rush upon the works.

The brigade flag and its commander went forward with the first line of raw men through the damp, tall, wet grass and clinging bushes. Up the slope, over the fence, across the line and into the works the line went. It was the only point in all the day's fighting where the enemy's works were carried. Three guns, three hundred prisoners and a flag were picked up by the advancing force. The guns were turned, a hurried attempt was made to get the men in hand,

General Brooke sprang back to change the direction of the advancing line that it might strike the works fair and not obliquely, caught the strong, manly voice of Colonel Beaver as he gave his Regiment a half-wheel, "felt all was well if he was alive," to use his own words, turned to rejoin the men within the works and fell, hit by canister.

"Tell Colonel Beaver he is in command and to push into the works. The 7th New York is already there," Brooke whispered to an Aide, and was carried off the field.

The wound deprived General Brooke of any further share in active military service during the War; but he had already won the reputation of a brigade commander who had at once learned and taught the art of battle during the War, until he and his Brigade were worthy of each other and of the Second Corps, whose charge they so often led. Higher praise it would not be easy to frame.

The staff quickly reported to Beaver and he made a rush to gain the salient, but before he reached it the enemy's supports crowded into the works which had just been carried; the assaulting troops began to stream back; the assault was over; the line was checked at the rail fence half way up the slope, not thirty yards from the enemy's position. Any one of a thousand chances of war would have left the advance of the Second Corps again within the enemy's line, but the single chance was gone.

But if not in it they were on it, and to hold the advantage gained gave Colonel Beaver another brilliant opportunity which he readily grasped. He pushed his force almost up to the summit of the slope and there gave battle with his second line, while his first gathered rails and threw up works on the very edge of the rebel position, from which they could not be driven, even under the converging fire of a long line of works at a point where a week's sap might have brought a force. "With a gallantry rarely exhibited under such circumstances," says General Hancock's Life, written under the direction of his staff, "a part of General Barlow's line, particularly the 148th Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Beaver commanding, faced to the enemy, within a short distance of his line, and held their ground until they had constructed with their bayonets and hands a cover which enabled them to hold on permanently."

Plates and bayonets, bare hands and rails from the fence, extended the work, deepened and established it, until it gave a precarious shelter. How precarious Colonel Beaver soon came to know.

Early in the day he was hit by a spent bullet which had just gone through the body of an Aide, Capt. J. B. Brady, who stood talking to him. Later, as he sat talking to Colonel Morris of the 7th New York, he learned that the latter's was the earlier commission, and that he should have commanded the Brigade after Brooke was disabled instead of himself. He was apologizing for having taken

command by Brooke's orders and had yielded his authority to Morris. An incautious movement exposed that officer and he fell, shot through the heart, leaving Colonel Beaver still in command.

The day was full of these things, for the action struck from the rolls of the Second Corps many of its best officers—Tyler, Brooke, Byrnes, McMahan, Haskell, McKeen, Porter and Morris of the 7th and Morris of the 66th New York, most of them killed. Two Generals and seven Colonels fell in a few minutes, officers of lower rank were shot down by the score. "My loss in commanders," said General Hancock, in his report, "was unusually severe; it was a blow from which the Corps did not soon recover." In the hour's assault three thousand and twenty-four men fell, nearly a tenth commissioned officers. General Hancock might well speak of it as "a loss without precedent." Indeed since the Army crossed the Rapidan the losses of the Second Corps had been "without precedent." Grant had used it as the hammer's head with which he had pounded at Lee for nearly four weeks. It was no wonder that a few days after Cold Harbor, upon the banks of the James, Hancock should have said to an officer who asked him where his Corps was, "It lies buried between the Rapidan and the James."

Of the exceedingly delicate operation of withdrawing from our position I quote:

The days in the trenches soon passed, and finally Grant and Lee tired of watching and barking at each other. Grant had determined to make a bold move for the James, and, if possible, to get far enough from the Confederate lines for breathing room. Sunday, June 12th, the delicate and hazardous movement began. It was no easy task for any of the Army to get away without giving notice to the enemy of the movement. To that portion of the Second Corps in the advance the hazard was increased; but to Colonel Beaver's command the move was full of peril. To get the pickets off without loss was the most delicate of military operations.

The task, hard in any case, is hardest of all when a partially intrenched position, a few yards from the enemy's works, has to be silently abandoned by the thin line left to guard it, when the main body of the Army is miles away, and support is neither provided nor expected. The manner of the manoeuvre is in Colonel Beaver's language:

"Our Brigade was the only one so near the enemy as to endanger it materially. We kept the band playing its liveliest measures, and moved without commands, leaving our pickets on post. The pickets withdrew at a later hour without the loss of a man. I had been ordered to leave my best troops on picket, and was disinterested enough to

leave my own Regiment. I was therefore very anxious about the pickets. They came in all right some hours after we reached here."

Col. W. P. Wilson, who was then an Aide to General Hancock, and was left by him, with Colonel Hamil, the corps officer of the day, to help withdraw the pickets, tells of the delicate operation, and how carefully each man was slipped from his post, and the force concentrated at a given point.

"The order to each man," said Wilson, "was to move at a certain moment straight to the rear. Colonel Hamil's watch had been carefully compared with all the time-pieces on the line. It seemed an age after the Corps moved before the minute came when the critical effort was to be made to withdraw the pickets. When it did come I stood in the woods watching the men as each carefully obeyed his instructions, and moved directly to the rear. Every man reached the point for uniting before the enemy discovered the disappearance of the line.

"I sat on my horse in the woods in plain sight of their position. At last one man looked over the works, and, as no shot greeted him, another poked his head over, and in half a minute they swarmed over like rats and into our abandoned works. When their officers found we were gone the assembly sounded, and they were on the march almost as soon as we. I watched them a moment until our pickets were well under way, and, finding that they were not going to follow us, rode off, and Hancock's position at Cold Harbor was thus successfully abandoned without the loss of a man."

The 148th Regiment was selected as the picket guard to be left to cover the front after the Second Corps withdrew. Colonel Wilson testifies how it performed the delicate and hazardous duty.

The situation during our nine days in these trenches was strenuous in the extreme. So close were the lines that we could toss a hard tack from one to the other. The most trivial alarm would cause a fusilade of cannon and musketry. Shells would explode overhead and fragments would drop down anywhere. Mortars were used on our side, sending shells in beautiful curves to drop and explode among the enemy. We kept a line of videttes between the lines at night, who would crawl out very cautiously and dig pits in the sand, from which they kept watch against a surprise by the enemy.

One night Private Wm. Acker, of Company I, was detailed for this duty. He was a model soldier. Brave, cool and cheerful, he was always fully equipped and ready for duty. He was a bright, witty fellow, full of quips and quirks, songs and stories, the life of his mess and his company. He pushed his way far out toward the

enemy's line and dug his pit. In the next post was a raw recruit from another company, who did not advance nearly so far, and dug his pit. During the night this man took fright at some little noise and blazed away with an awkward oblique aim, and put his bullet through the arm of Acker. He crawled in with his broken arm and the Colonel sent a man to relieve the other vidette. When he came in the Colonel looked him through with blazing eyes, and broke out, "You great ass! You have shot a man worth a dozen of you. You are not fit to carry a gun. I'll have you detailed as company cook."

One day Major Forster was lying in a shelter tent eating his dinner, when a piece of shell dropped from the sky and buried itself in the ground, striking the edge of a plate of peas on its way and spattering the contents over the Major's face and breast.

The loss of my horses at "Coffee Hill" had made me rather chary of investments in horse flesh, and I had been riding a condemned Government animal that did very well. My man rode him up as near as he thought safe, tied him in the timber by the roadside, and came on foot to the front with my dinner. On his return he found the horse lying dead with a bullet hole through the saddle flap where the ball had entered his side.

Here at Cold Harbor I lost my dear friend Lient. J. Seydel Lander, of Company C. The friendship between this noble gentleman and myself was most congenial, and a source of constant enjoyment. It was, I suppose, an illustration of the theory of affinity of opposites. He was a blonde of fair face, blue eyes and light hair, while I was of the opposite type physically, but in tastes, habits and mental make up, we were in perfect accord. His was a charming personality—a gentleman by birth and breeding—an only son in a most excellent family of parents and sisters, whose pride and joy he was.

He was a Sergeant in Company C and was promoted First Lieutenant after all its officers had been killed in battle. He had been detailed Acting Quartermaster during the absence of that officer and had been relieved just before the charge. Company K being without an officer, Lander was assigned to its command. He led the company through the bloody assault without a wound. A few days later we sat in the trench and talked for an hour. He was still in command

of K, and with a remark to the effect that he must go to his company he left me. On his way to the company he came to where Colonel Beaver and General Barlow were seated, in conversation. As the Colonel spoke to him he stopped, and in a few minutes was killed by a piece of shell from a battery on our extreme left front, which partly enfiladed our line. I wired the sad event to my wife, who carried the news to his family, and has often spoken of her mission as a most painful duty. My dear companion Lander! His memory has been ever with me in all the forty years since he left my side at bloody Cold Harbor. No purer soul, no more winsome personality, no nobler patriot, was ever offered on the nation's altar.

We crossed the James River on the morning of June 14th with haversacks and stomachs empty. We had been told that a transport would be there to supply us with rations, but it failed to appear. We waited several hours and at last marched without supplies. All day on the 16th we lay on a ridge facing the line of Confederate outworks of Petersburg, watching the enemy as they came from Lee's left and occupied the works. At six o'clock in the evening, when they were quite ready for us, we made the assault, and even then might have won a victory but for the wounding of Colonel Beaver, who was in command of the Brigade. Some of our men who had been captured in the earlier movements and who escaped on the way to Richmond and came back reported that in the early morning of the 16th there was not a line of battle of the enemy between us and Petersburg.

About this time I was detailed as Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the Fourth Brigade, then commanded by Lieut. Col. John Hastings, and served to the time of my discharge on the Brigade staff. On the 4th of July I was relieved as Acting Assistant Adjutant General and detailed as Acting Aide-de-Camp, and on the 24th was again detailed as Acting Assistant Adjutant General and so continued to the end, serving under Colonel Hastings, Lieut. Col. K. O. Broady, Col. Wm. Glenny, Col. St. Clair A. Mulholland, and Gen. John Ramsey. From this time forward I had no personal connection with the

Regiment, and can only speak of matters which came under my notice incidentally as a staff officer of the Brigade.

From the 1st to the 26th of July we were alternately on the line (the "firing line" in the phrase of the day) or in reserve. The brigade headquarter camp was located in a little grove on the sandy plateau that extended over most of the line, and it was made tolerably comfortable by supplementing the bit of shade afforded by the few trees. Posts were set up, poles laid across, and the whole covered with pine boughs, making an arbor-like awning of perhaps an acre in extent.

On the 22d of June an attempt was made to extend our lines to the left. The Division under command of General Barlow advanced into the woods beyond the Jerusalem road in front of Fort Mahone, where we halted, stacked arms, and the troops remained at rest. Col. John Fraser, of the 140th Pennsylvania, was in command of the Brigade, having been assigned the day before. We lay quietly for several hours. Colonel Fraser and the staff forming a group just in rear of the line. We soon began to hear a racket on our left, and presently a scattering fire of musketry was heard. This kept up increasingly, and looking as far as we could see through the woods, the line on the extreme left began to melt away. Now an occasional minie sang by us or cut a twig close by, and then a line of battle of the enemy appeared over the brow of a hill away on the left. They came steadily on, moving right up on our rear, firing rapidly, and our line kept melting away, the men passing rapidly to the rear. No commands were given by any officer. No one knew where General Barlow was, and as the enemy approached the left of our Brigade, I asked Colonel Fraser what he intended to do. His reply was that his orders were, to remain in position until further orders from the division commander. The left of our Brigade now began to melt away, and Captain Hamlin of the 145th Pennsylvania rode up, saluted the Colonel and said:

"Have you any orders for my regiment?"

The Colonel replied, "No, sir; my orders are to remain here. You can do as you think best."

Captain Hamlin saluted, rode to the front of his regiment and

commanded, "Fall in—Take arms—Forward by file right—March," and rode off at the head of his command—the only regiment that left the field in regular order. By this time there was but little left of the Brigade except the commander and staff. I again appealed to the Colonel for orders, but he declined to assume any responsibility, saying, however, that the staff was at liberty to do as we chose. Having no desire for prison life, I said, "Gentlemen, I think we had better follow the troops," and with a hasty good-bye we left the Colonel to the courtesies of Mahone's troops. A few days later his name appeared in the list of prisoners at Libby.

The first expedition to Deep Bottom, or Strawberry Plains, north of the James, began on the 26th of June, and lasted until the 30th, when we re-occupied our camp, just in time to witness the explosion of Burnside's Mine.

The second Deep Bottom movement continued from the 12th to the 19th of August. The Regiment and part of the 7th New York was loaded on a transport at City Point and moved up the James River. The boat ran aground on the way and we were delayed several hours in reaching the point where the troops were to land. The operations at Deep Bottom were very fatiguing and very unsatisfactory. General Barlow criticized the troops quite freely, while General Hancock mildly questioned Barlow's conduct in failing to mass his Brigades and Divisions in the assaults, while commending his personal gallantry and devotion. He says however, that the troops were "engaged daily in skirmishing with the enemy, and on several occasions in considerable affairs which, at an earlier period of the War, would have been dignified with the name of battles." (Rebellion Records No. 87, p. 221.)

We began the return movement on the night of the 20th and reached our old camp early in the morning of the 21st. Hancock says, "This march was one of the most fatiguing and difficult performed by the troops during the campaign"—a statement which I can very fully endorse. Though mounted, I was never so utterly worn out and exhausted. I slept in my saddle much of the time on the march, and when we reached the site of the old camp, where we expected to remain, I sat down on a pile of tents which had been un-

loaded, and debated whether to eat or sleep. I was unable to decide whether I was more tired or more hungry. Nature soon settled the question and I dropped sound asleep. In a few minutes I was aroused by an orderly with orders to be ready to march. It seemed to us an impossibility to move another step, but we were soon on our way to the left. We marched until late in the afternoon, and bivouacked in a clover field near the Gurly House, not far from the Weldon Railroad. The fragrant clover was a royal bed, and the men got a much needed night's rest. I spread my poncho and wool blanket, and with my saddle for a pillow and a blanket over all, was soon sound asleep. But I was not to be left undisturbed. I was aroused by an orderly from division headquarters with an order from Captain Driver, Assistant Adjutant General, for the "Morning Report," to be forwarded at once. This meant a tour of all the regiments to procure the reports, a ride of a mile or more to the rear to find the headquarter wagon, the consolidating and recording of the report and its transmission to the Division. I resolved that I would do nothing of the sort. I was so far gone with the desperation of fatigue that a reprimand had no terrors. I simply lay still and yelled "Orderly" until he appeared. I directed him to call on each regimental commander with my compliments and tell him to have the Morning Report made up, being sure to see every one. When he had given the order to the last regiment he was to go back to the first and wait till he got the report, and so on to the last. When he had secured all the reports he was to ride back, find the brigade wagon, wake up Millard (the very capable clerk), have him consolidate them and sign Colonel Broady's name, and send them up to division headquarters. "And now, Orderly, be sure you do this all right, and don't you wake me up tonight." I never heard from the matter, and I suppose it went through all right. I see from Comrade Ramsey's story, that he was as badly afflicted by the untimely order as I was.

On the 22d we were employed in repairing roads, and on the 23d we began the work of destroying the Weldon Railroad. In the evening we occupied the slight breastworks at Reams Station, and next morning we were relieved by the Second Division, and continued the

work of destruction, which we completed to a point about three miles beyond the station.

The battle of Reams Station was fought on the 25th of August. A slight breastwork extended southwesterly from the railroad a distance of several rods, turned south for a considerable distance, and then ran southeast to the track. This part of the line was held by our Brigade, the long front being occupied by the battery, supported by the 7th New York Heavy Artillery. The 148th was in reserve. In front of our right was timber with slashing. In front of the battery was a large open field. Beyond this, timber, fences and scattered trees. Confederate sharpshooters were posted in tree tops and fence rows, and during the afternoon were very active in picking off our officers and shooting the battery horses. So effective was their work that the artillery suffered the loss of one hundred and thirty-four horses. It now became evident that a large force of the enemy was in our front, and that a battle was imminent. Colonel Broady, however, who was in command of the Brigade, seemed to be of the opinion that there was no considerable force of the enemy present. Colonel Broady and staff were resting on the embankment of an ice house inside the lines, when he directed me to order the commanding officer of the 148th to take the Regiment in front of the works, deploy, advance across the field and "Drive away that rebel skirmish line." The Regiment being still in reserve I gave the order, I think, to Captain Rhinehart, who was in command, although Captain Weaver was commanding later in the action. The Regiment moved out at once across the field. A few men halted behind a small house near the farther side of the field, and, when Colonel Broady observed it he ordered me to "Go out there and drive those men away from that house." There was of course nothing to do but obey the order, but I thought it quite useless to send a regiment against an army corps of the enemy, and wondering why he wanted to have me killed on a useless errand, I said, "Good-bye, Colonel," and started. The field was covered by the fire of dozens of sharpshooters, and I had no lack of the music of the minies on the way out and back, but I executed my mission and got back without a scratch, to find that while I was gone, Colonel Beaver had arrived, relieved Colonel Broady, taken command

of the Brigade, lost his leg and been carried off the field. About five o'clock the attack began. The enemy appeared at the further edge of the field in double column and moved grandly across the open space with officers mounted and colors flying. It was Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg on a smaller scale. The 148th was put in line at the angle on the right, and I remained with it through the fight. The Brigade held its fire until the enemy came in easy range, when artillery and infantry opened with a volley that tore their columns with awful slaughter—all but one regiment that occupied the line with the batteries. They did not fire a shot. The enemy closed up ranks and came on with desperate resolution. On our left they pressed up within a half dozen rods of our line. In our immediate front the slashing had broken up their lines and our fire had practically stopped their advance. The 148th now directed its fire obliquely upon the enemy to our left. They were falling by scores—their line wavered—victory trembled in the balance—in two minutes more, I am sure, they will be in retreat—but just then the regiment referred to—a full regiment mostly drafted men, was seized with panic, broke from the line and ran, like a flock of sheep, to the cover of the railroad cut a few rods in rear. This left the battery with no support and a considerable part of the line without infantry. With a yell of triumph the enemy rushed to the attack. They rallied in our own front and came in a surging mass over the works. The 148th met them with steel and clubbed muskets. For minutes that seemed hours the desperate hand-to-hand encounter went on with all the fury of the Salient at Spotsylvania. But soon the enemy were over the works on the left—our batteries taken and turned right and left sending our own shrapnel into our ranks, and retreat was inevitable. The battle of Reams Station—the first and only disaster that ever befell the splendid Second Corps—was lost by the defection of a single regiment.

The next day I was sitting with Colonel Beaver in the field hospital after his leg had been amputated, when Colonel Miles came in to offer his condolences. With a tear in his eye he said, "It's too bad, Colonel, too bad." Beaver looked up with a very cheerful expression and said, "Oh, I don't know, Colonel, it might be worse."

On our retreat from Reams a spiteful bit of shell fired by the rebels from our own guns caught me under the knee and inflicted a bruise which afterward became very painful and kept me in hospital for several days. On the 29th I got leave of absence on account of wounds and went home for twenty days.

On the 7th of September, Sergt. Maj. Joseph E. Hall was commissioned Adjutant of the 183d Pennsylvania. Hall had been appointed Sergeant Major of the 148th at the time of my promotion, as I remember, at my request, and had served with me during all the time I remained with the Regiment. He was a very young man—beardless and boyish looking, but he was a manly fellow, capable, ambitious, and entirely faithful to duty. He soon became quite efficient and was always my reliable assistant. I was greatly delighted at his well earned promotion. See his story, "The Transferred Officer."

During the quiet that prevailed in September and October, I took fifteen days leave of absence and made a short visit home, starting on the 22d of October. On my return I learned the details of the brilliant exploit of Capt. Jerry Z. Brown and the hundred men of the Regiment, which won him a Major's brevet, and added new stars to the Regiment's crown.

On the 8th of November the Regiment indulged in the novelty of a presidential election in the trenches before Petersburg. The count showed 199 votes, of which 127 were for Lincoln and 72 for McClellan. This was my first vote for a President and it was counted with the 127.

The siege of Petersburg now settled down to a winter quarter encampment. The headquarters camp of the Brigade was located on a ridge of ground sloping towards the west. Here we put up very comfortable huts for the commander, Colonel Mulholland, and the staff. My own quarters, thanks to the skill and kindness of Corporal Baumgardner, of the pioneer corps, was quite palatial. On one of our hard marches—perhaps in the Gettysburg campaign—as I was riding from the rear to the head of the column, I saw Baumgardner lying by the roadside panting with asthma, with which he was badly afflicted. I stopped to talk with him, and he asked me to try and detail him to

some duty that would be less arduous than serving in the ranks. He said he thought he could stand it better in the pioneer corps, and I promised to detail him at the first opportunity. This I was able to do in a short time, and he never forgot the little favor. I was under obligations to him for many helpful services, and at this camp he was promptly on hand to put up my quarters. He was a skillful mechanic, and he laid himself out on the job. He built a little house of puncheons hewn out of the logs from a barn near by, put in a puncheon floor, set up a ridge pole and stretched a fly over it, borrowed some brick from a house chimney, and built a fire place and chimney at one side. He hung a board door at the front, and whittled out a knob latch for it, and built a neat bunk in one corner. After all was finished, I papered the walls with refuse blanks, white on one side, and had a wall tent set up adjoining the "house" at the rear with a back door communicating, for use as a clerk's office. In these cosy quarters I passed the time in routine service of camp life to the end of my service. We had the usual drills and inspections and an occasional review, and nearly every night I would receive a bundle of orders from division headquarters. Lying sound asleep in my bunk, a division orderly would pound on my door until I waked up and took the dispatches. Later on I would wake up at his first step, and at last, such is the power of habit, I would hear the first clatter of his horse's hoofs and be out of bed ready to receive the orders as soon as he reached my door. With a bright fire burning in my open chimney, and a candle light at my side, I would sit down at my little desk and look over the orders, noting in pencil the disposition to be made of each, pass them back to the clerk to make copies, or otherwise, and lie down and be asleep in a minute. When the clerk brought in his work I would be awake and up in an instant, sign the orders and call an orderly to carry the dispatches to the regiments. All this in time became so much a habit that it was no hardship to wake up at any hour of the night and attend to business.

About this time Colonel Mulholland was relieved from the command of the Brigade by Gen. John Ramsey, and we parted with the Colonel with sincere regret.

On the 28th of January I obtained leave of absence for twenty days. Some time during the night preceding the day on which I was to start on my leave, I heard a clatter of hoofs near my quarters, and on opening the door I found an Orderly in charge of an ambulance. He informed me that he had a lady in charge, Mrs. Beach, the wife of our Brigade Commissary. She had run the gauntlet of all the authorities and sentinels from Washington to the front, and had come to visit her husband. He inquired where Captain Beach's quarters were. I told him they were down on the flat in front; that it was a low marshy spot, and the quarters were full of boxes of hard tack, pickled pork and commissary supplies of all kinds and wholly unfit for a lady; and that he should bring Mrs. Beach to my quarters, and I would go down and bring the Captain up. So the lady took a seat at my fire and I brought her husband up, and turned my quarters over to them. Next morning I packed up my personal effects and took my leave of the staff, said my good-bye to Captain and Mrs. Beach, bidding them to occupy my house till my return. I never saw my cosy winter home or the Army again, and have never heard of Captain Beach.

On the way home I took a severe cold, and on the way to Illinois with my wife, kept on taking cold, which developed into pneumonia, so that I was not able to return within my twenty days. I got an extension on surgeon's certificate, but was no better at the end of the next twenty days. At the advice of my physician I forwarded my resignation, and on the 28th of March, 1865, was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability.

This acute attack of illness was exceedingly provoking, depriving me, as it did, of a part in the closing scenes of the War, besides causing me to miss the Grand Review in May, by which time I had nearly recovered my usual health.

My story is done. I cannot recall—and would not if I could—a single unpleasant incident in all the years of my association with the noble comrades of the 148th, while the retrospect is rich in memories of countless acts of kindness, courtesy and helpfulness that welded the ties of soldierly friendship. Dear old comrades, one and all, hail and farewell!

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORY.

By Lieutenant S. D. Musser.

In September, 1862, the writer was a merchant in Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania, in partnership with Dr. Geo. M. Swartz, when a recruiting office was opened in the town. Professor Thomas, of Pine Grove Academy, which was then in prosperous condition, enlisted with quite a number of students, among them William Gemmill, who was a warm personal friend of mine. He was later made a Lieutenant and is now a minister of the Gospel. I owned a horse and buggy and offered to take my friend, Mr. Gemmill, to Centre Hall, Pennsylvania, to be sworn into service. The evening we arrived at Centre Hall, Capt. Andrew Musser's Company D was found to be short six men, same having been taken away from him and put into Company F. Previous to this, an order had been issued that a company could not be sworn in unless a full number. This left Captain Musser in a bad shape, as he was to have been sworn in the following morning; men all present except the six mentioned above.

The writer, being well acquainted with the young men of the town, remarked to the following: George Boal, John Odenkirk, Mr. Rankin, John H. Fortney, William Ross and David L. Kerr-- "Boys, let us fill this gap in Captain Musser's company and go to War." And I think it was comrade Geo. Boal who said, "You lead and we will follow." I said, "Boys will you all follow?" The response came as one voice, "Yes." I said, "Come boys" as I knew the enrolling list was in the office of William Wolf's store. We marched six strong into the office and enrolled our names. The next morning I sent my horse and buggy back to Pine Grove Mills, sent word to my partner to hire Ellis Burchfield in the store, that I was "going to fight the Johnnies."

The company was sworn in and we were taken to Lewistown, the nearest railroad station, in wagons. We arrived in Harrisburg and were soon initiated into soldier life. While there I was promoted

from private to Orderly Sergeant, afterward to Quartermaster Sergeant and later to Quartermaster.

Our Regiment was formed as the 148th and James A. Beaver was appointed Colonel. The Regiment was transferred to Cockeysville and Lutherville, Maryland, to guard the railroad, which the boys thought was hard and laborious duty, but after we got into active service they looked back upon that work and called it "Sunday soldiering."

At this camp we had in way of rations, all that a soldier could wish for. Received our supplies from Baltimore. The fresh beef was killed in the neighborhood of Lutherville, and fine cattle at that, in fact it could not have come to us any better; yet with it all, the boys were dissatisfied and often I would overhear remarks as this, "Well this is not what we were used to at home." It is true, we did not have the variety, such food as buckwheat cakes and honey-spiced cakes and peach preserves, etc., but we had good solid substantial food, such as a soldier must have to fit him for marching and fighting. While at this camp we had many visitors from Centre County, Pennsylvania, and will recite a little incident which I recall to mind in reference to Mr. Jacob Condo, of Woodward, Pennsylvania, who was among our guests. One morning after he had eaten his breakfast, he made the remark "Musser, you know my wife is a good cook?" I answered "Yes;" he concluded, "Well when I go home I will tell her that I ate the best fried potatoes here that I ever ate in all my life."

From my quarters he went to Colonel Beaver's to "give the Colonel a little information" as he stated. When he saw the Colonel, he said, "Colonel, the boys tell me that you are a little too severe on them." The Colonel asked him in what way. "Well you are too particular." The Colonel remarked, "Mr. Condo, if you would break a colt, would you break him with a loose or tight rein?" Condo replied, "With a tight rein." The Colonel said, "That is the idea exactly, after the colt is trained with a tight rein and the rein is afterward slacked up, he enjoys it all the more." Mr. Condo saw the point and said, "That is right, Colonel, that is right."

When the engagement between Burnside and Lee began at Fredericksburg, our Regiment was ordered to the front. We arrived at City Point and from there marched to Falmouth where we went into winter quarters built of fine tall pine trees. Here we remained until spring, when our first engagement took place at Chancellorsville, in which engagement our Regiment suffered wonderfully and where we learned the value of being trained and drilled with a "tight rein" and I think learned to appreciate and love our Colonel.

In the engagement of Cold Harbor, I received my commission as Quartermaster, our Quartermaster, Kurtz, having resigned on account of sickness. Lieutenant Lander was then acting Quartermaster (as fine a man as carried a sword) and almost at the moment I received my commission, he was determined to go to the front to take his place in his company. I tried to persuade him to remain until the following day, but could not do so. He joined his company, and the same day was shot through the head by a rebel. When I received the news I could not have been more affected if he had been a brother.

No doubt many remember that there were often complaints heard that soldiers were short in rations on a march. This I will say, that when an army is in active service and marching from place to place, it is almost impossible for a commissary to supply the men at all times promptly, and naturally when men are fatigued from hard marching, they can and will eat more rations than is usually allowed them, in which event we would sometimes run short. Often the roads were in such fearful condition that it was almost impossible to get a team through to where the Army was located, and would naturally delay the supply teams. Take for instance, when we broke camp in the spring after Grant took charge of the Army; we would get into places where a number of teams had passed before and where the wagons would sink in mud and water to the box of the wagon. The mules would sink in and stick fast in the mud and fall, so that we were obliged to wade in and keep their heads up to prevent them from smothering, start the team and drag them out. All this was a great delay. Often I was obliged to ride in advance and find new routes through the woods, in order to avoid places that

were cut so deep it was impossible to get a team through. Knowing and seeing such delays is enough to convince anyone that supplies must naturally be delayed.

Never will I forget a trip I made from Chancellorsville, at the time of the battle in progress there. I was ordered by the Brigade Quartermaster to Falmouth with six teams after forage. When I arrived there the forage was all removed from there to Acquia Creek. I started to Acquia Creek through a pouring rain; all the streams were swelling like rivers, bridges were being swept away, and I had an awful time to get back to the Army. Traveled all day and all night through the rain. Before I got back to where I started from, I met the Army coming back, and before I was through with that trip I landed near Falmouth. I mention these facts, which are but a few out of many, to show what delays we had to contend with.

When I read of the difficulties and delays in getting supplies and rations during the Spanish-American War, I could readily realize the condition of the commissary department. It is a very easy matter to find fault, but it is not so easy to remedy it when placed in the same situation.

Speaking of my trip from City Point to Chancellorsville with the forage, I met the ambulances coming in almost by the hundred, and one incident has never been fully erased from my mind. Company D will remember Charles Hart. As one of the ambulances was passing me I heard a voice calling "Quartermaster." On looking up I discovered Charles Hart calling my attention to one of his legs which was only a stump, saying, and laughing at the same time, "Quartermaster, this is what you get up there, you had better hurry up or you may not get one." Next time I saw him was at Pine Grove Mills when I was home on a furlough; he then had a cork foot, and no one could recognize the artificial attachment.

Another incident I feel like mentioning here which was similar to the case of Lieutenant Lander, was when Colonel Beaver returned from a furlough on account of a wound. He arrived at my quarters in the evening, stayed there until next morning, when I furnished him a horse, and accompanied by my Sergeant, Deviney, he went to the front. He at once took command of his Brigade and rode along

the line to take in the situation, when he returned, he remarked to Sergeant Deviney, "Sergeant, you may take this horse back to the Quartermaster, I don't think it is healthy here on horse back." The Sergeant had hardly left with the horse when Colonel Beaver suddenly dropped, and his right leg was gone. When the news reached me, I went at once to the front and found the leg had been amputated and the Colonel was asleep. That was the last of our heroic General serving his country as a brave soldier, and great was the loss to the 148th, as well as to the Army of the Potomac. But he still lives at this writing and is serving his country in civil life. I learned to know him as Colonel, next as General, next as Governor and at this writing as Judge of Superior Court. The 148th can be proud of its officers and private men, many of whom are of great prominence in the world at this time.

August 7th, 1902, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

THE AMBULANCE OFFICER'S STORY.

By Capt. J. H. Harpster.

(The following letter from Captain Harpster, is so breezy and suggestive that we insert it as an introduction to the story.—EDITOR.)

REV. J. H. HARPSTER,
Mission Supt.

A. E. L. M. RAJAHMUNDRY, April 20, 1904.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have just come in from a three months' tour in the jungles. I have your last letter. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. My only apology is that I have been driven like a dog, and a "yaller" one at that. I start for the Hills to take my first day off since my return to India. I will get "The Ambulance Officer's Story" off to you within two weeks. It is due the History, however, that I make it clear beforehand that it will not be much of a story. For I have absolutely no data whatever, so far as any written record is concerned. I must draw the story entirely from memory—after 39 years. Still, for *your sake*, I'll do what I can.

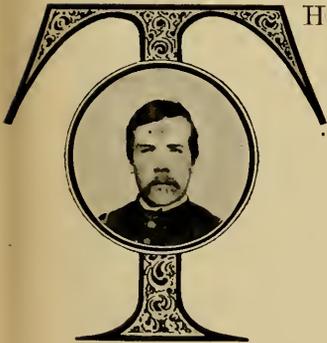
I trust the years are dealing kindly with you. As for me, though getting decidedly thin and grey a-top, I am glad to report myself still fit. In fact, if *you* were to raise a regiment for the front, I'd join without a moment's hesitation. I would.

With kindest personal regards.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. HARPSTER.

GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.



THAT grim and grizzled, but ideal soldier, General Sherman, is quoted as saying that "War is hell." It is said that the old General could, on occasion, employ a very lurid and even sulphurous vocabulary. However that may be, if the two words are not synonymous, it is certain, from what we know of one and from what we have heard of the other, that there are few words in the English language that come nearer being so. That is to say, if war is not hell, it must be next door to it. When the grip is on, the din of strife, the yells of defiance, the crash of exploding fire arms, the charge and countercharge, the smoke-begrimed features of the combatants, as with frenzied cries of rage they thrust and hack and hew—surely this, as far as we know, resembles nothing so much as hell.

Fortunately for the man mowing on the front line, he does not see much of the red swath of death which he piles up behind him. Modern warfare has enough humanity about it to sweep it from his sight as quickly as possible. Organizations are attached to the Army whose special duty it is to remove the wreckage as fast as it accumulates. It is better for the fighter that he does not know just what carnage has been made. The fact is, he arrives at his idea of the measure of the ruin that has been wrought mainly by the absence of his comrades at the next roll call.

The organization whose duty it is to get the wounded and the dying back from the fighting line to a place of safety and under the surgeon's care, is known as the ambulance corps. Ambulances, in military phraseology, are hospital establishments moving with armies in the field, and organized for providing early surgical assistance to the wounded. The corps consists of a certain staff of officers and subordinates and a certain equipment. The ambulance system which now prevails in all civilized armies, is not much more than a hundred years old. Before that time, any systematic provision for the removal of the wounded, or for giving the requisite surgical attention while the battle was in progress, formed no part of the things which military leaders felt themselves bound to provide for. The wounded were either carried to the rear by comrades or left to lie exposed to the chances of being trampled by cavalry, or run over by artillery, or to die by loss of blood—to make the best of it until the battle was over. The means of surgical assistance did not reach the battlefield, ordinarily, until the day after, or, perhaps, a number of days after the engagement, and by that time, a large proportion of the wounded did not need any surgical assistance; they had in the meantime, been assisted by grave diggers.

While our War was in progress, an important step was taken toward the amelioration of the condition of the wounded of armies in the field. This was the convention signed at Geneva, by the terms of which, subject to certain regulations, not only the wounded themselves, but the official staff of ambulances and their equipment were rendered neutral; the former, therefore, not being liable to be retained as prisoners of war, nor the latter to be taken as prize of war.



REV. JOHN H. HARPSTER, D. D.
General Superintendent India Missions, Lutheran Church

It is true, the convention was of too recent occurrence to affect the service during the Civil War; for when an ambulance officer or man was captured, as occurred, he went South all the same; but since then, the terms of the Geneva convention have been universally recognized, and it has greatly favored the development of the ambulance service.

In the Civil War in America the ambulance system attained a completeness of organization never before reached by an army in the world. This was particularly the case after the convention referred to, when an Act was passed by Congress, entitled "An Act to establish a uniform system of ambulances in the United States." This law fixed a definite and single system of ambulance arrangements for all the armies of the United States at that time in the field. And this brings me to my "story."

As one of the less important results of Pickett's terrific charge, I was left behind at Gettysburg. I got my legs again, and rejoined the Regiment in front of Culpeper, but far from fit. Perhaps a month after my return to the Regiment, I was greatly surprised one day to get an order detailing me for detached duty as ambulance officer of the Second Brigade. Upon reporting to division headquarters, I was given a horse, an orderly, and told to make myself acquainted with the business. I found I was to be associated with three very congenial young officers, all of whom, afterward, rose to unusual distinction in civil life. Capt. Charles Mitchell, the commander of the division corps, who became a prominent political leader in the state of Delaware; Lieut. James S. Griggs, the noted Tammany sachem, and Lieut. John R. Paxton, afterwards the brilliant Presbyterian theologian and pulpit orator of Washington and New York. They were men of fine fibre and put together with an extraordinarily fine quality of rivets—the three of them.

The division ambulance corps, which we were to manage and make as effective as possible, consisted of a force of perhaps four hundred men, a body of non-commissioned officers, and, may be, a hundred and fifty ambulances. Our duties were not prolix, but they were mighty pointed, and well hammered into us by Capt. John Pelton, Chief of Ambulances of the Second Army Corps. The

instruction run something like this: We were to keep in the rear of the Army, but, as he significantly pointed out, not too far in the rear! The stretcher bearers were to be allowed to take shelter, provided they did not have to hunt too far from the line for it; otherwise they were to take what came, just as the men on the front line had to; for they were in error, he said, if they thought their office was to carry with it any special immunity from danger. The green band around their caps would secure them against being laid hold of for other duty, and, possibly, get them some consideration if they were to fall into the enemy's hands; but the green band and the white feather, they must understand, must by no means be construed as meaning the same thing. The wounded were to be removed beyond the line of fire as quickly and as carefully as possible, put into the ambulances and removed to the field hospital. There were to be two men to each stretcher and a non-commissioned officer to groups of twenty. The drivers, during battle, were to be careful not to get their horses shot, but not too careful. They were to keep the two water kegs in their ambulances constantly replenished, and were to be ready to move the instant a wounded man was delivered to their charge. They were to drive carefully, taking every precaution against causing the wounded unnecessary suffering, and, having delivered their charge at the field hospital, were to return to the front as rapidly as possible. The officers were expected to utilize the services of musicians and all other non-combatants not otherwise officially attached, which included Chaplains. Forty years have come and gone, and, presumably, few Chaplains of the Civil War survive, but absolute candor compels me to say that, as a rule, we did not get much help from them.

There was one Chaplain, however, whom, after all this lapse of years, and dead and gone, as he most likely is, simple fairness compels me to except. If my memory is not at fault, he was the Chaplain of the 26th Michigan. That Chaplain had the stuff in him of which heroes are made. I have seen him, a non-combatant, mark you, amid the smoke of battle, "amid deathshot falling thick and fast, as lightning from the mountain cloud," right in the line with its file closers, ready to catch and assist to the rear the first man

struck, or, going in and out of the line of fire loaded down like an army mule with the boys' canteens strung about his neck, carrying water to them. It was a sight to see that remarkable non-combatant in battle. I ran across him twenty years later upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, and I told him what I had seen him do; but the absurd man did not seem to know that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I do not suppose he did. Whether he knew it or not, I know that if he had been in the British army, say, he would have had the Victoria Cross—awarded only for the most conspicuous and shining act of heroism—hanging from the left breast of his clerical coat, to tell to all men who should pass him on the street what a consummately brave man he was.

But, as a rule, I say, when the fight was on, the Chaplains were not much in evidence—not where the hail was falling. Unorganized, as they were, and without any distinct regulations, it was perhaps, unreasonable to expect that they would be. I only mention the matter here because I have not quite gotten over a sense of wrong which I think the Chaplains did me in reporting me to headquarters for insisting at the battle of Cold Harbor, rather rudely, I fear, that they should take hold and help. As I was justified by my superiors, I should, perhaps, have allowed the incident to pass from memory long ago.

Since the Civil War, now upward of forty years ago, the arrangements for the care of the wounded have been greatly improved. Such organizations as the White Cross, the Red Cross, various volunteer organizations and national societies have done better service, because more systematically organized, but the work done by the ambulance organization of the Second Army Corps, and, I think, particularly that of the First Division of that iron corps, in that war, deserves to be writ large. I do not know that it has ever been done.

There is reason to believe that the men who had to stand on the fighting line and take the pounding looked upon a position in the ambulance corps as a rather soft and secure place in the army organization. They were in error; it was neither the one nor the other. No doubt, as in every other department of the Army, there were shirks and shysters in the ambulance corps; but I know of no job

that a man could work harder at, and had to work harder at, to get properly done. I remember conducting a train load of wounded from Cold Harbor, to the base of transportation at Belle Plain, when I was in the saddle eighteen hours of twenty. The man on the line after his brave fight has been made, may ordinarily lie down and go to sleep. The ambulance force must keep at it until the last wounded man is cared for if it takes all day and all night. Moreover, whilst an ambulance officer need not be a General in point of rank, he needs to have a good many of the qualities of a General. He needs to be a strategist. One of the first and foremost rules he is to observe, and one of the most difficult, is to keep his ambulances and stretcher bearers up with the troops, and yet keep out of their way so as not to interfere with their movements. I was once cursed by a profane Major General for the most consummate idiot in the Army for getting my train in the way of the movement of a brigade. No doubt I was idiot enough, in all conscience, at the same time he himself could not have done better in the frightful rush and rout of that unfortunate day. The ambulance officer needs to be strenuous, constantly on the alert. If the troops advance, he is to be ready at any moment to accompany them. When the battle begins, he is to keep his ambulances as near the line of battle as possible, and yet not near enough to get them knocked to pieces by the enemy's cannon, and who with an intelligence anything short of omniscient can tell where that place is going to be? If he keeps them too far away, he is stupid, or white-livered, which is worse. If he keeps them too close, so as to get holes bored through them, he is an ass and ought to wear a hide. He is to keep his corps of bearers in the immediate rear of the troops, moving with them, and, therefore, under fire. A single ambulance officer must frequently cover a line of battle a mile or more in length, and is expected to keep hustling himself around on every ten feet of the line at once. He is to keep his orderlies, ambulance drivers, stretcher bearers and subordinates generally at their highest efficiency. If the front of battle changes, he must change the whole arrangement of his force, and that instantly; and, as I have said, without getting his "bone-carts" in the way of the movements of the troops. If the troops fall back, he is to get out of the scrape

the best he can, but if he commits a blunder, he stands a good chance of having his case committed to a court martial.

I submit therefore, that the ambulance officer has not as easy a place as those not familiar with his duties may be led to imagine.

As to comparative immunity from danger, that, as in the case of any other man who is expected to risk his life for duty, depends entirely upon the fibre of the man. No doubt, there are opportunities to play the poltroon which do not obtain in the case of the man on the front line; but from my experience on the front line and on the ambulance line, I cannot say that I discovered the disposition in the one case more than in the other. Of the three officers whose names I have given, every one of them was under fire in every battle in which the First Division was engaged from the Wilderness to Appomattox. One of the first officers wounded in the battle of the Wilderness was an ambulance officer. It was said, that when it was reported at corps headquarters that an ambulance officer had been wounded, the commanding general laughed boisterously and expressed a curiosity to see so interesting a specimen of the genus! This may be true, and it may not be. At least, I have always had my doubts whether the report of my little exploit ever reached ears so exalted; but the fact that the report got currency at all, bore testimony to a more or less general sentiment that an ambulance officer who could not keep himself from getting shot was a rather rare bird.

Still further on this point: The soldier on the fighting line is concerned only with the battle immediately in front of him, but the ambulance officer is concerned with a whole mile of fighting. In this whole mile of battle, wherever the crash of the guns is the heaviest, and the hiss of flying projectiles is the sharpest, and the thunder of their explosion is the loudest, to that place he is to rush with his corps of helpers, for there the harvest of death is at the highest. As is well known, the elevation of artillery firing is, proverbially, too high rather than too low. The projectile, therefore, that goes hissing harmlessly over the line of battle is frequently just at the right elevation to catch the ambulance train,

stationed, as it ought to be, from eight hundred to nine hundred yards behind the troops engaged. It is hard work to keep a battery from limbering up and getting away when the opposing battery gets its exact range and begin to plump shot and shell into them; it is a mighty sight harder to hold a lot of non-combatants up to the regulation distance when the enemies fire is knocking their ambulances about their ears.

There is another test of the mettle of a man to which only ambulance, together with staff officers, are put. I mean the necessity of passing again and again in and out of the line of fire. The man on the fighting line makes his grand rush, or his historic charge amid the shouts and cheers of charging comrades, with heart beating high and wrought to the highest pitch of jubilant enthusiasm. I helped to make several myself. It was the most exalted moment of my life. But to go in and out of that withering line of death in cold blood again and again in the same battle, with no comrade's blood contagion to carry you forward, with nothing but the stern, inexorable voice of duty at your ear crying, "do it or stand forever after a dishonored man and a coward before the tribunal of your own manhood;" and to do this not with comrades, but without comrades, to grip the black death, not in hot blood, but in cold blood, this is not so easy, as anyone who has had to do it knows. Hundreds of Pickett's men would not cross that line of concentrated artillery fire at Gettysburg, but turned back and surrendered.

There is another test of the stuff a man is made of to which the ambulance men are put, and to which no other men in the Army are. I have said that the man on the fighting line sees comparatively little of the horror and havoc of war; for it is as rapidly as possible removed out of his sight. It is well for his fighting qualities that it is. Very few men can look on however slight a surgical operation without growing pale about the gills. Bearing this in mind, it will be conceded that to take a train load of mangled and mutilated men back to the field hospital and, having delivered your charge, stand a while watching the surgeons cutting and sawing at human bodies, and see the holes dug at the foot of the amputating tables gradually

filling up with dissevered arms and legs, and then, with the horror of it all before your eyes, and in cold blood, approach again that fatal line of fire, ride through it and out of it again, and this, perhaps, a half dozen times in one day—this, I say, will be conceded to be a pretty stiff test of the amount of iron that is in the blood of a man.

So that it is hardly correct to say that the ambulance officer does not come in for his full share of the things that test a man's mettle, whether it ring true or false.

Then, there is another thing that tests the ambulance officer as a leader and organizer. The force given him to work with comes under the designation of motley. The men, whilst not inferior to the general run in physical courage, in most cases, belonged to the "awkward squad" in their companies; likely could not tell hay-foot from straw-foot, and like Falstaff's recruits, "walked wide 'twixt the legs." The corps was a heterogeneous conglomeration of Irish, German, Yankee, Pennsylvania Dutch, and the Lord knows what not. Far be it from me to cast any reflection upon their mettle; I only say that, as a rule, the bulk of the subordinate ambulance force was composed of men who, for some reason or other, could not well be worked into the harmonious and effective mass of the company. Moreover, coming together from, perhaps a dozen different regiments, there was not, and in the nature of the case, could not be, that esprit de corps, the animating spirit of a body of men, which generally characterized the company and regiment and made a hero of many a man who was not naturally a hero. We had to train them to work together, and certainly, to a large extent, succeeded; but it was, at best, a rather precarious hold we had upon them. There was little attachment to us as officers, for they had their own officers. There was little personal attachment to each other; they quarreled and swore at each other and were generally walking about with a chip upon their shoulder.

There were very few shirks, however. There were many shining examples of indifference to danger and devotion to duty on the part of these non-combatants. Shoffner, of my own company, was shot through the neck doing all that a man could. Phillips,

of the 140th Pennsylvania, was shot dead whilst carrying a wounded man on his back at the attack on Petersburg. Evans, a Sergeant, lost an arm at Mine Run. Page, another man of my company, who was detailed for this service mainly because he would not, or could not, keep off the heels of the man in the rank in front of him, was a really brave man. They tell how, at Chancellorsville, when the 148th went down "into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell," Page with his stretcher, did deeds as brave as any of them. He would not fall back until the troops fell back, and then sullenly, carrying a wounded man.

They carried no weapons, these men. They were not there to kill, but to save; and that, often, when every savage instinct of the human heart prompted them to throw down the stretcher and rush in and kill rather than save. There were men who, when the fight was on, and the scent of blood in the air, had to be held to duty like a dog in leash. Riding along the line one day whilst heavy firing was going on in front, I came across a group lifting a wounded man into the ambulance. Among them was a soldier who had helped to carry the man back, and the ambulance driver, an Irishman, was begging him like a baby to drive his ambulance and let him take his gun and go into the fight. It was the same feeling that led Anthony Knopf, of G Company, after he had carried the medical field knapsack all the way from Falmouth to Gettysburg, when the battle began, swap his instruments, and dressings, and medicines, and restoratives, and stimulants to a comrade for his gun, and rush with his company at the side of Little Round Top. It is the old not yet outgrown savagery in the hearts of us all which, when the tackle comes, makes it so much easier to fight than to stand and take it.

Nothing impressed me more than the gentleness and humanity of these ambulance men with the wounded. I do not think that a single case of cruelty or even unkindness ever reached our ears. The mother instinct was strong in these men. Their horny hands were as tender as a mother's. How kind they were to the poor wounded fellows! How careful not to cause unnecessary pain! How quick their feet to run on their blessed errands of mercy!

Rough as a chestnut burr—some of them; crabbed as a bear with a sore head; swearing “like the army in Flanders,” but in their care of the wounded, as gentle as a mother hovering over the bed of her sick child. There were many cases of desperate risks taken to recover the wounded.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, a sorely wounded Confederate appealed to one of our stretcher bearers to carry him from the field. He replied that our own wounded had not all been removed. The Johnny cursed him for a leather-headed Yankee; he cursed him, in return, for a foul-mouthed and evil-smelling rebel; but in the night he went out and found him and brought him to the hospital. At Po River I saw a stretcher bearer leap upon a soldier who was helping him carry a wounded man to the rear and smite him in the face, because when a shell hissed overhead, he had dropped his end of the stretcher and the wounded man had rolled groaning to the ground. How shockingly they swore at each other when one of their number, however unintentionally, was a little rough, or however unavoidably, gave a sufferer pain. In the rear of the little house to the left of our line at Spotsylvania, I saw that savage old bear, Sergeant Joyce, kneeling by the side of a man, to whom no more earthly help could be given, praying. I am not sure that Joyce himself believed in prayer; from what I knew of him, I doubt it; but as the dying man had asked him to pray for him, and as he could do nothing more, he was not the man to go back on him. Joyce was an insubordinate, sullen, old sore-head, but he evidently believed that an ambulance officer’s duties took a very wide range. I bore much from him for that sight I got of him on his knees. One could fill pages with illustrations of the kindness and often touching humanity of these men.

A ludicrous scene, in which I was personally the principal actor comes to my mind as I write. It should, perhaps, have cost me my place. After forty years I can never recall that extraordinary scene without holding my sides. In the winter of 1863 I was detached from the main corps, together with a force of men and ambulances, and ordered to accompany General Brooke’s Brigade to the vicinity of Ely’s Ford, where we went into winter quarters.

Now, an order had come down from corps headquarters to the effect that the ambulance corps, horses and wagons, as well as the men, should be drilled something after the manner of the troops. I have often wondered what hopeless idiot first suggested that idea; but that is neither here nor there. Well, when an order is given what is a subordinate to do but to carry it out—or try to? So one fine day toward spring, the earth still held in the grip of frost, and the hoofs of half a hundred horses rattling over the frozen ground, I moved out my force to drill ambulances as troops are drilled. A field near by, containing perhaps twenty acres, seemed to offer an excellent arena for the purpose. I say, *seemed* to offer, for, as subsequent events proved, it was not so well adapted to the purpose as at first sight appeared, as we shall see. After explaining the evolution to the men, and a good deal of animated conversation with the ambulance drivers, who were mostly Irishmen, and who knew enough about horses that, if told to give them corn in the ear, would have done their best to force it into their auditory apparatus, I drew up the gallant corps in single line to the front, preparatory to the brilliant manoeuvre I had in mind. So far the thing looked well; but as the Old Guard which “foamed itself away” at Waterloo, had not taken into the account that fatal sunken road, so I had not planned for those confounded frozen corn rows. It is true, if I had conformed my movement parallel with the rows, it would not have been so bad, but, woe the day! I struck them at right angles.

The horses made restive by the nipping cold, and excited by the bad driving of the Irishmen, who, as I have already intimated, could not drive a donkey hitched to a wheelbarrow without disgracing themselves, were already almost beyond control. At the word go, we went; we certainly did. No man could ever afterward stand up in front of us and say we did not go. Why, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, would have been left behind eating dust, or more accurately speaking, frozen clods. The “Charge of the Light Brigade” at Balaklava, so far as peril to life and limb was concerned, could not have been very much worse. I am sure the like of the charge of that ambulance corps was never seen before—or since. After

all these years, I see that devoted ambulance train careering across those frozen, transverse corn rows as vividly as if it had happened yesterday; the curtains of the vehicles, shaken from their fastenings, waving in the wind, as we rushed forward, like an army with banners; the drivers, not only not able to guide their horses, but mightily put to it to stay in the ambulance at all; one moment shooting toward the top as if fired from a mortar, the next hurled back upon the seat, or sprawling at the bottom of the ambulance, only to be fired and returned as before; the stretcher bearers dodging hither and thither to escape the flying ambulances, fleeing as a man for his life; the water kegs breaking loose from their fastenings and flying through the air, making the already frantic horses more frantic still. The indescribable up and down movement of those ambulances as they struck sixty of those frozen corn rows to the minute, and over all the awful din and tumult, a hundred despairing voices calling upon me, by as many different imprecations as there were men, to stop it. Stop it! I should only have been too glad to stop it. I would have given almost anything if I had never started it. But, things can't go on forever, an ambulance more than anything else. Just as we got the stampede rounded up, and the men came crawling, some of them out of the ambulances and some from under them, looking as if they had gone through a western cyclone and a house had fallen on them, a voice behind me demanded, "Harpster, what in heaven's name are you doing?" It was Captain Pelton, the chief of the ambulances. "Doing?" said I, in the midst of broken sobs, "I am carrying out orders; I am drilling this ambulance corps." We sat on our horses, looked at each other, and laughing till the tears actually ran down our cheeks. "Well," said Pelton finally, "this beats the devil." I acknowledged that, in my judgment, it did; for I did not, and do not now believe, that the personage he mentioned could get up an exhibition quite up to that. Pelton could not look at me for the next six months without laughing.

I have always felt that my service in the ambulance corps was as useful as any I rendered in the War. It gave many opportunities for doing that kind of work which never leaves a bad

taste in the mouth—the memory of which is never fraught with regret. Perhaps my “story” will not be thought too long if I give a personal reminiscence or two.

During the campaign of the Wilderness, that long, flanking movement to the left, with its pitching and breaking of camp almost every day for months, we had taken down the hospital and were about to follow the troops. As my custom was, I took a final look over the ground to see that nothing had been abandoned through neglect. At the foot of a tree, where he had evidently been carried by comrades, near where the hospital had stood, I found a youth, lying prone upon his back, and gazing with unblinking eyes into the sky. I spoke to him; asked him what he was lying there for when the whole Army was moving. I got no reply. I said, “Get up and go on; what is the matter with you anyhow?” Not a word in reply gave he, nor relaxed that vacant stare into space. I stooped down and examined him; not a thing could I find the matter with him. “This is very extraordinary,” I said. Mounting my horse, I rode after the hospital train which had now moved off, and finding Doctor Vandever, brought him back. He discovered that a piece of shell had crushed the posterior part of the skull in upon the brain, doing little more than to render him unconscious. The good doctor soon had the necessary operation performed; we put him in an ambulance and sent him to the rear. About six months afterward he came to my tent, a Lieutenant’s straps upon his shoulders, as handsome and well groomed a young fellow as you could well see, to thank me, as he put it, “for having cheated the buzzards out of him.”

In one of the attacks on Petersburg, a boy belonging to a Maryland regiment—a mere child, he was—was horribly wounded; both of his legs and his left arm being shattered by the bursting of a shell. The stretcher bearers had laid him down at the foot of a tree and were making off. I examined him and found his heart still beating. I called after the bearers:

“Come back here; what do you mean by leaving this boy here?”

“He is dead,” they called back.

“He is not dead,” I said.

“Sure, he is dead.”

“He is not dead, I say, his heart is still beating; take him up and carry him to the hospital.”

I saw him afterwards in the hospital, under the influence of opiates, with both legs and arm amputated. Fifteen years afterward I saw a man sitting in a hand-cart behind a news stand in Calvert Street Station, Baltimore, with his legs and an arm gone, and a Grand Army badge on his breast. I went over to his stand and bought a paper.

“I think you got that,” I said—for I did not think there could have been another case like it in the War; at least, no other recovery—“I think you got that damage at Petersburg.”

“Right you are; there’s where they did it.”

I told him what I knew about it. He had heard what an ambulance officer had done, and made me lose my train by insisting that his wagon be trundled right home, and that I do him a comrade’s kindness by allowing him to show to his wife and three handsome boys the officer of whom he had heard, and of whom he had often told them, but had never seen.

It is all over. The smoke of the battle has died away. The bivouac fires have burned low and expired. Sectional animosity has been merged into a better brotherhood than the country ever knew before. The good God has wrought blessing out of a great evil. The actors in the scene have grown old and gray. Good boys, tender hearts, gallant comrades, I send a comrade’s greeting from my far-off home in India. If my little story can help, in any degree, to keep in men’s memories the brave things you did, I shall be glad.

THE TRANSFERRED OFFICER'S STORY.

PART I.

Sergeant Major J. E. Hall as Adjutant 183d Pennsylvania Vols.

The Army of the Potomac began a siege of Petersburg, Virginia, about the middle of June, 1864. During a temporary cessation of active operations on the last day of that month, the 148th Pennsylvania was inspected and mustered for pay by Col. James G. Lynch, of the 183d Pennsylvania. Colonel Lynch had quite recently received his promotion from a captaincy in the 72d Pennsylvania, whose veterans had been transferred to the 183d Pennsylvania. He had been doing duty as Assistant Inspector General on the staff of the Second Division of our Second Corps until the promotion came which placed him at the head of a regiment. After his inspection of the 148th Pennsylvania in line, and an examination of the records and workings of the Adjutant's and Quartermaster's departments, Colonel Lynch was free to express his unqualified admiration of the general efficiency of the Regiment as exhibited to him in the neatness and soldierly bearing of its officers and men, the condition and care of arms and equipage, and the business methods as well as accuracy of records of staff departments. He was particularly interested in the records and details of the Adjutant's office which he spent some time in examining. In this department Colonel Beaver had an able superintendent in the person of J. W. Muffly, who first as Sergeant Major and later as Adjutant had been able to apply his knowledge of bookkeeping and his ability to grasp and manage all the details of the office so as to make an excellent showing. Since the death of Adjutant Lipton and the well merited promotion of Sergeant Major Muffly in April, 1863, the writer had been serving as Sergeant Major, and for over a year had been under the tutorage of Adjutant Muffly. It would be reasonable to expect that an apprenticeship of that length of time would familiarize the new Sergeant Major with the workings of the office, and to the credit of the new Adjutant it may be re-

marked that he took pains to instruct, and time to see that his instructions were properly carried out. Colonel Lynch in his investigation of the records of the Adjutant's office had a special purpose in view. In addition to submitting his report of the regimental inspection, he made known to the Colonel commanding, as well as to his friend Captain Marlin, Acting Inspector General of First Division, that the 183d Pennsylvania had no Adjutant and he was trying to find some competent person to fill the place. This fact the writer learned later, upon the receipt of a note asking him to call at Colonel Lynch's headquarters. In response to the summons I was ushered into his presence next day where, after being looked over and questioned somewhat, I was informed that I had been recommended for the adjutancy of his regiment. With a suspicion that I looked young and that my appointment was a doubtful experiment I was excused. Whatever misgivings Colonel Lynch may have felt, however, were more than compensated for by the orderly arrangement of the records of the 148th Pennsylvania as he saw them, and my appointment was requested by him and made, and on September 7th with my new commission I was properly mustered into the new office. An opportunity to buy a horse having presented itself the purchase was made, and next day, September 8th, I rode over and reported for duty at the headquarters of the 183d Pennsylvania. It did not take long to discover that Colonel Lynch's belief that he had no officer competent to act as Adjutant, was not shared by the officers themselves, and when the new, beardless, and verdant looking officer was introduced by the Colonel to the Acting Adjutant as his successor, the new official was greeted by scant courtesy, and a prompt retirement of the Lieutenant in charge, leaving the new Adjutant to his reflections and the exercise of his wits.

It soon became known at army headquarters that an Adjutant had been appointed for 183d Pennsylvania, and requests for reports, and for information from the origin of the regiment to the present date began to pour in upon the new official. In the absence of written records these demands from superior officers required to be made up from oral statements in great measure from the different

officers of the regiment. The willingness of the officers to tell what each knew, made it possible before a great while to write a record of the origin of the regiment and a fairly satisfactory history of its campaigns. Company histories and rosters were in time brought into shape so as to give data for what might be required.

The regiment had been officered at its organization in Philadelphia by men who seemed indisposed for an active military career, and the resignation of their Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major and Adjutant upon the opening of the campaign of 1864 was unfortunate for its efficiency. Colonel Lynch entered upon the command of the regiment with a determination to make it such a working organization as to bring it in line with the best for practical service. His appointment of an Adjutant outside his regiment was in pursuance of this purpose, and his selection of an officer from what he considered an ideal regiment was a compliment to his sagacity, for it would be supposed that one trained in field duties by the commandant of such an organization, and in office work by the skilled Adjutant, would be able to give satisfaction. It is therefore out of tribute to these worthy officers that the statement follows that before a very long association with the officers and men of the 183d Pennsylvania they were willing to concede that the new Adjutant understood his business. This concession proved an important factor in establishing cordial relationship which continued during the subsequent history of the regiment. Colonel Lynch soon took advantage of a general order allowing commissioned officers of over three years service to be mustered out of service upon their request and we parted with regret. His successor, Col. George T. Egbert; his brother, Lieut. Col. Aug. T. Lynch, and the new Colonel's brother, Major H. P. Egbert, proved an agreeable trio of field officers, who each endeavored to keep up the standard of regimental efficiency which Col. James Lynch had worked to establish. These officers survived the vicissitudes of the War, and were all mustered out with the regiment in Philadelphia at its close. While in the city at this time the officers of the entire regiment were invited to a reception at the club rooms of the splendid Union



Wm. H. Mayes
Hospital Steward



Joseph W. Muffly
Sergeant Major

The
Non-Commissioned
Staff



Wm. C. Devinney
Q.M. Sergeant



Joseph E. Hall
Sergeant Major

League building on Broad Street. Here our field service was commended, and our valor and devotion to duty most eulogistically mentioned. It is safe to affirm that the product of the 148th Pennsylvania felt no small share of gratification as with his brother officers he listened to these expressions of appreciation, and felt he had tried to do his duty.

THE TRANSFERRED OFFICER'S STORY.

PART II.

By Lieut. George M. Boal.

Sergeant George M. Boal, Company D, being detailed on general recruiting service and stationed in Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, was placed in charge of the quartermaster stores of the camp. While there he became acquainted with Col. C. P. Rogers, who was on special recruiting service for the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, a regiment which was raised in the northeastern part of the state, which had been reduced to a battalion through losses, occasioned by the expiration of term of enlistment of the original three years men who had not enlisted as "veterans." The Colonel while having his recruits furnished with clothing, etc., in Camp Curtin, made up his mind that Boal would make a good Regimental Quartermaster, and that office being vacant in his regiment, he recommended and requested Governor Curtin to appoint and commission him as First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 83d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was done March 10, 1865. Boal at once reported to his regiment for duty, which was in camp near City Point, Virginia. Arriving there late in the evening and not being acquainted with any member of that regiment except Colonel Rogers, amongst the first persons to meet him was his friend, Dr. J. Penrose Burchfield, whom he had not seen for several years when they were both boys at Pine Grove Mills. The Doctor took the new Quartermaster to his quarters and from that time on until the regiment was mustered out of service they both quartered in the same tent. The next morning he was met by another Centre County boy, Lieut. Lewis Mason, whom he did not know as a member of that regiment. After meeting and being introduced to the other officers of the organization he was taken to division headquarters and mustered. The following day Boal reported to the commanding officer of the 148th, Col. James F. Weaver,

showed him his muster-in papers, when he was properly entered in the records of the Regiment as "discharged to receive promotion."

In the meantime, as he looked around for a good horse, he was recommended to Musser & Fortney, dealers in good horses. He finally struck a bargain with the senior member of the firm and rode away fully equipped for light marching orders. This horse did not prove very satisfactory and after many attempts he finally made an exchange with an Ambulance Sergeant and secured a very excellent horse, which he brought home with him at the close of the War, riding him from Harrisburg to his home near Center Hall and kept him for twenty-two years, when he died of old age, supposed to be about thirty years. Boal was accompanied from Harrisburg to his home by Lieut. Col. W. O. Coth, of the 83d Regiment, who rode his horse to his home in Waterford, Erie County, Pennsylvania.

THE STORY OF THE DRUM CORPS.

PART I.

By R. A. Cassidy, Principal Musician.

The field music or drum corps of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was originally composed of the regulation quota of two musicians—a fifer and a tenor drummer—from each of its ten companies, a base drummer—Billy Ishler of Company G—and the writer as Chief Musician or Drum Major. Two musicians were enlisted as such in each company but in some cases they were not fitted for the duties of the position for which they were enlisted; in others they preferred to serve in the ranks with the musket and, in some cases, a deficiency in one company was made up by an extra detail from other companies. Each company, however, carried two musicians upon its rolls, who although mustered as such, may not always have served in that capacity. No opportunity was offered for the regular organization of the drum corps, and concerted drill and discipline therein until after the arrival of the Regiment at Cockeyville, Maryland. The incidents attending our transportation from Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, to Camp Beaver, Cockeyville, are sufficiently portrayed in those papers which treat of the general regimental organization and movements.

Our indescribable lack of knowledge of military tactics at that time can hardly be better depicted than by a brief description of the first guard mount at Camp Beaver. Next morning, after going into camp, Sergeant Major Muffy passed up and down the company streets proclaiming “guard mount” and ordering the required details from the several companies to assemble at a designated point on the east side of camp. We don’t recall who it was that summoned me to assemble the drum corps, but it was done and the scene disclosed to Colonel Beaver, when he came on the ground to witness the first formal evolution of his Regiment, in the language of the Apostle, literally “beggars description.” There was an entire absence of uniformity in the attire and equipment of the men de-

tailed for duty. Several of the fellows who "knew something about war" exercised the precaution to bring their arms with them. Others, not apprehending any danger from resident "secesh" or prowling "rebels," did not. Some were in their shirt sleeves; others, as happened to be easiest, were attired in blouses, dress coats or overcoats, etc. We remember Colonel Beaver administered his first rebuke to the Drum Major for appearing on that "auspicious occasion" in his shirt sleeves, without equipment of any kind, and topped out with a brilliantly variegated sleeping cap for a head-gear. He was in such a state of exasperated military disgust that his early piety and soldierly restraint, we thought then and still think, alone prevented a sulphurous explosion such as we frequently heard later in our army experience from officers of all grades under much less provoking conditions. It is scarcely necessary to remark that "guard mount" the following morning was "turned off" with an exactness of attire and equipment and precision of ceremony that would have challenged the criticism of much older commands, and there was seldom occasion thereafter, on that score, for special trial of faith of the religiously disposed, whether of rank or file.

As nearly as we can recall, the formal composition of the field music was Company A, fifer, Philip Woodling; drummer, Simon Harper. B, fifer, Nathaniel Beerly; drummer, Emory Hutton; C, fifer, William P. Harpster; drummer, Samuel D. Otto. D, fifer, Abram Mattern; drummer, John B. Holloway. E, fifer, Johnson Hamilton; drummer, David N. Henry. F, fifer, Lawrence B. Bathurst (from C Company); drummer, Thos. Minnich. G, fifer, Matthias Rider; drummer, Daniel Schreffler. H, fifer, William Yeager; drummer, R. A. Cassidy. I, fifer, Thaddeus Rumberger (also of C Company); drummer, Joseph Arthurs. K, fifer, Abram Courson (long division); drummer, John A. Lee. As this roster is made up from memory, with uncertain aid from other members of the corps with whom we have been able to confer, and without recourse to official records, (not available) it may not be entirely correct as to personnel, company attachment and assignment.

The first death, and the only one that occurred during our connection with the corps, was that of Johnny Lee, drummer of Company K, in winter quarters at Falmouth, and he, as we recollect, was succeeded by Preston MaGee of the same company. There were other details to the Corps, after our location at Falmouth, notably that of Charley Held (of A Company) representing H, tenor drummer, a most valuable acquisition, but we are unable to recall now distinctly from what companies they came or what they represented.

The writer was appointed Chief Musician at the organization of the Regiment. By reason, however, of an order of the War Department, issued about the time of the formation of the Regiment, mustering out all regimental bands, but which was subsequently modified so as to exclude regimental chief musicians from its operations, we were not mustered as such until after our return from Chancellorsville.

The field music shared largely in the benefits of Colonel Beaver's assiduous attention to the most minute details of discipline and organization of his command. Soon after our arrival at Cockeysville he determined that we should have a complete equipment of fifes and drums, instead of the ordinary contract issue of the Government, and authorized the writer to arrange for the outfit with a Baltimore manufactory. Thus in due season we were equipped with a splendid complement of drums (including a basso profundo) and fifes, on the former of which were emblazoned the United States coat of arms, with appropriate regimental designation.

The dispersion of the Regiment, by assignment of detachments to different points for guard duty on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, greatly hindered contemplated plans for instruction and drill that were indispensable to the proper harmonizing of the varied musical "dialects" of individual members, but sufficient progress had been made by the time of re-assembling at Cockeysville preparatory to our departure to the front that, when the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers marched through the streets of Baltimore on that well remembered winter day in 1862, enroute to Washington, the resounding echoes of the martial harmonies of its ten

fifes, ten snare drums and Billy Ishler's big bass drum drew to the line of our march much more popular attention and applause than was usually accorded passing troops, which had become to the citizens a monotonous experience.

As soon as practicable after the Regiment became settled in winter quarters near Falmouth, the field music, in common with all of its now (then) consolidated elements, began to show the effects of united and harmonious drill and discipline and we need not remind the survivors of that winter's (1862-1863) schooling in all the duties of real soldiering how rapidly the 148th advanced in the estimate of the more experienced troops with whom we were associated in the general formation of the Army. The field music attracted such attention from the officers in general command that about two weeks after our assignment to the Brigade the following order was promulgated:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, HANCOCK'S DIVISION,
Near Falmouth, Virginia, January 7th, 1863.
SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

Drum Major R. A. Cassidy, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, is hereby ordered to take command of the musicians of the several regiments in this Brigade for the purpose of drill and instruction. The various drum corps will report to him accordingly.

By order of COL. G. VAN SCHAAK,
Colonel Commanding.

GEORGE W. SCOTT, A. A. A. G.

In obedience to this order, our field music thereafter—at least as long as we were actively identified with it, took precedence on all occasions of general parade and ceremony in the brigade and division formations—General Hancock having subsequently designated our Chief Musician to take charge of the consolidated field music of the Division when the troops paraded for drill or review, etc.

The limits to which this paper must of necessity be confined forbid that amplification which a due estimate of the field music's value in the regimental organization might seem to justify, but this much at least ought to be allowable in recognition of the worth of the boys of which it was composed. Of its about twenty-five members—which number includes details made at Falmouth as

buglers—we cannot recall a single case of insubordination or the infliction of punishment for violation of the regulations or proprieties of the service. Uniformly, every man was prompt in the performance of ordinary duty, gentle and considerate in intercourse with associates and unflinching in the discharge of customary requirements on the field and in hospital. Personally, we cannot recall a single instance of unfriendliness between ourselves and any member of the field music during our connection with it, while among the most cherished of life's memories are those springing from our association with the boys who furnished the martial harmonies to which the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers kept step in its high mission of aiding in the preservation of the Union.

One of the deepest regrets of my life, which has intensified as the years have increased since that event, was my enforced retirement from active service and consequent separation from the Regiment after Gettysburg.

It is proper perhaps that the circumstances under which this occurred should be briefly explained: Billy Mayes, acting hospital steward, and myself were directed by Surgeon Davis to remain when the Army left and care for the wounded of the Regiment, whom we had collected from the field and other field hospitals, at the First Division Hospital on the east bank of Rock Creek, a short distance south of the town of Gettysburg. Our instructions were to make the men as comfortable as wholly inadequate shelter and food supplies would permit. An "Autenreith," in charge of Billy Berry, brigade hospital steward detailed from Company G of our Regiment, afforded us excellent advantages in the matter of hospital supplies. By collecting abandoned shelter tents wherever obtainable and appropriating uncut wheat from an adjacent field for bedding, we were enabled to protect and render our wounded more comfortable than those of any other command in the Division.

In respect to the treatment of the wounds, they were not less fortunate, so that mortality among our wounded was much lighter than among those of other commands less fortunately provided for. As soon as rail communication was re-established, necessary tentage was brought in and a thorough hospital system established

THE DRUM CORPS



Samuel D. Otto
Principal Musician.



William P. Harpster
Principal Musician



R. A. Cassidy
Principal Musician



L. B. Bathurst
& S. D. Otto



J. H. Law
Bugler



near the town. Our wounded, in common with those of both Armies, were, as speedily as possible, concentrated in these hospitals and as soon as we were free to do so Berry, with his "Autenreith," myself and others from other commands, who had been similarly detained, started to join our several regiments at the front, then on the Potomac, our Corps being reported in the neighborhood of Berlin. On reaching the river we were forbidden to cross, the Army having proceeded so far south that the officer in command of the district deemed it unsafe to expose so small a detachment to the risk of capture by the enemy's cavalry, which was raiding actively in the rear of our Army. We were, consequently, sent to the front by way of Washington, rail transportation being provided for our entire outfit.

In making the march from Washington to Alexandria the heat from sun and sand was so intense that I was prostrated by something akin to sunstroke and, when the detachment started for the front, the officer in charge refused to allow me to proceed, escorting me instead to a hospital in the town, from which, after a short detention, I was sent to rendezvous distribution near by and there held until pronounced by an examining board unfit for further field service and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and assigned to the 19th Regiment, in which I served until discharged at Elmira, New York, July 20, 1865.

It is vain now to waste words in expressing regrets over what might have been, but I can't refrain from saying how deeply I must always deplore the seemingly trivial circumstance—a slight delay in our march from Gettysburg to the river—which prevented me from overtaking and thereby permanently separated me from comrades fondly cherished, turned the course of duty into an entirely unlooked for channel and dissipated the anticipation of completing my military duties with those associated with whom I could best work and with whom I could most happily agree.

I leave to my associate, Chief Musician Billy Harpster, the task of completing this altogether imperfect sketch of the organization and services of the field music, after Gettysburg, of that model of military efficiency and patriotic consecration—the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

THE DRUM CORPS.

PART II.

By William P. Harpster, Principal Musician.

At the time of my promotion to Principal Musician of the 148th Regiment, August 1, 1863, the Regiment was in camp with the rest of the Brigade and Division, near Bealton Station, Virginia. The weather was exceedingly dry and warm, and we remained during the entire month quietly in camp improving ourselves in all the training for the duties required of us. Our drum corps at this time consisted of the following members: William P. Harpster, Principal Musician; Charles H. Held, drummer, Company A; Nathaniel Beerly, fifer, and Emory Hutton, drummer, Company B; Lawrence B. Bathurst, fifer, Thaddeus L. Rumbarger, fifer, Samuel D. Otto, drummer, Company C; Johnston Hamilton, fifer, and David N. Henry, drummer, Company E; Thomas J. Minnich, drummer, Company F; Matthias Rider, fifer, Daniel H. Shreffler, drummer, and Thomas J. Lee, bugler, Company G; Joseph A. Arthurs, drummer, Company I; Abram C. Courson, fifer, and Preston M. Magee, drummer, Company K; and John G. Robinson, bass drummer Company C. During the next winter there were added to the corps, T. H. Law, Company E, and Jacob Fox, Company K, as buglers; Samuel Mottarn, Company F, fifer, and John B. Zeigler, Company A, drummer.

During our stay at this camp we took a new impetus in music, which gave us the reputation for proficiency second to no martial music in the Army. Colonel Beaver secured for us enough new drums and fifes to replace some that had become unserviceable, and we adopted regular hours for practice and soon began to show an unmistakable improvement. We were indebted greatly to a private from an adjoining regiment (whose name I am sorry to say I have forgotten) who was an expert drummer in fancy beats, and in which he very kindly instructed our drummers, so that in a

short time we had quite a repertoire of fancy tunes such as "Faded Flowers," "Gentle Annie," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Village Quickstep," and others, with which we were accustomed to entertain our boys after tattoo, and which attracted to our camp visitors from surrounding camps by the score. Colonel Beaver always took great pride in his drum corps and if, like the rank and file of his Regiment, they did not measure up to the standard, it was no fault of his, for he kept a critical eye upon us, and was as ready to commend discipline and proficiency as to rebuke for the want of them.

Our camp duties were imperative, and strictly under the supervision of the Adjutant and controlled directly by the Principal Musician, who was held responsible for their accuracy. They consisted of reveille at daybreak, first by the drummer's call by the bugler, followed after the musicians all assembled on the color line in front of the Colonel's headquarters, by the reveille call by the bugler, and immediately by the entire drum corps. This call consists of variations of about ten or twelve selections including all the different kinds of time used in the service, and requiring about ten minutes for the rendering and during which time the companies assembled in line in their company streets; when the music ceased, the rolls were called by the Orderly Sergeant and the companies dismissed. The calls for meals were executed by one fifer and one drummer at the hours specified by the commander of the camp.

At 8:00 A. M. the sick call was sounded by one fifer and drummer or a bugler and at nine o'clock the call sounded by the bugler for guard mount, when the entire drum corps turned out, and played during inspection of arms. Then they "beat off troop" and played while the guards marched away. The musicians then had two hours for practice and drill and in the afternoon accompanied the battalion (or regiment) on drill. At six o'clock dress parade took place, which is all the term indicates, as every one not on detailed duty is required to be present in the best possible condition as to dress and equipments. At sunset retreat was played, when the flag was taken down for the day. At 9:00 P. M. tattoo was beaten, when the same formula was enacted as at reveille, except the different selections constituting it are distinct from the earlier call.

At half-past nine the bugler blew the call "lights out," which concluded the schedule for the day.

In the remainder of the campaign of 1863 during the manoeuvring of the Army, the discipline of the drum corps was lax; being in the rear of the lines and left frequently to their own resources, their duties consisted principally in drawing rations and eating them.

When the spring campaign opened in 1864, a reformation took place in our field music. It was General Hooker, I believe, who offered a reward for a dead cavalryman, and he might have also included a dead musician without being made any poorer. It was Major General Barlow who first introduced a system to utilize the wasted energy of the "sheep-skin batteries" as they were often called, by consolidating all the musicians of the Division (the First Division of the Second Corps) which he commanded, into one body and placing a mounted Lieutenant in command with a Sergeant detailed from some company, in charge of the musicians of each of the four brigades, and as there were on an average four regiments in each Brigade making sixteen regiments in the Division, or sixteen drum corps of about ten boys in each, there were about one hundred and sixty musicians in the Division. The outranking of the Sergeants by the Principal Musicians was not considered in the matter. All musicians who had lost or thrown away their instruments as some frequently did during a summer's campaign, were sent to their companies and placed in the ranks as privates. The others were marched in a body in the rear of the Division and immediately on the opening of an engagement were put to work erecting hospital tents under the direction of the Surgeons. Details were made and sent to the front to bring the wounded to the hospital for treatment. Many were detailed as nurses, and others kept continually at hand for any emergency that might occur. Much friction occurred between some of the boys and the Sergeants in charge, owing partly to the disinclination to be restrained, and partly to the assumption of authority by the Sergeants; however, severe punishments were rare, only one of which I can now recall. Five of the boys were caught by the provost guard while on a foraging expedi-

tion. They had captured a Confederate calf and appropriated it to their own use, being short of rations. Taken to division headquarters they were "bucked and gagged" and all the musicians of the Division assembled to witness the penalty imposed by General Barlow. Six strokes on the shoulders with an ox gad as they sat in their cramped and helpless position, were given each, and as the last stroke fell the tall form of the General crowded through the outer circle and inquired:

"Who administered those blows?"

The executioner saluted and replied, "I did, General."

"Well, Sergeant," retorted the General, "you may report to your company; I will not have a Sergeant in my provost guard who does not obey orders. Those blows were not nearly so heavy, nor the stick so large as I ordered."

Fortunately, none of the boys of the 148th were among the victims; not because they were innocent of foraging, but that they were too sharp to be caught in the act, wherein lay the chief cause of disgrace, as foraging was common. The mode of punishment was humiliating to a United States soldier and should have been beneath the dignity of a General in our Army.

The writer was at one time placed under arrest for neglecting to report two members of his company for taking "French leave," until after they had gone home, but he was released after a few hours nominal detention and an admonition from the Colonel, which preserved the manhood of the offender and made a true and lasting friend of the Colonel. The worst case of insubordination of which we plead guilty occurred under our former Drum Major, Bob Cassidy, while in camp in the early spring of 1863 near Falmouth. A very muddy wagon road ran directly through the center of our camp, and one dark and disagreeable night, the Drum Major wanted tattoo beaten on the north side of the road, while I wanted to stay on the south side, my quarters being on that side. I had two confederates, one, the leading drummer, and as I was leading fifer, we claimed the majority out of about twenty members. The result was what might be expected of two divisions of a band of music thirty feet apart trying to play so complicated a production as

tattoo at one and the same time. Before we were half through the stentorian voice of the Colonel was heard, "If you don't stop that infernal racket I'll put you all in the guard house." We slunk away in the dark, but not far enough to prevent our hearing the Drum Major's report to the Colonel, nor the sending by the Adjutant for the Corporal of the guard, nor the orders to the Corporal to take a file of men and arrest Harpster and Otto, of Company C, and Mattern, of Company D, and put them in the guard house. It is needless to say, Harpster and Otto could not be found, but Mattern, not being so well posted, languished in the guard house until the next day. The other two turned up for duty the next morning and were so meek and obedient that they must have been pardoned through pity, as the Corporal did not trouble them further.

While musicians often escaped deserved punishment, they were frequently used to punish others. I do not think any one in our Army was truly despised unless he proved himself a coward. When a pitiable object of that kind was found, the brigade to which he belonged was formed in hollow square and he was placed inside with half his head shaved, a placard on his breast labeled "Coward" while the musicians of the brigade followed behind a file of guards with bayonets fixed close to the culprit, to the tune of the "Rogue's March." After making a complete march around the square, his uniform was taken from him and he was turned out to make his own way out of the Army.

The rank of musician in the Army was too often considered trivial and somewhat degrading; so much so, that, some were loath to accept it, if allowed their own choice. My own tendencies were in that direction to such an extent that when I was later offered the rank of Orderly Sergeant by Captain Edmonds, of Company C, I accepted, feeling I could be of more service, and in the line of promotion. But the Colonel objected to the transfer for reasons best known to himself. I always had the warmest admiration for the man who carried the gun, believing him to be a part of the real engine of war, though his duties were harder than that of an officer, and his privileges more restricted. And yet, the vacancy in the ranks of musicians was not always easily filled, as was noted in

some of the older regiments, which had less than a half dozen, and no musical talent in their ranks to draw from. The 148th was fortunate in having in its ranks sufficient available material to replace its losses, and as our Colonel considered a good drum corps an indispensable factor in a well disciplined regiment our corps was kept comparatively well filled. In April, 1864, I was requested by the Colonel to recommend a drummer for promotion to Principal Musician, two being required for a full corps. My choice was S. D. Otto, of Company C. If finest accomplishment had been the requirement, he might not have been the choice, as our corps contained several very fine drummers, but Otto was up-to-date in all that was needed to keep up the standard, and the promotion being made, was never regretted by me. The boys of our drum corps possessed peculiarities as varied and extensive probably, as any other corps in the Army. Their ages varied from that of Shreffler the oldest (about thirty) down to sixteen, that of Hutton, who claimed to be the youngest member in the Regiment.

While all were perfectly amenable to discipline, the majority were rollicking, mischievous and tricky when off duty, and many were the pranks played on each other which at home would scarcely have been accepted as sport. I here quote from a letter received from Emory Hutton above mentioned, just previous to my beginning this writing. Hutton says:

“I have received numerous letters in my time, some of them very good ones at that, but none that equaled yours in point of genuine interest. Your brief but exceedingly interesting account of the members of the old drum corps revived tender memories of ‘camp and field’ that had laid dormant for a quarter of a century. I could almost imagine myself again under the pines of ‘Old Virginia, answering ‘to roll call’ when I read the old familiar names of Arthur, Bierly, Courson (the practical joker), Fox (the prize victim of said joker), Henry Mottarn, Mattern, Minnich (the dead game sport), and Rider (who when not engaged in eating was thinking most seriously about it), and those of our dear, departed comrades who have answered the ‘last call,’ Held, Shreffler, Holloway, Lee and Bathurst. Peace to their ashes. In reading over your list I failed to see any mention of a very prominent member of our corps, bass (“base”) drummer, Oscar Runk, (I.

A. B. P. A.) you know what these initials stand for; also of Hamilton, Yeager and Ishler. What of them? And I think there is yet another—Philip Woodley from ‘Corp’ler John A. Miller’s come and fetch your pork’ company. You will probably recall him as the man who when he saw a bandman wearing some sort of a red jacket, remarked, ‘such coats we all ought to have.’”

Hutton might have continued indefinitely in describing the peculiarities of the boys, for instance, Rumbarger, who was always getting up some special dish from our limited bill of fare; little Danny Shreffler, who carried the biggest knapsack and stepped twice to our once; Arthurs, who carried next to nothing and never worried about anything. Hamilton and Otto who were always the cleanest and tidiest members of our corps, though they did occasionally associate with “graybax” as well as the rest of us. Little Johnny Zeigler, the prize laugher, as every member of the Regiment can attest. Charley Held, the quiet, inoffensive one, whom everyone would scorn to molest. Bathurst, the conscientious Christian man, who was the only member who never “straggled” but once, and who usually messed with the Chaplain.

Hutton, himself, who was encyclopedia for the settling of all disputes as to important events, commanders of corps, brigades, regiments and all matters pertaining to history, and his invariable antipathy to Sergeant Wilson, he of the Division consolidation, who was instrumental in having Hutton “specially detailed” to dig a useless ditch in the hot sun; and last but not least, our dear old comrade, Abe Courson, the butt of all fun, six feet tall, left handed, his cap always over the left eye, his blouse sleeves four inches too short, and his pants about three inches from his No. 11 shoe, his big Roman nose, scarcely ever without a seab from the effect of some scuffle, never in an ill humor, but always ready and willing for sport or duty, and a splendid fifer withal. He frequently was detailed as bass drummer and then he got in his best licks—for when he wheeled down the line on dress parade there was correct time in every stroke of that long left arm, even if he did advance somewhat obliquely. All these peculiarities of the members of that, to us, never to be forgotten organization, stand out distinctly in



Joseph A Arthers



S. Mottarr



D.N. Henry Co. E.



A R Courson Co. K.

THE
DRUM

CORPS



Frank G. Mattern Co. D.



T. C. Rumbarger



Nathaniel Bierly

our memories as bright spots, bedimmed by the hardships of almost three years of army life. And now, to those of us who are yet living and are scattered, never again to assemble at the old familiar "drummer's call," nothing remains but the kindest and most tender feeling toward our dear old comrades, and the dearest wish of our hearts is, that when after we have all been "mustered out" one by one from this life of enlistment, we may assemble at the last great roll call on the "eternal camping ground" prepared for the faithful. We have much to regret in reviewing our army life—that we were not more faithful to our obligations, that we were not kinder to each other, that we did not labor harder to relieve our dear wounded comrades who were often in our charge, and that we were not better soldiers in every way.

Our story is almost ended. When the enemy's lines were broken at Petersburg, we took up the march to follow his retreat southward which terminated at Appomattox, and where we shared in the rejoicing, and prospect of going home. In a few days we returned to Burkesville Junction, where our hearts were saddened by news of the death of Lincoln.

On the second day of May, 1865, we broke camp and started on the march northward. On the 6th we passed through Richmond, and on the 10th Fredericksburg, and went regularly into camp in sight of Washington on the 15th.

Our last act in the war drama occurred on the 23d, being the great review of the Army of the Potomac in Washington. On the 3d of June our Regiment started homeward, and on the next morning (Sunday) we marched down Market Street, Harrisburg, to the time of "Village Quickstep," to the admiration of the citizens. We landed in Camp Curtin the same day. The last act of our drum corps as an organization, was the participation by request of the citizens of Harrisburg, in the dedication of a Triumphal Arch in Market Square, on the evening of the 5th. On the 7th we received our discharges, bade each other farewell, and started in different directions for our homes, and the drum corps of the 148th Pennsylvania ceased to exist.

THE DRUM CORPS.

PART III.

By Nathaniel Beerly, Company B.

Our drum corps was inspired by the same spirit that was displayed and diffused through our Regiment by our gallant Colonel, and his example was always an incentive to higher attainment. We did excel and received many compliments—even from General Hancock at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on grand review. He said he was glad to see such a full drum corps and complimented us on our appearance. On another occasion, while on the battlefield of Chancellorsville, Virginia (he very well knew what we were intended for), seeing the unfavorable impression that the ghastly remains of humanity had on the troops, and being close to the enemy, he ordered every band and drum corps to play “Rally Round the Flag,” and, in a moment, had the enemy made their appearance, they would have met with a warm reception. We can console ourselves that we did our duty in the same spirit the man did, not behind the guns, but with the guns, and have no apology to make because we were musicians. We did whatever we were commanded to do, and there must be an Orpheus to cheer and inspire, from the cradle to the grave. We came in this world and one of the first things we hear is the cradle song of our mothers, and all along our pathway, we are amused and finally ushered out with some solemn dirge. Our repertoire was somewhat limited and not very artistic. It commenced with the “reveille” and ended with “retreat” and “tattoo,” and consisted principally of marches and quick-steps—“The Girl I Left Behind Me,” “Larry O’Gaff,” by Woody; “Old Dan Tucker,” by “Damy” Shreffler; “The Rogue’s March,” and, last but not least, “Hell on Oil Creek,” by Abraham Corson, the left handed joker or fifer of Company K. Another incident I well remember, while guarding the railroad at Cockeyville, Maryland, when on regimental drill, the Colonel stationed us in a grove adjacent to a field, simply requesting the bass drummer to beat time. The day was very stormy and, the Colonel not

making allowance for its defective acoustics on account of the state of the atmosphere, threatened destruction to the drum and poor Ishler and we were actually afraid he would carry out his threat with his vicious looking sword.

Our duty, in time of engagement, was to assist the surgeons in dressing wounds and at times to help the ambulance corps to carry off the wounded.

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

The first engagement, wherein we were participants, occurred on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of May, 1863, and is known as the battle of Chancellorsville. I cannot help expressing my disapproval of the management of the same, with the inglorious and disastrous results following. Arriving there on the 2d, our drum corps encamped at the fence enclosing the chancellor's house, and in the evening we were saluted with a rebel battery the first time. Fortunately the shells did not explode, but were thrown at some headquarter teams close by. The next day the battle opened in earnest and we were ordered to go with the surgeons and help to establish a field hospital about a quarter of a mile to the rear in the woods, and while there assisting the surgeons, I delivered an official order enclosed in an envelope placed under my belt to the Colonel or Adjutant of our Regiment. I found them temporarily entrenched to the left and in the woods about two or three hundred yards from the chancellor's house. I returned an order of some kind to the surgeon. Later in the day we were ordered to carry fresh beef to the Regiment at the same place. The next thing, according to the best of my recollection, was a battery opening a terrific fusilade on the hospital, wounding and killing some that had been wounded, which necessitated our removal to the bank of the Rappahannock. At that time I did not think Stonewall Jackson capable of being such a miserable disturber of the peace and dignity of the surroundings. On the road leading to the river we got mixed up with the inglorious "skedaddle" of the Eleventh Corps. Infantry, artillery, cavalry, panic-stricken cattle, accompanied with the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying, with a hail storm of shells from Jackson's victorious guns, moving at

a rapid rate and in hot haste and also serenaded by the rebel yell, with officers cursing and everything in a chaotic state, was an experience I will never forget and this was the result of the strategic and fertile brain of our commander of the Army. What did I think? Why, I thought the god of battle had deserted us and the swallows homeward flew. While on the river bank, we were compelled to cross on the other side, and I assisted Michael Lebkecher, who was so weak from the loss of blood caused by the wound in his arm that he could not walk without assistance. Said wound necessitated amputation of his hand. On this celebrated "skedaddle," leading from the chancellor's house to the river, on the disused road covered with autumn leaves, I saw more blood than at any time during the War. William Ishler had Samuel Orris in his care and I am satisfied that Orris owes his life to Ishler, as he could not have survived the ugly wound without the best possible care given.

The following day we were shelled again by a battery in the rear of our line of battle, but our cavalry soon captured it and brought it across the river. After that, I recollect our Army recrossing the river and on the bank of the same, on the left hand side of the road, Emory Hutton and I buried a Rhode Island batteryman, who was wounded through his intestines, by simply laying him on the sod and covering his face with the cape of his great coat and shoveling sand over him. We were at this when our Regiment recrossed the pontoon bridge. This ends my recollection of this miserably managed engagement. I sincerely regret the useless effusion of blood of our gallant comrades, including our Colonel, and all the sacrifice due to the incompetency of our commander of the Army.

An amusing incident happened at the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac, at Stevensburg, Virginia, by President Lincoln. As is the custom, the musicians of the entire Division form at the head of the column, falling out and facing the reviewing officer, while the entire Division passes. In the manoeuvre to face the President, an eccentric Frenchman, belonging to the division headquarter band, playing a slide trombone, took advantage of the muddle and ran his bow through the head of a drum to the chagrin and amusement of us, but of course quiet and good order prevailed, and I still remember

President Lincoln's troubled and haggard look, as the time of the review was about the darkest of the Rebellion.

AT GETTYSBURG.

I remember at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, our Regiment was commanded by Colonel McKeen, of the 81st Pennsylvania. On the 2d day of July, 1863, at 4:00 P. M., the battle opened, and Colonel McKeen told us to go to a certain rock that afforded some shelter, to assist Doctor Hamilton in dressing the wounds of those who were wounded on the field. While there the ambulance corps came along with some twenty stretchers, one more than they had men for, so Lawrence Barthurst called on me to go along, and we followed our Division into the wheat field close to Little Round Top, and on the right of me about five or six feet, an orderly Sergeant was shot through the thigh. We took him about one mile to the field hospital, returned and helped others until the sun set on that terrible day. The next day our time was employed at the amputating table and in getting hay or straw to lay the wounded on, and a squad of men were detailed to procure the same and the Doctor told me to estimate the cost or damage and report the amount and the owner's name, but the farmer refused to let us have any, so we forcibly opened the barn and took the same and I reported the amount taken, with the owner's name to the Doctor. On another occasion, while assisting the ambulance corps carrying off the wounded, some of the boys were amazed, after carrying a supposed wounded man to the rear, partly out of danger, yet still under shell fire, while resting, to see the soldier get off the stretcher and run out of danger. Evidently he did not belong to our Regiment.

Some time prior to General Grant taking command, Major Hancock organized a band recruited at Boston, Massachusetts, for our Division with a drum corps annexed. For some cause unknown to me, I received an order to join them. Members of this band took an interest in me and to them I am indebted for my musical education and training. Had it not been for this training, the contest at Hecla Park in 1894, composed of the musicians of several counties of Central Pennsylvania, in which I was successful as musical director, might have ended differently.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

This fight was initiatory to a series of engagements following closely culminating at Cold Harbor, with the gage of battle varying yet in our favor. The last day of the battle of the Wilderness proper, I was detailed to assist the ambulance corps. On the road leading to the front to the line of battle, I passed General Barlow, our division commander, and staff, who were dismounted. In the rear of them, about four or five rods, was a rebel field officer, sitting on a stump, a prisoner of war, under guard, the impersonation of dignity and revenge. We were ordered between the line of battle and skirmishers and remained there all day assisting a few wounded skirmishers to the ambulance in the road. On the right of this road the woods were still burning, caused by exploding shells the day before. In this woods I saw a number of nude bodies lying as they fell in battle and by the remains of some of the clothing, I saw they belonged to the Ninth Corps. Said corps joined us on the right. To the left of this, about three or four hundred yards, I saw our Regiment, but could not see it all the time, yet I could locate it all day by the sound of our Colonel's sonorous voice. The entire day was passed in skirmishing, picket firing and reconnoitering, without a general engagement. My observation of joining the Ninth Corps on the right is corroborated by General Grant's *Memoirs*, second volume, page 200.

AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

General Grant celebrated the fall of Atlanta, Georgia, by the musicians of the entire Army playing patriotic airs and the firing of one hundred shot and shell from each battery at the enemy, who were in close proximity. Commencing at midnight, with the enemy's artillery responding in like manner, this uproarious racket continued until dawn of day and could have been fittingly given to the devil, while conspiring with Mephistopheles to increase the temperature of hades. Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, our division commander here, had several comical coons who were as merry as the bumble bee in the honeysuckle, to sing and dance for the amusement of himself and staff at his headquarters. We received an order to play, with these coons dancing to the music, for the amusement of lady

visitors. This fun was suddenly interrupted by the enemy opening a battery. This persistent meddlesomeness of the enemy, I presume, was due to our being considered trespassers on the sacred soil. We dispersed by common consent, Miles not saying a word. All I remember of this was the General buckling on his sword and calling the orderly to bring his horse. What became of the ladies, I do not know. We returned to our quarters. Life in winter quarters was not so dull after all.

Battery officers organized an amateur minstrel troupe, also furnished large headquarter tents, which were joined together and which served as an auditorium for rehearsals and performances, but, before we had rehearsed sufficiently for a performance, we received marching orders. On another occasion, we were to play at the headquarters of a California regiment. Arriving there in the evening, we found the headquarters illuminated by a fire in the chimney, the improvised furniture consisting of rude chairs and a table in the center loaded with the choicest fighting spirits the market afforded and the table groaned under its weight—no, it didn't, it reeled and staggered under the weight of these intoxicants. The program for the evening consisted of music, interspersed with comical orations, with the Major getting so hilarious that the Adjutant, with great difficulty, prevented him from forming the regiment to charge the enemy, alleging that if Grant couldn't take Petersburg he would with his fighting Californians. The last I remember of this Belshazzar feast was the Major lying on the broad of his back on the floor fast asleep, and we, like the Arab, folded our traps and quietly stole away.

I lost a brother, who died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and a first cousin, James Bierly, who died in the same place, also Wesley Bierly, who was killed here. Henry Myer lost a hand, Cousin Solomon Bierly and Charles were shot in the legs. All were members of our Regiment.

Thunder we always have and is ever present, but I prefer the description of sunshine. The memory of the eccentric French trombonist still haunts me and sticks as close as lightning to a thunder cloud. In appearance he resembled one of Shakespeare's witches

dancing around the boiling cauldron. He would get me to taste his innumerable dishes of hash, made of the same ingredients only slightly varied in their proportion, and to save my life I could not tell the difference in taste, yet he was as happy as the day was long with his variety of food. The eccentricities of this individual were remarkable. In a storm of shells at Petersburg, tradition says he turned his back on the wicked scene, saying a living hero was worth more than a dead coward. The last thing I remember of this eccentric individual was his farewell address to the leader of the band. On this occasion he was serious. Whether he fell off the stage, leaped off or was kicked off, is mere conjecture, or transformed into a demon or an angel, the good Lord only knows.

The first man I saw who was killed in action was a Captain in Sykes' Division of regulars, at Chancellorsville; the last one was Bugler Joseph H. Law, whose body was almost severed by a cannon ball. The blood bespattered brigade marker carried by him at the time was brought home in the same car I came in to be presented to his bereaved widow. He was a member of our Regiment.

I close with a salute to the gallant Colonel, including the prudent Lieutenant Colonel Weaver, the soldierly and jovial Lieutenant Colonel Bayard, the dashing, daring Major Fairlamb and a bow to the scholarly Adjutant Muffly, a cheer for the living comrades, and a tear for the departed.

Finally, I hope that the reader of this thrilling tragedy will not attribute vainglory to the actors and writers hereof, as it was accomplished when Time was young and full of anticipation, and the records written late on the road leading from East to West.



J. B. HOLLOWAY

THE DRUM CORPS.

PART IV.

By J. B. Holloway, Drummer of Company D.

Our Regiment was recruited in the summer of 1862 and organized at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We left Camp Curtin on the 10th day of September, about one thousand men strong. Our destination was Cockeyville, Maryland.

Perhaps the most noted incident at this place, the Cockeyville camp, was the insubordination of Company I. We will not call it mutiny as that would be too harsh a term. At the present age of the world we would say, "Company I went on a strike." They utterly refused to do duty for the reason that they were not paid all of the state bounty that was their due. The matter was reported to the Colonel and he was not slow in coming to the quarters of Company I and making a speech to the boys. Among other things he said something about ball and chain and Baltimore. This made the boys wilt and the strike was over. It happened, however, that soon after this, Captain Marlin, of Company I, had business away. He likely went to Harrisburg. At all events he did not stay long and the I boys soon received their dues. Then Jim Cockran, the sport of Company I and of the camp, wrote verses describing the incidents of this affair and the boys would sing these verses in camp day after day.

We reached the camp of the Army of the Potomac on the 18th of December. From Point Liverpool we crossed the Potomac to Acquia Creek on a steamer in a fearful rain storm, and when we landed we got a complete drenching. Here we camped for the night, and when the camp guards were to be mounted I refused to go with the music for my drum was thoroughly soaked, and I could get no music out of it. I suppose I was reported to regimental headquarters by Major Cassidy. At all events the Colonel came along the lines and said, "Captain Musser, I want you to put your drummer under arrest." I thought I saw a smile on the Colonel's face as he turned away. But I quickly got my drum and joined the rest of the drum

corps, so no guards came to arrest me. This was the closest to any punishment for me during my three years of service.

In the Army of the Potomac we were assigned to the First Brigade, First Division of the Second Corps. A few days after this our Regiment was reviewed by Gen. W. S. Hancock who was then our division commander. I imagine I can yet see him as he rode along the line and came up to the drum corps and gave us some instructions as to how we should do when some superior officer came along, "Play some appropriate music, such as 'Hail to the Chief.'"

The winter of 1862 and 1863 was a very severe one on troops in camp. We had a great deal of rain, snow and cold weather. The first engagement for our Regiment was Chancellorsville. Here we suffered more in killed and wounded than in any subsequent engagement of the War.*

I will relate only the casualties in this battle of the mess to which I belonged. There were ten men of us when we left our old camp and started on this campaign, namely: David Acher, William Knorr, David Wance, Jacob Dunkle, David Young, Thaddeus Stover, Cornelius Stover, Samuel H. Holloway, William P. Holloway and John B. Holloway, the writer. Of these, Samuel H. Holloway and William Knorr were killed, David Acher and Cornelius Stover mortally wounded, each of them having a leg amputated, Stover dying the 17th of May and Acher the 3d of June. David Wance, Jacob Dunkle, David Young and Thaddeus Stover were severely wounded neither of them, I believe, ever getting back to the Regiment. William P. Holloway and myself were the only two left out of the ten, when we recrossed the river and went back to our old quarters. Daniel C. Holloway, who had also belonged to our mess, was sent to the rear on account of sickness. William P. Holloway and Samuel H. Holloway were brothers and I was cousin to them. Samuel H. Holloway was the first man out of the Regiment killed in action, and he by one of our own guns. A battery of six guns was stationed in the open space in front of the Chancellorsville house, shelling the rebels in the woods beyond. In support of this battery our Regiment lay

*Fox's Regimental Losses gives the following figures of losses in the regiment: Chancellorsville, killed 31, wounded 119, missing 14, total 164; Spotsylvania, killed 33, wounded 235, missing 33, total 301.—EDITOR.

on the ground in front of it. The shells from one of these guns exploded as soon as they left the gun, and a piece of one of these shells went clear through his body, killing him instantly. The balance of Company D suffered nearly as much in killed and wounded, in this engagement, as did our mess.

Five or six weeks after this disastrous campaign came the march to Gettysburg and then the great battle of that place. I recall some of the scenes and incidents as I saw and experienced them while helping to take care of the wounded and assisting the doctors at the operating tables on the field hospitals. As a musician this was my work during a battle, and on the most bloody of all the campaigns of the War, through the Wilderness and on to Petersburg, the musicians of our Division were formed into a squad or command under a Sergeant and Lieutenant, for the purpose of caring for the wounded, and assisting the surgeons in their work. During most all of this campaign I was on detail to assist at one of these operating tables. Our work here was to put up and take down the hospital tents and arrange the tables for operations; provide a plentiful supply of water, clean up the operating instruments, hold the limbs while being amputated and bury these amputated limbs. We usually dug a hole a few rods away from where the operations were performed, and in these holes we put limb after limb until sufficiently full, then covered them up and made an additional limb grave. More than one lawn or yard in front of a southern slave driver's palatial residence did we thus convert into a burying place for the limbs of loyal heroes of the North. It also frequently fell to our lot to go out on the battle lines, during an engagement, with stretchers and gather up the wounded.

At the battle of Gettysburg I saw many distressing incidents. Colonel Cross, of the 5th New Hampshire, who was a large, fine looking man, had command of our Brigade. He was fatally wounded in this engagement, in the edge of the woods near the wheat field. He was taken to the rear, and his sufferings were so great, during the night, that he begged for some one to shoot him so he might be relieved from his great suffering. Before morning death relieved him. Perhaps the most distressing case of suffering I saw was at this battle, in the case of a

man who was shot through the throat from side to side, and his throat was swelling shut. He was at the field hospital in the woods by the hillside. He would roll and crawl and tumble about on the ground, then get up and walk back and forth, beckoning with both of his hands to all who were about him. This continued until a surgeon, I think Doctor Vishart, went to him, laid him on the ground, run an instrument into his throat and wind pipe, and inserted a silver tube. Then the man was relieved of his great sufferings, but he died in a short time.

General Hancock was brought to this same hospital in an ambulance, after being wounded, and I saw the blood from his wound as it dripped from the wagon to the ground. In the great battles of the Wilderness the losses on both sides were most appalling. And after Hancock's charge at Spotsylvania there was a continuous stream of wounded to the rear. But for the number of men engaged, Cold Harbor was the most bloody of all. Our mode of caring for these men who could not care for themselves, was to lay them on the ground in rows side by side and row after row, with space enough between the rows so we could get through to supply their wants, and the one great want was water. We usually chose some convenient place in the woods for this purpose, and the more severely wounded were placed in tents so far as tents were available. From these field hospitals the wounded were sent in ambulances and army wagons to the nearest boat landing or railroad point, and from there shipped north. I helped load many a big army wagon with these wounded. We placed them in a sitting posture with the back to the side of the wagon box, alternating them from side to side till the box was full; then the end gate would be put in and away they would go through the mud and over corduroy roads. Here in the Wilderness I had charge one night of twenty or twenty-five of these severely wounded men in tents. Among them was one man who was shot centrally through the forehead, the ball coming out at the back of his head, and his brains were oozing from both bullet holes; and with his hands, in his delirious condition, he would wipe the brains from his forehead. The man was quite strong, and often tried to get up, and it was all I could do to lay him down

and keep him in place. I worked with him in this way all night and until I was relieved. How long this man lived or what became of him I never learned.

In connection with this hospital the surgeons were amputating a man's leg near the hip. He lost a great deal of blood, and was in a much reduced condition, so much so that the surgeon who was performing the operation walked away and said, "He is gone." Doctor Vishart, who was standing by then turned the man over and with his hands and fists punched him in the side, turning him frequently and serving him the same way, then taking a hooked instrument he slashed it into the man's tongue and pulled his tongue back and forth as far as possible. He brought the patient back to life and the operation was finished.

At this same place was lying on a stretcher the young Grenoble of Company I, our Regiment, with his leg shot off. The doctors had set him aside for he was too weak and too much reduced to admit of an operation. I talked with him a little while and then left him thinking he would never survive his wound. After the War, while sitting at my home one day, in Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania, I saw a man drive through town to the hotel. I thought he looked like the boy Grenoble. But I could not believe that it was he. I, however, went to the hotel and found that he was part of Company I wearing an artificial limb.

I often thought no one could place his finger on any part of the human body, but what I could say, "I saw a man wounded there." The largest flesh wound I saw was a man at the battle of Totopotomoy Creek. This man was shot through the buttocks with a shell or some large missile, and the flesh was laid open as if some one had plowed a furrow through it. Your two hands would not have covered the wound.

As is usually the case among so many persons as there were even in one Regiment we had some unique characters. Among them were Lieutenant McGuire, Wash Watson and Bill Henry, all of Company I. Watson and Henry were giants of men, they were not boys, for they must have been upward of sixty years of age, and toward the last of the War were quite gray. They served mostly in the pioneer

corps. The last I saw of Henry was at Gettysburg, where he was wounded and had his foot or leg amputated above the ankle. Lieutenant McGuire was an Irishman, a good military man and a good drill master. During regimental drill his Irish brogue could be heard above all the other officers. Poor fellow gave up his life in the Wilderness.

THE STORY OF THE HEADQUARTER CLERK AND SERGEANT MAJOR.

By Adjutant Charles A. Ramsey.

On the afternoon of the 28th of August, 1862, in an open space nearly in front of the hotel in Center Hall, Pennsylvania, a company numbering one hundred and fifteen men held up their right hands, and taking the oath, were mustered into the service of the United States for the defence of the general Government.

Some of them were bronzed and bearded men, a few were beginning to show the grey of advancing years; but by far the larger part were beardless youths, with fresh faces and bright eyes, from the farms or from one or another of the excellent private schools, generally styled academies, then common in Central Pennsylvania. Belonging to the latter contingent was quite a number from the school at Pine Grove. The Professor himself, afterward First Lieutenant, J. E. Thomas, Capt. Andrew Musser, Comrade Gemmill and myself were among those who came from Pine Grove. About one hundred of the one hundred and fifteen constituted one company, afterward known as D Company of the 148th Regiment. The remainder were assigned to A Company and were probably recruited for that purpose. Just ten days before this, I had accompanied some of my chums who had enlisted in Captain McFarlane's G Company across the Seven Mountains to Lewistown, and now D Company prepared to make this same journey. At Lewistown, we took train, the first experience of the kind for many, no doubt, and reached Harrisburg shortly after noon. To my inexperienced observation, Camp Curtin was a scene of the wildest disorder. It seemed to me nobody was in charge, and that neither system nor method anywhere prevailed; and the whole camp created in my mind much the same impression that I imagine must exist in the mind of a countryman suddenly brought into a scene of great activity in a large city or ushered into one of our up-to-date board of trade halls. In the course of a few hours in camp, however, I went up against a circumstance or two that caused me to materially change my mind in this particular regard. The afternoon

of that first day was spent in putting up our "A" tents, dividing up into messes, and otherwise learning some of the rudiments of a soldier's education.

The night of that first day in camp, as I lay vainly trying to sleep, I overheard the following dialogue between the officer of the day and the sentinel on duty just back of our line of tents.

"H-a-l-t," said the sentinel. "You must not cross this bate."

"But I'm the officer of the day."

"O-h-oo, you're officer of the day ar-re you? Well, moind ye now, I'm officer of the noight, and ye moost not cross this bate."

"But I'm the officer of the day, I tell you and have a right to cross your beat if I see fit."

"I don't care a domm if ye ar-re; I'm officer of the noight, I tell ye and if ye cross my bate, I'll break your back wid this cloob."

And then as the officer of the day giving up the contention, walked away, this doughty sentinel declared himself a "Bould American," and that "he knew his jooty." A year later this whole proceeding would have seemed entirely ludicrous, but I took it as a matter of course, and to this day I do not know who was the most ignorant—myself, the guard, or the officer of the day.

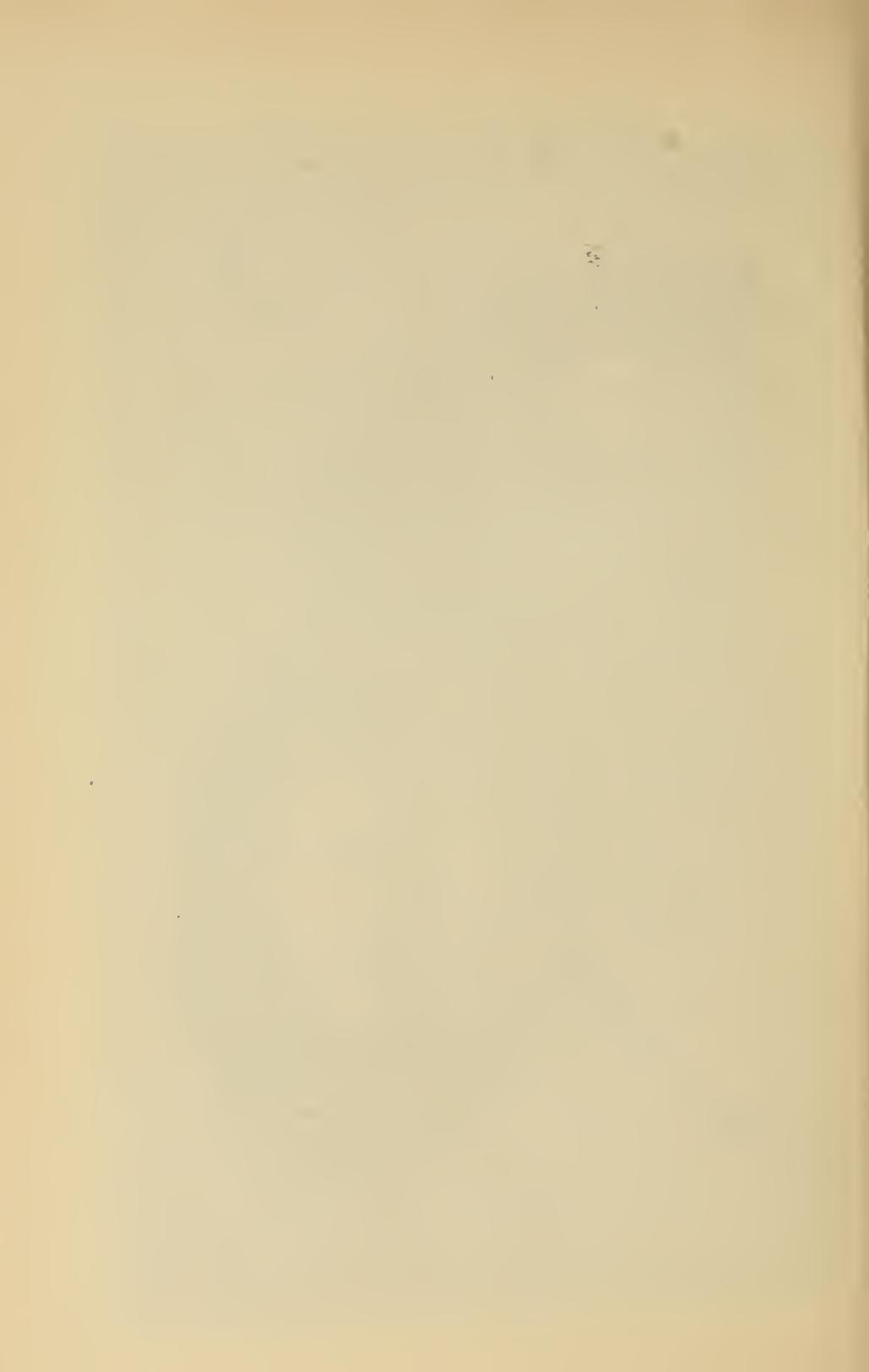
At Camp Curtin so long as we retained our citizen's clothes, we went and came at our own sweet will. We walked out when we pleased; we rushed the guards (who only had clubs) to go bathing in the river, and we did duty generally when it was convenient. On the second or third day, I was invited to accompany a couple of civilian friends on a visit to Middletown. We were gone three days with never a thought on my part of the duty I owed to my company, or that I was absent without leave. I was brought up with a sharp turn, however, when upon my return Lieutenant Thomas said to me, "Young man, you came pretty near being reported as a deserter." All this time I do not recollect that we had any idea of our future regimental status. In a general way we expected or believed that the Center County companies would be put into one organization, but who else would be with us, what our number would be, or our destination, when we left camp or who our commander, I at least did not know until the evening before we embarked for Cockeyville, Mary-



Pvt. Chas. A. Ramsey
1862



Hon. C. A. Ramsey
Hillsboro Ill. 1904



land. After a night's ride of many miles with brief snatches of sleep taken as best we could, I waked out of one of these to look out through the grey fog of a September morning upon "Maryland, my Maryland."

It was the first time I had ever been out of my native state, and as I looked across the valley, and saw here and there a little cottage or homely farm house resting on the hill sides, no other sign of life in or about them except perhaps here and there an ascending column of smoke, my mind went back to the home I had left in the Kishocoquillas Valley, and a feeling of loneliness and utter homesickness came over me, as impossible to shake off, it seemed to me, as it now is to describe it. However, we soon reached Cockeyville, and in the bustle of unloading ourselves and our camp equipage from the train, and forming and setting up our camps, this feeling wore away. Here for the first time, I saw our future commander, Colonel Beaver. Young as I was and little skilled in reading or weighing men he nevertheless impressed me at once as he must have done every one with his apparent youthfulness, his positive and energetic manner, his knowledge of the business in hand and general executive ability. At this time, I also had a first glimpse of our Major Fairlamb, whom I remember as a quiet, pleasant and gentlemanly officer, in whose better acquaintance I never made further progress.

About the second day in camp, I was on the detail for picket duty and we were sent out northwest of the station to the near vicinity of an old furnace, when we all stood guard all night long, no reliefs and for our pains captured an old darkey who declared, "Fore de Lawd Massa, Ise jist gwine over hyer to Mars Lewis to see Marfa Washington, sah."

Only a few nights after this, it once more became my duty to go on picket. This time we were sent south along the road toward Texas, and our line was established at right angles to the road extending to the timber on the east. About 10:00 P. M., it began to rain, pour perhaps better expresses just how the rain came down that night. It seemed as if the very windows of heaven were open, and the water pouring out all night. We stood around because the ground was covered with water and the next morning, we returned to camp, tired,

soaked, steaming, bedraggled, our clothes and blankets wet and heavy, our spirits broken and our tempers altogether out of joint. The next day and night, I was sick and the succeeding morning, I was informed by Lieutenant Thomas, who felt for some reason a special interest in me, that Colonel Beaver wanted a man from D Company to act as orderly at his headquarters. The only orderly I had knowledge of was the Orderly Sergeants and I supposed, of course, Colonel's orderly outranked that and would carry with it increase of pay. I brightened up my brasses, brushed up my blue uniform, blacked my shoes, put on a paper collar and went down to the station to report to the Colonel, who told me to take a seat on a box near the door to his quarters and further enlightened me as to my duties by stating that when he had occasion to use me he would call me. Sitting on that box through the long afternoon became monotonous before dark, but I had plenty of leisure to review the situation, and after looking at it from every point of view, I came to the conclusion that of the two the Colonel had the better job, still I was not altogether cast down. That evening at supper, I astonished my mess with stories of the great position I had secured, and for a day or two was the envy of the entire company.

It was about this time the battle of Antietam was fought, and way off to the northwest the sound of distant cannonading could occasionally be heard. But whether proceeding from the battle itself, or caused by scouting parties of cavalry with light artillery, we could not tell. I had been at regimental headquarters but a few days when Colonel Beaver received a telegram that his brother was among the slain of that hard fought engagement. I remember, as if it was but yesterday, the awe with which I saw the first manifestation of the great grief that came with this sudden news. And I walked away from the office with an undefined feeling that I had no right there. More than once after that, when I heard the Colonel criticised for the sternness of his discipline, and the rigorousness of his drilling, this instance came to my mind: I knew that behind the sternness and austerity of manner was great and hearty sympathy and that the first consideration was the good of his men knowing that training and discipline were the prime requisites of a good soldier. Six months

afterward when the Regiment had gone through their first baptism of fire, at Chancellorsville, the boys recognized this fact, and these criticisms were heard no more.

The days went swiftly by at Cockeyville, at Gunpowder Camp and at Luthersville, where the various companies were stationed and although a great deal of squad, company and battalion drill was constantly being practiced, it was, all in all, perhaps, the most pleasant era of our term of service. An incident I remember quite well was the occasion of the presentation of the state flag to the Regiment by Col. Samuel B. Thomas, Deputy Secretary of State, accompanied by a number of ladies from Bellefonte and Harrisburg. The Regiment at its finest, spick and span and as bright and shining as the brasses on its uniforms, was drawn up in a meadow near the station, massed on division front. It fell to my part to stand some distance to the left and rear of the Colonel, holding the banner about to be presented; and no one on that field had a more exalted opinion of his own importance than myself upon that occasion. One sentence only of the Colonel's address in receiving the flag is fixed in my memory to this day. "Boys," said he, "if in the vicissitudes of war it shall happen that the silken sheen of this flag shall be stained with the life blood of anyone of us, let no coward's blood grudgingly taint its folds."

It was while at this camp an epidemic of yellow jaundice broke out. I am not sure now if the other camps had it, but I know that nearly every man in our camp turned a deep saffron color, getting deeper as the complaint progressed, and the customary salutation for a time was not, "How is your health?" but, "How is your complexion?" It was while on this duty too that the first deaths occurred. Private Chas. M. Condo, of G Company, was the first—drowned while bathing in Gunpowder River. Private W. T. Orr, of Company I, was the next, a hearty looking rugged man, who went down with no apparent disease, a victim, I always believed, of sheer homesickness. As the time passed, the efforts of the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major and the several company commanders began to be apparent in the proficiency of the Regiment, which was very marked. The Colonel never passed an opportunity to give a lesson

in military bearing or conduct or to correct a slovenly style of either manner or dress. Generally these efforts were decidedly effective and the results could be seen all through the Regiment. But once at least in my hearing his subject failed to take a hint. A middle aged man from Company E came lounging down to headquarters, and accosted the Colonel as follows:

“Say, Kurnel, can you tell me vere I can find the olt doctor.”

“Here, my man, let me show you how you should make such an inquiry. You be Colonel, and I’ll ask you.”

With that, he walked off a few steps, turned, came back and making a military salute, said,

“Please, Colonel, do you know where I can find Doctor Davis?”

“Got in himmel no; dat’s choost what I’m trying to fine out my ownself alretty.”

On the 7th day of December, the coldest, roughest and most blustry day we had, since we came to Maryland, orders were received for the Regiment to break camp and proceed via Baltimore and Washington to join the Army of the Potomac. I carried the order to the detachment at Gunpowder, and handed it to Major Fairlamb, whom I found surrounded by a tent full of line officers, discussing the question of winter quarters. He immediately opened the envelope and before signing and returning to me, as was the custom, stopped to read the contents of this communication from regimental headquarters. “Gentlemen,” said he, “it is not necessary to make further plans as to winter quarters. Here are marching orders.” At once the Major was deluged with a flood of questions as to our destination, route and other matters pertinent.

For some time, the idea had prevailed—the wish being probably father to the thought—that we should remain in this same camp all winter, and extensive preparations had been going on looking to the creation of comfortable winter quarters. The local tiuner had been kept exceedingly busy to supply a certain sheet iron stove; and the local shoemaker had made boots for about twenty per cent of the men in the four companies at Cockeyville, and they had no pay for most of these articles, and of course were interested in the future of the Regi-

ment in exact proportion to the amount standing on their books against it.

I remember seeing the stove man watch us off and I knew that at least one citizen saw us go with feelings of sincere regret. To the credit of the Regiment, be it said that these bills were paid almost without exception out of the first pay we received.

Not having to march with my company through Baltimore and Washington, I had an opportunity to hear and see some things that did not come within the purview of the men in the ranks and I knew that in both cities the Regiment excited much admiration and elicited much favorable comment upon their military appearance, the precision with which they marched and manoeuvred, the personal bearing of the men, their cleanliness and tidiness; for that had been one of the lessons strictly taught during the previous autumn, and the very apparent high state of discipline that prevailed.

In Baltimore two comrades and myself went into a restaurant to get breakfast, and when we returned the Regiment was no where in sight. We asked a big Irish policeman on the corner if he had seen a regiment of soldiers about there lately?

"An' was it a foine big noo rigimint; an' did the byes have brasses a-shoinin' and their caps nate and clane?"

I assured him they were the very men we were looking for.

"An' was the koornel shlim like a gurrel?"

"Yes," we answered.

"They're over on the second strate beyant," said he, indicating the direction and adding, "illigant byes they arre too."

We passed through Washington without stopping over night and crossing that arm of the Potomac, extending out to the Navy Yard were once more in Maryland, and that night for the first time in our military experience, the entire Regiment camped out under the open sky without tents or other covering than our blankets and ponchos. It was a sharp, frosty December night, but in the main our boys enjoyed it thoroughly.

During the march across this Maryland peninsula, we could frequently hear the guns at far off Fredericksburg and the knowledge came to us by intuition that we were being hastened forward to re-en-

force the troops in front of the town. When we crossed the river at Liverpool Point, we learned the result of this engagement and the general gloom that was spread like a pall over everything and everybody about the landing at Acquia Creek extended to our Regiment.

For most of us the aftermath of battle was a revelation. Hospitals full of wounded men, open flat cars with their consignments of the same in every stage of misery, here and there beside a hospital, a heap of arms and legs afforded us a nearer view and a clearer realization of the horrors of war than ever we had before. But the Colonel commanding did not allow us much time to speculate on these matters—as quickly as all were safely over and our transportation looked after, the Regiment was formed and started for camp at Falmouth. I concluded to follow the railroad, thinking it would get me to Falmouth Station quicker, but night coming on (and having to abandon the railroad to avoid a high trestle) my sense of the whereabouts of the Regiment (and myself relatively) became confused and I was as completely lost as I ever was or ever expect to be until I reached that depot. I here got permission from a provost guard to make a bed between some hay bales in the quartermaster department and spent a night of extreme discomfort.

Early next morning I resumed search for the Regiment and after making inquiry at grand division, corps and division headquarters, and finally came up with it about three o'clock in the afternoon in the wood, which was afterward our camp until the movement to Chancellorsville began nearly five months later.

Almost forty years have passed since then, but my memory is distinct as to the feeling of satisfaction and pride with which I heard compliments passed upon the appearance of our Regiment at these various headquarters.

It was true that many who thus grudgingly acknowledged our superiority as to appearance and discipline cynically modified their judgment by saying that when we had passed through what they had undergone, we wouldn't be nearly so "tony," but that only emphasized the genuineness of their first opinion.

The camp at Falmouth was, when we reached it, a forest of large pine trees with a small sprinkling of undergrowth mostly oak. The

entire ground had a furrowed, billowy appearance somewhat like a long unused cornfield, and I have been told, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, that these had once been well cultivated tobacco fields, worn out and abandoned so long that these trees many of them seventy-five feet high and more than a foot through had time to grow to their present proportions since.

A very few days after we reached this camp, I had the first sight of Colonel, now Major General, John R. Brooke, who came to visit Colonel Beaver, his warm personal friend. He appeared to me to be about twenty-eight or thirty years old, large and erect, a broad high forehead and a rather restrained and distant manner, and I was impressed with his show of latent force and the idea that he could be very cool and collected upon occasion. Afterward I had an opportunity to know something of his views as to certain commands, and I knew he was always a good friend of the 148th Regiment.

One of the notable events while in this camp was, I think connected with our first pay day. We had received no pay since enlistment and when the paymaster reached us, we received four or five months pay each and a \$25.00 installment of our bounty, making, including all ranks, if my memory serves me right, over \$75,000 in cash. A greater portion of the men had some more, some less money to send home. And the question was how to get it there. Our Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Stevens, volunteered to take it. Each man's installment was done up in a package marked with his name, company and regiment, the amount, the name and address of the party to whom it was to be delivered. These packages were placed together in a stout muslin bag about the size of, and much resembling a pillow case, and with this under his arm our Chaplain proceeded up the river to Washington, through that city, Baltimore and Harrisburg and delivered more than four hundred packages, in the majority of cases personally to the parties addressed, without the loss of a single one. It might not be out of place here for me to bear testimony to the general reliability and worth of Chaplain Stevens, of which this act was a single illustration.

Some time in March I was detailed for duty in the Assistant Adjutant General's office at brigade headquarters and ordered to report to

Capt. Geo. H. Caldwell, Assistant Adjutant General. The duties devolving upon me as clerk were soon mastered and I began to get acquainted with and size up the people around me. Captain Caldwell was an easy going, good natured man, but no braver man held a position, such as his, in the Army of the Potomac, and if I mistake not he laid down his life on that disastrous afternoon of the 2d of June, in front of Petersburg. General Caldwell, his brother and brigade commander, was a portly, fine looking man with a great beaming face, whom most people who came in contact with liked, though I do not think his ability as a general officer was rated very high by his superior officers. He had belonged to a Maine regiment, and as his old command did not belong to our Division he had no pets and was disposed to give the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers full credit for all she did, and his report of the Regiment's part in the battle of Chancellorsville was especially strong in terms of commendation of the steadiness and valor of Colonel Beaver and his men.

General Meagher, Colonel Van Schaack and Colonel Miles, who frequently came to brigade headquarters, are all characters whom nearly every man of our Regiment will remember. Colonel Van Schaack, a furloughed officer of the German Army, was an ideal German soldier. Tall and straight as an arrow, he sat on his horse as if grown there. General Thomas Francis Meagher, an exile from his native land for political reasons was a representative, turbulent, generous, quick-witted Irishman. The two, though of very different nationalities, had many traits in common. Both men were impulsive, dashing, fond of horses and fond of show; and my memory of them both is most strongly associated with St. Patrick's day celebration in which they had leading parts. General Miles is the only one of these three now living and the long and honorable career, which he has rounded up as a General, commanding the Armies of the United States, though not a West Pointer, is his best testimonial and removes any necessity for a word from me.

Of the visit of President Lincoln to and review of the Army, and of Burnside's Mnd Campaign in the early spring of 1863, it is not perhaps necessary to more than say that my recollection is still very vivid of the tall ungainly figure of the President on horseback, and

his little boy following as they rode swiftly along the line, and of the later incident of seeing the other corps, troops, wagons, artillery and ambulance floundering through mud that seemed deep enough to almost engulf both men and guns while we placidly held our camps and watched them both go and return on this abortive campaign.

I have spoken of Caldwell's report of the battle of Chancellorsville, and our Regiment's part in it, and I will leave to other pens all description of that important but undecisive battle. In fact, the only part which I had opportunity to witness was the assault and carrying of Marye's Heights, and the lines to the left of it by the Sixth Corps. When the rush of business that had accumulated in the Assistant Adjutant General's office at brigade headquarters during the fight was well out of the way, I went over to the Regiment. I found my own Company D nearly wiped out. It with C, H and G had withstood a withering flank fire, and the casualty list was very large. Many of my schoolmates, among them Durst, Bible, Koch and Weaver, were dead. Many more men badly wounded. In Bates' Pennsylvania Volunteers our loss in this engagement is given at twenty-five killed, but counting the few who were mortally wounded and died of their wounds within a week the four companies above named alone lost forty-one men. Subsequent to or shortly after the battle, however, other changes had come to Company D. Captain Musser and Second Lieutenant Musser were dead and Lieutenant Thomas had resigned and gone home. Only one vacancy, that of the Second Lieutenant, had been filled by the promotion of Sergt. A. A. Rhinehart, who commanded the company in the first fight.

Not many weeks passed in the new camps we had taken after Chancellorsville until we knew Lee was moving northward and we were forced to follow him. Nothing of special note took place on the long march to Gettysburg until we came to Monocacy Junction, near Frederick, Maryland, when we made the unusual march, thirty-two miles between daylight and dark from Frederick to beyond Union City.

The next day we rested and then the Army first knew of the change in its commanders. At brigade headquarters, this change created much satisfaction. July 1st we resumed the march and that

afternoon I had the opportunity of witnessing a phenomenon that I had never seen before. About three o'clock in the afternoon some one near, in looking upward, caught sight of a star. Immediately a number of us saw it, and then on looking closely we caught the dim twinkle of five or six more. We accepted it as auguring success for the undertaking, in which we were then engaged. Very shortly afterward as we neared Taneytown, we could hear the cannonading at Gettysburg.

Just before the third day's fight began, I left brigade headquarters to make a visit with the Regiment. I had scarcely reached their work, when a fearful thunder of artillery and storm of shot and shell from more than three hundred guns, that will always be one of the famous incidents of that famous battle, began. As I remember it most of the enemy's shot went over the part of the line where we were and did but little harm, but the horses and caissons in the rear suffered, and I have in mind now hearing horses cry like human beings. When the firing ceased the smoke cleared and we could see Pickett's troops moving with majestic strength and perfect alignment toward us. At first, it appeared as if they were coming straight for our line, but when they resumed movement, after halting on the Emmitsburg Road they obliqued toward Cemetery Hill, which carried them off to our right. It happens that but few private soldiers have the opportunity to so fairly see an engagement as was presented on this occasion. The batteries from Little Round Top and Cemetery Hill were making great gaps in the enemy's lines, and yet on they came. So absorbed were we in watching this mighty death struggle that we almost overlooked what was transpiring nearer to us, when Doubleday captured almost entire the supporting column, which had not gone so far to the right as Pickett.

For its part in this battle, and more particularly the fight in the wheat field and near Devil's Den, our Regiment received the warmest praise from both Colonel McKeen, who commanded the Brigade after the death of Colonel Cross, and from General Caldwell in command of the Division.

We were still classed as a new Regiment, and I remember some of the headquarter force chaffing me desiring to know just when we expected to become veterans.

The return march from Gettysburg, the crossing at Harper's Ferry, and the race with Lee down the lines of the Blue Ridge are matters of history and are better told by those most intimately connected with them. On one of these marches it transpired that we of the headquarter detachment passed through a little place, called Haymarket, after nightfall. This town the winter before by order of General Seigel, I believe, had been burned to the ground on account of the people harboring rebel sharpshooters who fired on our soldiers from their houses. The burning had left all the old-fashioned Virginia chimneys one at each end of the house standing and when we came through the place these chimneys, their outlines showing dimly in the gathering darkness and scattered here and there on both sides of the highway had much the appearance of immense monuments or grave stones, and it required very little exercise of the imagination to suppose ourselves marching through some weird and fantastic burying ground of a giant race. As we looked and pondered and talked about it one of the headquarter clerks stepped into an open well, from which we quickly fished him out lest he should fall a prey to giant ghouls.

After sundry haltings and campings the Corps finally brought up on the Rapidan beyond Culpeper and it was while in this camp that our Regiment was transferred from the First to the Fourth Brigade. This of course, relieved me from duty at First Brigade headquarters, but I was immediately detailed in the Fourth Brigade, and upon reporting thither almost the first work I did was copying an order from division headquarters detailing me for duty in the Assistant Adjutant General's office there. I reported to Maj. John Hancock, a brother of General Hancock, at headquarters on the south side of Cedar Mountain, already historic as being the initial point of General Pope's disasters of the year before.

It was while in this camp that I was a witness for the first time of a military execution. A member of a New York regiment under sentence of death by court martial for desertion was in charge of the provost guard, and on the day of the execution all of the clerks in the different departments at headquarters were ordered to fall in behind them to witness it. The prisoner was an undersized, stoop shouldered,

black haired man with a furtive restless look in his eyes, without a suggestion of color in his face, who was seated on his coffin and shot to death with a relentless promptness and dispatch that seemed to me revolting to the last degree. It fell to my lot to see many executions after that, but none of them impressed me as this one did.

When we came back to the vicinity of Culpeper after the neck and neck race with Lee to gain the defenses of Washington, I was well satisfied with what I heard of our Regiment, particularly at Bristoe Station and Coffee Hill, and after the Mine Run Campaign was well over we were all glad to think of winter quarters. The camp of the 148th at Stevenburg was many times in my hearing that winter spoken of as a model cantonment as clean and well policed as any regimental camp in that great Army. At division headquarters, the winter was given over largely to social features. A large hall had been erected here from lumber felled and sawed on the banks of Mountain Run, and thither during the winter came many celebrities to talk and lecture and otherwise entertain those who were so fortunate as to be able to gain admittance. Anna Dickinson, Grace Greenwood, Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President and others whom I cannot recall were among them. Many ladies, wives and daughters of officers and men were in camp and when not in use for a lecture, this hall answered the purpose of a ball room. Many of the staff officers were so taken with this form of enjoyment as fell little short of infatuation. I remember on one occasion the clerk's mess had "Ike," who was our cook, make some codfish balls, and while at dinner one of our number called out to Captain Hobart who was passing:

"Captain, do you like codfish balls?"

"I don't know," answered the Captain, "I never attended one," and another clerk commented, "Where a man's heart is there will his tongue be also."

With the coming of the spring of 1864, we knew that Grant was to personally direct the movements of the Army of the Potomac, and many were the conjectures as to what disposition would be made of the Second Corps, and great was our satisfaction when we knew its organization would be retained. However, General Caldwell was

to leave the command, and I don't believe there was an officer or enlisted man about headquarters that did not regret the approaching change. One morning in late March, he rode away, the whole headquarters populace turning out to give him a parting cheer. In a few days his successor, General Barlow, arrived and assumed command. General Barlow was a smooth faced, pale man of slight build and rather youthful appearance. He had made a record for bravery and fearlessness in the Peninsular Campaign and with the Eleventh Corps, and was accounted a good General; but I always tried to keep out of his way as much as possible and he had the hearty good will of few of the enlisted men about headquarters.

Before starting on the great campaign of 1864, General Grant personally reviewed the Second Corps as reorganized by the addition of two divisions of the Third Corps. Of this review, General Walker, in his history of the Second Corps, says:

"The appearance of the troops was brilliant in the extreme, but of all the gallant regiments that marched in review that day, two excited especial admiration; one was the 40th New York, Colonel Egan, from the famous Third Corps, the other was the 148th Pennsylvania, Colonel Beaver, from the old Second Corps."

And now the beginning of that last gigantic struggle, that year of fierce fighting and hard marching, of desperate advance and recession and re-advance, of assault and repulse, of flank and counter movements, of wounds and deaths that began at the Wilderness and ended at Appomattox was fairly on. Through it all and on every field the 148th Regiment won golden opinions from all for its valor, its discipline and its staying qualities, and at Po River and Spotsylvania had the sad distinction of having the heaviest percentage of loss of any Regiment in the Army. In both of these battles it won high praise from General Brooke, who never bestowed credit when it was not first fairly earned.

About the first of August of this year, I was summoned to regimental headquarters, by Lieut. Col. Jas. F. Weaver, who offered to appoint me Sergeant Major if I would return to the Regiment. After giving the matter a day's thought, I accepted the promotion thankfully at Colonel Weaver's hands.

Shortly after returning to the Regiment, we were ordered to City Point and aboard transports, and the usual speculation that we were going back to Washington was well aired. The fact that the old Second Corps was worn to a frazzle gave color to the conjecture. We at least thinking that we had more than done our duty and fairly earned some rest. After standing down the James River for an hour or so, our vessel got aground and we were there the next morning; the balance of the Corps having turned and gone up to Deep Bottom and there were awaiting us. It is needless to say that this expedition, like the previous one that summer was fruitless, but we were in a pretty close place for about thirty-six hours, nevertheless.

I have in mind how Lieutenant Burchfield, who was Acting Adjutant, insisted on my making out a daily report, "Present," "Present for Duty," etc., right under the fire of a rebel battery that had our range perfectly and was peppering us with a shell every few minutes with frightful regularity and excellent execution.

From Deep Bottom, a long hot march took us clear around to the extreme left of our Army at Reams Station and here, after destroying the railroad for several miles, we were attacked by Hill's Corps and practically driven from our works, but not until we had given the enemy a stiff fight and great punishment. The line of defense at Reams was essentially vicious and the weakness of one regiment at a critical moment lost the day. Here again Lieutenant Burchfield called on me to prepare a daily report, much to my disgust, at a moment when I felt we had weightier matters on hand, and circumstances did not favor either steadiness of hand or clearness of thought. Here Lieutenant Ralston, an old friend, was killed, adding one more to the mortality list of Company C's unlucky officers, and here Colonel Beaver, who had just reached the command from sick leave received the bad wound, which cost him a limb at the very moment he assumed command of the Brigade, and here Captain Rhinehart, who commanded, and our Regiment who constituted the reconnoitering detail that twice went out into the woods against Hill's line and uncovered their plan of battle, displayed great courage and coolness.

When our lines were driven back across the railroad, I came upon Sergeant Fox, of G Company, who was groping his way like a blind man and who claimed his eyes were put out. The fact was he had received several bayonet wounds about his face in the close struggle at our works and the blood and powder smoke had filled his eyes and caused them to smart to such a degree that he thought his eyes were out. I led him back and turned him over to someone who conducted him to an ambulance, where he found out his eyes were all right and he was back with his Regiment in a few days.

Shortly after returning from Reams Station, our Regiment was taken to Fort Haskell, and after occupying that stronghold for one night and day, we were moved at night to Fort Stedman, which we garrisoned for some time. Two events of our stay at Fort Stedman are prominent in my memory; one was the arming of our Regiment with Spencer seven-shot breech loading rifles, to replace the old Springfield rifle. We all felt this exchange to be in an especial manner complimentary to our Regiment. General Hancock was furnished enough of these arms to equip one regiment in each division of his corps and from all the valiant regiments in the First Division, who had fought under him on many a desperately contested field he saw fit to choose the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers. When our boys went on picket line with these new arms they created quite a sensation, not only in our own line, but along the rebel line not far away as well, and more than one "Johnny" was reported to have yelled out after a rather close call from the second shot of one of these guns, "Say, Yank, what kind-o guns you all got over thar? You all load on Sunday and shoot all week."

The other incident mentioned was the raiding of the sutler. One evening just after one of those periodical bursts of fierce picket firing joined by artillery and the cohorn mortars, very frequent at this point, and subsiding, Captain Rhinehart noticed a number of men, apparently tumbling over the line of works in our rear a little to the right of the open way into the fort. Some one was directed to go down and see what was up. He discovered it was some of our men with bags of cookies, firkins of butter and other eatables and at once concluded there had been a raid somewhere. By the time

this was reported to Captain Rhinehart and he had secured a guard to take possession of the goods, these men had mingled with the rest of their comrades and could not be identified, while the goods had also completely disappeared. Pretty soon the sutler came up from the hollow in the rear to make complaint but he could not name any of the men engaged in the raid. Captain Rhinehart who was commanding the Regiment made an earnest effort to discover and bring to justice the guilty parties, but without success. We had the bomb proofs and quarters searched without results. I was told afterwards that most of the plunder was buried under the beds in the bomb proofs and one or two more fertile in resource than their fellows hung bags out on the face of the work in full view of the enemy's picket line where it was worth a man's life to stand and look over in the day time. But even this ingenuity did not in this instance avail, for others observing their movements went around the works in the moat, cut the rope that held their stolen treasure, allowing it to drop into the moat and at their leisure they despoiled the despoilers.

We were relieved from duty at Fort Stedman after some time by the 5th New Hampshire. During the time we lay at this fort, we had some men killed on picket but none in the fort, and our boys took occasion to warn the relieving comrades to look out for a certain ridge at the west end of the work, directing them to use a covered way there; but this warning in the nature of things could not be made altogether general, and we were informed that five men were killed on this ridge that first day by sharpshooters. From Fort Stedman, we went into camp in a hollow in the rear of Fort Morton and from there to Fort Meikle. It was while lying at this last place that the famous assault and capture of the rebel lines with thirty persons, one field, and two line officers, ordered by General Miles, directed by General Mulholland, brigade commander, and made by one hundred men of the Regiment, under Captain Brown, of Company K, occurred. I have often heard the detail that made this sortie referred to as one hundred picked men from the 148th Pennsylvania. I made this detail under the direction of Lieutenant Burchfield, who was still acting as Adjutant, and

my recollection is that the men and officers detailed were those whose turn for picket duty would have come next and that they were not picked within the meaning of that word. I am sure, however, that most of the men had some idea of the hazard of the duty on which they were about to enter, but not one of them flinched and not one as I now remember it, asked to be excused.

From Fort Meikle, we moved with our Corps to the Peebles Farm and went into winter quarters. Lieutenant Colonel Weaver had returned and was in command and Lieutenant Burchfield was still acting as Adjutant. The personnel of the line officers had changed greatly since we left the camp of the winter before at Stevensburg. Captains Harpster, Harper, Rhinehart, Benner, Sutton, and Brown were still with their companies; but many officers had gone never to be with us again. Among these was Colonel Beaver. The winter passed quickly away, the men generally employed in drilling, doing police and picket duty always enough to keep them busy. Either General Grant or General Meade or General Humphrey conceived the idea that matters with the enemy were becoming desperate, night assaults were considered among the probabilities, and orders were given to keep one-half of the men always under arms through the night. While this imposed additional hardships on the men, it seemed that the events at Fort Stedman on the 21st of March justified the precaution. During the fighting that followed Gen. Jno. B. Gordon's assault on that stronghold, General Humphreys advanced his Second Corps and drove the rebels out of their picket line in front of the right of us, but withdrew and sent us back to our camps after dark, having accomplished his object in the meantime.

In a few days we broke camp once more, Brigadier General John Ramsey, now commanding the Division. From this until the end came stirring events followed each other in quick succession. Our first brush with the enemy was at Gravelly Run or White Oak Road, where Lieut. Samuel Evehart, of C Company, a brave and thorough officer and a personal friend, and six men were killed, and Captain Rhinehart was wounded. The second day there, after we were engaged at Sutherland Station and drove the enemy from a

position where they had repulsed two efforts to dislodge them. The fire of the Spencers on their flanks was too much for them. A day or two later our Division was in hot pursuit of the enemy's wagon train from Sailor Creek toward High Bridge. It was a sort of running fight; as fast as their rear guard took position, we were hurried forward to drive them out and just at sundown they abandoned a large number of wagons and some artillery at a bridge across a branch of Sailor's Creek, but cut the horses loose and rode rapidly away. In the wagons were quantities of mail among other goods, and I remember seeing groups of our boys reading letters, by their camp fires far into the night. Next morning we came to High Bridge near Farmville just in time to prevent the destruction of the wagon bridge, though two spans, I think, of the railroad bridge had been destroyed. The Second Division crossed first, our Regiment was in the lead of our Division, and as we stood on the bank the rebels fired a parting shot at us from a redoubt at the farther end. When we reached there, however, they had disappeared, and an old darkey with a kinky gray head and a toothless mouth was the sole occupant. We asked what became of the rebels who had been there.

"Dey gone, sah, dey gone," was the reply.

"Did they run?" someone queried.

"Gora mighty massa, dey just flewed, dey flewed."

After crossing the Appomattox, our Regiment was detailed by order of General Ramsey to forage for the remainder of that day, and it is to that fact we owe it that we did not participate in the fight, which General Humphreys forced with Lee's whole Army, and in which our neighbor regiment, 140th Pennsylvania, and some others sustained grave losses. It was in this engagement that Joseph H. Law, of Company E, who was General Miles' bugler at division headquarters, was killed. He was our last loss of the War. So hard was Lee trying to get away and so sharply were our troops following that we did not again overtake our Brigade until the morning before that eventful day, when Lee gave up the struggle and surrendered his Army.

As we marched to overtake them we had opportunity to note a new feature of the campaign and of the War. Here and there we passed groups of our stragglers interspersed with numbers of Johnnies following the Army and busily comparing notes and occasionally by the roadside would be a party, perhaps about as many from one Army as the other, having their coffee and rations together and talking their battles over in the greatest good fellowship.

The feeling that the end was near was very prevalent, and we were not one whit surprised, when about four o'clock in the afternoon, an officer rode rapidly down the road along which we were lying and announced that Lee had surrendered. A few minutes later an ambulance containing the rebel commissioners of exchange and a general officer came down the same road and passed to our rear. Very few I think of our Regiment caught even a glimpse of the rebel Army at the last, and I have regretted that I did not add that to my experiences, but we were glad enough that this was the end and next morning about faced, and by easy daily stages marched back to camp near Burkesville Junction.

On the evening of May 2d, we broke camp on the return march to Washington; the moon was nearly full, the sky clear; the trees along the way were beginning to put on their verdure and the air was redolent of the breath of spring. As we marched, the drum corps and regimental bands played popular airs and finally struck up, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The stress of discipline was still too strong to allow a general cheer, but here and there the bolder men did cheer and every man marched with more elastic step and upright bearing. Behind us was the past, its marches, and its battles, its hunger and thirst, its thrill of victory and sting of defeat, all in the shadow of the unchangeable. Before us were home, friends, honorable careers, fame, the rewards of ambition, the joys of hope.

In passing through Richmond, we marched by Castle Thunder and Libby Prison, and an officer pointed out to some of us General Lee and his daughter watching us from an open window. On our march north, we crossed the Po River on the 9th of May, the very day, and some of the men say the very hour, at which the Regiment crossed the year before, but not at the same spot. When we reached

camp, near Fairfax Seminary, I received a commission as Adjutant. Sergeant Lucas and another received commissions at the same time, and it became a question whether we should be mustered or not. Some suggesting that if mustered again we might be held after the Regiment went out, but I had long been ambitious to wear shoulder straps home and at once made up my mind to muster as Adjutant and the others followed my example.

With Lieutenants Fox and Stuart to assist me by their counsel and advice, I proceeded to purchase a uniform, and for fifteen days reveled in the glory of being a full fledged and properly equipped Adjutant. Sergeant Sloan, of Company K, was promoted to Sergeant Major at this same time.

From this camp, we early one morning crossed the river to take part in that memorable last appearance of the Army of the Potomac, the grand review by the President and General Grant. I had no horse of my own, but John Fortney, of D Company, who had come into possession of one about the time of the surrender and had been loaning it to the acting Adjutants, came to my rescue in this particular. He was a fine large bay horse, which had one serious fault, however; when going down hill he showed unmistakable signs of string halt, and as we marched down Capitol Hill to get to Pennsylvania Avenue, I could hear the boys behind me say, "left, left," and "hay foot, straw foot," and I well knew what it meant. The great crowds along Pennsylvania Avenue, in every window, on every house top, the flags everywhere flying, the children singing, the long line of marching men both before and behind us impressed us profoundly that this was no common event, that it was in fact a sight never before witnessed on this continent and possibly never to be again. When we had passed the reviewing stand, crossed the aqueduct bridge and were winding our way toward camp along the Heights of Arlington, we caught a glimpse now and again through shrubbery and trees, between steeples and roofs, of the troops still steadily marching. It was the last view we were ever to have of the Army of the Potomac, that magnificent body of soldiers with which we had been associated for so long, through every vicissitude of the fortunes of war. Five days later we were ordered to Harrisburg to be mustered out and the gallant 148th Regiment came to an end as an organized body leaving its deeds to history.

THE COLORED REGIMENT OFFICER'S STORY.

By Capt. Robert A. Travis.

After the battle of Gettysburg, as a Sergeant of Company E, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, the casualties of the battle left me in command of the company until the following fall. Some time after the battle I received a commission as Second Lieutenant, but on account of losses our company had not enough men to permit me to be mustered.

Along in September, 1863, both Armies were quiet, and during this inaction, Sergeant Sutton and myself made application for permission to go before General Casey's board to be examined for commissions in a colored regiment. I passed the examination, was commissioned Captain and instructed to report to Col. Louis Wagner at Camp William Penn, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It was the one time in my life I regretted success; I was very sorry to leave my comrades to go among entire strangers. My old comrades raised a fund to purchase me a sword (which I have yet and value very highly) and while I appreciated this mark of their esteem it made it still harder to say good-bye. Here terminates my connection with the old Regiment, but not my interest. I have always been proud of the 148th and rejoice as sincerely as any one in her well merited distinction.

In my new regiment I found an efficient corps of officers, the ordeal through which they had to pass to secure a commission at that time was a guarantee that they had the intellectual qualifications for the places assigned them. Here again I had reason to be thankful for the training I had received in my old Regiment in tactics, discipline and army regulations. I took my position with confidence and feel I acquitted myself with credit, although I was well aware that I did not compare with many of my brother officers in scholarly attainments as several of them were college graduates, yet when it came to military questions I felt no inferiority, and my company in drill, discipline and condition of clothing, arms and equipments was my voucher that I had been an apt student, and had profited by my training.

My first experience in the colored regiment to which I was transferred followed immediately on my reporting for duty. I ar-

rived at headquarters about 4:00 P. M., reported to the Colonel and was taken to my quarters and introduced to my Lieutenants who had reported some days in advance of my arrival. That night I was detailed as officer in charge of the camp for the next day to report at guard mount at 9:00 A. M. to relieve the retiring officer and receive my instructions. It seemed to me that they were very prompt in putting me into harness and that night I must confess I regretted leaving the 148th. There was but one person in the new regiment that I had ever met before and with him I could scarcely claim acquaintance, as I had met him but a few times when a boy—so I was lonesome and homesick for my old comrades.

On reporting for duty next morning I received the usual instructions, but was cautioned to be especially careful and not allow any intoxicating liquors to be sold to men, as they became ungovernable and disorderly when under the influence of drink. I tried faithfully to carry out these instructions, but the hucksters, many of whom were women, were entirely too sharp for me. They had bottles in their underskirt pockets, in the bottom of baskets, etc., and before night almost everyone of the men who had the price and the will, was more or less under the influence of liquor and the guard house was full of the worst cases. One of these became very abusive, striking and otherwise abusing the other prisoners. The Lieutenant of the guard ordered the Sergeant to handcuff him; the man resisted, striking the Sergeant. The Lieutenant then stepped forward, not thinking for a moment the intoxicated man would resist him, and was about to handcuff him, when the man aimed a blow at the Lieutenant. At this the Lieutenant drew his sword and with a ringing blow felled him to the ground. The man was unconscious, was carried to the hospital and the news went through the camp that the Lieutenant had killed one of the men.

All this had transpired without my knowledge. The camp was more than usually quiet and I had gone to my quarters to retire, congratulating myself that one of the worst ordeals I had passed through was about over, when I heard an unusual commotion in the company streets, loud talking and the fixing of bayonets. I went out and found the men in frenzy of rage at the supposed death of their com-

rade, swearing they would ride the "white livered s—— of b——" officer out of camp. Fortunately for us, Colonel Wagner had used the precaution not to issue any ammunition to the men.

In less time than it has taken me to tell you of it I had grasped the situation. I sent my man, Strong, to the Lieutenant of the guard with the message to send me three or four files of men with loaded muskets if he had them that could be trusted. The men came. With my pistol and squad I cleared the company streets before they had time to plan their attack on the officers. I had to arrest and handcuff a few of the loud mouthed and boisterous. These were afterward court martialed and punished and it was the last effort at mutiny we had.

I flatter myself that by prompt and positive action I averted what might have been an ugly affair, and I feel that to my training in the 148th Regiment was due the ability to grasp the situation and handle it. The situation was more grave than you might imagine. There were only thirty officers and about nine hundred colored men, many of them intoxicated, and with a little time to arrange for concerted action on their part we would have been at their mercy. That evening I was more homesick for my old Regiment than on the previous evening.

My after experience was much better. The men developed into good soldiers and our discipline was excellent.

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

PART I.

By Lieut. Col. George A. Bayard.

I was captured on the 22d day of June, 1864, near Petersburg, Virginia, during an effort to extend the lines of our Corps to the left, as is told elsewhere in the general history of the Regiment. We lay in an open field during the night and, on the morning of the 23d, marched to Petersburg in charge of the provost guard. From there, with other prisoners, I was taken in a box car to Libby Prison and was examined by the famous Dick Turner, a former citizen of New York, who was in command. He told me if I had any money I should give it to him and at the end of my destination he would send me two of their dollars for one of ours. I fortunately didn't have any, except ten cents, and it was probably well that I didn't, as the money he got from other officers was never returned. The ten cents came in well afterwards for a little purchase in Augusta.

I was kept in Libby about seven days. The building was a rude brick structure and was crowded. On the second floor there were about two hundred prisoners. While there I received a note from Colonel Fairlamb, who had been badly wounded and was lying in a room below me on the first floor. I have unfortunately mislaid the note, but in it he complained of the fare which he was receiving. I intended writing him, congratulating him upon being so well provided, because he was getting much better than I. The rations served to the prisoners were very slim and ill-served. Thin bean soup was brought up in old fish tubs, made by cutting fish barrels in two. In order to get my quota of soup, I was compelled to break my canteen in two and use the parts as dishes so as to have something to hold my quota of the fluid. I never was able to see Colonel Fairlamb, being taken out before I had the opportunity.

From Libby prison I was taken to Lynchburg and, while there, was given five hard tacks as large as a common bread plate and a small piece of bacon which was to last me five days. It was at that

place that our cavalry got in and tore up the railroad and burned the depots for a distance of about seventy-five miles, so when we were taken from Lynchburg to Danville we were compelled to walk the entire distance. The parts of my canteen, previously referred to, served me well here, for on the march I would take my hard tack and cut up some green apples and make a stew out of them, using the one side of my canteen for a stew pan. It took us over five days to make the trip. While on the march, the soles of my shoes came off and I was compelled to tie them on with strings. We arrived at Danville on the 4th day of July. Grant had boasted of his taking Richmond that day. As we were marching through the streets, the Confederates wanted to know whether Grant had taken Richmond yet. By reason of the bad condition of my shoes, I dropped to the rear and, while marching through the town, stopped to get a drink of water from an old colored woman who stood on the sidewalk. While there, a citizen of the town came up to me and, with much profanity and abuse, wanted to know why I was standing there and why I didn't keep up with my comrades. I learned afterwards that he was from Bedford County, in Pennsylvania, and the incident simply illustrates what is often said—that the most rabid of the southern people were those who came from the North.

At Danville they put us on box cars—about forty in a car—closed the doors and shipped us to Macon, Georgia. We were five days and five nights on the road, with hardly anything to eat. We arrived at our destination and, before we were taken to the stockade, we were searched and, if we had anything of any account, it was taken from us. When the gates were opened, we saw a sight that was wonderful. Inside those walls were over seventeen hundred officers. When we entered, they yelled as loud as they could "Fresh fish!" In my ignorance I thought it was very warm to have fresh fish, not knowing that they were yelling at us. I was in the stockade only a few minutes when I met Captain Breon who had been taken prisoner a few days before me. He asked me to go and take dinner with him, as he and four of his other comrades had formed a mess. I accepted the invitation. Our bill of fare was corn meal and some kind of berries mixed together. It took

the shape of a roly-poly pudding of very primitive form, the meal and berries being boiled together in a leg of Captain Breon's drawers sewed at one end and tied at the other. We certainly did enjoy that meal, as we were very hungry. The stockade that we were in was called Camp Winthrop and we remained there about six weeks.

The Confederates expected some of Sherman's advance guard who were on that wonderful march to the sea at that time. They put us in squads of six hundred and the squad I was in was sent to Savannah, Georgia. We were encamped in a stockade at the Marine Hospital grounds and were there nearly six weeks. We were furnished tents here but were compelled to raise them from the ground, so that they could see under the floors that there was no tunneling for escape. The grounds were lighted by huge bonfires upon elevated platforms. We were treated better here than at most of the camps which we occupied. I recall distinctly a service held by an old Scotch Chaplain who preached for us one night before he was exchanged. During the service, he prayed for President Lincoln with great earnestness, notwithstanding the fact that he was heard by the sentinels who surrounded the stockade.

We were then moved to Charleston, South Carolina, and placed in a jail yard where we were under constant fire from our guns at James' Island. We were there from four to five weeks. Each morning about three o'clock our people began shelling the city. The jail being centrally located, and of stone, was constantly being hit by our shells. The prisoners being afraid of the balls and stone, would go up and lie near the jail walls, so as to be protected. The jail yard was so filthy dirty that many of the officers took the yellow fever and died. I had the itch and body lice and was nearly starved to death.

We were removed later to higher grounds back of Columbia, South Carolina, where all the prisoners—1,700—were mobilized again. They called this "Camp Sorghum," where we were kept for four weeks. While there, a great big hog came into camp and the prisoners, not having had any meat for months, surrounded the hog and killed him. They skinned him and, when they cooked him, you could smell the odor all over the camp. At another time two

bloodhounds came into the camp and they were likewise captured and killed but were thrown into a sink hole. There was hardly a night passed that some of the prisoners did not try to escape and as soon as one sentinel fired, all the sentinels began firing, and many officers, while sitting around the camp fire thinking of loved ones at home, were killed by these shots. To protect ourselves, we dug ditches large enough to hold five men each and in that way we would pass the night safely.

We were removed from that camp to a stockade at Columbia, South Carolina, which was some time during December, when it was beginning to get very cold. The place in which we slept was nothing but a rude shed, the upper story being used for a hospital. There was great suffering here from the cold and hunger. Each man would receive a pint of corn meal a day and three small sticks of wood for five men to last twenty-four hours to burn to keep them warm. On Christmas day we hadn't anything at all to eat but between Christmas and New Year my mess received some Confederate money. The mess, all told, had raised \$2,700.00 in Confederate money. I do not know exactly how all of it was obtained. I secured \$600.00 in this way. General (then Colonel) Frazer, of the 140th Regiment, was in prison at the same time. He had been a professor in Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, an institution which was well known in the South and from which many of the southern people had graduated. He introduced me to a gentleman who was doing an exchange business with the prisoners, as one of his students. I drew a draft upon the First National Bank of Bellefonte for \$100.00, payable in gold, and for this received \$600.00 in Confederate money. To follow the draft to its destination: when I was exchanged and got my pay, I was carrying home \$300.00 in currency, with which to pay the draft. Boarding the train at Harrisburg one morning, I met Abram Sussman, Frank Wilson and other friends from Bellefonte, who told me that the draft had been presented but that my friends, fearing that it was either a forgery or that I had been coerced into signing it, declined to pay it and it had been returned. Not knowing how to send the money for the repayment of the draft, I fear that the

gentleman who did the exchange business was short at least to the extent of that draft. A part of my money was expended, as hereinafter described. I regret to say that a goodly portion of what was received by other members of the mess was lost in fighting the tiger at a faro bank which was run by some thrifty Confederates, within the prison limits.

New Year's day was my cook day and then the mess told me to get up a good dinner. I went to the Confederate sutler, who had his place within the bounds of the prison, and bought two round steaks, one pound of butter, nine loaves of bread and a half peck of sweet potatoes. After I had the dinner ready and the table set, I told Captain Breon there was just one thing needed and that was mustard. He said he would soon get that. He went to the hospital, almost doubled up, and told the doctor he wanted some mustard for the pain in his back. He secured it, but instead of a plaster for his back we used it to help plaster the interior of our stomachs. That was the only square meal we had while we were in the Confederate prisons and that cost us \$100.00 in Confederate money.

I had \$100.00 left of the money I had borrowed. I had previously made myself a pair of slippers out of my old blouse, as my shoes had been worn out months before. The sutler, previously referred to, had English shoes for sale, but he asked \$100.00 a pair for them. I visited his place a dozen times a day, considering whether I'd buy shoes or something to eat. One day, when unusually hungry, I saw a part of a hog's head, known in Pennsylvania as the "jowl," and asked him what he wanted for it. He said, "I'll take \$36.00 for it." I did without the shoes and took the jowl.

We were kept in that stockade until three o'clock on the 14th day of February, when we were quickly taken out of one end of the town as Sherman's advance guard was marching in at the other. We were put in box cars and some of Sherman's advance guards were captured and put in with us and were all sent to Charlotte, North Carolina. We were kept there but a few days, for Sherman was following close behind. We were then taken to Raleigh, North Carolina, where we remained over night and the following day

were reviewed by Gov. Zeb. Vance, of that state. One of the officers told us, after it got dark, that we could go up town. Captain Evans and Lieutenant Stover, both of the 184th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and myself took advantage of this opportunity and went to town. While there we met a Confederate guard and asked him where we could get some apple jack. He told us he had some in his canteen and charged us \$15.00 in Confederate money for three drinks. We asked him where we could buy a quart and he said around the corner at a grocery store. We purchased a quart of the fluid and paid the grocer \$60.00 in Confederate money for it. We saw a part of the town but by the time we got back to camp we couldn't see anything else.

We left Raleigh and went to Goldsboro and there they kept as many as they could of us at the court house. We were there only a night and the next day we signed a parol of honor not to take up arms until we would be exchanged as prisoners of war. That afternoon we boarded the train and went within nine miles of Wilmington, North Carolina. The next morning, when the train stopped, we were marched between the ranks of a regiment of our cavalry. We were given something to eat and then taken to Wilmington. This was on the 1st day of March, 1865. On the 2d of March I embarked on a vessel for Annapolis and reached that city about the 5th. I bought myself a hat a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes and gave the storekeeper my name and regiment, as I had not received any money, but promised to pay him when I received my pay from the Government before I left the city, which I did. The clothes I was captured in I threw away that day. I received a leave of absence for thirty days from the 15th of March until the 15th of April; also received two months' pay and came home.

At the end of my leave, I went back to Annapolis and from there we were ordered to Washington to participate in the funeral of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. I joined my Regiment beyond Alexandria, Virginia, where I was mustered as Major, having been promoted during my absence in prison. I participated in the Grand Review at Washington and from there went to Harrisburg where I was mustered out the 1st day of June, 1865.

Comrade Bayard survived the dangers of battle and the hardships of captivity, returned to his home in Bellefonte, Pa., where he lived for many years an honored and worthy citizen, and was killed by a switch engine July 7, 1903.
—EDITOR.

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

PART II.

By Sergeant T. P. Meyer, Co. A.

The following "Prisoners Story," by Sergeant T. P. Meyer, it will be noted, begins just after the battle at Auburn Mills or "Coffee Hill," and will be better understood if introduced by the following extracts from a serial article published by him in the *Centre Reporter*, Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.—EDITOR.

In moving off, the dead and wounded were left lying on the field. I came to a "conscript" lying dead beside a great, bulging, new knapsack, which a comrade had cut from his shoulders to free him. It was a dangerous place to halt, but I halted, and after making sure that he was dead I swung his knapsack over my shoulder and carried it with me to where we formed the line behind the fence. I examined the contents of my prize and found there was a full new uniform, underwear, a complete soldier's outfit, worth about thirty dollars. I concluded that if I would hurry I could put on the new uniform before the battle would begin again. So there, in line of battle, I quickly threw off everything I had on, even the shoes, and in a few minutes I was dressed new and clean from head to foot. I wore this entire outfit from this day (October 14th) to the spring of the following year without change or washing, as will appear further on in this narrative.

I left my own outfit lying there and packed the minor articles of the prize, combs, thread, needles, razor, paper, envelopes, stamps, etc., into my own knapsack.

The First Division of the Second Corps (ours), under General Warren did the rear guard fighting; we were hard pressed and were cut off from the rest of the Army. For awhile our Brigade was considered captured. We dodged around among the hills and in the woods and formed lines of battle in all directions of the compass. The Fourth Brigade, to which the 148th was attached, formed the rear guard and the 148th the rear of all; the pioneers to the rear, as the Regiment moved out "left in front." Wherever we turned the Confederates were ready for us. Once more we shifted and on the "double

quick" left the field, determined to make our escape. We moved by a road running along a wood. The Confederates pushed a line of battle through this woods, reaching the road just in time to fire a terrific volley into the rear of our column and rush it in flank.

We bolted out of the road and went pell mell across a small field, for a strip of woods beyond. "What are the orders," the pioneers asked. "No orders," I said, "every man that can will save himself from capture." Many never reached the woods but were shot down in the field because we did not heed the enemy's challenge to halt and surrender. About two hundred of us reached the woods in a rush, to find it in possession of the enemy and all were captured; while many others, keeping the field to the left, escaped.

This series of fights went into history as the battles of Auburn and Bristoe and the entire movement as the campaign of manoeuvres.
* * *

On recovering the Auburn battlefield some of my comrades went to the spot where in the tumult they had last seen me. There were many shallow soldiers' graves scattered around. They uncovered one which they imagined might shelter me and identified the remains. They cut the chevrons from the coat sleeves and sent them to my home, together with the story of my killing.

Three months, during all of which time I had been dead to my people, passed by before I succeeded in getting a letter through to my home, from Belle Island Prison Encampment, in the James River, at Richmond, Virginia, informing them of my condition and "place of abode."

* * * * *

As before stated, quite a number of us were captured in the fights of Auburn and Bristoe (October 14th) and closely interrogated by the Confederate officers as to the number of men we had here, etc.; * * * always winding up with a short talk on the absolute uselessness of continuing the War on the part of the National Government and that the southern people would never yield but would sacrifice their last dollar and the last man to secure their independence. A General, whose name I did not learn, rode up and asked me:

"Are you not all tired of the War?"

"Yes, sir! We are tired of the War," I answered. "But it is on now and we must win to end it."

He smiled pleasantly and asked, "How many troops do you think are beyond those hills?"

I said, "Our main Army is there, and if you go out there you will come back faster than you went."

Every new arrival of prisoners were similarly questioned. Their questions were generally evasively answered.

The Confederate officers were genteel, clever, chivalric and all round good fellows. The rank and file were more given to sectional animosity and ready to jangle with us. * * * We got very loud during the argument. The Confederate officers drove their men away, saying that they must take what we say, or stay away from us. Then there was peace.

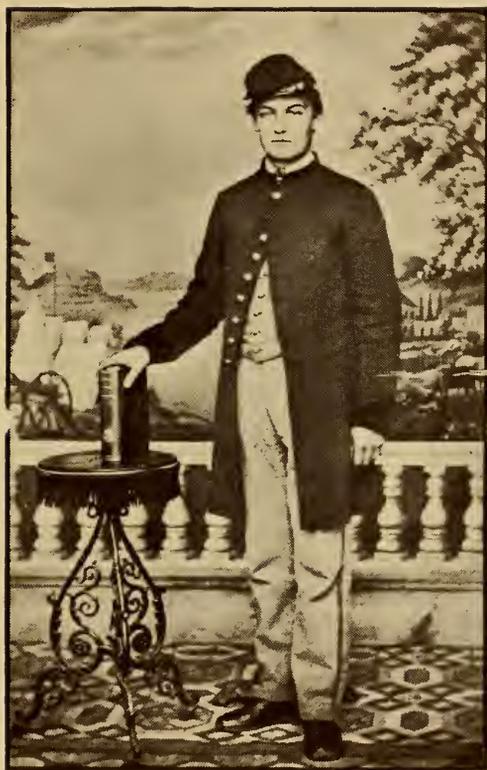
The Confederate Army had very little to eat. They had captured some flour at our abandoned commissaries; this was distributed at night, about half a pound to a man, Confederate soldiers and Union prisoners receiving equal shares.

Next day, half famished, we managed to get small fires of chips, grass and dry manure. We mixed up our flour with water, shaped the dough into balls and buried them in the hot ashes under the fire; they would not bake; they burned on the outside; the inside was hot dough that would pull out like taffy; we rubbed off the ashes and dirt that readily came off and ate the steaming ash and dirt begrimed pittance of dough. For two days longer there was no more.

All night long and every night while we were with the Confederate Army their men seemed to be up and at work, baking flour into biscuits for next day. They had nothing else.

Many of their men were barefooted and in rags. I was told that some of them had marched from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and back to Culpeper, over five hundred miles barefooted.

The soles of their feet were black and so tough that they marched, over stone, stubble and briars as indifferently and freely as other men did with shoes on their feet. I thought were I so destitute, I would strip the first dead soldier I met, so that my feet and back might be



T. P. MEYER
Sergeant Company A. 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers



covered for it was very cold. At that same time I was comfortable in the uniform of a dead soldier myself.

* * * They said they had not been paid for eighteen months; others had never seen a "pay day" and were penniless. With all this destitution they seemed to render service cheerfully. * * * This was to the highest degree illustrative of the true American military spirit common throughout the United States and so often manifested by the southern soldiers in every War in which our country ever had a part. * * *

The prisoners were all gathered into one great squad, just to the rear of the Confederate supporting line of battle; this gathering was discovered by a Union battery a mile away, and fifteen or twenty twelve-pound Union shells followed each other in rapid succession, screaming viciously over our heads and passed to our rear. There was great excitement among the "Johnnies" for a little while. The fire of this battery suddenly ceased and comparative quiet once more prevailed.

A Confederate Major rode up to me, took off his yellow, hard-worn butternut hat, in which crown and rim had "agreed" and hung in the same slant. I thought he was wonderfully polite; he held out his hat to me and said, "Here, my boy, take this hat." I took it and wondered what next? "Give me your cap." I gave him my beautiful, new McClellan cap, which he put on, saying, "It fits me nicely." I put on his yellow hat; it "drooped" so that I could scarcely see out from under. He smiled and said I looked very well in it; then asked, "Are you satisfied?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I guess it is a fair trade, under the circumstances."

Another mounted Confederate officer, by his side, said to me, "Here, lad, let me have that canteen." I handed over my canteen; but he paid me a dollar for it. The dollar was Confederate money, worth ten cents in greenbacks; about five cents in "sound money." For that dollar I bought a wooden canteen from a Confederate soldier. This same canteen is to this day one of my war relics.

All day of October 15, 1863, we were kept with the Confederates at the front, under the fire of our own Army, which, however, was high and did little damage to us or the Confederates.

Next day, October 16th, they marched us from Bristoe to Bealton Station, eighteen miles, in heavy rain, through deep mud and water. We forded a number of streams from one to three feet deep.

We were thoroughly soaked and plastered with mud; the night turned cold and we had an awful night in our wet clothes; unsheltered and no fires, we nearly froze.

About midnight I determined to try my luck at escape. The night was very dark. I lay down close to the beat of one of our guards; when he had passed me I rolled, log fashion, quietly over his beat; then I arose and walked slowly away. I was nervous and listened amid some suspense for his "halt" or the report of his gun. If the latter came first, I mused, how and where will his bullet strike me? And to what extent will I be injured? I walked slowly on. None of the guards had seen me and I struck out for a strip of woods half a mile away. I walked with and passed through squads of Confederate soldiers, passing as one of them in the darkness. They spoke to me. I had planned to hide in the woods and await the passing of the Confederate Army, but in looking for a hiding place I was discovered and returned to the guard without punishment or reprimand. It was not considered a crime to attempt escape. But shooting followed a refusal to halt when detected. There were, however, vicious men among them who would shoot an escaping prisoner without "halting" him. I fully understood this.

The battle of Bristoe was ended and the Confederates were defeated. * * * Our squad of prisoners, about a thousand in number, reached the Rappahannock in the evening and lay there all night. Sunday, October 18th, was quite a lively day. The Union Army pressed the Confederate Army hard at all points, crowding them to the river, which was high and impassable. They built a temporary bridge on the piers of the burned railroad bridge, a hastily built, rickety structure.

General Lee with his staff, rode up. He dismounted and closely watched the building of the bridge, now and then offering suggestions. He was a fine looking man, of dignified and commanding presence. * * *



"Castle Thunder." Confederate Prison, Richmond, Va. Capacity, 2,000, used chiefly for Union prisoners in transit



The bridge finished, we crossed the Rappahannock in the afternoon and were marched to Culpeper, twelve miles, where we arrived at 8:00 P. M. and some time later were given three crackers for supper.

We were quartered in the Presbyterian Church on Main Street, from which the seats had been removed. * * * Monday, October 19th, dawned clear and beautiful yet cold. The day was delightful, and was spent in the church and the adjoining grave yard. This morning we received three crackers and a little bacon for our day's ration. This we ate in two minutes, and were more hungry than before.

During the forenoon of the 20th we were searched, more for concealed weapon than for valuables. There was very little taken from the men beside pistols and daggers. No clothing or blankets, notwithstanding the old story to the contrary. In the afternoon we were marched out of the church, through the town and along the wagon road to the Rapidan River, which we crossed by a rickety trestle military bridge, after night, reached Orange Court House, eighteen miles from Culpeper, about midnight. Here we were put on a freight train for Richmond.

At Bealton I met a sick Union soldier, among the prisoners, whose name I never learned. He said he was dying for a drink of water. I gave him my canteen containing a quart of water. He drank it all; he was burning with fever. I kept him supplied with water which, under the circumstances, was hard to get. There was no chance for a doctor or medicine for him.

I led him on the march to Culpeper, I waited on him in our church prison; he was very sick but kept his feet. His face, hands and feet were greatly swollen. When we left Culpeper, afternoon of the 20th, he came with us. A mile out of town we halted for a little while; there was commotion behind the end of a stone fence. Some one yelled "fight." I was near and rushed in to see what the fracas meant. A soldier was lying on the ground in convulsions. It was my sick companion; in a few minutes more he lay quiet. Life had gone out.

I straightened the body of the poor boy and covered his face with his cap. * * * He was left lay where he died. * * *

This was the first death in our squad of prisoners. But we soon furnished victims rapidly.

* * * * *

We had a slow and tiresome trip on the train from Orange Court House to Richmond, by way of Gordonville and Louisa Court House. We reached Richmond late in the afternoon and were marched through the city to Libby Prison where we lodged. Many of the people gave us frowning glances as we marched by them; and it was easily seen that we had few friends here.

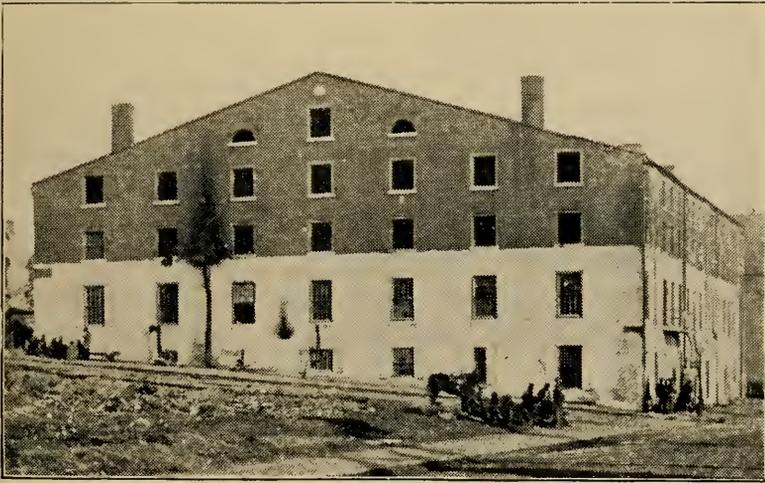
"Libby" was a very large, four-story, plain and quaint old brick building. * * * It was formerly used as a ship chandler's establishment and tobacco factory and ware-house, many of the machines and presses still remaining in the rear basement rooms. The sign of

LIBBY & SON, SHIP CHANDLERS.

still swung and creaked on the corner of the building, on Carey and Twentieth Streets.

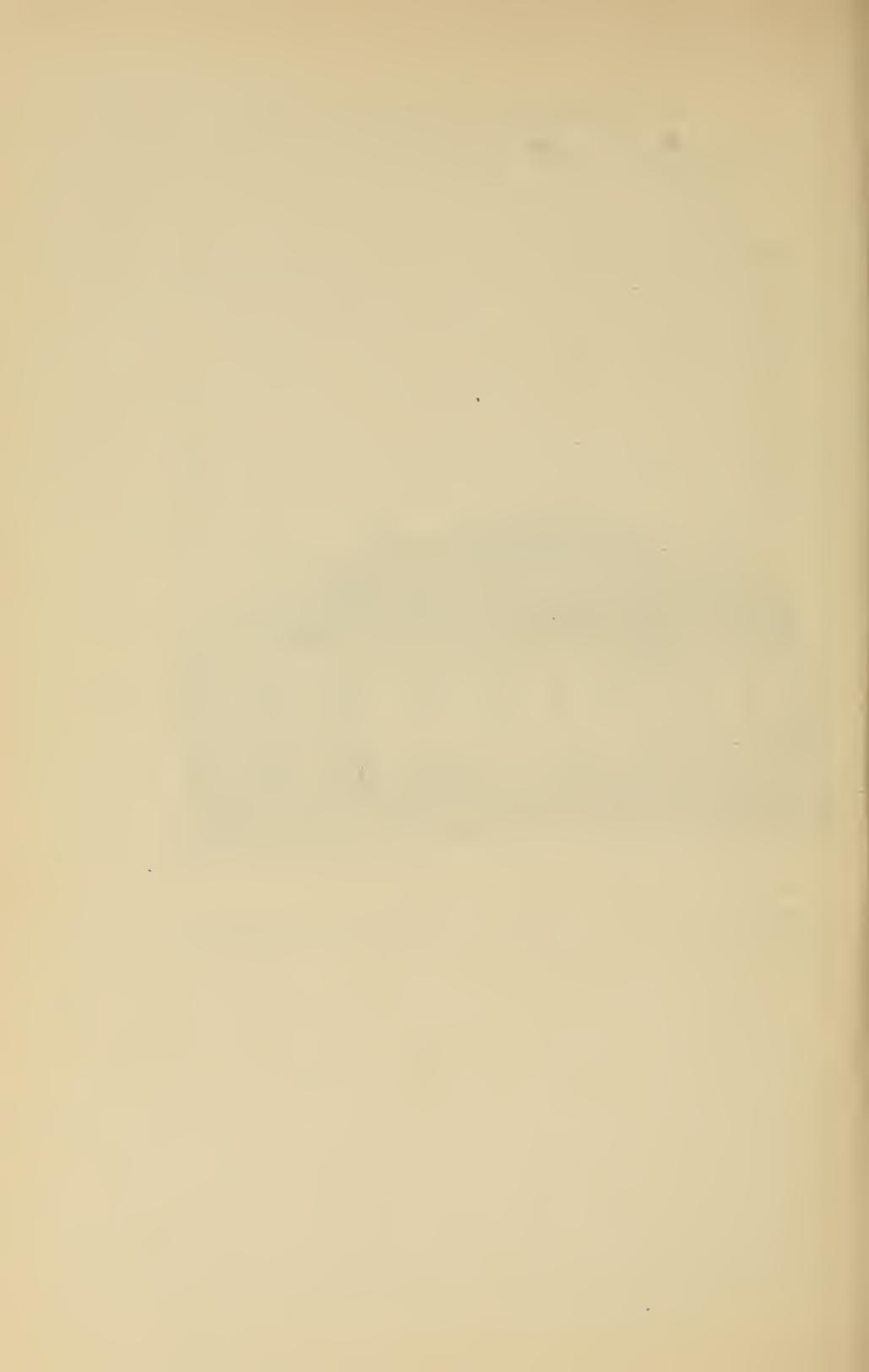
"Libby" was guarded by a regiment called the "Richmond Grays," a stylish regiment, made up of clerks and young business men of the city, who would stand guard around Libby Prison two hours, then spend four hours in their business places, then back to guard duty two hours, and so on. In this way attending to business and doing the work of a soldier beside. They were fine looking fellows, beautifully uniformed in gray and wore scarlet caps of the McClellan pattern.

We entered Libby October 21st, when we received a fair ration of wheat bread and boiled beef, nothing more. We had been prisoners just one week, during which we ate three times. It was long between meals and the meals were light. I will be explicit here. On October 15th we had nothing and marched four miles. On the morning of the 16th we had half a pound of real dough each and then marched eighteen miles in heavy rain and deep mud. We were hollow as a blacksmith's bellows and tired easily. But the worst was yet to come. Next day, the 17th, we had nothing to eat and marched twelve miles, while the day following, Sunday, October 18th, we had nothing



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.

Capacity, five thousand. A permanent prison for Commissioned Officers, having generally from 1,500 to 2,000 in it. Libby Prison was also extensively used for non-commissioned officers and men in transit.



to eat and marched twelve miles more. Now we were hungry for a fact, and "had a pain." We no longer marched with the youthful spring of our boyish legs. We tottered and staggered and fell down frequently; some stayed down and I never heard what became of those. At eight o'clock in the evening of this day we reached the Church Prison in Culpeper and at ten we received three Union Army crackers each; how good these "hard tack" tasted. On the morning of the 19th they gave us three crackers and a little bacon. No more that day, while on the 20th we had nothing and marched eighteen miles; on the 21st we had nothing and were on the freight train eighteen hours.

To sum up: From the 15th to the 21st of October (1863) seven days, each of us had half a pound of flour and six crackers to eat, and during which time we marched sixty-four miles.

The "Johnnies" were too poor to feed us. They had no "grub" for themselves. Their supply trains at this time were nothing more than long lines of empty wagons and bony horses.

We remained in Libby a few days, during which time we were very unruly, and often amused ourselves in dropping lousy shirts and brickbats on the stylish guards below. We never blamed them for shooting at us through the windows when we hit them with brickbats. And we grinned when we read in northern papers about the "inhuman custom" of the Confederate guards of shooting at the Union prisoners, through the windows of Libby Prison. They knew not the provocation.

Five hundred of us were transferred to "Castle Thunder," a large three-story brick building on Carey Street.

In the forenoon of October 24th, about five hundred, with myself, were marched across the James River, over the Danville Railroad bridge to Manchester, thence up along the river, crossing a bridge of the Tredegar Iron Works to Belle Island Prison Encampment.

This was a cold, dreary and rainy day, and our transfer from a fireless, stoveless, cold and dreary building to a shelterless camp out doors, in the rain on a wet island in the James River, was a change still greatly for the worse.

Belle Island is a large Island, in the James River between Richmond on the north, and Manchester on the south and was a noted prison pen during the entire War.

In peace times, during the summer, a delightful spot.

The prison camp, about four acres in area, was a miserable place. Much rain of late, and the tramp of many feet, had produced a slush-mud in the streets of the camp, several inches deep with filth and dirt, and stench, and human offal everywhere. Our five hundred men were not given a single tent, or shelter of any kind. They had none to give us. We were simply ushered into the Prison Pen, to become a part of the four thousand already there. When we entered the gate of this pen my war spirit nearly died out.

Here we found hundreds of men absolutely without shelter, and all without fuel. Rain-soaked to the skin; without overcoats or blankets of any kind. Gray, ashy, pallid complexions. Thin, skinny woe-begone shadows of slowly moving, erstwhile rugged men and boys, standing alone here and there in idiotic-like silence, or in groups, in the deep mud, and the cold, downpouring winter rain.

Hundreds of others, emaciated, cadaverous-looking men and boys, splashing hither and thither through mud, covered all over with mud and dirt, filth and lice; while here and there in filth and rags, lone soldiers were standing like statues, grim and silent, in a state of dementia, staring wildly on those around them, then talking loudly, incoherently, to themselves, bemoaning their condition, none of them paying the slightest attention to the other prisoners around them.

Here were talented, cultured, highly educated men of every calling, profession and trade in life. Here were the college professors and their students, ministers and their laymen; doctors and their former patients; teachers and pupils, down on a common level of degradation and filth, and manner of life.

I thought, alas! Already I have reached a point in life from which I can easily see the end. I have reached the goal. Here I stay; and I wondered not, when my comrade asked me, "Is this an annex of a civilized war, or, are we in hell?" "A chilly hell," I said. This comrade's name was Brooks; he was a highly educated,

pious, rugged young man, a theological student. But, like many others, he was unable to face the conditions here. He let go of hope and courage, and was tortured with an insatiable longing for home and friends. He was broken in spirit, and could not be cheered up. He did not sleep or eat or rest. He was not sick; he simply gave up, broke down and died at the end of the first week. Hundreds, in the same way, gave up and died of despondency alone. Those who bore up with brave hearts and strong will, came out best.

Personally, I was still in fair condition. I still had my knapsack, with all its varied contents on my back. On my shoulder hung my empty haversack, and canteen half full of water. Here, at least, I was "presentable," in a fine, new uniform. My head was well covered with the hat the rebel Major "traded to me." This hat was always in place. A night cap when I slept, and a "dress bonnet" when I went out. On my arm hung a splendid new United States army blanket, which was my salvation.

After standing with these wretched comrades in misery, in mud and rain, for hours, I woke up as from a dream. Night was coming on, and the cold rain was still falling. I resolved that I would waste no time in brooding. If I must die here, which I realized was probable, I would die "game." I would "die in action," and not of despondency. Nothing was to appall me; I turned at once, and walked rapidly down a muddy camp street, by and through packs of half drowned, and mud plastered, lousy soldiers, whiskered men, and young boys like myself.

I came to a fair semblance of a tent and went in; it was full of bony, ash colored, fleshless men, from New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Illinois. I was surprised to find them in fairly good spirits. I said:

"I am a new arrival, and am looking for a home. I have a good blanket here, which will cover three. I will share it with you as far as it will reach, if you will make me one of your mess."

The proposition was accepted, and I had a home. I was blessed above hundreds in that camp.

Night set in very dark, rainy and cold. There was no light in all that camp; so arrangements for the night were made before night

had fully set in. Just as darkness was settling down upon the camp, I looked down the street, and saw hundreds of men sitting, alone and in groups, on the wet ground. When they could stand up no longer, they would sit, or lie down anywhere, regardless of mud or weather. Many were lying down in the streets of the camp, very close, in rows, "spoon fashion," from three to twenty in a row, in their rain soaked clothes, without anything under or over them, and the night blowing up cold.

For the night, I was snugly "spooned up" with two other boys, Austin Skinner, of Hoboken, New Jersey, and Jacob Adams, Smithsburg, Maryland, the latter still living (1904). I did not get cold, but I could not rid my mind of the horrors I had already seen here, nor the thought of the probable fate awaiting me. Sleep did not come to me that night.

The sounds of this camp were as horrible as the sights. Within the radius of my hearing, there must have been a thousand men coughing, without a moment's let up, all night. All nights were alike in this respect. All suffered by reason of coughs and colds, and many strangled to death in fits of coughing.

During the cold weather pneumonia was a common ailment and a general cause of death.

The prison encampment of Belle Isle was square in form and made like a fort; a ditch eight feet wide, and three feet deep inside of the works, the ground dug from the ditch formed a fort-like embankment on the outer edge of the ditch, while the inner edge of the ditch was called the "dead line" and any prisoner getting into the ditch was over the "dead line," and the guards had the right and orders to shoot such soldier, without hail or notice.

Belle Island was in many ways the worst and most wretched prison encampment in the Confederacy. It was located by hundreds of miles farthest north of all, and consequently, was the coldest of all. It was the only prison encampment in the South where there were no rations of wood issued, and consequently, there were no fires all winter, even though in the coldest latitude. Hence the greatest suffering by reason of weather conditions.

It was situated on a low, sandy island, in a great river, water only a few feet below the surface, rapids on each side, the only prison encampment so situated, and therefore, was the dampest of all.

It was the nearest to the great Union Armies, and therefore suffered most by reason of the great raids made by the Union Cavalry around the Confederate capitol, frequently breaking railroad communications, between the country and Richmond, destroying the tracks, and burning depots of supplies, and train after train of cars loaded with grain and provisions for Richmond and her twelve thousand Union prisoners. * * *

Therefore the prisoners at Richmond also suffered most on account of short rations. In this respect the people and prisoners suffered alike.

No stream of running water flowed through Belle Island Prison Encampment like at Andersonville and other prison encampments further south, and we drank the foulest water of all, as will later appear in this narrative. All that makes life miserable here abounded.

There was no roll call. The prisoners were counted into "squads" of one hundred and the squads were numbered 1st, 2d, and so on. * * *

Now and then we were all driven out of camp and counted, like cattle. It was a big day's work to make one of these counts.

There was no tabernacle or place of worship and I never saw a Chaplain or Minister on the Island. I did not hear one word in prayer during the half year of my stay there; blasphemy and profanity were heard constantly, all day long, and brutal fights which sometimes developed into "free for all" battles, in which several hundred would engage, were of frequent occurrence, wherein many were seriously hurt and on two occasions several were killed.

Murders were now and then committed and went unpunished though the murderers were known. Informers on high crimes were fortunate if they escaped the dark night assassin. It was a good plan to be silent on these matters and keep in the background. Later, however, by organization of a system of police a semblance of government was established and robbery and murder rarely occurred.

The prison camp was so small for the number of men confined therein, that the streets, on a fine day, were so crowded that it was almost impossible to get through. And a motley crowd of long whiskered, long haired men and smooth faced boys they were, indeed.

In filthy rags, unshorn, unkempt, unshaved and unwashed; very many dressed in the gray rags of some Confederate soldier, obtained through a trade, not compulsory, but voluntarily on warm days, for the "boot" there was in it.

Some sold the caps off their heads and the shoes off their feet and made substitutes for caps and shoes by patching rags together of any color and kind and the effect can be easily imagined. Civilization, self respect and personal pride had evidently died out in many.

The nature of the men seemed changed. Cruelty seemed a predominating characteristic and over the merest trifles brutal fights would take place

This was an indescribably miserable and wretched place. Valley Forge and the Jersey Prison Ship were habitations of comfort and pleasure compared with the conditions of life on Belle Island.

* * * * *

The commander of the Prison Encampment or "Post" was Lieutenant Boisseau, who, by the way, was a renegade from the United States Regular Army. He was stern but fair with us. He aided every effort put forth among us to establish order and suppress robbery, riot and murder in camp.

The encampment was regularly laid out in streets and had a great many tents but not near enough; most of them had seen their best days and leaked badly. Our tent leaked so badly that when it rained hard we would roll up our blankets and sit on them to keep them dry, while others would stroke the tent with the hands and thus lead the water down the inside of the canvas.

On rainy nights we would, for this purpose, be up all night, and on cold days, when there was no rain, we would lie under our blankets all day, sitting up only long enough to eat, which was not a lengthy job.

We never had any wood, hence no fires at any time. To keep from freezing we would lie in "spoon-fashion," closed up very tight;

the shoes off and the feet packed together as tightly as possible, with the blankets tucked under us all round, head and all under the covers. So we breathed and rebreathed the air under the blankets every night and every cold day all that cold winter.

None of us had a garment washed during the whole of that winter. We possibly averaged washing our hands and faces once a week. We considered ourselves fortunate when we had water enough to drink. We had no buckets and few canteens; we got our water at the river, six or eight rods from the camp and were allowed to go after it only during the day. An alley, about twenty feet wide, with a tight board fence, eight feet high, on each side, led from the rear gate to the river. Close to the right of the foot of this alley was the hospital sink and to the left a few rods away was the general and only sink for the prison camp of from four thousand to eight thousand men. Both sinks extending a few feet over the bank; and between these "business places" in the eddy we got our drinking water. So we drank the foulest water of any prison camp in the southern Confederacy.

Only a limited number could go to the sink, or for water at the same time, the same alley led to both; about one hundred could be on the way going and coming at a time. Therefore, water was always very scarce in camp. We were dry many times, and wanted a drink, when there was no water, and we continued to be dry till we forgot about it.

* * * * *

On the matter of rations, there is not much to be said. They gave us what they had to eat themselves; that was corn bread only, and equaled in quantity the rations of their soldiers, who were guards over us. We bought many a Confederate soldier's ration, from our guard, and they fasted for the little money we paid them. One day I traded a day's ration from one of the guards, for a fine comb; he said he had great need of the comb and had no money to buy it. That he would give me all his grub for two days for it. I said, "No, 'Johnny,' give me your today's grub and take the comb," which he did. A fine comb at that time was worth about four dollars in Confederate money.

They gave us good wheat bread, beef and soup, till November 9th, and after that it was corn bread only, baked by prisoners on detail in a bake-house outside of camp. These corn loaves were about the size of a brick and weighed a little less. Rations were issued daily at 9:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M. excepting when the Union raiders destroyed the railroads and the incoming supply trains. Then thanks to our cavalry there was nothing for a day or two.

In order to facilitate the issuing of rations, and the movements of the men, the prisoners were divided into "squads" of one hundred men, in charge of a Sergeant. These squads were again subdivided into five "messes," of twenty men each, also in charge of a non-commissioned officer. These officers were appointed by the post commander.

When rations were issued, so many pounds were weighed out at the bake house, for a squad, and brought in, in a blanket, carried by the four corners, by the squad commander and his detail. A blanket was then laid down, and this quantity was divided into five equal shares, for the messes, which were numbered from one to five, in the presence of the mess commanders, in all about eight men. This process of division was always watched with great interest by a surrounding pack of half starved, mouth-watering, miserable devils, who stood ready to fight, should there be the least sign of "shenanigan."

When all were satisfied that the five shares were exactly equal, one of the men would turn his back to make the distribution. The Sergeant would point to one of the heaps and ask, "Who gets this?" The soldier facing the other way would answer promiscuously, by number, till all were taken.

Then the mess sergeants would bring their portion to the mess, where a blanket (always lousy, of course) would be spread out, and the supply would be divided into twenty equal shares. When all were satisfied that the twenty shares were exactly alike, one of the mess would turn his back and call out each man's share by number, as it was pointed out behind him.

While the rations were "short" they were sufficient to support life, and while we were always hungry, no soldier starved to death

in rebel prisons. But many died for want of suitable food. A northern man raised on variety and wheat bread, will not flourish on corn alone; while a southern man will. History tells us that "General Washington rose early, ate his breakfast of corn-cake, honey, and tea, etc.," and was fat.

The beating of the drum announcing meal time, was always greeted by the hungry prisoners with the wildest demonstrations of joy. They would cheer and yell; clap their hands, run through the streets, just like children overjoyed at the prospect of even so plain a meal as was common here. In the same dirty, lousy blankets, under which we slept, were carried out our sick, and brought in our corn bread, which was also shared out on them.

The Confederate Government, as early as 1863 was in most desperate straits at home. The common and poor people of Richmond had less to eat than we had. Bread riots during the fall and winter of 1863 were of frequent occurrence, and matters later on must have been much worse.

The Union cavalry, in great force, frequently circled Richmond, destroying railroads and train loads of supplies, so that for weeks at a time no supplies worth counting would come in. * * *

The poor of Richmond were suffering for want of bread, and supplies for the prisoners had to be sent through the streets under a strong guard, to prevent the poor hungry men, women and children from seizing them.

The condition of affairs here, becoming known to the National Government, a large amount of U. S. army crackers was sent here for the Union prisoners, and were issued to us by the Confederates, at the rate of three crackers a day, in addition to our regular allowance of corn bread, and they never tasted better. The U. S. army cracker is one of the very best crackers, for a "bread cracker," ever made.

So far as furnishing wood to the prisoners was concerned, it must be admitted that it was impossible for the Confederate authorities to supply the twelve thousand prisoners in and about Richmond with the wood required to keep fires going. Wood, in cities is a costly item; one hundred cords a day would not have sufficed. Wood

was worth fifty to seventy-five dollars a cord. My chum and I once bought two sticks of dry, pine cordwood for two dollars and a half.

One day a team, with a detail of prisoners, and a guard, were sent out to some timber for a load of wood for the bake house, but, as soon as they got into the woods the prisoners ran away; the guard shot off his gun; nobody was hurt, the wagon came back empty, but the choppers had fled.

When we first reached the Island it was said that the Confederates were not allowed to accept greenbacks, our National money. But they were glad to get it. Confederates came in with immense amounts for sale. They would go through the camp and shout, "Who has greenbacks for sale? Ten dollars Confederate for one dollar greenback." Large amounts changed hands on this basis.

Our bed, and this was much compared with most of them, consisted of three blankets and an oil cloth. First, the oil cloth was spread on the ground; on this was spread a blanket. This was a bed for three of us, and two blankets covered us, "over head and ears," as before described, all winter.

"Spooned" tightly together, we always lay on our sides; there could be no change for rest. Lying on the hard ground, corns, often the size of a half dollar, would form on hips, shoulders, knees and ankles, and be excessively sore. When one could not possibly stand it any longer on the "down side" on account of the pain in these bed sores, he would say "over!" All three would immediately begin to wobble and turn till the spoon arrangement would be reversed. In the morning of very cold nights, there would be a spikey frost half an inch thick on our upper blanket, caused by the escaping moisture of our breaths from underneath; this we would thrash off as much as we could; if allowed to thaw thereon the blanket would be quite wet.

The winter was a severe one. The deepest snow we had was five inches, and lasted a week, during which we had zero weather. We had many lighter snows, much cold rain, and many great, sudden changes.

The thickest ice was about six inches. Many prisoners froze to death, mostly, or wholly, by reason of their own improvidence. When the weather was mild, as it often was, they sold blankets, overcoats, and other clothing to the Confederate guards, and when cold snaps came, they suffered and froze. The National Government apprised of the condition of the prisoners here, sent a great supply of clothing by the "flag of truce boat" route, up the James River.

It reached Belle Island November 5th, and was fairly distributed by the Confederate officers here to the most destitute of the prisoners and charged up to them on their U. S. clothing account. Many of the prisoners gave fictitious names and regiments, to escape the payment of this uniform clothing.

The distribution continued several days, and was well done. The selling of the clothing to the Confederates now became a great business and it was not long till nearly all of the Confederate guards were partly, or wholly, in new blue uniforms, with new Union overcoats on their backs, and the erstwhile ragged Union prisoners, were as ragged as before, shivering in the cold.

On December 12, 1863, and January 18, 1864, further shipments of uniform clothing from Washington reached our Island Prison Encampment, and fairly issued to the "destitute prisoners." But, no sooner were these issues made than the same men who sold their clothing before sold it again, and were just as ragged as before. Many traded their entire uniforms of all wool, heavy goods, for an entire gray, ragged and filthy Confederate suit of variegated colors, and a trifling amount in Confederate "boot" money. There was no reason for being barefooted or desperately ragged, and all such were themselves to blame; they bartered away their clothing and shoes and went into rags voluntarily.

The uniforms issued by the National Government to its soldiers, were made of the best, heavy, all wool cloth, of the most durable character, and should have lasted a prisoner several years without becoming "desperately ragged."

As before intimated, we were dirty and lousy; there was no escape. The seams of our uniforms were white crusted streaks of

nits and "creepers;" there was no rest day or night. Every mild day hundreds of the prisoners could be seen sitting on the ground throughout the camp, in the sun, bare backed, for hours, with their shirts turned inside out, and spread on their knees, killing the pestiferous "graybacks" between the thumb nails. This was such a common and general occupation that the prisoners so engaged did not attract the least attention of other prisoners standing around or passing by.

Whew! We can feel them yet, as they trooped across our breasts and up and down our backs and legs, when we wanted to sleep.

Among the Union prisoners captured by the Confederates during the Bristoe campaign, were a great many of the recruits who had joined the Army shortly before the campaign opened; men who took big bounties and never intended to do any service.

In New York City bounties ranging from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars were paid for a three years' recruit at this time. This brought in a lot of depraved New York City toughs. Among them were a banded gang of Irish villains, who halted not at any crime; they were cruel, heartless, stout and powerful men.

They soon had followers and became a powerful and greatly feared gang of bold desperadoes, whose ill will we had abundant reason to fear. They started their robberies at Orange Court House, where we boarded the train for Richmond.

It was my misfortune to be shut in with them in the same freight car. They would light a candle, then locate a soldier who they thought had money, pack around him then put out the light; at that instant one of them would throw his arm around the victim's neck from behind and choke him, while the rest would rifle his pockets. If, on being released he said a word, he would be knocked down, and unmercifully kicked. In Libby they practiced the same system of robbery. On the second night of our stay in Libby Prison, at midnight, in a raid by this gang on several prisoners, a general fight broke out, in which about four hundred men took a hand. Friends and comrades choked and knocked each other down in the deep darkness. It was the worst row in which I ever took

a hand, and it only ended when about forty Confederate guards, with fixed bayonets rushed in, guided by a dozen lanterns held high on bayonets, shouting, "order! order!" Meanwhile clubbing and prodding the fighters with bayonets, as they charged through the center of the room. During this row, probably half a hundred were more or less seriously hurt, and a sick man was trampled to death.

On reaching Belle Island Prison Encampment, they went into a Sibley tent, one of the best in camp, occupied by a number of frail, emaciated prisoners whom they threw out, but kept their blankets and other effects. From this high handed outrage and robbery, there was no appeal and it stood—unpunished.

They would "snatch" rations and blankets from other prisoners; if they remonstrated they were knocked down with the clubs they always carried.

For a long time they had everything their own way. They openly committed heinous crimes with impunity, and they flourished. I witnessed a number of their robberies, in one of which they murdered a soldier. Many of the prisoners besides me saw it; but all kept quiet about it. There was absolutely no protection for an informer; to inform on them, at this time, would have been suicide. Here there was no law to appeal to for protection, or the punishment of crime, no matter how heinous. Here we were entirely cut off from the rest of the world. We were under no government, and no law. What happened here must be settled here, or remain unsettled.

For two years lawlessness and high crimes ran riot, unchecked in this camp, and life and personal effects had no safeguards. Rations and clothing were snatched out of your hands by these villains, and he who resented, went down with a rap on the head with a "billy," or "blackjack," whether to rise up again was always a question.

But the day of retribution finally came; lawlessness and crime must end. Under the auspices and encouragement of the post commander, Lieutenant Boisseau, two police companies were organized; one under the name of "Camp Regulators," the other named "Safety Guards," and all known by the general name of "Belle Island

Police." They were given unlimited authority to keep order, and to punish criminals in their own way.

Any alarm, day or night, was quickly responded to, and the shout of "catch him," was taken up by the whole camp; all were instantly on the watch, and the criminal would always be caught. Punishment immediately followed, and consisted of the most brutal clubbing and kicking. I witnessed a number of these, and I could not imagine how a human being could live under such awful blows and kicks; the victims shouting and begging for life and mercy; when they were overhauled they were instantly knocked down, and as they tried to get up, four or five fearful kicks, by as many men, in sides, stomach and back, would lay them out again. Whether the victims punished in this way outlived their injuries, I never learned.

On the west side of camp were located about five hundred (Union) prisoners of the 1st Kentucky, and 2d Tennessee Regiments, who were organized for mutual self-protection, and always rallied to defend each other.

One afternoon these "Irish raiders" and their followers went over to snatch blankets among the Tennesseans. On the "snatching" of the first blanket, the alarm was given. The men of Kentucky and Tennessee and the police turned out; a fearful row ensued. The battle was for the extermination of the raiders. A great majority was on my side now, and it was safe to speak out. So I joined in the general shout of kill them! kill them! while I was crowding out and elbowing my way to the front to help it along. The row was immense, and lasted probably an hour, during which time intense excitement prevailed among the Confederates, who fully manned the three batteries commanding the camp; and stood by their "double canistered" guns, awaiting a possible "break out," from the excited camp. There was no strike for freedom; but the "raiders" were wiped out. I saw the leaders killed; "Pete" and "Tar" (we never heard their real names), went down; while "Jack," the "Monster," fell by a dagger stab in the spine, between the shoulders; the point of the dagger broke off and remained; his whole body was instantly paralyzed. He was now an abject coward, and in tears begged for his life. He died a few days later.

"Big Mike," a giant in size and strength, and the main stay of the band, broke through the crowd, and ran, with nearly all the clothes torn off his back; he was pursued; but some of the prisoners at the south end pitied, and hid him, till the excitement died out.

In this great row there were about three thousand men engaged, either actively or passively, packed in a swaying, shouting crowd; the leaders were killed, and probably a hundred injured. I did not get quite to the "front," where the business was really done; but was told in the evening that the leaders of the raiders had all "gone over to their reward." "Big Mike," however, escaped. I met him on the flag of truce boat "City of New York," at City Point, the following spring. He told me that he was the only one of the leaders that was left alive.

After the extermination of these raiders, and by the vigilance of the police, outlawry and robbery ceased.

There were quite a number of books and magazines in camp, and they constituted a real "circulating library." In order to become a member of this "reading circle" it was only necessary to own a book or magazine. After having read it, you would take it, walk through the camp and call out, "Who has a book to exchange?" till, "here" was heard, and a trade was made, and each had new reading for a few days. In these exchanges, books worth three or four dollars were often exchanged for a twenty-five cent magazine, back and forth, to be traded again to others regardless of the value of either book, so you got one you had not read before.

In reading these circulating books, many a gloomy and miserable day was bridged over.

I had formed some pleasant acquaintances among some western boys, camped on the north side. One evening after dusk I went over to exchange books with them; I found their tents empty; they had been moved away. In one of their tents I found a dead soldier and not an earthly thing beside; he had been deserted by his comrades, while sick, and left to die alone. His death struggles were evidently long and terrible. His mouth and both his hands were full of ground, held fast in a death grip.

He lay partly on his side, and had kicked and dug a great hole in the ground with his feet. I left him as I found him. He was one "unknown," and I thought it was a blessing that his people would never know what a sad end came to him, unattended and alone in winter, in that cheerless tent, on the bare ground. By reason of filth, unsanitary conditions of the camp, and exposure to all conditions of inclement weather, many without shelter, and all without fuel, caused the men to sicken and die in great numbers; the sick were carried out to the hospital every morning; yet many who were not supposed to be sick enough to go to the hospital, died in camp. Some dying in fits of coughing; others would drop down and die; while many others simply died while they slept. That is they fell asleep never to wake again. * * *

It was impossible to keep a record of the number of deaths in camp; the only way to get the number was to watch the gate all the time and count the number carried out.

On the morning of November 13th I went down to the gate and saw thirteen dead soldiers carried out, to be buried by the usual morning detail of prisoners from camp. The greatest number of these were picked up from the streets of camp, having died or frozen during the night. With shelter, suitable food, and medical attendance, all of these might possibly have been saved.

I watched with interest this funeral procession as it moved out. Half a hundred emaciated, tottering, ragged soldiers, moving in an irregular and scattered procession, they carried the dead, curled up in unrecognizable bundles, in blankets, by the four corners. With an indifference becoming savages, they carried out and buried the dead, without ceremony of any kind, as you would bury a beast.

Most of our dead went by way of the hospital. On Tuesday, October 27, 1863, we were "counted." We were all marched out of the prison encampment, into an adjoining field, and counted at the gates as we passed back into camp. We had a "population" of four thousand eight hundred by this day's count.

We were generally counted in this way about once a month. Beginning early in the morning, it would run all day, and end in the

early part of the night, with no time for rations. A special count made about November 1st, showed that there were then over six thousand, three hundred prisoners in the camp.

On November 29th a count was made in the usual way, which showed that there were five thousand, one hundred and sixteen prisoners. Allowing that one thousand prisoners were brought in during that time, an estimate much too low, there were carried out of camp, two thousand one hundred and eighty-four sick and dead, thirty per cent of the whole number, or approximately, one out of every three, in four weeks. Only a small percentage of the sick carried out ever returned. About the middle of the winter, when the Union Army had settled down in winter quarters, and raiding had ceased, conditions here were greatly improved. Our rations were increased. The hospital service was much improved and extended, but the tents were still cheerless and fireless places of suffering and death.

Our old guards were relieved by a regiment of North Carolina soldiers; good, and kindly disposed fellows, over half of them, firmly Union men at heart. They told us that as soon as the Union Army came near enough to give them protection they would throw down their guns and surrender.

Many of the resourceful prisoners had devised schemes to escape. The plans advanced and discussed were varied, and often absurd. For a long time the plan of tunnelling was considered the most feasible of all. Several tunnels were dug, but they were failures.

A finely educated, active, rather impulsive young soldier by the name of Ricketts, a Marylander, was wild over a plan by which he claimed a limited number could get away. A number of us joined him. He said he had the good will of several of the guards, who would let a few prisoners pass out for a price. The matter was discussed; some did not believe in the plan, but we were so anxious to get away that we concluded to risk it. Ricketts argued that we might as well be shot as to die by degrees; he did not believe they could hit us anyway, on a dark night. The day set was a dark, rainy, gloomy one; there being no moon, the night would be a

good one to carry out our plan. During the early part of the evening, Ricketts and one companion went out to find the guard; they soon returned and reported that all was arranged and that they had paid the guard eighty dollars to pass a small number, and give the "countersign" at a fixed hour late in the night. The hour came and we were on hand; some of the company began to doubt. Our guard however was there. Ricketts hailed him and everything seemed favorable; one after the other passed over the embankment; the third was on top of the parapet when a volley was fired into the company by a squad of Confederates just coming up, and Ricketts and the second man fell, wounded; the rest of us ran. It was rumored next day that Ricketts had been killed and the second man mortally wounded. We never saw them, or heard of them afterwards.

Some time after this another attempt at escape was made, and partly succeeded. On a very dark and stormy night a number crept past the guard in the darkness and tried to ford and swim from rock to rock, through the rapids of the James River to the north side, then strike north for our lines. But the current and the ice cold water was too much for them; they were carried down and drowned. Several bodies were found on the rocks in the rapids next morning, brought back and buried in the prisoner's graveyard. It was believed that every one in the company perished.

Attempts at escape were constantly made, but were generally known only to the trusted few concerned in the scheme. Now and then we heard from soldiers who escaped from the Island and reached the Union lines in safety.

When once on the main land there were even chances of getting through safely. Many of the citizens and the negroes generally, through the country, would aid and pilot escaping Union prisoners, for whom a regular trail had been established.

* * * * *

Almost daily arrivals of prisoners rapidly swelled the number, until Belle Island Camp, twice enlarged, was a prison-pen city of over eight thousand, made up of all classes of men known to the world: students, lawyers, doctors, teachers, mechanics, and machin-

ists, every trade and branch of art and industry, had its representatives here, by masters in their line, as well as scamps and cheats in great numbers, dying by degrees.

There were toy, relic and memento stores, a restaurant where corn-pone was sold, barber shops, jewelry shops, etc. Market street, so-called, was on every fair day crowded from morning till night, with men, ragged and dirty, loudly offering something to sell and extolling its merits, with an earnestness that rivaled a stock exchange.

There all imaginable things, peculiar to the place, consisting largely of toys and curios made in camp, were hawked, sold and traded. Some of the finest specimens of pocket-knife cuttings, carvings in wood, ivory, human and beef bones, wonderful in design and workmanship; also, beautiful pencil drawings and landscape sketches, and famous battle scenes.

Common pocket knives were the only carving tools and common lead pencils, the only instruments of art.

It was the more distressing to see so many talented and highly educated men in rags, loaded down with filth, dirt and vermin, down to the level of barbarism, slowly but surely dying.

There was absolutely nothing for the prisoners to do here. Therefore, for want of occupation for the mind, many fell to brooding, scolding, cursing the War and the stoppage of exchange.

One day I said to my partner, Skinner, of Hoboken, New Jersey, "Let us go into business, like some of the rest have done, to keep up spirits." He said, "I have no money, and nothing to sell; how will we get started?" I said, "I will sell my new overcoat to the Johnnies for whatever it will bring. I can get along as well without it as you and Adams; besides, I have quite a few trinkets of value in my knapsack. Everything must go." The same day I sold my overcoat to a Confederate guard for \$27, Confederate money, worth \$2.70 in green-backs, and equivalent to about \$1.22 in "sound money." All of which I paid for one bushel of potatoes and two sticks of pine cord wood, with which to cook them. Skinner split the wood into splinters with a heavy razor and a stone, and began to cook potatoes in water, and smash them into

mush, and without pepper or salt, would heap a small amount nicely on a tin plate, in a neat cone, with a spoon sticking in the top and I would take it down to "Market Street" to sell. I would stand and yell, "Here you are! A big plate of cooked potatoes, just off the fire, steaming hot; take them while hot, they will warm you up, make you fat and happy, etc., all for ten cents or one dollar Confederate, only one dollar Confederate, ten cents! ten cents!" When a plate was sold I would stand by the purchaser till he ate them (a short wait) then I would hie back to find Skinner ready with more.

We were the only cooked potato dealers in camp and we sold them fast, at a profit. The first day we cleared \$25. Later we added tobacco, onions, and some other little items of use and luxury. We lived better now; we ate extras, while surrounded by prisoners who watched us eating and hungered the more when they saw us eat.

For a time we flourished and carried "Honey Dew" chewing tobacco in our pockets to give free chews to the distressed and to those who served us by doing errands.

We were great men in this city of misery. We were liberal with those who stole our goods.

Time went on, and we could get no more potatoes; then we bought flour and baked flap-jacks and sold them two for a dollar. To make these flap-jacks flour and water only were made into a batter and fried in any kind of available grease. Then we began to trade in meats, onions, tobacco, etc., and did fairly well; but meat was high; fresh beef cooked, five dollars a pound.

One day I made a deal with a rebel guard for twenty-five pounds of stuffed liver pudding, for one hundred dollars; the guard was to deliver the pudding at an hour fixed, when he would be on post. At the appointed hour I crept up to the dead line in the darkness; but I was nervous and hesitated on taking the risk as a number had been shot as they crossed the line to trade. I listened and watched closely; I could not see the guard as it was intensely dark; but I heard him walk his frozen beat not twenty feet away, just outside the parapet.

Within a few feet of me to my left, a prisoner who had crept up to the dead line so quietly that even I did not hear him, asked in an undertone, "Johnny, will you trade?"

The Johnnie yelled, "Get out of this you d—— Yankee, I will put a ball through you," and I heard the click of the gun-hammer as it was drawn preparatory to shoot. If ever I heard a Yankee run in darkness it was then. I kept very still till the guard of the other beat came up in hopes it was my man.

When he came I signaled, "Whist," he answered, "Aye," very low. I said, "Pudding?" "Yes," came the answer, "have you the money ready?" I said, "I could only raise ninety dollars; is it a go?" "Yes, let me have it." Quickly I stepped over the dead line into the ditch, the valley of death, where many a prisoner was murderously shot, in obedience to orders, by the guards, who, it was said, received furloughs home for shooting a Yankee outside of the dead line. The risk was always great; any other guard seeing me would shoot me; but I clambered to the top of the parapet and whispered, "Here is the money," and he handed me the pudding. I slid off the parapet and was gone so quickly and quietly that the guard did not know what became of me. But the pudding smelt like limberger cheese. Next morning we examined it and found it was spoiled. We could not sell it; so we ate it ourselves, dividing with the rest of our mess mates, who were glad it was half rotten so they got some of it.

Our capital was now gone. We had failed in business. "What now?" Skinner asked. I said, "We must get even with the fraud of a reb.; this tin medal with my name, company and regiment on it is the size of a silver dollar, I will pass it on him tonight for a silver dollar."

When our friendly guard was on post that night I went out to the dead line and signaled, "Whist!"

"Aye," came the answer.

"Trade?" I asked.

"Yes, what have you?"

He said, "Four pounds of beef and a stick of cord wood."

I said, "I will give you a silver dollar for it."

"Hand it over," he said.

I crossed the dead line and ditch, climbed the parapet and handed him the medal, got the beef, cleared the ditch and ran. On coming in, Skinner asked, "What luck?" I said, "Good, I was too much for the dishonest devil this time." Next morning we looked at the "beef" and found it was a chunk of a cow's udder, it looked yellow and slimy.

Skinner thought if we cooked it thoroughly we could eat it, hungry as we were. He split the wood with razor and stone and cooked the udder until the wood was all burned; as it cooked it turned yellow, slimy, scummy and odoriferous, but we ate of it; all at once I felt sick; I said, I have enough; I have a pain now; Skinner said he felt sick too and had a pain; we gave the balance to other prisoners, and I imagine they all got a pain. It was a week before we fully recovered from the effects of this mess.

At the time I bought the udder, there was considerable bad beef sold to the prisoners by the guards. A few days later we were told that our beef cow had died a natural death several days before she was cut up into beef and sold to us.

I said, "Skinner, we will try the rascals just once more." With a lead pencil we traced a twenty-dollar Confederate bill on paper, laid over the bill on glass; then greased it and crushed it till it was soft. I took this new bill out that night, and signaled "Whist." "Aye," came promptly; it was my man. "Trade?" I asked, "Yes," what have you? He answered, "Onions and potatoes, mixed a half bushel," I said, "I will give you twenty dollars for them. "Hand it over." I did; they took the new bill, lit a match and looked at it; when they lit the match I slid off the parapet and lay in the ditch so close to the parapet that they could not get range of me if they discovered the fraud; for a few minutes I was in great suspense, but they evidently pronounced the bill genuine, for they threw the onions over the parapet, right over me. I lay still till I heard them walk their beats, then slipped quietly away. We ate onions and potatoes for several days.

I had a big supply of paper, envelopes, needles, thread, buttons, etc., in my knapsack, and we began to sell these. The ragged con-

dition of the uniforms of the Confederates caused a great demand for needles, said to be very scarce in the Confederacy; therefore we had no trouble to get one dollar a piece for needles, while pant buttons readily sold two for a dollar. We put half a sheet of paper in each envelope, and both of us went down to "Market Street," and began to shout, "Oh, here you are for your paper and envelopes! Come buy paper and envelopes and write home to your friends; tell them you are living. Oh! here you are for your paper and envelopes; a sheet of paper and envelope for ten cents, or one dollar Confederate." They sold rapidly, and we had some money again, for which we bought extras to eat from the Johnnies, just to such an amount each day.

One day I was down to Market Street and saw a prisoner holding up an apple for sale; he was an elegant talker, and never halted for words as he loudly told us what a good apple he had to sell, always ending the strain with the price, ten cents, or one dollar Confederate. I was down to my last dollar, but I could not pass that apple; I would walk away then go back and see if he still had it. I bought it; no apple ever tasted so good and no apple ever cost me so much. My knapsack was now empty and my money all gone, but spring was rapidly coming on and we kept our nerve.

Down along the bank of the river by the camp sink, there were blackberry and sassafras bushes, and the prisoners dug the roots of these to the depth of four feet, and used the bark for medicinal purposes, and which commanded a high price. Here also stood a number of large buttonwood trees, the bark of which, for a change, was an article of diet; the bark of the roots, deep into the ground, as well as the bark of the trunk and branches, to a height of twenty feet or more, was cut and scraped off the wood, clean, and eaten. Some of the prisoners claimed that these barks relieved the distress of heartburn, from which nearly all the prisoners suffered greatly, and for the relief and cure of which we also ate quantities of yellow clay, ashes, and drank weak lye, by way of experiment, with little or no benefit.

The prisoners were nearly famished for meat, and anything in the line of meat would be seized upon.

The commander had a fine, fat, pet poodle dog; one day this fat dog came into camp; was seized upon arrival, and butchered; the Confederate commander was very mad, and stopped the rations on the whole camp till the butchers of his dog would be delivered to him. Those knowing would not tell; the second day the butchers of "ye said dog" went to the gate and surrendered, that the camp might be relieved. Nearly all afternoon I saw them sitting on boxes beside headquarters, eating something. I saw no punishment in this, and when they came in I asked, "What did he do to you?"

"Nothing."

"Did you only have to sit on those boxes and eat?"

"That is all."

"Well, what did he give you to eat then?"

"A piece of raw dog meat."

When news of successes from the Union Army reached our prison camp, there would be tremendous cheering and howling through the entire camp of eight thousand, wonderfully prolonged and indescribable, and which the Johnnies never tried to prohibit or control.

It was known that there were some men on the Island who had formerly been impressed and served in the Confederate Army, but who, later, renounced the rebel cause and joined the Union Army and, with others, were taken prisoners. The Confederates were determined to find and hang these men; several times they took us all out of camp and passed us in single file past men who knew them, to identify and pick them out.

The prisoners were all determined that they should not be found, and they never were found.

There was very little punishment inflicted on the prisoners for offenses against the Johnnies or their prison rules. The usual forms of punishment were "buck" and "gag" and hanging up by the thumbs. To be "bucked" meant the bringing of the palms of the hands together, then tying a rope around the wrists, then drawing the pinioned hands out and downward, over the knees, till a stick could be passed under the knee joints, and over the arms, which doubled a man up in

a lump, and he was left lying or sitting on the ground till his sentence in hours was fully completed and ended.

"Gagging" meant to put a stick or bayonet crosswise in the mouth and drawn well back with a rope around the back of the neck, catching each side, and thus firmly holding it in place, back in the mouth. This, by drawing the rope hard about the back of the neck, could be made very severe, cutting the mouth, the blood flowing down over the victim's face and clothing till he would present a horrible and pitiable appearance.

"Hanging by the thumbs" was rarely done. This was done in several ways; but it always meant the tying of the thumbs together by passing a thin, strong twine around both thumbs, either by noose or otherwise, then drawing the hands up hard by this cord which was fastened overhead. Sometimes the thumbs were brought together behind the body, tied and drawn up; this was far the most severe, as the shoulder joints were then reversed, the upper portion of the body bent down till the head was down by the knees; this was a position of intense torture. I never saw the cord drawn so that the feet were off the ground; it was never done here and I don't believe it was ever done anywhere.

I watched the punishment by this method of one young prisoner. I met him at the gate when he came in; he seemed dazed and wildly swung his hands in pain, and continuously moaned. I examined his thumbs and found that the twine had cut the flesh of both to the bone.

Many of the prisoners were not strong enough mentally to successfully meet the conditions here; while they held out physically the mind broke down and maniacs became quite numerous in camp and the most pitiful cases of insanity among the prisoners were frequently met with; their pitiful moanings were often heard all night as they stood unsheltered in the streets of camp, in rain and snow and storm, while the "Commissioners of Exchange" haggled and quarrelled, were in their comfortable quarters and lived on the "fat of the land." With reason gone, they lost knowledge of the camp limits and the dead line, crossing which they were shot. I saw two such unfortunates shot by the guard; they were taken to the hospital; one

was mortally wounded, we thought, while the other had an arm shot off; yet not a groan escaped their lips.

There were powerful influences at work in Richmond to have the prisoners on Belle Island and in Richmond paroled and sent home or removed farther south and away from cities. * * *

* * * In January, 1864, smallpox broke out in camp, and many were carried out and sent to a pest camp, away from the city. The number of cases daily increased, and the prospect under this additional visitation of affliction, made our situation doubly horrible, inasmuch as there was no escape, and we asked how long, and what more shall yet be added to the misery already endured. Our quarantine was already established, in the vigilant guards around us. During the month the cases became so numerous that Richmond and Manchester became alarmed and demanded action.

A notice was posted at the hospital gate, requesting all who desired to be vaccinated to report at the hospital every afternoon; the boys went out by hundreds every day to be vaccinated. In our mess we questioned the quality of the virus used, and which would be the greatest risk. For a month we escaped, when it seemed that our time had at last come. It was stated before that Skinner, Adams and I "wintered" under the same blankets. One night Skinner took sick; he had chills and a bad night generally. He was "spooned" up with Adams and me, head and ears under the blankets, with us; he shivered, complained of pain, was feverish and red in the face. In the morning we concluded to take him down to "sick call;" we led him down and stood him before the surgeon, who looked at him and gruffly said, "Smallpox; away with him!" We let go as if he were hot iron. He was sent to the pest camp, he did not die but was cured and returned to the "Island Camp" the same day I came away, the following spring. Our mess was all anxiety for several weeks, fearing that infection was in our tent; yet we all escaped. But scurvy, which had been a scourge in camp for some time, now attacked three in our mess in virulent form; swollen, bleeding gums; dreadfully offensive breath; teeth becoming loose; bleeding ulcers on the legs; they were sent to the hospital and we never saw or heard of them

afterwards. Letters from their homes since the War stated that they never came back.

For months there had been no men paroled from the Island and more prisoners were almost daily coming in, till, notwithstanding the losses by reason of sickness and death, over eight thousand prisoners were in camp which was twice necessarily enlarged and the greater number here the greater the amount of misery to be endured by all. Every man on the Island was determined to do his best to get away by the first opportunity, they cared not where, for any possible change must be for the better.

On December 27th squads Nos. 1 to 5—five hundred men, were called to “fall in.” Instantly, the idea went forth that the Commissioners of Exchange had agreed, and the long talked of parole was to begin. The joyful prospects of release greatly excited the camp.

The commotion was indescribable; yelling, shouting and running through the streets, and packing against the gate, a dense, uncontrollable mass of more than three thousand men, every one of them determined to be one of the five hundred. I was a member of squad No. 68 at that time, but I worked hard to “flank in,” and made good headway; I began to be very hopeful; they were still going out and not a dozen ahead of me. I got into the gate with several others when the Confederate Sergeant shouted, “That is all!” Still we were being crowded forward by the multitude back of us, still pressing to get out. “Get back!” the guards shouted; we could not get back; the guards were armed with guns and bayonets fixed. Many were more or less severely bayoneted; quite a number of Confederates had clubs only, and the clubbing of prisoners also commenced. Many fell under the clubs; my time had come; they were up to me. I turned and tried to get out of reach, but the pack was too dense, and one of the “clubbing rebels” now took me over the head with his club, and I, too, “went down in a heap.” I wore my blanket like a shawl, and became entangled in it, but I picked myself up as quickly as possible. Just then one of the guards came rushing at me with a bayonet, and the situation was critical. Instantly I turned, and giving out the worst yell of my life, I dashed against the pack of prisoners just inside the gate, to save myself. I pushed several head over heels, and fell headlong

over them, and felt greatly relieved when I felt others falling on top of me. I escaped, but how badly those on top of me were bayoneted, I never learned. This mix-up soon dissolved, and we were all on our feet again; the pack had greatly thinned out, and matters looked more orderly.

I must not omit saying that my head was well protected by the thick, tough, yellow rebel hat that I wore, and under the excitement of the occasion I never felt the blow that knocked me down, although for several days I wore a lump on my head the size of a walnut.

There was no further need of violence, if excuse for it could be given in the first place. But the rebel Sergeant, Haight, by name, a deserter from the Union Regular Army, and the greatest tyrant of all, in charge of the guard, was not satisfied; he snatched a musket from one of the guards, and most brutally bayoneted several of the prisoners. A poor emaciated, cadaverous looking prisoner, scarcely able to keep his feet, tottered by him; on seeing him at his right, he brought the butt of the musket to the right, and with great force butted the half dead prisoner on the temple, and he fell in a heap; he gave him a thrust with the bayonet, which latter, however, could give no pain, as the blow on the temple had killed him. "Get up!" the rebel yelled, as he once more drew the bayonet for another thrust. "Don't! You have already killed him," we shouted. "Take him away," he commanded. He was carried out, and we yelled "Murderer! murderer!" The five hundred prisoners taken out were sent south.

The exchange of prisoners in a Civil War is, perhaps, the most difficult of all matters that must be considered. The moment an exchange of prisoners with a belligerent is made, they are treated and recognized as equals, and independent national rights are conceded. But in this, as in all matters, theories must bend to the stern logic of events. Therefore the National Government at the outset of the War, could not consent to put itself on an equality with the rebels by entering into any negotiations on the subject of exchange of prisoners. "Rebels" have no right to fight, to take or hold prisoners; but to treat with them, admitted that they had. On the other hand, the Government dared not treat prisoners that we took as rebels, and hang them; for it would bring swift retaliation on the other side.

The first privateers captured were condemned as pirates; the moment they were placed in close confinement to await execution, an equal number of brave officers and men of equal rank, held by the rebels, were confined in the same manner, reserved for the same fate they should meet. The prisoners on both sides were soon numbered by tens of thousands; still there was no exchange. Up to this time, Generals in the field were allowed to make exchanges on their own responsibility, and individual soldiers procured their own exchange. Paroles were given on the field by officers on each side. After each battle soldiers would produce paroles, given on the field, during the continuance of battle, purporting to have been given by Confederate officers. These must be recognized, notwithstanding the general belief that many of them were spurious. No satisfactory proposition had been advanced; therefore, humiliating as it was, the Government was compelled to come to direct negotiations with the Confederates on this subject.

After more than a year's trifling, the National and Confederate Governments agreed to appoint commissioners to formulate a cartel or basis of exchange, which should be binding and final. John A. Dix, Major General United States Army for the United States, and D. H. Hill, Major General Confederate States of America for the Confederate States, were appointed, with full authority by their respective Governments. They met at Haxall's Landing on James River, Virginia, early in July, 1862, and after prolonged labor and discussion, they published a cartel July 22, 1862, from which we quote:

Article I. It is hereby agreed and stipulated that all prisoners of war held by either party, including those taken on private armed vessels, shall be discharged upon the conditions and terms following: Prisoners to be exchanged, man for man, and officer for officer; privateers to be placed upon the footing of officers and men of the navy; men and officers of lower grades may be exchanged for officers of a higher grade. And men and officers of the different services may be exchanged according to the following scale of equivalence: a Major General shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for forty privates; a Brigadier General for officers of equal rank, or twenty

privates. A Colonel for one of equal rank or fifteen privates; a Lieutenant Colonel for one of equal rank or for ten privates; Major for one of equal rank, or eight privates; a Captain for one of equal rank, or six privates; a Lieutenant for one of equal rank, or four privates; all non-commissioned officers for persons of equal rank, or for two private soldiers; and private soldiers for each other, man for man.

Article IV. All prisoners of war are to be discharged on parole in ten days after their capture, and the prisoners now held, and those hereafter taken, to be transported to the points mutually agreed upon, at the expense of the capturing party. The surplus prisoners not exchanged shall not be permitted to take up arms again, nor to serve as a military police, or constabulary force in any fort, garrison or field work, held by either of the respective parties, nor as guards of prisoners, depots or stores, nor to discharge any duty usually performed by soldiers, until exchanged under the provisions of this cartel, etc.

Article VI. The stipulations and provisions above mentioned to be of binding obligation during the continuance of the War, it matters not which party may have the surplus of prisoners; the great principle involved being first, an equitable exchange of prisoners, man for man, officer for officer, or officer of higher grade exchanged for officer of lower grade, or for privates, according to the scale of equivalence. Second, that privates and officers, and men of the different services may be exchanged according to the same scale of equivalence. Third, that all prisoners, of whatever arms of the service are to be exchanged or paroled in ten days from the time of their capture, if it be practicable to transfer them to their own lines in that time; if not, as soon thereafter as practicable, etc.

Article VII. All prisoners of war now held on either side, and all prisoners hereafter taken shall be sent with all reasonable dispatch, to Aikens Landing on the James River, or to Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River, in the state of Mississippi, and there exchanged, or paroled, until such exchange can be effected, etc., etc. But nothing in this article contained, shall prevent the commanders of two opposing armies from exchanging prisoners, or releasing them on parole at other points mutually agreed on by said commanders.

Article VIII. (In part) provides for the appointment of two "Agents" to be called "Agents for the exchange of prisoners of war," etc., and "to carry out promptly, effectually, and in good faith, all the detailed provisions of the said article of agreement."

Article IX. And in case any misunderstanding shall arise in regard to any clause or stipulation in the foregoing articles, it is mutually agreed that such misunderstanding shall not interrupt the release of prisoners on parole as herein provided, but shall be made the subject of friendly explanation, in order that the object of this agreement may neither be defeated nor postponed.

(Signed) JOHN A. DIX, *Major General U. S. A.*
D. H. HILL, *Major General C. S. A.*

This cartel and basis of exchange was one of the most liberal and most honorable contracts ever made between peoples at war; in language so plain that it could not be misunderstood or misconstrued. It was for some time faithfully carried out by both parties to the agreement.

Up to this time the Confederates had held by far the greatest number of prisoners. But the overwhelming superiority of the North in men and means, was rapidly changing the surplus, by great odds, to the Federal side and the meddlesome incompetents in authority in Washington, who bossed and bullied the Generals in the field, planned campaigns and ordered battles from their cushioned chairs at the Capitol, discovered that the Union soldiers captured by the Confederates could easily be replaced from "Castle Garden," by conscription, and by enlisting negroes; while the Confederates had about reached their utmost limit of available men for their Army, which was rapidly being weakened by captures and battle casualties.

Now, then, they argued, that it would be to the advantage of the Federal cause to violate this cartel regardless of the suffering and death it would bring to thousands of our imprisoned men. Therefore, from some one in authority in Washington the order went forth to "stop exchange." The excuse given was that the Confederate Army would be greatly weakened, if not broken up in this way. Soon the number of prisoners held by the respective Governments was enormous. The Federal Government held, approximately, one hundred and twenty thousand Confederate prisoners; while the Confederates held about half that number. In Richmond they held four thousand; on Belle Island, Richmond, eight thousand; at Florence, South Carolina, twelve thousand; at Andersonville, Georgia, twenty thousand;

at Millen, Georgia, five thousand; at Charleston, South Carolina, six thousand; at Salisbury, North Carolina, ten thousand.

Besides these, there were smaller prison camps at Blackshear, Georgia, Columbus and Tyler, South Carolina; Cahaba and Danville, Virginia, and elsewhere. The number of prisoners held at these lesser camps are not now at hand. The number of prisoners held in all camps were constantly changing more or less but the total number held by the Confederates during 1863 and 1864 were approximately sixty-five thousand. The condition of the prisoners was well known, and petitions from all over the North, as well as from the prison camps of the South, were sent to Washington, demanding the exchange of prisoners, by the cartel of July 22, 1862.

The southern people and the Confederate Government also demanded parole, even though exchange was refused, for they did not have the means to keep the great horde of prisoners held by them, finally, asking only parole, man for man and officer for officer, as far as the number of Union soldiers held by them would balance the account.

All of the foregoing to no purpose, and the Union prisoners continued in indescribable misery, and died by thousands. It was claimed at Washington, that the Confederates held in the North were stout and well, and that they would be put into their Army on their arrival; while the Union prisoners were emaciated and unfit for service; they would not have been sick, emaciated and unfit for service if they had been sent home in ten days after their capture, as this cartel demanded. The prisoners constantly cursed these Union hagglers over exchange, and if they had come into our camp they would certainly have been killed.

The finale was given to exchange about the beginning of February, 1864, when the Federal Government appointed "Ben" Butler as Agent of Exchange. But, Gen. "Ben" Butler was, perhaps, the only man in the Union service, or out of it, with whom they would have nothing to do and the Government knew this. Our guards told us that the appointment of Butler was considered a premeditated insult to the Confederates, and settled the matter of exchange, and that

we would all be sent south. During the week following a thousand men were sent from the Island to Georgia.

The indifference of the Federal Government toward us, was most discouraging. There we were, many thousands who had cheerfully volunteered for the service of our country, packed together in camps of misery and filth, where the air was constantly filled with fetid odors, in itself sufficient to plant the seeds of death in every system. Our Government had evidently for a time at least, abandoned us; those whom we had so faithfully sought to serve, and but for them we would then have been in our homes of cheer and comfort in the North.

Hundreds who had endured every form of hardship cheerfully, now became discouraged under these distressing and evidently to be continued miserable conditions, sank away and died, while some went into the rebel service as tailors, shoemakers, to work on fortification, and even into the ranks of the Confederate Army, in the hope of bettering their condition and saving their lives; probably hoping for an opportunity for ultimately deserting such service, and making their escape to the Union lines.

* * * * *

One thousand prisoners having been sent away the first week in February, we had more room and a little more to eat. Spring was now rapidly approaching, and the menacing factors to this camp, the Army of the Potomac, and the rapidly increasing number of small-pox cases among the prisoners, woke up the Confederate authorities, and the shipment of prisoners from Richmond and Belle Island Prison Camp, was commenced in earnest on February 17th, when 400 were taken from the Island and sent to Georgia, February 18th, 400; February 19th, 400; February 20th, 400; February 21st, 400; the 22d, 400; March 4th, 400; Sunday, March 6th, 800; on the 8th, 600; on the 10th, 600; on the 12th, 600; in all, 6,400 to prison camps farther south but mostly to Georgia; and the Island Prison Camp, the Star Home of misery and wretchedness, for so long, began to look desolate, lonely and so quiet; the monotony and tomb like quiet in the streets, and empty tents, was un-

bearable. The paltry few thousand yet remaining now moved into the tents near the gate; we re-organized our squads to full hundreds and the mess to which I belonged, was transferred to "Squad No. 1." Our keepers now allowed us greater privileges and increased our allowance of corn bread, the only grub they had to give us; the guards engaged in prolonged friendly conversation with the prisoners, and the "dead line" was forgotten.

Sunday morning, March 13th, dawned cloudless and beautiful. Spring had evidently come; the weather was mild and delightful.

As usual in fine weather, we were lazily sauntering and standing around, looking at the city beyond the river, and the beautiful landscape near us; the trees and bushes just over the parapet, whose buds were already swelling, and among whose branches birds were sweetly singing. We were suddenly awakened from our listless musings over the pleasing prospect outside, when the drum at headquarters beat "attention!" The Sergeant of the guard from the top of the parapet called out, "Squads Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 fall in and be ready to move." We formed our squads quickly, moved through the gate that had shut us in so long, and formed our column for the march to Richmond. The commandant told us that we were to be paroled, and sent home; that all that had been sent away before had been sent south; so we, four hundred miserable, yet lucky "rag-a-muffins" were to go home. Could it be true, or would I wake up and find that I had dreamed, as many times before? I was afraid to "shake myself."

We re-crossed the Tredegar Iron Works bridge, and marched down through Manchester; here a squad of prisoners passed us on their way to the Island; one of them loudly hailed me; it was my former partner, Austin Skinner, of New Jersey, just returning from the smallpox pest camp, cured and stout, yet still red faced. I never saw or heard of him after this. We crossed the Danville Railroad bridge to Richmond, and were once more taken to the noted Libby Prison, where paroling commenced, and by evening we had all signed the paper headed by the following parole.

"We the undersigned prisoners of War, do give our parole of honor, that we will not take up arms again, nor serve as military, police, or constabulary force in any fort, garrison or field work, nor

as guard of prisoners, depot or stores, nor discharge any duty usually performed by soldiers, until exchanged under the provisions of the cartel entered into July 22, 1862."

This parole, when signed, is sacredly kept, on the "honor of a soldier;" violations of it is punishable by death, if recaptured and identified.

No soldier or Government would ask the violation of a "Soldier's Parole."

The parole of our four hundred was, at the time, accredited to the individual efforts, and the personal responsibility of Colonel Mulford, of the Regular Army, independent of the "Commissioners of Exchange."

When, in October last, we were first brought to Libby Prison, the prisoners were searched; on many quite large amounts of money were found, very large in the aggregate, and taken by the Confederate officers for "safe keeping," till paroled, when it was to be returned. Many did not live to be paroled; and no prisoner paroled this day ever heard the word money mentioned, and not a dollar was returned. But I will here yet add that I never saw a Confederate take money from our men forcibly.

The "Johnnies" now issued two days' rations of corn bread and some boiled beans to us. Some of us went back into a rear room, where stood many tobacco presses, with large iron screws, to which still clung in abundance, the grease of "ante bellum days;" though black and dusty, we scraped it off and ate it on our corn bread.

March 14, 1863. At 1:00 P. M. we marched out of Libby Prison, and we did not see the place again till the following spring (1865) on our return from Appomattox, as a triumphant Army.

* * * But we return to our march from Libby. We reached the dock, and marched aboard the Confederate steamer, "William Allison;" we cast loose and were on our way home, down the historic James, all excitement and expectation. Slavery was not dead in Virginia. There was a young negro on that boat, and a squad of southern men, standing aside, watched the "coon" and whispered; then walked up to him and asked, "Where are you going?" "I just take dis trip on de boat," he said. "Who do you belong to?" came next. "I'se

free man." "Where is your home," etc. They were not satisfied; they watched him closely, but I did not see the end of this matter. I thought then and still believe that he was a contraband on a trial trip toward freedom.

In slavery days no coon could travel without a passport, and it was worth from fifty to one hundred dollars to catch and return a runaway slave.

We steamed along for an hour, almost wild with expectation, and delighted with the beautiful scenery along the noble and historic James River; members of the steamer's crew pointed out and named every point of interest, of which there was a continuous chain.

We now reached Drury's Bluff, ten miles below Richmond. Here the James River was effectually obstructed. * * *

Drury's Bluff is an abrupt knoll, bordering on the water's edge on the south side of James River, rising two hundred feet above the river's water level. Safely perched upon this cliff, and high above the reach of the guns of the Union iron clad fleet, was Fort Darling, well and scientifically constructed, mounting fourteen heavy guns, mostly one hundred pounder rifled guns, none less than eight-inch shell guns and all so mounted that they could be pointed directly down on the decks of passing vessels.

On the north side, just below is Chapin's Bluff, crowned with batteries almost as formidable.

Here the advance of the Union iron clad fleet was effectually stopped and driven back in May, 1862. The advance by water upon Richmond was never again attempted.

Somes miles below we passed the Confederate squadron of sloping sided iron-clad gun boats, a beautiful and formidable looking fleet, at anchor, with banked fires, keeping watch of the Yankee fleet, a much stronger and finer fleet, only a few miles below, through which we passed shortly after exchanging with them whistle salutes.

Near Chapin's Bluff our steamer ran into a sand bar, on which we hung fast till some time in the night, when we got off, and reached Aiken's Landing, the place of exchange, at midnight.

During the night several prisoners fell overboard and were drowned and five died. One of these was James Walters, Company

D, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, my partner on this trip. He did not seem sick, but weak; and like hundreds of others, fell asleep, never to awake again. He died during the night, under the same blanket that also covered me and another soldier. We did not know that he was dead till we roused up in the morning.

The night was intensely dark and stormy; just as day was dawning, a soldier ran into our compartment, shouting, "Aiken's Landing! The United States Steamer 'City of New York,' is at anchor alongside, a United States flag, big enough to cover this boat, floating at its main staff!" Instantly we jumped up and rushed out to see the grand old banner, which we had not seen for so long. A long, loud, hoarse shout went up, and tears came to the eyes of many hardened soldiers, as they once more looked upon our own starry flag as it waved lazily, yet proudly, and defiantly in the strong south wind.

The "City of New York" had brought down a batch of Confederate prisoners for exchange. They crowded thick along the "rail" of the vessel, and steadily looked at us. We hurled some Confederate corn bread bricks into their crowd, and told them that was what they would get to eat when they got home. They gathered them up, and began to eat them with apparent great relish, and called for more.

Some of our men threw their corn bread into the river; it thumped and sank to the bottom like a stone. The story often heard, that this corn bread was baked out of corn chop, cob and all ground together is not true. To this day (1904) I have some of this same corn bread, issued to me in 1864, in my collection of relics, where it may be seen and examined by anyone who may have been misled by the old canard.

At this point, let us further "give the devil his dues." Let the truth be told. Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was by some radical talkers and writers of the time, blamed as the cause of harsh treatment shown the Union soldiers in Confederate prisons. As a matter of fact, President Davis had no more to do with the Union soldiers in Confederate prisons than President Lincoln had to do with the Confederate soldiers in northern prisons. But, it can not be successfully denied that the hitch lay in President

Lincoln's cabinet. From there the cruel suggestion emanated to "stop exchange" in violation of the "cartel."

The Confederate Government and the people of the South, as well as the people of the North, continuously, yet vainly, implored the National Government to stand by the cartel of July 22, 1862, in order that one hundred and fifty thousand imprisoned men of both sides, might return to their friends, and thus effectually put an end to suffering in military prisons on both sides.

It was said at the time, that one of our Generals, determined to use his best efforts to reinaugurate exchange, and have all prisoners released, called upon Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, at Washington, relative to the matter, and, on becoming persistent, Stanton told him to go to the devil, and abruptly left the room. Stanton had no time for him on this subject.

Early in the forenoon the "Johnnies" were transferred from the upper deck of the "New York" to the upper deck of their own boat, the "William Allison," while our crowd moved from the lower deck of the "Allison" to the lower deck of the "City of New York." This transfer was quickly accomplished, with the precision of clock work.

The "City of New York" gave a tremendous howl, slowly wheeled into the channel, and started down the James, while at the same time, the "William Allison" started up the stream, the "Johnnies" shouted good-bye, and waved their hats continuously, while hundreds grouped on the upper deck, were loudly singing "Dixie Land," and wildly waving a Confederate flag; at the same time, a large Confederate flag was slowly drawn up on the main staff.

The Confederate steamer, "William Allison," which brought us from Richmond to Aiken's Landing, was sometime afterwards blown up by a Confederate torpedo, while on her return from City Point.

The James River was heavily "mined" and set with "contact torpedoes," as a protection against the powerful squadron of United States Iron Clads, which menaced Richmond by the James River.

As soon as we were fairly started down the James we got our first Union meal of wheat bread, boiled pork and hot coffee, that was all; never anything tasted better. We reached Newport News in the afternoon and tied up for a brief stop, then started down Hampton

Roads, the scene of the conflict between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the first fight between iron-clad ships, which revolutionized the navies of the world.

We made a landing at Fortress Monroe, and carried out our dead for burial there. This done we rounded Old Point Comfort, into Chesapeake Bay, and had our second Yankee meal of "soft bread," pork and hot coffee.

On account of a furious storm and head wind, we got along slowly, but by daybreak we passed Point Look Out, and had a light breakfast of bread, boiled pork and a quart of hot coffee.

Breakfast over, a negro came out of the kitchen of the steamer, with a large slop bucket full of table leavings, to throw overboard; no sooner did we see him than we rushed for the bucket for something to eat. This rush frightened the nigger terribly. He thought when we yelled and ran at him that we intended to throw him overboard. So he instantly let go of the bucket and ran. I was the first one into the bucket and secured a roasted "leg of mutton," entire; a big bite, but I ate it all, while the rest of my comrades cleared the bucket and ate everything there was in it.

At 3:00 P. M. we reached Annapolis, Maryland, and immediately disembarked and marched to "College Green Barracks," where we received new uniforms entire, and were sent into a big barrack bath house, containing forty wooden plank bath tubs or water troughs, all in one room, arranged along each side, two feet apart, ends to the wall, with an aisle through the center. There was plenty of hot water heated in a row of ninety-gallon, laundry kettle stoves, standing in a row in the aisle, passing through the center of the building from end to end.

There was, also, plenty of strong laundry soap, cakes of great size. As we stripped we threw every stitch of the old uniforms out of the windows, and scoured the dirt of half a year's accumulation from our bodies, and put on our new uniforms. The satisfaction over the transition from a state of filth and vermin to absolute cleanliness, is indescribable.

At one end of this bath room was located a group of barbers, who "made the old fur fly." In a very few minutes they would "do

a man," head and face. Some of the whiskered fellows howled under the operation, but the scraping knife in all cases, rattled along to a finish, often leaving the face wounded and bleeding.

On my boy face there was no shaving to do; but down over my shoulders hung a heavy, luxuriant growth of curling, flowing hair, the product of a half year, and fully inhabited. I passed through the hands of one of the barbers, who left me comparatively bald headed, with which I found fault; but the barber explained that such were the "orders," so that all the "inhabitants" would be dislodged. He further consoled me by saying that I looked better than I did before the operation.

As we emerged from the bath house, we were met by agents of the "Sanitary and Christian Commission," carrying immense baskets, filled with a great variety of articles conducive to the comfort and amusement of the soldiers, such as books, magazines, testaments, bibles, paper, envelopes, ink, pens, lead pencils, postage stamps, combs, playing cards, matches, tobacco, pipes, etc., etc., all of which were gratuitously and liberally distributed among the boys. We had no money to buy, but by reason of this timely free distribution, hundreds of letters were written and started on their way to friends in the North during this first night at "home." Here we digress to say that the "Sanitary and Christian Commissions" were splendid examples of organized mercy, furnished by the people of the North. They devised and provided every possible comfort for the sick and wounded, beside distributing religious reading to every soldier in the field. They provided ambulances, stretchers, nurses, medicines, bandages, clothing, hot coffee, with an endless variety of delicacies and general provisions for the sick and wounded, and Christian burial for the dead—no want of body or soul was overlooked in camp, hospital, or accessible fields after battle.

"Homes" and "Lodges" for men on sick leave, and for those not yet under, or just out of the care of the government, or who had been left by their regiments. "Feeding stations" for the tired and hungry, and even homes for the wives and mothers of soldiers who had come to visit their sick or wounded, were established. On every flag of truce boat were placed clothing, medicines, etc., for the prisoners who

had been returned. With boundless mercy they cared for all while living, and gave Christian burial to, and marked graves of the dead. Over seventeen million dollars in money and supplies were expended by these two Commissions during the War.

We return to our narrative. It was now getting dark, and we received a day's ration, consisting of a twenty-two ounce loaf of wheat bread, about a pound and a half of boiled mess pork, three big onions and a quart of strong hot coffee. I ate the loaf of bread, all the meat, two of the onions, and drank the quart of hot coffee. Then I traded the remaining onion for a piece of bread and ate that. I was still hungry. I went to the cook-house to beg a loaf of bread, but they said I would kill myself eating, and they dared not give me any; but they gave me another quart of coffee, and I drank that. I had eaten a whole day's ration and was still hungry; I was making up for lost time. It was now night, and I laid down on a board bunk, with my blanket around me to sleep; but I was so full I could not endure lying down. So I got up and by the light of a sperm candle I wrote a few letters home. Then I walked the frozen ground outside till morning. I had eaten my allowance for twenty-four hours for supper and would get no more till evening. I went over to the Commissary and stole a loaf of bread, and made a breakfast on that and two quarts of coffee; I had nothing for dinner. For supper I had my twenty-four-hour allowance of bread, meat, onions and coffee, as before. Next morning I had nothing to eat. Something had to be done. I persuaded Comrades John Barkdoll and James Fishack, two Maryland soldiers, to go with me. We went down to the oyster dock in the city (Annapolis) with cups and kettles. Here they were unloading oyster vessels and sorting oysters; we began to crack what they threw back; noticing our eagerness to get oysters, they helped us along and in a short time we had a gallon of solid oysters. Then we begged a loaf of bread, salt and pepper at a house in the suburbs, and went up a ravine to cook our soup. Here some troops had camped and there were lots of army crackers lying around on the ground; we gathered all we needed, started a fire, and soon had our three-gallon kettle of soup, or rather oyster mush. By that cheerful fire, we had the biggest and best oyster mess I ever helped to eat, and

there was none left over. All the prisoners who were well, and as resourceful, ate just as much as we did.

In a few days many began to sicken, in consequence of this dog-like gorging. We were moved to "Camp Parole," two miles from town, and put on short rations, and strictly guarded; we thought they were starving us.

One day I slipped the guard and walked down through the camp, and in passing the open window of the headquarter cook-house, I saw a platter heaped up with nicely "done brown" codfish balls. I said to the cook, "Give me a few of those." He set the platter on the window and said, "Help yourself." I ate them all. They were not very large, but there were about fifty of them. I went to my quarters and lay down on my bed. Doctor Lincoln soon after made his rounds. He hailed me in his usual pleasant way, "Hello, my boy; how are you today?" "I feel fairly good," I said; "somewhat tight 'under the belt.'" He examined me, and said that he was puzzled in my case; he could not understand why I should be so bloated; I said I had the same trouble down in "College Green Barracks." He said he would call again during the day; toward evening he called again and pronounced me better. I said I did not feel near so much bloated. A little later I was given a furlough home for a few weeks, and on my return I found that the National and Confederate Governments had agreed on exchange, which included all the squad paroled with me. This released us from our parole obligations, and we ceased to be prisoners. Most of my companions had already started for the front.

On May 26th the balance of our squad, myself included, also started for the front, at Petersburg, Virginia.

Now the "Prisoner's Story" is finished. The object throughout this entire narrative, was to accurately and minutely set forth the conditions as they existed, in all the varied phases of prison life on Belle Island; and to locate, in a measure, the responsibility for these long continued miserable conditions.

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

PART III.

By Serg. H. K. Miller, H. Company, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers

I was taken prisoner in the evening of the 17th of June, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia. A part of our Regiment, with other troops, had been on the picket line on the extreme left, having been relieved by, I think, men of the Ninth Corps. We came back and went farther to the right, where we went into line and drew rations. Some other troops charged over us where we lay and drove the rebels out of their works and we were ordered out to the front line to hold them. Some time after dark the firing ceased in our front but came more obliquely from the right. We turned our fire in that direction and in the meantime the rebels formed in our front and charged on us, getting quite close before we saw them. We then turned our fire on them but it was dark at the time and a great many of our men broke and ran, leaving only a small line at that point, which was captured.

Among those of our Regiment who were captured at that time were Lieutenant Breon, of Company F, Corp. Thomas Jodon, Toner Funk and myself, of Company H. The rebels charged into the works with a heavy line of battle, firing over and into us, killing some of those who had stayed to defend the works, and yelled to us to surrender, which we did, not knowing what suffering we would have to endure before we would see the old stars and stripes again. We were treated all right by the brave men who defended the breast-works, but as soon as we reached Petersburg and were turned over to the provost guards our bad treatment began. We were put into an old tobacco warehouse or something of that sort and were afterwards put into another large warehouse in small squads, where they took from us our knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, gum blankets and shelter tents, leaving us nothing with which to make ourselves a little comfortable, when we reached that place of misery—Andersonville. They then took us back to the other warehouse to stay all night. While we were in this building, one of our solid shots or

shells passed through the roof, the boys giving a "Hurrah!" when they heard it tearing through. Next day we were loaded on cars and taken south. We passed through Macon where they kept the commissioned officers. We reached Andersonville a few days after being captured, where we were again examined and robbed of any valuables we had and then turned into the stockade where all the dry ground, except that between the dead line and the stockade was already occupied. We at last found Ephraim Klinger, of our company, who was captured at Poe River, and one or two of our new men (have forgotten their names) on a dry spot almost surrounded by the swamp that crossed the pen. They had made a shelter of mud and sticks, so we stayed with them until they opened the new addition to the stockade, when we were taken to the new part, Klinger going along with us. Thomas Jodon had traded a watch, which the rebels had failed to get, for a woolen blanket, which we stretched up to shelter the four of us, lying on the ground.

William Snyder and Sylvester Saunders were captured on the 22d of June, with Captain Bayard. Snyder succeeded in getting in with a blanket which we then put up for the entire six. Some time after this, Samuel Cook, of the 4th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, a brother of our Lieut. James B. Cook, was captured and we took him in with us, making seven under the two blankets. Sergeant Ward, our color bearer, who was captured on June 16th and had buried his colors, which were afterwards found by our men, was there but in another part of the pen. There were a few of our Regiment there but I cannot recall the names of any of the rest of our company.

Thomas Jodon died at Andersonville. Sergeant Ward died at Millen. William Snyder, Ephraim Klinger and Toner Funk died in some other place in the South. Sylvester Saunders was exchanged with ten thousand sick in the fall and only reached Annapolis, Maryland, where he died. The rest of the seven, excepting myself, never reached our lines.

Soon after we arrived at Andersonville the prisoners themselves formed police companies to rid the camp of the raiders, as

they were called, whose depredations had become of such a character that it was not safe to be in the neighborhood where they camped. After the ring-leaders of them had been arrested, they having been taken out and placed under guard by the rebels, the latter took Sergeants that belonged to the new detachments out to form a court to try them. Sergeant Dana had charge of the squad to which I belonged and, after he was taken out, I was appointed to take his place. My duties were to see that my men were all present or accounted for at roll call, take the sick to sick call, have the dead carried out and divide the rations to the squad. This dividing of the rations had to be done very correctly, as it was done under the scrutiny of many anxious eyes. For this extra labor I got one extra ration which I shared with the rest of my mess. This position I held while I remained at Andersonville the first time.

The court that tried the raiders, sentenced six to be hung; the others were put in a chain gang for some time, this being a very severe punishment. A chain connected them all, with a ball and short chain to one of their ankles, so when one of them wanted to go to the sink or anywhere else the whole gang had to go along. I heard that one of the gang died and that the man who cut him loose from the others had a great deal of trouble in getting the collar off his neck. This collar was connected by a short chain to a long chain connecting them all together. One of the party proposed cutting off his head, but the others, less hard-hearted, objected. How they did get it off I never heard. I cannot vouch for the truth of this last statement, but after I came home, was told by one who had helped to do it.

The six raiders who were condemned were hanged the 11th of July inside the stockade and in the wide avenue leading in from the south gate. They were brought in by the rebel guards and turned over to our own police who did the hanging on a roughly constructed scaffold. One of the raiders broke away from the police and ran through the crowd, creating quite a panic among the mass of men around the scaffold, the cry having been started that the rebels were going to fire. The condemned man ran through that crowd coming across through the swamp, calling to the men to save

him, when some of the police caught him, took him back and the six were taken upon the scaffold together and the plank knocked out from under them. One of the ropes broke and the man fell to the ground but was gotten up again and hanged with the rest. These men were all buried together and their graves marked. The finding of the court in the case of the raiders was said to have been approved by some one of our Generals.

Toward fall the detachment to which William Snyder and Sylvester Saunders belonged was taken out of Andersonville, the rebels leaving them under the impression that they were going to be exchanged. Ephraim Klinger, in the hope of getting to our lines, "flanked" out with them (that is, he got into their lines and was counted out with the rest). Klinger was one of the bravest and best men in our company. I never saw either of these three again. Snyder, thinking that he was going to our lines and could get along without his blanket, left it with me. No doubt the poor fellow suffered much on account of his not having it.

Thomas Jodon was at this time sick and had a big scurvy sore on his leg. He was helpless and had to lie on the ground with nothing but one woollen blanket for shelter. He was afterwards admitted to the hospital outside the stockade and died some time in October.

Some time after this the balance of the prisoners were taken out and the squad that Cook, Funk and I belonged to was sent to Millen, Georgia. This was a stockade similar to Andersonville, excepting that we were not so crowded. The weather was now getting very cold and all that we three had to keep warm was the blanket that Snyder left with me.

After we reached Millen, there was an exchange of ten thousand sick prisoners and Sam Cook was taken into a shanty in the place of a sick soldier who had been taken out and so our mess was broken up. I joined in with two men from New York State, named Carr and Litchfield, who each had a blanket. We spent the balance of the winter together.

One day soon after I was taken to Millen I saw a prisoner wearing a cap marked Company H 148th, and Second Corps badge.

I knew the cap at once and asked him where he got it. He told me he had taken it off a dead man and where I could find him. I went where he directed me and found Sergeant Ward, our color bearer, almost stark naked, nothing but a skeleton left of a big, stout man—another good, brave soldier fallen a victim to rebel cruelty.

We had an election in Millen for President and Lincoln carried the day by a considerable majority.

The rebels would come into the stockade and try to persuade the prisoners to enlist in their Army, using all sorts of persuasions, telling us our Government had deserted us. At this time it was very cold and it was a great inducement to starving men to have offered to them new clothing, blankets and shelter, when they thought to enlist might save their lives. A great many of those who enlisted were foreigners who did not care much on which side they were, but it is to the honor of that great mass of freezing, starving men that there were very few who did not scorn their offers of freedom, preferring death to dishonor.

When Sherman's cavalry came in the direction of the prison, they took us out and shipped us to Savannah. We were there a day or two when they put us on the cars, telling us they would take us to our lines, but instead we were taken farther south to a place called Blackshear, where they camped us for some time, then took us still further south, where they camped us, getting a lot of darkies to dig a big ditch around us. They kept us here for some time, then marched us across the country about sixty miles to a place called Albany. Here we got on cars and were taken back and turned into old Andersonville, where we spent the balance of the winter. I was among the last to leave there but at last was taken to Albany, where we were put on cars and finally reached a station called Baldwin in Florida, about twenty miles from Jacksonville. This distance from Baldwin to Jacksonville we had to walk, the railroad having been torn up.

It would be unjust to say that all the rebels were bad (although the most that we had anything to do with were). I at least found one who treated me all right, as we were on the way to our lines between Thomasville and Jacksonville. Our train stopped to take on wood and I had occasion to get off the train and it started and

I was left behind. It was in a wild wooded country and I followed on the railroad track, until I came upon an old corn cracker mill. The miller came to the road and I inquired of him the distance to the station. He told me it was a right smart distance and that was about all the satisfaction he could give me, but I found that "right smart" meant quite a distance to walk barefooted and in my weakened condition. I got to the station at last and found an old soldier in charge who had lost his limb in the Confederate Army. He told me to stay there with him and he would get me on the next train and send me on and that I would probably overtake the rest. I spent some time very pleasantly with him, under the circumstances, he telling some of his experiences in the front and I mine. As I was there over meal time, he sent his servant out and he brought me a big cooked dinner on tray which I enjoyed very much. It was the first meal of the kind I had tasted since being captured. Before the train came along he sent his man out and brought me a bottle of blackberry brandy. He said the price of this was ten dollars in Confederate money. This brandy I believe was very beneficial to me in my condition. The train at last came along loaded with Confederate soldiers who treated me civilly and gave me a whole seat to myself, no doubt on account of the other graybacks that were on me. We at last came to where the others had stopped. I think the name of this place was Lake City. Here we got our last ration of corn meal which was the last we got until we were in our own lines, and then it was soft bread, coffee, sugar, meat, beans, and oh! the contrast.

I arrived at our picket line about eight or nine o'clock at night. Next morning went into Jacksonville, a mile or two from the picket line, where I saw the "Old Stars and Stripes" flying at the top of a flag pole. Then I knew I was in God's country again. This was on the 28th day of April, 1865. I was at this time a mere skeleton, having scurvy and chronic diarrhoea and being almost naked. I went into the hospital, as they got beds ready for us. There were six in one tent with me. Three of the six died. I lay at Jacksonville about a month before I was able to be sent North. I arrived at Annapolis about the 1st of June and was sent from there to Harrisburg, my father meeting me there. I got a seven days' furlough and came home with him. I returned when the time was up and was discharged June 11, 1865.

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

PART IV.

By John W. Biddle, of Company B.

In my service in the Regiment, I took part in eight different battles. The last one, leading up to my prison life, was in front of Petersburg on the 16th of June, 1864, where we made the charge upon the rebel works. I was assisting Sergeant Ward (I think that was his name), the color bearer, in burying the regimental flag, in order to save it, for we saw that we had got too far ahead and could not retreat for the enemy was coming in on us from two directions. After we had buried the colors, Ward said, "Thank God, John, they won't get the flag, if they do get us."

On they came, with the regulation rebel yell, gathered all about us and said, "Hand over your guns, you damned Yanks," and we had no choice but to comply. We were ordered to fall in ranks and do it d— quick or "we will shoot every one of you." So in we got the best we could and then the orders were given to march and we started for the rear. We had not gone far, until we were ordered to the double quick. They said the Yanks were coming down on them like hell. A rebel officer came riding up and said, "Move them Yanks up or they'll be taken from us."

We were taken back to Petersburg and put in an old tobacco house and then the fun began. They took boxes of tobacco and set them in front of us and said, "If any of you Yanks take any of that tobacco, we'll shoot you." We stayed there that night and then they started us for Andersonville Prison. After they had put us on the train and run us down the railroad, they stopped and said they would give us something to eat but they had not enough for themselves, "so you Yanks can do without." We had nothing to eat for three days. While we were there, they would torment us in various ways, taking meat and corn bread and holding it up in front of us and saying, "Yank, are you hungry?" then they would sit down and eat it and say, "We'll starve you Yanks."

We resumed the trip to Andersonville. They put us on the train and we had not gone far until our troops began to shell the train. One shell struck the end of the car that I was in. We were in hope that we would be recaptured by our men before we reached that hell-hole of Andersonville, but our hopes failed us and on we went till we got to that dismal place.

It nearly made us sick. They took us off the train, marched us to headquarters, there they drew us up in line and asked us if we had any money. We said, "No." Then they said, "You are such liars we'll search you," which they did, and took all of our money, pocket knives, etc., then marched us to the entrance of the prison, where they took our clothes away from us and opened the gates and turned us in naked and hungry, for we had had nothing to eat, saying, "There is where you'uns can stay."

It was a heart rending sight—the naked prisoners in that place. They were nothing but skin and bones. I felt that I could not live long in that place but I did live in it for eleven months. I weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds when I went in and seventy when I came out.

We got something to eat at last. It was a piece of corn bread about an inch and a half square and a spoonful of molasses and that is all I had for twenty-four hours, and I got that every twenty-four hours, and that was what I lived on most of the time for eleven months.

The stockade surrounding the prison was made of logs sawed square and stood on end, planted in the ground five feet, and about twenty feet high. There were little boxes on top where the guard stood and in the prison there was a dead line about ten feet wide made of stakes driven into the ground, with a board on top, and we were required to stay a foot away from it under pain of being shot. I saw one poor fellow shot when he was asleep. He rolled over too far and didn't know it.

The prison pen was nothing but a bed of sand and lice. The water we had to drink was out of a brook that ran through the refuse of the prison and the rebels would foul the stream in various ways and say it was good for Yank's health. When we were on the verge

of starvation, they would throw corn bread on the verge of the dead line and tell us to get it and would shoot anyone who would attempt to do so, saying they got a ten day furlough home for every Yank they shot.

I saw prisoners who were so weak they could not walk shot when not near the dead line. It was a hard task for me to see my comrades treated in that way. We were at their mercy and could not help ourselves. We were poor and weak, and infested with vermin. Poor and weak as we were and without shelter or fire, the guards would come in and say they ought to kill all of us. They would kick the prisoners in the ribs and order them to get up, when they were too weak to stand.

They brought our corn bread in a wagon and then would load the wagon with the dead men and haul them out, throw them in a trench, without a box or blanket, throw a little dust over them and leave them for the dogs to dig out and eat up.

Many attempts were made to escape, only to be tracked by blood hounds. I saw prisoners come in who had been caught by hounds, the flesh hanging down off the bones, torn by the dogs. Many of these men died in a short time. I saw a squad of prisoners caught in that way by the hounds and brought in all torn and bleeding, and for punishment some were hung up by the thumbs till they were dead and others were laid across a barrel and whipped with what they called cat-o'-nine-tails till the flesh dropped from their bones; others bucked and gagged and compelled to remain in that condition, until relieved by death. They would beg for mercy but were met with curses and orders to keep still on pain of being shot.

There were about thirty thousand in the pen, when I went in, and about five thousand came out alive. Every day there were three or four loads of dead hauled out. I had a comrade by the name of John Ramberger who died lying across my breast. I was stronger than he was. At night I would lie down and get his head on my breast. He had one foot rotted off and part of his thigh and was being eaten up with vermin. I saw hundreds of prisoners with their feet and arms decaying, crying and moaning with pain and asking for help. Wirz would come in and hail them and say, "I can

fix you damned Yanks," and would trample them to death, saying, "We can kill more here than they can at the front." I heard a man ask Wirz for something to eat and he took his revolver out and shot him dead and said, "You've got it now." It made my blood run cold, what little I had, for I was so weak I could not walk. I had to crawl on my hands and knees.

I saw a lot of new prisoners come in one day. They looked scared and said they could not live in such a place as that, with that bad smell and disease and vermin. They sat down and cried like babies to see their comrades in such a place and nothing but the dry skin drawn over the bones, and I thought I could not long survive myself.

Later on we had an ounce of meat and an ounce and a half of corn bread without salt and the water part of the time was green with filth and at other times red with blood, but one morning when I got up, it had rained all night and just a short distance from me there was a stream of nice clear water boiling out of the ground. It looked so good it made me shout with joy. It was at the edge of the dead line, so I thought I would crawl over and get a drink, but when I got within a short distance, the rebel guard said: "If you touch that water I will put a hole through you; go and drink where you have drunk before; it is good enough for you hogs."

It is hard for anyone who was not there to believe the truth as to the hardships and cruelty that we suffered in that rebel prison. I have often wondered how anyone survived, as poor and weak as we were. I saw men in the prison who you could see were just living, but the rebels would come in with their wagon, take them by the head and feet and throw them in for dead, and if they were not dead by the time they got them to the trench, they would kill them and throw them in.

How can we ever forgive such cruel and inhuman monsters as Wirz, Wynder and Barrett—the men who would take poor starved men out of the prison and whip them with the cat-o'-nine-tails till the flesh dropped from their bones and then tell the men to take the Yank and throw him into a hole.

Thank God! I got out after eleven months. I was taken June 16, 1864, and got out May 16, 1865.



G.G. WALTERS. AGE 18
PRIVATE 148 P.V.



G.G. WALTERS, COMMANDER
POST 117 GAR PITTSBURG AGE 51.



J.F. McNOLDY, PRIVATE
148 P.V. AGE 18.



J.F. McNOLDY,
ALTOONA, PA. AGE 58

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

PART V.

By James F. McNoldy, Company K.

When the call for men came to our home for volunteers, there were four of us working in the same tailor shop. I felt it my duty to my country to go, as I was single. I at once started and walked from my home to a village in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where Lieutenant Dotts was enlisting men for service, and enrolled my name. We remained at the hotel at Greenville for a few days and then took the overland route to Millerstown Station, then to Harrisburg, where we arrived in due time.

The next day were examined and of course we all passed, good as old wheat. There was an officer waiting until we were examined who wanted us to go with him, but our good Lieutenant wouldn't sell out. He offered big money if we would go with him, but Lieutenant Dotts said, "No, I'll keep my boys." We met Captain Core; he lacked eighteen men—just our number—so we decided to go with him. This filled the Regiment. We then embarked for Cocks-ville, Maryland, to join our Regiment, which was stationed there to guard bridges. We went by the name of the Berks County Dutch.

One day I was on picket duty along the railroad. I got tired carrying my rifle and standing it against a rock, I walked back and forth very much unconcerned, when to my surprise, an officer approached very rapidly, never smiling, but walked straight to where I had placed my rifle and took it and then asked my name, company and regiment. I told him very nicely. Then he asked me if I knew him. I said I didn't. Said he was Colonel Beaver and wanted to know if I knew what my orders were when I was placed on duty, and I told him as best I could in my broken Pennsylvania Dutch. "Well," says he, "if I had been an enemy, I could have killed you." This was my first experience of this kind and it certainly taught me a lesson which I never forgot.

Our first baptism of fire was at Chancellorsville, and my file cover, whose name was Corp. Ross Kirkpatrick, lost his right arm, being hit by a piece of railroad iron.

We were put on skirmish line behind some logs and in this place I was wounded in my left arm, but stayed at my post and tried to do my best to keep the rebs back. Some one then gave command to "Assemble to the left," and about the time we were leaving another command was given to "Stay where you are." We did stay to our sorrow. One of my company, a man by the name of Melcher Wasser, looked back and discovered a rebel officer behind a tree and Wasser hollered, "Shoot him; he's a rebel," but we didn't get time to shoot, for they came down upon us like thousands of demons, calling us all kinds of names, and if any were slow in dropping their things they got plenty of help from the rebels.

They then marched us off to Hotel Libby and hell-hole Castle Thunder, thence to Belle Isle to die. Words cannot express our torture. I have never seen printing yet that has expressed the suffering from hunger and cold, but I was fortunate enough to get out with a lot of prisoners and was paroled, after being in seventeen days. We went on boat at Richmond for White House Landing and there we received our transports for Annapolis, where we were placed in camp parole. There we stayed for some time with nothing to do but eat and sleep. Three other boys and myself, all of Company K, grew tired of this and asked for a furlough to go home, but the commanding officer as much as told us to take a "French." We did, starting one evening and marching all night along the water. The next morning, at the break of day we weren't more than two miles away from our starting point. You can imagine our feelings. Well we rested that day and that night we went a different route and succeeded in escaping pickets and paroles. We got as far as Westminster when one of our party became sick, so we decided to give up the trip and I went to town, reported to provost marshal and then brought the other boys to town. We remained there a few days, then they sent us back to Baltimore with a Sergeant as a guide to deliver us to provost marshal for further orders. The next thing we were sent across the river and placed in Fort McHenry with rebel prisoners and deserters,

but we were not kept there very long. They sent us back to parole camp at Maryland. When we arrived at camp we were ordered to fall in double line and the commanding officer said, "Now those with their uniforms on step three paces to the front." Then he said, "I suppose you know where you belong and where your quarters are, so get"—and we did. Some were deserters and some just procured citizens clothes, thinking they could get along better. This was of no use, it was all up with them—some for good.

We remained here for a while and finally we were sent to our regiments to join the boys again for further orders. I will never forget the pleasant greetings we received from our officers and men.

While on skirmish line next to State Road, Company K had to creep on their hands and knees to establish their line. I heard a noise in the bushes but could see nothing on account of the heavy undergrowth, so I motioned for next man to come to me. Just then we saw two Johnnies coming towards us. I told my mate to take one and I would take the other, and that when I would nod my head we would shoot, but to our surprise neither of our guns went off, but when the caps snapped you ought to have seen those poor fellows run through the thorns and brush. We remained there till some time in the night when the word was passed from one to the other to withdraw, and we did, but we found out afterward that we were left there with the expectation of being captured, but fortunately we got out all right.

On May 9th and 10th, at Po River, we had a desperate fight, Company K having its full share. We crossed and recrossed this river on trees that were felled across the stream and forded it. Our Regiment fought and held a full Division. At Spotsylvania Company K was in the thickest of the fight. Right where we charged up to battery I was up to the mouths of their cannon, but this became too hot so I ran off to my left. There was our Colonel and Major Fairlamb with a group of about fifteen or twenty. Major Fairlamb said, "Come now, boys, we can take those batteries," so we went for them again and we did succeed, but we had to give them the butts of our rifles. Then over the breastworks we went. I ran down along the left and jumped up on the breastworks. There sat two Johnnies

with fixed bayonets. I punched one of them with my bayonet and told him to come out and "get." They did, and wanted to know where they should "get to." I said, "Right over those works." Then down along the works I ran and met a messmate—James F. Weidner. He called to me that there was a limber hauled by four horses. He said, "Jim, shoot one of those horses." I did. I killed the lead horse and that stopped them. About this time a fine bay horse ran up to me. I captured him and took him across the breastworks towards our line and set him free. He did not get very far without being captured.

Going down along the works again came across another trap the Johnnies had set for us. It was a very deep ditch, about six feet deep and six feet wide, with wires stretched along about six inches off the ground, but I was fortunate enough to get over all right. Then after the Johnnies we went. We didn't get very far, for there was an open field on the other side of a wood. We passed through and this was filled with troops from one end to the other. Our Color Sergeant was right with me and who should we spy but two Johnnies coming from behind a large oak tree who ordered us to surrender. I told the Sergeant not to give up the flag and then I proceeded to give it to them, then we took to our heels and such running as we did down through the woods, and across that ditch, with the rebels after us, calling for us to stop. We stopped, but not until we got over the breastworks that we had captured.

At Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 1st, 2d, 3d, 9th and 12th, Company K, like the rest of our Regiment, had its hands full. On skirmish line again as usual. We drove their skirmish line across a large field and followed them, creeping up the rise in front of their breastworks. Here an officer commanding the skirmish line got behind a tree, close to me, and ordered us to go ahead. I drew up on him and said, "Get out from behind that tree and come on if you want us to go any farther." He came but we didn't get much farther. Just at the place I cross the road, sticking in a fence rail, was a note and it read as follows: "If you gain the brow of this hill, don't go any farther; if you do, you will lose every man you have. Signed, A friend." We just got about a hundred yards farther and we remained there that day and that night. Three other fellows and myself of our Reg-

iment crawled into a large cedar bush and let me tell you we had to keep low. That night we built a fort with coffee sacks filled with sand, with cracker box lids for port holes to shoot through, making very good use of them.

The next day we spied a flag right in front of us on their works. It didn't stay there very long, for we shot it down, but it wasn't down very long when a big Johnnie jumped upon the works with another one. This time Johnnie and flag both fell, Johnnie for good. When we saw a rebel down along the line all four of us would fire at him. We all fired at once and just as we fired a ball hit Comrade Fleming's gun about or near the second band, and both balls met. There were splinters flying in every direction, cutting Fleming in his cheek, neck and left side. He thought I held my rifle too close to his cheek and the powder had burned him. He said, "What are you doing, Jim?" I said, "Nothing." So after an examination we soon discovered what was wrong. A hole in the side of his gun barrel told the story.

I must not pass by another incident which happened that morning. While looking through my port hole, some one tapped me on my shoulder. I looked around and there stood the Colonel. I told him there was a reb down there in front of the fort and he said, "Let me look through and let me have your rifle." I stepped back and he took my rifle, looked through and shot at the Johnnie, but about the same time some one on the other side let loose, the ball coming in through the port hole, hitting the side of a board and then striking the Colonel on his left breast, his pocket diary checking the blow. He wheeled around and said, "I don't believe I have any business here."

The next day, when they sent the flag of truce over, I had charge of our men along the line we had been fighting. There were a great number of our wounded men lying between the lines that we could not reach. What a terrible sight! The men were as black as negroes and swollen terribly. The night before the flag was sent over there was one of our boys lying out in front and an officer asked for some one to crawl out to him. He was dead, but he wanted to get whatever he had to send home to his family, so I crawled out on my hands

and knees, hugging the ground as close as I could, and got everything he had, and gave all but his haversack to this man. We confiscated its contents. He had a good supply of hard tack and we made excellent use of it.

When on skirmish line at Reams Station we had to leave our knapsacks and everything behind our breastworks. When we started out after the rebs, we drove them across the railroad, through a field and into the woods. There we stopped. I got to the edge of a narrow strip of timber where I was able to see to the other side, into an open field, and saw a mass of troops, so the rebels charged us and we had to go back to our line of breastworks, which we had captured from them, but when we got back we found a New York regiment in our place and they opened fire so we were between two fires. We looked for our knapsacks, but they were gone, and we had to do the next best and capture the first one we got next to.

Colonel Broadie ordered us back again. I told him there were thousands of rebs on the other side of that house. He just laughed at me and said, "Move on up to the right." We did. Beaver arrived and took command of our Brigade, relieving Colonel Broadie, but only to be cut down by a rebel bullet, causing the loss of his leg. It was not long till those rebs let loose in front of us. Oh, such yelling! On they came through the brush and broke our line on the right, coming in behind us. Comrade Hersh called to me to come on and get out of this. Then some reb called out, "Surrender." I looked around and there they were behind us on the other side of the railroad, having a flag planted. I turned and fired one shot into the group, then took to my heels; didn't get very far. I jumped down into the railroad cut, right at the ice house and stuck in the mud, hardly landing when a reb drew up on me. He was going to shoot me, but a rebel Lieutenant drew his sword and told him to go about his business. He said, "Don't you know those men are prisoners." So we were pulled out and taken back through the woods to where the church stood. Such a sight! We traveled over dead and wounded for about a mile.

Now off for Salisbury, North Carolina. Such a disheartened crowd of boys is difficult to describe, as they tramped off to prison.

The first night in the rebel's care we put up in a large field, no shelter whatever and nothing to eat. In the night there was a great storm and never have I witnessed such thunder and lightning. We were completely drenched with the rain and no fire to dry our clothes. The next morning we started on our weary march, and as we passed by some plantations, the planters would bring their families to the road to let them see the Yankees. Some spit in our faces and called us vile names. We had to endure it or take abuse from the guard. We marched from Petersburg to Salisbury. There were about thirteen thousand put into this enclosure at one time. What a sight this was with no shelter at first but the broad canopy of heaven. We after a while got tents and a great many of the boys dug holes in the ground for their shelter. We were all counted off in hundreds and I was put in Craig's hundred and the Sergeant who had command of us would drain our corn, mush and soup till you might term it dish water. All you could see in your mug was about a half dozen cow peas and about three times that amount of worms and bugs. Things became very desperate. There were a few wells in the enclosure, but they were pretty dry. If you had a tin can with a string attached that would reach to the bottom of a well you were a lucky fellow, but to keep such a precious article was another story.

One day there was a dog at the cook house, but some of the boys coaxed him out and dispatched him, so we had mutton for supper and it was all right. The Johnnies offered a big reward if anyone could tell them what had become of that dog, but nobody but the boys that ate him knew anything of his whereabouts. The rebels offered all kinds of inducements to come out and work for them, but none of our boys went. There were some of the New York men went. One especially I remember would work all day and when he would come in camp in the evening and bring chickens, sweet potatoes and other good things. There was always a rush for his tent. As many as fifty poor souls would stand outside and wait until he would clean his chickens and pare his potatoes, he would throw out the parings and entrails and then for a fight. I can only remember of securing one set of chicken entrails, although I was a frequent visitor to his tent. They used also to haul beef entrails to camp in a cart and dump them

off, like they would for a lot of animals. Once when they dumped them off, I spied a beef tripe and such a time as I had trying to tear that thing. Well, we tugged away but to no advantage, until I got at it with an old case knife, about three inches long. I managed to cut into, and had a piece almost off when somebody grabbed it with both hands and away he went. I made a second attempt, but there was a second fellow waiting, so trying again for the third time, I held on and cut at the same time and when I found that I had this piece, you should have seen me run. I roasted this over a fire and it was a delicious bite for me, in those days.

We used to draw three sticks of wood for one hundred men. They were about as thick as stovepipe and our implements for splitting them were a railroad spike without a head, and a stone for a sledge. About this time, scurvy was very bad. I had a very bad case of it. My legs from my knees to my feet were full of holes, and my teeth were all loose and ready to fall out—all for the want of salt. I had a very nice pipe, which I managed to get through without being captured, and one day while walking through camp smoking, there was a rebel officer stepped up to me and said, "Yank, what will you take for that pipe?"

I said, "I would like to take this pipe along home if I was ever lucky enough to get there and for that reason I didn't want to part with it." He said, "You had better sell it to me. I will give you a fair price for it." I asked him what he would give. He replied, "Twenty dollars." This was the last thing I had left, but I sold it, claiming to this day that that pipe saved my life, for I bought salt with my twenty dollars and paid one dollar for a tablespoonful, scant measure, but as soon as I began using salt my scurvy got better, while thousands of poor boys were dying all around me.

They tried at first to make us believe that they were burying them in coffins, by bringing in a two-horse mule team, having three coffins on the wagon, but that didn't go, for they were dying off so fast that they had to take nine and sometimes twelve on a load. They would back their wagon up to the door of a dead house and then four would load, three to carry and one on the wagon, they would give the poor fellow a swing; one would holler, "Hei-o-hei," and away he

would go. One would drag him ahead on the wagon till they had a load, then they would haul them out and bury them, three on a pile.

I was there at the time the break for liberty was made. Already having five bullet wounds I was knocked down with a sixth, this one entering my head, and lying outside of my tent helpless, a rebel with a Colt's revolver, on the stockade walk, came up to me and emptied seven loads at me. But he was a poor shot, for he never touched me. I looked up at him every time he fired, for I expected that would wind it up, but it didn't. Then he called for some one to bring him a rifle, saying, "I can't kill that blue bellied son of a b——," but thanks to the good Lord, about that time a kindly hand took hold of me and dragged me into a tent out of harm's way.

About the time this thing happened, Sherman was giving them fits, and the Army of the Potomac had their hands full, but they were afraid of our cavalry coming in on them, so they shipped us out of there in short order in old stock and box cars.

"On our way to God's country," the boys used to say. When we landed in Richmond, the ones that couldn't walk were hauled across to our flag of truce boat, but I didn't wait to be hauled. I secured a stick of wood and used this for a crutch and hobbled along as good as I could, being wounded in my left leg and right arm. I got to the boat all right. When we saw our flag, the first time for about four months, there was shouting and crying for joy. They had tables set at the landing with plenty of good things to eat and all free. That night we departed for home and arrived at Annapolis, after sailing for two nights and a day. When we landed there the band came down to the wharf and played some very touching pieces. I remained in the hospital until that fall not being able to leave on account of starvation and my wounds. When my Regiment was mustered out of United States service I was reported killed and I suppose there are some of the boys that have never heard any different, but I am still here, enjoying pretty good health.

THE CORPORAL'S STORY.

By G. G. Walters, Company K.

I enlisted August 13, 1862, at Greenville, Clarion, County Pennsylvania. A squad of boys in this community made up our minds we would all go to the War together, so the following names were enrolled at Greenville: W. C. Sloan, A. C. Sloan, I. N. Sloan, J. M. Sloan, S. H. Sloan, Monson Corbett, Hugh S. Neill, John D. Neill, Dennis Conner, G. G. Walters and J. B. Ferguson. In a few days we heard that Mr. Thompson Core, of Curllsville, Clarion County, was raising a company and wanted more men. We joined them on the condition that Thompson Core would be made Captain, and J. B. Ferguson, First Lieutenant of the company.

On August 18th I left home and came to Curllsville, headquarters of the company. Several of the boys were here and we spent some days assisting Captain Core going over the country finding new recruits. August 26th was the day appointed by the Captain to leave for the Army. Forty-two men being present, we were sworn into the company by Squire Armitage, of Crullsville, a citizen who was very much interested in the organization of the company. After thanking the good people of Curllsville, who had so well entertained us while there, and bidding farewell to our friends, we left in wagons for Kittanning on the Alleghany Valley Railroad, this being the nearest railroad to us, where we arrived at 6:00 P. M. Stayed in hotels over night, and on the morning of the 27th left for Pittsburg, arriving in the city about noon we were marched out to Camp Howe (two miles) and placed in barracks, which we called shanties, provided for the soldiers during their stay in this camp.

August 27th we were sworn into the United States service for the period of three years, or during the War. Captain Core, J. Z. Brown, and H. C. Courson started back to Clarion County to recruit more men for the company. J. B. Ferguson was left in charge of the company. September 4th we received our Government uniforms and at four o'clock marched into the city and boarded train for Harrisburg, where we arrived early on the morning of September 5th.

Breakfast was furnished at the depot by the Relief Society, after which we marched to Camp Curtin, two miles from the city.

September 7th Captains Core, Brown and Courson returned with sixteen recruits, and by reason of J. B. Ferguson not having a receipt to show that we had been mustered in at Pittsburg, we were re-sworn into the service, this time for three years.

September 9th we were taken to the Arsenal and armed with Vincennes rifle muskets, lettered "K," and placed in the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, under command of a young attorney from Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, named James A. Beaver, who was appointed Colonel of our Regiment. Captain Core started back to Clarion County to recruit more men for our company, it not being full.

September 8th the Regiment was organized, companies being placed in order, and then marched to railroad depot and loaded on freight cars on the Northern Central Railroad, and the morning of September 10th found us at Cockeyville in the State of Maryland for the purpose of guarding the railroad. We encamped in a beautiful grove of timber, and named it Camp Beaver in honor of our Colonel.

September 27th, Captain Core returned with twenty-two recruits for Company K, the recruits being from Montgomery County, the Captain having recruited them at Harrisburg on condition that Henry H. Dotts, one of their members, should be Second Lieutenant of Company K.

After guarding the railroad at Phoenix Station for three weeks we were relieved by Company C, and we returned to Camp Beaver.

On October 27th we received twenty-five dollars, state bounty, and two dollars enlistment fee. As many of our boys had never had so much money at one time it was quite a treat. Company and squad drill was the order of the day.

On November 3d, Rev. J. S. Elder, Presbyterian Minister from Greenville, Clarion County, came to visit us. I, with quite a good many of our boys, were members of his church, and we were glad to see him. He preached to us in camp on Sunday, November 4th.

Mr. Phillips, of Johnstown, set up a sutler shop in Camp Beaver.

On November 29th we had a general inspection of our Regiment by Colonel Beaver. The boys whose clothes were not clean and whose guns were not bright and in good condition were sent to their tents with orders to "clean up." We began to learn by this time that the Colonel was an expert in military discipline and cleanliness, and was bringing his Regiment up to the standard of disciplined soldiers.

On December 7th we moved into barracks in the border of Cockeyville, which had been built for our winter quarters. Weather cold and stormy. Two days after this orders came to pack up and be ready to move at once. We were on the cars in the evening and at five o'clock arrived at Baltimore. From this time until we reached the front at Falmouth, the events and experiences of the company are identical with and are fully detailed in the stories of other commands and need not be repeated.

On December 28th, Monson Corbett, a member of Company K, and a messmate of the writer, died of fever in the Field Hospital near our camp. He being a young man of excellent character, a good soldier who was always ready for duty, and the first taken away from the company by death, the sad event cast a gloom in our company. On December 29th my deceased messmate was buried on a knoll above Fredericksburg, with the honors of war, a volley being fired over his grave. I placed a board at the head of his grave, on which was inscribed his name, company, regiment, and these words.

"Here sleeps the brave who sinks to rest
By all his country's wishes blest."

January, 1863, came in warm and pleasant. January 17th. Burnside's Army had a Grand Review.

January 27th, John Flick, a member of our company died at the hospital of congestive chills, sick but a few hours.

February 28th, general inspection of Hancock's Division.

March 14th, three men of our Division had their heads shaved and were drummed out of camp for desertion.

March 15th, John A. Lee, member of our company, died at the hospital.

March 27th, the Army of the Potomac was reviewed today by President Abraham Lincoln on the plains across the railroad below Fredericksburg.

April 27th, general inspection of everything; extra clothing, overcoats, dress coats and large tents were sent away. Six months pay today. Sent most of my money home. Some of the boys paid as much as two to three dollars for a bottle of whiskey. The boys in my mess did not drink whiskey. During this winter in camp the soldiers drew rations of whiskey three times a week. At first we gave ours away to some Germans in our company. Soon we found that they had too much so one of our boys found a way to get rid of the whiskey. With a large poker with which he stirred the fire, he bored a hole in the ground at the corner of the chimney inside the tent. Down this hole went our whiskey all winter. We called this whiskey corner.

April 19th. another inspection with orders to have everything ready to move at a moment's notice. With five days' rations of meat, crackers, sugar, coffee, and salt in our knapsacks and haversacks, we left camp on April 28th, and on April 31st crossed the Rappahannock River at United States Ford, and marched until eleven o'clock at night.

On the evening of May 1st our Regiment marched out of the woods to a cross-roads. Here stood a large brick house, and the place was called Chancellorsville. Company K with one other company was taken out the pike to support a picket line which was firing out in a field. As we marched out the pike the wounded came in by us. Blood was dropping from the wounds on the heads and fingers of the wounded. The hair of my head was on end and the cold chills ran over me at this, our first introduction to the horrors of war.

We soon returned to the Regiment at the brick house. The Regiment formed in line of battle in the woods to the left of the house. Here we were resting when the rebels sent shells into the woods. One of the shells struck the limb of a tree and fell down in our com-

pany, breaking the arm of Ross C. Kirkpatrick. This was the first soldier wounded in Company K.

On the night of May 2d we built breastworks in the woods to the left of the pike, felling trees in every direction in front of our works, and were prepared for the rebels who attacked us on the morning of May 3d at 7:00 A. M., coming on a charge yelling like savages. We received them warmly and repulsed them easily, leaving many of their dead and wounded in our front. I noticed a rebel officer coming up in our front on a white horse, urging his men to charge on our works. Several of us took aim, fired and the officer and horse both fell dead. We held our line unbroken for an hour against several attempts they made. By this time the right of our line was driven back and we were ordered to the left; most of our boys obeyed orders. Those who did not were taken prisoners. The main body of our Army having been driven back, we "skedaddled" through the woods in the direction of the Rappahannock River in great disorder. A panic seemed to have seized the troops, many retreating two or three miles. Patrols were sent out in all directions and we were picked up and returned to the front and in the evening we found our Regiment, which had formed a new line of battle and were building breastworks. Captain Core was wounded today in the shoulder. Corporal Hugh S. Neil, a messmate of mine and color bearer of our company was killed by a musket ball through his body and fell into the hands of the rebels. One of Company E recovered our flag. Four others of Company K were killed and eight taken prisoners.

May 4th, little fighting. Sharpshooters drove in our picket lines, and our batteries threw shells into the woods and the rebels ran. Our Army commenced to retreat, and on the morning of May 6th our Regiment recrossed the Rappahannock River and returned to the old camp above Falmouth, wearied and discouraged at the loss of a hard fought battle.

On July 1st we encamped about two miles in the rear of Gettysburg. On the morning of July 2d we were out early with orders to be ready to move. We were marched to the right of Little Round Top and were placed in position to support the line whenever and

wherever needed. Our Regiment was called into the fight late in the afternoon, advancing in line of battle up to and into the wheat field. The first soldier I saw dying was Colonel Edward E. Cross, 5th New Hampshire, Commanding Brigade, who was lying among some small bushes on the edge of the wheat field. We advanced across the field, driving the rebels into the woods beyond. The salvation of our Regiment was in the fact that the rebels' aim was too high, the bullets whizzing over our heads as thick as falling hail. The wheat was yellow and all trampled to the ground. We were relieved in the evening and returned from the field the same way we entered it. The report we got stated that our Regiment lost about one hundred and thirty men. We marched back to the main line and took a new position to the left of a round bunch of trees. Here we were ordered to build a new line of strong breastworks, which we worked on a greater part of the night.

On the morning of July 3d we found that during the night preparations had been made for a great battle. The forenoon of the 3d passed in comparative quiet, as far as Hancock's Corps was concerned. Previous to one o'clock there was profound silence. This was the interval in which the rebels were placing their artillery and forming their lines for the grand attack of the third day. About this time General Hancock rode along our line encouraging the men and informed us that the enemy was going to make a charge on our line and that he wanted every soldier to stand at his post. About one o'clock their signal gun was fired and they opened the battle with a most terrific cannonade from one hundred and forty-five guns, which was promptly answered by our artillery. This artillery fight was terrible. We lay hugging the ground in the rear of our works, the hot July sun blazing down on us; the air above us full of screeching shells and balls from the rebel lines. The line of fire from our guns in the rear must have been very close above our heads. The shock from our cannon and the bursting of shells from the rebels' guns caused blood to flow from the ears and noses of several members of our company. During this artillery duel there was no musket firing. When our guns ceased firing there was quiet and all felt certain that the fight would break out again in some shape, but did

not know how it would come. However, it came soon. About seventeen thousand men who had formed for this charge in the rear of their works in the edge of the woods three-fourths of a mile away, made their appearance in our front. Emerging from the woods in three long double lines of battle, they moved out over their works in splendid style. From the location of our Regiment we could see the first double line across their works, then came a second and a third line. The long lines of gray moved across the fields toward us in perfect order. Berdan's sharpshooters commenced firing, picking out their officers—their globe sighted guns being effective at long range. Soon our artillery along the line from the cemetery to the Little Round Top opened on them with shells, grape and canister, and when their lines reached the Emmittsburg Road, our infantry commenced firing at short range. The effect was terrible. Great gaps were opened in their lines by our cannon balls. The last sight I remember before the smoke hid our view, was a rebel battery coming into position near a brick house between our Regiment and the Emmittsburg Road, which commenced shelling our lines. Their lines of infantry were now crossing the road. It was about this time that General Armistead, commanding a rebel division, reached our lines at the Bloody Angle on our right, and with his cap on the top of his sword, leaped the stone wall, followed by his men, and advanced over one hundred feet within our lines, where he fell dead, riddled with bullets. Then came the hand to hand conflict at the Bloody Angle, which you read of in history, when pistols, swords, bayonets, butts of muskets and ramrods were freely used. This lasted only a few moments, when the Johnnies commenced to throw down their arms and surrender, over four hundred prisoners coming in over the breastworks of the 148th Regiment. Great was the rejoicing over the victory. The prisoners seemed to be starving. They asked us to trade crackers for tobacco, which seemed to be about all they had in their haversacks. Immediately after the firing ceased, two large haystacks in the rear of our Regiment were torn down, the hay scattered over the ground, and long rows of wounded men were laid side by side.

This practically ended the battle of Gettysburg. Lee's Army was defeated. The high watermark of the Rebellion had been reached; the clump of trees made famous, and the Bloody Angle baptized with the blood of the Blue and the Gray. The Union Army victorious, but decimated and worn out prepared for much needed rations and rest. The Rebel Army, defeated and discouraged, prepared for retreat, and on the night of the 3d General Lee commenced to move his heavy trains toward the Potomac. It is said there was one wagon train sixteen miles long containing his sick and wounded—going in wagons mostly without springs, from which there came wails of agony and despair.

After the battle was over, the writer with others walked up the line to the Angle and bunch of trees where the most severe fighting had been done. Here the sights were sickening. The dead and wounded lay all around. Along on our side of the stone fence the Blue and the Gray were mixed. To the rear all were our men, while in front, between the Angle and the Emmittsburg Road, one could have almost walked on the bodies of dead soldiers without treading on the ground. The rebel pickets in the edge of the woods were sending bullets our way, and we were warned to return to our Regiment. The shelling having ceased, the boys knew the victory was won. There was then great rejoicing along our line. We drew rations and prepared to fill up the inner man. We needed it, as we had not had a satisfactory meal since July 1st. During the two days we had subsisted chiefly on raw pork and hard tack, but hard tack and pork were good.

In the evening of the third day, I was detailed with others to report for duty at Gettysburg. We marched up along the line of battle towards the cemetery. Hundreds of dead horses and mules lay along the line swelled one-third over their natural size. Most of them were artillery horses, and the straps and traces of harness had been cut and the cannons drawn away. When we arrived in Gettysburg, all the public buildings, hotels, and many private houses were hospitals full of wounded, dead, and dying soldiers of both Armies.

As the years go by, the oftener I visit Gettysburg, the more I am impressed with the memories and cost of that great conflict.

The Gettysburg of today is hallowed with memories that will never die, and will shine more resplendent as the years go by. Four hundred and fifty monuments of granite and marble mark the spot where regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps have made this battlefield the Waterloo of the world. Original breastworks, earthworks, stone walls, and shattered trees still remind the visitor of the awful carnage. Three hundred and fifty cannons are now in actual position to mark the original location of the different batteries. According to estimates of General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, there were expended on this field in that great conflict for our Union, about five hundred and sixty tons of deadly missiles, including all the various kinds of shells, balls, shot and shrapnel known to this country and to Europe. Over one hundred and fifty thousand men on both sides were engaged. About forty thousand soldiers of both Armies were killed, wounded or missing. There lay at one time on this field ten thousand dead soldiers and five thousand dead horses and mules, and multitudes of turkey buzzards fed on the carcasses of the latter for weeks after the battle.

Pennsylvania had engaged in this great conflict for our Union sixty-eight regiments of infantry, nine regiments of cavalry, and seven batteries of artillery. The 148th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was organized in 1862 and from its first baptism of fire and blood at Chancellorsville in 1863 to the surrender at Appomattox in 1865, the record is a proud one. Our monument of granite in the wheat field at Gettysburg will tell to generations yet unborn the list of battles waged for the preservation of our Union.

The most hallowed spot on the field is the National Cemetery, embracing seventeen acres of ground, situated on the highest point of Cemetery Hill. Here in this silent city of the dead are buried 3,590 soldiers who wore the Union Blue, of which number five hundred and thirty-four are from the state of Pennsylvania. In one section alone are buried nine hundred and seventy-nine dead.

“Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent: By night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.”

Will the survivors of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who still live to enjoy the privileges of the twentieth century forget the memory of their comrades whose patriotism and heroism on battlefields from Chancellorsville to Appomattox has illumined the pages of the world's history, and whose blood has made sacred the soil of our country, and above whose ashes now bloom the lilies and the roses. Nay, we cannot forget. While these comrades of ours have been safely placed in nature's keeping, we who remain will place upon their graves tributes of love, and pledges of undying remembrance. While we join with loving hearts and willing hands in these festivals of the dead let us not forget the old heroes living, left for us to comfort and assist. Scatter flowers all along their way through life. The loves that were gathered in life will beautify and gladden the end of our lives with a halo of remembrances that will never die.

“Oh, men who fought at Gettysburg
 Who wore the Union Blue
 I'll keep my modest clover leaf
 In memory of you,
 And when upon it I shall gaze
 What memories will throng;
 Our cause it was forever right
 Our foes forever wrong.

Forever wrong: let history point
 To Gettysburg with pride;
 For freedom triumphed on its fields
 And strangled, treason died.
 Long may the “clump of trees” remain
 Where struggled Blue and Gray,
 And may the three leaf clover bloom
 Forever and a day.”

EATING CHICKEN AT FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

On April 7, 1865, two days before the surrender, we captured Farmville, a town noted for manufacturing tobacco. The warehouses were full of manufactured tobacco. After stacking arms and breaking ranks, with orders to go for what we could get, Dennis Connor a noted forager of Company K captured a chicken. He said to me, “Come along, and we will go to the darkey's house and have it cooked.” There were two colored women who

said they would cook the chicken if we would get them some tobacco. We agreed to this and we both returned to the warehouse, and each took a sixty pound box of manufactured tobacco, and carried it to their house and up to the attic, where they said was the only place they could keep it from their master. While waiting on our fowl to cook, a fine looking white lady came in, who was introduced to us as the owner of the plantation. She was very talkative, asking many questions about the Yankees. She said she did not care what we would take if we would only leave her her servants. She was forty-five years old and had never cooked a meal in her life. During our conversation I showed her several photographs I had in my pocket of the Generals in both Armies. Among them was one of General R. E. Lee, commander of the rebel Army. She was an admirer of Lee, and politely asked me to give her the picture. When I tossed it into her lap she started back to her house, and soon returned with a tray full of pickles, preserves, and many dainties that looked very tempting to boys that had not eaten anything of the kind for about three years. By this time the colored women had the chicken, and some good bread and coffee on the table, to which the white lady added her dainties. We had a good dinner of what the colored women had prepared, but left all on the table the white lady brought, knowing that some of our boys had been poisoned by eating food prepared by southern women. She seemed very much disappointed when we bade her good-bye.

SLEEPING ON THE FRONT PICKET LINE.

During a cold rainy day in March, 1863, I worked all day helping to build a corduroy road in the rear of our camp above Falmouth for the artillery to pass over. In the evening when I came into camp, one of our boys was detailed to go on picket. He was sick. I said to him, "I will take your place." Our picket line was on the north side of the river below the railroad bridge at Fredericksburg. My outpost was at an important point. About two o'clock in the morning an officer of the line tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Sentinel, where is your gun?" I opened my eyes and said, "It's around here." He said, "If it's around here you had better get it." The officer had taken my gun out of my hand and set it back of the breastworks be-

fore he awoke me. He said, "This is an important outpost. How do you account for this?" I said, "I worked all day yesterday in the storm and rain on the road we're building for the artillery to pass, and when I came into camp in the evening, one of my messmates who was sick, was detailed to go on this picket line. I took his place. This is my excuse." He said, "Do you know the penalty of sleeping on the outpost?" "Yes, sir, I do." He said, "Your excuse is a fairly good one. Take your gun and never again be caught sleeping on the picket line." For two and one-half years, I never again to my knowledge slept on an outpost.

WHAT WE LEAVE TO OUR CHILDREN.

As our ranks grow thinner, as our numbers diminish, as the thousands are crowded off the stage of action, there is coming a new generation—one that is saturated with patriotism and love for the old flag. This coming generation is filled with adoration of the deeds of their fathers. Entering on and taking possession of our Government, the day will yet come when the proudest boast of ancestry will consist in the fact that our fathers bore arms in defense of this great country. We may not be able to leave to our children gold, jewels, precious stones or wealth, but there is something that money cannot buy,—honor. This is transmitted as an heirloom for which generations yet unborn will bless us and hold our memory in sacred reverence; while over the fireplace the old sword will be suspended, and many an evening whiled away in recounting the heroic deeds that reflect honor out from the dim ages of long ago. "My father went down in the great battle of Gettysburg. My father stood on the brink of starvation in the Andersonville prison. My father helped to carry the flag above the clouds of Lookout Mountain. My father stood beneath the leaden hail at Vicksburg. My father marched with Meade through the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and heard the shouts of victory at the surrender of Appomattox in April, 1865." These are the priceless relics transmitted to posterity that no thief in the night can steal. This is the grand heritage bought with the blood and suffering of our fathers which no engraver can counterfeit.

LIST OF GOVERNMENT CLOTHING AND PRICE OF SAME.

Allowance, \$42.00 per year.

If we drew over that amount it was taken out of our monthly pay.

If we did not draw that amount we got the balance in money.

Pants (mounted)	\$ 5.90
Pants (not mounted).....	4.75
Dress coats	12.50
Overcoats	12.00
Socks40
Cap	1.00
Sack coat, lined.....	4.80
Flannel shirts.....	2.25
Knit shirts	2.35
Sewed shoes.....	2.70
Pegged shoes.....	2.25
Woolen blankets.....	7.00
Rubber blankets.....	4.40
Oil painted blankets.....	2.65
Flannel drawers.....	1.60
Knit drawers.....	1.75

CAMP EQUIPAGE.

Knapsacks and straps.....	\$ 3.10
Haversacks85
Canteen65
Camp kettle.....	1.00
Mess pan.....	.45
Hatchet80
Axe	1.65
Spade	1.37
Shelter tents complete.....	9.80
Drum complete.....	7.85
Fife35
Bugle	3.65

When worn our any of the above articles could be returned and new ones drawn. Every soldier was held responsible and if he lost any of the above articles of camp equipage through carelessness had to pay for the same.

NAMES, DATES AND INCIDENTS OF BATTLES IN WHICH I PARTICIPATED.

Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2 and 3, 1863.

Haymarket, Virginia, June 25, 1863.

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2 and 3, 1863.
Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863.
Richardsons Ford, September 1, 1863.
Auburn Mills, Virginia, October 14, 1863.
Bristoe Station, Virginia, October 14, 1863.
Kelley's Ford, Virginia, November 7, 1863.
Mine Run, Virginia, November 29-30 and December 1, 1863.
Morton's Ford, February 6 and 7, 1864.
Wilderness, Virginia, May 5 and 6, 1864.
Po River, Virginia, May 9 and 10, 1864.
Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12 and 13, 1864.
Totopotomoy Creek, May 30, 1864.
Milford Station, Virginia, May 31, 1864.
North Anna River, May 23 and 24, 1864.
Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 1, 2, 3, and 9, 1864.
Jerusalem Plank Road, June 23, 1864.
Petersburg, Virginia, June 16 and 17, 1864; also 21st and 22d.
Deep Bottom, Virginia, July 27, 1864.
Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14 and 15, 1864.
Reams Station, Virginia, August 24 to 25, 1864.
Captured rebel fort front of Petersburg, October 27, 1864.
Fort Rice, October 25, 1864.
Fought in front of Fort Sampson, March 25, 1865.
White Oak Road, March 31, 1865.
Hatcher's Run, Virginia, March 31, 1865.
Gravelly Run, Virginia, March 25, 1865.
South Side Railroad, April 2, 1865.
Farmville, Virginia, April 7, 1865.
Surrender of Lee's Army Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

I was never absent from the company except fifteen days home on furlough in the winter of 1864.

At Po River, May 10, 1864, five comrades were shot dead around me and sixteen wounded and taken prisoners.

June 30, 1863, we marched thirty-two miles with three days' rations, forty rounds of cartridges, guns and knapsacks on our backs, and went into camp at eleven o'clock at night one mile in the rear of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. At Gettysburg July 3, 1863, we saw the high water mark of the Rebellion. The position of Pickett and Longstreet's charge and repulse will always be the central point of interest to the visitor on the battlefield of Gettysburg. At Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, a shell bursted near me, a piece

of the missile striking my gun on the barrel, splintering the wood. I found myself helpless on the ground with my blouse and vest torn on the left side. When I regained consciousness I found my cap and gun on the ground near me. I was taken to the field hospital, where I recovered during the night, and was able next day to return to my Regiment, and exchange my broken gun for a new one.

I never got used to a battle. I always felt timid until after the first volley was fired.

May 12, 1864, at the charge of Spotsylvania, Virginia, Corporal Levi W. Gibson, of K Company, was wounded in the shoulder. When the charge was over I assisted him back to the rear. On the 13th of August he returned to the Regiment hearty and well on our line in front of Petersburg. That evening we got orders to march, and the same night crossed the James River near Deep Bottom. On the afternoon of the 14th we engaged with the enemy when a cannon ball came along and took the head off of Gibson clean to the shoulders. The same ball exploded and a piece went through Walter Corbett, tearing his side away, leaving his lungs bare. He died within twenty minutes. The next day we supported the line where the 105th Pennsylvania Regiment had a hard fight. Colonel Craig, of Greenville, Clarion County, Pennsylvania, was killed and they carried him back on a stretcher. Advancing, we came upon an officer apparently dying. We turned him over on his back, and I recognized him as W. W. Barr, of Brookeville, Pennsylvania, a Captain of the 105th Pennsylvania Regiment. Our Captain detailed the writer and S. H. Sloan to carry him back within our lines. He had been shot through the back of the neck and was bleeding freely. We made him as comfortable as possible before leaving him. We never saw the old Captain again until about twenty-five years after the War at a reunion at Gettysburg. Sloan and the writer were walking over the field near the location of Pickett's charge. Sloan said to me:

"Did you ever hear of the old Captain we carried off the field at Deep Bottom and left him to die?"

"Yes, he is living somewhere up the Allegheny River."

At this moment a large robust looking fellow came walking towards us. Sloan said:

"That looks like the old boy himself."

When he came up I saluted him and said, "To what command did you belong and what is your name?"

"W. W. Barr of the 105th Pennsylvania," he answered.

"Are you the man who was shot through the neck at Deep Bottom August 15, 1864?"

"Yes, sir, I am the man."

"Well, here are the two boys who carried you off the field and left you for dead."

The big tears rolled down over his cheek as he said, "I have been looking for you ever since the close of the War."

At Po River, May 10th, advanced our line and had a hard skirmish with the rebels near a river, supposed to be the same river which we had crossed. In this battle three of Company K were shot dead. Benjamin V. Thompson, John Botorf and Adam Wansetler. We retreated a short distance, and were shifted around taking up new positions until about three o'clock, when the rebels attacked us with overwhelming numbers, compelling us to retreat to the position held when we first crossed the river. For over one hour here we had desperate fighting. Several attacks were made but as often repulsed. Company K had several men wounded, including our noble Capt. Thompson Core, and two killed, Dr. J. T. Mast and Benjamin Carle. Doctor Mast's body lay dead close beside the cannon whose wheel had become wedged between two trees.

The night after the hard fought battle across the Po River, Sergeant W. C. Sloan slept with me under the tent. He was nervous and could not sleep. He recounted the losses of the day, named the five comrades who had been killed in this battle, and said he believed he would share the same fate. But he said, "I will go where duty calls. I'll go where the company goes, let come what will."

When we had captured the Salient at Spotsylvania on the 12th of May and the fighting was over, we began to count our losses. Sergeant Sloan was among the missing. Nothing could be learned of him through that day. The next night the rebels retreated, and in the morning Dennis Connor and the writer went out over the field to look for our missing boys. We found the Sergeant dead lying up

against the second line of rebel works, to which some of the boys had advanced in the morning of the charge. We picked up his body and carried it down to where the company was located. As we laid him down the Captain said, "The finding of Sloan's body over on the second line of works proved that he was the fearless brave soldier that we always said he was." We dug a grave, laid his body in, covered it with leaves and buried him there. Put a board at the head of his grave with his name, company and Regiment, and Bates' History says he was buried in the Spotsylvania Cemetery.

One of the war relics in my possession today I prize very highly is a pocket Bible my mother gave me the morning I left home for the Army, which I carried through thirty-four months of service.

"We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather with smile or with sigh.
In sorrow or sunshine—in tempest or calm,
Its friendship unchanging, my light and my psalm.

"We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When War had grown weary, and death e'en was nigh,
And still through life's journey until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I."

To that merciful Providence who led so many of us through those days of trial and danger, permitting us to live forty years after the great conflict, we should render fervent and devout thanks by being true patriots and good soldiers of the cross, and by living lives that will prove our devotion to our country and our God.

THE PIONEER'S STORY.

By Sergt. Thomas P. Meyer.

The pioneer corps of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers was organized May 20, 1863, and consisted of ten men, selected from the different companies. They were large, stout, strong and resolute men, who enjoyed the honor of marching at the head of so noble a Regiment.

And we felt as though we were an honor to the Regiment, as we marched, "proudly" five paces in advance, five abreast. The men carrying besides the regular weapons and full habiliments of war, bright new axes, that glinted in the sun like polished silver. Edges without a flaw, and keen, ready to tear or cut down and clear away, any obstruction hindering the movements of the Regiment, be it a fence, bush or tree; lay corduroy roads or build a bridge, and still keep up with the Regiment.

I am sorry that I cannot recall all the men who served in the pioneer corps. Without exception they were men who, by reason of their size, strength, general ruggedness, and other peculiar qualifications were especially fitted for the hard additional service naturally falling to the lot of the pioneers.

Among the noted men of the corps were Washington Watson and William Perry, of Company F; William Long and George Williams, of Company D; Jesse Long and Adam Grim, of Company A; John Morehead, of Company E; and Christian Lowry, of Company C.

They were all powerful and conscientious men, believing that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and I never had occasion to criticise their work, or ask them to do any work over.

The most notable men of this group were Washington Watson and William Perry, both over six feet tall, stout and strong. Hair and beards almost snow white, they were remarkable axemen. They would go to the woods, select a tree, cut it down, cut it into logs, split them, and with axes only, hew them into the finest planks, "dove-tail" notch them, and put up the most handsome officers' quarters cabins to be seen in the Army. On one occasion, while on a forced

march, we moved through a strip of woods; the Colonel on horseback in front, next the pioneer corps, back of it the Regiment. There was confusion among the pioneers; Watson had fallen headlong over a stump. He picked himself up, saying, "I can do better. I will try that again." There was a halt. The Colonel sharply asked of me, "What is the matter with your men?" I said, "Watson fell over that stump and he has gone back to show us that he can march over it without falling." Just as the Colonel turned he saw big Watson successfully coming over the stump, grinning through the great white whiskers that covered his face to the eyes. The Colonel also grinned, turned his horse, and the Regiment again moved. Watson was all muscle and weighed over two hundred pounds.

Perry also over six feet was rugged and strong. On the morning of July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, I disbanded the pioneer corps, and sent the men to their respective companies for the last day's battle, which they all preferred. There were none of the pioneers killed at Gettysburg; but Perry was badly wounded and I never saw him again. William Long and Jesse Long were also large and strong men, faithful in the performance of their duties. Jesse was a successful and willing forager. If there was a Confederate gander anywhere around he would find him and get him too.

Adam Grim was not as tall, nor as heavy as some of the rest, but was solid, compact and wiry, brave and resolute. He was also ever ready to do his full share of the arduous work falling to the lot of the pioneer corps, yet to some degree he lacked the staying qualities of the larger and stronger men.

John Morehead was a big, heavy, strong man, of a quiet disposition, resolute and ever ready for his full share of service, with either pick or spade, gun or axe. With the latter he was possibly the equal of Watson or Perry. He was killed by a tree falling on him. Very few were killed in this way, at which we wonder when we think how the trees were cut down by hundreds, often in the darkness of night, while the forest swarmed with soldiers.

Christian Lowry was of good size, heavy set, strong and wiry; cool and daring, ever ready and like the rest of the corps, willing to swing either axe or gun.

I was the youngest of the gang (twenty years) and often felt delicate about giving orders to men so much older. But they were all very courteous and obedient, except once when they were all balky. That was on the battlefield at Gettysburg, July 4, 1863, while we were burying the dead. They tired of their dreadfully gruesome job. The pioneers of the 148th Pennsylvania were the only workers left on the field, as far as we could see. This was strange and unfair; the conditions, too, were most disagreeable and dangerous. The horrible condition of the dead men and horses; the indescribable and suffocating stench; the frequent dreadfully heavy showers of rain; the great heat of the sun between showers; the Confederate sharpshooters in great numbers hid in the trees beyond the Emmitsburg road kept the bullets whistling about us all the time adding danger to the gruesome job. Though the bullets buried themselves in the ground all about us, and whistled by continually, none of the pioneers were hit on this day. I did not blame the men for "striking;" the mutiny lasted only about thirty minutes, when discipline was restored and the men were all at work as before, entirely indifferent to repulsive conditions and flying bullets.

As stated before, the pioneer corps was organized May 20, 1863, with ten picked men from the companies of the Regiment, whose main qualification was to be first-class axemen, while I was installed as Corporal commanding, notwithstanding it was Sergeant's duty. The men were furnished with additional weapons, in the shape of good poll axes, and digging tools, which implied additional hard work, which did not exempt us from any of our former duties, when time allowed; so in addition to drills, reviews, inspections and parades, we dug wells, dug up stumps, built quarters, cut wood, built corduroy roads, fortifications and bridges, cut new roads, barricaded old roads, destroyed property, buried the dead, etc., etc.; and on marches we marched at the head of the column in order to be in a position to clear away obstructions; and on battle occasions we pitched aside all superfluous tools and with rifles only, formed our little line of battle back of the colors, the center of the Regiment, and close up to the Regimental line, a point of special peril, as the colors always drew a concentrated fire.

The duties outside the regular military duties falling to the lot of the pioneers will be better understood by noting how they were employed.

May 21st and 22d, we built new quarters for the Colonel.

May 23d: Clearing the regimental parade ground of stumps and brush and leveling up the ground even as a floor.

May 26th: Had the pioneer corps and the regiment team out, cutting and hauling poles and brush, and building shade arbors around the regimental hospital, and making changes and improvements inside, conducive to the comfort of our sick.

May 27th: Had the boys working on the parade ground and beautifying the camp by removing every bush and unsightly object.

May 28th: Pioneers turned out with axes and guns, with the Regiment on division review in the forenoon; in the afternoon I had them out chopping and removing stumps from the camp. This work we continued daily to June 2d, when we joined our respective companies in the first drill since the battle of Chancellorsville.

June 3d: We finished the digging of a twenty-foot well, for the Regiment, rigging it in the usual way of army wells, high "crotch posts," and long "sweep" or tilt poles, to which we attached dip poles, with camp kettles to the dip ends, and heavy stones to the butt end of the tilt poles; we put three of these tilts to this well and then had plenty of good water right in our camp.

It might be stated here, that, though we were not sure of our staying at any place for even twenty-four hours, all work in and about camp was well and carefully done, with a tone of permanency that would indicate a whole year's stay.

By June 1st, there was not a stump, brush or stone remaining anywhere in our camp. Regimental and company headquarters were models of their kind, and our camp was one of the finest in the Army.

June 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, my pioneer band was at work at the brigade bakery, where we built a new bake oven, and a bread ware house. The oven arch consisted of a half cylinder of heavy boiler iron, fifteen feet long, six feet in diameter with a capacity of three hundred twenty two-ounce loaves.

We constructed the oven by running a level into a hill, leveling and beating the bottom for a hearth, laid with brick, then turning the iron arch on this hearth, covered it over with a few feet of ground, and built a chimney of stone to the rear end, while a plate of boiler iron with a hinged door completed the front.

For several days the vast encampment of the Army was in great commotion; the pioneers drilled with their respective companies, in hourly anticipation of a general move.

June 13th: Quiet seemed restored, and I took the pioneers to regimental headquarters, where we were improving the Adjutant's quarters; but while we were so engaged I received orders to report at the regimental commissary with the men; I did so, and our occupation was immediately changed. Here we began the destruction of all kinds of supplies that we had in excess of what we could take with us on a march; coffee, sugar, rice, beans, etc., in great quantities were dumped into a small stream nearby, while pork, crackers, bread, etc., were stacked up ready to burn. All day of June 14th this work continued, the pack up call was sounded, and we struck our tents and packed up, set fire to the commissary stores and waited for "right of way." Seemingly endless columns of troops, wagon, pontoon, artillery and ambulance trains, were rapidly moving north on all available roads and open fields, east and west of us; night had set in when we filed out of our beautiful camp and joined in the great and famous march to Gettysburg.

Our Division took the Stafford Court House road; we marched till 10:00 P. M., when we halted and lay down on our rubbers, and rested a few hours.

June 15th, two o'clock in the morning we resumed the march, reached Stafford Court House, a small village, the county seat of Stafford County, Virginia, at noon and halted for coffee and crackers, "dinner." The jail and court house with all its contents and records were fired and burned to the ground, and I wondered at this act of vandalism.

It seldom happened that the pioneers marched in the rear of the column, as was the case on June 16th, when I was ordered to take them, and with axes only, to follow in the rear, to destroy all

abandoned property, such as commissary and ordnance stores, wagons, clothing, ammunition, etc. We made bonfires of tons of pork and crackers, heaped over with thousands of overcoats, uniform coats, blankets, shelter tents, knapsacks filled with clothing and all manner of miscellaneous articles of use to the soldier, in immense quantities, thrown away by the less rugged soldiers, and left in broken and abandoned wagons, and by jaded teams; the spokes were cut out of the wheels of abandoned wagons, the tongues were cut in two, and the wagon and contents fired; we heard the explosion of the ammunition in burning wagons, even after we were miles away.

The telegraph poles were cut down, and the men with blunt edge axes, cut the wire in pieces. This work detained us and fatigued the men so much, that, when night came on we were miles in rear of the Army; we marched as rapidly as the men in their fatigued condition were able, till late in the night in our effort to overtake our Division, and escape Moseby's rebel guerillas, who always followed the wake of our moving Army. There was no hope for those who fell into their hands—sick, wounded or whole. It was midnight and we could go no farther; we lay down. An hour later ambulances sent back to bring us in, reached us and carried us to the bivouac of our Division on the Occoquan River, which we reached toward morning.

The march was continued daily, and on the morning of June 17th we reached the vicinity of Fairfax Court House, where we found roads bad; therefore on the morning of the 18th the pioneers of the entire Division, about one hundred and thirty men, turned out and worked all day. We corduroyed a long stretch of road toward Fairfax Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad for the passage of artillery and wagon trains. A corduroy road is the roughest road imaginable.

At 5:00 p. m., June 19th, we left our bivouac at Fairfax and moved via Centerville, Bull Run battlefield, the Manassas Railroad, Gainesville, Gainesville battlefield to Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run mountains, which we reached at midnight after a tedious meandering march of twenty miles, through deep mud and steady rain. The Bull Run battlefield presented many marks of the ill fated battles of 1861 and 1862.



WASHINGTON WATSON

The unburied remains of men and horses lay scattered all over the field, and among the bushes bony hands and feet were seen protruding from the ground in beckoning attitude. Bones from all parts of the human anatomy were to be seen everywhere; skulls in great numbers. These we took up and wiggled out some teeth preferring those with gold fillings for mementoes.

All the skulls we examined were remains of very young men, many having every tooth and all sound. In some of these skulls the third molars were still absent, showing that the soldiers were still under eighteen years of age.

We saw several grinning skeletons, still entire, lying on the surface of the ground still partially clothed in the blue uniforms, shoes on the bony feet and the accoutrements of war still in place.

Our Division, the First of the Second Corps, occupied Thoroughfare Gap, June 21st to 25th.

On the morning of June 23d, I was ordered to take the pioneers into the gap, which most of the way, is a narrow defile, with heavily timbered sloping sides, and to barricade the roadway in a "thorough manner." I took the men as directed with axes only, into the gap and for a long distance we cut every tree in reach into and across the road, while a brigade had taken position beyond to protect us in our work. It was wonderful to see how these expert choppers kept the trees crashing into the road, and how cheerfully they worked, in the heat of summer weather completely soaked with perspiration.

There were many cherry trees loaded with ripe fruit and we decided to have some. Several pioneers cut down a tree and began to eat cherries; a few of us climbed into a tree. We were all very busy when one of those lofty provost officers on horseback rode up and shouted, "Come down, or I will shoot you down!" I looked down and saw that he pointed a revolver at me. His gun seemed dangerous, so I came down and said to him, "Captain, we are your prisoners; no doubt you outrank General Hancock, by whose orders we were detailed to do some work out here; we are the pioneers of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers." Turning to the men I shouted, "Fall in, boys!" They quickly responded, each with an axe; the great provost looked along the line. He seemed puzzled, then said, "I took

you for stragglers, the devil take you," and as he galloped away we gave him a rebel yell, then finished our repast of cherries and returned to camp.

June 25th: We had evidently finished our mission at the Gap. Artillery firing was heard a few miles out; all was now commotion. We packed up and moved out to Haymarket; we formed in battle order and waited for developments. General Stuart's cavalry of the Confederate Army now reached the slope of the Bull Run Mountains, just below Thoroughfare Gap, and opened a brisk artillery fire on us, killing and wounding a number of our men. Our batteries promptly rushed into position and opened a terrific fire in return and the Confederates were soon silenced; we withdrew, and throwing forward Companies A and I as skirmishers and flankers, we moved rapidly and continuously through steady rain and deep mud, twenty miles to Gum Springs, which we reached about midnight, and bivouacked in the mud, lying on our rubbers to await the coming of the morning.

During the forenoon we crossed the northern part of the famous Bull Run battlefield, passing Sudley Church, Sudley Sulphur Springs, and crossed Bull Run at Sudley Ford. The 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers in front with scouts and skirmishers in advance.

The pioneers cleared an old road over the spurs of Sudley Mountain, southwest of Sudley Mills for the artillery. It rained all day; the mud was something appalling. Trains were moved with the greatest difficulty; the light artillery made out to pull through this new mud road, but when the heavy thirty-two pounder long Parrott gun battery tried the road the movement stopped. The first gun stuck in the mud. Teams from other guns were brought forward, till twenty-four horses were hooked to the one gun, but they could not or would not pull it out. The nearest column of infantry was halted, and the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers was ordered over to help them out. The Regiment stacked arms and unslung knapsacks; the horses were all taken away and a heavy rope one hundred and fifty feet long was fastened to the gun; the Regiment lined up in the road, which was a stream of mud for which, however, they cared not, as no more mud could hang to their shoes or pant legs, and the shoetops could not get any fuller. With some grumbling the men lazily took hold of the

rope from both sides; all ready, and the word came to "go." The rope straightened and stiffened like a bar of iron and the cannon moved, rising high on root or rock, this side or that, or both, to plunge down again axle deep in mud, the axles loudly pounding in the boxes. There was no halt till the top of the bluff was reached. In this way gun after gun was drawn up by the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers till the entire battery stood on the top of the hill. The horses six to a gun were again hooked on, the Regiment returned to its place in the column and all was once more on the move.

June 26th moved to Poolsville, Maryland; 27th to Sugar Loaf Mountain; 28th to Frederick; on the 29th to Uniontown, and on July 1st 9:00 P. M. we bivouacked four miles from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in line of battle.

We were now close up to the Confederate Army. We realized that we were upon the field of an impending great battle. The battle had really already commenced. During the day, though we could not hear the noise of battle, we saw the white powder smoke of battle rise in great clouds far away to the northward and drift slowly along on the light breeze. The boys became quiet and meditative. We stacked arms, threw off knapsacks, accoutrements and coats, and commenced building a parapet along our front. The sky cleared and the moon shone brightly. The pioneers felled the trees and the troops carried and placed them in position. The gray dawn of coming day tinged the eastern horizon, when we pronounced our work finished.

Early on the morning of July 2d, after a hurried lunch of crackers only, we filed out of our position and marched rapidly about three miles toward Gettysburg, when we reached the battlefield and were assigned a position in the great line of battle, seven miles long, on the now historic "Field of Gettysburg," near the "Clump of Trees" and the point now known as the "Bloody Angle." The Confederates on Seminary Ridge discovered our approaching columns, kept up a vigorous shell fire on us during the last mile's march.

Squads of frightened citizens, men, women and children, carrying bandboxes and packages of hastily gathered valuables, who had abandoned their homes between the lines, were running by us to find

places of safety to our rear. One party, passing right along our column, consisted of an old gentleman leading a little girl by the hand on each side, and two young ladies carrying handboxes, one also leading a child, running close by me. I said, "Good morning, father." He gloomily responded. I said, "Fine morning." He answered, "Yes truly, but so full of terror and sorrow;" tears were in his eyes as he raised his hand toward our column and said, "God bless and spare you all." Again they ran. They had just passed our point in the rapidly moving column when a twenty-four pound rifle shell came screaming through the air and exploded with a frightful report over them. I looked back to see if they had escaped; the two ladies had fallen. After some effort they regained their feet and ran faster than before, apparently all right. They had been knocked down by the force of the concussion only.

According to orders received at eleven o'clock at night, I took the pioneers of the Regiment, with picks, shovels and sperm candles, back to an open air field hospital, behind a rocky bluff on Rock Creek, a mile to our right rear where several thousand wounded had been carried during the day while the battle was in progress, to sort the dead from the living and to bury them. We reached the hospital designated and *found acres of ground* covered with wounded, and among them, many who died after being brought here from the field. The pioneers of the 148th were the only men on duty at this point during the night.

We lit our candles and examined the situation. This was an awful place. The most able writer could not give the slightest shadow of an idea of this dreadful charnel scene; the awful sights in the wheat field and death valley thickly strewn over with weapons, cannon, broken gun carriages, thousands of dead men and horses, mutilated in all manner of form and degree, when we left it in the early evening was incomparable behind this scene of suffering and death. Here the dead and wounded lay promiscuously side by side, and close together, in long rows, on the bare wet ground, the feet of one row nearly touching the heads of the next row, the Union and Confederate in separate rows.

All was darkness; not a torch or candle burning. For some unknown reason, there were no surgeons in attendance on the wounded at this place during this night, at least not from midnight to 3:00 A. M., during which time we were at work there; yet about half of them had their wounds dressed, lying on the bare ground, unsheltered, uncovered, many of them nearly naked. Here the men in hundreds of cases dressed each other's wounds, making bandages out of their drawers taken from their bodies for the purpose. Many a soldier gave drawers and shirt from his body to bandage the wounds of his comrades. Men wounded in the legs had the pant legs cut off, some close to the body, leaving the leg entirely naked; in the same way arms, chest, all parts of the body naked and uncovered. There were no blankets or tents, absolutely nothing. Many lay entirely helpless in the scorching sun and rain till the skin was scalded and burned into peeling blisters in the faces, and worse in the parts of the body, tender and unaccustomed to exposure to the sun.

We found, by the dim light of our sperm candles, many of the 148th boys. Some had their wounds dressed and were sleeping soundly, among them Amos Erhart, of Company A, like the rest, few clothes, no cover, with a nasty hole through the thigh just grazing the femoral artery; the pant leg cut off at the body, shoe and stocking gone, the naked leg as cold as ice, his head much lower than his body, the wound nicely dressed and not bleeding. He was sleeping quietly, and as soundly as anyone could in the best bed. I put a flat stone under his head to put him in a more comfortable position and stop the rattle in his throat. Manassas Gilbert, also of Company A, was found here sitting on the ground with his back against a tree, with a bullet in his shoulder, but wide awake. Deep moans of agony in continuous chorus, were heard, but in all this vast number of desperately wounded men there was not a tear or a single noisy outcry.

Some of my men carried out the dead and laid them in rows, heads all one way, and one against the other. About the third man carried out was the tyrant commander of our Brigade, Colonel Cross, of the 5th New Hampshire Regiment, killed in the woods near the

wheat field. We did not bury him. Some of the men buried the dead thus laid in rows; a shallow grave about a foot deep, against the first man in a row, and he was then laid down into it; a similar grave was dug where he had lain. The ground thus dug up served to cover the first man, and the second was laid in a trench, and so on, so the ground was handled only once. This was the regular form of burial on our battlefields; it is the most rapid, and is known as trench burial, and is employed where time for work is limited.

At about three o'clock in the morning, our candles were all burned up and we returned to a similar field hospital, just to the rear of our division battle lines, with about twelve hundred wounded. Here we lay down for a short rest; we had had little chance for rest or sleep day or night for two weeks, and we were very much fatigued.

Here the wounded seemed to be in greater distress. The endless and louder moans were indicative of intense suffering. The voice of a boy was heard in prolonged loud wails and screams, high above the rest. His voice became hoarse and husky, but as morning came he was more quiet, and a little later entirely still. I imagined he had fallen asleep. As soon as it was light enough I went over and asked the wounded lying near, "Where is the boy that was in such agony during the night?" A wounded soldier raised himself on his elbow, pointed over a few others and said, "That is him; he is now dead." I went over to him. He was a boy about sixteen, smooth faced as a woman and handsome. He was dead; one of his feet was torn into an unrecognizable mass of flesh, bone and sinew. Gangrene was evidently the immediate cause of death. Early amputation would have saved the boy's life. Here many had died of their unattended wounds during the night.

Many of the badly wounded were chloroformed to have their wounds dressed. When the operations were finished they were carried away, and laid out on the ground. There was no time to assist them in resuscitation, and many never woke again. Many strangled to death for the want of a little assistance at the proper time.

July 3d: The pioneer corps held a council of war, and decided that it was preferable to fight with our respective companies,

rather than in the rear of the colors, so we disbanded and joined our companies for the balance of the fight.

Early in the morning General Hancock examined the line of the Second Corps and ordered the line fortified.

About 8:00 A. M. entrenching tool wagons dashed along our lines, and shovels, picks and axes were thrown out while the wagons rushed along the line at a furious speed. We immediately went to fortifying; men never worked harder or faster, or with greater good will than the Second Corps boys did under a broiling July sun, from 8:00 to 11:00 A. M., when we called our work finished. We had built a six-foot breastwork a few feet high and well lined, or backed with rails, well supported by stakes.

To our right and left as far as we could see, hundreds of tattered and battle-worn flags fluttered defiantly above the lines of their hundred thousand brave and resolute defenders. To the rear of this were seen the beautiful flags and banners of the various headquarters unitedly presenting a scene so great and grand as to be beyond description.

We were ready. And our whole line of battle as far as we could see to the right and left were now standing on top of our work watching the enemy locating batteries along their line on the Emmittsburg Road ridge. We ate a few crackers while we waited; we were hungry. I said, "Boys, watch my outfit while I run down the Taneytown Road for something good to eat. I think I can make the trip before the thing begins again." I struck out and ran a mile when I came to a farm house. They had just taken a batch of fresh cherry pies from the oven. I bought a number nearly a foot in diameter, "two for a quarter," put them on a board and hurried back. I ran out and back, covered the two miles in twenty minutes; returned puffing, overheated and wet with perspiration. Sharing with the boys, we had a grand feast and were again standing with the rest on top of our breastworks. Another hour passed: we wanted the enemy to come at us so we need not cross the open field to meet them. About 1:00 P. M. the white powder smoke and fire of all their batteries suddenly flashed forth all along their line and we quickly

dropped behind our works. The ball was opened. The concussion of an exploding shell knocked half a dozen of us sprawling. Most of them jumped up; I lay still. "Are you hurt," my comrades asked. "I guess I am done for," I said. "Just look at my back." They carefully examined my back and assured me that I was all right; that it could not be very serious with me, from the fact that my coat was not torn. I crept back to my place thanking my lucky stars that my coat was not torn. We were all fearfully stunned; I felt as if I was torn in two. Many similarly stunned by exploding shells suffered instant death; but the relief I experienced when told that my coat was not torn I cannot describe.

General Armistead led the van of "Pickett's Charge," and struck our line just to the right of the 148th near the clump of trees at the "Bloody Angle," so called by reason of the heavy losses on both sides in the terrible fighting which took place at this point, and which is known as the "high water mark of the Rebellion."

The "Bloody Angle" consisted of a sharp turn forward, by the "Clump of Trees," the objective point of Pickett's charging column, to a stone fence, not two feet high, mostly boulders. Here Pickett's line, under General Armistead, struck and broke the Union line in a most desperate hand to hand conflict that ebbed and flowed back and forth over this stone wall, while the 148th being close observers of this bloody contest, shouted and cheered our men when they crowded the enemy back, and beyond the stone wall. But the crisis had now come and for a little while it seemed as if our center was permanently broken, when we saw General Armistead leading, with a rush, a body of his men through our lines, which seemed stunned at this bold move. Firing had slackened; Armistead rushed up to one of our guns, laid his hand upon it and shouted, "This is our gun; come, boys!" These were the last words he ever spoke. That instant he was shot dead. The men who had so bravely followed him, seeing this, seemed bewildered threw down their guns and surrendered. This was the end of the fight at this point, and the Union troops gave a prolonged, hoarse, loud shout that seemed to thrill earth and sky. For a brief period a fierce artillery fire was kept up by the Confederates to cover the retreat of Pickett's men, thousands of whom had thrown

down their arms in front of the Second Corps, whose lines they had not quite reached, and stood still on our side of Plum Run, undecided. Not a shot was fired at them; we loudly shouted, "Come in and surrender or we will fire on you." Still they hesitated. An Aide was sent out to tell them that they must come in at once, or receive the fire of infantry and artillery. Thousands of them now rushed up the slope and over our breastworks passing to the rear as prisoners of war. With this virtually ended the battle of Gettysburg.

It was all over at 4:00 P. M. and the all absorbing theme then was, what next? The balance of the afternoon and major part of the night was spent in repairing damages, caring for the wounded and burying the dead—men and horses.

On the morning of July 4th, according to orders, I reassembled my pioneers and took them out on the field of Pickett's charge and fight to bury the dead. The field presented a dreadful sight; the dead were already in a terrible state of putrefaction. Faces black as charcoal and bloated out of all human semblance; eyes, cheeks, forehead and nose all one general level of putrid swelling, twice the normal size with here and there great blisters of putrid water, some the size of a man's fist on face, neck and wrists; while the bodies were bloated to the full capacity of the uniforms that enclosed them.

It was a rare occurrence to find one who had not been robbed by the battlefield bandit or robber of the dead. Generally the pockets were cut open and rifled through the incision. The battlefield robbers were well known by the large amounts of money they had, and the watches, pocketbooks, pocket knives and other valuable trinkets they had for sale after the battle. All regiments had them.

First we collected the dead men into rows, as usual, laying one against another, heads all one way, Union and Confederate in separate rows. Then some would collect and arrange in rows while the majority of men buried them in trenches as heretofore described. These burial trenches were dug here, there and everywhere over the field and contained three or four or fifty as the number of dead near required. Few of these men had anything about them by which they could be identified, and were buried as "unknown."

The Confederates still (July 4th) had sharpshooters in the trees beyond the Emmitsburg road, and several times during the day they drove us off the field. The day was hot, sultry with frequent heavy showers. The stench on the battlefield was something indescribable, it would come up as if in waves and when at its worst the breath would stop in the throat; the lungs could not take it in, and a sense of suffocation would be experienced. We would cover our faces tightly with our hands and turn the back toward the breeze and retch and gasp for breath.

The dead were found in all manner of positions, lying, sitting, isolated, in groups, in heaps. Many there were without a visible wound or mark to cause death. Down beyond the "Bloody Angle," there remained standing a few panels of post fence, only the lower rails remaining. Against this a smooth faced soldier boy was sitting, his elbow resting on the second rail, his head resting on his right hand, his head upright the face turned toward us. Thinking he was sick or wounded I went out to offer assistance, and found he was dead. We examined him and found he had been shot through the left breast, in the hand to hand fight at the "Bloody Angle" with Pickett's men the day before, then sat down just as we found him, and died without a struggle. Being perfectly poised he did not even roll over. There was nothing about him by which he could be identified. His accoutrements were all still in place, his cartridge box nearly empty.

During the great cannonade of the 3d, a barn opposite the Second Corps gave shelter to Confederate sharpshooters and a masked battery. On this discovery I heard a Lieutenant in Rickett's Battery give the command "*to fire the barn.*" In fifteen minutes it was in flames and was wholly destroyed. After the battle ended, the ruins were visited by the Boob boys of Company A, 148th, and others, who found that it had been used by the Confederates as a hospital and contained many of their wounded at the time, and who were burned with the barn. The boys looking for relics in the ashes, found quite an amount of gold coin in two and one-half, five, and ten-dollar pieces, among the bones and ashes of the burned Confederates.

While the pioneers were engaged in burying the dead, other details were engaged in clearing the field by gathering arms, accoutrements, etc. About four thousand muskets were gathered up in wagons from the field of Pickett's charge and fight, and ranked up like cord wood.

The field was thickly strewn with knapsacks containing the sundries of a soldier's outfit. Haversacks filled with biscuits and sweet cakes, the proceeds of forages among the people of Pennsylvania; blankets, tents, hats, coats, caps, belts, swords, letters, portfolios, books, bibles, testaments, playing cards, etc., etc., scattered everywhere. The day wore on. Our skirmishers were advanced; no enemy in force was found; our work at Gettysburg was finished.

Citizen visitors in flocks came to see the field and Army. A number inquired of me to know why the soldiers talked so very loud to each other; so fierce, when they seemed not angry with each other. I said we are all very hard of hearing, nearly deaf; the awful noise of battle, especially the noise and concussion of the air during the dreadful cannonading of the 3d, greatly injured our hearing, but in a week we will be all right again. This is always the case after a great battle.

In the field hospital a mile to our rear on the low banks of Rock Creek, many desperately wounded were lying upon the ground. Consequent on the heavy rains of the 4th, the stream rose suddenly, and overflowed the ground, so that a number of the wounded were drowned before they could be moved to higher ground.

In the fore part of the night I had the pioneers over to this hospital to bury some dead. The wounded all lying on the bare ground were generally quiet; the majority seemed to be sleeping. The head surgeon told me that they had discovered, in kerosene, a specific remedy for the extirpation of maggots from the wounds of the men, and triumphantly stated that there was no longer a maggoty wound in the place. Up to this time soldiers were frequently seen in the field hospitals, flipping maggots from their wounds with a stick whittled sharp for the purpose.

One young soldier wounded under the arm asked a surgeon to dress his wound; he could not raise his arm. The surgeon took hold of his hand and jerked it violently up and a handful of big maggots

fell out. Here occurred one of the most pathetic incidents of the War. A young soldier, a mere boy, who was brought to the hospital carried on a stretcher while a soldier walked alongside and with his hand held a wound in the thigh near the body. He said he was entirely free from pain. A surgeon examined the wound and said, "Nothing can be done for you; you must die; if you have any word or message to send home, attend to it at once; you will die within a few moments after your comrade takes his hand from your wound and that must be soon." He asked for paper and pen which were quickly furnished. He wrote a letter to his mother, stated his condition and that a comrade was holding the wound while he wrote to her, saying that as soon as he finished the letter his comrade would let go and he would bleed to death in a few minutes. The letter was finished, he let himself fall back, hesitated a moment, then said, "Now you may let go," and Levi Smith, of Company A, 148th, who held the wound withdrew his hand, and in a few minutes life had gone out.

July the 5th had come and the Confederate Army was in full retreat toward "Old Virginia." Leaving our wounded and unburied dead to the care of the hospital corps, the Christian and Sanitary Commissions and the citizens of Pennsylvania, we moved out of our position and started in pursuit of the Confederate Army toward evening. Camped at "Two Taverns," Pennsylvania.

July 8th at 5:00 A. M. we resumed the march, which was kept up, in spasmodic meandering fashion until 4:00 P. M., when we camped within four miles of Frederick, Maryland, having marched twenty miles. It rained all day and the mud was deep and slushy. We were rain soaked and covered with mud to the belt. In marching through a village today the people turned out to see the troops, wagon and artillery trains passing. A gentleman and his family, standing on the walk in front of their home, seemed greatly interested in our march. There was talk and laugh and lively jest in the ranks, as we marched in "quick step" with absolute indifference, straight forward, through mud and water. Just as we passed them I heard a young girl ask, "Papa, don't soldiers care for rain or mud?" A smaller girl, however, answered the question, "No;

they just love to walk in the mud and water. But they do care when their shoes and clothes are all covered with mud. They would look nice if they were not so dirty." A lady remarked, "Evidently they have no remorse for having just fought and killed and wounded twenty thousand men! Oh, isn't war a dreadful thing?"

During the winter of 1862 and 1863 while the Army of the Potomac was encamped at Fredericksburg, Virginia, a Mr. Richardson, a Virginian who frequently came into our camps selling war maps, soldier's medals and stencil plates to the soldiers bearing their names, company and regiment, to insure identification if killed in battle for the information of friends at home. This individual made a tour through our camps just before the Chancellorsville campaign, and one shortly before we started for Gettysburg campaign. The next and last time he was seen with the Army was at Frederick City, July the 6th, when he was recognized as a resident Virginian. Here he was suspected and arrested as a spy by men of French's Division of the Second Corps, tried, found guilty and immediately hung to the branch of a tree in a field to the right, and a few rods from the road about a mile out of town.

He was a brave, daring rebel spy and had successfully spied for the Confederate Army a long time. There were very few men in the 148th who had not bought something from him; they all knew him. The evidence upon which he was convicted as given to me at the time and place consisted of papers found in the false bottom of a canteen. But Captain Goldsboro, of Frederick, Maryland, who was an officer of the court martial, wrote me October 8, 1902, stating that the evidence consisted of papers found hidden in his boots. The papers it was said described the strength, equipments, movements, and position of the Army of the Potomac.

On July the 9th we resumed our pursuit at 6:00 A. M., marched through Frederick, Maryland, and a few miles beyond, where on account of sickness I gave out. I sent the pioneers to their companies and was carried in an ambulance the balance of the day, reaching Burkittsville, Maryland, twenty miles from our morning start. Here Allert Lord, of Company F, Charles A. Wolf and myself, of

Company A, all of the 148th, and too sick, to go on were abandoned in a field and left to look out for ourselves, while the Corps crossed South Mountain into the Antietam country. It was evening and we found shelter in the stable of Mr. J. Horine on a splendid bed of straw. Here we remained for several days during which time we had two of the village physicians attend us and received abundance of delicious food supplies from the Horine family under whose free treatment and care Wolf and I rapidly improved while Lord was getting worse. On Sunday morning July the 12th we led him to a hospital which had been established in the Lutheran church, from which the seats had been removed and beds of loose straw made on the floor. At 10:00 A. M. we set out to find the Army, and in particular the 148th. We crossed South Mountain at Crampton's Gap, and the South Mountain battlefield where many marks of battle still remained. We reached the Antietam, which was high and muddy. It was raining, but we concluded that a bath would do us no harm so we stripped, put our clothes under a rubber to keep dry and jumped in. Our ablutions finished we continued our march in mud and rain. On reaching Rohrerville, Maryland, four miles out we were tired out, crept into a stable at night fall, wet and mud all over, cold and hungry and slept fairly well in our wet clothes.

Long before daybreak, July 13th, we (Wolf and I) left our straw bed in the stable. We had little to eat all day. We begged a little bread from a lady near Sharpsburg and found some crackers and pork on the ground where some troops had camped some time before. This helped us out. We passed on; it was night when we passed Hagerstown and reached the vicinity of Williamsport on the Potomac late in the night having with great effort (being scarcely convalescent) marched about eighteen miles. Here we found the Regiment. The boys greeted us as if returned from the dead. They were working hard in heavy rain by the light of lanterns, in dense timber digging trenches. With enthusiasm they told us the War would soon end now; that Lee's Army was penned up in the bend of the river, which was too high to cross; his Army would be attacked and captured in the morning. A few hours later a farmer came into our

lines and reported that the last of Lee's Army had just crossed the river into Virginia.

July 14th: Then there was commotion, instantly we set out in pursuit, and soon reached the line of his position. We found that he had held a magnificent defensive position, and had built some of the finest field works we had ever seen. We realized that it was fortunate for us and the Nation that we did not fight him in this impregnable stronghold. Had we fought him here the fruits of Gettysburg would, beyond doubt, have been lost. As it was he left a few guns, many small arms, and an immense number of stragglers and deserters, all of whom became our prisoners. Here the Gettysburg campaign ended.

The retreat and escape of Lee was one of the most skillful feats of the War. He slipped away from the Union Army, reached the Potomac, seventy miles away, without material loss, and, in the few days that he was at the river, he had thoroughly fortified himself; had gathered flatboats, captured pontoons, and built bridges across the Potomac River at Williamsport and Falling Waters, over which he made his escape with his Army into Virginia, on the night of July 13th; then destroyed his bridges and in safety rested his Army. The Potomac, a large river at all times, on account of much rain, was high and rapid; but many of the Confederates, thinking it was fordable, plunged into the stream, were carried away and drowned. Some four hundred were drowned during the crossing on that dreadfully dark and rainy night. For several weeks thereafter, the bodies of those unfortunates were seen floating down the river, or lodged along its banks.

July 15th: We marched in a meandering way twenty miles and camped near Harper's Ferry.

July 16th: We marched leisurely by Sandy Hook to the vicinity of Knoxville, Maryland, eight miles in the forenoon, and camped.

I was still weak from the effects of my recent illness of Burkittsville, Maryland, and over exertion immediately after played me out. I could not eat the army grub. Toward evening we marched through an orchard, and I pulled off a quart of small, green, hard apples and began to eat them; they tasted good. We went into camp and the soldiers being greatly fatigued whiskey was issued to them.

Company A was formed and with cups marched over to where the "barrel" was located, and the roll was called; and as a name was called a man would hold out his cup and get his gill of whiskey. Many answered, "I don't want mine," when I would sing out, "Here I'll take that," and the Quartermaster poured it into my cup. This I kept up until my own name was called and I again held out my cup. I then had the whiskey of four men, and I returned to Company A quarters. I said, "Boys I have been sick for ten days and I am sick now of fever and dysentery; I can't eat our grub, but I have just eaten a quart of green apples and now I will drink this whiskey, and then I will lie down in my tent to see whether it will kill or cure me. The boys laughed at me, but none said yes or no to me. I drank the whiskey and crept into my tent and lay down to await results; this was toward evening the sun a few hours high. I soon fell asleep and had a good nap. I awoke, I was alone in the tent, the sun was just as high, but on the other side of camp; it was next morning about eight o'clock. I got up, a beautiful morning. The boys asked, "Do you feel better?" I replied, "I am well, fully recovered; I never felt better, give me some crackers and pork that I may satisfy my hunger. I am all right now.

In this War it was a "long time between drinks." I can recall only three "whiskey rations" in all the time of our service. But to the ingenious soldier there is always a way of getting a canteen full of "commissary" when we wanted it. We would write an order on the Quartermaster something like this:

"To the Quartermaster 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers:

"Send me per bearer, for my own use, one canteen of whiskey."

Then we would sign "—————, Lieutenant Company ———."

On these orders the Lieutenant always went dry. When we wanted a drink of brandy, we bought a can of "spiced pears" from our sutler. This meant a pint tin can, labeled "pears," filled with light brandy, and a small pear or two, thrown in. But it was extremely seldom that we wanted strong drink; and drink to excess was extremely rare in the 148th and I am not afraid to assert, that it was one of the most sober regiments in the service. As to thievery, well, admitted—"charge sustained."

Toward evening we saw some animals in the brush down near the river, and Comrade Geo. M. Rupp went over to see whether they were anything good to eat. He was a good forager and soon returned with a good sized sheep. So he, Jesse Long, Henry Meyer, William Meyer and I dressed the sheep. We were hungry for mutton. It was getting dark when we commenced to tell yarns, fry, and eat that sheep, and we continued to yarn and fry and eat mutton till near two o'clock next morning, when we finished the sheep. We were not as hungry for mutton as we were before we had eaten a whole sheep.

Early in the morning of July 18th, we left Knoxville, marched back to Harper's Ferry and once more crossed the Potomac into Virginia. Again we watched the gaps, camped near Bloomfield, Virginia, for several days.

July 23d: A battle was reported in progress at Wapping Heights near Front Royal in the Shenandoah Valley. Our Division was ordered to hasten down to Manassas Gap, pass through and re-enforce the movement. We were soon on the move, but difficulties besetting, we did not reach the gap till evening, twelve miles, and were compelled to work our way through the mountains eight miles that night, expecting to join in the battle in the morning.

This was the worst tramp the 148th made in all its service. From 6:00 P. M. till midnight, six hours of fatiguing toil, without a halt we made eight miles and bivouacked near the Wapping Heights battlefield, near Front Royal. But the battle was ended and won by the cavalry and Third Corps. The enemy losing two thousand five hundred men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and had retreated across the Shenandoah River after night.

July 24th: We spent the forenoon at Wapping Heights. Toward noon many of us stripped and bathed in the river, and began to wash our shirts and drawers. We had scarcely commenced when the bugle call of "Fall in" was heard. We hurried to wring and put on our wet clothes, which is slow business at the best; but we were ready in time and moved out with the Regiment, marched through the gap again, this time in the road and camped east of the gap. Heard distant cannonading all day.

July 31st: We reached Morrisville, Virginia, and went into regular camp. The weather was so hot at this time that it was impossible to make any military movement with success. August 1st the pioneers put up the brigade hospital tents which is considered a favorable sign for a period of rest. Water was scarce and far to bring so I was ordered to take the pioneers and locate and dig a well near camp. We located the well right by the regimental camp and dug it ten feet wide and fourteen feet deep when we struck plenty of good water. We put up two tilts in the usual way, on crotch posts, and tilt and dip poles with camp kettles for well buckets attached. We finished the well on the 3d, which was also a welcome pay day. The Regiment was paid to July 1st, two months; Sergeants receiving from seventeen to twenty dollars per month, Corporals and privates thirteen dollars per month, in money worth about forty-eight cents on the dollar, or six dollars and twenty-four cents a month sound money.

August 4th: At noon we packed up and moved our camp toward Bealton a few miles and put up a new camp and since we could not bring our new well along we immediately went to work and dug two others right by the camp about the same width and depth as before, and found an abundance of splendid water.

August 10th: After the Gettysburg campaign ended the boys meant to take all the rest there was to be had. They had become indifferent as to the condition of arms and uniforms. In order to remedy this we had inspection every three hours until arms, equipments and uniforms looked like new.

August 11th: At noon I took the pioneers over to Surgeon Davis' dispensary tent to make some improvements and shade the quarters. The Doctor, always very friendly to me, "winked" me into an annex tent where he had a barrel of old rye for medical purposes on tap. There was a little red crock under the spigot half full. He picked it up and said, "Here, my boy, take a little." And so I did and we came out. Soon the Doctor was called over to the Regiment to see a sick soldier. As soon as he was out of sight I said to my men, "Come in, boys, and I will prescribe for you." They came and took full doses. Before the Doctor returned I administered a second dose.

When the Doctor returned, there was much life in the pioneer corps; they worked like tigers; they addressed Surgeon Davis very familiarly; the Doctor gave me several glances of inquiry but said nothing. Pioneer Morehead, one of my men, not feeling fully cured, slipped into the Doctor's annex for another dose. The Doctor was on the watch; he rushed in and found Morehead drawing the medicine, he "fetched" him one on the shoulder saying, "Here, you rascal, get out of this." Morehead bolted, the little crock fell, some fire water was wasted, but the Doctor never referred to the incident afterwards.

For several weeks the Army suffered greatly from the intense heat which prevailed during that time. About one-seventh of all the deaths in the Army, during this period were caused by sun-stroke; and one-half of the remainder of the diseases causing death, resulted directly from the hot weather.

The troops camped in the open field, were fully exposed to the blazing heat of the sun, we scarcely knew what it was to be in dry clothes. Still the general health of the Army continued good. This could only be accounted for by the hypothesis that the soldiers of the Army had become so habituated to hardship that nothing common would affect them.

The thermometer stood at 100 degrees to 105 degrees in the shade, while in the sun it was often up to 140 degrees. The air was full of smoke and stench from burning camp fires and decomposing animal and vegetable substances. Heat waves rolled visibly along the horizon and danced on the hilltops. Everything was at a perfect standstill.

August 21st: A few evenings ago at dress parade it was announced that Jesse Maberry, a deserter from the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Second Division, Second Corps, would be shot to death near General Warren's headquarters today, between the hours of 12:00 M. and 4:00 P. M. I went over and found the Division formed in hollow square, facing inward, one side open, where a grave had been dug. Soon a brass band at headquarters struck up the "dead march," the hour had come; all eyes were turned in the direction of the music. The procession moved slowly at the time of the "dead march," as fol-

lows: brass band in front; next four soldiers carrying the condemned soldier's coffin on their shoulders, followed by the condemned arm in arm with the Chaplain, who never ceased talking consolation and cheer to the victim, who was very pale, yet heroically firm, keeping step to his own "dead march." Next a platoon of twelve soldiers, armed executioners, followed by a squad of twelve guards.

The procession in this order entered the square, and moved slowly through the center to the open side where the grave was. The band obliqued out of the way, and the coffin bearers set the coffin beside the grave, and the condemned man sat down on it, and bowed his head, while the Chaplain offered prayer, then shook his hand, bade him good-bye, asked him to be firm and then stepped aside. The condemned arose, took off his coat, threw it aside; the officer in charge stepped up and blindfolded him with a white handkerchief, seated him on his coffin and stepped aside. All was now ready. The condemned with both hands pulled wide open the front of his shirt, baring his entire breast, holding fast awaiting the leaden bullets. Most agonizing must have been this moment of suspense. Eight of the executioners, about ten paces off, fired, and Mayberry fell, turned half way around, and hung on his coffin, not dead. He writhed in pain, violently moving his hands and feet. Two of the four reserve executioners, were ordered to close in and shoot him again. They held the muzzles of the rifles close to his body and fired; then he lay motionless. He was examined by the attending physician, and pronounced dead thirty minutes later. A deep murmur of disgust swept through the troops in attendance, and the execution was openly condemned.

Mayberry died for his family. A wife and three small children lived in Philadelphia. He went to War, his family became destitute; he deserted to provide for them and forfeited his life in so doing.

Monday, August 24th: Heavy and continuous cannonading heard on the lower Rappahannock all day; active operations had again commenced.

Friday, August 28th: Two more deserters of the Second Division of our Corps were shot near General Warren's headquarters in the presence of their Division. All soldiers of the Division not then

on duty were required to witness these executions. The formation of the Division and the procession were the same as previously described; the victims bravely met their doom.

For these men there was less sympathy than for Mayberry. They were not only deserters but bounty jumpers. One of them had deserted seven times, and as often sold himself as a substitute.

When men go into battle to fight for their country's right, we do not wonder when we see their mangled bodies lying before us, for we know that such is the fate of War; but to see a soldier taken from the ranks where he has served, and led out in mock solemnity to be butchered in cold blood by his comrades, the partners of his toilsome marches and deadly conflicts, our feelings are shocked and we are moved to pity. But painful as the duty is, it is required, or else law, order and discipline would be set at defiance in the Army.

Shortly after crossing the Potomac into Virginia a fine looking man in the full uniform of a Confederate Major, deliberately rode into our lines and was promptly arrested and sent to corps headquarters, where he produced a pass from General Slocum, and papers containing valuable news concerning the movements of the Confederate Army. He was one of the most active spies in the Union service, and immediately set off again for the Confederate lines, and returned with information on August 26th, after which we never heard of him again.

August 31st: The Confederates made a demonstration on the lower Rappahannock, captured a few steamers on the Potomac, and brought them up the Rappahannock to Port Conway. Kilpatrick's cavalry, and a heavy force of artillery, and the Second Corps (ours), were ordered down the river to "see about it." We marched along the Rappahannock, leaving detachments at every ford. The 148th took position at Richardson's Ford, twenty miles from our camp. Kilpatrick proceeded to Port Conway where he defeated the Confederates and destroyed the steamers.

September 1st: It was midnight; the 148th at Richardson's Ford, lay soundly sleeping in bivouac, with a heavy picket guard at the crossing supported by a strong reserve. All was quiet, save the sighing of the wind through the overhanging pines, and the murmur

of the river, mingled with the screech of insects and the mournful wail of a lone owl. The moon had gained its towering height; the sky was clear, and a beautiful night it was; just such a night as would bring to us sweet memories of the past and our homes, in ante bellum days.

Suddenly a volley of small arms was fired into our pickets from across the river, killing one of our men. Simultaneously a considerable force of Confederate cavalry dashed across the ford. In less than five minutes the 148th was in battle order and moving rapidly forward to fight the disturbers of our slumbers; but they remained not to fight; they had galloped into the country east of us. Soon quiet once more prevailed in our bivouac and the men again slept. Returned to camp at Morrisville September 4th.

September 13th: We reached and crossed the Rappahannock River and moved to Brandy Station, where, in a battle between our cavalry and the Confederate cavalry, the Confederates were defeated and driven beyond Culpeper. Three cannon and one hundred men captured. Our Brigade was wagon train guard today.

September 14th: Moved from Brandy Station to Culpeper.

September 17th: We reached Cedar Mountain, the scene of Pope's disaster, on the Rapidan River, and formed in order of battle. There was skirmishing for several days with lively cannonading now and then. The days were very warm and the nights cold and frosty.

September 28th: We went into regular camp, and I took the pioneers and dug a well in the camp of the Regiment near Cedar Mountain; rigging the well in the usual way.

September 29th: The pioneers were engaged in repairing bridges. We could plainly see the Confederates on the south side of the Rapidan, busily engaged in fortifying their position.

October 1st: On a visit to a truck patch today, I secured a peck of green tomatoes. After night had set in, and we had formed line of battle, I invited some of my comrades to go with me behind the hill in the woods, to fry and eat green tomatoes, while we waited the coming of day. Not one would go with me, so I went alone, started a fire and fried and ate tomatoes. I had a lonely but a nice time by my cheerful fire. It was cold and frosty, but I had a

pleasant and comfortable night; and just before daybreak I finished the tomatoes and returned to the battle line where the boys were lying on the ground, shivering with cold; no fires being allowed. I did not get hungry for fried tomatoes for a long time.

October 2d: In the afternoon we had a slight diversion in our Division. The first of the Second Corps, where comrade Small, a soldier of the 66th New York Volunteers was shot in the usual formal way, for desertion. Our Division was turned out to witness the butchery, and the Confederates on the heights on the south side of the Rapidan, in bunches on the hills, also were spectators, and no doubt looked on with satisfaction, to see us gradually reduce our Army. Friday was execution day and no Friday passed without shooting deserters in some part of the Army.

This was the first execution for desertion in our Division, and it was a butchery. The victim was shot four times; the executioners emptied their guns on him; he received two bullets from a navy revolver into the head at close range, before the surgeon in attendance pronounced him dead. Then the whole Division was made to march in single column close by the victim, to view the poor, mangled and blood covered body of this hapless mortal. The idea of these public executions is to impress upon the soldiers that desertion will be surely punished according to military usage in the time of War.

October 6th: This morning at two o'clock we were routed out and packed up, and soon after moved out of our position on the Rapidan, and marched back to Culpeper Court House fifteen miles and went into regular camp, as if for the winter.

October 4th: During the afternoon, Jesse Long one of my pioneers, was out prowling and foraging. He returned with an old white gander, a big one. We immediately turned butchers and commenced skinning this old Confederate gander. We got along fairly well till we tried to part the hide from his turtle back bone; here we had trouble. The hide of this diabolical, centenarian Confederate gander was so firmly fixed to the back bone that after much labor, we had at least, most of the feathers worn off and we gave it up. We dissected him with a hatchet and put him in a camp kettle. Before sunset we had him boiling lively, at eight o'clock we tried

him, he was very tough; we tried him every fifteen minutes after that; he was the toughest case we had ever met; we boiled him furiously. At three o'clock in the morning Jesse again tried a piece and declared, "Bedast, he is getting tougher." We thought it was high time to quit cooking him, and we lifted him off the fire and commenced to chew. Four of us, Henry Meyer, William Meyer, Jesse and I chewed on him till dawn of day, and we had a good deal of that centenarian Confederate, leather-bodied gander left over. We offered parts of that invincible fowl to some of the boys; we told them that it was a very good mess; they looked at the wreck, but they would not bite. Peace to the memory of that south-land gander.

For several days we lay quietly in camp near Culpeper Court House, but on the morning of October 10th the Second Corps made a hurried march back to the Rapidan River to re-enforce the Third Corps, which had made a reconnaissance in force, south of the river, and was hard pressed by the Confederates, and was in retreat. We reached the river and formed battle line, to cover the retreat of the Third Corps, whose wagon train and artillery were then crossing the river to the north side with great haste, and passed to our rear. This movement continued till 2:00 A. M. of October 11th, when the last of the trains and artillery were safely on the north side of the river, and the pontoon bridges were hauled out, loaded up, and moved out with the general retreat of the Army.

This accomplished, the Second Corps left its position and marched rapidly back through Culpeper along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, crossed the Rappahannock River on pontoon bridges, and camped near Rappahannock Station, a few miles north of the river, after a forced march of nearly thirty miles, since two o'clock in the morning. We knew that this rapid backward movement signified something far beyond the ordinary in War. Next day, October 12th, the Confederates came up, and vigorously attacked our rear; we turned on them and recrossed the Rappahannock in force and attacked them; but they made only a slight show of fight and fell back to Brandy Station, six miles south of the river. Their feeble resistance and willingness to fall back, gave rise to the suspicion that they

were "luring" us with a small force in our front and were no doubt advancing in force on our flank. This soon became apparent; therefore at midnight, October 13th, we again resumed a rapid march in retreat; which was kept up all day crossing the Rappahannock again by the same pontoon bridges near the railroad.

We marched till late in the night and having made twenty-five miles we bivouacked in the woods; dark, gloomy and rainy. We heard the rattle of musketry in a skirmish not far away. All was excitement. Was it to be a battle in this darkness, where friend and foe could not be distinguished? We moved out; day dawned just as we forded Cedar Creek; soon after reaching the top of a bluff, near Auburn Mills, afterwards known to the boys as "Hot Coffee Hill." This event is very fully treated in other stories.

(See the Prisoner's Story by Sergeant Meyer.—EDITOR.)

THE TEAMSTER'S STORY.

*Compiled from data furnished by Comrades Bryan, Billet, Garrett and Flack,
and from records of the Quartermaster's department.*

If it be true, as it certainly is, that "an army goes upon its belly"—that is, can travel only so fast and so far as it can be reached with food—its logistics, although, in a sense, of secondary importance, becomes, in another view of the subject, of primary importance. It is not proposed here to discuss the question of logistics in general, although, in view of the late changes in the organization of our Army, this is a subject of profound interest.

During our Civil War and for many years before and since, whilst it was the duty of the commissary department to supply food to the Army and of the ordnance department to furnish it with ammunition, both were absolutely dependent upon the quartermaster's department for the transportation of their supplies. The quartermaster's department controlled the transportation of all grades and kinds. When, therefore, the limits of rail and water transportation were reached, the army mule became the important factor in the movements of the Army. Without his aid the best planned campaigns would have been failures, and except for his faithful and continuous service, the area over which an army could operate would have been limited indeed.

The teamsters of the Army were, therefore, as a class as important in their place and within their circumscribed limitations as any other class of men in the Army. We hear but little of them but no effort to give any adequate idea of the operations of even a single regiment could be successful, without taking into account the services of this exceptional body of men, who, specially detailed for this purpose, served as patriotically as others, of whose service and exploits we hear more. It is deemed of interest and value, therefore, that a short sketch or story of one or more of these men be given to round out the general experience of our Regiment.

Samuel Bryan, who was one of the original members of B Company, was born at Curtin's Works, one of the small charcoal iron furnaces which, during the latter part of the Eighteenth and the first half of the Nineteenth Century, were so common in Centre County. This furnace still continues to make charcoal iron, and is

one of the few remaining establishments of this character. In the olden times, when the supplies for such a furnace were hauled from the ore mines and charcoal pits of the proprietors, the mule was about as essential to the operations of a furnace as he was to the campaigns of an army later.

As a boy on the furnace bank, Bryan became perfectly familiar with the care, custody and management of a "team of mules." When, therefore, it became necessary to furnish the Regiment with provisions from Washington, by wagon transportation, on its march down the eastern bank of the Potomac to Liverpool Point, in order to join the Army then fighting at Fredericksburg, the question of drivers for the teams became very important. Bryan's capacity to manage mules, was, of course, known to his Captain and he was temporarily detailed for that purpose. He demonstrated his ability in this line to such extent that after we joined the Army of the Potomac and our wagon transportation had been turned over to the quartermaster's department, he was soon sought out, with other men of our Regiment, and regularly detailed as a teamster.

It may be interesting in this connection to show what constituted a team and how the transfers of the mules, wagons and necessary equipments were made. On our transfer from Cockeyville to the Army of the Potomac, the regimental quartermaster, Lieut. J. G. Kurtz, was, of course, very busily occupied with the transfer of the regimental stores and baggage by rail. Lieut. W. P. Wilson, of F Company, was detailed to assist him. The following abstract of stores gives an idea of the transportation allowed to transport baggage and subsistence from Washington to Liverpool Point, and also gives some insight into the manner in which the business of the quartermaster's department was transacted.

List of quartermaster's stores, etc., transferred by Capt. J. J. Dana, Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, to Lieut. W. P. Wilson, Acting Regimental Quartermaster 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Washington, D. C., on the 11th day of December, 1862:

Number or quantity	Articles	Number or quantity	Articles
29	Horses.	8	Horse brushes.
6	Wagons complete.	6	Sets four-horse reins.
2	Ambulances—two-horse.	4	Sets ambulance harness.
6	Sets four-horse harness.	5	Halters.
8	Whips.	1	Saddle.
8	Water buckets.	1	Blanket.
8	Curry combs.	1	Bridle.

I certify that I have this day transferred to Lieut. W. P. Wilson, Acting Regimental Quartermaster 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Washington, D. C., the articles specified in the foregoing list.

J. J. DANA,

Captain Assistant Quartermaster.

When we reached the Army, there were turned over to the quartermaster's department by Quartermaster Kurtz all that Wilson had received at Washington and an additional wagon which we had probably brought with us from Cockeysville or had been secured in some other way. The invoices transferring this property are rather more detailed than the previous one but are given as showing the care with which Lieutenant Kurtz transacted his business.

List of quartermaster's stores, etc., received by E. M. Webber, Lieutenant, and Acting Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, from J. G. Kurtz, Lieutenant and Quartermaster 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, at camp in the field, Virginia, on the 19th day of December, 1862:

Number or quantity	Articles
28 Twenty-eight	Horses.
7 Seven	Wagons.
7 Seven	Wagon bows (sets of).
7 Seven	Wagon covers.
7 Seven	Feed boxes.
5 Five	Water buckets.
7 Seven	Horse brushes.
7 Seven	Tar buckets.
7 Seven	Stretcher chains.
7 Seven	Double-trees.
28 Twenty-eight	Single-trees.
14 Fourteen	Wheel harness, single sets.
14 Fourteen	Lead harness, single sets.
29 Twenty-nine	Halters.
7 Seven	Curry combs.
7 Seven	Whips

I certify that I have this day received from J. G. Kurtz, Quartermaster 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers at camp in the field, the articles specified in the foregoing list. E. M. WEBBER,
Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Quartermaster.

List of quartermaster's stores received by Lient. James H. Mitchell, Acting Assistant Quartermaster United States Army, from Lieut. J. G. Kurtz, Quartermaster, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at camp near Falmouth, on the 19th day of December, 1862:

Number or quantity	Articles	Condition when delivered.
2 Two	Two-horse ambulances.	Worn.
4 Four	Sets harness.	Worn.
4 Four	Horses.	Good.
2 Two	Brushes.	Worn.
2 Two	Curry combs.	Worn.
2 Two	Water buckets.	Worn.
2 Two	Whips.	Worn.
4 Four	Head halters.	Worn.

I certify that I have this day received of Lieut. J. G. Kurtz, Quartermaster 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at camp near Falmouth, the articles specified in the foregoing list.

JAMES H. MITCHELL,

Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Quartermaster commanding First Division Ambulance Corps, Second Army Corps.

These receipts also indicate the division of the Quartermaster's transportation into wagon train and ambulance corps. At Washington they were turned over to Lieutenant Wilson on the same invoice. When we reached the Army, they were divided and receipted for by a Lieutenant who was evidently with the wagon train and another who was in command of the ambulance corps.

Whether Bryan's reputation as a driver preceded him or not or whether there was a civil service examination as to his knowledge of the army mule, or of his capacity to care for him, does not appear, but certain it is that shortly after the Regiment reached Falmouth and had gone into winter quarters, and after he had been detailed for his first tour of picket duty and returned, the First Sergeant of his company ordered him and his comrade, George Billet, to the wagon train at corps headquarters. A detail of this kind, of course, involved taking with them their earthly belongings and, after packing their knapsacks they started to report as directed and, upon

reaching the wagon train, reported to Captain Shultz. Bryan was put in charge of wagon No. 1, which carried the headquarter baggage of the Second Corps. His team consisted of six black mules, supposed to be among the best in the service, as will appear later. After taking charge of this team and becoming familiar with it, it acquired the reputation to which its rank and position in the column and its uniform condition entitled it. With this team, through all the changes in commanders and through all the various campaigns, Bryan served until the end of the War was reached, and he was mustered out with his company.

It would be a matter of deep interest to give here at length the number of wagons required to transport the belongings, the supplies of food, forage and ammunition and the pontoons, intrenching tools and other impedimenta with which a corps of 40,000 men was compelled to move. One wagon was assigned to the corps headquarters, one to the headquarters of each division, one to the headquarters of each brigade, one to each regiment and, in addition, as many as the requirements of the commissary, quartermaster's and ordnance departments required, and also such as were necessary for carrying the pontoon bridges and the intrenching tools.

Bryan's wagon (No. 1) led the column for the Second Corps in all movements and was entitled to this place, except when food, forage or ammunition was ordered to the front.

On the march to Chancellorsville, the Second Corps wagon trains crossed at the United States Ford in rear of artillery and parked in the woods. The corps headquarter wagon was ordered to the front. On Saturday evening, when the Eleventh Corps gave way and created such consternation, a road was cut through the woods and the teams were ordered to the river in a hurry and lay there until the corps recrossed and returned to camp at Falmouth. At Gettysburg the trains were parked near the troops, so that the drivers and others connected with them were in sight of the fight. The return march from Gettysburg was very exhausting and, when the Army halted at Morrisville, the teams were nearly worn out.

In the fall of 1863, during the march to the rear and afterwards at Mine Run, the corps trains were several times in great

danger of capture. The night before Auburn Mills and Bristoe Station, orders were issued that all the wagon covers should be removed and at night the chains, which were likely to rattle, were all to be removed and no whips were to be cracked.

Before the campaign of 1864 there was a general inspection and grand review of all the wagon trains. There was great rivalry among the several corps, and among the teamsters of the same corps as to their teams. Bryan's team was regarded the best in the Second Corps, and bets which amounted to several hundred dollars were offered that his team would take the prize which was offered for the best team in the Army. Feeling ran high but, when the inspection was ended and the report made, Bryan and his six black mules were the winners.

There was little of incident worth recording ordinarily with the wagon trains. In the early part of the campaign of 1864, upon a dark night, with mud to the axle, the train was following the artillery. Of a sudden the roads blocked and the whole train halted. The headquarter and intrenching tool wagons were ordered to the front. A sutler's wagon, with six mules, was mired at the crossing of a stream. This brought all the teams to a standstill and there was soon a grand mix of army mules, sutlers and swearing teamsters. The wagon-master told the sutler that if he had ten dollars he would get him out. The proposition was gladly accepted and the driver of the intrenching tool wagon came back and told Bryan what the trouble was and that he had offered to get the sutler out for ten dollars and wanted his team. The team was unhitched and, taking the leader by the head, it was led along the edge of the muddy road in the dark until the creek was reached. The sutler's team was unhitched and taken out of the way and Bryan's attached to the wagon. Before a move, however, the ten dollars was demanded and paid over. Bryan's comrade stood at the head of the leaders; he mounted the saddle mule and, at a given signal, gave a yelp which his team knew so well, every animal crowded his collar for all he was worth, one good strong pull all together and the sutler's wagon was out on the road. Although covered with mud and with a team in like condition, Bryan had his share of the ten dollars and the hearty

cheers of the bystanders for the Second Corps headquarter team as his reward.

On one occasion, the date of which is not distinctly remembered, the Second Corps train was moving nearly at right angles with that of another corps. The question to be determined was, which had the right-of-way. Bryan was leading; cuss words were bandied at a lively rate between the wagon-masters of the different trains; the war of words seemed ready to burst into a war of pistol shots; finally the wagon master commanding the Second Corps train saw an opening and ordered Bryan to rush through, which he did, while an officer who seemed to be with the other train stood on his horse with drawn sword ready to strike him. The Second Corps officer, however, not to be outdone covered his opponent with a revolver. Bryan made the opening with his team and the whole train followed. How the difficulty was finally settled was not known but, as the Second Corps generally believed, it came out ahead.

When not on the march and when the condition of the teams justified it, the headquarter team and others which were not employed in the distribution of commissary and quartermaster's stores, were often employed in delivering express matter and sutler's stores which came by rail. Much of the express matter was for the officers, but many packages came also for enlisted men. These were delivered at the several headquarters. Among the express matter especially addressed to the officers were suspicious looking boxes through the cracks of which long necked bottles might sometimes be discovered. These were regarded as very dangerous to be placed in an army wagon under the control of the average army teamster and were laid aside and, although it is not for the teamster to say what became of them, he has always had a suspicion, based upon his knowledge of the wagon-master's quarters, that some of them might have been found in a cavern under the bunk of some enterprising wagon-master.

During the campaign in the summer of 1864, after reaching Petersburg and during the crossings to Deep Bottom, the headquarter wagon was always well to the front, but the Second Corps was constantly on the go. Many nights the mules were not unhitched and

not infrequently the teamsters laid down alongside of their saddle mules under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

During the time that General Hancock was in command of the Corps, the headquarter wagon was not taken to the front, unless the orders permitted the wagons belonging to other headquarters to be brought up also. General Hancock was very particular in this respect and at one time, when a member of the staff had undertaken to order the wagon to the front, when General Hancock's orders forbade wagons to be brought up or fires to be made, the wagon was sent back very promptly and the officer who had ordered it up severely reprimanded.

In the closing campaign, in the spring of 1865, General Humphreys commanded the Corps. The corps headquarter wagon was kept constantly close up to the troops. At Hatcher's Run it was near the front and, when the battle opened, was under a direct and warm fire. The top of the saddle, upon which the teamster was sitting, was knocked off and the off wheel mule was wounded in the fleshy part of the hip. Holes were cut in the canvas cover and two or three of the bows broken. This occurred so quickly that there was no time to retire until the damage was done. The wagon-master, however, came to the front with a rush and ordered the team out of range as quickly as possible—an order which, it may be well imagined, was very promptly obeyed.

As the trains got farther from their base forage became very scarce. At Farmville, seeing a stack of hay in the distance, the teamster of the headquarter wagon made for it, secured some of the hay and began his return, but he was within range of the Confederate troops and was subjected to a fire, the bullets rattling all around him as he returned without a scratch and with the hay for his team.

As may be readily imagined, the teamsters were not under the same strict discipline as the men who carried arms and were expected to be up to the front, particularly in time of danger. During such times the trains often halted for a considerable time. On the night of the surrender, some of the teamsters gathered in a small hut occupied by some colored people and induced the old woman who was in charge to bake some hoe cakes which were much enjoyed. They

had scarcely finished their repast when a tremendous shout was heard in the front. On going up to see what was the matter, it was found that General Lee had surrendered and a night of great jollity followed.

Without delay came the march through Richmond back to Washington and, when Alexandria was reached, Bryan was relieved and ordered to report to his Regiment. He says:

“I turned in the same six mules that I received at Falmouth in December, 1862, the same wagon and harness, except the wagon bows and cover which had been riddled at Hatcher’s Run. With the repairs which had been made during the service, these were all as good as when they were given in my charge. I never had a sick mule or broken wagon, nor was I ever off duty for a day. The last I saw of my team, after I was relieved, it was running away under a new driver and seemed to be specially engaged in breaking the wagon to pieces.”

George Billet, who was detailed at the same time with Bryan, although assigned to a team which did not rank quite so high as Bryan’s, nevertheless was as faithful in the discharge of duty and served continuously with the trains until mustered out with his company, as was Bryan, June 1, 1865.

Charles Garrett, Company H, was detailed during the winter of 1863 to serve as a teamster with the corps headquarter train, and was continuously employed as such from the date of his detail until the close of the War. After the return of the Army from Chancellorsville, his team was detailed within a week to recross the river under a flag of truce. The party detailed for the special service drove to Chancellorsville, the special object being to recover the bodies of several officers who had been killed during the fight and had been buried east of the Chancellor House along the main road leading toward Fredericksburg. The night was spent upon the field and the return was made the next day.

His subsequent experiences with the train were much the same as those which have been detailed in connection with this general story. At Cold Harbor, however, he recalls, with great distinctness, an experience which will be easily remembered by all who shared

in it. The train was exposed to the artillery fire of the enemy and was shelled at different times. It was impossible to go forward or to turn back, and the trains were compelled to remain in this exposed position for a couple of days, losing a number of mules killed by the enemy's fire.

Garrett says:

"I drove six mules during the entire time; they were about as good as the ordinary mule, although some of them were quite vicious, but that seems to be a trait in their character, if they have any. After the surrender, I had a load of camp equipage, etc., which was carried the entire distance to Alexandria. Here I left the mules and joined my company, without having participated in the Grand Review. I was mustered out, however, with the others and with them returned to my home."

Nelson Flack was detailed in April, 1863, as a teamster to serve in the general wagon trains. He drove a supply wagon until the fall of 1863, after which his wagon was assigned to carry ammunition for the Regiment. This he continued to do until the close of the War.

As already intimated, the ammunition train was an absolute necessity during an engagement and often came upon the field during the heat and excitement of battle.

Flack had been trained from boyhood to care for and drive mules and was, therefore, quite at home when detailed for this purpose. He has a distinct recollection of the incident at Cold Harbor spoken of by Garrett.

In approaching Petersburg, after crossing the James River, the Lieutenant in command of the trains to which his wagon belonged took the wrong road, led his train through our lines but did not go far until he discovered what was the matter. Of course, the back track was taken immediately but we were in front and in sight of the enemy's works and within range of their guns. We had no escort and it would have been very easy to have captured the entire train. Why the enemy did not do so has always been a matter of wonder. They did not even open upon us till after the train had regained its place within our own lines, and then they opened in a lively way, so that the train was compelled to retire further to the rear. Here

Flack's team was detailed for another purpose and was the only one employed in hauling ammunition for the guns at the Weldon Railroad.

After the surrender, he drove his team north. At Burkville Station the ammunition was unloaded and turned over to the railroad for transportation and his wagon loaded with such things as would be useful to the troops on their homeward march. No guard was required, there being no enemy and, as it was dispensed with, the trains were open to the depredations of the inhabitants of the region at night. As it was a section of the country over which both Armies had fought and marched, there was, of course, great destitution and lack of farm animals. It is not surprising, therefore, that a large number of mules and horses departed and did not return. Sometimes a whole team would disappear. Flack lost two of the mules of his team. As many as eleven horses disappeared in a night but this was not an unmixed evil, as it gave the inhabitants of the region the facilities for putting out their crops and thus returning to their old employments, and was after all their side of the game of "tit for tat" which they had not had the opportunity previously to play.



Henry Meyer

THE PRIVATE'S STORY.

IN CONNECTION WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF COMPANY A.

By Henry Meyer

“You and each of you acknowledge that you have voluntarily enlisted as a soldier in the Army of the United States of America, for the period of three years, or during the War; and each of you do solemnly swear that you will bear true allegiance to the United States of America; that you will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that you will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over you, according to the Rules and Articles of War, and this as you shall answer God on the Great Day.”

The above was the substance of the oath administered August 25, 1862, by Lieutenant Fetterman, of the Regular Army, to a hundred volunteer recruits, mostly farmer boys, standing in an irregular row, with uplifted right hands, in front of the hotel in the town of Rebersburg, Center County, Pennsylvania. I look down the vista of forty years and the scene presents itself vividly to my mind; the assembled fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of the boys in line, the youthful, ruddy faces of the volunteer recruits, the grief and tears of members of families from whose loving circle one or more of their number is now being severed, perhaps never to return. The boys themselves seemed less affected by the solemnity of the occasion, for they were light hearted and inclined to levity rather than seriousness. Thus it was the parents at home suffered more mental anxiety than their sons in the Army. They ceased not, day and night, year in and year out, to think of their sons in the far South, and they ever felt the deepest solicitude for their safety. We who are now fathers ourselves can more fully appreciate the feelings of parents in those sad and gloomy times.

After the oath was administered to us, Lieutenant Fetterman added: “You are now soldiers of the United States; you will meet at this place on the 27th of this month to be taken to the front, and if you fail to report, you will be arrested as deserters.” The severe

manner in which the Lieutenant delivered this sentence and the emphasis he put on the word "deserter," grated harshly on our sensibilities and kindled a slight feeling of resentment and defiance which rankled in our bosoms quite a while. Not that any one harbored any intention of deserting, but it was our first lesson in the stern discipline of military life, the first practical demonstration to us that our wills must now yield unquestioned obedience to the will of others placed over us in authority. Of all the varied duties and requirements incident to the soldier's life, this subordinating one's will to that of another, this yielding prompt obedience to one who is only one of "us," one with whom we played "horse" and slid down the same cellar door only a few short years before, and probably not superior to us now, except in a brief, constituted authority—this was the most loathsome and difficult lesson for us volunteer soldiers to acquire.

But the volunteer soldiers had the intelligence, the good common sense and the patriotism to observe and admit the necessity of yielding obedience to those selected to exercise authority over them, and they obeyed.

By facts reported us later on we learned that the Confederate officers and private soldiers were on much more social terms than was the case in the Union Army, and yet it has never been asserted that the Confederate soldiers were less brave and efficient in consequence thereof.

These recruits sworn in on the date mentioned were nearly all natives of Brush Valley—of the best families; mere boys, single, with the exception of a few, used to toil, robust, temperate in their habits—good material out of which to make soldiers. A few days after their muster they constituted Company 'A' of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

What puissant force impelled these young men to forsake their comfortable home, sacrifice their trades, college dormitories, business or professional advantages, new spheres a number had just entered upon from the farm—and enlist in the Army and undergo the hardships, the dangers and horrors of war? It was not for pecuniary

gain. It was not because they were ignorant of the consequences of the step they were about to take. They knew all about the terrible battles and losses of the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula and the then recent defeat of Pope's Army in Virginia. They knew that re-enforcements were needed at the front and expected in a few short weeks to be hurled against the exultant, advancing foe. It was pure patriotism that constrained them to stand by the Union in the fearful conflict; they felt it their duty to go and they went.

In this brief sketch the main object will be to recall some of the stirring incidents and varied experiences which a humble private observed, and himself and his comrades went through; also to put on record some historical facts in reference to Company A which may seem worthy of preservation. Where historical facts and dates are mentioned, they are verified by comparison with diary records made during the War at the time of the occurrence of the events.

The boys left Rebersburg, Pennsylvania, in farmers' rigs of different kind, on the 27th day of August, and arrived at Lewistown in the evening. Thence by railroad they reached Harrisburg in the afternoon of the following day. Supper was provided in a large brick building near the depot. The bill of fare was simple, consisting of cold pork, bread and coffee. There was no apple butter nor jellies of any kind; neither were any pies or custards visible. And the farmer boys, who were accustomed to more luxurious tables, considered themselves treated quite shabbily, but indulged the delusive hope, in their innocency, that after they would be installed in company quarters, Uncle Sam would supply them with viands more varied and abundant.

The company was then conducted to Camp Curtin. The scene which presented itself to the gaze of the young fellows who had been reared amid the quiet and peacefulness of rural life was bewildering. All was commotion in camp, streams of recruits in citizens' clothes coming in, and regiments of soldiers in uniforms going out; companies and regiments drilling; orderlies and officers galloping hither and thither; bands playing, drums beating, teamsters yelling and cursing, and the noisy tumult went on unceasingly. Passing into camp at its entrance on the south side, we noticed soldiers—real sol-

diers—with muskets and fixed bayonets guarding the place and allowing none to pass out. Now we realized fully that Uncle Sam had us in his clutches securely. However, it might be remarked here that the boys learned rapidly. Their chief desire was, during their stay at Harrisburg, to get away from the dust and discomforts of camp as much as possible and to roam about the city.

There was a hydrant on the east side of the camp just beyond the sentinel's beat where many of the boys got their water for use in camp. It required no pass to get across the line at that point if one carried a bucket. Now, buckets being cheap, they became plenty. In the morning two men would take hold of one small vessel, pass through the guards, ostensibly to fetch water, hide the bucket, then perambulate over the city all day, return to camp in the evening with their bucket of water. This scheme worked all right until Uncle Sam arrayed his boys in uniform, then they could no longer pass themselves off as citizens.

As we entered the camp space was assigned for the companies and "A" tents were furnished to be put up, six men being assigned to each. Clothing, a complete outfit from head to foot, all dumped on a pile, for a hundred men, was issued, the various pieces of attire being graded as to size, in order to fit the supposed variations in stature. The rush that was made for the pile was terrific and was fraught with some danger to life and limb. Mutual exchanges were afterwards made among the boys until all were tolerably well rigged out. But one of the boys, Comrade Thomas P. Meyer, happened to be on one of his periodical wanderings about the city while the issue of clothing was made, and when he returned, the one solitary pair of shoes remaining was a pair of No. 11's, while his "fit" was No. 7. When he entered the tent and saw his shoes and the other ill assorted vestments left for him, he flew into a rage and for a while the air was full of flying caps, coats, vests, pants and shoes, accompanied by sundry emphatic remarks not suitable on funeral occasions. Meanwhile some of the other boys were going through the contortions of an Indian war dance in front of the tent, and volunteered such words of encouragement and consolation as the situation seemed to demand. After the storm subsided, Thomas was informed that he could take



First Lieut. S.S. Wolf



First Lieut. S.M. Spangler



First Lieut. W.W. Bierly

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Capt. R.H. Forster



Capt. John L. Johnson

CO. A

148 PAVOLS



Second Lieut. E.J. Burnett



Second Lieut. Daniel E. Shaffer



Second Lieut. J.I. Jones

his outfit to the Quartermaster and secure garments of a proper size in exchange, whereupon he meekly gathered the same under his arm and wended his way to that institution.

The companies were organized and a regiment was formed of ten companies and numbered the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Our company, as already stated, was lettered A and was placed under the command of Capt. Robert H. Forster. The position of the company was at the extreme right of the regimental line, and was at the head of the column when on a march. This latter fact was of considerable advantage on a march, as we discovered in course of time; as, for instance, in marching across a hill, while the companies at the front are descending the same, with swinging, rapid strides, the companies at the rear may be ascending the opposite slope, at a run to prevent a break in the column.

During our two weeks' stay at Camp Curtin the time was put in by constant drilling, doing guard duty, learning to cook, learning by experience the secret of making ourselves comfortable under the changed conditions of our lives. The officers studied military tactics and it must be confessed that they were, nearly all of them, as ignorant of things military and as awkward in the drill as the privates. Often was Captain Tarbutton of the Regular Army, who was in command of Camp Curtin, seen to take the sword, or the stick, from some Captain or Lieutenant while drilling a company and show him how to go through the manoeuvres and how to command, not in an overbearing, tyrannical manner, but in a courteous, kindly spirit. Perhaps in no line of duty is the recruit so liable to make ridiculous mistakes as in the role of sentinel. As an illustration of this: Comrade Solomon B——was doing guard duty at a point where there was always more or less bother with fellows trying to pass in or out, and as he was slowly walking his beat, thinking, probably, about the girl he left behind, some fellow slipped across his trail. The sentinel, roused from his reverie, rushed after him with uplifted stick and yelled, "Dunnerwedder holt, odder Ich farschlock dir der Kup! De countersign is Harper's Ferry!" Which translated into English would read—but I forbear. Perhaps one should apologize for introducing into a work of this kind a sentence, now and then, of vigorous, classic

Pennsylvania Dutch, which was spoken and understood by not less than half the members of the 148th Regiment.

On the night of September 9th, the Regiment, then fully equipped, took the train at Harrisburg and on the following morning disembarked into a large field close to Cockeyville, Maryland, and went into "Camp Beaver." One of the men had an impression that we were already far south, for looking over a field covered with a tall weed, he inquired of a citizen of the place, "ish dis cotton?"

Guard duty and drilling was the order of the day in our new camp and picket duty was now also added to the list. This latter fact became, in our estimation, quite a serious affair; if it was necessary to throw out pickets, why, it was certain that enemies were in the neighborhood somewhere; and it was the easiest thing in the world, when spying a darkey bestriding a mule on a distant hill for the imagination to transform him into a fierce trooper of the Rebel Army.

There was still another field of usefulness opened to us in which to gratify our ambition for promotion and consequent glory, and that was "police duty." Now, when the Orderly Sergeant, W. W. Bierly, called half a dozen names, among which was my own, and informed us that we were detailed to perform police duty, we felt greatly elated and began to look around for the smoothly polished hickory clubs with which to lord it over the other fellows, if they failed to conduct themselves decently. But our spirits fell when the Sergeant supplied us, instead, with axes, picks, shovels and brooms of the most primitive kind, and ordered us to remove stumps, roots, stones, even up the ground and clean up the rubbish generally about the camp.

Our stay at Cockeyville was uneventful; with the exception of a few incidents of more or less importance, nothing happened to mar the even tenor of our way. One occurrence in the line of guard duty some of the boys may still remember. Comrade Thos. G. Weirick, a member of Company A, a boy of sixteen years, was on a certain occasion detailed one of the camp guards, and while on duty a giant of a fellow attempted to cross the beat, paying no attention to the challenge of the boyish sentinel, whereupon the latter rushed upon him with fixed bayonet, tearing through his coat across his breast,

just grazing the skin, but inflicting no other damage or injury except several big rents in the clothes of the big fellow. The boy had intended, no doubt, to run a hole through the man but missed his aim. He was arrested and taken to the Colonel's quarters, where he was kept a few hours and then released. He had simply carried out his orders strictly, and there was not much to be said on the subject. Comrade Weirick was a brave soldier and did valiant service later on in many a fierce battle. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, and now he is doing some sort of sentinel duty at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Washington, D. C. The fellow who had attempted to cross the beat was put in the guard house.

September 10th our company struck tents and marched down the Baltimore Pike about five miles to Lutherville, a small village situated near the Northern Central Railroad and put their tents along the northern border of a commons close to a strip of woods. It was a healthy and most delightful location. Close at hand on the west side of the camp was the railroad just mentioned; on the east side, at a distance of one-fourth of a mile, was the Baltimore Pike; a mile south, amidst a beautiful grove, nestled the fine buildings of the Ladies' Lutheran Seminary, and dotting the varied landscape of field and wood in all directions were seen many palatial residences of the opulent slaveholders. The citizens of the small village were intelligent, sociable, and kind hearted. They extended many acts of kindness to our sick boys during our stay in the place. They were loyal to our Government with but few individual exceptions. Our camp was named after our Captain "Camp Forster." In this place we remained until December 9th, three months within a few days. Our stay in this section of country was very pleasant; it was simply "Sunday soldiering." Our principal duty was to guard the railroad against injury that might be perpetrated by disloyal citizens or possible raiders, for it was a very important line of communication between Washington and the North. It was guarded only during the night, and in daytime there were not many details for duty of any description. The scenery was beautiful, the autumn days were delightful, persimmons, chineapins and other luxuries were abundant, and the boys were happy. Yet the time was not wholly spent in

idleness; squad and company drill went on unceasingly from day to day. The boys learned rapidly, and as they became more efficient in the drills, they became proud of their accomplishments. A true soldier always takes pride in his own organization and will ever exert himself to maintain its honor. What soldier of the Civil War, or any war, is there whose bosom does not swell with pride as he beholds the bullet-torn banner under which he served?

The companies were frequently assembled at Cockeyville or Gunpowder to exercise in regiment drill. Colonel Beaver had seen active service in the front as Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and knew the importance of thorough drill and discipline when it came to active service in line of battle. He labored with great zeal and energy to place his Regiment on a high plane of discipline and efficiency, and later on the wisdom of his course was demonstrated in more than one fierce battle of the War in which the Regiment took an honorable part. During the first six months of our service some of the men expressed their disapprobation of the Colonel's strict discipline in rather emphatic terms, but they were really only the professional grumblers; the clean, intelligent, patriotic element in the Regiment recognized from the beginning the necessity of rigid discipline in the Army, and approved of the policy of the commander. Company A being isolated from the rest of the Regiment, and not being under the vigilant eye of the Colonel, its members were not subject to the same degree of restraint as those of the other companies which remained at Cockeyville. Yet there were not many flagrant violations of the regulations. Captain Forster was a man of few words, —could be silent in at least two languages, but what few words he said were promptly and cheerfully heeded by the boys. He was not tyrannical; he ever manifested a kindly regard for every member of his company; he was brave in battle; he had done gallant service while a mere boy in the Mexican War, the boys therefore loved and respected him, and honored him almost as a father. They denounced, as in their opinion circumstances required, almost every officer from the corps commander down to the lowest, but of Captain Forster there never was said an unkind word.

On several occasions the Captain was absent and the command of the company devolved upon the First Lieutenant, Simon S. Wolf, who also was a capable officer. He was not much older than a majority of the boys and had been a schoolmate of a number of them, and their lack of veneration for him was often painfully evident. They accosted him by his Christian name, "Simon," and the idea of offering him the military salute to which officers were entitled, was unthinkable. It was with considerable difficulty the boys restrained themselves from exercising the privilege, so dear to the American citizen, of "sassing back," though sternly prohibited by military discipline. These things are mentioned to portray the democratic and independent spirit of the boys. Once in a while the Lieutenant, in the absence of the Captain, found it necessary to inflict slight punishments. Comrade J. E. R—— had been guilty of some slight offense and the sentence was that he polish a very rusty musket which was handed him. The wily culprit got himself some sand paper and as soon as the company was formed to go forth to drill, he would grab his rusty gun, sit in front of his tent and begin to polish, timing the motion of his hand by the beat of the drum. Thus for several days when the company was racing over the adjacent field in the evolutions of drill, in the hot sun, Mr. R—— would be sitting in front of his tent with his rusty gun and complacently contemplating the shifting scene before him. In this case justice failed miserably.

Many funny incidents happened in camp life which would afford some amusement if narrated, but for want of space only a few are introduced in this sketch. The following is a representative type, one of occasional occurrence in army experiences:

One beautiful Sunday morning as the company stood at "shoulder arms," after the usual inspection, and was about to be dismissed, the command, "order arms," was given. Comrade J. K. M——, who stood on my right, simply let his musket drop without going through all the successive movements which that command requires, and the heavy Vincennes with its ponderous saber bayonet on, struck squarely on my toes! It can easily be imagined what the effect was both on my toes and my feelings simultaneously. Yet the proprieties of the occasion forbade my leaving the ranks, or the privilege of pronoun-

ing my maledictions on the offender above a hissing whisper. The malicious fellow simply looked straight to the front and smiled serenely, and somewhat derisively.

Each mess of six, occupants of a tent, did its own cooking, and the process thereof was of the most elementary style. Boiling Irish potatoes with the skins on, or roasting sweet potatoes (bought from hucksters) in hot ashes at the fire-place, boiling beans in camp kettles, making coffee—these were accomplishments easily acquired. But ventures into the higher grades of the culinary department were sometimes attended with results quite disastrous. As an instance of this kind, a quantity of rice had accumulated on our hands and it was proposed to prepare a portion of it for the table. There seemed nothing difficult in the process of boiling rice; so a four-gallon camp kettle was made nearly full of the cereal, a quantity of water was poured on top, and the vessel with its contents was then suspended over a roaring fire. It soon became apparent that boiling rice possessed a great affinity for water, but that fluid being cheap and abundant, it was poured into the kettle in copious quantities. It also developed another of its qualities with amazing rapidity—that of expansion—so much so, that in a very short time the kettle was full to overflowing, and the rising contents had to be dipped out and deposited into other vessels. All the kettles, pans and dishes that could be borrowed from the neighbors were soon filled and finally yellow smoke came up through the boiling rice, leaving brown streaks over the surface, showing that the stuff was burning at the bottom.

December 9th at 1:00 p. m. our company took the train at Lutherville for Baltimore at which place we arrived at 3:00 p. m. The other companies of the Regiment were with the same train. The Regiment marched through the city to Washington Depot and was quartered in a large brick building for the night. Here an excellent supper was served by the Union Relief Association. My diary states that the institution was maintained by the ladies of Baltimore, and that on the same day five thousand soldiers who passed through the city to the front, had been fed. Our company with three other companies occupied the third floor, and every inch of space was crowded.

In this connection I am tempted to relate a funny incident at the expense of Comrade Thomas P. Meyer. He had visited Baltimore before our enlistment and we cheerfully accorded him the distinction of a superior knowledge of the ways and mysteries of the city. So after we had established ourselves comfortably in the building just mentioned he remarked:

“Henry, do you like peach brandy?”

“Why, yes; if it is good; what is it?”

“Well, it’s peach brandy and I know where I can get some; it would be nice to have in case of an emergency.”

Whereupon he went and had his canteen filled and brought it in safely. Afterward he went out again, and not trusting to leave his canteen amongst a lot of spying, thieving boys (of the other companies) he hung it across his shoulder and took it along. Meanwhile guards had been stationed around the building with certain instructions from the Colonel, presumably— at any rate when Thomas passed in the Sergeant of the Guard halted him, inspected the contents of the canteen and poured the contraband stuff into the gutter, while poor Thomas stood by watching the proceeding with mingled feelings of regret, fierce anger and horrible revenge! The emergency had come sooner than had been anticipated.

At noon, on the 10th, another meal was furnished the Regiment, and at 4:30 P. M. the train was taken for Washington. The boys still remember, no doubt, the many delays caused by the frequent break-downs of the rickety, camelback engine; how they used to get off the train, light fires and warm themselves, while the train hands were making repairs at the old engine. Washington, distant from Baltimore only forty miles, was not reached until 3:00 A. M. on the 11th. The boys put in the time seeing the capitol building and other objects of interest about the city, until 2:00 P. M., when the Regiment marched out of the city, heading down the left bank of the Potomac, our destination being, as we understood, Falmouth, near Fredericksburg, Virginia, where was then lying the Army of the Potomac. It was a beautiful warm day and we got very tired with our heavy knapsacks, although the distance traversed was only about six miles. Our camp for the night was opposite Alexandria. The wagon train

failing to come up, the boys got nothing to eat until the morning of the following day, except "hard tack" and coffee. The Regiment was ready to resume its march at 8:00 A. M. Before falling into ranks the boys disposed of their shoulder scales. They declared them a nuisance, notwithstanding Uncle Sam's Army Regulations, wended their way to the rear of the bivouac and consigned the gaudy things to the realms of "innocuous desuetude" in irregular, parabolic curves down a steep hill, flashing back, as they went, the bright rays of the morning sun.

Fifteen miles down the left bank of the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon, the Regiment went into camp that evening. Owing to the tardiness of the provision trains, no supper; and for the same reason the march was not resumed next day, December 13th, until 4:00 P. M., then only six miles were accomplished until dark, when camp fires were lighted.

At daybreak, December 16th, the Regiment got aboard a steamboat at Liverpool Point and was taken down the Potomac ten miles to Acquia Creek Landing, on the Virginia side of the river. The march from Washington to this point was very disagreeable. There were frequent rains and in consequence the roads, in that region of sandy soil, became almost impassable. The booming of cannon was heard continually for several days, but we did not know then that a sanguinary battle was being fought at Fredericksburg. From my diary I quote the record for December 16th:

"At daylight we (our Regiment) went on board a steamboat which took us to Acquia Creek Landing * * * where we got off and went back from the Landing about half a mile when we got coffee, etc., we cleaned our guns and accoutrements. In the afternoon I was down to the Landing helping to load wagons. There were fifty or sixty rebel prisoners at the place who had been captured at Fredericksburg a day or two before; they seemed to be very clever fellows. The steamboat, Monitor, was lying at the wharf, her decks covered with hay, made ready for the accommodation of the wounded that were to come on the cars from the late battlefield, thence to be taken to Washington City."

For the first time we came in contact with some of our veteran soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, real soldiers who had "smelt



Thomas E. Royer



Jesse Long

SIX
MEN
of
CO A



Corp. Benjamin Beck



Corp. Henry Meyer



John Clapham



Henry J. Crouse

powder," and we looked upon them with feelings akin to wonder and veneration. At 8:00 A. M. on the 17th, the Regiment resumed its march, now in a western direction, across the country from the landing on the Potomac to Falmouth on the Rappahannock. The road was in a horrible condition; it was one of those Virginia roads winding through the woods; sandy soil with no bottom to it in wet weather, as was then the case, and the constant stream of army supply trains passing along, together with the many thousands of feet of soldiers moving to the front, churned the mud, in and along the side of the main road to a breadth of five or six rods, into the consistency of very thin mortar almost knee deep.

Amid all the misery of the march many ludicrous things happened. It was the easiest thing in the world for one to stumble on hidden roots, and being loaded top-heavy, he would almost invariably come down into the mud with a splash. To this day I have a distinct picture in my memory of Comrade Simon Stover standing on his head and feet at the same time, his body forming an acute angle. He had stumbled and his heavy knapsack, receiving an impetus, slipped forward and pulled his head down into the mud, holding it securely down by the straps round the shoulders. Comrade Stover had quite a struggle to extricate himself from his perilous position. Knapsacks were capable of another bad trick which they sometimes played on their owners. Miscalculating the distance in leaping a ditch, a person would sometimes fail to exert sufficient force to land himself squarely on the opposite side, consequently the heavy knapsack would pull him back into the ditch.

A march of about twelve miles brought us, in the afternoon of the day above mentioned, into the neighborhood of the towns of Falmouth and Fredericksburg. We camped in the woods and slept at night in the open air. No tents were put up at any time on our march from Washington to the front. They were hauled on the wagon trains and were not accessible on a march, but at a later period of the War, smaller tents were furnished soldiers, well known as "shelter tents" and to the old soldiers as "dog tents."

In every direction for many miles the country was thickly studded with soldiers' tents. That time the whole region on the north

side of the Rappahannock was covered with woods, there being only a few small fields dotting the landscape, and to anticipate the following spring there was not left a solitary tree or stick of wood in all that region, all having been cut down and used for building soldiers' quarters and for fuel. At last even the stumps and roots were dug up for fuel. We were now among the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, who had been with McClellan on the Peninsula, with Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, again with McClellan at Antietam and only a few days before, in the terrible slaughter yonder at the base of Marye Heights, plainly in view, just beyond the old town of Fredericksburg. From them were soon learned the details of their recent struggle with the enemy, also the undeniable fact that our Army had suffered a severe repulse. The situation of affairs was somewhat depressing to our feelings.

On the 18th day of December the Regiment moved on several miles farther and went into camp on the northern slope of a slight elevation, having been assigned to the Second Corps, First Division, First Brigade.

The boys of the 148th Regiment were ordered at once to erect winter quarters. These were log structures, fourteen feet by seven feet, about, and four feet high. Two "A" tents were joined and set on top of the upper logs for the roof, and a chimney of logs was built at one end of the cabin and this, as well as the spaces between the logs of the cabin, was well plastered with mud, of which there was an abundance in that country. A low door was inserted near the fire place. The quarters were warm and comfortable, but as there were eleven men to be accommodated in each, the space was rather crowded. The floor was simply dry earth strewn with pine branches on which the boys slept at night, lying "spoon fashion," and filling up the space from the rear end of the cabin to the fire place in front. If one wished to turn all were obliged to turn and, as might be imagined, positions were seldom changed during the night.

Now, housekeeping was properly inaugurated but there was yet a great deal to learn in order to extract some degree of comfort out of the dreary surroundings. We learned by experience—sad experience sometimes—and also by observing the methods in vogue among

the veteran soldiers around us. For instance, we noticed that they put a handful of ground coffee into one quart of water, thus making it sufficiently strong to carry an egg, figuratively speaking, or as some one stated, *two* eggs. We learned that difficult art of evolving sufficient heat out of three wet cornstalks to boil that same quart of water for coffee, or how to start a roaring fire with an armful of green sap pine sticks in a heavy rain. We also learned at an early day, in default of bread, how to conquer the flinty hardness of the army biscuit, or "hard tack," and extract therefrom nourishment for empty stomachs. Other items might be mentioned. But in one special department the boys of the 148th Regiment stood pre-eminent and could take no lessons from the old soldiers—no matter how old—and that was in the matter of private foraging—or moving things in order to change the ownership of same. To Company G was accorded, by general consent and ungrudgingly, the first place in this line of accomplishments. And Company A came in second in the scale of gradation. It was the general opinion that it was a Company G boy who stole General Hancock's breakfast on a certain occasion; and it was not disputed at the time that the man who carried off, in the dead of night, a box of "hard tack" from the Irish Brigade Commissary, undismayed by the bullet from the sentinel's musket crashing through his box as he went—it was not disputed that this man was also a member of Company G. And we knew for a certainty that the boy who dragged on a dark night, a large quarter of beef across the sentinel's beat to a spot accessible to his accomplices was a member of Company A; so also, at a later period, the boy who dragged from under the head of the Adjutant's cook, as it were, a big ham and made way with it, was a member of the same company.

Monday, December 22d, the Regiment was reviewed by General Hancock. This was the first time we saw the gallant General. He passed along the line slowly and seemed to scrutinize each individual soldier. After the review some German officer inspected the Regiment. My diary for December 23d says:

"Today our Brigade and several others were reviewed by Generals Burnside, Sumner and Hancock and their staffs. I think there were present about eight thousand men and a battery of seven guns.

I had a good view of General Burnside as he passed along the line; he is a tall man and his complexion rather dark; he has very black hair. General Sumner is not so stout and tall as General Burnside. He appears to be pretty old already, as he has gray hairs."

Looking over my diary records for that time I observe that our Regiment was out drilling almost every day, if the weather was fair.

Among the daily routine of exercises dress parade held the most conspicuous place. It afforded an opportunity for strutting gait, and a display of the most elaborate and ornate vestments of the military wardrobes of both the officers and privates; the ill-fitting blouse, in the hurry and bustle of preparation, was flung into a corner; the dress coat was taken from its peg in the tent, carefully brushed, its brass buttons polished. The garment was then pulled on and carefully buttoned from top to bottom, while gloves and paper collars were sacredly held in reserve for such occasions, and shoes were expected to be polished. At the appointed hour in the evening, if the weather was propitious, the companies of the Regiment were formed in their respective streets and at the proper signal marched to the parade ground and formed into regimental line.

The evolutions which preceded the formation were really a beautiful sight, especially while the Regiment was still large, uniforms not yet soiled from long and hard service, the gorgeous banners undimmed by the dust of the march and the smoke of battle and their folds without rent by the leaden hail of minie balls. When once formed into line the men saw but little of the imposing and magnificent pageant of which they formed a part, for each face must be held rigidly to the front, the vision of the eye striking the ground fifteen paces in front.

And now came upon the scene the drum corps; starting at the extreme right they marched in front of the line to the extreme left, there wheeled and returned to the point from which they had started. On they came, with stately step, some ten or twelve drums and several fifes, in the procession, and the crash and thunder pealing forth from the moving pageant made the welkin ring.

"Say, Comrade Gettig, who is that chap with the sword leading the drum corps? Is he a bigger man than General Hancock?"

“Why, Comrade Royer, he must be almost as big in rank, and I think his name is Cassidy.”

And such was the case as to name. He was “our own” Bob Cassidy, whom the boys learned later on to know, love and respect as a most genial comrade and brave soldier. Drum Major Cassidy was a very efficient officer in his line of duty. He drilled his company of musicians incessantly, thoroughly. On nice days one would see them in squads of twos and threes, some distance away from camp, practicing for hours at a time; and unceasingly the noisy racket went on. It used to be said that the drum corps of the 148th was the best in the Army of the Potomac. While yet in our innocence as soldiers, we used to think that the drum corps would take a very conspicuous part in time of battle—in fact, would be up to the front, and with its inspiring music would infuse martial ardor and courage into the souls of the charging men. This, however, was a wrong impression. The drums were left at a safe distance in the rear when the fight was on, but the musicians were not solely for ornament and entertainment; they assisted at the hospitals and helped the wounded off the field and thus often exposed themselves on the firing line.

Inspection was an event of some importance in military routine, and was anticipated by the boys with considerable anxiety and dread. On those occasions the companies were formed generally in their respective streets, the men coming out in full uniform, accoutrements on, knapsacks packed, musket with fixed bayonets. It is not necessary to give all the minute details of the ceremony. The comrade who, on a certain occasion, stuffed his knapsack full of hay, in default of the regulation supply of clothing, failed to pass inspection and was severely reprimanded. The inspecting officer might and often would open the buttons of the coats, if the outward appearance of a man gave rise to suspicion, to see whether he was in the habit of applying a sufficient quantity of soap and water to his person, or he might peer into his ears to ascertain whether all was right in that locality. Then while the company was replacing knapsacks, the inspecting officer visited the quarters of the men and inspected also them. The ceremony ended usually by the company officers reading

to the boys page after page of the Army Regulations. Some people might question the necessity of such rigid discipline in this particular. It was necessary.

The importance of keeping the "powder dry" and arms in good shape every one admits. It is equally important to maintain the health of the men by strict attention to personal cleanliness and the sanitary conditions of the quarters and surroundings for the efficiency of an army depends on the proper observance of these things. The greatest diversity in the habits and dispositions of the boys manifested itself in their new environments of camp life. Some were continually bathing, brushing and scrubbing when in camp and fixing up to make themselves comfortable; others were indifferent to such matters and being deprived the restraining and sustaining influences of their home life, they speedily lapsed into a state of primal barbarism.

The reports of inspecting officers were generally creditable to the Regiment; yet not always, as appears from the following extract from General Orders No. 2, issued February 2, 1863, from headquarters 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Camp Hancock, Virginia, by James A. Beaver, Colonel commanding:

"1. The inspection this day made by Lieutenant Colonel Cartwright has not been creditable to the Regiment. It has revealed a degree of filth, slovenliness and inattention which is as disgraceful to officers as it is ruinous to the safety, health and comfort of the men. * * *"

The Colonel presented the derelictions of both officers and privates in slightly exaggerated terms, no doubt, in order to stimulate them to efforts at reform. At the same time he was able to extract a grain of comfort out of the distressing state of affairs, as paragraph No. IV of said order would seem to imply, and which is also quoted here, in part, though at the risk of exciting the envy of the other companies that could not be named, conscientiously, in connection with like facts:

"It is but justice to announce that Colonel Cartwright complimented Companies A and D as being the cleanest and most soldierly in the Regiment. * * *"

This is simply another proof of the justness of the humble claim sometimes made that Companies A and D, and more especially Company A, were the "salt of the earth," as it were, to the 148th Regiment.

Considerable sickness prevailed in the Regiment during the winter months which fact made it obligatory on those who remained well to serve on guard, picket or other duties almost constantly. This excessive round of duties tempted even some of the most prompt and obedient of the boys to shirk duty by "playing sick." Such attempts were liable, however, to be attended by unpleasant results, as the following instance proves: Comrade Charles B—— had returned from a toilsome round of picket duties along the Rappahannock, on a certain occasion, and had established himself in a state of rest and comfort in his tent, when the Orderly Sergeant stuck in his head at the door and notified him of his appointment on some other detail.

"Well, Orderly, I am so tired, please put me on the sick list."

"All right, Charley, I will."

When sick call was tooted at the Surgeon's quarters, Charles failed to respond. Then the Orderly Sergeant came running and told him to report to the Doctor.

"But," says Charles, "I ain't sick."

"No matter, you are so reported and must go."

He started, and while on the way, cogitated deeply what malady it were best to report to the Doctor.

"What is the matter?" queried Doctor Davis.

"My stomach is out of fix," replied Charles, his body drawn up in the shape of an apple "snootz" and his hands pressed on the region of simulated pain.

The Doctor then poured out into a tumbler a gill of castor oil which the luckless patient was compelled to gulp down and his name came off the sick list speedily.

News reached camp on the 26th that General Burnside had relinquished the command of the Army, and that General Hooker had been appointed in his place. The Army was reorganized and many excellent features were introduced. New life was infused into the Army.

It might be interesting to persons who never had any experience in Army life to know how the boys spent their time when off duty, matters too trivial for historians to mention. Certain services there are which go on unceasingly, Sundays and week days, fair weather or foul, day and night. Among these are guard and picket duties. On Sundays there was no drilling, nor when it rained, or when the ground was too wet or muddy. There were many idle days, especially during the winter months, when time would hang heavily on the hands of the soldiers, causing feelings of gloom and depression of spirits, and even homesickness, unless there was some sort of healthy diversion or recreation of the mind. Correspondence by letters with the folks at home was maintained by nearly everyone and afforded an amount of pleasure. The daily papers were eagerly bought and read, the favorite ones being *The New York Herald*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and *The Washington Chronicle*. These were staunch, loyal papers and did great service for the Union. Some of the boys played checkers but the most popular game was euchre with cards. Whether it was wrong to play cards need not be discussed here, but the boys did not regard the game as either sinful or improper, as they played simply for pastime, not for money. Some busied themselves brightening their guns, brass buttons, plates on belts, arranging things about their quarters and making their surroundings as pleasant and comfortable as circumstances would permit. Practical jokes of the milder sort were indulged in, sparingly. The rougher kind were likely to be resented, with force of arms. The following example of a trick perpetrated on Comrade Benjamin Beck is a fair illustration of the coarser quality, which, though funny, might have ended with serious results. Comrade Beck, one of the stoutest men in the company, was in the habit of heating an old bayonet while sitting in front of the fireplace during his idle moments, and thrusting it into a hole in a log above the hearth, the smoke from which operation would fill the cabin to the great annoyance of the other boys. Returning from guard duty, at the time of this occurrence, he entered his quarters and assumed his accustomed seat at the fireplace; the other boys were reading, some sleeping,

apparently. And when Mr. Beck noticed his bayonet in the fire, the point heated to a cherry red, he seized the tempting steel, pushed it with all his force into the hole, intending that time to penetrate the log. But there was a terrible explosion. Mr. Beck lay sprawling upon his back on the floor and the bayonet rattled against the farther wall of the tent. The boys had inserted the powder of several cartridges into the hole.

Comrade Elias Edleman who had found a rebel shell near camp, was encouraged by some mischief-loving boys to experiment with it, and they assisted him to load it with powder, lay a train and light it. Then they fled to a place of safety. For some reason the explosion did not come off at once, and the experimenter went back to ascertain the cause, and stooping down to investigate he blew into the fuse end of the shell; and now, the explosion came with great suddenness and poor Elias' face was of the color of lamp black, and his eyes were closed for a fortnight.

As a rule the boys were sociable, told stories, chaffed each other sometimes, and seldom quarreled seriously. One got along best by not being too sensitive. If it happened that while on the march some one outside the column recognized you and yelled, "How are you, John?" it was more than probable that the whole Regiment would take up the chorus, "How are you, John," swelling in volume as it went along. And it would not help matters by flying into a rage about it.

Nearly all the boys had either the Testament or the Bible, and devoted many hours to reading the Scriptures. At nine o'clock at night the "tattoo" was beaten, when lights had to be extinguished and all except those on duty were expected to turn into their bunks.

During our stay near Fredericksburg we had our full share of picket duty to perform. The first detail from our Regiment was made December 31st. I quote from my diary for that date:

"This morning about one hundred and twenty men of our Regiment were detailed for picket duty. I was among the number. We were marched to Falmouth, thence west and up the Rappahannock a short distance where the first reserve halted. I was stationed about fifty rods above Falmouth on a high hill, and thus had an excellent

view of the rebel batteries back from the river; their position is very strongly fortified; they have every elevated spot entrenched and mounted with cannon. Close to and along the river they have stone walls for the protection of their infantry."

During the evening it rained, but cleared up very cold towards midnight, and not being allowed to have any fires, we suffered from the severe cold. The rebel pickets had blazing fires all along their line. The river here from Fredericksburg up is quite narrow with steep, rocky banks, so that our pickets were within a stone's throw of the rebels on the opposite side. Later on, towards spring, we picketed from Fredericksburg down the river several miles. The Rappahannock is wider along the site of the old town, none of us being able to throw a stone across in our endeavor to emulate George Washington, who in his boyhood, it is said, accomplished the feat. The river is navigable to this point for small vessels. Its banks are not precipitous and along both sides are cultivated fields. Sometimes when no officers were in sight the rebel pickets would come on our side in a canoe to barter tobacco and papers for our fine coffee with which Uncle Sam supplied us bountifully.

From Stafford Heights we had an excellent view of Fredericksburg and the fortified hills beyond. The old soldiers pointed out to us the principal points of attack of our troops in the late battle, the most interesting locality of all being Marye Heights with its stone wall along its base. Six separate assaults had been made on this position, close up to the stone wall, but each attempt was doomed to failure with great loss to our Army. I think the Yankee soldier exhibited greater bravery and fortitude in those hopeless assaults on that almost impregnable position than were displayed in the much vaunted charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg. But the stars and stripes now wave, and will forever wave, over Marye Heights, guarded by the spirits of more than fifteen thousand Union soldiers now reposing on the bosom of its summit. Soon after the War the Government secured the spot for a Soldiers' National Cemetery and thither were gathered the remains of the Federal soldiers, as many as could be found, who fell at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. Could Washington have beheld, in his

mature years, with prophetic eye, the havoc that was to be wrought by those mighty hosts of his countrymen in fratricidal strife on the very ground, every nook and corner of which must have been familiar to him in his youthful days; could he have looked upon the dreadful scenes that were to be enacted within a radius of fifteen miles from his old home, the fierce struggle and the awful slaughter of those battles, his patriotic soul would have been overwhelmed with grief.

After General Hooker assumed command of the Army there were instituted some changes, especially in the commissary department, which were highly appreciated by the men in the ranks. Bakeries were erected at various points in the camp of the Army and bread of an excellent quality was made and issued to the soldiers. My diary states that the first issue of bread was made Tuesday, February 10th.

This may seem a trivial matter now; then it was an important event. Other luxuries were added to our bill of fare, for which we felt grateful.

Our Regiment was rapidly acquiring fame as being one of the best drilled bodies of men in the Army. In proof of this statement suffice it to say that when General Hancock reviewed his Division, about eight thousand men, January 5, 1863, he sent an Aide after us to compliment us on our splendid appearance and almost perfect movement on the occasion. To be sure, the old soldiers of other regiments used to guff us about our paper collars, but we forgave them and looked down upon them in pity because of their ignorance of such luxuries in their simple lives.

April 8th President Lincoln reviewed the Army of the Potomac. I was on picket this time and had the misfortune to be on similar duty on several subsequent occasions when he reviewed the Army and I never saw the man who is now acknowledged to have been the greatest of his time.

Thursday, April 16th, the boys received from the Government six months and eight or ten days' pay—some \$80.00. They had not been paid before while in the service except \$27.00 bounty which they received at Harrisburg, September 6, 1862. Some of the boys sent home nearly all of their pay. Since the

Government furnished almost everything to the soldier, there was no necessity to squander money. The temptations to spend one's money in "riotous living" were few; there were no "canteens" established within regimental environments where the boys could spend their money for beer and become drunkards; and the surrounding country was so poor that the traditional turkey could not have survived in it an hour. But there were officers' commissaries at sundry places, close corporations maintained by the Government where officers purchased their supplies at reasonable rates. Privates were prohibited from patronizing those except on orders from commissioned officers. At those institutions were kept in store many of the tempting luxuries which the boys had been accustomed to in former times, such as ham, eggs, butter, bread; and it must be confessed, even whiskey. Several of the boys were expert penmen and could closely imitate the signature of certain officers and it must have been astonishing to the commissary officials what an amount of eatables and liquids those Lieutenants and Captains consumed. Considerable sums of money went there.

Last, but not least, must be noted the army sutler. He maintained a sort of general store, under license, and supposed protection of the Government, where were sold almost everything in the line of eatables which were not issued to the soldiers by the Government and were kept in store all kinds of notions which a soldier would find convenient to have. Yet the sutler was not always popular; his prices were considered exorbitant and his gains correspondingly enormous. Eighty cents for a pound of ancient butter and five cents for a ginger snap not larger than a silver dollar were prices outrageously steep. If a soldier was improvident and bought on credit from the sutler, the latter presented the bill to the paymaster on pay day and drew the amount, leaving the balance—sometimes a very small balance—to the soldier. However, the sutler was not altogether free from the calamities which may befall people who have cast their lot with an army. The boys took the advantage of him and by hook or crook got away with his wares without compensating him. They were imbued, in this respect, with the true Spartan spirit. They did not consider it a sin to steal from an enemy, but very reprehensible to be

detected in the act. I remember how Comrade Charles B——, with a complacent, almost saintly look, used to saunter up to the sutler's tent, when there were no customers present, survey with deliberation the many good things before him, and then ask for some small trinket in the remotest corner of the establishment, and while the sutler's back was turned, lean over the counter and by rapid, dexterous manipulations, transfer cans of condensed milk, canned fruit and other delicacies into the enormous rear pockets of his army overcoat, receptacles prepared for adventures of that kind. This operation would be repeated several times—as often or long as circumstances seemed auspicious. Once in a while the sutler's establishment was "rushed." A number of the soldiers would assemble around the tent, cut the ropes and pull down the structure, and then with amazing rapidity the goods would disappear. Under such dire circumstances the sutler fled in "tumultuous and terrific haste."

As an apt illustration of army red tape methods, the following episode, in which Comrade Daniel J. Johnson and myself figure as the chief but unheroic actors is here introduced: While lying in camp near Fredericksburg during the winter of 1862 and 1863, a great deal of sickness prevailed in the Regiment. In Company A all except four had succumbed to fever and other diseases in succession—not all at once—so that those who retained health were obliged to be on picket and guard duty almost continually. The sick were put into comfortable hospitals at suitable locations. There was quite an extensive hospital at Brook's Station on the railroad four or five miles east from our camp. And an attempt to visit several of our sick comrades at that point on the part of Mr. Johnson and myself opens this story. One beautiful spring morning, Sunday, April 19th, we asked permission of Captain Forster to visit our sick at the station just mentioned; he gave us oral permission readily; it was all right. The boys were in the habit all winter of straying at will over the whole territory occupied by the different Army Corps. But General Hooker, contemplating soon to open the spring campaign, had issued orders to the patrols to pick up all soldiers found beyond the limits

of their respective regimental grounds, if not provided with passes. This order went into effect that very morning and the General had failed to inform Johnson and myself of the fact. In due time we reached the long railroad bridge spanning Potomac Creek and as we entered the west end of the lofty structure, we noticed a squad of four men under a Sergeant coming towards us from the other end of the bridge. We felt somewhat apprehensive but went bravely on; we met them on the center of the bridge and the Sergeant kindly but firmly invited us, in default of passes to "fall in." We endeavored to explain to him how it came that we had no passes; that we wished to visit our sick comrades at the hospital just beyond and plainly in view, but the obdurate Sergeant was not moved by our pathetic appeal, and the paucity of his remarks plainly showed that he felt no sympathy for us nor the distressed comrades at the hospital whom we had hoped to cheer by our presence. Meanwhile the squad was escorting us back whence we came, but deflected sufficiently from our route to land us in a guard house of one of the brigades of the Fifth Corps. Here our story was repeated to the officer in charge, but he was not affected sufficiently to vouch us a reply. Sometime in the afternoon an Orderly with a big yellow envelope stuck under his belt, presented himself, called our names and ordered us to follow him. We followed. He led us to the guard house of one of the divisions of the Fifth Corps. Our story was again rehearsed, almost with tears. It produced no visible effect. After the necessary delay the inevitable escort, with the big envelope under his belt, appeared, called our names and commanded us to fall in. This was a new man again and a new document as well. It was a new outfit every time a fresh start was made. The distance to be traversed was evidently increasing, for this Orderly was on horseback. And we found that the distance to headquarters of the Fifth Corps, whither we were taken next, was considerable. Guard house again.

I had lost faith in endeavoring to explain our situation to guard house officials, as I began to perceive that red tape had to be carried out to the last infinitesimal thread thereof. But Comrade Johnson rehearsed, as heretofore, and improved in the delivery. The next Orderly who called us out was also on horseback, the yellow envelope

under his belt being conspicuous. Our course now lay in the direction of General Hooker's army headquarters, a large brick building on Stafford Heights, in plain view of Fredericksburg. Here, also, were the provost headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. General Patrick was in command and to him our escort introduced us, not in a formal way with accompanying and mutual salutations, but by simply handing him the yellow envelope. The General read its contents. Meanwhile Comrade Johnson was making the usual explanations with pathos and volubility. By this time he had acquired considerable oratorical efficiency. The grizzled old General looked us over a moment in a sort of a paternal manner, the suspicion of a pitying smile flitting across his stern face but he said nothing, merely nodded to the escort in the direction of a camp some fifty yards across the way, whither we were then led. This proved to be the prison pen of the Army. It occupied a space of two acres probably, and there were set up in it a number of the large circular Sibley tents, quarters for the prisoners there confined. There was no stockade or enclosure of any kind; the place was guarded by a company or battalion of Regulars. We were free to roam anywhere within the limits of the camp and to enter any tent in which room could be found. We selected a tent which was not crowded, but the surroundings were not pleasant. There was not a stool, bench, bunk or anything whatever in the tent except a few burning sap pine sticks on a pile in the center which emitted more smoke than heat. It was now almost night. Meanwhile it began to rain and as we had neither overcoat or blanket we became chilly. Some kind of rations were furnished us which were thankfully accepted as we did not have any dinner.

Curling up round the smoldering sticks, on the damp ground, without any covering, we endeavored to secure some sleep, apprehensive all the time of our clothes becoming infested with the festive army "gray back." Our Regiment was distant from our prison camp not more than five miles, yet we could not send word to our officers about our predicament, nor were we released. The only way to communicate with them was by letter, which was done, but it required a message several days, as it would first go to Washington,

thence back to the Regiment. Several cavalry soldiers, who had been picked up the same as we, occupied the tent with us. The prisoners of this camp were a promiscuous crew. They were deserters, bounty jumpers and criminals of our own Army; there were a number of long haired citizens of all classes, suspects of the neighborhood, besides rebel prisoners and rebel deserters. On the first night we were startled by the report of several shots. Next day we learned that a prisoner had escaped and was fired after. My diary states for Thursday, April 23d: "Three rebel deserters came in last night, but the rebel prisoners would not allow them to occupy the same tent with them." Among the Confederate prisoners was a Lieutenant of the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, with whom I became acquainted. In regard to the organization to which he belonged, he said it was not near so numerous as was popularly supposed. He and I got along quite sociably until our conversation drifted into politics. Then we were soon at variance. He said Lincoln would proclaim himself a dictator. I strenuously denied it. He reiterated. I intimated that he was a liar. We then mutually consigned each other to another clime and agreed to fight it out if ever we should meet in battle. To my recollection we never met.

The scenes of prison camp were ever shifting; prisoners of every description were being brought in continually, while those within were being discharged as rapidly or sent to Washington and other points north. I witnessed an occurrence during our sojourn here at the prison camp producing an impression on my mind which these many years have failed to efface. As already stated, the camp was guarded by soldiers of the Regular Army. Most, if not all, of them were new recruits; mere boys who had not yet acquired all the intricacies of military drill. A spider-legged young stripling of a Second Lieutenant, lately arrived from West Point, was officer of the day, I think. At any rate, he happened to pass one of these young sentinels on the beat who failed to salute his mighty highness, the Second Lieutenant of the Regular Army, with that exactness and alacrity of movement which a rigid construction of the Army Regulations required, or that was his just due as an officer of such lofty rank and pretensions. Whereupon the Lieutenant swore at him,

cursed him and threatened to run his sword through him, all of which abuse the trembling recruit bore in silence, not daring to open his mouth. My blood boiled as I looked on. Of all the unpleasant features of army life there was nothing so loathsome to the volunteer soldier as this arbitrary, tyrannical assumption of authority on the part of some officers. But this sort of officers in the Civil War were the exception, not the rule, for which fact the soldier in the ranks was devoutly thankful. This fellow was probably the son of some saloon keeper or beer brewer of New York City who had sufficient political "pull" to secure the appointment of his son to West Point.

Looking back in the light of the history of some men who achieved a great name in that War, we can state with certainty what they severally would have done if chance had placed them in the position of the young Lieutenant. General John Sedgwick, dressed in plain army blouse and slouch hat, whom his boys often familiarly addressed "John," would have said, "Never mind saluting me every time I pass." General Hancock would have said nothing, but he would probably have cast his piercing glance across the shoulders of the sentinel in search of the officer in command with a view of reading him one of those pointed, explosive lectures of his which were record breaking in their line, for he was never known to reprove a private for any irregularity, but he diligently sought for the officer in charge and then—but we drop the curtain on the harrowing scene. General Grant, had he noticed the incident at all, would have taken the musket from the hands of the boy and kindly shown him how. And finally what would our own Colonel have done in the premises? Why, in order to give a needed demonstration of an important lesson to be learned, he would have grasped the musket, and placed himself in the sentinel's position, while the latter would have been invested in a brief authority as a superior officer, for don't we have the proof—of analogy, at least—of such a thing in the celebrated case of his versus Sweitzer which occurred about the same time?

On Thursday of same week our names were again called and we were led by a mounted escort, armed with the inevitable yellow envelope in his belt, to Second Corps headquarters, thence by descend-

ing climax, from one headquarters to another, by successive escorts, until we reached our own regimental headquarters. The Colonel did not impose any punishment but simply made some remark about the prodigal sons having returned and dismissed us, without ordering the fatted calf to be killed. During our enforced absence several of the boys had written home, stating that Conrade Johnson and I had deserted, garnishing their tale with a profusion of imaginary facts. Looking back now to our prison experience, I am constrained to say that a soldier's military life has not been fully rounded out unless he has been at one time or other in the guard house.

A series of rapid, strategic moves on the military chess board, the Army of the Potomac, with the exception of the Sixth Corps, finds itself in battle array on the south side of the Rappahannock River at Chancellorsville. Our Division (First Division, Second Corps) which had crossed the river on pontoons at United States Ford, in the evening of April 30th, by a night march, reached the position assigned it at ten o'clock in the night, without any molestation on the part of the enemy. The distance was not more than nine or ten miles, but we were loaded down with eight days' rations, and the column was much retarded by masses of other troops along the route. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which made the march over woodland roads less disagreeable. The Army was in splendid fighting condition, due in a great measure to the reforms introduced by the zeal and energy of General Hooker. He is also accorded much praise by military critics for the skill and grand strategy he displayed in massing his immense Army so successfully in such an advantageous position.

Desiring to avoid needless repetitions, I shall not attempt to write a detailed history of the share our Regiment took in the battle of Chancellorsville, but rather give some of the reminiscences of the great contest, record some of the impressions of a soldier's experiences in his first battle and mention some historical facts incidentally.

Friday morning found us in bivouac along the borders of a small clearing, within half an hour's march of Chancellorsville. Not many of the troops of the other corps were visible to us, for the whole region round about was forest with heavy under-

brush in most places, with a few clearings interspersed here and there. At ten o'clock we got under arms and began to move towards the front where was heard heavy cannonading and musketry. It was a delightful spring morning. The sun shone bright and warm, the trees were just beginning to put forth their green leaves and the grass and early flowers had already changed the grayish sandy soil to brighter and more attractive hues. Our column passed the Chancellor House, a large brick building then, but now modernized and reduced to two-thirds its former dimensions. This was the only building in sight, situated on the now famous Old Turnpike leading past, thence east to Fredericksburg, ten miles distant, and was General Hooker's headquarters during the first stages of the battle. There was a busy scene about the old mansion, more stirring and momentous than it had ever experienced in the palmy days of the southern chivalry, and their hilarious gatherings there on great occasions.

Going into battle is a serious matter, an ordeal which the bravest dread. Outwardly, some may not exhibit a sign of fear, but it requires all the will power a brave man is able to put forth to stand in ranks to be shot at—one feels as though he were suspended over eternity by a slender thread. Some boasted they were not afraid, but they were mere cowardly blow-horns who always slunk out of ranks, or hid behind rock or trees in the rear when the bullets began to whistle. There seem to be well attested instances of soldiers having presentiments of wounds or death on going into battle. I know of one instance, however, in which the supposed premonition of death in an engagement failed to come true. As we approached Chancellorsville on our way to the front, Comrade John A. Miller, by my side, said, "Henry, I will be killed in this battle. I feel it; here take my pocketbook and papers and send them to my family when I am dead." I told him that he could not know whether he would be killed or not; besides I would be as liable to be hit as he, and I declined to take his money and papers. Well, Mr. Miller went through that fight without receiving a scratch and through all the subsequent battles of the War in which the Regiment took a part, with the exception of some slight skirmish somewhere, and he never

was hurt more seriously than a slight wound of one of his thumbs.

With their names and place of residence legibly written on the fly leaf of diary or Bible, or stamped on metallic badges securely fastened to their clothes, for the purpose of identification in the event of being left dead upon the field, steadily our rather sad looking boys moved in the direction of the firing in front. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion, we could not refrain from smiling at the sight of the myriads of cards strewn all along the whole breadth of the road, and among the bushes along the sides, lying thick as autumnal leaves. The troops that passed along the road before us to enter the battle flung away their decks of cards for the reason that none of the boys would have a report go home, in case they should be badly wounded or killed, that there was found on their person a deck of cards. Other scenes, productive of graver thoughts now presented themselves. Streams of wounded soldiers were coming back from the battle then in progress; wounds of all descriptions met the view; some of the men dragged themselves along by the aid of rude crutches; some came with a shattered arm dangling by their side and others more seriously hurt, were brought in on ambulance or stretcher.

We were formed in line of battle on a hill about one and a half miles from Chancellorsville in the direction of Fredericksburg, on the right of the Turnpike, and at right angles to it, facing east. As we filed into position we observed one of our skirmish lines ascending, at a slow pace, a hill to our left and front, firing as they advanced. We noticed some dropping down killed or wounded. This was our first view of a battle, and to us inexperienced soldiers it was magnificent. The rebel batteries sent shells over us, above the tree tops in the direction of Chancellor House; the roar of the artillery, the unearthly screech of the shells overhead, and the explosions which followed, all that was magnificent, too. Later on, however, their batteries got the range of our position and when shells began to smash things right in our midst it became decidedly unpleasant. Our military ardor which had been raised to a high pitch by the carnival of war around us, cooled very rapidly under the potent influence of the bursting shells.

Sometime in the afternoon General Hooker began to draw in his lines, which move, it is claimed, was a great mistake. At any rate, the grand success that had attended all his operations up to that moment, now was followed by a series of reverses to the end of the campaign. Our command was also withdrawn from our advanced position and posted in the clearing about the Chancellor House, the right of our Regiment resting close to the building. We lay down and watched for the Confederates who in a brief time came swarming through the woods towards our position. One of our batteries, Pettit's, about fifty yards in rear of our line, opened fire over our heads, with shell and grape and canister, and checked the rebel advance. Some of the wooden blocks used in packing canister, and fragments of several shells which had exploded prematurely, came down into our ranks. The boys yelled at the men of the battery and they ceased firing. One of these missiles went through the body of Comrade Holloway, of Company D, the first man killed of our Regiment. We soon again changed position and Companies A and I were detached from the Regiment and put forward as skirmishers. We remained out all night as pickets, with orders to keep awake, which precaution seemed to us quite necessary, though it was difficult to keep the eyes open. About ten o'clock at night we heard the voice of a Confederate officer some distance in our front giving the command, "Forward." Similar commands were given at intervals and were becoming more distinct, and finally the rustling of the leaves on the ground and the snapping of twigs, showed that the enemy was close at hand. But then the command, "Halt," was given by the same officer, and the night attack, which we expected, did not come off, rather to our regret, as it was a beautiful moonlight night and our boys being concealed behind trees and logs would have had the advantage of the first volley at close range.

On the following morning, May 2d, we had a skirmish with the enemy at eight o'clock. Companies D, C, H and G, having in charge the colors, were separated from the Regiment and placed in position in another part of the field. The terrible ordeal these companies went through the following morning, Sunday, May 3d, will be narrated by others having in charge the general history of

the Regiment. Companies A, B, E, F, I and K remained on the picket line which extended north from and at right angles to the Turnpike, the left of the line curving west, the Chancellor House being to the rear. This was a fortunate circumstance for those companies, because they suffered but few casualties in the skirmishes that they participated in Saturday evening and Sunday morning. During a certain period of the fight Colonel K. O. Broady, of the 61st New York, a heavy set Scotchman with a strong Scottish brogue, commanded our part of the skirmish line. He experienced some trouble in manoeuvring the line through the thick underbrush and over swampy places. The boys may still remember how he repeatedly called, during an awkward hitch in the operation, for Lieutenant Blank, who was supposed to be in charge of a certain portion of the line, "Where is Lieutenant Blank? Where is Lieutenant Blank?" Lieutenant Blank, in response to these urgent calls, finally emerged from behind a tree, rather far in the rear, whereupon Colonel Broady remarked, "Lieutenant Blank, you ought to be at home with your mother and eat butter bread," to the intense delight of the boys, for the lofty airs and strutting manner of the Lieutenant in times past, had not endeared him greatly to his company. Occasionally, as the exigencies of the situation required, Colonel Broady gave the command, "Lie down" in such broad, deep-toned accents that the boys could not repress a smile, and later, whenever the Colonel came within sight of the boys, he could have heard, if his hearing was not too dull, the refrain, "lie down," in tones rivaling that of the musical frog in the pond.

About dusk, Saturday, a tremendous uproar began on the right of our Army. There was a continuous roar of musketry and thunder of cannon, accompanied by cheers and yells of men in deadly conflict. The evening being calm and sultry, the tumult of the struggle resounded through the forest with such terrible distinctness that we imagined the awful scene to be quite close to our position. The battle continued until after dark. It need hardly be stated that this was Jackson's assault on the Eleventh Corps, but as our picket line was strung along through the woods and being isolated from the rest of the Army in a manner we did not know what momentous events

were then transpiring. Nor had we much time to conjecture, for the rebels made an attack on our line, at about the same time, and kept it up until long after dark. Col. Nelson A. Miles, now Lieutenant General of the Army (retired) was in charge of the picket line and was in our midst about the time of the attack by the rebels and the boys remember him as a very youthful looking officer.

To our right a number of our men, but of some other regiment, were wounded and killed and re-enforcements being sent for, Captain Forster, of our company, called for ten volunteers to take the place of those that fell and a sufficient number of us responded, passed to the right several hundred yards and occupied points assigned us. W. C. Meyer is the only one of these ten whom I can now remember. Orders were issued to put up entrenchments and all night we chopped down trees, dug pits and succeeded in erecting formidable works. It was well this precaution was taken, for at an early hour on the following morning (Sunday) the rebels again opened on us. But we felt secure. In our front was a tangle of underbrush. Our entrenchments were strong, and though our force was merely a heavy skirmish line, many a Johnny would have dropped before the enemy could have surmounted all those obstacles. We held this position until near noon, and all this time were ignorant about the result of the conflict on the right of our Army which we heard the evening before, or what had taken place in the same locality up to that moment. Were our troops successful, or did they suffer defeat? These were anxious thoughts. But we were not to be left in doubt much longer. Shells began to drop in rapid succession into our line, coming from the direction of Chancellorsville. At first it was supposed that our own batteries were trying to send shells across our men into the lines of the enemy, and that the guns were not properly elevated. A Lieutenant went back to notify our batteries of their mistake. He brought the intelligence that they were rebel guns. Huge volumes of smoke arose to our rear, caused, as we learned later, by the burning of Chancellor House. Captain Forster having been wounded during the morning, May 3d, was obliged to go to the rear and Lieut. S. S. Wolf assumed command of the company.

It now became plainly and painfully evident that we were being hemmed in on all sides by the enemy. We beat a hasty retreat, every man for himself, and by taking advantage of several deep ravines, and by an acceleration of speed, we succeeded in extricating ourselves out of the trap. Our picket line to the right of us was captured. As we emerged from the woods and entered a small field, we saw the entrenchments of a new line on the opposite side. In this field were a mass of retiring troops, leisurely and without formation, moving in the direction of the new line of works, just mentioned. Looking back across the field in the direction of Chancellorsville, I noticed coming up at a gallop, a Confederate battery and taking position in the woods on the other side of the clearing. In less time than it takes to tell it, they were in position and opened a terrific storm of shot and shell into our retreating troops, and it accelerated their retreat wonderfully. The sickening, dull thud of the cannon balls tearing through their mass was distinctly heard from my point of observation, two hundred yards away from the scene. When the field was clear our batteries opened on those of the rebels and silenced them in a moment. After I got inside our new line, a piece of shell grazed my right leg above the knee. I dropped my gun and clapped both hands to the spot and thinking that half the limb was cut off, I dreaded to look down. The injury was not very serious, however, simply a black spot as large as a hand, and my leg stiff for a day.

Now we first learned of the events of the evening before, and that Sunday morning, which occurred on the right of the Army; the flight of the Eleventh Corps, the terrible loss the balance of our Regiment sustained, only a few hours before, and the severe wounding of Colonel Beaver, which, at the time, was reported to be fatal. Company D suffered most and was reduced from sixty-five men to eleven, who, for the time being, were joined to Company A. Here at the apex of the new line we lay until our withdrawal to the north side of the Rappahannock.

We heard the cannonading at Fredericksburg, and learned of its capture by Sedgwick, and later, also, of his retreat. News from every part of the field was discouraging. Hooker had been stunned

by a cannon ball striking a pillar of Chancellor House, against which he had been leaning, rendering him very incapable to command the Army, though he relinquished his authority to General Couch, next in rank, for only a few hours. We saw him sometime after the accident, as he rode past; he looked pale and dejected.

The enemy did not attack our new position seriously, but there were frequent artillery duels of short duration. The indifference to danger and the hardness of heart those old veteran artillerymen exhibited, at least those who were in close proximity to us on our new position, were surprising to us new soldiers, and really shocking to our moral sensibilities. During those intervals of inaction, they, in groups of four, squatted themselves down on the outstretched corners of a rubber blanket, deposited by their respective sides wads of greenbacks, produced a deck of cards, and then gambled until the Johnnies opened on them with shot and shell. Then, hastily grasping their respective "piles" and the other accessories of the game, they rushed to the guns and opened a furious counterstorm of hissing, screaming missiles on the enemy. After the racket subsided, they calmly and deliberately resumed their places on the blanket, and reopened the game at the point where it had been interrupted. This performance was repeated a number of times.

Monday, May 4th, both sides seemed comparatively inactive, except that at 4:00 P. M., the rebels shelled our position, continuing for about half an hour. On the 5th we anticipated an attack by the enemy, and we received orders to hold our position at all hazards. A heavy thunderstorm burst over us and continued till dark. This fact was thought to be the reason why the attack was not made. But they would not have taken us by surprise as they did the Eleventh Corps, and our position would have been held. In the evening, May 5th, we received orders to keep ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. It now dawned upon us that the campaign was a complete failure and that we would retreat. At one o'clock that night our march for the rear began, and at 9:00 A. M., May 6th, we recrossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, and on the same day repossessed our old quarters near Falmouth. That was a memorable night; the boys trudged along through

the flowing mud, over roots and stumps, in moody silence. They were mad; to jostle one with the weight of the little finger, was to cause an explosion. One said, Comrade Jesse L—, "I would sell the Union for a loaf of bread, darn the Eleventh Corps."

One could hardly expect much prowess in the boys after that campaign; they felt gloomy; they were much disheartened; the rumor that our retreat was made because of the possibility of the river rising and sweeping away the pontoon bridges, thus cutting off the supplies of the Army, did not seem a satisfactory explanation. The stern fact remained that we were licked, and the termination of the War seemed farther off than ever. But the Yankee soldier is peculiar; his inability to stay "licked" is an element of superiority in his military composition over that of any other nationality. All he wants, after a defeat, is one or two square meals, a night's rest and sleep, and his buoyancy of spirits return, and in his next battle he will fight "like the devil."

We took some comfort in blaming the Eleventh Corps in general, and the Germans in that corps, in particular, as being the cause of all our misfortune. The feeling against this corps among the troops was bitter, and for a long time the boys called it the "flying half moon." The taunt being an allusion to the corps badge which was a half moon, and to the wild flight of its troops.

The following incident fully illustrates the sentiment of the troops on the subject. On our retreat from the south side of the river, one of the unfortunate members of the Eleventh Corps straggled, during the night, into our column, daylight coming, his half moon badge was revealed, and that betrayed him. Major Fairlamb, who then commanded the Regiment, saw him, and yelled, "Get out of this, you ——;" the boys yelled, "Shoot him," "Kill him," and the poor fellow retired to seek more congenial companionship. But in justice to the men of that corps, let it be remembered that on many a hotly contested field, later in the War, they nobly redeemed themselves. The officers, certain ones, deserve the blame for all the misfortune suffered on the occasion, because they failed after repeated warnings, to guard against surprise and make preparations to check the assault of Jackson's Corps.

It was said at the time that the Germans in the corps were greatly dissatisfied with General Howard; they would have preferred to fight "mid General Sigel," as their commander.

Hooker was popular with the men of the Army; he was of fine physique, commanding presence, an ideal soldier, who had justly earned the distinguished sobriquet, "Fighting Joe," but the boys began to doubt his ability of handling a large army.

Chancellorsville passed into history as a badly managed affair, of an Army suffering defeat, while one-third of its number, thirty-five thousand men, never got an opportunity to fire a gun.

A battle possesses a wonderful potency for separating the chaff from the wheat in a regiment. The blowhorn, who was in the habit of boasting of his great prowess, will, thereafter, key his horn to a lower pitch; the strutting officer of lofty mien and arrogant speech, lacking "sand" to back his pretensions, will subside into becoming humility. Thenceforth the cowardly private will "play off" sick, and secure a discharge, if he can, or desert; the officer who loathes the smell of gunpowder, will find an excuse to resign, and the difference between the crime of desertion on the part of the private, and the dishonorable resignation on the part of the officer, lies purely in the results which may follow; the one may be shot for his offense, while the other may be rewarded with a seat in Congress by a grateful constituency.

The Army of the Potomac resumed business at the old stand. We cleaned our guns, fixed up things generally, rested, and took advantage of the opportunity to secure a good night's *sleep*. This last statement may seem funny, but it is a fact that from the time we crossed the Rappahannock, April 30th, until our return, May 6th, we did not enjoy five hours' sound sleep.

May 19th the Regiment changed its camp, moving farther east about a mile, near to the railroad. On the same day Orderly Sergeant W. W. Bierly and Sergeant J. I. Jones came back from the hospital to the company. On the following day Lieut. Col. Robt. McFarland, who had been home on a sick leave, returned to the Regiment. Monday, June 1st, the boys received \$26.00 each, two month's pay. June 4th Capt. R. H. Forster, of our company, who

had been wounded at Chancellorsville, returned from a twenty days' sick leave. There were many "rumors of war" about this time, and signs of impending military operations on a large scale. Troops on our side were continually in motion; the Sixth Corps had crossed the Rappahannock several miles below Fredericksburg, and intrenched itself. The Confederates were observed throwing up new lines of entrenchments along their old positions back of Fredericksburg. Our signal corps made daily ascensions in a balloon to spy out the operations of the enemy. The latter would sometimes shell the balloon, causing it to descend in haste. It was ascertained, finally, that Lee was passing by our right, north. June 13th we learned that our military stores were being removed from Falmouth and the station torn down. On the same day the sick of the hospital were removed North.

Sunday evening at dark, June 14th, we began the march to Gettysburg. Our Corps was the last of the troops to leave the old camp about Falmouth. At break of day, on the 16th, we fell into ranks to resume our march. First, however, other important matters demanded our attention. The days were excessively hot, our baggage was intolerably heavy, and each one of the boys took an inventory of his belongings to ascertain what articles of luxury might be dispensed with, and the burden lightened. As for myself, I tore off half of my woolen blanket and hung it on the bushes—and by the way, the remnant retained suffered a similar mutilation next morning—bade adieu to my best friend, my army overcoat, a pair of excellent boots I discarded and put on the army shoe, because the latter is the most comfortable and serviceable footgear for hard marching. Other articles were eliminated from the pile. But there are a few things to which a soldier will stick under all circumstances; they are his rubber blanket, his half of a shelter tent, his Bible or Testament, his diary, if he keeps one, pen, ink, some paper, and several smaller items which are not cumbersome, such as combs, pocket-looking glass, small case of thread and needles. The long weary march in heat and dust is matter of history and is well described in other stories.

While bivouacked at Occoquan River we gave our money to our Chaplain Stevens to take home for us. It is said that an amount exceeding \$30,000 was given him on the occasion, a fact which shows that the boys placed unlimited confidence in their Chaplain.

We remained in camp at Thoroughfare Gap until the morning of the 25th. Our sojourn in that neighborhood is one of the few pleasant memories of our soldier life. The scenery of the place is beautiful, cherries and mulberries were abundant, and war, apparently, had not laid its blighting hand on everything in sight. Here we first got an introduction to Col. Edward E. Cross, of the 5th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, who was placed in command of our Brigade. His demeanor towards our Regiment from the beginning did not impress us favorably.

During this day's march an incident occurred which roused the indignation of both the officers and privates of the 148th Regiment to the highest pitch. Several of the men of Company G, in crossing a small stream, caused some delay in some way or other, and Colonel Cross, our brigade commander, seeing the transaction, flew into a passion and struck one of the men with the sword. In five minutes every man in the Regiment knew of the act.

My diary entry for June 26th, is as follows:

"We resumed our march 7:00 A. M., arriving at Edwards Ferry on the Potomac at 2:00 P. M., rested here until the wagon trains had crossed on the pontoons; we crossed at midnight and camped in Maryland. It rained nearly all day; distance marched, sixteen miles."

On the north side of the Potomac we found excellent roads; it was an entirely different country from the one we had just left; evidences of the industry, thrift and prosperity of the people appeared on all sides; farms in fine condition, substantial dwelling houses, large barns, and sleek cattle grazing in the fields.

On the 29th the corps resumed its march at 8:00 A. M., and passing through a number of small villages, over good roads, reached Uniontown after night, having made a record breaking march of thirty-five miles. The day happened to be cool, otherwise it would not have been possible to make such a distance. Many pleasant incidents occurred during the day to lighten the toil and severity of that long

march. At every farm house, and in every village, along our route, the people, old and young, stood in front of their homes with buckets of water, baskets with bread, cakes and other eatables, which they distributed among the boys as they passed, until their provisions were all gone, meantime speaking words of welcome, sympathy and encouragement. Such demonstrations we had not been accustomed to farther south in Dixie. There was a great deal of straggling that day; the degree of endurance of individuals varies, of course, and it is only the most hardy that will be able to make such a march; the weaker ones will fall back, and on that occasion not more than half the men were in ranks when the different regiments went into bivouac. But the stragglers came up during the night. Utterly worn out by the toilsome march, their clothes wet from perspiration, numbers of the boys simply dropped down on the bare ground, as they reached the place of bivouac, pulled a rubber blanket or a piece of a shelter tent over them, and fell asleep in a moment, without making coffee or partaking of a mouthful of food.

The night having been quite cool, many of the boys caught a severe cold; and they would have been in a poor condition to resume the march the following morning, but fortunately for them, the Corps remained in camp all day. I was sick.

Our next destination was Gettysburg, soon to become famous as the scene of one of the most sanguinary and momentous battles of the century. Comrade Nathaniel Bierly of the drum corps, carried my gun for me, for which act of kindness I felt very grateful. Late in the afternoon an ambulance passed us to the rear with the corpse of General Reynolds. On the route we passed a group of badly frightened young ladies who told us that the rebels were not far off, and they "hoped to God" we would defeat them! It was dark when our Corps went into bivouac, in line of battle, across the Taneytown road, within several miles of Gettysburg.

Early in the morning of July 2d, after a rigid inspection of our arms, our Corps moved forward and took position on a slightly elevated ridge about midway between Cemetery Hill, north, and Little Round Top, south, facing west.

The Confederate soldiers had been living, for the two weeks previous, on the "fat of the land." Their march north was made by easy stages, and they were in excellent fighting trim. On our side, there would have been some excuse for discouragement; our recent reverses and the frequent change of commanders, would tend to lessen confidence. Our boys had made toilsome marches, under a broiling sun, just on the eve of battle. They were pale, tired, and not in a fit condition physically to engage in a prolonged battle. But it was imperative that our Army should be victorious; defeat would have meant tremendous loss to the cause of the Union, and to the lasting honor of our brave soldiers, the account they gave of themselves, during those momentous days, in spite of these depressing influences was magnificent. It wiped from Northern soil henceforth forever the rebel horde, and changed their supercilious sneer into a look of horror and dismay.

All day we lay on the ground in the hot sun, in line of battle. Desultory firing on skirmish and picket lines, cannonading at intervals in order to develop the positions of the opposing sides, troops moving wherever the eye could see, batteries ranging into position, orderlies and aides galloping to and fro—these were the events and the panoramic scenes preparatory to a great battle. We had read in the papers of McClellan's soldiers, in the series of battles on the Peninsula, lying down along side of batteries and going to sleep while the roar of battle went on; this seemed incredible, but such a possibility was verified that day at Gettysburg. While lying in the hot sun in line of battle, some of the boys slept, though shells and solid shot came crashing into our midst.

At 4:00 P. M. a large body of troops was seen to advance from our left across the fields and through woods in the direction of the rebel lines. The corps flag showed that it was the Third Corps. The long lines of battle went forward in splendid order, the right of the advancing line faced west, and was plainly in view; the left, faced south, but that part of the line was not visible to us. This position became famous as the "peach orchard," in the history of the battle. At once the rebels assailed our forces there with tremendous onslaught both of cannon and musketry. The conflict was most desper-

ate for a brief time, the smoke from the batteries rose in huge volumes like heavy summer clouds, enveloping the combatants and obscuring the sun. It was a magnificent spectacle. All at once orderlies came dashing along our lines, and we said, "Now, look out, we'll get into that, too." Our conjecture was correct. General Sickles had called for re-enforcements. Our Division, commanded by General Caldwell, was quickly formed in position to move, in columns by brigades. The Irish Brigade, which belonged to the Division, was first assembled in solid mass and their Chaplain, or Priest, performed some religious ceremony of a few minutes duration, while the men stood, undisturbed by bursting shells, with bowed heads in reverent silence. Then the whole Division was marched off at a "double quick" across fields and through patches of woods in the direction of the conflict. It was a most exhausting run of three-fourths of a mile. Having reached the "wheat field," the troops were halted for a few minutes and the lines were straightened up for action. This field slopes to the southwest, and was bordered on the south and west by woods. Along the farther half of the south side was a stone fence, which the rebels already held, and the woods to the left beyond, and came in swarming on the west side. Our Brigade occupied about the breadth of the field, and moved forward diagonally in the direction of the southwest corner of the field, and as we advanced the rebel bullets began to reach our lines. We were the first troops to cross the field, and the yellow grain was still standing. I noticed how the ears of wheat flew in the air all over the field as they were cut off by the enemy's bullets.

We reserved our fire because it would have been useless to shoot at such a distance when the rebels were well protected by the stone fence, trees and rocks. Comrade William C. Meyer shot at a frightened rabbit which scurried along our front; he thought of the impoverished condition of his haversack and could not allow this opportunity to replenish it pass by unimproved, though rebel bullets whizzed around his head. I looked back and saw Colonel Cross, our brigade commander, following down the slope, waving his sword. He had tied around his head a black cloth and had then been wounded; a moment later, he received another shot which proved

fatal. In consequence of the oblique direction of our advance, our company reached the stone fence while the men on our right were still in the field, and the rebels continued firing into the right of our line until we leaped on the wall and took them in flank. I remember having put a double portion of powder in the gun barrel the first load, and as I got on the other side of the fence, I took aim at one of the rebels not over two rods away, expecting to shoot him clean through the body and also hit with the same ball his comrade on the other side of him. But just as I was pressing the trigger, the Johnnies waved their handkerchiefs in token of surrender, and I desisted with some regret.

Here the battle opened with great energy. Being too much crowded, a number of us from the right of our company, advanced in front of the line about a rod and lay down and began to fire on the rebels in front in the woods. Thick smoke soon covered the scene, but lying on the ground, we had a better view than standing. Most of the boys in our rear, lay down, too, and fired so close to our heads that the powder burned our faces. I watched the rebels as they moved from tree to tree, and shot at several with steady aim; whether any were hit, I could not tell.

Men in battle will act very differently; some become greatly excited, others remain perfectly cool. One of the boys in my rear was sitting flat on the ground and discharging his piece in the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, as fast as he could load.

"Why do you shoot in the air?" I asked.

"To scare 'em," he replied.

He was a pious young man, and the true reason why he did not shoot at the enemy direct, was because of his conscientious scruples on the subject. What struck me as being peculiar was that some of the boys swore energetically, who never before were heard to utter an oath.

In battle one fails to take a correct note of the flight of time; to me it seemed we had been engaged only about half an hour; it really was almost two hours. Intent on watching the Johnnies who dodged behind rocks and trees in my front, I failed to notice our Regiment withdrawing. The fire in my rear having ceased, I looked

around and observed that the boys had left. Going back to the stone fence, I saw Comrade Jacob Lanich lying dead, being shot through the head from ear to ear. Sergt. G. W. Leitzell was shot through the knee; he asked me to assist him off the field. I got him on his feet, but was too weak myself to be of much service to him, and he requested me to lay him down. I then gave him my canteen which was filled with water in exchange for his, which was empty. Half an hour later he was in the hands of the enemy. All the rest of the wounded of our company got back into our lines that evening.

I joined the troops which had relieved our Regiment and advanced with them in the direction of the western border of the field, not knowing then where our men had gone. Then I started for the rear, passing along the south side of the wheat field; here were lying many of our wounded boys, among them a number of Company B. The troops that had relieved our Brigade, part of the Fifth Corps, were driven back, and our wounded still remaining on the field, fell into the hands of the enemy that evening. Later on, however, by the varying fortunes of the battle, they again found themselves within our lines. On my way back, I caught up with Comrade Manasses Gilbert, who had received a wound in the shoulder-blade, and was quite weak, being hardly able to walk. Together we reached the northern slope of Little Round Top, where Comrade Gilbert sat down leaning against a tree, being too weak to proceed any farther. He desired me to fetch him some water, and as I proceeded, I met the head of a column of troops coming up, part of the Sixth Corps, which, one of their men told me, had just arrived on the field after a march that day of some thirty miles. They went right into action.

The sun was just sinking behind the western hills in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, but the battle increased in fury and the deafening tumult seemed to surge rapidly towards our line along Little Round Top. I found a small spring back of our lines some distance; there were a number of rebel prisoners at the place. When I returned to the slope of Little Round Top, it was already dark and the place was crowded with soldiers. I was unable to find Comrade Gilbert. Exhausted and sick, I lay by the side of a huge boulder, not caring very much whether I should rise again or not. All night long were

heard the monotonous tramp of moving troops, the low rumble of the wheels of the ambulances, the ammunition and supply trains, and the artillery over the stony roads. The sharp command of the officers, the curses of the teamsters heard above the murmur of many voices, the groans of the wounded and dying made a medley of weird and discordant sounds.

At early dawn the following day, July 3d, the battle opened with crash of musketry and thunder of cannon at our right, and continued with unabated fury until eleven o'clock. The significance of the struggle we could not understand at the time, yet it was evident our men were driving the rebels, for the sound of the strife was steadily receding. It was the assault of the Twelfth Corps to recover the entrenchments on Culps Hill which its troops had abandoned, in part, the day before, to re-enforce Sickles on our left, if necessary.

Our Division had resumed its former position in our regular line of battle between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top; breast-works of fence rails, with ground heaped against them, were hastily constructed. The enemy would soon again strike somewhere, but it was not certain what part of the line would receive the blow. On our left, their success, slight as it had been, was purchased at too great a sacrifice; on our right they had just been driven out of entrenchments which had fallen into their hands while our troops had abandoned them and gone to another part of the field. The tide of battle seemed to be turning.

At 1:00 p. m. in response to signal guns fired by them the rebels opened upon us with one hundred and fifty guns and with terrific roar belched forth a storm of shot and shell into our lines. Seminary Ridge, on which their batteries were placed, appeared to be a volcano emitting smoke and flame. Our lines being more contracted, not more than eighty guns could be put in position, these reserved their fire for a short time, and it is said the enemy were under the impression they had knocked our batteries to pieces. For some reason or other, the rebel batteries failed to get a proper range of our lines, as the greater number of their shells passed over us. In due time our guns opened and the deafening roar increased, and continued without abatement for two hours. It was sublime. The

heaviest peal of thunder is as nothing compared to the roar of the artillery. It is not hyperbole to say that the earth trembled; it was literally true. The air seemed full of hissing, screaming iron missiles; shells bursting high in air emitting lurid flame, the fragments coming down with discordant hiss and scream. When a shell bursts in the air, it leaves a globular puff of smoke which retains its form for several moments; the air was filled with these balls of white smoke. On the right of us, toward Cemetery Ridge, the point whither the rebel fire was concentrated, ten or twelve of our caissons blew up, one after another, increasing the volume of the roar of battle. The loss of life in our lines was small, but such a storm of shot and shell produces a demoralizing effect. A shell passing fifty feet overhead will cause one to "duck," or hug the earth more closely when lying flat on the ground; it is the horrid noise, and the consciousness of the fearful effect of a shell when it hits that strikes terror into the soul. A mere skirmish with muskets might have resulted in a greater number of casualties. General Hancock, knowing that an infantry charge would follow this furious cannonade, and in order to prevent any inception of panic among his men, rode along the whole extent of his line, accompanied by several of his staff, while the cannonade was at its most furious stage. The men lying down and hugging the ground, were inspired with new courage at the sight of their leader riding leisurely along their front, his countenance and manner not exhibiting the least sign of fear.

The fire ceased on the part of the rebels and then came Pickett's Division, with its supports on either flank, in deep columns, and magnificent array, across the plain direct for our line. But the story is familiar to every school boy—how our batteries tore wide gaps through their advancing ranks, how a few of them, led by General Armistead, succeeding in penetrating our line at one point—a spot now designated as the "High Water Mark of the Rebellion," how they were finally repulsed leaving two-thirds of their fifteen thousand men on the field dead, wounded or prisoners. All the field officers of Pickett's Division were either killed or wounded, except one, Col. U. R. Aylett of the 53d Virginia. On their right a mass of the enemy, during the wild melee of battle, started to

come into our lines, when a Confederate officer, on a white horse, galloped in front of them and succeeded in turning them back. Our loss was comparatively light; theirs was heavy. The slaughter of our troops in front of Marye Heights, a few months before, was fully avenged. Prisoners coming in swore at their officers for making them believe they were charging on Pennsylvania militia. On our side the fiction had been circulated that a strong force of militia under General McClellan was near at hand, and would support us. We cast our eyes toward the eastern hills to catch a glimpse of their advancing banners, but were disappointed.

Incidents sufficient to fill a volume could be gathered. One of the Confederate prisoners with both eyes shot out was led into our lines, crying bitterly. A Confederate officer related that the most pitiful spectacle he ever beheld was that presented by some officer in their division (Pickett's), sitting with his back to the fence along the Emmitsburg road, having his lower jaw shot clean away; sitting there with staring eye watching the men as they passed by to the charge. The conflict was over in that part of the field, as a certain officer of the rebel Army, who viewed the battle from the eupola of the Lutheran Seminary, said: "When the smoke of battle lifted, Pickett's Division had melted away; a few scattered, disorganized remnants were left on the field and drifted back to their own line."

Our Regiment suffered only a few casualties, being too far to the left of the point of attack to become seriously involved in the contest.

A heavy thunderstorm burst over the field in the evening, adding to the discomforts of the situation. From frequent rains and copious perspiration produced by toilsome marches, the boys' clothes never got dry from the time they left Thoroughfare Gap, June 25th, until several days after the battle at Gettysburg. The 4th of July was celebrated by burying the dead and removing the wounded from the field. In our front there was no fighting that day except an occasional shot on the picket line, and the throwing of a few shells now and then. There were also heavy showers on the 4th. Not expecting an immediate attack from the enemy in our front, the boys

had an opportunity to explore the ground in their vicinity and view the effects of the conflict. The plain in our front was strewn with dead soldiers and dead horses. Hats, haversacks, canteens, accoutrements, shells, solid shot, and muskets, wrecked gun carriages, and all the debris of great battle were scattered in promiscuous confusion over field and in the woods. The ground was torn up in deep furrows by the enemy's solid shot and shell. I noticed one point where three such furrows had crossed each other, one having been made by a ball coming from the northwest, one from the west, and one from the southwest, showing how the fire was concentrated on that part of our line.

I pitied the poor wounded horses dragging themselves about the field, trying to nibble a tuft of grass here and there not trampled into the ground. I noticed the day before with what patience, almost human, the battery horses hitched to the caissons, endured the storm of iron missiles hurled over and amongst them. One after another the dumb brutes dropped to the ground, but none attempted to break away. Corporal S. M. Spangler of our company was put in command of a detail to shoot the wounded horses in that part of the field.

Every house, barn, shed or building whatsoever, was crowded with wounded and dying soldiers. In one of these crowded sheds near General Doubleday's headquarters, I noticed a young boy, who was badly wounded, trying, in his delirium, to creep through an opening in the side of the shed, moaning and crying in piteous tones. The first few days, the wounded suffered greatly for want of food, water, nursing and proper medical attendance, for sufficient supplies and assistance could not be brought to the field in a moment. Several hundred steps to the rear of our Regiment was a small dwelling house with some outbuildings. These were crowded with wounded soldiers. A small orchard of about an acre in extent, near by, was literally covered with the dead; they presented a ghastly sight, some being covered with rubber blankets, or parts of shelter tents, lying there in the rain and mud. Close by was a small spring in a swampy place where the boys used to get their water while occupying their position in that part of the field. During

the rain, surface water carried blood from the field into the spring, but water being scarce in the locality, the boys were obliged to fill their canteens with the tainted liquid. In front of the house just mentioned was buried General Barksdale of Mississippi, who fell mortally wounded on the 2d. Comrade Wm. C. Meyer saw him soon after he was brought into our lines; he had cut off a fringe of gold lace from the General's coat collar, which he showed us. He also told us about the remark the General had made before he died, now famous in history, "Tell my wife I am shot, but we fought like hell." Sometime after the battle his remains were exhumed and taken to his people.

The members of Company A wounded as reported in company records, July 2d at the wheat field, were: John Weight, fatally; Sergt. Elias Mingle, fatally; Matthias Guiser, knee; Israel Otto, slight scalp wound; Charles Bierly, leg; Charles W. Weiser; Frederick Limbert, G. W. Leitzell, knee; Manasses Gilbert. Killed: Jacob Lanich and Aaron Miller. Wounded on the skirmish line, July 3d, Adam Boyer, severely; Amos Erhard and Geo. M. Rupp, slightly, Geo. Corman was stunned by a shell in the wheat field and was taken prisoner. As already stated Colonel Cross, who commanded our Brigade, was wounded twice, in quick succession, the last time fatally.

On the 5th our skirmish line advanced across the position of the enemy, and met only a few pickets; their army had retreated. Some of our troops, the Sixth Corps, followed them; our Corps moved down the Baltimore Pike four or five miles and went into camp for the night. We had left the gory field without getting a sight of the town of Gettysburg. News of the capture of Vicksburg and the surrender of Pemberton's Army there, caused great rejoicing in our Army.

Remained in camp July 6th, July 7th marched about ten miles, and July 8th we marched twenty miles and went into camp near Frederick City, Maryland. But to note all the places we passed through and all the minor incidents on our way back to and across the Potomac would not be of great interest.

We saw Lee's Army successfully recross the Potomac at Williamsport, what was left of it, on the 14th; with the exception of a

small body of rear guard that fell into our hands. Thence we marched down the left bank of the Potomac, crossing a part of the Antietam battlefield on the way, and went into camp at Harper's Ferry, at which point the Second Corps crossed into Virginia, July 18th. Although we exulted over a great victory won on Pennsylvania soil, and rejoiced over General Grant's success at Vicksburg, yet our return to the sand and mud of Virginia, and the prospect of again fighting over territory so often fought over before, was quite dispiriting. The long and toilsome marches of the campaign which culminated at Gettysburg, the excessive heat, the mental and physical strain of the battle, were exhausting to the boys in the extreme. They were emaciated, weak, and many were unable to carry muskets, myself being one of the latter, until we advanced in line of battle on the rebel works at Williamsport, there I picked up a gun belonging to one of our men who went home "without a pass." Comrade Thos. E. Royer was another of those emaciated fellows; he possessed hardly sufficient corporeal density to cast a shadow. Some one maliciously remarked that his inherited perversity, strengthened by years of practice, was the reason why he did not lie down and permit himself to be buried. He owed his recovery to an almost exclusive diet on blackberries of which there was an abundance all along our route. For certain complaints there was more medicinal virtue in blackberries than in a ton of drugs, and scores of soldiers could testify to the fact.

July 18th, our corps bivouacked in Loudon Valley. Col. Jas. A. Beaver came back to the Regiment, and was placed in command of our Brigade the following day. Our progress southward was slow, keeping pace with the Confederate Army which moved in the same direction west of the mountains. Some of our troops made excursions into the gaps; Ashley's on the 22d, and Manassas on the 23d. July 28th Col. Nelson A. Miles was put in command of our Brigade. As we moved forward it was rumored in the ranks, that our destination was Morrisville. The prospect of camping near a town was pleasing to the boys; it would be a slight change in the monotony of camp life. July 31st we arrived in the vicinity of the place we longed to see, but were somewhat disappointed in finding nothing

more in the form of a town than three brick chimneys, the houses having been burned to the ground at an earlier period of the War. According to the prevailing style of Virginian architecture the chimney is an institution by itself, standing on its own bottom, as it were, and the house built against it, so that the house may burn to the ground while the chimney proudly and defiantly survives the elemental scourge of fire. But our stay in the place, which continued until about the middle of September, was pleasant. The heat during the time we lay at Morrisville was excessive. August 3d the boys received two months' pay, \$26.00. The President appointed August 6th, as a Thanksgiving day, and our Brigade assembled in a grove near camp, and duly observed the day by appropriate religious services, the Chaplain of the 81st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers officiating. This preacher frequently held services in our Regiment, no doubt "exchanging pulpits" with our own Chaplain. It would be proper to state that our Chaplain held divine services regularly every Sunday when we lay in camp and the weather was propitious. The Chaplains certainly did a good work among the men. Besides their attendance to their purely religious services they visited the sick, wrote letters for them to their friends, if desired, and supplied all at times with religious tracts and papers. The boys sometimes, before going into a battle, made the Chaplain the depository of their money, aggregating large amounts.

August 18th our Brigade marched in the direction of Falmouth, within seven miles of that town for the purpose of securing a lot of telegraph poles. These were cut near Hartford Church, thence the command returned to Grove Church and camped there for the night. A number of the Company A boys reposed for the night in the cemetery, making use of the grassy mounds over the graves as pillows, fearing less the dead under ground than the prowling guerrillas on top of the ground. The march the day previous had been quite severe, having covered a distance of twenty miles. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the trip; there was an abundance of green corn, and at the midday hour the grateful, inspiring aroma of roasting corn ears arose from innumerable little fires, and floated like sweet incense on the gentle breeze through the bushy tops of pine and cedar.

August 31st forty rounds of cartridges were issued and two days' rations, and our Corps moved forward to Hartford Church, thence to United States Ford on the Rappahannock; distance, twenty miles. Our Regiment did picket duty at Richardson's Ford, near the other ford above named and had a skirmish with the rebel cavalry. On September 4th our Division returned to Morrisville. It used to be said that the Second Corps was called on more frequently than any other corps in the Army to perform such expeditionary services; at any rate, the Corps had been acquiring an enviable reputation as the "Foot cavalry of the Army of the Potomac." Jackson's Corps of the Confederate Army had achieved a similar fame as the "Foot cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia."

Frequent changes of position were now made; from Morrisville (12th) to Bealton Station; thence to Rappahannock Station; thence, next day, to Brandy Station, on to Culpeper and some distance beyond. We lay also, several days near Rapidan Station. September 23d the paymaster made his appearance and left with the boys two months' pay. On the 24th our Regiment was transferred from the First Brigade to the Third Brigade. October 2d our Division was formed to witness the execution of a deserter of the 66th New York. On the 6th our Division went into camp north of Culpeper about two miles, later the other two Divisions of our Corps assembled at the same place; in fact the whole Army of the Potomac, except one corps, was then in camp about Culpeper. The place was delightful; we went about with alacrity fixing up our quarters and making ourselves comfortable. We felt an impulse to build our "tabernacles" for a prolonged sojourn, but Lee was just then planning for us other and more lively diversions. On the 10th our Corps formed in line of battle two miles west of Culpeper, General Warren in command. The Third Corps had been driven back some distance. Evidently there was an important move in progress. At two o'clock on the night of the 11th, we began a retrograde movement, crossing the Rappahannock and going into camp at Bealton Station; recrossing the Rappahannock the following day, and advancing, in line of battle, toward Brandy Station. We anticipated a battle as the rebels

were in front of us at no great distance. The boys seemed slightly amused at Captain Forster exhorting us, as we slowly moved forward, to be brave and stand up to our work. We considered ourselves advanced far beyond that stage in our military experience where such exhortations were necessary.

At midnight we crossed the river for the third time and marched northward. It was now supposed that Lee was trying to get into our rear to cut off our base of supplies, or perhaps to make a dash for Washington. At any rate, he gave us such a race as we seldom experienced before. As already stated, our march began at midnight, and it was continued without any interruption, hardly, for eighteen hours, until 6:00 P. M. on the 13th, when the Corps went into bivouac near Auburn Mills, in a piece of woods, having made one or two short counter-marches, making altogether thirty miles for the day. It was a severe strain on our physical endurance; our legs seemed like sticks of wood without feeling, and moving automatically. On this occasion it was demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that a person may fall asleep while walking—to be rudely awakened when stumbling to the ground. As we went into camp, our officers cautioned us to maintain silence, and, if I remember correctly, no fires were lighted. It was evident that the enemy was in close proximity to our camp. The Second Corps bringing up the rear of the Army, a position in the line of march of a retreating Army fraught with great danger.

On the 14th our march was resumed quite early; and the operations of the day included the affairs of Auburn and Bristoe Station, which are described in other stories.

Directly in front of our line at Bristoe extended a patch of woods, close up to the railroad; the rebels had occupied those woods, and some of their wounded must have been left there. We heard the piteous tones of a young boy calling by name one of his comrades, or a brother, for help. For half an hour we heard the wailing cry of the poor fellow, when the voice grew fainter and finally ceased, whether in death or whether assistance came to the boy, we knew not. We left Bristoe soon after dark; proceeding some distance beyond, we crossed a shallow stream, Broad Run, which had a very

steep bank on the side we emerged from the stream. The steep slope was tramped hard and smooth by many thousands of feet, and the wet soles of the shoes finally made the place slippery as an eel. It was, therefore, almost impossible to ascend the steep hill; some tried to climb up on their hands and feet, and if one succeeded in reaching the top—almost—others would grab him from behind in order to pull themselves along, when the whole bunch would slide back into the stream again. Some of the boys fixed bayonets, thrust them into the ground and propelled themselves along in that manner. All this struggle was going on in almost inky darkness; the "cursory" remarks accompanying the same would not look well in print. All night the weary tramp continued and in the morning the Division came up with the rest of the Army on the Banks of Bull Run.

Right here I desire to interpolate a brief dissertation on the subject of the army *straggler*, a personage of importance, numerically, at least, and therefore, entitled to some consideration on the part of the historian. It certainly seems not inappropriate that in a volume variegated with such subjects as the "Colonel's Story," the "Lieutenant Colonel's," the "Major's," and so on down the interminable list, the straggler, also, may be heard from. In the first place, let it be remembered that the straggler is not always such from choice, but his position at the rear of the Army, his go-as-you-please gait, his utter disregard of all military regulations as to marching, are often enforced by circumstances over which he has no control. His feet may be sore from continuous marching, or his legs tired; he may be worn out physically, or he may be sick, these are some of the causes of straggling. During long, toilsome marches the army of stragglers may become quite numerous, too numerous for the efficiency of the corps. This was the case in the movement of the Army of the Potomac to Gettysburg; thousands of soldiers who were in ranks when the several corps left Stafford Heights, near Fredericksburg, never reached Gettysburg to participate in the battle. When the Second Corps went into bivouac near Uniontown, Maryland, after that thirty-five mile march, not much more than half the men were present to stack arms—the balance coming in during all hours of the night. Other instances could be mentioned. Of course, the

officers did all in their power to prevent straggling, but when men are no longer able to keep up with the moving column, neither threat nor punishment will avail. Besides the causes of straggling above mentioned others could be named, and one of these may best be illustrated by relating the experience of a boy who straggled on the night march from Bristoe to Bull Run. Who it was is immaterial. There was very little falling back during the severe marches from Culpeper to Bristoe, for the Confederates followed our rear closely, and to lag behind meant capture and the rebel prison pen. The march from Bristoe to Bull Run was very toilsome and annoying. The gait was so irregular; sometimes the column forged ahead with long, rapid strides, then again slowed to a snail's pace. At frequent intervals the column would stop for a few seconds, a few minutes, or twenty minutes perhaps, but one would never know how long, or he might sit down and rest during the longer periods. And here begins the story of our straggler.

At one of those intervals of halting he assumed the risk of stepping outside the ranks and sitting down to rest, expecting, of course, to return to his place the moment the column began to move again. However, sitting down and falling asleep were simultaneous occurrences. Waking after a time, he saw nothing of the Army; all was silent as the grave. He started after the troops as he thought, but certain remembered landmarks convinced him that he was going in the wrong direction, whereupon, after a moment's reflection, he faced about and traveled in the opposite direction, though it seemed like returning to Bristoe. For an hour he hastened along, seeing or hearing nothing to assure him that he was on the right course, but finally there was seen in the distance a faint flicker of a fire, which he approached with caution, as it might be a rebel picket post. A careful reconnaissance revealed the fact that a solitary fellow Yankee straggler held the position. The two fraternized, cooled coffee together, and our hero was glad to learn that he was on the right trail. The two moved on and ere long other fires appeared at shorter intervals, surrounded by squads of men, who after sacrificing the remaining few fence rails which escaped former raids, fell in, as the swelling procession passed by, and when daylight came there was

revealed a full regiment of stragglers. Now, came after from the rear, several mounted scouts who urged the stragglers to hasten on, as there were rebel cavalry coming up. But the stragglers heeded not the warning, and said, "Let them come, we can lick a division of rebel cavalry." It was nine o'clock in the morning when the regiment of stragglers crossed Bull Run, and distributed themselves among their respective commands.

The Army remained in camp near Centerville until October 19th, when Bull Run was recrossed and the march southward resumed. The railroad having been torn up by the rebels from the Rappahannock to Bristoe, our knapsacks were loaded with nine days' rations, as the furnishing of supplies might be uncertain until the road would be rebuilt. We had thought that the utmost limit of a soldier's carrying capacity had been reached when eight days' rations were loaded on our backs during the Chancellorsville campaign, but in that our judgment had been at fault. We halted for the night near Bristoe; next day continued on to Auburn Mills, more familiarly known to the boys as "Hot Coffee Hill," the scene of the diversion of our Division with the enemy on the morning of the 14th. We forded streams four times during the day, and came a distance of fifteen miles. On the 21st we moved forward and went into camp about four miles east of Warrenton. On the 30th the Regiment received two hundred and twenty-two conscripts, of which number seventeen were assigned to Company A. November 7th, at one o'clock at night, we drew eight days' rations, and then left camp near Warrenton, passed Warrenton Junction, and Bealton Station and went into camp near Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, in the evening. During the greater part of the day cannonading was heard in our front.

General French, commanding the left wing of the Army composed of the First, Second and Third Corps, had forced the passage of the river after a spirited engagement. On the right, Sedgwick, with the Fifth and Sixth Corps, effected a crossing at Rappahannock Station, taking a number of prisoners. Our Corps crossed the river in the morning of November 8th and marched west about eight miles and went into camp near a place called Stevensburg, south of Brandy



WILLIAM OTTO.
Company A.

Station. On the 13th the boys received two months' pay. On the 14th, our Captain, Robt. H. Forster, was promoted to the rank of Major of our Regiment, and First Lieutenant, John L. Johnston of Company H, was promoted to Captain, and placed in command of Company A. Captain Johnston was a brave soldier and was well liked by the men of Company A, but it was never explained satisfactorily why several of our own men, equally brave and efficient, were ignored in the matter of promotion.* November 16 several promotions in Company A were announced: Simon M. Spangler, from Corporal to First Sergeant; Corporals Wm. Harper and J. I. Jones to Sergeants; Privates Thomas E. Royer, Samuel R. Gettig, Amos Erhard and Henry Meyer (the writer), to Corporals, respectively. W. W. Bierly from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant, he had been promoted only a short time before, from Orderly Sergeant to Second Lieutenant.

On the 19th one hundred and fifty-eight conscripts arrived, of which number Company A received fifteen.

The Army was again put in motion on the morning of the 26th, and the different corps crossed the Rapidan at several fords. The Second Corps crossed the river at Germania Ford, advanced a mile beyond and went into camp. The resulting operations are known in history as the "Mine Run Campaign," the scene whereof was laid in the "Wilderness," a wild country of forest with tangles of underbrush almost impenetrable, with here and there a small clearing, the whole traversed by narrow, zigzagging roads difficult to find, and in wet weather, well nigh impassable. The Turnpike which leads from Orange Court House in a straight line in a direction nearly due east, to Wilderness Tavern, thence to Chancellorsville, and on to Fredericksburg is, however, a good road; so, also the Plank Road, farther south, running nearly parallel to it, is an exception to the generally unserviceable roads in that part of Virginia. The former of these roads just named our Corps followed west until the Confederate lines were met near Mine Run. The following day a farther advance of two miles was made in the same

*See the Colonel's Story, page 105.—EDITOR.

direction when the rebels were found strongly entrenched on a range of hills. There was some cannonading and skirmishing, but as it rained all day, serious operations were impracticable; in the evening it cleared up. Our company happened to be located in a small cleared space for the night; the boys deposited pine branches on the ground on which they lay and pulled their blankets over them. Some time during the night cattle were brought close to our place of bivouac to be slaughtered for the Army; a number of these stampeded and charged right among and over us. We simply pulled ourselves together under our blankets, much like unto a snail withdrawing itself into its shell, when danger threatens, and the cattle jumped over us without causing any one serious injury. After the racket was over a number of the boys got up, went to the butcher's and procured some liver and steaks, and began to have a feast and be merry.

At break of day orders were issued to march, but for some reason our company failed to receive the order. So, while the head of the Regiment was forming into line and moving off, our boys were still in the midst of their culinary exercises, boiling coffee and frying liver and steaks; the coffee was then hastily emptied into the canteens and the sizzling contents of the frying pans dumped into the haversacks, and the accoutrements and other articles of personal property were snatched up to be properly adjusted while the proprietors were on a run to catch up with the disappearing column. Comrade John A. Miller, who was always exact and methodical in his way of doing things, got incensed at the undignified and tangled state of affairs, and jerked his pan off the fire, swung it round his head and made the liver fly to all points of the compass, which said flying pieces were picked up and complacently appropriated by one of the other boys who took things more philosophically.

Our Corps marched to the rear some distance, then south and struck the Plank Road, above mentioned, at White Church, and advanced west several miles, in the direction of the rebel lines. At ten o'clock at night our company, with several others of the Regiment, were sent forward to the picket line. The night was cold and our proximity to the enemy rendered it unsafe to have fires. Daylight revealed the fact that our picket posts were within two hundred



CHARLES BEIRLY.



SOLOMON BIERLY.



LEVI BOOB.



SOLOMON DALE.



WILLIAM MEYER.



THOMAS WEIRICH.



FIRST SERGT. JOHN A. MILLER



SAMUEL R. GETTIG.

and fifty yards of the rebel entrenchments, with a narrow meadow, through which meandered Mine Run, a tiny stream, to the north, between the opposing lines. Their position was on high ground and from our posts we could see that their lines were strongly entrenched. At first the rebels sent some shells into our picket line. This probably seemed to them an extravagant waste of ammunition, and they ceased firing, but their sharpshooters picked at us all day; it was a great risk to expose the least portion of one's anatomy. Instructions had been communicated to us that, at signal guns to be fired by Sedgwick, on our right, at 8:00 A.M., a charging column of twenty-five thousand men, composed of the Second, and parts of the Third and Sixth Corps under the command of General Warren, would make an assault on the enemy's work in our front, and that our picket line was to deploy as skirmishers and advance ahead of the charging battalions.

Those were anxious moments. We knew that it was almost certain death to us on the picket line the instant we would emerge from cover to advance. The signal guns were fired at the time specified; we looked back and watched for the approach of the assaulting lines of battle; we waited in awful suspense, fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes, but no troops with waving banners came into view. Finally we noticed both Generals Meade and Warren, some distance in the rear, examining the rebel position through their field glasses. Well, the charge was not made and we on the picket line were not sorry. Later we learned that General Warren deemed the undertaking too hazardous, with which opinion General Meade concurred, after a thorough inspection of the situation.

December 1st found us still on the picket line. It was cold and a number of the wounded froze to death. At eight o'clock at night we left the picket line, joined the Corps, marched all night, recrossed the Rapidan at break of day and in the evening of the 2d, reached our old quarters near Brandy Station, the time for our retrograde movement having been twenty-two hours, and the distance more than thirty miles. The march was severe, and went on and on, everlastingly on, without hardly any opportunity for rest.

Slight changes of position were again made successively on the 3d, 5th and 7th, going into permanent winter quarters on the last date mentioned, near Stevensburg, south of Brandy Station about four miles. The boys went to work at once, and put up substantial and comfortable cabins, built of logs, and being seven feet wide and twelve feet long, intended to accommodate a mess of four or five men. A "mess" associated voluntarily, according to their own tastes and congeniality without any interference on the part of the officers. Thus Jacob Breckbil, Israel Maze, William C. Meyer and the writer agreed to club together, build quarters and occupy the same—so throughout the company and Regiment. About the time we had our cabins erected, the camp site cleared up and everything in good shape, General Hancock came back to the Army and assumed command of the Second Corps, and it was rumored about camp that he inspected the ground and condemned the same as being too swampy and unhealthy, and that we would have to move to a higher location which would afford better sanitary conditions. Now the private soldier is no respecter of person—especially when such person interjects himself between said private and the enjoyment of his rights and privileges, and the pursuit of happiness—and if the grim old warrior could have strolled through the company streets unobserved he could have heard himself denounced in choicest terms, more emphatic than those of his own vocabulary for which he was so justly famed.

Our men had respect for the Sabbath day, as witness the following from my diary, December 13th:

"We did not work at our quarters today. The Sabbath was decently observed by the men of our Regiment; the men of some of the other regiments worked at their quarters as usual."

The winter was spent pleasantly in those warm, comfortable cabins, and nothing serious occurred to mar the "even tenor of our way." Our principal occupations were building corduroy roads from corps headquarters to the railroad station, putting up buildings for the officers, chapel for religious services and doing guard and picket duties. The last named was disagreeable, especially during bad

weather. Our picket line was down along Kelly's Ford, distant from camp about five miles. We generally remained out three or four days. The Confederates of General Ewell's Corps had erected splendid winter quarters in that locality, built of split logs and covered with like material, in which they reckoned, no doubt, to pass the winter in comfort; but certain movements of our Army, which began November 7th, made it necessary for them to retire beyond the Rappahannock and make other arrangements.

An innovation in the line of a bayonet exercise or drill was inaugurated during the winter and conducted according to directions laid down in a work which had been elaborated by General McClellan after a French system on the subject. The drill taxed one's athletic abilities to the utmost, and while it may have answered a good purpose as a physical exercise I never saw or heard that in actual warfare it proved of any benefit whatever. Really, the bayonet seldom performed a very conspicuous part in a battle; it was more useful for sticking stray pigs, digging entrenchments, and as a substitute for a candlestick.

February 18, 1864, the soldiers received two months' pay.

February 23d the Second Corps was reviewed by Generals Meade, Warren and Kilpatrick and Vice-President Hamlin, accompanied by a number of ladies. March 1st our company received two volunteer recruits, Noah Gilbert and John W. Shively; Moses Gilbert, also a volunteer, came on the 16th. March 27th our Regiment was transferred to the Fourth Brigade, commanded by Gen. John R. Brooke. On the 29th Lieutenant General Grant was to review the Army, but on account of the rain the matter was postponed. He had joined the Army of the Potomac to exercise a closer supervision over its operations. Thereafter the long distance generalship from the city of Washington to the Army in front was to cease. Think of it, a bespangled and beslippered General sitting in a gorgeously upholstered hall at Washington, and with the aid of several clerks, pretending, as had hitherto been the custom, to direct the manoeuvres of an immense army in the tangle of the brush and forests of Virginia.

General Barlow was assigned to the command of our—the First Division. April 20th was pay day; same day Captain Brady inspected our Regiment. The boys, no doubt, remember the stubby little fellow; when on horseback his short legs reached only half way down the sides of his war steed. For some reason the Captain had the misfortune to incur the ill will of the men of the 148th Regiment and was persecuted—at a safe distance, from behind trees, or when his back was turned—by uncomplimentary remarks. It made him furious and he threatened dire vengeance, but later he got into the good graces of the boys and was well liked by them. After the War he took up his residence in Petersburg, Virginia, and was sent to Congress from that district.

We had review of the Fourth Brigade by General Barlow April 15th; of the First Division, by General Hancock, on the 16th, and Lieutenant General Grant reviewed the Second Corps on the 22d. The columns marched by “divisions closed in mass,” and my diary says it was a “magnificent military display.” We all were anxious to get a good look at General Grant of whose splendid military operations out West we had been well informed through the medium of the daily papers. As we approached the reviewing stand, where General Grant and many other officers all on horseback had stationed themselves, we had a good view of him by side glances in passing, turning the eyes without turning the head in the least, for on such an occasion the soldier feels that the reputation of his organization is at stake; and he will look straight ahead according to strictest military requirements, heeding nothing that might cause him to turn his head or unbend his dignified martial bearing. The boys did not regard Grant as an officer of very imposing presence. “He looks like a farmer,” they said.

In that group of officers there were individuals who were his superiors as to physique, and outshone him in the splendor of their equipage; neither did Grant appear to pay any attention to the art of attitudinizing—an art in which some officers took great delight. The boys placed great confidence in him as their commander, and admired him for his unpretentious, democratic ways of which they had heard much before his coming into our Army.

The Army of the Potomac was again reorganized in some particulars and greatly strengthened by the addition of numerous recruits, and the accession of other commands. The five corps were consolidated into three, the First and Third being disintegrated and the parts incorporated with the other corps, the Second, Fifth and Sixth, but retaining their distinctive corps badges. The Second Corps contained more than twenty-five thousand men and was again commanded by General Hancock. The other two corps contained about the same number, twenty-five thousand men, respectively. The Ninth Corps was also on the move to join the Army of the Potomac.

May 2d we received orders to demolish our winter quarters and carry away the logs, all except the lower one, on which were to be set our shelter tents. This order implied to our minds an immediate movement of the Army. What good purpose was to be accomplished by this order, we could not understand, except on the same principle which impels the parent eagle to scratch the nest from under her young brood in order to make them get out and learn to fly.

Early in the morning of May 4th our Corps began to move in the direction of the Rapidan River and crossed at Ely's Ford. There were two pontoon bridges not far apart. The boats of the bridge where we crossed were made of canvas, the first we had seen of the kind. They were not as heavy as those constructed of boards and were therefore more easily transported. The river was about two hundred feet wide at the ford, with steep banks on the south side. The other corps crossed farther up the river, at Germania Ford. Once again and for the third time the Army of the Potomac plunges into the thickets of the Wilderness to grapple with their old foe, the Army of Northern Virginia. The boys were in the best of spirits, and went forward eagerly, with the "swing of victory" in their movement, confident that this would be their last campaign, and that the War would soon terminate. Their fond hopes were, however, not so soon to be realized. The three corps, with the cavalry, at the time of crossing the Rapidan, aggregated one hundred thousand men, while the Ninth Corps, then in the vicinity of Brandy Station, numbered nearly twenty thousand men. Many thousands of the poor fellows

that crossed into the Wilderness those beautiful days of May, were destined to find their graves in the region lying between the Rapidan and the Appomattox.

Before noon, the Second Corps reached the old battle ground of Chancellorsville, without any molestation on the part of the enemy, having marched twenty miles. A division of cavalry had preceded our Corps. The other corps by parallel roads reached points west of Chancellorsville, at the Wilderness Tavern on the Turnpike. It was with fascinating interest that we looked over the historic field where just a year before we received our baptism of fire on the line of battle. The aspect of things had changed but little; the intrenchments remained almost intact; the wreckage of battle were still thickly strewn over field and through woods; the Chancellor House was in ruins, desolation met the eye everywhere. Several of us strolled away from camp to discover the places where we had been stationed on the entrenched picket line during the battle a year before, and we had no difficulty in finding the localities.

I was especially interested in noting the dent in the log where a bullet went in which a Johnny had aimed at my head. We, myself and the Johnny just mentioned, had, that Sunday morning engaged in a duel for an hour probably, I firing through a space between two logs and he from behind a tree, distant about fifty steps, and hidden partly by underbrush. I found the bullet mark and realized how narrowly I escaped ending my brilliant military career on that day.

At noon on the 5th our Corps moved southwest along the Catharpin road eight or ten miles, and took position on a range of hills near Shady Grove Church. On the 6th there was considerable fighting, but our Regiment was not engaged. On the 7th the battle became more general, and on some points of our line, desperate and sanguinary. The men on both sides, stood up to their work with grim determination; shot each other down until whole lines of battle in some instances were almost completely wiped out. It was remarked at the time that both Union and Confederate soldiers fought with greater valor and desperation than ever before.

Our position was on the left of the Army, the Fifth and Sixth

Corps occupying the right of the line, the whole forming a front of many miles in extent. The fighting was not all done in a ten-acre field where one could view the whole of the contest. What was transpiring in other parts of this vast area of forest and underbrush could only be conjectured from the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon. Having had fair and warm weather for several days the brush and leaves on the ground became dry and were set on fire by bursting shells. From the wooded area for miles around, wherever the battle raged, volumes of smoke from the burning forests rose to the sky, a scene terrible to contemplate, for we knew that hundreds of helpless, wounded soldiers were being consumed by those raging fires.

In the morning, May 7th, Company A was detailed for duty on the skirmish line. In going to the front of our lines, we passed over the entrenchments of a New York regiment—whose number need not be mentioned here—composed almost entirely of Germans, lately come from the fatherland, and mustered on their arrival on our shores. They understood not a word of English, and knew next to nothing about the great issues which precipitated this tremendous War. These foreigners may have been brave, but they were in the war business for money considerations principally, and their patriotism could not possibly be of a high order. It was amusing to us to observe a line of provost guards, with fixed bayonets, stationed several yards to the rear of these men to keep them in the entrenchments in case of an assault by the enemy. Our company was deployed as skirmishers, connecting on our right and our left with other organizations, disposed in like manner. Captain Johnston and Lieutenants W. W. Bierly and D. E. Shafer had charge of our part of the line. Slowly and cautiously we crept through the woods and underbrush in the direction of the enemy. Our task was an unpleasant one. It requires courage of a stern quality to advance in line of battle on an enemy that is visible, or to make a charge on a battery belching forth grape and canister, but it is more trying to one's nerves to advance through tangled brush upon an enemy who lies in waiting, concealed, with his finger on the trigger, ready to fire the moment one comes within the scope of his vision. The certainty of

getting shot at, and yet the uncertainty of the moment when the shot is to be fired, is a condition which holds one's mind in terrible suspense. Besides, the uniforms of the Confederates, or other style of clothes in default of uniforms, were gray, or of some neutral color, so that the wearers could not easily be distinguished from objects in the woods, such as logs, stumps, trees and old leaves on the ground. The statement that during that whole day on the skirmish line, which surged back and forth with the changing fortunes of the battle, few of us got a glimpse of a rebel, may seem strange, but it is true. Our line advanced probably the distance of a quarter of a mile before meeting an enemy. Then suddenly a volley was fired into us, and bullets whizzed past our heads. In an instant we dropped to the ground, shoved our head behind saplings, if any were convenient, and hugged mother earth closely.

Comrade James M. Fleck, on my left, a new recruit who had never seen service before, merely kneeled down in an open space and was shot through the heart in a second. He should have laid down flat. By a little manoeuvring the rebels were driven out of their lair behind a rampart of old logs, and our line pressed forward. As the line moved on, one of our conscripts, whose loud talk while yet in camp and boasting about his prowess, used to disgust us greatly, hid himself behind a log, some thirty steps to the rear and declined to move on, whereupon Captain Johnston licked him out of his hiding place with the broad side of his sword. The fellow then rushed forward to our line, swearing and boasting how he would slay the rebels, and mistaking some of our own men to our right and somewhat in advance of our line for the enemy; he took aim and shot one of them. Half a dozen enraged comrades instantly pointed their muskets at him, but pitied the cowardly scamp and restrained themselves.

Our progress was necessarily slow because of the difficulty encountered in penetrating the thickets and also because of the reluctance exhibited by the Johnnies to retire more rapidly. On a certain occasion during the progress of our skirmish, the left of our company, where the men of short stature are placed, stampeded, led by a Corporal who lost his hat in the excitement of the panic, declaring

that overwhelming numbers of rebels were sighted in the front. We on the right of the line being taller, having a better view of the front, saw no rebels, held our ground; not that we were any braver than the boys on the left, but rather because our range of vision was more extensive.

Captain Johnston requested Thomas E. Royer and myself to do a little scout duty and ascertain whether the rebels were in such close proximity and of such vast numbers; also to re-establish our line so as to connect again with the skirmishers on our left. All of which was done and no enemy was encountered. Farther on our line came in contact with the forest fires. Some fifty steps in our front we saw one of our wounded soldiers lying in the fire, his clothes burning. He was writhing in agony, but we were not able to reach and rescue him from the flames, as the brisk firing of the enemy compelled us to fall back. When night came, our company rejoined the Regiment in the woods somewhere. Through tangle of green thorn vines and thick underbrush, in utter darkness, under enjoined silence, the Regiment crept along and finally emerged from the unpleasant situation and set foot on a good road.

During the night and the following day, May 8th, the Army moved by the left flank and took up a new position, our Corps being stationed at Todd's Tavern and entrenchments were constructed. During the day some of the details of the battle just ended were communicated by soldiers who had been in other parts of the field. Our losses had been heavy, and no decided advantage had been gained. Confederate prisoners made the statement that their officers expected our Army would retreat. But Grant was not in the habit of retreating. We also learned that many of our wounded were burned in the forest fires. There are some things which may happen to a soldier in battle which he dreads above all else: the possibility of being left in the burning woods, wounded, and unable to get away from the fire; or, if in winter season, to be left wounded on the field to freeze to death; or getting wounded in the intestines; or being run over and crushed to death, while lying on the ground helpless, by batteries in their mad rush to get into position during some great crisis

of battle when time is noted by seconds, not by hours, when scores of wounded are sacrificed without a moment's hesitation that greater calamities may be averted. (The operations at Po River and Spotsylvania are fully treated of elsewhere in this work.—EDITOR.)

In the fight on the Po the first shot I fired raised the dust within a few rods of the rebel position. I then elevated the rear sight of my gun, but the range may then have been much too high. After firing several more shots a bullet went through my left hand, and dropping my musket, I went to the piece of woods in the rear, passing the prostrate form of Comrade Franklin Wolf who was killed a moment before. I wrapped a handkerchief around my hand, dropped my knapsack, containing some clothes, a portfolio of writing material, a pocket dictionary, for some Johnny who would be along presently, and hastened down the ravine just mentioned. Looking back, I noticed a number of our wounded boys coming after, some were able to walk, some were led by their comrades, others were carried. It was a sad sight, brother leading brother, or bending over and catching the last faint word of a dying brother. Among the wounded were David Rossman, Henry Miller, Henry Meyer (the writer), Wm. Boob and Nathaniel Boob, brothers, the former, William, died of his wounds at Richmond some time after the battle; Jeremiah Beam, conscript; Benjamin Beck, Wm. Crum, conscript, died of his wounds at Washington; Isaiah Fulmer, fatally, died at Richmond, or Petersburg, Virginia; Wm. D. Eymer, conscript, slightly; S. K. Furley, conscript; Samuel Gilbert, Henry Helman, conscript; Wm. M Hanly, conscript; Gideon Kraemer, John Roof, conscript; Jacob J Webb, conscript; Philip Wile, conscript; William Wolf, conscript; and William C. Meyer. The last named Comrade Meyer was not wounded severely; he went to the rear, but loath to leave his comrades in action, he returned to speak words of encouragement to them, saying, "Boys, I can't help you any longer, but stick to your post." There was not a braver boy in the Army than he. William Fullmer, brother of Isaiah Fullmer above named was killed; Noah Gilbert, who joined the company only a few months before as a volunteer, a young boy, was killed; and Franklin Wolf, named above, was the first one killed in the engagement. Number wounded, twenty;

killed, three; total loss, twenty-three; as near as can be ascertained, there were fifty-four men in the ranks when the battle opened, nearly one half of whom were killed or wounded in this engagement of less than an hour's duration.

Reaching the swamp to which reference was made above, and knowing that I would have to cross it, or be captured by the rebels, who would close in on the place. I found it a bog of soft mud and water, and about one hundred yards wide, but how deep I could not tell, being the first one to venture in. Slowly I dragged myself along by bushes, sinking down at some places to the waist; spent balls and shells dropping in all around me, stimulating me to greater efforts, and finally the opposite bank was reached. A few minutes latter the Colonel's horse stuck fast in this morass and had to be abandoned to its fate. I happened to reach the river at a narrow point where a log lay across which afforded an easy passage to the opposite bank. There I met Comrade Benjamin Beck who was wounded in the left leg, and was also working his way to the rear; he cut off the belts of my cartridge box to relieve me of their encumbrance. At the same moment a solid shot from the rebel guns struck the ground close to us and ricocheted along the surface quite a distance. This was the last cannon ball that whizzed past my head, for my military career was now closed.

Colonel Beaver succeeded in extricating the Regiment from its perilous position, a full account of which, as well as all the operations of the same, on the 9th and 10th of May appear in the "Colonel's Story" of this volume.

The majority of the original members of Company A were born and raised in Miles Township (Brush Valley), a number in Penn Township and several in other localities. The conscripts, seventeen of whom joined the company October 30, 1863, and fifteen November 19th, same year, came from various parts of the state. Eight volunteer recruits, from Miles Township and other localities, joined the company in the fall of 1863 and spring of 1864. Many of the men that constituted the company originally were of kin, such as father and son, brothers, cousins, uncle and nephew. Thus, of the two Strayers, Levi was the father, Samuel, his son. The groups of

brothers were: Lanich, Jacob and George W.; Boob, William, Levi and Nathaniel; Bierly, James and Solomon; Corman, James T. and George; Fullmer, Levi H., William and Isaiah; Grim, Adam and John; Gilbert, Manasses, Moses and Noah (one brother of these Gilberts, John D., was in the 150th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and another, Jacob J. in Company I, 203d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers); Harper, William and Simon; Kreamer, Jesse and Gideon; Miller, John and Aaron; Otto, William and Israel (Samuel, another brother, was a member of Company C); Weight, John and William; Wolf, Lieutenant Simon S., and Henry. The relationship of cousin among the members of the company, branching out also to members of several other companies of the Regiment, was extensive, and would require too much space to delineate.

STORY OF COMPANY A.

SUPPLEMENT.

The following supplemental story of Company A, giving incidents of interest, is by Sergeant T. P. Meyer, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania —EDITOR.

Near midnight of February 4, 1864, orders reached the 148th to pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice. All was commotion at once, and down came our tents. In thirty minutes we were fully ready to move, but we did not move till daybreak, when we saw great masses of troops, of the Fifth, Sixth, Ninth and Second Corps, moving off to the left and form in battle order and advance. They had not gone far when the continuous rattle of musketry and the loud roar of artillery was evidence that the enemy had already been found and attacked. The firing soon extended along the line and the battle became general.

The Johnnies had evidently been surprised. They were driven from their works, which were at once occupied by our troops who repulsed three counter charges. The Union troops at once commenced to change the trenches in reverse and fronting them with abatis, fighting at times and working hard, on the 6th and 7th, on forts and trenches, putting up new camps at the same time. Our lines were advanced and extended several miles to the left; a new line of works sprang up as if by magic; heavy skirmishing broke out at intervals, day and night for several days; but we held the new lines. The weather was very cold, the ground frozen hard as a rock; the troops suffered greatly on account of the cold.

The 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, then under Col. James F. Weaver, was sent back to our old camp, to garrison and hold Fort Cummings, in anticipation of an attack in force by Lee's Army at this point. This movement went into history as the second campaign and battle of Hatcher's Run, a tributary of the Nottoway River. During these periods of activity, great vigilance was maintained all along the lines; the forces in the trenches were doubled during the nights; the men were held close and in constant readiness.

Every morning at four o'clock the troops were called out, fully equipped and ready for fight, moved into the trenches, rain or hail, snow or frost, water and mud hindered not, and remained till eight o'clock. This was early rising and on cold inclement mornings it required resolution to get up and turn out.

On one occasion, when zero weather prevailed, reveille sounded and I hustled out; but finding it very cold I thought I would let Sergeant Miller, who shared this responsibility with me, take the company out alone, while I remained where it was not so cold. So I rushed along in the still midnight darkness and called into every tent, "Turn out, boys, to occupy the trenches," till I reached Sergeant Miller's tent, and shouted, "Wake up, boys, to go to the trenches." "Yes, yes," came the response and I thought he was fully awake. I returned to my tent, fixed myself again in my nest of pine twigs and soon slept again. I was awakened by loud calls from the boys in the trenches, "*Turn out, Company A,*" and then loud laughter. I rushed out; it was broad daylight; as far as the eye could reach, the trenches were full of soldiers, save the position to be filled by Company A. It was then I became wonderfully active. I hustled out fifteen or twenty men, some of them still "rasling" with their overcoats, when we started on a "double quick" toward our position. When we were half way to our post, Captain Sutton, who was officer of the day, shouted, "*Halt that company.*" We halted, fronted and "dressed the line." "*Order arms and consider yourselves under arrest,*" came next. We obeyed, and, as directed so considered ourselves. We had scarcely done this when Sergeant Miller came dashing down to join the company, making a clatter on the frozen ground exceeding the noise made by the storied steed rode by the Knight of La Mancha, and also became a prisoner. Sergeant Miller was a good soldier, red faced, red haired, heavy set, tall, gawky, and irritable; he was "guyed" a great deal in the Regiment and always resented in wordy outbreaks. On this occasion the troops in the trenches shouted all manner of uncouth gibes and commands to the company and calling, "John A. Miller," "Wake up, John A. Miller," "Fetch your boar — meat, John A. Miller," "Stand firm; steady there, Miller," etc. For a full hour

we were roasted in this way. None of us made reply, save only Sergeant Miller, who frequently shouted, "Go to h——, you s—— of b——." A roar of laughter would come up from the trenches and the taunts would multiply in quantity and variety.

But all things must have an end, and so did this show. The troops were dismissed from the works about eight o'clock and retired to their quarters, from where their gibes and jeers still reached us; but still Company A stood fast, and could not move out of the cold till orders came. Orders finally did come from Colonel Weaver, commanding the Regiment, to march the company to camp, stack arms, get breakfast and await orders, under arrest. We were glad to do this and warm our half frozen feet. About eleven o'clock orders from the Colonel reached me: "*Without arms, march Company A to my headquarters.*" I did so and reported, "Company A, under arrest, is in line outside." The Colonel came out and made us a speech and in part said:

"Company A, I am sorry that after years of most faithful service in this War of long, hard marches and on terrible fields of battle, in camp, in the fatiguing work of building fortifications, during all hours of day and night and regardless of weather, as well as in the long and dangerous watches of the night till you were wearied well nigh unto death, you did your whole duty promptly and well. I say I am sorry to inflict even the odium of arrest upon a company of such gallant, honorable and brave men. I do not know of a man belonging to Company A who was under arrest up to this time; but you failed in the early watch of this morning; while the line of battle was formed in the trenches, you were asleep in your tents, and there was a gap in the line, which it was your duty to fill. Still, I am fully aware that it was not in a spirit of insubordination or mutiny, and therefore I will be as lenient with you as the case will admit. I cannot at once come to a decision. Sergeant (addressing me), march the company back to their quarters, let them take their arms, be ready for your accustomed duties, and when I want you, I will send for you."

The Colonel never sent for us. To this day he has suspended sentence. Col. James F. Weaver was not imperious or tyrannical, and had the good will of all his men, which could not be said of many Colonels in the Army.

LIEUT. S. M. SPANGLER.

The subject of this sketch lived with his father on his farm near Rebersburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania, when the War of the Rebellion broke out in April, 1861, and when the first call for troops was made he ran away from home and enlisted for three months and joined Company B, 10th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; was mustered out a private in August, 1861; re-enlisted August 22, 1862, as a Corporal in Company A, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was promoted to First Sergeant December, 1863; was wounded May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania, Virginia, a minie ball passing through his neck and shoulder, from which he was confined in hospital in Philadelphia until latter part of August; in September he returned to Regiment. In November, 1864, was promoted to First Lieutenant and the Captain being absent wounded and never returned to the Regiment, the Lieutenant took charge of the company; commanded it till the end of the War and returning with his company to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in June, 1865, when it was discharged and the discharges of the members of the company bore his signature as commanding officer of the company.

Lieutenant Spangler has framed his commission which is dated November 22, 1864, and bears the signature of Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania's great War Governor. His promotion, which was suggested by Colonel Beaver on the ground that he had won it by gallantry as a soldier, came to him wholly as a pleasant surprise.

THE STORY OF COMPANY "C."

PART I.

Based upon letters of Capt. Robert M. Forster.

The effort to raise a complete "Centre County Regiment" would undoubtedly have succeeded, if those who were engaged in it could have had more time. When the project was first broached, recruiting for at least twelve or fourteen companies began at different places throughout the county. These different efforts have been more or less fully sketched in "The Citizen's Story," and, as therein indicated, the results of three of them ended in the combination which afterwards became C Company of the 148th Regiment, under the command of Capt. Robert M. Forster, of Harris Township, now College. William H. Bible, of Bellefonte, and Francis Stevenson, of Patton Township, who had recruited a number of men, joined with Captain Forster in making a full company and they became First and Second Lieutenants respectively. It was the third company in the Regiment in reaching the maximum number of recruits and early reached Harrisburg in the manner which has been detailed in other parts of this story and was not different from the experience of other companies.

Captain Forster was a man in middle life who left a family of a wife and three boys at home, was an intelligent, progressive farmer and merchant and occupied a leading position in his community, being the first postmaster at "Farmers High School," now State College. He was a mature man, with strong convictions and entered the service because of them. He was, therefore, much relied upon in the Regiment, took a serious view of his responsibility as a company commander and could always be counted for faithful, efficient and intelligent service.

After the election of the field officers of the Regiment and after the commissions for Captains of the several companies were received, it was found that he was the ranking Captain of the Regiment. What effect this might have had on future promotions cannot be deter-

mined, for he met his untimely end at Gettysburg, before that time arrived.

No company in the Regiment perhaps was more entitled to the honor of color company than C. The position required steadiness and reliability, and C soon acquired these characteristics under the leadership of its substantial and reliable Captain. In one sense he was not a born soldier. He did not take readily or naturally to drill and to the love of display which, within certain limits, is desirable in a soldier's make-up, but in steadiness, in seriousness, in thoughtfulness for the welfare of his men, in devotion to duty and in painstaking attention to the details of a good company commander's work, it is safe to say that no man stood higher in the Regiment than Captain Forster. His influence soon became felt in his company and the characteristics of the man were soon exemplified in its condition.

The results which followed such a condition were not always those which gave unmitigated pleasure. Fitness for duty often led to details which were by no means agreeable and were yet necessary for the good of the service. This was discovered to its Captain's great regret soon after the company became established and accustomed to its position at Cockeysville the headquarters of the Regiment. The Captain of one of the other companies having been detailed to recruit his company to the maximum, it was left in the hands of an officer who had little experience and no aptitude for discipline, and the complaints which came from the neighborhood in which it was placed led to the necessity for an exchange which is thus told by the Captain in a letter to his wife, dated October 10, 1862, in which he says:

"You will see from the name of our camp (Camp Forster) at the head of this sheet that we are not at the same place you left us. I was never more sorry to leave any place in my life than I was at leaving Camp Beaver. It was such a delightful place. We are about four miles up the railroad toward Harrisburg in a very lonesome and disagreeable place. We are at the same old business—guarding the railroad. The cause of our being moved was the complaints which came to regimental headquarters in regard to the company which was stationed here and Colonel Beaver thought I had the best behaved company and he sent us to take their place. That's what we get for being good boys."

Soon after the company became fixed in their new quarters the prospect of a change was gladly heard. It came in the shape of a lead pencil memorandum, evidently written on horseback, which read as follows:

“Captain: Cook two days’ rations, distribute all your ammunition and be ready to move at a moment’s notice. Don’t take down your tents. Pennsylvania is invaded and we are wanted in Harrisburg. James A. Beaver, Colonel 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, 11th October, 1862.”

This cautionary command was given in view of the fact that Governor Curtin had telegraphed the Colonel that his Regiment would be needed in Harrisburg. He seemed to forget, however, that, although from his own home and from his own state, the Regiment had passed from under his control and its movements were directed by an officer of the United States Army, who, when consulted about the matter, seemed to think it was just as important to have the Northern Central Railway guarded as to have Harrisburg protected. The company, therefore, remained in its secluded and out-of-the-way place until the time for final marching orders came from proper authority.

Company C soon established itself in the regard of the community and the Captain so commended himself to the people in the neighborhood that he was often invited out for dinner and supper and writes, at one time, that he had more invitations than he could accept. The men also fared well in this detached camp, the people of the community being quite willing to treat them generously, but disliking very much to have their poultry, fruit and vegetables taken without their permission.

Notwithstanding the hospitality of the people in the neighborhood of his new camp, Captain Forster was not thereby deceived as to the sentiments of the people about him. In a letter to his sister he wrote:

“I attended Episcopal preaching a short distance from camp today. The people are very aristocratic here and generally secessionists, particularly the ladies.”

He writes also, "We had preaching in camp this afternoon."

November 26th, in another letter to his sister, he writes: "I cannot say that I dislike soldiering but, as Captain of a company, I have some very unpleasant duties to perform." In this respect he was not peculiar and, with an independent command, it was impossible to transfer the responsibility to other shoulders and he was, therefore, compelled to meet the requirements of the position; but, as already intimated, he was always ready to do this.

About this time the weather became very uncomfortable and numerous complaints were made by his men as to the insufficiency of their bed clothing. In one of the letters he writes that he has arranged to get an additional blanket for each one of them and, later, says:

"It has been raining here almost constantly for three days. It is very unpleasant in our tents, but the lumber has come for our barracks and one week from now will find us all in comfortable houses."

About the time the houses were finished and the company was ready for a comfortable winter, the order to move came, as detailed in other parts of this history, and C Company left its dreary quarters to join the Regiment and move through Baltimore and Washington to the Army of the Potomac.

The company's experiences during these movements were not specially different from those of other companies but, after reaching Washington, a number of C Company, under its Captain, were left there to guard a wagon train of provisions which had been drawn by the Quartermaster and was to follow the Regiment the next day and also to gather up any stragglers belonging to the Regiment who might have been left by reason of its sudden departure or through a desire on their part to see the sights of the city.

In one of his letters to his wife, after speaking of the hospitality of Baltimore and the comfortable quarters occupied by the Regiment there and of the trip to Washington, Captain Forster says:

"On the afternoon of the 11th of December, the Regiment, all but myself and part of my company, took up the line of march. I remained in Washington until the morning of the 13th, but left there

about four o'clock and marched twenty-seven miles. It was the hardest day's work I ever did in my life. We then encamped in a field until the next morning and started on our way and about noon came upon the Regiment. They had no provisions and were waiting for us to come up. I had fourteen wagons in charge, loaded with provisions and baggage. The next day was Sunday and we again took up the line of march, went seventeen miles and halted about two o'clock."

The march down the east side of the Potomac, the crossing of the river and marches and incidents relating to the brigading of the Regiment are all told elsewhere and need not here be repeated.

The Captain's letter of January 1st to his wife gives his experience on picket duty, upon which he often dwells in his letters and which seemed to be peculiarly disagreeable. After wishing his family a Happy New Year, he writes, January 1st:

"My New Year's day has not been as pleasant as many that I have spent. I was sent out yesterday morning with one hundred and six men to do picket duty at eight o'clock and did not get back to camp until this afternoon. We picket or guard the Rappahannock River; the men are placed about one hundred yards apart, three at each post. They must keep a constant watch and are not allowed to have fire. After night it was very cold yesterday. The river is quite narrow here, so the little boys (those he had left at home) could throw a stone over it in many places. The rebels are immediately on the other side. We could talk to each other across the river but it's not allowed, nor is it allowed to fire at each other, as was formerly the custom."

On February 1st, there is another reference to a tour of picket duty which was rather remarkable, but which will be well remembered by all who were on the detail for picket that day. After speaking of a dinner of beefsteak, fried potatoes and fried mush, crackers and coffee, which he regarded as "a pretty good dinner," he says:

"I suppose you have snow and cold weather at this time. We had a snow here about twelve inches deep last week on Wednesday. I was sent out on picket duty that morning. It commenced snowing about nine o'clock and snowed until the next morning. I was out about thirty hours and, having no fire, it was very cold. I think I will never forget that day and night."

C Company fared well in the epidemic of sickness which prevailed in the Regiment during this winter. Whilst some companies had as many as thirty men on their sick report, most of them in the hospital, it had but four or five and passed the winter with much less of sickness than some others. This may have been occasioned partly by the fact that it occupied the center and highest part of the camp and that the drainage in all directions was good from its quarters. The companies on the flanks were on much worse ground and this may, in some degree, have accounted for the increased sickness in some of them.

The great amount of sickness in the Regiment required heavier details and more frequent service on the part of the officers and men who were in good health, and this fact, of course, made the details from C Company unusually heavy. Notwithstanding this fact, however, and the general uneasiness which prevailed in camp on account of the epidemic of fever which prevailed in the Regiment in general, there was much of general comfort and social and other enjoyments among both officers and men. This is apparent from a letter, dated April 12, 1863, in which Captain Forster says to his wife:

“I wish you could have been here this evening. I had quite an oyster supper at my tent. We had five quarts of oysters and could not eat them all. Our party consisted of Colonel Beaver, Major Fairlamb, Captain Weaver, Captain Core, Lieutenant Wilson, Lieutenant Bible and myself.

“We have a great deal of fun here sometimes, notwithstanding our surroundings and the pressure of our duties. The weather has much improved and we are having summer here now I think. The last few days have been very warm. I am afraid it will get very hot before long and our water is very bad. This beautiful weather makes me feel like being at home working on the farm or helping you to make garden.”

On the 17th of April, 1863, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mark Halfpenny, Esq., of Lewisburg, Captain Forster wrote:

“Our Regiment was paid on Thursday—much to the satisfaction of us all. I think the Regiment sent home at least \$60,000. I sent a company package of \$6,600. Our Chaplain (Mr. Stevens) took the money home.

“There has been a great alteration in our camp within the last few days. We gave up all our A tents and came down to shelter tents. The men have sent their overcoats, dress coats and, in fact, everything away but a change of underclothes. We have eight days’ rations in knapsack and haversack and sixty rounds of ammunition. I assure you that it makes a heavy load for a man to carry and the men feel the want of their overcoats very much indeed, when on duty at night or it is rainy weather. The blouses or sack coats are very thin and light. The weather is delightful here at present during the day. It is really uncomfortably warm and makes me often feel like being at home working on the farm. There is a general impression that we will move on Monday next. Our sick and all men unfit to march have been sent away.”

Although exceptionally favored in the matter of health in camp during this winter, the company was to fare badly in its first engagement at Chancellorsville. Captain Forster was quite ill before this battle, and although not able to join in the march, he remained in the Army and wrote, May 10th, after the battle:

“I have been very sick and am not much better yet. I can hardly hold my head up to write these few lines. We have seen bad times since I wrote you last. I took about seventy men with me from camp here and brought twenty back, the balance all having been killed or wounded. Lieutenants Bible and Stevenson were both killed, also Green Carter and Simon Segner; Sowers boys both wounded.”

Chancellorsville was a sad blow to C Company, not only because of those who were killed outright on the field but of promising non-commissioned officers and others who died from wounds received there. First Sergt. C. C. Herman, who died in hospital from the effects of a wound, was especially missed, as he was a faithful, reliable and capable First Sergeant, and would undoubtedly have been made First Lieutenant of his company, if he had lived. A. Green Carter, who was killed, was also a very capable man and would certainly have been heard from later, had he lived.

After Captain Forster had been in the hospital for a little time in Washington and been to his home, he returned, and, in his first letter to his wife, under date of May 31st, after deploring the loss of Bible, Stevenson and others of his company, says:

“I have forty-three men in camp now. Henry Royer came back to the company last evening. He looks well. When I was home,

they were expecting his discharge soon but he is now sent back here and it will probably be many a day before he gets home. You can say to Mrs. Carter that Green is certainly dead. Our killed at Chancellorsville, besides our officers, were Green Carter, Jacob Beard, William Norris, Simon Segner, Jacob Dorman and Nathan Yarnell. We have one man, Henry Markle, that I think will die from his wounds. His leg was amputated some days ago and yesterday they were compelled to make a second amputation, so that the leg is now off close to his body. Lieutenant Edmunds left this morning for home on a sick leave. Captain Weaver and Major Fairlamb expect to leave tomorrow morning. There have been seven deaths within the last ten days out of our Regiment, among them Lieutenant Musser, of Company D. I send this with Lieutenant Wolf, of A Company, who leaves for Brush Valley tomorrow morning on a five days' leave, and takes the body of his brother, who died a few days ago, with him."

The manoeuvring which took place early in June to discover the position and plans of the Confederates and the final break of camp when we returned from Chancellorsville and the march northward have been fully detailed elsewhere and it is needless to repeat those details here.

A number of letters written by Captain Forster immediately preceding and during the march have been preserved by his friends—one in lead pencil to his wife, dated June 21st, in which he describes the condition of the battlefield of Second Bull Run and the manner in which the dead were buried.

In a letter of the 23d of June to his sister he says:

"We marched some days as much as twenty miles and for the first four days of our march I have never felt the heat so in my life. The dust in the road was many times shoe-mouth deep. The soldiers gave out by hundreds and it was nothing uncommon to see men drop down as if dead from sunstroke, and in some cases they never recovered. I had command of the Regiment for three days in the start, which gave me a horse to ride, which was a great improvement over walking. (This was accounted for by the fact that Colonel Beaver and Major Fairlamb were both absent wounded, and Lieutenant Colonel McFarlane, although with the Regiment, had not fully recovered from his attack of typhoid fever.) Our mess chests have been taken from us and, consequently, we can take nothing with us but what we carry on our backs.

"The rebel cavalry made a dash at our pickets yesterday morning and captured twenty and two wagons.

"I think we are staying here for the purpose of guarding this gap which is said to be an important point, but this morning our sick were all sent away and we may again be on the march in a very short time. Our Corps is the only one here."

Five days later, June 28th, he writes to his wife:

"We have now been marching for fifteen days around through different places in Virginia. We have rested in that time about three days; have marched a great deal at night. On Friday night (which was June 26th), about twelve o'clock we crossed the Potomac into Maryland; glad to leave old Virginia. We have now marched thirty-five miles through Maryland since yesterday morning, reaching this place about one o'clock. We are all very tired. Our camp is about two miles from Frederick City. It is in sight and looks to be a large place. The rebels are about five miles from us, the pickets have been firing at each other all day. We will probably leave this camp tomorrow and, if the rebels make a stand, will soon be up to them and no doubt have a fight. It may be that we will be in Pennsylvania before many days but that is very uncertain.

"We left Thoroughfare Gap last Thursday morning and I think just in time, for the rebels would probably have surrounded us and given us a good thrashing, for they were much stronger than we. They attacked us early in the morning, nearly all around our lines, and we packed up and left in a hurry. We had not marched more than three miles to a little town called Haymarket, by which time they had some cannon in position and fired upon us. They blew up a caisson, killed and wounded some ten or twelve men and killed five horses. We stepped out lively and took long steps until we got out of the range of their guns. I have stood the march well, except that my feet are very sore.

"We have reached a country where we can get plenty to eat. There are fine farms here. The wheat is nearly ripe; in fact I have seen wheat in shock in the valley and a fine crop it is. I am well and in great spirits."

This, so far as is known, was the last letter written by Captain Forster. The next intelligence received by any of his family was a letter dated at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 6, 1863, addressed to his brother-in-law, Mark Halfpenny, Esq., and written by his kinsman, R. H. Forster, Captain Company A, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, which is, in part, as follows:

"It is with feelings of the most profound sorrow that I take this, the very first spare moment, to give you the sad intelligence of the death of your brother-in-law, Capt. Robert M. Forster, who fell,

while gallantly leading his company into the action of Thursday evening near Gettysburg, pierced through the head with a musket ball. His death was, of course, instantaneous. His body was brought from the field and now lies buried on the farm of Mr. Jacob Himmelbach, about one mile from Gettysburg, and is marked. I visited the spot myself, in order that I might be able to render you any assistance in my power to recovering it at some future time. You will, of course, convey this sad and heartrending news to his mother.

"I will not attempt to offer any vain words of consolation of my own to hearts that I know will be almost over-powered with grief and sorrow at the receipt of the sad intelligence this letter bears. I can only add that we all feel that the Regiment has lost one of its bravest and most efficient officers, while, for myself personally, I am fully conscious that as a valued friend and camp companion his place will never be filled."

The exact details relating to the Captain's death are told in Osman's story, which is a part of that of the company.

It will perhaps be well to close this portion of the story of Company C with the battle of Gettysburg and the loss of its gallant Captain.

Before doing so, however, and as its fitting close, it is proper to emphasize what elsewhere appears in the "Colonel's Story" and which is graphically portrayed in the page bearing the faces of the martyrs of Company C. As has already appeared in this chapter, First Lieut. William H. Bible, and Second Lieut. Francis Stevenson, were both killed at the battle of Chancellorsville. Captain Forster was killed, as already appears, at Gettysburg. This left C Company bereft of all its original commissioned officers. Several of its ranking non-commissioned officers were either killed or subsequently died of wounds received at Chancellorsville. Sergt. Jacob S. Lander, who was promoted from Sergeant to First Lieutenant, October 31, 1863, was killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864. Sergt. David G. Ralston, who was promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant, August 26, 1863, and to First Lieutenant, July 31, 1864, was killed at Reams Station, August 25, 1864. Capt. Jacob B. Edmunds, who was promoted from First Lieutenant of Company G, November 15, 1863, having been in command of the company for some time after the battle of Gettysburg, was killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864, and First Lieut. Samuel Everhart, who was promoted from

Sergeant of Company G, October 3, 1864, and had been commissioned Captain, March 1, 1865, but not mustered, was killed at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865.

The fatality thus shown among the commissioned officers of this company, numbering seven killed outright on the field of battle, is not known to have its parallel in the history of any company on either side during the Civil War. Just how remarkable this record is will be more plainly apparent, when it is stated that, whilst a number of officers of other companies in the Regiment died in consequence of wounds—some of them on the same day or within a day or two after being wounded—and many officers were wounded—some of them severely and often—none others, except the seven named were actually killed in battle. Is this record paralleled or surpassed by that of any single company in either Union or Confederate Army?

THE STORY OF COMPANY C.

PART II.

By Martin Funk.

I was born at Gatesburg, Centre County, February 3, 1838; enlisted at Stormstown, August 19, 1862, under Lieut. William Bible of Company C. Robert M. Forster was elected Captain, and Frank Stevenson Second Lieutenant. Sworn into the service at Bellefonte by United States officer. Stayed one night in town on account of the mustering officer having too much benzine. Governor Curtin ordered him penned up till morning.

When we were sworn in, we started for Harrisburg, bidding our friends good-bye. Crossed the mountains to Lewistown in wagons, took the train there to Harrisburg; from there to Camp Curtin. There we began to play soldier, doing camp duty, drilled some in the afternoon and had dress parade at five o'clock.

Went with the Regiment to Coekeysville, Maryland.

We joined the Army of the Potomac in December; made our winter camp at Falmouth, Virginia, and spent the winter in camp and picket duty, drills and dress parade. The weather was severe but, with all the hardships we enjoyed ourselves, as there was always some excitement among some of the boys.

With the opening of spring came the battle of Chancellorsville and, on Sunday, the 3d of May, we had a general engagement. Out of sixty-four men in our company, if I remember, there were but sixteen that escaped without having been wounded—a great many killed; Lieutenant Bible and Stevenson were killed and the Colonel wounded; also the Major slightly, and our First Sergeant and myself. I lost the use of my right arm. As I was getting a cap out of my box, a ball took the whole end off my elbow, crippling me for life. Most of the wounded were sent across the river that night. I saw our Orderly die at night and a great many others out of our Regiment.

We stayed at division hospital a short time and then were sent to Point Lookout. There I took sick and lay on my back three

THE
Sevens
MARTYRS
C



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM BIBLE
KILLED AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.



LIEUTENANT FRANCIS STEVENSON
KILLED AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.



CAPTAIN JACOB B. EDMONDS
KILLED AT PETERSBURG.



CAPTAIN ROBERT M. FOSTER
KILLED AT GETTYSBURG.



CAPTAIN SAMUEL EVERHART
KILLED AT FIVE FORKS.



LIEUTENANT J.S. LANDER
KILLED AT COLD HARBOR.

OF
Company
C



LIEUTENANT D.G. RALSTON
KILLED AT REAMES STATION.

months, lacking four days. In the fall, Governor Curtin had all our wounded transferred to our own state, and I, with others, was sent to Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and had a pass to come home on election day, returned and put in the winter there and, being one of the unlucky ones, not being able to go to the front, was sorry I couldn't be with the boys, but with others of the wounded was put in the Veteran Reserve Corps; thence to Washington to do guard duty around the hospitals and gather up stragglers, while Meade was making the rebels fly at the front.

We had a detail from the 148th on guard at General Hancock's headquarters and one of the men had drawn rations of bread and got a loaf that was couched in all around. He growled awhile and then started for General Hancock's headquarters and asked him if he thought that was a day's rations for a man. The reply was that it was rather small and some more questions were asked. Finally Hancock says:

"Do you get half enough?"

"Yes," the soldier replied.

"Then," said the General, "damned poor soldier that can't steal the other half."

Soon after this the General missed his breakfast. When Sam, the colored waiter, left the kitchen to call the General, the table was swept of its contents. A few days later the General called at the Colonel's quarters and told him what a fine Regiment he had, and said if he could get them within a mile of Richmond they would steal the city.

I was discharged from the service October 12, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability. I have been an invalid for the last sixteen years and slept in a chair for fourteen years.

THE STORY OF COMPANY C.

PART III.

By A. L. Whitehill.

I have been asked by some of my comrades to contribute something to the History of our Regiment.

I had the honor to be a member of Company C, the color company. Our flag was never captured or disgraced, but what was left of our colors was turned over to the proper authorities at the close of the War.

As appears in other portions of this History, our company has the unique distinction of having lost more commissioned officers killed in battle than any other company in the Union Army (and, as far as known, in either Army). It lost seven officers killed and a number wounded.

In the summer of 1863, I was sent to the general hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland. This place is about one hundred and ten miles from Washington, and was a summer resort before the War. The cottages and a large hotel were converted into hospitals during the War. There was also a lighthouse on the Point and what was known as the Circle Wards were built by the Government and a large hotel and other buildings were erected by private parties.

The Point was later used as a rebel prison. At one time the prisoners numbered twenty-six thousand, and a better site for a prison would be hard to find. It is a point of land which divides the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River. Not a prisoner could make his escape. I saw two men who were foolish enough to try. One dark night they waded neck deep along the bay shore and came to land outside the stockade and were captured by some cavalry and brought back to camp. Before putting them in the pens, we took them into our barracks where they warmed themselves and dried their clothing.

This prison contained about sixty acres and was surrounded by a board fence about fourteen feet high, with a division fence that separated the officers from the privates, there being a board walk a few feet lower than the fence for the sentinels to walk on. A

stockade from river to bay and back of the stockade was artillery, cavalry and infantry, and on the bay and river were gun boats and beside the prison were infantry and artillery, so that it can be easily seen that escape was next to impossible, although an escape was planned by the rebel officers.

One of the sentinels noticed an officer walking back and forth as near the dead line as he dared go, without being shot. He had in his hand a stone tightly wrapped about with a piece of paper, that proved to be an order, stating that at a certain hour that night a signal would be given and the battery captured that had taken position near the prison, and turned on the Union soldiers and that every man must do his duty and make good his escape. But it all came to naught, the officer being detected in throwing the order over the fence, and no one was allowed to touch it. The officer of the guard was called and picked it up and delivered it to headquarters. That night all guards were doubled, but no outbreak occurred.

Among the prisoners were Colonel Breekinridge and the noted guerrilla chief Jeff. Thompson. There was also an old gray-headed man, said to be the sheriff that hung John Brown, but that may not be true. One prisoner turned out to be a southern belle dressed in male attire and was Lieutenant of a battery.

Some of the prisoners were detailed to build two sand forts. Barrels were filled with sand and stood on end in rows many barrels deep. How they would stand the test of a seige I do not know.

The hardest battle I had in my three years' service was at Chancellorsville, where a comrade was killed on each side of me, but that was nothing compared to a whirlwind which struck the Point about seven o'clock one morning. It came from the Virginia side of the bay and the noise it made reminded me of thunder. It came in the shape of two large balls that could be seen very distinctly. The circles were about fifteen feet in diameter and reminded me of two great swarms of bees flying around the circle at the rate of one hundred miles a minute. The war vessels fired shells into it with very little effect. The balls of air I speak of appeared to be about two hundred feet from the earth. When they reached the wharf, on which was piled a lot of baled hay, it disappeared in a few seconds and

its course was upward. The next to disappear was a sutler's stand, but the big fat sutler was left behind badly wounded. None of the cottage wards were destroyed but a few of them were turned partly around. But some of the circle wards fared much worse. One ward in particular disappeared, leaving the floor behind. The building was full of sick and wounded soldiers and not a man was hurt. Some other wards were partly destroyed. A colored man that was standing on a pair of steps was blown into the bay. Fortunately not a man was seriously hurt during the storm.

No Regiment remained long on guard duty. The Second and Twelfth New Hampshire, after their re-enlistment, did duty for some months and then were sent to the front. One hundred day men from Ohio served out their time on the Point. The First Battery Veteran Reserve Corps men did duty there for a short time and were relieved by colored troops from Massachusetts. They were sent there after the battle of Petersburg where their loss was very heavy. They remained there through the War, some of them being former slaves.

It may be interesting to hear of some of the doings of those dusky troops. As I said before, some of them were ex-slaves. The general supposition was that all slaves were ill-treated and no doubt a great majority were, but I believe there were a few exceptions to the rule. A former slave being on duty noticed his old master pacing back and forth as near the sentry's beat as he dared to. He said not a word, as the prisoners were not allowed to talk to the sentries and vice versa. Thinking that his old master needed some money, he threw him a bill and said, "Take that; I am not allowed to talk to you," thus showing his love for his old master. The same thing occurred near the same time but showed a different spirit. The master said to his former slave, "Do you know me?" The answer was, "I used to know you," but at the same time, patting his gun, he said, "Be careful now or this will know you."

As the Johnnies were brought to the Point by the boat load, they were at once marched and formed into line in front of the provost marshal's quarters for examination. One of the guards, a negro Corporal that stood near the front line of prisoners, was recognized and spoken to by a Johnny reb. He asked the Corporal



Capt. W. E. Graham



Sergt. E. B. Walter

OFFICERS AND MEN
of
Co. C.



Corp. James K. P. Ward



Lemuel Osman

AGE 16 AT ENLISTMENT
BORN JAN. 15, 1846

if he remembered the fun they had along a certain stream in Virginia. The fun must have been one-sided for, in a moment, the Corporal was crazy mad. Forgetting that his gun was loaded, he put in the second cartridge and quickly took aim; but, before he had time to pull the trigger, the gun was wrenched from his grasp by an officer and the Corporal taken to the guard house.

Toward the latter part of the War the Indians made an outbreak and it became necessary to send troops to conquer them. The Government enlisted a regiment of prisoners that had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. They were uniformed and drilled before leaving for their destination. A rebel officer said to me:

"I see you are from Pennsylvania; what county are you from?"

"Centre County," I said.

"Were you ever in Lock Haven?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Are you acquainted with Miss Maggie White, a daughter of Landlord White of Lock Haven?"

"No, sir," I said, "but I stopped at the hotel while in Lock Haven but had no chance of making her acquaintance."

"I am very well acquainted with Maggie and would like very much to hear from her. I spent some time in Lock Haven before the War," he said.

"Where in the world do all you rebels come from anyway?" I asked.

"That question is easily answered; we just shake all we want off bushes and trees."

A deserter belonging to a New Hampshire regiment, was a bounty jumper and deserter and had joined different regiments and made a great deal of money at the risk of his life, but finally he was recognized and reported, court-martialed and shot. His wife came to see him and remained on the Point for some time. His request to the firing squad was, "Don't shoot me in the face." They said they would not. He was not blindfolded but knelt beside the coffin and took his medicine like a man.

THE STORY OF COMPANY C.

PART IV.

By E. B. Waller.

Please make room for one more log on our camp fire. The writer of this partial history of Company C of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was born in Snyderstown, April 9, 1845, and with Wm. T. McCalmont, James T. Beck, Wm. Smith and Robert Grater, from Jacksonville; and Jacob S. Lander, Joseph Lee, Frederick Yocum, Henry W. Markle, Christian Swartz, Henry Swartz and Zachariah Truckenmiller, from Hublersburg; and Jacob Dorman, from Snyderstown, enlisted in Robert M. Forster's company at Bellefonte August 27, 1862. After the election of officers we took private conveyance to Lewistown, our nearest railroad station, and arrived at Harrisburg about 1:00 P. M. August 28th, where dinner was ready for us in the Pennsylvania railroad depot. After dinner we reported to Camp Curtin. At the organization of the Regiment September 1, 1862, we first learned that we were Company C of the 148th Regiment.

On my first detail for guard duty the hours began to get pretty long so I thought I would take a rest. I took a seat at the end of my beat and heard no enemy approaching but felt a sudden jar. After rubbing my eyes and looking up found the officer of the guard before me. I saw a possible court martial and marching to my last resting place, the last act to be performed by my own comrades, but, through the goodness of the officer of the guard (Lieutenant, afterward, Chaplain, Stevens) it was never reported. This was a lesson that was never forgotten.

Soon after receiving our rifles we boarded a train of box cars and one morning landed in Cockeyville. While enroute our rifles became very useful to make openings that we might be able to see any possible enemy. Here we were ordered out of our Pullmans, companies formed and marched a short distance south where we went into camp.

One day word was received at headquarters that a large residence about two miles northwest was a rendezvous of rebel recruits and spies. After a council it was decided to capture them, and two companies, C and H, I think, were sent on that mission. After marching about one mile a halt was called and rifles were loaded. An elaborate plan of approach was made and carried out to surround the house and surprise and capture the spies. But we were doomed to disappointment, for on the final round up we had an empty house.

Some time after this Company C was detached from the Regiment and stationed at Phoenixville, about eight miles north of Cocksylville. Here I was exempt from guard duty, being appointed to carry the mail from headquarters to Company C, but was subject to drill. On Saturday while the Captain and First Lieutenant were on duty at headquarters the company was left in charge of our Second Lieutenant. On this morning about one-half of the company, of their own free will, went to the creek to wash and bathe. After dinner the Lieutenant ordered the company formed and taken to wash and bathe, in charge of the First Sergeant, when those that had been there refused to go. Then he ordered those refusing, to be formed for drill. He took them on a side hill on double quick and continued that movement until he was tired; and he stood and gave the command and when once we were headed toward quarters we heard no other command and the Lieutenant came into camp by himself. For this we were lectured by the Captain and the Lieutenant was placed under arrest.

On the occasion of the flag presentation to the Regiment of course every company was to appear at its best, and Company C would not lag on her part. We had pride enough to outdo the other companies if possible, so we went to shining our brasses with a will. One comrade learned to shine copper and brass at home when he suggested salt and vinegar, which we proceeded to use and it worked like a charm and was a saving of time. When the brasses on our dress coats were clean and bright they were stowed in our knapsacks until we would arrive near the field where the Regiment was to be formed, when we brushed the dust from ourselves and donned our

dress coats, but imagine our surprise; the shining yellow we put into our knapsacks came out a green. This accounts for Company C being in line without its brasses. The exercises here were grand and when the comrades learned that the ladies of Pennsylvania had presented the flag to the Regiment to carry and protect it from its enemies, we all felt that we had a great charge in trust and we all saw more clearly our duty to country and responsibility to friends at home.

December 9th we were ordered to Washington on our way to join the Army of the Potomac. About half way to the front our rations gave out; we had not yet learned to confine ourselves to our daily allowance. Hence the name of our camp—"Starvation." On this march near Port Tobacco we met with a field of turnips and we would have made a record as a Regiment here but our Colonel interfered, knowing we could not endure such a strong diet. On this march we lost one man by desertion. We arrived at Fredericksburg as the Army was moving into their old camp after the battle. Here we were assigned and went into camp as a part of the Army of the Potomac to share with its victories and defeats to the close of the struggle. While here we had a loss of four comrades: George Gates, Daniel Gates, Abraham Freed and John McIvason by disease.

Our brigade commissary furnished us with extra rations, but for the Irish Brigade commissary we had a special liking, for much of its stores found their way to our company.

While the deep snow covered the ground and the camp guard were excused for that day some of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity of getting fuel when they proceeded to tear down the guard house, which disappeared as by magic, but soon the guard was again posted and a new guard house built. It was my pleasure to occupy one room in this mansion (unjustly I think). I was on camp guard and at noon the relief had permission to go for dinner, during which time a general officer came through camp and our relief not being there to salute, the officer of the day ordered our entire relief into the guard house.

That same evening the returning picket guard were ordered to be ready for dress parade, which they refused to do, when they were brought into the guard house, which crowded us too much for comfort. While their names were taken and divided into reliefs I took my leave.

About April 28th we broke camp for our Chancellorsville campaign. When we had crossed the river the cry was heard all night, "On to Richmond!"

In the morning we arrived at Chancellorsville. We were in no great hurry to go forward. About 11:00 A. M. the report of a cannon greeted us and we were ordered about two miles east of the Chancellor House to support a battery. All was quiet east of us, but to our right the skirmish fire was pretty warm and the bullets came too close for comfort and we wished the battery we were supporting would open fire on that part of the field. We had not long to wait for an officer rode up and ordered our battery to open fire on a rebel battery east of us. The order was obeyed and we soon had a reply. Then if I could have lowered myself into the earth three or four feet I would have hastened to do so. This was our first experience under artillery fire.

After some time we were ordered back to the Chancellor House where we were massed with the artillery in rear of the infantry. When the rebels charged a battery south of us and our artillery in rear fired over us we lost our first man in battle as elsewhere related.

Soon after this we were ordered some distance east, until night, when we returned to near the Chancellor House, where we were ordered to build breastworks, which we did very willingly. They were built of brush with heavy logs on top and then we felt safe from the enemy on the east but it was not to be so for long, for during the night General Hancock happened along where we were and seeing our defenses he inquired what they were. Imagine our surprise when he ordered us in front of them. I know we were inclined to criticise his order, but to obey orders is the duties of a soldier. In this position we remained until morning (Sunday), then we were ordered into action west of the Chancellor House, where we received our baptismal fire and where our losses were larger than any other

regiment and I think Company C lost more men than any company in the Regiment.

I was both fortunate and unfortunate in this engagement; fortunate that I escaped with my life, unfortunate in that I was slightly wounded twice and a ball through my knapsack, haversack and bayonet scabbard. With all this I came out one better than I went into the engagement, for when we were ordered to fall back a few rods I spied a rebel in the act of ramming a load in his gun. I drew a bead on him and he threw up his hands in token of surrender. When I turned him over to our commander, Fairlamb, he turned, looked at the prisoner, and told him to go to the rear. Soon after we retreated in rear of the defenses that had been erected. Our withdrawal from Chancellorsville is fresh in the memory of all our living comrades. Our (Company C) casualties were:*

Our march to Gettysburg began June 12th. Hard marching was an every day occurrence. At Snicker's Gap we had a little brush with the rebels in which they used a horse battery which seemed to be everywhere at the same time. We continued our march without molestation. On this march the company lost one man by desertion. We arrived near Gettysburg about 9:00 P. M. of the first day battle, July 1, 1863. One day previous to this we were amused to see the excited citizens congregate along the route of march and I asked them if there was any fighting up there, and the answer was, "You bet; drive them back here and we will drive them farther." But the two following days was too much for them, for on our return there were no crowds of citizens until about fifteen miles away we met some of them returning. Arriving near the battlefield on July 1st, 9:00 P. M., we were formed in line of battle and lay on our arms until day break of the 2d, when we were taken to the front and assisted in forming the line manoeuvring to keep out of range of the enemy's shells. Here we lost Comrade George Ozman. After the line was established we began throwing up breastworks, but we were not long to occupy them for in the afternoon we were taken

*Comrade Walter gives a full list of losses, all of which will be found under the head of "Casualties."—EDITOR.

left in front into the wheat field to check the enemy in their attempt to capture Little Round Top and cut off the Third Corps.

Here we had some hot work. A ball lodged in my rifle and on turning around I saw the Captain and asked him to drive it down with a stone. This was the last time I saw the Captain alive. Afterward we were relieved by a portion of the Fifth Corps and retired to the rear of Little Round Top until the morning of the 3d, when we again took the position we had left the previous day. We at once began to strengthen our defenses and had just completed them when the historic artillery duel began. During this duel I was sitting with my back to the works. Sergeant Graham was sitting with his feet in the ditch and his face to the front. All at once he exclaimed, "Look out, Walter," at the same time raising his feet when a piece of shell buried itself in the earth between his feet. Soon after this he again gave the warning when a piece of shell dropped upon my left shoulder causing a bruise.

July the 4th I spent in helping to bury the dead, and in the afternoon of the 4th, I believe, we withdrew to the Two Taverns. Our casualties in this engagement were: (See "Casualties.")

We were left here without a commissioned officer. Our company was in command of Sergeant Ralston. After a day of rest we again resumed our return march by way of Fredericktown, Maryland, to near Williamsport, where we again met the enemy strongly posted. Nothing but a few exchanges of shots occurred here. After a few days we again advanced and had some skirmishing with the rebels. We started for Harper's Ferry by way of the tow path. Here we were very short of rations, for our supply train could not go with us, but had to take a circuitous route to Sandyhook, where we drew new clothing and fresh beef. After a few days of rest we resumed our march for Virginia, by way of the Loudon Valley, Warrington and Manassas Gap.

Hearing of some fresh meats about two miles out I went with two other comrades to investigate, when I found the report true. We at once proceeded to fill our haversacks, when to our left we heard some cavalry and having no great desire to see Mosby we decamped in short order. In our retreat we had to cross a millrace,

which I did, but how, I am unable to say, and succeeded in reaching a thicket and not a minute too soon, for the moment I was in a cavalryman rode to where I entered. After remaining quiet for some time and the coast seemingly clear, I worked my way to camp with my haversack full of beef and mutton.

The next morning we again resumed our march when we learned that Mosby had not been after the boys but our own provost guard and quite a goodly number they had to exhibit in the ring at the close of the day's march. Stevensville, I believe, was our objective point where we remained during August.

In September we advanced on Brandy Station and Culpeper. While we advanced on Brandy Station we had a grand view, the long lines of shining steel advancing in line of battle. In the evening we camped in line of battle. When we gathered fuel to cook supper in a grove near by the owner came out and claimed to be a Union man but complained because we were taking his dry wood and the boys threw down their wood and went for the fences and the siding on his house. The good supper I had, of tomatoes which came to my hand somehow, will ever be fresh in my memory.

The next morning the advance was continued to Culpeper, and how pleasant the southern ladies looked at the boys in blue as they marched through their historic town. At the Rapidan we concluded to stop for reasons well known by all. In a few days our Corps returned to near Brandy Station where we remained until October, when General Lee concluded we had rested long enough and turned the right of our Army, aiming to establish himself between Washington and the Army of the Potomac. While I was on picket the Regiment moved some two miles into a thicket. Rations and a guide awaited the returning picket; in fact it required a competent guide to find the 148th Regiment. About 5:00 P. M. the boys began to get hungry and thirsty. We gathered wood and built fires, when Major Fairlamb came tearing through the brush and gave the command, "Fall in 148th." The boys sprang to their guns. He said, "Not exactly fall in but you can't make coffee." This was a by-word with the company while we were in the service.

This same evening about 9:00 p. m. we started on our retreat to Bull Run after we had recrossed the Rappahannock; ammunition and commissary stores were being destroyed; then it dawned upon us that we were being flanked.

Our next brush was at Auburn—"Coffee Hill"—where the 61st New York (having lately been filled with recruits with full knapsacks) stacked arms in rear of our Regiment, sought safety in flight and I secured a full knapsack, just what I needed, for the nights were getting cold.

Our drum corps was outgeneraled here, for they could find no rear. After the Second and Third Divisions had cut their way through, we retreated to a position where the rebels could not attack us, but marched by our right flank causing us to make a hurried retreat. During this move I was on the line of flankers, and when we arrived at Bristoe, Comrade English (F Company, I think) walked from the line of battle to the left onto an eminence, behind which lay a line of battle when he exclaimed, "Captain, by G—, here they are," and at the same time fired. We soon had plenty to do.

About 9:00 p. m. we continued our march to Bull Run, arriving there in the early morning. During our stay here (two or three days) we witnessed a sad sight. The death penalty was inflicted upon a comrade, when, with one lone drummer he was taken to his place of execution.

We again took up our march for the Rappahannock, crossing that stream with little opposition. About December 1st we started on the Mine Run campaign which was not without its hardships, on account of the advanced season. After our return to Brandy Station we went into winter quarters. Here I experienced three days of the hardest picket duty. The three last days of 1863 rained all the time until about 4:00 p. m. of the third day, when the skies cleared and by 9:00 p. m. the earth was frozen hard.

We were anxious when the new year would dawn and our relief come. This camp was pleasantly located in the timber but I was not to winter here. One day while about camp duties I was approached by an Orderly from regimental headquarters with an order to report at once at the Adjutant. I was informed that with Sergeant Baum-

gardner and Sergeant Jones, I was detailed on recruiting service with Captain Patterson in charge. So, through the favor of Adjutant Muffy, I was permitted to return to my home. After our arrival at Harrisburg and reporting at headquarters, we were informed that one of every recruiting detail was to remain at Harrisburg for duty, and I being the junior member, was left at this post. Our duties here were to enlist and forward recruits as they arrived from the interior to their respective commands, and to arrest deserters and bounty jumpers.

About the first of April I received an order from the War Department detailing me on recruiting service at Harrisburg. I remained until about October 27, 1864, when I was relieved and reported to my company, about November 15th. The company was stationed at Fort Morton in front of Petersburg. During my absence many changes had taken place in Company C, which I will endeavor to give. During the three days in the Wilderness May 5, 6, 7, 1864, no losses were reported but in the subsequent operations from Po River and Spotsylvania to Ream's Station. At Po River the following were reported, numbering sixty-seven men, besides fifteen transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. (See "Casualties.")

Sigfried Heiligstein, substitute, deserted May 10th. Of this comrade it was said that he had captured a rebel flag and a Union officer took it from him. We never heard anything from him after this date. (See "Casualties.")

Such were our losses when I rejoined the company about November 15, 1864. Soon after the above date the Ninth Corps relieved us, when we took position some distance to the left (Forts Sampson and Cummings) when we were exempt from picket duty, but instead we had to man the works from before daylight until daylight. During the extension of our line in February we were not ordered out of our quarters until the rebels assaulted Fort Stedman March 25, 1865. We were then ordered to make an attack on the South Side Railroad in our front. An incident might be mentioned here. While the Division was being formed with the Irish Brigade on the right and the First Brigade on the left, an order was received

for the 148th Regiment to proceed to the right of the Division. When passing the Irish Brigade they made this remark, "Go in 148th with your seven shooters," and I replied, "All right, Pat, we will give it to them." We deployed from the rear on double quick through an open field and joined with the Sixth Corps skirmishers. The division moved to the left into some timber where the rebels charged upon them, and we raked them in the flank which caused them to retire, thereby saving the Division from heavy loss. No doubt the Irish Brigade were convinced that we were worthy of the repeating rifles.

About 9:00 P. M. we returned into our old quarters, where we remained until March 29th, when Sheridan with his cavalry came by our camp followed by the Fifth Corps, the Second in turn following the Fifth Corps, the cavalry's right resting on the breastworks extending at a right angle, when the Fifth Corps filed in rear of cavalry and took position on left of cavalry and Second Corps on left of Fifth Corps. When we were in this position the cavalry took position on our left. Now we found ourselves separated from the balance of the Army. About March 31st the Fifth Corps, then across Hatcher's Run, were surprised and thrown in confusion, when the Second Corps were ordered to rally them, but we were unable to do so, and the Second Corps was ordered forward with fixed bayonets. When we arrived at the run a halt was called, lines dressed and then commanded forward on the charge. Here were the last words spoken by me to Lieutenant Everhart. They were in regard to crossing the run which was a sluggish stream about two rods wide, with bunches of grass and reeds growing in it. The Lieutenant asked how I proposed to cross it. I replied, "Jump from one grassy plot to the other," thinking there was some earth in the plots, but I was disappointed for my first leap found me in water and mud nearly waist deep and the Lieutenant plunged in beside me. The charge was continued some distance. Our right wing could not drive the enemy in front of them, causing a cross fire on our line, when we were recalled. (In the first charge we lost Lieutenant Everhart, killed.) We again charged a little to the right of our first charge, this time driving them back into their defenses. Here, when we

broke the rebel line, Company C deployed as skirmishers, without orders and continued driving the rebels into their works.

I think I have some claim on this part of Virginia. While we were in line endeavoring to rally the Fifth Corps, I had some fresh beef on the fire boiling, thinking all would be over in a few minutes, but instead we were ordered forward. The meat must be well done now.

About 9:00 p. m. we moved to the left in rear of the burning breastworks, and on the morning of April 1st we were confronting the rebel works defending the South Side Railroad. Two brigades of our Division assaulted them but were repulsed. Word was brought to General Miles (who was close to us) of the repulse when he used some emphatic language and said, "I can take the place with the 148th Pennsylvania," and ordered two companies out and the old Irish Brigade skirmish line to advance with them. Companies C and H were ordered forward and when we arrived on the field we found the enemy strongly posted behind breastworks. We were ordered forward and started on a double quick when the rebel skirmish line opened fire on us, but instead of the old skirmish line advancing with us they opened fire on the rebels, some of their bullets coming too close to us for comfort, when we were recalled and the balance of the Regiment was brought to our assistance. We again went forward; soon had to extend our line to twenty paces to correspond with the enemy's line. We charged and carried the works, capturing more than seven hundred prisoners and some seven pieces of artillery. Here I was nearly buried alive. In a temporary halt while the line was being extended I saw a washout some distance in advance, which I occupied, when a sharpshooter crowded in beside me. Then we had a game of ball with the rebels, this being the last resistance to us of any importance. We had a few skirmishes with them.

While the battle of Farmville was fought our Regiment was on duty foraging for the Division. On the morning of April 9th we were again in line of battle awaiting orders, when the white flag was displayed. Our caps went into the air and cheer followed cheer.

This was a happy day for me, it being my twentieth birthday. The return to Washington was noted for the hard marching.

Comrades of Company C, we can have a just pride in our record above any other company in our Regiment, not wishing to pluck one flower from their wreath of glory, but to us was given Old Glory to guard and protect and from the time it was given to us to escort to the Colonel's quarters after the dress parade until our muster out it was never allowed to trail in the dust nor be polluted by the touch of a rebel's hand. Trusting we may be as true to the Captain of our Salvation as we have been to Old Glory, I remain your comrade.

(The Editor regrets the necessity of condensing the stories. Comrade Walter's contribution contains a very complete list of losses in his company, but as they all appear elsewhere, space could not be spared for them in this chapter. Hence the lists, with many other matters of interest, must be omitted.)

THE STORY OF COMPANY C.

PART V.

By Lemuel Osman.

Many rumors of war came to our community early in 1861. I was then working upon a farm near State College. I was one day plowing near the road when a man who was passing came to me and asked how I felt about going to war. I said I would like to go but was not old enough.

"How old are you?" said he.

"Fifteen," I replied.

He said that was too young.

I kept thinking all the while of becoming a soldier. Time passed and the War continued, until the fall of 1862. I then asked my father if he would be willing to have me enlist. He said, "You are too young, and this War won't last long, but if you must go, try it. Who are you going with?" was the next question. I was then living with a man by the name of Mallory, in Ferguson Township, who had two sons in the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. The boys wrote home as to what battles they were in and how our boys gave it to the rebels. This still aroused me the more and, when I went home one evening to State College, I met Robert M. Forster, who said to me:

"Lemuel, I am going to raise a company of one hundred men, will you be one to help fill it?"

"Yes," I quickly replied.

It was made known in the neighborhood that there would be a meeting in the old Swartz School House for the purpose of enlisting men for this company. I was the first man to sign the roll. A company of one hundred men was raised in a short time. What a fine lot of fellows they were, with their rosy cheeks and quick and light step!

I do not remember how the company was filled, but we were taken to Bellefonte, examined, and sworn into the service and thence went to Lewistown by wagon and to Harrisburg by rail. When we

reached Harrisburg, we marched to a long shed and took dinner, --and such a dinner! Hard tack and pork as thick as a cheese. Coffee was served also. I looked up and down the ranks of the company to see how the rosy-cheeked lads were taking it, and lo! to my surprise, I saw in the ranks with the boys, a cracker and a piece of fat pork in his hand, Governor Curtin, who was having lots of fun with the boys and who, by his presence and good humor, helped to hearten the situation. We then marched to Camp Curtin, which was then famous as the point for assembling Pennsylvania volunteers before their entry into service.

The first service which I recall in camp was the dress parade the evening after we reached there. At the next roll call, with several others, I was detailed for guard duty in the morning. I rose early anxious to know what my duty was. Guard mounting came and afterwards the guard was divided into reliefs. I was on the third relief, post No. 19. For a weapon I had something like a baseball bat. Some had guns and some other weapons but, as we were in a friendly country, this made but little difference. It did not seem long until we were equipped with arms and accoutrements, ready for active service.

Marching orders at length came and we went by rail from Harrisburg over the Northern Central Railroad, arriving at Cockeyville, Maryland, the next morning. We then began company and squad drill and soon became acquainted with the manual of arms and other parts of the school of the soldier. We were not allowed to remain at Cockeyville but were taken to a little village east of it to guard the railroad but still kept on drilling. What a fine time we had there. Our principal rations, hard bread and fat pork, with bean soup for dessert; and the company cooks, what a clean lot they were! You could not imagine their looks, cooking at the smoking fire-place, all black and greasy; but we thought little of it at the time. They did the best they could and we were content.

If I could only write fully what is in my mind, what a story I could give of Company C, commanded by Capt. Robert M. Forster! What a fine officer he was! Always at his post, when called upon for duty and always ready for whatever was demanded of him.

We camped at Cockeyville for several months and, as winter approached, barracks were built in good shape, ready for the cold weather. We worked hard upon our winter quarters, thinking what a nice place we would have, but slept in them one night only. Marching orders came in December. All the companies of the Regiment were assembled at Cockeyville to proceed by rail to Baltimore. When the companies came together, what a fine Regiment it was, led out with the drum corps and Colonel Beaver at the head. I can see him yet on his little bay horse. How proud he looked, and not he only, but the company officers felt proud to see a long line of men move out together, and the ladies, with whom our boys got acquainted, giving us good-bye. Arriving in Baltimore, we got supper and stayed all night and marched across the city to take the train for Washington, where we arrived and spent the night. Crossed the river (east branch of the Potomac) the next day on our march to the front.

We spent about three days on our march. What a pleasant time we had. Lots of fun and jokes of all kinds passed upon each other as we marched.

Among the things for which we prepared most carefully in camp were our inspections. Sometimes we had a general inspection on Sunday morning and at these the Colonel was always very particular. We learned to get ready for them, so as to have everything in the best order. We had monthly inspection, when an officer from another regiment usually acted as inspector. I remember at one of the inspections I thought I had gotten myself up in good shape, but my hat rim was turned up. The inspecting officer looked me all over but said nothing. Colonel Beaver followed him and, looking me over, took my hat off of my head and, turning the rim down, took his white handkerchief out of his pocket and dusted it and put it back on my head, without saying a word. That cut me worse than if he had given me a good scolding. He never had to repeat that with me, as I remembered the lesson well.

We finally came to the Potomac about five o'clock in the evening, crossed over next day and lay in the woods and next day marched to camp. While putting up quarters for the winter, there

was quite a time getting the logs in from the woods, but we soon had our huts up and, after finishing our camp, spent most of the winter in drill and doing picket duty. We were called upon to perform all kinds of military duty, getting ourselves in good shape for the coming spring campaign.

When spring came, marching orders came with it. We crossed the river to Chancellorsville, the story of which will be fully told by others. We formed line with other troops at different points which we held, as directed, when we were finally formed in line of battle and the command "Forward! Guide center!" given. The story has been told that there were no pickets in front but I saw at least two, when we were going through the woods. They said, "Look out; there they are," and fell in with us, but what regiment they belonged to I cannot tell. When the Colonel gave the command "Lie down," one of them fell on me dead. Henry Sowers was wounded in the side, the blood from his wound running over my haversack. We finally got up without a command, for all of Company C's officers, Lieutenants Bible and Stevenson, who were with us in battle were killed. One Sergeant was left with us. Captain Forster being sick was not with us at the front. I was struck with a ramrod; was giving a Company D man a drink of water. As I was about to lift him, the ramrod struck the tree he was leaning against, gave me a side-wipe and cut my knapsack in two. We had drawn eight days' rations; I had two plugs of Navy tobacco and a portfolio of paper, etc., so you see how I was left in coming out. Green Carter, of our company, was wounded. I helped him to the rifle pits and he says to me in a low whisper, "Lem, I can't go any further." He bled to death. By helping him I had lost the Regiment but soon found it at the left of the Chancellorsville House, badly shattered. After falling back across the river and regaining the old home camp, out of twelve of us who had occupied one of our shelter huts, I was the only one left to occupy the home. My feelings may be imagined, but I cannot describe them. In a few days some came back.

I recollect one evening, as our Regiment was on dress parade, Governor Curtin made us a visit and made a little speech. He was

overcome for a time and could not speak. The tears rolled down his cheeks, thinking of the many home boys left on the battlefield. He said there would be many others to kiss the dust yet, before the War was ended. He was right.

After remaining in camp for several weeks, we took up our march for Gettysburg—a forced march, upon which we met the enemy occasionally. At the Thoroughfare Gap I remember we gave them a warm reception. During this march we came to a stream of water through which we were compelled to wade. I pulled my shoes off, so that I would not get sand in them, and tied them together. The current was strong, every man was pressing forward for himself and, in the confusion, my shoe string came open and away went my shoes. I was in a bad way but was compelled to march on without any covering for my feet.

We approached the battlefield that evening and lay down for the night. Captain Forster and I slept together. I can see him on his knees praying that God would be with him and the rest of us. I fell asleep, listening to his prayer. The next morning I asked him what we would have for breakfast and he said, “Bring my haversack and we will see what I have.” He found some meat and soft bread and told me to bring water and he would make the fire. On my way for the water, I came to a soldier who was coming from the hospital. He had an extra pair of shoes. I told him what had happened to mine and he gave me a pair. I thanked him very much. They didn’t fit very well, for they were No. 10’s and I wore No. 7’s. They answered the purpose, however. I brought the water, we cooked breakfast and ate heartily, never thinking that that was my last meal with the Captain. After breakfast we were ordered to fall in and march out in front, forming in line of battle. The rebs got our range with their artillery and we changed our position and lay down, some of us very tired and sleepy. The rebs still kept firing a shot now and then and my uncle, George Osman, who was no doubt in a sleep, was hit by a spent shell which struck him on the cartridge box. It was a terrible shock, from which he did not recover. He was the first man killed at that place.

Our next move was to the wheat field and in front of us was a stone fence, behind which the enemy were gathered thick. Their guns were raised on the fence; the barrels of them glittered like a looking glass. All at once their line broke, the left of our line having given them a cross fire. They couldn't stand it and Captain Forster says, "They are falling back, boys; forward!" The barrel of my gun had got hot and dry and I couldn't force a ball down. I stepped back and told Captain Forster, who told me to throw it down and hunt another. I threw it down, ran along the line, got one in Company I. When I came back the Captain was dead; the blood was running down his cheek. I picked up his cap and laid it on his head, but did not think of getting what was in his pockets. Sergt. John Benner, the color bearer brought off his sword and belt and the next winter when on furlough took them home to his sister. I afterwards saw the sword and recognized it by some peculiar marks, having often cleaned it for the Captain. I came back and rejoined the ranks having loaded the gun I had picked up and just as I was about to shoot, a rebel gave himself up as a prisoner. He passed through to the rear and, coming to the 81st Pennsylvania, drew a big revolver from his belt and shot a Sergeant through the body. I struck him over the head with my gun and knocked him down. Just then an officer of the 81st gave him a blow with his sword. He used it freely. As I was busy loading and firing, standing close to our colors (ours was the color company) the Sergeant who carried the blue flag was shot dead. I picked it up, jumped across the little stream near our monument at Gettysburg, stuck the flag staff in the ground near the woods, and seeing the rebels forming a new line, I raised the flag and took it back and gave it to John Benner, as the new line of battle was approaching. I feared we were too weak to withstand it, but we held our ground. I was putting a cap on my gun, when a shell burst above me, knocked the barrel off my gun and I had nothing in my hands but the bare stock. David Krebs, a soldier of our company, was just then wounded and I got his gun.

Ammunition was getting short and orders were given to fall back. We fell back near the stone fence. The command then was given "Lie down." The bucktails passed over us, when we arose and

marched to the rear. The sun was just setting, when we got our supper, after which we formed a new line and lay down for the night, feeling very tired.

The next day was a very trying day, lying there in line. Everything was quiet. We could hear the rumble of the cannon till at last everything was in readiness. General Hancock came riding along our line. He asked Colonel McFarlane, who was in command:

“Where in the — is General Caldwell?”

The Colonel replied: “To the left of us.”

“Why in the — hasn’t he got his men throwing up breastworks?”

It was not long till we had the breastworks up and the shelling commenced, but the breastworks were of little use to me. Lying behind them, we all got very thirsty and I volunteered to go for water. I took all the canteens I could carry and, when I was at the spring filling them, a cannon was fired and then another and then the ball opened for certain. Shells were flying in every direction, just as bad in the rear as in front. The like I never saw—bursting and hitting one another. I brought the water to the company and, meeting an officer commanding the battery which was placed along our Regiment, he took me by the hand and led me to a large stone that lay in rear of our markers and told me over and over what I should do. Of course, I had to obey, as our company had no officers. The piece I was with had two men killed and three horses badly used up. I went to work according to the officer’s direction and carried shell and canister to the gunner. That was a hot place for me. Shells would burst in front of me, the burnt powder would hit me in the face and burn me and, as the line of battle was advancing across the field, it looked as though it was all over for us. But, as they came on and grape and canister were used, it mowed them down like flies, but they would close up together and then another volley would make it hot for them. The result is known to all. So you see I was in two hot fires at the battle of Gettysburg—once with my own company and afterwards in the artillery. After the battle was over, the officer came to me and said I did well; I never could find out the officer’s name or what battery it was. They

treated me well and I have always thought I would like to meet one of them again.

The next move I recall was to Falling Waters. I was on the skirmish line and captured lots of prisoners lying all along the way. At that place we had quite a skirmish with some rebel cavalry who had with them several pieces of artillery. When we were near St. James' College, I was on picket; it was raining; Daniel Baumgardner and Thomas McBath and I were on together. We built a rail pen and put some straw on it for a roof. There was a straw stack near. I was wounded at this place, by a sharpshooter, in the right leg. I went over the hill just close by and made some coffee and came back and sat down to eat my breakfast. There was a straw stack near us behind which was a sharpshooter. He was the one that shot me. I had nothing to bandage my leg with and thought of everything possible that I could use for that purpose. At last I thought of the lining in my haversack and took it out and made the best use of it I could; lay there all day. At length the officer of the day came his rounds. Looking to the left of us I saw a rebel crawl up a tree to shoot him, when he would come in good range, but I soon stopped his plans, for I shot him off the tree. He had on him one of our officer's coats. We were relieved during the night and marched to camp. I was very lame; my leg was swelled badly. I stuck to the Regiment all day. We soon reached Harper's Ferry and lay along the canal, where we drew clothes and a ration of whiskey. While we were lying there, I took the bandage off my leg, washed it and, rubbing it, I found a buckshot deep in the flesh. I had a combination knife, with fork and spoon, and, taking the knife rubbed it upon a stone and made it as sharp as I could, cut the ball out, tied it up again and it soon got well. We reached Manassas Gap July 20, 1863.

We lay down there for the night and marched the next day. When night came on, I was detailed for picket. As we were forming a new picket line that evening, the officer in charge of us said, "Three men drop out here." It was at the edge of the woods. I threw off my roll which I had on my back and sat down on a log, looking to the front; could see no one in front of me, but there were some

cavalry pickets there. One shot at me several times before I could locate where he was. I had a good place to conceal myself behind the log; at last I found out where he was concealed,—behind a cedar tree. I raised the first sight of my rifle, saw and hit him just below the apple of his throat. Just in rear of where he lay his horse was tied to a stone. Our pickets were withdrawn the next morning and the cavalry took our place.

After the Gettysburg campaign and the return of the Army to Virginia, we marched in retreat to Bull Run, the belief being that General Lee was turning our right flank. On our retreat our Brigade brought up the rear and at Coffee Hill, as it was called (otherwise Auburn Mills), where we met the enemy, it appeared as if they had surrounded us. There was a sharpshooter in the rear of us picking off our men. I saw him run under a tree. His little boy was carrying his bundle, haversack and canteen; I shot him in the side. The reason I know it, was that we passed by him as he lay under a persimmon tree. The little boy was crying and leaving him there to die. On this march we had quite a sharp little fight at Bristoe Station, we being still the rear guard. We gave them a warm reception. That is the place where Sergeant Barr lost his arm. We were formed along the fill of the railroad. There was a thicket of woods in front of us out of which came a rebel officer and his staff, all on horseback. They were taking in the situation; Colonel Fairlamb was close by and also General Caldwell. The Colonel was looking through his field glass. I was shooting at the rebel officer. I shot four or five times before I hit him. He fell to the ground. "There," says the Colonel, "you hit him that time." We had quite an exciting time there for a while but at last the shades of night came on and I was detailed for picket. I was on post all night without a relief. We continued to retreat, until we crossed what I was told was Bull Run. We then retraced our steps, passing over very nearly the same ground.

Toward the close of the season we came near the Rapidan and put up for the winter. We had our usual camp life, doing police duty, enjoying the comforts of camp and picketing the Rapidan River. At one time I was on picket on the bank of the river, my

beat being like a rainbow—low in the center and high at each end. At the left the river made a little curve and from that direction there would come occasionally a stray shot but I could not find out where the picket from the other side fired from until evening. After I was relieved, I was sitting back a little ways, when the guard called me. I grabbed my gun quickly to see what was wrong. There was a large snapping turtle came up out of the river. We tied it in a gum blanket and, while standing there, looking to our front, I saw a light. I drew my rifle quickly to my face, when it went out. I saw another light and shot at it. It was from the rebel who was shooting at me during the day. I shot him in the head. There was a tree blown out of root and he was concealed behind it.

We took the turtle to camp next day and had turtle soup. The boys who enjoyed that dish are no more. Well the story about the man I shot. He was an old man, about sixty years of age, a great smoker. The next morning the rebels stepped out in front, stuck the butts of their guns up—that meant no firing at each other. They wanted to exchange tobacco for coffee. I made it suit to pass the place where I shot the old man the night before. He had been lighting his pipe. The first match went out. He lit the second one and that gave me a good mark. Coming back from exchanging coffee for tobacco, I passed this place. He had a poke of tobacco tied to his shirt as large as a small salt sack and a nice meerschaum pipe. I took the pipe and thought I would keep it and send it home for a relic but my knapsack took legs and walked away one night and with it the pipe disappeared.

When spring opened, we crossed the Rapidan and marched over the Chancellorsville battlefield, thinking of the poor boys who were lying there in the woods. I was in the wagon guard at this place. Hiram Clapp, a Company H man, and I were on guard. After we were relieved, we took a walk in the woods, where he had been engaged the year before. When we came back, the rebel cavalry made a dash on our wagon train but were driven back with a few killed. We captured some prisoners. We left the train to join our Regiment engaged in the Wilderness.

I came out all right on the skirmish line at Spotsylvania. That

was a terrible night—raining, dark and a very heavy fog the next morning. We surprised the enemy in the charge. We made and captured a large number of prisoners and many pieces of artillery. Cold Harbor was to me a horrible place. I was on picket that morning. Orders were given to move forward to the slope of the hill and lie down. We lay there till dusk. The rebels sent out a new line or a regiment. They met us there. We had quite a time, still holding our ground. There was a rebel who had a little flag with a sharp spear on it came at me, trying to prod me with it. I shot and wounded him. It was dark and I took the flag, set my foot on the staff, tore the flag off and was just about sticking it in my bosom, when I was shot down by a rebel. He shot me in the head. I fell and lay on the battlefield that night and two days and nights following, without anything to eat or drink. When I came to my senses, I had no shoes, no blouse, my pockets were turned wrong side out, \$6.00 in greenbacks, and \$10.00 in rebel money gone. I was very weak after the loss of so much blood. My hair was full of blood dried like paint and my wound full of maggots. I had no use of my left arm nor my left leg, but I managed to crawl back to our pickets and was taken back to the Third Brigade, from there to the field hospital and thence to Findley Hospital at Washington in the Fourth Ward. This ended my military service with my company and Regiment.

SERGT. JAMES KNOX SAYS:

"I helped to carry Colonel Beaver from the field at Chancellorsville. We carried him first by the arms and legs, then in a blanket, and finally got a stretcher.

On the march after Gettysburg I was taken sick and left on the roadside to die, but a surgeon of the Second Division happened along and gave me some medicine, and next day I rode in the ambulance, and a few days later I was on picket.

I was wounded at Po River May 10th and walked to Fredericksburg at night and lay in the Court House. Next morning we were taken in wagons to Acquia Creek and sent by boat to Washington. From there at Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, and rejoined the Regiment March 2, 1865, and took part in action at Hatcher's Run, where one hundred of us were sent to the right of the line, crossed the run and drove the enemy out of his work. We lay in the woods all night without fire, and rejoined the Brigade at Adams Farm on the morning of the 31st.

At Sutherland Station, April 2d, a detachment of one hundred under Captain Sutton or Captain Harper was sent to the right. We drove the enemy and captured seven hundred prisoners, two guns and two flags. Next evening we helped take a wagon train. Being detailed to forage for the Division, at Farmville, we found the bridge on fire, but we went through the fire and got into the town. We got some cattle, sheep and hogs, and drove them across the river. They were afterward driven back and after the surrender given to the southern soldiers."

SKETCH OF LIEUT. W. H. BIBLE.

By his son, Frank E. Bible, Esq.

Lieut. Wm. H. Bible was the oldest son of Daniel and Harriet Passmore Bible, and was born in Potter Township, Centre County, July 10, 1827.

Like hundreds of other families, his was found on both sides of the late War, Col. John Bible, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, a scion of the Virginia branch, being found battling against the old flag, while the subject of our sketch, with his brother, Daniel P., Adjutant of the 51st Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment, and his cousin, William Bible, of the 148th, were found in the Union ranks. Of the three members of his family in the late War two—Lieut. Wm. H. and William, his cousin, lost their lives at Chancellorsville, the latter being mortally wounded, the former killed outright and his body never recovered.

Of the military career of Lieutenant Bible and the men who perished at Chancellorsville, little can be said beyond the performance of the routine of duty incident to army life and gallant conduct in their first and last fight. Killed "in the bud." Just a memory for the gallant color company of the Regiment in its marches and battles leading on to the great end—the preservation of the Union.

In the old days, immediately preceding the War for the Union the martial spirit of Centre County's sons was kept alive by various military organizations. To the Bellefonte Dragoons, with their helmets and yellow caterpillar decoration (hardly a plume) Lieutenant Bible belonged. It was a cavalry company.

At and before the breaking out of the Rebellion Lieutenant Bible was engaged with his brother-in-law, David Edmiston, in the construction of the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad. He resided at Osceola as did his father's family. The writer recalls an informal family council after the fall of Sumter. The question of who should go was talked over. Three sons there were in Daniel Bible's family—William, the oldest, Daniel P. and George W. "Some one must go," said the head of the family. "Yes, father," said his wife.

"Will is married and has a little family, George is crippled in the hands and they would not take him. There is no one but Daniel."

Daniel joined the 51st Regiment and was in the North Carolina campaign, taking part in the battles of Roanoke, Newbern, etc.

William was ever restless after Daniel had enlisted, and while his business interests were great he found time to study military tactics and was constantly engaged in patriotic works, drilling the young men of the neighborhood and urging their enlistment. The family realized that he could not be kept at home and as the dark days grew darker he made his arrangements for enlisting. Some time after his youngest child was born and mother and babe were doing nicely, he said on one of our drives, "It is settled—we will go to War."

Things looked blue for the old flag and a sense of duty to the country appealed to men of Lieutenant Bible's age in all walks of life in the North. It was a matter of calmly and deliberately offering a life if need be to preserve intact what our ancestors had struggled so long and valiantly to accomplish. The deliberation and calmness with which he went about the matter was remarkable, for he was a man of quick impulses and rather fiery temper. One of his old employes on the railroad, "Bart" Maguire, whom he used to discharge for being drunk and then hire over again, called him a "fire ball." Big of body, heart and mind, tender as a woman and without fear, he was but a type of the men whom Centre County had sent forth to every War in her history. No eulogy can be passed on an officer of the Regiment which will not apply to the men in the ranks. Often in his letters to his wife does he refer to the loyalty of his men to their officers and to duty.

September 9, 1862, he writes from Camp Curtin:

"Our company has the honor of being the color company, and its letter will be C. I think we will leave tomorrow for Hagerstown."

From camp near Phoenix, October 17, 1862, he writes:

"If you haven't sent the socks don't send them for I have plenty of everything except money."

November 7, 1862:

"It has been snowing all day and we have nothing but our tents for shelter; are just beginning to experience the realities of War; am writing this in my tent with a blanket about me."

Camp Forster, November 16, 1862:

"Had some lady visitors from Bellefonte, Mrs. James Burnside and Miss Mary Wilson. This was a red letter day in the life of the 148th—visitors, and of the fair sex at that, besides the presentation of colors. Had a flag presentation and the gentleman who presented it said that he 'had presented twenty-seven flags to Pennsylvania regiments and that the 148th was the best drilled Regiment he had seen.' That speaks well for the 148th."

Forty-two years after this event a prominent officer in the late War, and one who was qualified to judge, made almost the same remark, and attributed its excellence as a regiment to its Colonel, who was a past master of discipline, and the fact that the Regiment was practically made up of picked men.

Camp near Fredericksburg, December 21, 1862:

"We left Washington on the 11th inst. and marched through to this place on Saturday of the fight. We could hear the battle all day Saturday and Sunday. It has been a fearful slaughter and we have gained nothing as yet but hope for the better. * * * We can see the rebel camp fires on the opposite side of the river, and can see them marching through Fredericksburg during the day. Saw William Dolph, Mike Connors and lots of the boys. Thomas Maguire was wounded in the last battle but will get well. It is very cold and we have no tents as yet. Are going to build winter huts."

The names mentioned in this letter are men from Clearfield County, I think.

Hancock's Division, Sumner's Corps, December 19, 1862:

"After a long march from Washington we arrived in front of Fredericksburg. Just came up after the battle. They are still burying the dead. We got the worst of the fight. Captain Blair was in the fight; didn't get hurt and only had four men wounded. No pay yet. Send me some stamps.

"Don't be uneasy about me for I have laid out nine nights without a tent and got along well."

Camp near Fredericksburg, January 11, 1863:

“* * * We are drilling hard every day. Was out on picket two days and nights with thirty men. The rebels are on the other side of the river. They occasionally call over to our pickets and ask them when they are coming to Fredericksburg. If it is an old soldier he will say, ‘We are coming around by Antietam or South Mountain.’ * * * Send me some socks.” * * *

Camp near Falmouth, February 1, 1863:

“It is Sunday night and raining. I am in my little cabin snug, dry and well. Am almost ashamed to tell you how much I weigh with only my blouse on—194 pounds—and if nothing happens I think I will reach 200 by the first of April. But when spring comes with hard marching then I look for rough times and I will lose some flesh. The only hard labor we have to perform is picket duty, and that without fire, no matter what the weather may be.”

Camp near Fredericksburg, January 10, 1863:

“We are now in winter quarters. Lieutenant Stevenson and I have built a comfortable cabin. Was on picket duty last night. Saw lots of rebs. Did not talk to them nor allow my men to talk to them. They would call over and ask the boys when they were coming to Fredericksburg again. We have orders not to hold conversation with them and obey orders.”

Camp near Falmouth, February 10, 1863:

“Came in off picket yesterday. Saw lots of rebels. Weather just like spring. * * * Would like to come home on a furlough and think it likely I may get one in the spring. From present appearances I think there will be a move soon, perhaps before this reaches you. I haven’t the least idea of resigning. When I come home I want to come honorably, so that it will be a credit to my children, and if never I shall never bring disgrace upon them.”

The reference in this letter to resigning was brought about by the youthful thoughtlessness of the writer in asking him to resign. In another letter he says, “I can not resign with honor and my boy does not want me to come home any other way.” There were no further requests for a resignation—indeed he refers to resignations in very uncomplimentary terms.

Camp near Falmouth, February 27, 1863:

“Lieutenant Colonel McFarlane is at home with the fever. He left camp, sick. He is a noble little man and I would be very sorry to hear of his death. Lieutenant Stevenson went home sick and has

not returned. Hope he will soon get around. Would like to get home on furlough for ten days, but there is nothing certain about that."

Camp near Falmouth, March 10, 1863:

* * * "We just got orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at an hour's notice. I shall not get home for some time. Tell father to still battle for the old Union. The cause is gaining and it is just."

Camp near Falmouth, March 20, 1863:

* * * "The Irish Brigade lies alongside of us and on the 17th they had a series of games—a steeple chase. It was very fine. All the Generals of the Army of the Potomac were present. Only one man was killed and that occurred in the morning. At two o'clock our men on the right got into a fight. General Meagher, of the Irish Brigade, rode among the men and said that the enemy had crossed the river and that we would have to fight. Up went the hats with a hearty cheer. We were ready, but the fight was short and soon over. We captured about two hundred. They look pretty hard—all kinds of clothing on them. I was on picket last night and had to walk continually to keep from freezing. * * * It is a pretty hard life, but nevertheless I am willing to stand it for my country. Just a note to Franky: I am glad you are learning to write so well. Write me soon and a good letter so that I can show it to Doc Potter."

Camp near Falmouth, March 27, 1863:

* * * "Dr. Geo. L. Potter was with me all afternoon yesterday. He and Major Fairlamb are the same old fellows of yore."

It is a source of satisfaction and pleasure in reading over these old War time letters to note the kindly feeling with which he speaks of his fellow officers and men from the Colonel down.

The picture referred to was a tin type. It was a full length picture, the background representing a camp scene. The picture in this History is from an enlarged bust taken from the original.

Camp near Falmouth, April 17, 1863:

* * * "I send you my picture. It is not good, all say, but it is the best they can do here. * * * We have marching orders and eight days' rations."

This was his last letter, at least the last received. Sixteen days after came Chancellorsville.

SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT STEVENSON.

Lieutenant Francis Stevenson was born in Grand Isle County, Vermont, December 27, 1829, of Irish descent, and with his father's family came to Centre County in the 50's. For two years following 1857 he was in the employ of the United States Government in charge of cattle at frontier posts and at the close of his service he rode home to Buffalo Run on horseback.

On his return to Centre County he joined one of the several military companies, possibly that at Stormstown.

When the 148th was being raised Captain Forster and Lieutenant Bible were engaged in enlisting men for what afterwards became C Company. They went to Stevenson's home on Buffalo Run one Sunday morning before daylight and he agreed to help raise the company. Stevenson's experience evidently suggested him as available material for an officer in the company. On its organization he was elected Second Lieutenant and commissioned by Governor Curtin.

He was a man of sunny disposition and undoubted courage and is highly spoken of by those who knew him at home and in the Army.

He was attacked with fever and sent home in the winter of 1863, some time in January and got back to his Regiment, not fully recovered, a few days before the Army began to move in the spring. He was killed at Chancellorsville.

THE STORY OF COMPANY D.

PART I.

By Lieut. William Gemmill.

Company D was made up of men from Aaronsburg in the eastern, and from Pine Grove in the western part of the County. The way in which these extremes came together was in this wise. In August, 1862, great effort was made to fill Centre County's quota of men without resort to the draft. Meetings were held in many parts of the County to stimulate volunteering. Andrew Musser, then a student of the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, had been authorized by Governor Curtin to raise a company. He was enthusiastically assisted in recruiting by the Rev. L. C. Edmonds, then pastor of the Reformed Church, Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania. They held a meeting in Aaronsburg on the evening of August 19, 1862, at which a number of men were enlisted. They quickly raised a considerable body of men but not enough to constitute a company. There was considerable competition between recruiting parties and he soon saw that it was not possible to fill up his company in that locality.

Musser had been a student at Pine Grove Academy some time before and was held in high esteem by principal and students. In the Pine Grove School, at this time, there was a goodly number of young men fit for military duty. This was known to Musser and in his extremity he turned to Pine Grove. He sent word of his purpose and set Thursday evening, August 21st, as the time of his coming. The War spirit was strong among the students. Some had already gone out in Company G. The rest were only waiting for what they thought the right opportunity for them to enlist. Musser's coming, esteemed as he was, gave them their opportunity. A meeting was held in the afternoon, at which a lawyer, Bush by name, I think, spoke. He made a strong appeal and tried to stampede us by portraying the terrors of the draft. But he didn't move a man. We were waiting for some one else.

OFFICERS
OF



Lieut. Wm. Gemmill.



Lieut. John A. Burchfield.

CO. D.

148. P.V.



Capt. A. A. Rhinehart.



Capt. A. Musser.



Lieut. L. D. Kuetz.



Lieut. L. C. Edmunds.

The evening of August 21st, after supper, we assembled, as was our custom, in front of Swartz's store. The coming meeting was our theme. Some one proposed that if Musser would give Prof. J. E. Thomas the First Lieutenancy *we all go*. The banter was at once taken up, and one and another said, "If you go I'll go, "If you go I'll go." So hands were clasped and the compact sealed. A committee was appointed to set the matter before the Professor. That committee consisted of J. J. Fleming and the writer. It was short notice and he gave no decisive answer, even to the second appeal. The meeting was held in the Academy Hall. The students entered, undecided as to what they would do. The Rev. Dr. Moore, of the Presbyterian Church, made a stirring address. At its close Musser was called. He rose and said, "I am not here to make a speech. I am here to enlist men for the War," and sat down. The call then was for Thomas, who at the time was busy writing. He rose, came to the edge of the platform, paper in hand and waving it said, "It is a time for action, not words. Young gentlemen, you have challenged me. Come on." Instantly there was an uprising and a rush for the platform and a score or more of his students and many men of the town and vicinity enrolled themselves. The day following other names were added to the list. We separated to arrange our affairs at our homes and met again in Pine Grove Wednesday, August 27th, and were taken to Centre Hall where we met the men from Aaronsburg. Here we met with some difficulty in completing our organization. Quartermaster S. D. Musser tells what that difficulty was and how it was overcome. (See the Quartermaster's Story, page 282.—EDITOR.)

With the enrollment of S. D. Musser and those with him, the Company had its full complement of men, and we organized with Andrew Musser, Captain; John E. Thomas, First Lieutenant, and L. C. Edmonds, Second Lieutenant, and on Thursday, August 28, 1862, were mustered into the service of the United States at Centre Hall, Centre County. Late in the afternoon of the same day we were on our way to Harrisburg going over the Seven Mountains to Lewistown.

Many touching scenes and incidents occurred among the boys when bidding farewell to their friends. Such scenes were doubtless then very common all over our land. I was from home and a comparative stranger, and after a quiet good-bye to my few friends got into S. D. Musser's buggy and from that vantage ground took a grim survey of the scenes taking place about me, feeling thankful the while that *my friends* were far away. The parting scenes were in most cases very affecting. But it is said *not* to be *far* from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I recall, at this late day, incidents that move to laughter rather than to tears.

The meetings held throughout the county awoke the spirit of patriotism and roused the loyal people to a sense of their country's need. The more intelligent and thoughtful recognized the crisis of the times in which they lived, and the sacrifice demanded of them, and under the pressure of the Nation's need, they yielded, oftentimes a reluctant assent, to those in their own homes, who felt the call was to them. But there were many who did not see this need, or seeing had no sympathy with it, and oftentimes hindered or opposed those anxious to obey the call. Now, when everyone has a kind word for the old soldier and everybody believes that it was a good thing for the country and humanity that the Union was preserved it is difficult to realize the bitter opposition to the cause of the Union which prevailed in many localities. Those who actively sought to promote enlistments soon came in touch with it. The Rev. L. C. Edmonds tells of his experience, when engaged in recruiting in his home locality. One of his parishioners was heard to say, "Mer sut den Schwartz Republikaner uf der strose um schiese." (Some one ought to shoot down this black Republican upon our street.) Several women whose friends had enlisted, with great fervor expressed the wish that the first bullet of the foe would hit Edmonds. But it was when, as Lieutenant of Company D, clothed in the Army blue, he returned home from Camp Curtin, to arrange his business affairs and preach his farewell sermon to his people, that he roused to fever heat the hostile sentiment of the community. The thought of his going into the pulpit in uniform to preach was more than they could endure. A committee of the vestry was sent to warn him not to venture into

the church in military garb, and an elder, a good friend of his plead with him not to make the attempt. He told them he could not lay off his uniform and on Sabbath morning he made his way through an excited crowd and preached his farewell sermon. For this he received the compliments of loyal men and women and the curses of those whose sympathies were with the other side. The church authorities put on record a resolution declaring that the good brother should never again be allowed to preach in that church. But the past has long been forgotten and he has frequently preached there since.

We reached Harrisburg the afternoon of Friday, August 29th, and were taken out to Camp Curtin. Here we were furnished tents, cooking utensils and rations. Some of the Company G boys came to our aid and helped us pitch our tents. They had been in camp a couple of weeks. They were already veterans. They could pitch their tents, cook their grub, get out of camp without a pass and back again without falling into the hands of the guards. They gave generous help in all these lines to the new comers. We soon learned to prepare our meals, make our beds and get to town and back again. We had drill, did guard duty now and then under very lax discipline.

Our first Sabbath in camp was unlike any Sabbath some of us had ever seen. In the evening Lieutenant Edmonds preached, having a store box for a platform and C. F. Speaker and John Rote to hold the lights.

Tuesday, September 2d, we received our uniforms and sent our civilian clothing home. The uniforms made a great change in the appearance of the men and marked so plainly the great change which had taken place in our lives.

On the 8th we received our arms and were organized into a regiment and numbered 148 and were designated as Company D with James A. Beaver, of the 45th Pennsylvania Volunteers, as our Colonel. Our play at Camp Curtin was over and we were about to enter into real service.

On the night of September 9th we left Harrisburg in box cars for Cockeyville, Maryland. It was a moonlight night. Weird shadows and strange, fantastic shapes were seen as we sped on our

way, fancy free, through light and shadows, among the mountains. We were going out of Pennsylvania. We felt we were going from home to enter upon a new, strange life, so full of peril. It was a fit occasion to stir solemn thoughts in sober minds as we looked to the future and wondered what it had in store for us. In the early morning we reached our destination. Leaving the cars, we marched down to the Turnpike, over the bridge and filed into the meadow on the right. Here we stacked arms and had our breakfast of hard tack and coffee. We were afterwards marched up the grove beyond the railroad station, where our permanent camp was located.

The day after reaching Cockeyville considerable excitement was occasioned by the report that there was rebel cavalry in the neighborhood. Scouting parties were sent out, and the roads for some distance from our camp were picketed. We were out over Saturday night and got back to camp some time during the forenoon. I well remember the good breakfast a few of us got after being relieved Sunday morning at a near-by Quaker home.

We found no cavalry but we got a little experience. We had a fine location for a camp and every care was taken to keep it in a healthful condition. Our principal business here was to guard the railroad and especially the bridges. To do this to the best advantage the Regiment was divided and some companies were sent north where two camps were formed, and one company, A, was sent south to Lutherville, while Companies F, D, I and K occupied the headquarters camp at Cockeyville.

We lost no time in getting down to real solid work. Here we were set to learn the duties of the soldier, and how to perform them in a soldierly way; to form proper habits of camp life, and to care for camp and quarters. We had to learn how to care for our arms and equipment and it was no light task. There were our brass shoulder pieces—scales they called them—and all those other brasses we so dutifully polished, on belt and cartridge box, letters and figures and buttons on coat and blouse and cap, with gun and bayonet, all to be kept bright in rain or shine, in mud or dust, in wet or dry. There was also the care of our clothing, cleanliness of person, with proper personal appearance as military order and proper self-respect

required. It was no trifling matter, in all kinds of weather, with only the aids the knapsack could furnish, to keep one's self in soldierly trim, or to meet the demands of the standard set for us, and those who did were worthy of high approval. The proper care of person, of clothing, and of equipment was essential, not only to the proper appearing of the soldier, but also to his real efficiency; and it was, with us, one of the first lessons the raw recruit had to learn. Some did not learn it easily or readily, but on inspection days, when the lynx-eyed inspector had his suspicions aroused, he would *modestly* open coat and shirt collar and examine neck and ears and perhaps order a detail to scrub the delinquent. Then it began to be thought worth while to make the special effort needed to pass a creditable inspection. To our credit be it said we had few such, but we had some, and they too in time learned how to do it. It will be remembered that, in the later history of the Regiment, when in winter quarters, there were contests in which the prize or a furlough was offered to the most cleanly and soldierly appearing men, and that several representatives of Company D carried off the prize, men like Lansberry and Seal, true soldiers and the pride of their officers.

Another matter that called for thought in all volunteer organizations was the relation of officers and men. Many of the officers had been the chums and familiar friends of men in the ranks. Now they were lifted above them and within certain limits had authority absolute over them. How to adjust ourselves to these new relations was a problem at first not easily solved. We had to learn to show regard for rank, and recognize the distinctions that must exist for the sake of discipline between officers and soldiers. These distinctions were based on rank, and it sometimes went against the grain to show to some men the courtesy which by reason of rank was their due. We soon came to realize that we were out of civil life, that civilian days were past, that we were now under military regulation, that the right to command belonged to the officer, and it was plainly the duty of the good soldier to render instant obedience. Order No. 8, Headquarters 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Cockeyville, calls attention to the courtesy due from a soldier to his superior and also

to the evil of enlisted men lounging about the officers' quarters. The common sense requirement was in a very little time recognized and observed by all without loss of friendship or respect.

A high standard of soldierly discipline was set before us from the start, and we were required, under penalty, to measure up to it. Our officers had very little advantage over the men. Each class had its several duties to learn. By some these duties were easily and quickly mastered, and they soon found in the routine of military life a certain pleasure and satisfaction. With others it was slow, hard work to learn the drill, to keep step, to touch elbows, to move briskly at the word of command, to master the manual of arms, and do each duty and make each movement with the promptness and precision that was required. At first many men rebelled in spirit at the exacting demands, deeming them unreasonable and tyrannical. When we first began battalion drill and were faced about and men trod on each others heels, or barked each others shins, and received a sharp reprimand for slowness or native awkwardness, they were smothered threats and curses and more than once some overwrought and exasperated soul made threat of awful vengeance when the favored opportunity should come. After we had learned our drill and were able to go through our manoeuvres to the satisfaction of our Colonel and our own comfort and credit, these same men often times saw and felt and acknowledged the benefit of the drill and discipline of which they at first so bitterly complained.

Our moral and spiritual welfare was not neglected. Our company officers were all men of strict religious character, men who tried to live their religion. We had our Chaplain with us from the start and he stood by the boys and was a help to many. In all his efforts among us, he was well supported by our Colonel, who set us a good example in matters moral and religious. There was a large proportion of religious men in the company, and the greater number of those who made no profession were yet men of firm religious convictions. I know of one prayer meeting that was held in some of the quarters of the company as long as there was left the two or three, of like mind to meet together. But we had all sorts, religious and otherwise. One of our boys, who did not see the profit of religious

restraint, after the battle of Chancellorsville, expressed his view of religion as being no good, because a group of boys in the company, who kept up a prayer meeting, were all among the killed and wounded, not a man of them had escaped. Taking their experience as a justification of his view he said, "Just look at them religious fellers, every one of them got hit."

Profanity and drunkenness were outlawed, and among the boys there were not many infractions of proper conduct. There were temptations many, as always and everywhere, and many fell under their power, and were harmed by them. But for a body of men gathered as we were, away from the restraints of home and society, exposed to all the vices of army life, the character of the company for sobriety and morality would rank high and stand fair when compared with that of any other company.

While at Cockeyville we had no idle time. With picket and guard duty, guard mount and drill and dress parade, the days passed swiftly by. There were special days as when the companies were brought together at Cockeyville, or one of the other camps for battalion drill. During these months we were made familiar with all the duties of the soldier in camp and on outpost. We had acquired a soldierly bearing and formed soldierly habits. We were now to exercise ourselves in another line of military duty. Orders came for us to join the Army of the Potomac. The camp at Cockeyville had moved into barracks a few days before the order came. The order to get out of the barracks came as a glad relief to some of us.

Some of the boys determined to celebrate our departure, which they did with a great feast the night before. Requisition was made upon the community round about for all needed supplies and it is needless to say that there was an abundance. I am told that, when we were in the cars and ready to start, the railroad watchman when bidding some of the boys good-bye said that "If they killed as many rebs as they had chickens at Cockeyville our going south would be a calamity to rebeldom." It is safe to say that we were not a set of plunderers, were not allowed to be, but on the last night of our stay there, many unusual liberties were taken.

We landed at Cockeyville with our full complement of men, one hundred and one. They were for the most part men in the first vigor of a healthy, hearty manhood, mature enough to adapt themselves to their new life with consideration and judgment. Eleven were eighteen years old, thirteen were nineteen years, five were twenty, nine were twenty-one years, thirteen were twenty-two years, ten were twenty-three, twenty were between twenty-four and twenty-eight years of age, thirteen between thirty and forty and four were over forty. The oldest men of our number were David Acher and Abram Hull, both forty-two. We had some magnificent specimens of young manhood. There was D. F. Fortney, clean limbed, of strong, vigorous and well knit frame. When asked by Doctor Potter, our examining surgeon, at Centre Hall, "How old are you?" replied "Nineteen," the Doctor said he could hardly believe a man could grow to such proportions in nineteen years.

We had a healthful camp, our duties were not burdensome, we did not have any considerable exposure, we had a regular supply of provisions, and comfortable tents in which to rest and sleep, and yet it was but a few weeks until we had a considerable number on the sick list. The illness was in most cases not of a serious nature, and recovery speedily attained. Eighteen were reported sick for the month of October and nineteen for November. On November 14th we had our first loss by death, Wm. F. Gable, who died in the hospital at Cockeyville and Sergt. H. H. Weaver was sent home with the body. Emanuel M. Lytzel died in hospital while the Regiment was on its way to join the Army of the Potomac. The sick, five in number, were sent to hospital at York, Pennsylvania, one of whom died there; three were discharged and but one rejoined the company.

Tuesday, December 9th, we left Cockeyville for Baltimore, were taken to the Union Relief where we had supper and quarters for the night. The afternoon of the 10th we took train for Washington, where we arrived before daylight. We were taken to the Soldiers' Rest, and had something to eat, and in the afternoon took up our line of march, our objective being Liverpool Point, Maryland. After a march of a few miles we camped near Fort Greble. This

camp is memorable as the place where we threw away our scales, ridding ourselves of what we considered useless trumpery, and we were never after required to replace them.

Friday morning we were early on the way plodding along through the mud and water. This was our first full day's march. How it wearied us and how welcome the order "Halt" sounded in our ears. We were tired and sore that night. We were ahead of our provision train and had to go supperless to bed. In the morning we had nothing but coffee for breakfast. We learned from this experience the need of a reserve supply of provisions. We were never after so badly caught, even when on longer marches. We waited till afternoon for the wagons to come up. The sutler's stores were cleaned out and the country round about our camp scoured for food. We called this "Camp Starvation." The privation was slight and in our later experiences would have been thought very little of, but then we made the most of it. There was some trouble in Company D headquarters about a ham, and some parties grew so warm over it that they were scarce restrained from blows. After we took up our line of march some one every now and then would sing out, "Who stole the ham?"

We held on our way till after dark to make up time. We were out again early Sunday morning and pushed on briskly till about 4:00 p. m., when we went into camp. We made Liverpool Point the afternoon of the next day. The next morning we took boat for Acquia Creek, and then on to join the Army before Fredericksburg.

On our way, as we passed the various camps, men coming out and looking at our full ranks would ask, "*What brigade is that?*" Others as we were passing by called out, "You ought to have been here a couple of days ago." Fredericksburg had been fought but a few days before. Some days passed before we were permanently located. In the meantime we had inspections and reviews. At general inspection December 22d, we first saw General Hancock, and at review on the 24th we saw Generals Burnside and Sumner. The Division did not seem enthusiastic at the sight of Burnside. When he passed our line our Colonel called for a cheer and we gave it with a will.

We finally became part of the First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps. Drill and building quarters were now the order of the day. Our camp was regularly laid out; instructions were given as to the form and size of our quarters; they were built of logs up to the square, and then covered with canvas and arranged so as to be opened up, to thoroughly air the interior. Provision was made for wide, commodious chimneys, and while wood lasted we could easily keep comfortable in all kinds of weather. The interior arrangements were left to our own notions of convenience. Twelve men were to occupy each building. This required a doubling up of messes that had lived separately in close fellowship for months past. We did not look upon the arrangement with favor, but accepted it as a military necessity. The doubling up process was accomplished, the circle of closer and more intimate friendships extended, and we lived happily and comfortably through the winter. The camp completed, was named for our General, Camp Hancock. Our time was now devoted to the routine duties of a soldier's life, such as camp guard and picket duty, drills by squad, by company and battalion, and dress parade. Only the weather and Sundays stayed the drill. We didn't play at soldiering; we worked at it; it was our business. Our officers were constant and painstaking in the effort to make the company an efficient instrument for service, worthy of its place in the Regiment. In all this effort we were made to work up to the highest ideal. When, as a Regiment, we joined the Army of the Potomac and found our place in brigade and division we did not copy after the older regiments about us. Many of these were slack in discipline, neglectful of personal appearance, and unsoldierly in manner and bearing. We had our own standard. We were a law unto ourselves, and the demand upon us was as rigid and exacting as ever, requiring cleanliness of person and clothing, burnished arms and equipment, and on state occasions, white gloves and paper collars. For this some called us Sunday soldiers, but all the same we were kept up to a high ideal in all that pertained to soldierly duty.

When in camp at Cockeysville we had been supplied, for the most part with soft bread. When we came into the Army of the

Potomac we were supplied with hard tack. The amount of tack furnished did not meet the needs of new men; we didn't get enough to eat. Our boys were not the kind to go hungry, if there was food anywhere to be had. If it was not furnished in sufficient quantity they would try to help themselves. The Irish Brigade was in camp near us. It was reported to have a well stored commissary. It was also rumored that members of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers quietly made raids on that commissary and carried off boxes of crackers, barrels of flour, syrup, sugar and other things that gave a pleasing variety to army fare. I recall one morning during the period of scarcity that when I woke some of my mess were at the fire-place toasting and eating hard tack and near by was a full box newly opened. My inquiry was, "Where did that come from?" The reply was, "Take all you want but ask no questions." Complaints were said to have been made to our Colonel, who made an investigation, but found nothing contraband. But some say that, while he was making search, he was sometimes perilously near to a barrel of flour, a camp kettle of syrup or some other article of diet, which if found, would have given color to the complaint. But all the same those boys reveled in slap-jacks and syrup, and general plenty prevailed in our camp. When General Hooker succeeded to the command of the Army we received a very welcome addition of potatoes and onions to our ration. The boys blessed Fighting Joe for these. And after if at the expected time they were not issued, then you could hear the wail, "Hooker is superseded;" but when they were again issued, the joyful shout rose, "Hooker is again in command."

The sameness of our camp life was broken January 20th, by orders to be in readiness to move. We didn't move, however, but we saw many who did, and we heartily sympathized with them as they marched by our camp in a steady rain and through deep mud. It was the noted Burnside Mud March. February 8th was a notable day in our calendar, the day on which we exchanged our clumsy guns for new Springfield rifles. We were proud of our new guns, for we felt that we could rely on them when the time came to use them.

It was a rule of our camp that details must go and come in

strict military order. On the night of February 21, 1863, there was a heavy snowfall, followed by a cold, piercing wind. Our picket detail was not relieved until late in the afternoon of the 22d. Their haversacks were empty. After a wearisome march they came straggling into camp. At the entrance to the camp stood the Colonel. Our disorder and slack discipline was plain, but no notice was taken of it, but instead a welcome home, with the comforting assurance that there was hot coffee ready for us.

March 17, 1863, St. Patrick's Day in the morning, was a day to be remembered in the Army of the Potomac. The Irish Brigade that day furnished entertainment for the Army. There were horse races, foot races, sack races and all sorts of fun. Officers and soldiers were gathered from all parts of the Army. In the afternoon, while some foot races were being run, General Meagher came up on the gallop and waving his hand said, "Men, hurry off to your commands." The men thought at first that he was joking and they jeered, but he anxiously exclaimed, "Men, for God's sake, hurry off to your commands." Some of us thought it the part of prudence to obey, and were off on double quick to our camp. Parts of two companies were already on the color line, and as fast as we could, we went for our arms, but before the Regiment formed the scare had subsided. It was rumored that the rebels were making a demonstration a short distance above us.

One day when in charge of the camp guard, General Hancock and an Orderly made the circuit of our camp, coming in by the rear. The guard was wide awake and promptly in position to receive him. His reception seemed to please him and after a few pleasant words he went away in a seemingly good humor.

There were two Saturdays that stand out clear in memory, April 11 and 18, 1863, when blank cartridges were issued and we went out to practice firing. How excited some of the men became. The orders would be *ready*, *aim*, and before the order *fire* was given, *bang* would go some fellow's gun. It took but little imagination to make it seem a very real affair, even if the firing was only on one side.

April 14th we were under marching orders, with eight days' rations—three days' rations in haversacks. The same day we packed our dress coats and overcoats and all unnecessary impedimenta and turned them over to the care of the Quartermaster's department.

The winter at Camp Hancock, for the first two months or more, was in some respects both dull and gloomy. The defeat at Fredericksburg with its attendant slaughter had a depressing effect upon the Army and upon the whole country. Those at home opposed to the War, wrote to their friends in the Army, and in some cases did them incalculable harm by injecting doubts into their minds as to the righteousness of the Union cause, and of the ability of the Government to overpower the Rebellion. Letters and papers came representing the country to be in a terrible condition, and all this because of the attitude of the Government in the conduct of the War. Such communications were in some cases the moving cause that led to desertion, while in other cases they led to dissatisfaction with the life and work of the soldier and wrought in him so that he lost faith in his cause and interest in the service, and when a man has lost these, he has lost his efficiency. Discouraging news from home led on to homesickness and that made men heartsick and hopeless, and that led to the hospital and in some cases to the grave. We had something of that in our company that winter, and it didn't do anybody any good. We had a great deal of sickness during the winter. There were two deaths in our regimental hospital, Emanuel Fox and Jonathan Wolf. Frank G. Mattern was sick, nigh unto death, in the division hospital. He recovered but was never able to return to the Regiment. We were credited with two cases of desertion and quite a number were discharged from the service. So that after various losses we reported in April fifty-three men present for duty, eight on extra duty, and ten sick, making an aggregate of seventy-one men. Toward spring we began to hearten up as the weather and season began to suggest active operations; a spirit of courage and hopefulness possessed us, a feeling quite different from that which we felt several months before.

In the meantime changes had taken place among our commis-

sioned officers. Lieutenant Thomas had resigned in January and returned home to take up the work of teaching from which he had been taken by his boys. Lieutenant Edmonds resigned in February and returned home, but later went out as Captain of Company I, 184th Pennsylvania Volunteers and served to the close of the War. These were both good, clean men and both had many warm friends in the company, who were sorry to see them go from us. First Sergt. I. F. Musser was promoted to be First Lieutenant, Sergt. Alfred A. Rhinehart to be Second Lieutenant. John A. Burchfield was made First Sergeant Company D. There were promotions in order among the Sergeants and Corporals and some new men were promoted to these honorable positions. About this time there was something of an epidemic among the non-commissioned officers of the Regiment, so much so that some of us thought it would be better to resign our honors rather than wait and be stripped of them. But a good friend advising, said, "Don't do it, but keep your eyes open and mind your business." which we tried to do.

When the weather was fine during March and April we put in full time at squad and company drill on our parade grounds or in our company street. One pleasant day when Lieutenant Rhinehart was putting us through our paces on the parade ground, a group of officers were standing off some distance watching our movements. When we were dismissed Lieutenant Rhinehart joined the group and they complimented him upon the efficiency of his men. They had timed our step in our various movements and found it to be the regulation standard.

Our winter's preparation was now completed. We were now ready to move. Parts of the Army were already in motion. Early on the morning of April 28th we left Camp Hancock in fine spirits and in good trim, ready for whatever was in store for us. Lieutenant Musser was on the sick list and had to be left behind. By easy stages we came to the Rappahannock River, crossing at United States Ford in the evening. We struck the pontoon bridge, all keeping step and by the time the half of us were on it we had it on the swing, and General Hancock called to us in language both vigorous and em-

phatic to break step or we would break the bridge. We got over safely and marched on till midnight, when we halted in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, the third day from leaving camp. We formed line in the woods, stacked arms, and sought rest in sleep. We had abundant material (dry leaves) to make a good bed. What a good night's rest we had. We were now on the battlefield that was to be. Our opportunity for efficient training was beyond that of many. Seven months of constant application, under the eye of a thorough soldier, who was conscientious, persistent and painstaking in the performance of duty, and ambitious for the improvement of his men, could have but one result—a regiment of practiced soldiers to whom it had become second nature to move at and according to the word of command. That Regiment was now to be tried by the supreme test of battle; to show in actual conflict the effect of discipline, and prove its fitness for the work for which it had been preparing.

Friday forenoon, May 1st, was spent in the woods, cleaning up and resting. The Captain left us that morning sick. Lieutenant Rhinehart was now in command of the company. In the afternoon we were taken out into the open and stacked arms, waiting for orders. Firing began off to our left. As we sat there waiting, listening to that firing a horrible feeling came over me. I have no question that others felt it too. I got up and took hold of one of my chums and chucked him against his neighbor. At once the company was on its feet sparring and the horrid feeling was gone. The call came to *fall in* and we were run out some distance on the road toward Fredericksburg and filed into a small clearing; the Regiment formed in two divisions. Our Colonel said, "Boys, they call us Sunday soldiers. Let them see what Sunday soldiers can do. *Load.*" I recall a sight of General Hancock in advance and to the left of us, by a section of a battery, I supposed feeling for the Johnnies. Here we remained for a little while, when we were faced about and rushed back to Chancellorsville, where we lay in support of a battery. Here we lost our first man, Samuel Holloway, of Company D, killed by our own fire. When the firing ceased we were taken back again over the same road and filed into the woods on the left, took up a new line

and lay here all night on our arms. In the evening we were shelled briskly but without any serious result. In the early morning we moved out by the left flank and took up a new position near Chancellorsville. This position we strengthened with a breastworks of logs. We remained unmolested until after noon; being very hungry, we obtained permission to make small fires and cook coffee and meat. When the cooking was rightly under way our smoke drew their fire and they sent a few shells which drove us to cover. But we couldn't let our meat and coffee go for a trifle like that, and so every now and then a rush would be made to save some overdone meat or well cooked tin of coffee.

Sunday morning the enemy's shot came inside our works. Here Charles F. Speaker and Daniel Harter were hit. Speaker had to be carried away but Harter remained with the company.

Early in the morning we were taken out and back on to the road leading to United States Ford, then by the left flank we swept across an open space, shells dropping seemingly at our heels, but not exploding, and on to the wood where we ran up against the enemy. Their first volley went over us. We were ordered to lie down. But they soon got our range. They were on our front and right flank and had men in tree tops. Their volleys soon laid our boys out. Wm. Knarr was right in front of me. He said, "I can't stand this," and raised himself to fire. Instantly he was struck and fell backward, dragged himself out of the line and lay still—dead. Men were hit on every hand and our line shattered. The call came, "Close up on the colors." I called "Come, boys" and made a rush for the colors. Not more than two or three men followed. Again the call came, "Company D, *why don't you close up on the colors?*" After moving up near the colors I began firing. Having discharged my gun, with my hand back at my cartridge box, I lost consciousness. When taken to the field hospital it was a great surprise to me to see so many of the boys there among the wounded. Our total loss in killed and wounded was forty-four and is as follows: (See "Casualties.")

Fifteen were left dead on the field and three died of wounds in Potomac Creek Hospital. A few were slightly wounded and these



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in a couple of months found their way back to the company. After Chancellorsville the Army crossed back over the river, and our Regiment returned to its old camp. What a sad spectacle it must have been to those who returned, a little handful of men, eleven all told, there were, who answered to roll call in the company street at Camp Hancock. Lieutenant Brown, of Company I, was assigned to the command of the company. In June Lieutenant Rinehart was sufficiently recovered to return and take charge of the company. When he returned, he was the sole surviving commissioned officer of the company. The severely wounded were gathered, after the battle, in the hospital at Potomac Creek. Those able to go on to Washington were sent to the hospital there. Capt. Andrew Musser left us at Chancellorsville, sick with fever, and after a brief illness died at Potomac Creek Hospital May 14, 1863. He was an earnest, conscientious, Christian man, and faithful as an officer in the performance of his duty. The fate of his company made him heart-sick and doubtless had much to do with the shortening of his days. Lieut. Israel F. Musser lay sick in the same ward and twelve days later, May 26th, he too passed away. Kind and gentle Is. Musser, pure and upright in his life, and loyal in his friendships, his memory is precious to those who knew him. The rest at Camp Hancock was broken by the march of Lee into Pennsylvania and the rush of our men to meet him at Gettysburg. In this battle Company D had three men wounded, Jacob Reeser, Robert Bullock and John Durst. Durst was taken to the hospital at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. His wound gangrened and he died. Upon the departure of the Army for Pennsylvania, the sick and wounded were removed from Potomac Creek Hospital. A goodly number of us were banished to Point Lookout, Maryland. I recall Fleming, who in the later history of the Regiment was so well known as "Old Moseby," and who for long was Orderly Sergeant of Company D down to the close of the War. Henry C. Campbell who though twice severely wounded returned to the Regiment and was in the service to the end. There was Davidson, Harshberger, Reed, Runkle, Wolf and others whose names I do not now recall, who waited here for healing and recovery.

Company D with its handful of men shared the fortunes of the Regiment in its marches and counter-marches during the summer months. In July Lieutenant Rinehart was promoted to be Captain of the company, and John A. Burchfield to be First Lieutenant, and both were mustered August 27, 1863. During the fall months those of the wounded who were able for duty in the field, began to return to the companies from the hospitals where they had been cared for. In October, Company D had twenty-two present for duty. To these were added, October 30th, twenty-seven conscripts, and again, early in November, fourteen more conscripts were sent to join us, so that the old men were outnumbered by the new. We made a virtue of necessity and did our best by our new men. They proved for the most part to be good material, and with the help of the old experienced men soon learned to suit themselves to their new conditions. Without time to train them, we started on the Mine Run Expedition. It was short and fruitless, but hard enough while it lasted. The weather was cold, especially at night, and where we had to lie close to the ground we felt its rigor. It will be remembered that on Monday morning an assault was to be made on the enemy's works. The signal was a cannon shot on the right. When it rang out we were ready. But suspense grew to be agony as we waited and wondered "why don't they let us go." In due time word came that the order for the assault was countermanded, and for one, I will say that *I was glad*. At night we withdrew and began our retreat, in the morning crossed the Rapidan and in the evening reached our old camp. The next few days were spent in locating a site for our winter camp and in building quarters. By Friday, December 11th, our company quarters were well under way, and when completed we had a fine, well ordered camp. Our opportunities for religious and social improvement were better than they had been in any of our former camps. A sung chapel was built in camp and it became a center of the best social life and the best influences that mould and shape the lives of men. Here we had religious services, and indeed this winter was noted for its special religious interest. Singing school was held there also, as well as school for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Regiment. It is no secret that

one evening when the officers' call sounded, not an officer put in an appearance; all were busy issuing clothing, deeming that sufficient reason for not obeying the call. Not so with the Colonel. The duty to which they were called was for the time paramount to every other. They were all put under arrest. The next morning there was not a commissioned officer in camp to act as officer of the day. That honor then fell upon Orderly Sergt. Luther D. Kurtz, of D Company, who was detailed to that duty for the time.

During this winter there was no relaxation in discipline and drill. There was special need in Company D with its great accession of new men. The only way *to keep* men efficient is by exercise; so for the good of the old men and for the perfecting of the new men we were constant in squad and company drill. The new men profited greatly by the example of the old men who were proficient, and the result was that in a couple of months we could go through the manual at the tap of the drum and through the evolutions of the company with commendable precision. We had a little diversion on Saturday, February 6, 1864, when at 6:00 A. M. we fell in and marched off to the Rapidan which we reached about noon. The Third Division of our Corps crossed the river and there was some fighting all afternoon and very heavy at dark. The Second Division relieved the Third and before morning the Second Division was withdrawn to the north side of the river. We were there as interested spectators. About dark Sabbath night we started for our old camp which we reached before midnight, glad to be home again. On the morning of March 23d a deep snow covered the ground. The clouds scattered, the sun shone out bright and about noon the snow was in good condition for making balls. The boys soon began to make use of it, and then from combats among themselves they became engaged with the 52d New York. Our boys crowded the 52d boys into their own camp, when some of their officers took charge of their men, and drove our boys back. Some of our officers went out to the boys and we held the 52d outside the camp and captured some of their officers. All went good naturedly until the snow was gone and some excited men caught up sticks and stones, and we soon found that a real war was imminent.

But the officers on both sides were able to restrain the men and put an end to the affair.

March 26th seven new men were added to our number. The day following we were transferred to the Fourth Brigade, commanded by General Brooke. The last change among the commissioned officers of Company D was the resignation of Lieutenant Gemmill, because of disability from wounds received in action, and promotion of Luther D. Kurtz to be Second Lieutenant. J. J. Fleming was made Orderly Sergeant. When the spring campaign opened Company D had sixty-two men present for duty. The company was as full and strong as it had been the year before.

The campaign of 1864 began for the 148th when it broke camp on the night of May 3d. It was about to enter upon a campaign and to do work surpassing anything it had yet accomplished. This is true of the whole Army. After crossing the river and on the way to the Wilderness the Regiment camped on the old Chancellorsville battle ground. While here some of the boys placed a new marker at the grave of Samuel Holloway. Company D had no losses until we reached Po River. Here, after much manoeuvring we crossed the river and were again forced back, suffering a loss in Company D of three non-commissioned officers and twelve men. Here the color guard of the Regiment was about wiped out, as Sergeant Henry and all the Corporals were killed, but Lucas of F and Henry C. Campbell, of D. At Spotsylvania May 12th our company suffered a loss of twelve men, among whom were Corporals D. C. Holloway, H. C. Campbell, and Allen B. Cross, wounded. May 30th at Totopotomoy Creek Sergt. John C. Bathgate and Corp. Charles F. Speaker were wounded, making a total loss for the month of May from Company D of twenty-nine men. After constant struggle, marching, throwing up breastworks and fighting, the Army reached Cold Harbor, and here on June 3d Company D lost six men. From Cold Harbor the Army was moved to the James, and near Petersburg June 16th, in the assault in which the Regiment took part the company lost nine men; and again on the 22d eleven men were taken prisoners. July 27th one man was wounded at Deep Bottom. On the 20th of August, 1864, Charles A. Ramsay, private of Company D, was pro-

noted to be Sergeant Major of the Regiment. In the struggle to get hold of the Weldon Railroad at Reams Station we had one man killed and one wounded. The total of losses up to August 25th from the crossing of the river in May, was in killed, wounded and missing, fifty-eight men. The losses of Company D for the summers of 1863 and 1864, make a grand total exceeding the whole number of men with which we entered the service. When the Army invested Petersburg and intrenched, the boys lived in bomb proofs, holes dug in the ground and covered with heavy timbers. Firing was kept up day and night. Thus the time passed until the closing scenes of the War began to take place in the spring of 1865. Grant held Lee in firm grip around Richmond. In March began the movements which ended the War at Appomattox. Near Petersburg March 25th we had our last man killed, Henry Confare, and at Gravelly Run, March 30th, Captain Rhinehart was wounded with two of his men. These were our last losses on the field.

The muster roll for April, 1865, gives the names of twenty-seven men as present, and eighteen of these were men who were mustered into service at Centre Hall, Centre County, August 22, 1862. On March 20, 1865, Sergt. Geo. M. Boal was transferred to the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers and made Regimental Quartermaster of the same. A little later Sergt. Major Charles A. Ramsay was promoted to be Adjutant of the 148th Regiment. After the surrender, the Regiment lay for a couple of weeks at Farmville, while the rebel Army was being paroled and preparations made for the march northward. Then came the Grand Review at Washington, the muster out and return home. The last appearance of the company in organized form was at Bellefonte, July 4, 1865, under command of Lieut. Luther D. Kurtz. There it broke ranks, and its surviving members returned to the walks of civil life, to do their part as nobly as they did through the War.

It will not do to close this brief story of Company D without reference to two classes. First: those who, at the very beginning of our active service in the field, fell at the battle's front, in our first engagement. How premature seemed their fall. They were cut off before their time.

Nor that long list, made up of the number of those who, on every field maintained the honor of our cause, and the good name of our Regiment; proved their loyalty and worth by the shedding of their blood and the giving up of life. Their names are on record. They did their whole duty. They gave their full measure of devotion to the cause of the Union. Their names shall be held in lasting remembrance. Second: those who held on their way until the end, and were mustered out at the close of the War. Many of them had suffered from sickness, and from wounds received in action, but having recovered, returned to the company and took up their duty, and were faithful to the end. In this they set an example of fidelity and loyalty worthy of imitation. At the head of these were the commissioned officers, men of the company who came up out of the ranks, who won their places because they proved their fitness for them, brave men, true and tried, and when tried not found wanting. The same is true of the non-commissioned officers, the Sergeants and the Corporals, who won their places by their fidelity to duty, proved men all.

Of the five Sergeants all are living but Cross. In kindly remembrance let me pay this tribute. Sergt. Allen B. Cross was the most light-hearted, cheery and good natured man I ever knew. Never out of humor, ready and willing for any duty, always able to whistle or sing, he was the life of his company, and a source of courage and help to his comrades—all loyal men and true. It is an honor to be mentioned in connection with them, and to have done some humble service in their ranks.

Allenwood, Pennsylvania, 1902.

(Comrade Gemmill is a Presbyterian Minister at the above place.—EDITOR.)



Henry C. Campbell

Three
MEN
of COMPANY D.



D. H. Young



Allen B. Cross

THE STORY OF COMPANY D.

PART II.

By Lieut. L. D. Kurtz.

The campaign of 1863, with its long and wearisome marches, and its hard fought battles was ended. The Army of the Potomac had gone into winter quarters at Stevensburg, Virginia, feeling that it had earned a needed rest by its arduous labors in the last campaign. The 148th lay in a grove which immediately began to disappear. Some of the trees went up in smoke; others went up in the shape of rude log huts which added greatly to our comfort. Soon the transmigration of the grove was complete. The camp was nicely laid out and after the company streets were cleaned, everything began to look very comfortable and homelike to the veterans, fresh from the privations of a hard campaign. While here, the shattered ranks of the Regiment were filled with raw recruits, who were prepared, by constant drill and discipline, for the hardships awaiting them in the coming campaign. Our Regiment had, by this time, attained a high standard in drill and discipline, and our record bears out the fact. Soon after the camp was laid out, a chapel was built, in which religious services were regularly held. These meetings were presided over by Chaplain Stevens who was devoted to the men, and who took a deep interest in their spiritual welfare. Many delightful recollections are associated with our camp life at Stevensburg. Memories, pleasant and sad, crowd in upon us.

Comrades sometimes disagreed and at times became very much in earnest. On one occasion several of the boys had become very loud. Physical combat threatened and a crowd quickly gathered. Unnoticed by most of the crowd the Colonel came up behind and gave the command, "Boys, form a ring and let them fight it out." The ring was quickly formed but the "principals" had disappeared in the confusion and that ended the excitement. In December two of Company D's drafted men, took sick and died and were buried not far from camp.

The five months of camp life were spent very pleasantly and all the boys were in good spirits. Although the weather was cold, and picket and fatigue duty hard at times, they were always cheerful and ready for duty. Spring came, and although the coming campaign promised to be a hard one, yet every one looked with eagerness to the breaking up of camp. The 3d of May came in bright and beautiful and the monotony of camp life was about to be broken. In the afternoon we received marching orders and immediately after dark broke camp. We took up the line of march, reaching the battlefield of the Wilderness at about 10:00 A. M. the next day. We spent the remainder of the day and the next night on the ground where the year before so many of the brave boys gave up their lives. The battle of Chancellorsville was one of the bloodiest battles ever recorded on the pages of history. Company D came out of the fight with but a Corporal's squad fit for duty. In the present engagement we escaped with slight loss. Up to the evening of May 6th our Regiment had but one killed and several wounded. In the evening we moved to the right. Early on the morning of the 8th we encountered the enemy at Todd's Farm. The next day we strengthened our position by throwing up works. About 6:00 P. M. our Regiment, after a hard day at fatigue duty, was ordered into line and crossed the Po River. Part of our Regiment was then deployed as skirmishers and drove the enemy back so the Brigade could cross without opposition. May 10th still found us on the south side of the Po, constantly changing position. At 1:00 P. M. we had a sharp engagement. Companies A and D being deployed in skirmish line advanced over an open field until within sight of rebel line of battle, when we retreated, firing. When half way across the field the rebs opened fire on us, wounding several of the men. We joined our command and fought for about two hours. We were then compelled to retreat being surrounded on three sides by the enemy and the woods in our rear being on fire. We fell back across the river, being the last of the Brigade to recross. Our loss was heavy. On May 11th it began raining and at dark we started on the march for the assault at the Salient—a brilliant episode fully described in other stories.

This was a memorable day. The Regiment lost heavily. Company D lost two killed, John J. Stover and Cyrus Brubaker. Five were wounded and three missing. With little rest through the night, we resumed our duties the next day, being deployed on skirmish line. Thus each day brought with it marching and fighting until May 16th found us temporarily in camp on Harrison's farm, near Spotsylvania Court House. On the following day we changed our position and on the 18th were shelled by a rebel battery. After dark we marched about five miles to our left and camped for the night. On the 19th we received a mail, the first since we had left winter quarters. The day passed quietly. In the evening there was some skirmishing on our right. Our Regiment was ordered to make a reconnaissance, which we did. Marched about a mile and returned to camp. May 20th at 10:00 P. M. we took up the line of march. We marched all night and the next day until 2:00 P. M., when we stopped for lunch on hard tack and coffee. While on the march we passed through Bowling Green and later through Milford Station, and then crossed the Mattaponi River. On the 22d Companies D and I were sent out scouting. While on this expedition, after reconnoitering several miles beyond our outposts, a halt was ordered. The boys, taking advantage of the rest, started out on a scout of their own searching for something to eat. They came to an old mill where several negroes were staying. Charley Speaker quickly discovered some chickens. After some dickering, Charley bought the chickens for fifty cents apiece. He then searched the mill for cornmeal but found none. When they returned, Charley proudly showed his purchase, but when he laid the chickens on the ground they both began clucking. Charley was made the target of a good many jokes, especially by men of Company I, but he stuck to the chickens. In a short time a Sergeant of Company I came in with two dozen of eggs, which he had bought at the old mill. He had paid a stiff price for them, (it was characteristic of the 148th to pay well for everything they bought) but seemed entirely satisfied with his bargain. In the evening Charles and I had chicken and soft bread for supper, and although the chickens were not as fat as they might have been, they tasted fine. The Sergeant of Company I

really made a better bargain than Charley did for he found chickens in all of his eggs.

We rested until the 27th, then resumed our march crossing the Pamunkey. We had sharp skirmishes with the enemy every day. On the 31st we advanced and drove the enemy from their works. I never experienced as hot skirmishing before. Charley Speaker was wounded in the leg. We were relieved in the evening and joined the Regiment. The whole line then advanced and threw up works. Thus we pushed our line steadily forward until we reached Cold Harbor. Here the 148th displayed marked gallantry. The skirmish line, of which Company D was part, in command of Maj. R. H. Forster, drove the enemy's advance and then joined the Regiment in its rush upon the works. We then threw up works in close range of the enemy, using bayonets, plates and anything with which we could dig or shovel. These works we gradually advanced until we were within a stone's throw of their works. While in this position we were constantly annoyed by sharpshooters. Samuel Shannon had the button shot off his cap, which was rather a close call. June 9th a flag of truce was raised to bury the dead between the lines. The truce lasted two hours during which time the boys in Blue and Gray exchanged tobacco, coffee and hard tack. When the white flag was lowered, hostilities were renewed. Our next move was towards the James. To withdraw the troops from works so close to the enemy, without arousing suspicion, was a delicate operation, but it was successfully accomplished. The pickets for our part of the line were drawn from the 148th. Being one of the number I well remember the orders we received.*

We struck the James at Sweeney's Landing, June 14, 1864, and crossing the river pushed on towards Petersburg. From the time we broke camp on the 3d day of May until we crossed the James was a period which has no parallel in history. Many of the brave and noble boys who started with us on that beautiful May morning, now sleep in their lonely graves beneath some shady pine, or on the sunny slope of some southern hillside. And although their graves cannot be decorated by loving hands on each returning Memorial Day, yet the ivy and wild rose may make beautiful the spot

*See a full account of the movement as related by Lieutenant Colonel Wilson, page 271.—EDITOR.

where each lies. We enshrine them in our memory as brave and loyal men, fearless in the discharge of their duty, and true to the colors for which they died. Up to June 14th Company D lost in killed: John J. Stover, Cyrus Brubaker, George Byam and Adam G. Meyer; wounded: Charles T. Speaker, Henry Campbell, Robert Bullock, Allen B. Cross, William Carter, David Etter, Daniel Holloway, William P. Holloway, Jacob Reeser, Simon Vanada, Henry McCallister, and Henry Staymen; missing, five; making a total loss of twenty-one. The Army pressed on towards Petersburg. June 16th was a day of hard fighting. On the 16th Colonel Beaver was wounded, which wound disabled him for over two months. On the 18th Maj. R. H. Forster, who had command of the Regiment and who, being division officer of the day, had charge of the skirmish line, was severely wounded in the breast. This left our Regiment without a field officer, and very much reduced in number. The 148th took part in all the engagements until our line was established in front of Petersburg.

On December 15th our Regiment reported at corps headquarters to witness the presentation of a medal, as a reward of merit by General Meade to private Geo. W. Harris of Company B, for capturing colors on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania. On the 16th our Division was formed in hollow square to witness the execution (by hanging) of three soldiers who had deserted, enlisted in the Confederate Army were captured and identified. The execution took place at noon on the 25th, which was Christmas. I spent the day with the boys of the 148th. Took dinner with Captain Edmonds, who had been Lieutenant in our company.

A word in conclusion. Nearly forty years have passed since the War. Then we were young and in the flush of vigorous manhood. Now we are growing old, those hard tack would seem much harder; those cold nights on picket much colder; those furious charges we made would lack vim and vigor. With the youngest of us the shadows are lengthening. Many are far down the shady side of the mountain, and will soon pass through the valley of the shadow. We have witnessed scenes which should make us wiser and better, more earnest, sober and thoughtful. As we proved our physical courage on many a hard fought field so let us prove our moral courage in the great struggle against evil, and at the final roll call may all answer to our names and receive our reward.

THE STORY OF COMPANY D. ;

PART III.

By Sergeant Henry Clay Campbell.

I was born one mile east of Centre Hill, June 26, 1842, raised in Ferguson Township on the Campbell Farm. The Pine Grove Academy was the seat of learning in those days for that county, in fact, students came from several of the adjoining counties. It was while attending school here during the winter of 1861 and spring of 1862 that the war excitement reached the highest pitch. Men were leaving every day for the Army. In August, 1862, most of us concluded there was no use in trying to study. The boys sat around in twos and threes talking of going to the War. At last some one proposed to Professor Thomas that we all enlist and he go along. That night we held a war meeting.

Most of the school with a number from the town and country enlisted. A great many of us had brothers who had enlisted before, and our parents thought they had given their share and very reluctantly gave their consent. In a day or two we met in Pine Grove where we bid adieu to home and friends. I shall never forget that morning. Fathers were wiping the tears from their eyes; mothers and sisters were weeping aloud. I think Pine Grove has never witnessed another scene like that, and after forty years I am persuaded that those left behind were the real sufferers during the War. We were soon on our way, cheering and singing, little realizing what was in the future for us all. We were taken to Centre Hall, there sworn in and examined by Dr. Geo. L. Potter, then taken over the Seven Mountains in wagons to Lewistown. We soon found our way to Camp Curtin, there learned that we were to be known in the Army as Company D, 148th Regiment. We had elected for our Captain, Andrew Musser who was a student among us. First Lieutenant, Prof. Thomas, the Second Lieutenant was a German reformed preacher named Edmunds, who came, I think, from Millheim, who proved his loyalty to the cause by preaching the first Sabbath evening

from the top of a store box, Charley Speaker and John Rote holding tallow candles. Our mess of six consisted of D. H. Young, Wm. Weaver, D. H. Weaver, L. Bloom, Mont Bell, and myself, all in A tents. Here we learned that Sunday school teaching was not always applied to soldier's life. One of the boys proposed going down town. When we reached the gate of camp a big lager-beer Dutchman called out in very broken language, "Halt! You can't go out here mitout you gots the countersign McClellan." We told him we had just received the countersign McClellan. "Then you goes right out."

On the march from Washington to the front the second day out most of us were out of rations. There was great complaint and longing for the flesh pots of Cockeyville. Colonel Beaver received his full share of the blame. About this time Lieutenant Thomas accused Lieutenant Edmunds of taking his ham of meat. As we went along some one would sing out, "Who stole the ham?" I learned at our Bellefonte reunion who stole that ham. We were never caught after this without a few hard tack and a piece of pork stored back for reserve. When we reached the river I was detailed to load the baggage on a barge. We soon followed and joined the Regiment on the banks of Acquia Creek. The next day marched about ten miles to near Falmouth, placed in General Hancock's Division of Second Corps. Most of us had relatives in the different regiments of this Army who had gone out before us.

Daniel Musser, Mont Bell, James Ward and myself started to find the 45th Regiment, where each of us had a brother. We lost our bearing and traveled most of the night. When we found them they were just making a detail to lift the pontoons on the river, this being just after Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg. Most of our friends were sent on this detail but Capt. J. O. Campbell ordered his cook to prepare us a good meal, the first we had for one week.

We soon got up quarters, this time twelve men in one tent, one bunk above the other. A great many were sick during the winter and a number died. We did picket duty on the Rappahannock. Much might be said of the homesickness and hardship of this winter. I recall one night when the snow fell about ten inches, we were on

the support most of the night; there was not a stick of wood or a stump to sit on within a mile of us. We walked in a circle most of the time. Towards morning Lieutenant Wilson said, "Oh, Lord, how long will this last?"

Our first officers all left the service before the real tug of war began. Their places were filled by Rhinehart, Burchfield, Gemmill and Kurtz, who all served faithfully until the end. Spring came and we were off for Chancellorsville. The first man killed was Samuel Holloway. He was lying with his head between my feet when the shell from our own guns cut him in two. This seemed a little like war I thought. In this battle I was shot through the right leg and the right side. I found there was none living within twenty feet or more of me; all were dead or had been wounded and left in the rear. Just as I hobbled to the rear Colonel Beaver fell and was carried back. On our way out the bottom of the cook pan on my back was knocked out, the ball lodging in the last ply of the blanket. A little way to the rear I found the good Chaplain Stevens, who carried me about a mile to the field hospital. I shall never forget him.

Lieutenant Gemmill, Fleming, Runkle, Ward, myself and others were sent to Point Lookout Hospital. After Gettysburg the prisoners were sent down there and a camp formed on the upper end of the neck of land. Brother Gemmill was very much annoyed at these fellows praying for the Confederacy, lest they might be heard. I rejoined the Regiment again after Bristoe Station. While we lay near Warrenton some one reported a hog in the corn field. We surrounded the field and John Odenkirk brought down the hog and the whole Regiment had pork for supper. The second winter on the Rappahannock was a pleasant one as we had good quarters and plenty of rations. The Regiment was recruited to nearly the full number. The Mine Run expedition was a pretty rough one but short. Sam Shannon, Cal. Bathgate and myself went out to corps headquarters to hear Grace Greenwood lecture. On the way home we had trouble with several of the Irish Brigade, on our way through their camp. They called out the whole 52d New York and we were defeated. Shannon died at Carlisle and Bathgate lies in the Branch Cemetery.

The next spring on our way to the Wilderness we passed over the Chancellorsville ground and put a new marker on Holloway's grave. Just thirty years after, in 1893, I visited this place; took dinner in the brick house which was fitted up for summer boarders. While there the men were cleaning out an old well near the house; they had taken out about a cart load of cannon balls, canteens etc. I brought one of the canteens home with me. I think we lost no men in the Wilderness. Some one, however, upset a kettle of hot coffee on Helps of Company G, who was sent to the rear.

Our Regiment crossed the Po River jumping down in the water which was about four feet deep, holding up our cartridge box; after facing north, south, east and west we threw up some breastworks and waited for the rebels. Towards evening they came and we politely gave them our breastworks and retreated across the road to the edge of the woods. We lost a great many men in this battle. I was with the colors; we stood on an old road leading down to the river. Sergeant Henry and, I think, all the Corporals but Lucas and myself were killed. Colonel Beaver was moving back and forth in our rear and if it had been in order I would have suggested that we might as well go, for it looked as if our Regiment was fighting the whole Rebel Army, which we learned afterward was pretty nearly the situation.

In the very early part of the charge at the Salient, just over the first hill I was severely wounded. Was put in ambulance with Colonel Fraser of the 140th and taken to the field hospital. The Colonel told me on our way back he had but a few hours to live. I gave him all the room I could in the ambulance to die as easily as possible, but I learned he returned to his Regiment the same evening. He was president of our college for a while, I am told, after the War. I thought for several weeks I could not live but recovered all right and joined the Regiment again at Fort Stedman. Here we lived in bomb-proofs, or holes dug in the ground and covered with heavy timber. There was no time day or night when you could not hear firing. While in charge of the guard one day William Heberling called me to his post at the gate of the fort. He was blood from head to foot. We took him in and found the ball had barely

cut the lower edge of his ear. He did not know it until he saw the blood. William was a good soldier. Just before this the one hundred had made their famous charge under Captain Brown, and Heberling came out with two rebels at the point of the bayonet, and always said he killed a rebel Colonel in the fort. About this time we upset a sutler, who was a New Jersey rebel and did too much talking in favor of the Confederacy. The plans were pretty well carried out but when I returned I found I had made a poor haul—had twenty-five pocketbooks; but the others fared better and we had plenty of groceries for some time.

After we left the fort I was made Sergeant and detailed along with Allen Cross and George Baker to the brigade commissary. Each brigade had its own commissary and was in charge of a Captain. Here the rations were drawn and issued to the different regiments. In the commissaries was kept all that constituted a soldier's rations: hard bread, coffee, sugar, beans, salt pork, pickles, pepper, etc., so that it was a general store and required several of us to run it. Rations were issued every day to the rank and file; the officers were supposed to buy theirs, so there was considerable money handled. Captain Wells was the Brigade Commissary. We had relieved some men whose time in the service had expired. The Captain complained that his accounts had been short for some time and he believed these men had not dealt honestly with him.

Now, along with the rations, there was always whiskey by the barrel. This was sold by the canteen on order of some officer. None of us were tipplers and after taking account of stock we concluded a little water in the whiskey would do no harm. Now every teamster and wagon carried a small auger or gimlet so that these barrels were always short when they reached the commissary. We filled up one barrel with water and heard no complaints from customers. We then secured a ten gallon keg, filled it with water, set it on top of the barrel, threw a blanket over it, and as we drew out below the water ran in on top we had no more trouble with short accounts. This Captain said we would all make good business men. Shortly after the rebel lines were broken in



Samuel Holloway
First Man Killed Chancellorsville May 2, 1863



Corp. D.C. Holloway



William F. Holloway

BROTHERS, ALL OF CO. D. 148 P. V.



John H. Fortney
Enlisted Aug. 62 Discharged with Rept.



David F. Fortney
Age 18 At Enlistment



Lieut. J. E. Thomas CO D.

BROTHERS OF CO. D. 148 P. V.

BROTHERS



John E. Reed
CO D. 148 P. V.



Reuben Reed
CO G. 148 P. V.

the spring I found something between a mule and jack with ears twelve inches long and good lungs. I traded some watered stock for a saddle and bridle and rode this mule to the surrender of Lee and back to Washington. He served a good purpose for most of the time we were either hunting for the wagon train or the troops. One night I found George Boal, sitting by the road side; we concluded we were both lost and lay down until morning.

We lay at Farmville several weeks. While here President Lincoln was assassinated. I shall never forget that night; not a voice heard in all the camp, no sound save the whip-poor-will in the tree top. It seemed as if all our suffering had been for nothing.

We were in the rear of the Corps coming through Richmond, by this time Cross and Baker had picked up horses and we rode through most of the streets of the city. When we came to the outpost of the city there was not the sign of troops anywhere. We think we were the last of the Second Corps to leave Richmond. There was very little discipline on this trip. We issued rations the evening before we came through Richmond, then at Fredericksburg. Here we stopped at night very near our first winter's camp. One day south of Richmond there was a halt in the column. I rode forward to see what was wrong. We found an old reb trying to get up a horse trade with General Miles. The boys gathered around and it looked something like a country vendue. Instead of forward march, Miles said, "Well, boys, I guess we had better move." We remained near Alexandria several weeks in which time the great review in Washington took place; then we closed the commissary, joined our Regiment and left for home. Cross and Baker moved to Kansas where Cross died about two years ago.

THE STORY OF COMPANY D.

PART IV.

By D. H. Young.

I enlisted at Centre Hall August 28, 1862. I left home that morning rather undecided as to what my real duty was. On the one hand was the urgent call of my country; on the other hand, my father, infirm, almost totally helpless, nearly seventy years of age: mother a few years his junior, and an invalid sister, to say nothing of "the girl I left behind;" all of whom except the last mentioned depended largely on me for their support and comfort. After several hours of intense study I resolved to refer the whole matter to Providence. Taking two slips of paper I wrote the word "Go" on one and the word "Stay" on the other and placing them between my thumb and index finger asked Mr. James Mitchell and Mr. Alexander Sample (now both dead) to please draw one. "What for," they asked in concert. "Draw one out and it will tell you," was my reply. Mr. Mitchell drew the one marked "Go." When I explained what it meant he appeared horror stricken, and said, "Now, if you are killed I can't help but think that I am the cause of your death." I told him he would not be responsible, but he told me after my return from the Army that it was a great relief to him when he saw me back again. This may seem very trifling to some but it was a very serious matter to me. The word "Go" was drawn and I went, confident that I was doing my duty, and now after the lapse of forty-one years I firmly believe that the same beneficent agency that guided and controlled me then continued with me during that entire struggle.

We were sworn in at Centre Hall the same day (August 28), arrived at Camp Curtin on the morning of the 30th and there received the appellation of Company D, 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. While encamped at Cockskeyville I took sick. Dr. C. P. W. Fisher pronounced it a mild case of typhoid fever and ordered me to the hospital. I remonstrated, told him that if I had typhoid

and was taken to that hospital I would be dead in less than two weeks. Through the kindness of Dr. Fisher, Hospital Steward Jacob Kreider and the First Sergeant of Company D, I was permitted to remain in our camp quarters for several weeks until I had fully recovered. After this spell of sickness I enjoyed better health than I ever did before, was always ready and able for duty until I was disabled by wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

January 28, 1863, is a day that I commemorate as one of the worst days I ever saw. Mud from six inches to two feet deep; rain fell all night until about day break when it turned to snow. Just then we started for the picket line along the Rappahannock. My feet were wet before we left camp. It kept on snowing and melting until about three o'clock the next morning when the snow was about a foot deep. It commenced freezing and the only way we could keep from freezing was to form large circles from forty to sixty yards in diameter and keep traveling like an old horse in a bark mill. How many of our boys now living can recall that eventful night and day? Lieut. Jabez C. P. Jones, of Company B, is one and H. C. Campbell of Company D is another who, I think, are still living.*

May 2d, at Chancellorsville, Charles F. Speaker of Company D was wounded by a stray shell this afternoon while we were supporting the skirmish line. I heard and saw the missile strike him and assisted in getting him out, and thought, at the time, he was dead. I have not seen Comrade C. F. Speaker since.

A BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

Saturday night I stood guard at General Caldwell's tent. In the evening there was a short but brisk engagement with Jackson's men on our right. It was here that Stonewall Jackson was killed. It was a calm, quiet moonlight night, very little stir or sound was heard save the occasional braying of a mule. This quiet calm was broken probably about midnight by the discharge of a gun followed by hundreds and thousands of others. These with the roaring of the cannon created the battle by moonlight. Forgetting all about guarding the General's tent, so far as I was concerned, marauders could easily have carried the tent, contents and all away. I stood silently watching this work of carnage and slaughter until I heard my own

*See Casualties.

voice utter and repeat the words, "Awful," "Terrible," "Sublime," and finally "Charming," because I was charmed. Never before or since have I been so deeply impressed. I do not pretend to describe my feelings because I cannot.

ON THE CHANCELLORSVILLE BATTLEFIELD MAY 3, 1863.

I will quote from a letter to a friend, soon after the battle:

"You wish me to give you a full account of myself. Well, the enemy we encountered were lying flat on the ground partly concealed in the brush and leaves at the distance of about twenty-five yards from us, in fact the head of our Company (D) was only about half that distance, they fired into our ranks before we knew they were there. The first time I received a scratch on the right hip. We received orders to lie down, and fire, at least that is what we did. The balls then came like a hail storm. I was soon struck the second time in the right hip inflicting a very severe wound, paralyzing both right limbs. Our troops then fell back, as many as could made their way back to our lines. I attempted it (using my gun as a staff or crutch) but fainted from the loss of blood but soon recovered and found the woods all on fire. I lit a match as best I could, burned a space large enough to lie upon and thus escaped the flames. This was quite a task for me in my weak condition. Two soldiers from Company C made their way to the spot and saved themselves. There we lay watching our poor wounded comrades burning to death. Such a horrible sight I hope I may never see again. The two soldiers from Company C were Wm. Smythe and Henry Markle. Late on Monday evening we were carried out of the woods to an old log house where we lay on the ground without any shelter, with but little to eat and drink. It rained several times while we were here. One morning (May 4th) I lay in the water six inches deep unable to stir. A wounded man had rolled on me during the night. I begged him to please roll away but he did not stir. After day break a Johnny came along and rolled him off and then I discovered that the man was dead. There were quite a number of dead horses lying around; the stench was almost unendurable."

AMONG THE DEAD.

The foregoing extract is not as explicit as it should be. The first volley fired into our ranks killed Samuel Litzel on my right, as he fell he struck me across the breast with his left hand. Wm. Bible and Benjamin F. Bloom in front of me, were also struck and both died from the wounds. Soon after the great fire had passed over, a squad of Confederate skirmishers passed on at quick step and soon

returned on a double quick, they never noticed us. An hour, or more perhaps, another squad of Johnnies in charge of a Captain came along, they were unarmed and pretended they were looking after their wounded. They gathered around us, shook hands and told of Stonewall Jackson's death, expressed much sympathy on account of our suffering, bade us farewell as they saw their Captain approach. The Captain unlike his men was rude and gruff, he insultingly asked what we were doing here. I told him the only thing we could do was to lie here until somebody came to help us out. As he was about leaving, I said, "Captain, I have shaken hands with every man that has been here this morning and want to shake with you. He came back, shook hands and left smiling. Night came on, it was a sad, dreary night to us. Comrade Markle was shot in the leg, from the effects of which he died about a month later. Comrade Smythe was shot through the lungs, the ball passing through his arm between the elbow and the shoulder and then clean through the body. I met him several years after in Tiffin, Ohio, where he was running a grocery store. The bullet that hurt me most passed diagonally though the right hip shattering the hip bone. I mention this to give a faint idea of what a sad trio we were. There was considerable shooting going on all night; the report of the guns and whistling bullets was anything but pleasant to us. We spent the next day (May 4th) trying to identify the dead men of Companies D and C. We were twenty or twenty-five yards from them. Of members of Company D we identified Wm. Knarr, Samuel Harshbarger, Jacob Kain, Samuel Leitzel, Wm. Weaver, John Murphy, John Reed and P. S. Imboden. Those of Company C: Lieut. W. H. Bible, Lieut. Frank Stevenson, Nathan Yarnell, Simon Seguer and Wm. Norris. There were others whom we failed to identify owing to distance from them and the charred condition of their bodies. This was the evening we were taken out of the woods to the log house. The Confederate soldiers whom I met were principally men from North Carolina and Georgia and to their credit be it said that I never met a more sociable set of men anywhere. I talked with a good many during my stay among them and with a single exception never had an unkind word from them. Of course they

were not in position to render us any material aid. They were considerably elated over gaining the battle but thought it a dear victory in comparison with the loss of General Stonewall Jackson. I tried to find out through them what they thought would be done with us wounded prisoners. They told us we would be sent across the line under a flag of truce, which proved true.

I was wounded May 3d about 7:00 A. M.; lay on the battlefield till Wednesday morning May 14th. Arrived at division hospital Thursday evening, May 15th, and then had my wound dressed for the first time. Met with many hearty congratulations here from my surviving comrades and others.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 14, 1863, after our ambulances had brought us to our side of the Rappahannock, while lying on my hard couch in the ambulance, a familiar voice greeted my ear, saying, "Will you have a cup of tea and a biscuit." I at once recognized the voice as that of Rev. A. J. Hartsock, a former schoolmate at Pine Grove Academy. I said, "Yes, Jack; I'll have one." It took some time before he could locate me, but I got the cup of tea and biscuit all the same and a hearty congratulation beside. I met Comrade Hartsock in Huntingdon several months ago. We talked the matter over, and he appeared to me as zealous and energetic as he did forty years ago. The next evening we arrived at division hospital as stated above.

DIVISION HOSPITAL, POTOMAC CREEK, VIRGINIA.

Among the numerous visitors here was General Hancock, another officer and an Orderly. The General passed through and spoke to every man in the ward except me; of course, he missed me accidentally. As they were about leaving the Orderly noticed the General's blunder. I beckoned the Orderly, and said to him, "Please tell General Hancock that he spoke to every soldier in this ward except me, and be sure to tell him that I consider myself as good a man as he is." He replied, "I will tell him." One of the nurses then lectured me for my incivility, even told me I ought to have more sense. I thought then that perhaps the nurse was right. In less than half an hour, however, General Hancock and the man to whom

I had spoken returned. The latter introduced me to General Hancock as the man he had missed. The General then, while grasping my hand introduced the man I thought was his Orderly as "General Gibbons." After apologizing for his seeming indifference and asking quite a number of questions relative to my long stay among the Johnnies, he bade me farewell.

I had two brothers only, and both were killed in battle. Samuel, the younger, served nearly four years in the 2d Ohio Cavalry, was killed, I think, the last of March, 1865, at the battle of Five Forks, Virginia. William, the older, was in the 49th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness in 1864.

THE STORY OF E COMPANY.

Compiled from Data Furnished by Surviving Comrades.

In providing for the organization of new regiments under the call of the President for 300,000 volunteers July 7, 1862, it was provided in General Orders No. 75, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, July 8, 1862:

“(1) In organizing new regiments of volunteers the Governors of states are hereby authorized to appoint, in addition to the several officers heretofore authorized, one Second Lieutenant for each company who shall be mustered into the service at the commencement of the organization, who shall have authority to muster in recruits as they are enlisted. If any recruit shall be enlisted by such officer who shall afterwards, on medical inspection, prove to have been obviously unfit for the service at the time of his enlistment, all expenses caused thereby shall be paid by such officer to be stopped against him from any payment that may be coming to him from the Government thereafter.

“Any officer thus appointed and mustered shall only be entitled to be paid on the muster and payroll of his company and, should he fail to secure an organized company within such reasonable time as the Governor may designate, his men may be transferred to some other company, his appointment be revoked and he discharged without pay, unless the Governor shall think proper to give him a position in the consolidated company to which his men have been transferred.”

In pursuance of the provisions of this orders, Charles Stewart, of Brookville, Pennsylvania, was commissioned by the Governor of Pennsylvania as Second Lieutenant August 5, 1862, with authority to raise a company. He was mustered into service as such at Harrisburg the same day by Capt. William B. Lane and immediately thereafter began to recruit a company in Jefferson County, holding meetings in various parts of the county in aid of the enterprise.

Capt. Silas J. Marlin, of the same place, who had previously been a Captain in the 105th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was also recruiting a company. There did not seem to be men enough to fill both companies and, after Stewart had enlisted fifty-two men, he found he had about reached the limit of available men in that community.



D. C. Law
Private 1862



D. C. Law
1904

THE LAW BROTHERS of Co. E.



Joseph H. Law Bugler
Chas. M. Law as Corporal



Chas. M. Law
as Sergeant.

At the same time James H. Benford, of Indiana County, was recruiting a company at Plumville in the northwestern part of the county, near the Armstrong County line, but was also unable to fill it to the required minimum.

Between the 5th and 21st of August, Stewart had recruited his fifty-two men and Benford, including five men from Armstrong County, namely, W. C. Devinney, William Fisher, John Kenly, John C. Moorehead and Joseph H. Moorehead, had forty-seven men. When or how the arrangement for the union of these two detachments came about does not appear or whether their meeting in Indiana was accidental is not known to the writer. At all events, on the 16th of August, 1862, Benford with his forty-seven men left Plumville for the town of Indiana in hacks and wagons, arriving there by noon of that day. They remained there until about 4:00 p. m., August 20th, Stewart and his men having in the meantime arrived from Jefferson County in similar conveyances. Whether these two detachments agreed to unite before leaving Indiana is a matter of some doubt but they certainly left for Harrisburg on the same train on the 20th, reaching there the next morning and spending the day in the preparation of their camp, which was occupied in common.

After a few days in Camp Curtin and the necessary rolls were prepared, an election for officers took place which, much to Benford's surprise and disgust, resulted in the election of Charles Stewart as Captain, John F. Sutton, who had been discharged a few days previously from three months' service in Company E of the 19th Regiment Ohio Volunteers, as First Lieutenant, and George Hamilton as Second Lieutenant. Benford being left out entirely by this election, returned home. The organization was completed by the appointment of Levi C. Smith, First Sergeant, and Sergeants William T. Clark, Robert A. Travis, George Miller and James M. Sutton; and as Corporals, William C. Devinney, George W. Roland, John Kenly, Jacob Roland, George Baughman, Peter D. Sprankle, Charles M. Law and John L. Mahon. The muster-in of the company seems to have been made in two detachments, part on September 1st by Captain Sailer and part September 2d by Captain Plummer.

Captain Stewart had formerly lived in Bellefonte and was well acquainted with many of the officers in the companies from Centre County. This probably had much to do with the fact that the company, about a week or more after it reached the camp, became part of the 148th Regiment.

But a few days after its muster into the service, the company was armed and equipped and went by rail, with the Regiment, to Cocksylville, and was there stationed with Companies I and H at Gunpowder bridge, one of the most important points on the Northern Central Railroad, to guard which during the Maryland campaign of the Army of the Potomac the Regiment was sent from Harrisburg.

At the camp on Gunpowder Creek, called Camp Fairlamb, the life of the company became thoroughly identified with that of the Regiment, Major Fairlamb being in command at that point and the camp being frequently visited by the Colonel.

The railroad bridge which crosses the Gunpowder Creek was considered the most important point on the road and it was supposed that, if any attack were made by the cavalry of the enemy, it would be directed toward that point. Special vigilance was, therefore, enjoined upon the companies stationed there and the lookout was keen and constant. E Company captured at one time a man who appeared to be a strolling tramp who could give no account of himself and who, lest he might possibly be a spy or bent upon mischief, was sent to regimental headquarters where, after being examined, it was thought of sufficient importance to send him to the headquarters of the department at Baltimore.

On the occasion of one of the visits of the Colonel to our camp, he remained until after retreat and the countersign had been given out. The Colonel was very careful in his attention to the details of discipline and particularly to those of guard duty, and was in the habit of instructing sentinels, by taking their place and showing them how to discharge their duties. On this occasion Tommy McElwee, who was one of the characters of our company, had been carefully instructed by Corporal Devinney, who was Corporal of his relief, in the details of his duty and, when the Colonel started upon his homeward journey to Cocksylville, Tommy promptly halted him,

compelled him to dismount and give the countersign. This was, of course, in exact accordance with the regulations; and, although Tommy thought it was a good joke on the Colonel, the latter was delighted at the manner in which the sentinel discharged his duty, regarding his authority at the time, as is always the case of a sentinel on duty, as paramount.

The first death in the company was that of William Fisher which occurred at the regimental hospital at Cockeyville October 10, 1862.

The first general bi-monthly muster of the company was made October 31, 1862. It was quite an occasion and large preparation was made for it. The original roll is still extant. The inspection and muster were made by the Colonel and the remarks upon the roll are in his handwriting. They are interesting as showing the care with which the inspection was made and the estimate placed upon the condition of the company. The Colonel also made the first muster of the company after it reached the Army of the Potomac and the remarks upon the roll after it are in the same spirit. The subsequent rolls, where the inspection was made by officers from other commands, bear the endorsements made thereon "Good" or "Very good," respectively. It may be well here to transcribe the certificate of the inspector and mustering officer, as showing part of the machinery for keeping up the discipline and appearance of the Army, as well as the remarks upon the first muster-roll. They were as follows:

"I certify on honor that I have carefully examined this muster-roll and that I have mustered and minutely inspected the company, the condition of which is found to be, as expressed in my remarks hereunto annexed."

The foot note to this certificate is as follows:

"It is made the special duty of the inspector and mustering officer to add the proper remarks touching 'Discipline,' 'Instruction,' etc., according to the facts, exhibited in the course of his inspection, with such other remarks as may be necessary or useful for the information of the War Department."

The remarks on this occasion were: Discipline, "Tolerably well enforced;" Instruction: "First principles and details should be dwelt upon more carefully." Military appearance: "Will be much improved by increased attention to first principles." Arms: "Vincennes rifle, saber bayonet, caliber .69, very inefficient; tolerably well kept." Accoutrements: "Old when received; no cartridge box plates; brasses need burnishing." Clothing: "Tolerably clean and neat; knapsacks should be more carefully packed."

There were present for duty at this muster three commissioned officers and eighty enlisted men; aggregate eighty-three. There were sick two Sergeants twelve privates, fourteen in all; thus showing the strength, present and absent, three commissioned officers, ninety-four enlisted men.

About November 20, 1862, James Devinney from Armstrong County joined the company as a recruit and was identified with the life of the company thereafter, until his discharge in the following June on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Before receiving orders to join the Army of the Potomac, John S. Weamer had died in the hospital at Cockeyville, November 30, 1862; and, when orders were received and the Regiment left December 9, 1862, we left in the hospital at Cockeyville Henry Clingenberger, Amos Cryster, John M. Hartman, William Jordon, John Pounds, Jacob Roland and George W. Roland, who were subsequently transferred to the general hospital at York, Pennsylvania, where most of the sick left in the regimental hospital at Cockeyville were taken.

In passing through Washington, December 11, 1862, First Sergeant Levi C. Smith was left in the general hospital there. He never rejoined the Regiment but was discharged from the hospital on surgeon's certificate January 27, 1863. In consequence, William T. Clark was promoted to First Sergeant.

At the muster December 31, 1862, the recapitulation on the foot of the roll showed two commissioned officers and sixty-seven men present for duty, one officer and twenty men present sick, two enlisted men on detached service and eight enlisted men absent sick, making an aggregate, present and absent, of one hundred.

The roll on the 30th of April, 1863, shows the aggregate at last muster ninety-three. "Present for duty, three officers, sixty-eight enlisted; sick, three enlisted; on detached service, two enlisted; absent sick, fifteen enlisted, making a total aggregate of ninety-one. Discharged for disability, one, namely, First Sergeant Smith; deserted, one."

The company had its share of the services and hardships of the winter of 1862-1863 in camp at Falmouth, Virginia, and took part in the Chancellorsville campaign. Being on the picket line on the Fredericksburg front of the Army at Chancellorsville we were very fortunate in escaping without any serious or fatal casualties, although Captain Stewart was slightly wounded in the foot and returned to camp without having lost a man after that brief but unfortunate campaign.

June 1st before the march for Pennsylvania began, Second Lieutenant George Hamilton resigned and was discharged and First Sergeant William T. Clark was promoted to Second Lieutenant August 26, 1863, in his place.

The company marched to Gettysburg and participated in the battle there with the Regiment. Nothing specially important peculiar to it occurred and the details of the battle are fully set forth elsewhere. We lost in the battle of the 2d of July Samuel Klingensmith, who was killed, and John Kunkle, who died of wounds received there and was buried in the National Cemetery, section A, grave 57. The wounded were Lieut. John F. Sutton and Henry Horner, Thomas Luckhart, Thomas McElwee, George Miller, Emanuel Raybuck, Joseph C. Speedy, Samuel Shilling and James K. Wells. After Lieut. Sutton was wounded, Captain Stewart being sick and not with the company, there were no commissioned officers present for duty. Sergeants Travis and Devinney were the only non-commissioned officers of that grade present, Travis having charge of the company.

After the 148th Regiment had been relieved on the front line on the 2d of July, an order for a detail for picket duty from the Regiment was received, to consist of a Lieutenant, a Sergeant and twenty-one men. Sergeant Devinney and Corporal Joseph H. Moorehead

and Privates John C. Moorehead and William Oberlin were detailed from E Company. The picket line was established upon the ground over which the battle had raged that day, the detail from our Regiment being to the left of where General Pickett made his charge on the following day. The line remained there all night and all the next day, holding its position until the charge was over and all was quiet. Being then relieved and re-joining the company, the detail was excused from all duty for forty-eight hours in recognition of the manner in which they had discharged their duties at the front.

After the return from the campaign in Pennsylvania and the Regiment had become fairly well settled, Captain Stewart resigned September 25, 1863. Lieut. John F. Sutton was promoted to the captaincy November 15, 1863. Robert A. Travis, who had been promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant August 20, 1863, and commissioned as Second Lieutenant September 26, 1863, but not mustered, was discharged by order of the Secretary of War, in order to enable him to accept a commission as Captain in the 8th Regiment, United States Colored Troops.

The resignation of the Captain and the discharge of Travis led to numerous changes among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. Second Lieutenant Clark was promoted to First Lieutenant November 15, 1863. Sergt. James M. Sutton, who had been promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant November 10, 1863, was made Second Lieutenant January 13, 1864, and Sergeant Sprankle, who had been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant November 11, 1863, was made First Sergeant January 14, 1864. After these promotions, the Sergeants were Kenly, Devinney, Baughman and Mabon, and Corporals Charles M. Law, Daniel W. Smith, Isaiah L. Wells, Robert J. Crissman, William J. Postlethwaite, Joseph H. Moorehead, Matthew C. Allison and Daniel R. Sutter, as appears by the muster roll of April 30, 1864.

At the muster of that date, Lieutenant Clark was upon detached service recruiting, Sergeant Sprankle on detached service at Carlisle Barracks, Sergeant Mabon detached as Sergeant of brigade pioneers, Johnson Hamilton, musician, detached in division head-quarter band, Isaac Cochran detached with ambulance corps since

July 11, 1863, Alexander R. Dunlap detached brigade pioneers, John C. Hoover detached in ambulance corps since December 29, 1862, Daniel C. Law detached as musician in division headquarter band since February 21, 1864; John C. Moorehead detached at brigade headquarters, Mounted Orderly John B. Shall detached in wagon train since November 9, 1863.

The following members of the company were carried on that roll as transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps during the month of April: William Evans, William Jordan, John Pounds and Hezekiah Reed.

The mustering officer at that muster was Lieut. Col. D. L. Stricker, of the 2d Delaware Regiment, who was killed the following month in the charge at Spotsylvania Court House.

The muster roll of 30th of June, 1864, shows numerous changes. Isaiah L. Wells, who had been sent to hospital at Washington May 2, 1864, died of consumption June 5th. William J. Postlethwaite, who had been wounded in action at Po River May 10th, died in field hospital the same day. Matthew C. Allison, also wounded at Po River, died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 19, 1864, and the following men, wounded at Po River and sent to the hospital at Washington, died there on the dates mentioned: Samuel R. Gearhart and Joseph Long, June 5, 1864; David Luckhart, May 30, 1864, and George F. Timblin, June 28, 1864. David Smith was killed in action at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864, and Joseph C. Speedy, who had been wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, was discharged April 28, 1864, on account of wounds received in battle. Sergt. William C. Devinney was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant of the Regiment May 30, 1864, and Joseph Moorehead was appointed Sergeant in his place. The losses in the company at the battle of Po River May 10, 1864, were unusually heavy, including Lieut. James M. Sutton, whose wound caused the amputation of his leg later, Sergt. Kenly, Corporals Law, Smith and Crissman and Privates John Cummings, James C. Cramer, Harman Friday, Samuel R. Gearhart, Erastus King, Samuel A. Pilson, Vincent Richards, who was also missing, as was also Philip Sloppy and John Snyder, John Wynkoop and Henry Young.

In addition to David Smith killed at Spotsylvania, there were wounded in that engagement Sergeant Baughman, Thomas Garrett, William A. Hallowell, Jacob H. Jamison, Jacob Miller and James Shoppart. Emanuel Bush was missing in action.

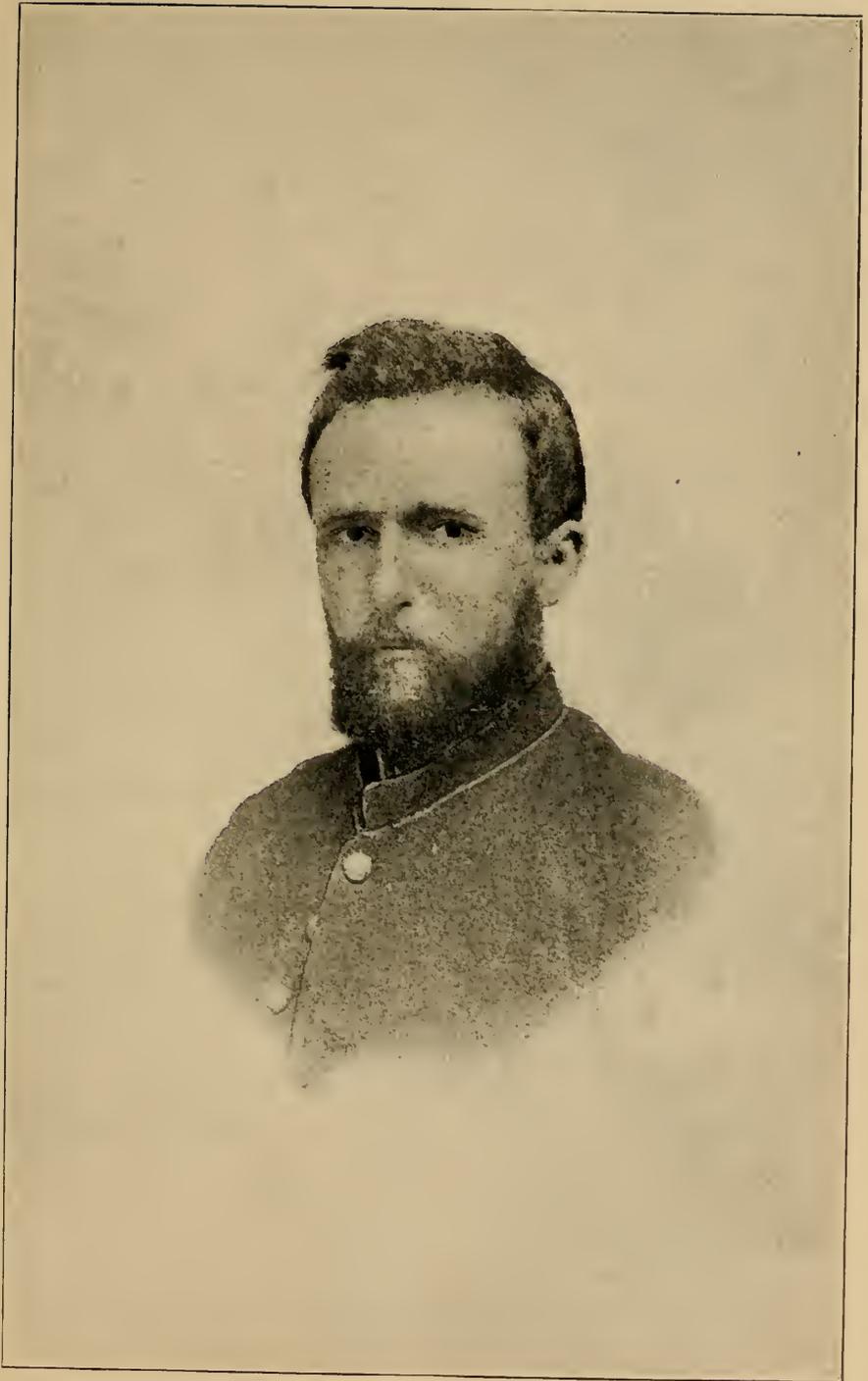
There were also wounded in action at Cold Harbor from June 3d to 6th, Sergeant Moorehead, John Meekans, Philip Whitsel and Peter Vancile.

At the June muster, therefore, there were present for duty the Captain, not a single Sergeant, three Corporals one musician and seventeen privates, making aggregate present for duty twenty-two, out of the strength present and absent of eighty-seven, the aggregate of the last muster having been ninety-seven. This tells its own story and is a most striking commentary on the casualties which decimated not only this company but the Regiment as well during the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg. It is rather remarkable that so good an officer as Col. James C. Lynch of the 183d Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was the inspector and mustering officer at the end of June, should, under such circumstances, have marked everything relating to the company "Good."

There were missing in action June 22, 1864, John Boyer and John S. Harman. Joseph H. Law is marked upon this muster roll as on detached service at brigade headquarters as bugler. He continued in that capacity until the end of the War and was the last man of the Regiment killed.

Lieutenant Clark was discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 7, 1864, and Lieutenant Sutton November 8, 1864, for wounds, with loss of leg, received at Po River. These changes led to the promotion of Sergeant Sprankle to First Lieutenant September 25, 1864, and John Kenly to Second Lieutenant November 30, 1864. These two officers and Captain Sutton were all mustered out with the company and Sergeant Baughman, by reason of these changes, became First Sergeant and Corporals Charles M. Law and Daniel W. Smith were made Sergeants.

The muster roll of August 31, 1864, shows the Captain, two Corporals and thirteen privates present for duty, the absent sick



JOSEPH H. MOREHEAD. Co. E

numbering fifty-six; these, of course, including the wounded: the aggregate strength, present and absent, being eighty-three.

The October muster shows some improvement, there being present for duty the Captain, two Sergeants, three Corporals and thirteen privates, making an aggregate of nineteen, fifty-three being absent sick, and a total strength present and absent of eighty-one.

The December muster shows still further improvement, there being present for duty the Captain, the Second Lieutenant, two Sergeants, four Corporals and fifteen Privates, making an aggregate of twenty-three, the absent sick being thirty-nine and the aggregate strength, present and absent seventy-four.

The muster-roll of the 28th of February, 1865, shows present for duty the Captain, Second Lieutenant, two Sergeants, five Corporals and fifteen Privates, making an aggregate of twenty-four. The absent sick were thirty-one and the aggregate strength, present and absent, sixty-six, as against seventy-four at the previous muster, eight having been in the meantime lost, one discharged for disability, one transferred, two died of wounds, one from disease and three deserted. Of the latter, two were drafted men.

E Company had many men of fine character who made excellent soldiers. Many of them have been already mentioned by name. Among the men of this class were three brothers who enlisted at Punxsutawney in Jefferson County among the early recruits. They were Charles M. Law, Joseph Henry Law, known as Harry, and Daniel C. Law. The latter was one of the very young soldiers of the Regiment, as appears elsewhere. Charles became a Sergeant, Harry was the last man in the Regiment killed and Daniel still lives, in good health, and is doing his share of the world's work. They were devoted to each other, as brothers should be, and an incident in the campaign of 1864 during the second diversion to Deep Bottom is worth repeating.

The heat was intense, and after being engaged with his company in battle during the morning, Charlie was prostrated by a sunstroke or something similar. His brothers carried him to the field hospital which was simply the fly of a hospital tent, Harry

going back to the Regiment and Dan staying with his brother who was unconscious. He finally succeeded in getting a surgeon to look at his brother who, after feeling his pulse and finding that he could do little for him, said, "There are too many wounded men here who must be looked after, without wasting time over a man who is as near dead as this one," but added, "If you can get some whiskey down his throat, that, if anything, will revive him." Dan took his tin cup down to the commissary wagon and secured some whiskey which could be poured into his brother's mouth only by prying his jaws apart with the handle of a spoon. This, with a vigorous and laborious massage, was the only treatment. It was repeated, with whiskey and massage alternately, until about ten o'clock at night, when about half the contents of the cup were exhausted and Dan became so worn out with his rubbing, and there being no signs of life, that he lay down between a man whose leg had been amputated and another who was badly wounded in other ways. When he awakened at the end of a couple of hours the contents of his cup were gone but, securing another supply, he continued the treatment of his brother, without any visible effect, until about two o'clock in the morning, when he began to show slight signs of life. This, of course, encouraged him to redouble his efforts and about four o'clock he became sufficiently conscious to recognize his brother. A continuation of the treatment uninterruptedly for several hours brought him to the point where he was able to sit up.

By this time orders had come to carry the wounded to the transport to be conveyed to City Point. Our forces had fared badly and there were many wounded to be transported. There was great pressure upon the ambulances and, although Charlie was about fifty pounds heavier than Dan, the latter loaded him up to carry him to the boat. This, of course, was a very arduous task and, between carrying him and dragging him on the ground, he succeeded in getting him most of the way, when fortunately an ambulance came along with a vacant seat, the driver of which took him and carried him to the boat.

Harry, who had joined the Regiment, had taken the time to write home, telling his parents that Charlie was dead, but Dan, not

knowing what he had written, wrote later, giving them the real facts as they were known to him, which he mailed after getting Charlie to the hospital at City Point. Both letters were received by the parents in the same mail. The two brothers are yet living, one of whom has furnished the main facts for this incident.

As already stated, Harry Law was detailed as bugler at brigade headquarters and John C. Moorehead, who is also referred to as having been detailed as mounted orderly at the same headquarters, carried the brigade flag. The latter, although gone to the great beyond, while living, many times detailed the dramatic facts attending Harry's last bugle blast. He said that on the 7th of April, during the closing scenes of the hurried effort to block Lee's passage south and secure the surrender which came two days later, the First Division of the Second Corps was warmly engaged. He and Harry were sitting on their horses, side by side, when the brigade commander ordered Harry to blow the call for a charge upon a battery of the enemy which was in position on commanding ground in front of the Fourth Brigade and causing considerable annoyance. The charge was sounded, the brigade obeyed with a will and just as Harry took the bugle from his mouth a shell or solid shot from the battery carried away the upper part of his head, leaving him erect but lifeless in his saddle. Notwithstanding the forward movement, Moorehead jumped from his horse, stuck his flag staff in the ground, pulled Harry from the saddle and buried him there by the wayside on the road to Amelia Court House. Moorehead's death subsequently prevented the identification of his grave and the removal of his body, and so this gallant but unfortunate soldier lies in an unknown grave. His bugle was given to one of his brothers and was brought home, covered with blood of the last man of the 148th Regiment, so far as is known, killed in the War. It was given to his wife but was destroyed by the burning of her house a few years later.

Harry Law was one of those neat, tidy soldiers, of cheerful disposition and abounding health, who was always ready for duty and always on the alert for frolic or adventure, whom it was a pleasure to see on inspection and who cheerfully met all the exacting requirements of military discipline and duty. It is said that he was

never absent from duty for a single day during his entire service, except upon the occasion of a furlough of fifteen days which he secured in 1864 by reason of his cleanliness and tidiness in general excellence as a soldier, the furloughs during that winter having been granted to enlisted men for the most part upon competitive examination.

The incidents in the life of E Company, as here recorded are few and fragmentary. The company, however, had the usual diversity of characters in its ranks and quite as great variety of life and incident as are more fully described in the history of other companies. These characters, if portrayed, and these incidents, if detailed, would have added materially to the interest and zest of this story; but it has been difficult, for some reason, to secure the hearty co-operation of the surviving officers and men of the company, through modesty or a failure to appreciate the value of their help in the effort to worthily transmit to posterity what the fathers and grandfathers of many who shall read these pages did as individuals to make their country harmoniously united.

Captain Sutton preserved the muster rolls of the company with great care and they have furnished many reliable data upon which what has been written is based. Travis, who left the company in the fall of 1863 to become Captain in a colored regiment; Devinney, who was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant in May, 1864; Baughman, who was mustered out as the First Sergeant of the company; D. C. Law and a few others have furnished more or less of assistance in the preparation of the story; but, as they read these lines, they will realize, as the memories of the past come crowding upon them and the incidents in the life of their company and of the individuals who composed it are found to be wanting, how little has been done in this direction. Charlie Law, Clarence Barr of New Mexico, Tommy McElwee and many others who are living could have furnished many additional incidents but it has been impossible to secure their co-operation.

At the reunion of our Regiment, at which the preparation of this History was finally determined, no one who attended seemed to be in better health and spirits than Lewis A. Welch. He told the

Colonel, with great gusto, at the preliminary greetings of the survivors of the Regiment, how in camp at Stevensburg, in the winter of 1863-1864, taking advantage of the Colonel's well known punctilious care to return the salute of a sentinel, although not required by strict military etiquette to do so, he presented arms to him as he came around his tent with an arm load of wood for the open fire which was maintained in a brick chimney built against the side of the tent. As he anticipated, the Colonel threw down the wood, straightened himself up, acknowledged the salute and then gathered up the wood and disappeared within his tent, either laughing to himself at the manner in which the sentinel had "done him" or muttering maledictions upon his head for a too literal compliance with instructions. Whatever the feelings of the Colonel may have been, Welch was greatly pleased at the success of his stratagem, distinctly remembered it after nearly forty years and hilariously enjoyed the telling of it.

Having a sister living at Salona, some twenty miles from Bellefonte where the reunion occurred, Welch went there to visit her in the evening of the same day upon which he related this incident. He had scarcely entered her house and saluted the members of the family, when he succumbed to an attack of some heart trouble to which he was subject. His tragic death cast a gloom over the succeeding sessions of the reunion and his comrade, Charlie Law, whose aid he had invoked in case anything should happen him, conveyed his body to his home.

Whatever this story may lack in details and however imperfect and insufficient it may be, let it be understood that the men of the company of whom it is written were no whit inferior to those of other companies whose historians have written more fully of the life, character and services of their comrades, dead and living, and did no less than others to round out, in its full proportions, the life and character of that solid military entity, the 148th Regiment, of which each company was a necessary integral part.

THE STORY OF F COMPANY.

This story is based, for the most part, upon information furnished by Lieut. William Lucas, Sergeants Burrell, William J. Mackey, Martin H. Mackey and John M. English and Corporal Henry Heaton. They were all original members of the company and served for the most part throughout the entire War and what is herein contained came within the personal experience or recollection of some one or more of them. The facts and incidents are, therefore, vouched for by reliable authority and upon personal observation.

F was the only one of the Centre County companies which, in its original organization and makeup, drew upon any other county of the state for any considerable contribution of men. Its organization was peculiar and was not finally effected until its different constituent elements were brought together in Camp Curtin in Harrisburg.

One portion of the company was enlisted under the direction of Martin Dolan, who kept a tavern at Central City near the Milesburg Railroad Station. His recruits were drawn from the Snow Shoe region and the parts adjacent to Milesburg. Another squad was recruited at Potters Mills by William P. Wilson; another at Spring Mills by James Duncan and yet another from Stone Valley in Huntingdon County by Geo. W. Steffey. All these were combined, and with a considerable squad from Cameron and Elk Counties, enlisted by D. C. Freeman, constituted Company F of the 148th Regiment.

Wilson was a brother-in-law and private secretary to Governor Curtin but was desirous of entering the military service. He, therefore, came to his old home at Potters Mills and began the enlistment of a company. A, C, D and G companies had all been enlisted for the most part from Penns Valley and recruits were, therefore scarce. He secured, however, the enlistment of a number of men about Potters Mills and, with these, those who had been enlisted by Duncan at Spring Mills were combined.

William O. Steffey had been a student at Pine Grove Academy. When the enlistment of the students of the Academy and others in

the neighborhood for a company began, he went home and enlisted a number of young men in his neighborhood, expecting to join Professor Thomas' company and secure a commission therein. When he returned, however, a consolidation having been formed by Captain Musser, of lower Penns Valley, and Professor Thomas, of Pine Grove Mills, he found the company practically filled and no vacancy for him as a Lieutenant. The result was that he finally united with the squads enlisted by Dolan and Wilson. When these different contingents were combined and assembled at Harrisburg, the company was still short of its maximum.

Steffey enlisted about fifteen men. Several of them—notably James B. Irvin who went into G Company, joined other companies, but nine, including himself, marched to Milesburg and united with Dolan. These were James E. Fleming, captured during the campaign of 1864; was a prisoner at Salisbury, North Carolina; died there December 28, 1864, and buried. Martin T. Irvin, promoted to Corporal April 26, 1864; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864. David Irvin wounded at Po River, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; subsequently died; buried at Steffeysville, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. David J. Little, absent; sick at muster out of company; subsequently discharged from hospital; died in Altoona, Pennsylvania, where he is buried. William H. Lightner, transferred to Company C, 9th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863, discharged June 26, 1865; living near Petersburg, Pennsylvania. William Miller, captured August 25, 1864, at Reams Station; exchanged November 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; since died. William O. Steffey captured at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; died in prison at Richmond, Virginia, January 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at Richmond. George W. Steffey, wounded at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864; promoted to Corporal May 16, 1865; mustered out with company; living in Michigan. George M. Steffey, killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery there; and Samuel Stair promoted to Corporal September 11, 1864, to Sergeant May 16, 1865; mustered out with company; living at Newport, Perry County, Pennsylvania.

D. C. Freeman, who had belonged to the first rifle regiment, known as "The Bucktails," had been wounded in the knee and had been discharged in consequence of it, attempted to enlist recruits for his old regiment. He was in Harrisburg with a squad of men who had been recruited by him in the counties of Cameron and Elk, and was on the way to join the regiment at the front. Being disappointed as is supposed as to the recognition which his efforts at recruiting would receive in his old regiment, he made an arrangement with Dolan and Wilson by which he was to join them in the organization of their company and become its Second Lieutenant.

From this combination resulted Company F, and the officers, without any election by the men, became Martin Dolan, Captain; William P. Wilson, First Lieutenant, and David C. Freeman, Second Lieutenant.

It will thus be seen that at least four counties of the commonwealth sent of their citizens to the organization of F Company, although it was counted as a Centre County company and is always so referred to in counting the seven Centre County companies which entered into the organization of the Regiment. The company left Milesburg, August 28th.

Among the men enlisted by Freeman were some of those best known in the Regiment. The English boys, as they were called, Sylvester A. and John M., both now living in Cameron County, became Sergeants and did much in every way to promote the efficiency of the company and did credit to the Regiment. Sylvester was in every battle in which the Regiment was engaged, and although actively participating, received his wounds in his clothing and across one of his hands, so that he was never disabled or unfitted for duty thereby. John M. English was probably as well known in the Regiment as any other enlisted man in it. Always cheerful and ready for duty and, whilst full of mischief and spirit, nevertheless took a serious view of duty and was a splendid example of what has sometimes been characterized as the "thinking bayonet." He wants it to be understood that he is "enjoying life as never before, just as young as when the rebs charged his little fort in front of Petersburg," elsewhere spoken of. He was wounded at Spotsylvania, and al-

though for a time disabled, returned to the Regiment to receive his promotions and render excellent service. He is now serving faithfully and zealously in that other army whose roll is to be "called up yonder."

With these were Albert Lord, still living at Cameron, Pennsylvania, but almost blind; Inman A. Hallet, who, after his return from the War, went to Oil City and died there; William B. Phelps, who was promoted to Sergeant and died in consequence of wounds received at Po River; James S. Riley, known as the "Wild Irishman," became a Corporal, returned with his company and went to Bradford, Pennsylvania, where he married, and John H. Smith, better known as "Little John," who was about sixteen when he enlisted. At Harrisburg, when his name was called for examination, Phelps answered to it and in that way John, who was fearful of his being accepted, slipped through. One of his comrades says of him, "A better soldier was not in the company than 'Little John'." At the battle of Gettysburg he was very lame, one of his feet being so sore that he could scarcely walk. Captain Dolan repeatedly asked him to go to the rear but he said, "No, Captain, if there is to be a battle, I want to be there." He went through all right until the great charge of May 12th at Spotsylvania, where he disappeared, and was never heard of afterwards.

There were also James Dent, who returned with the company, and went to the far West; John Stringfellow, a noble fellow and a brave soldier who became a Corporal, was wounded at Reams Station and lay inside the enemy's lines all night, was found the next day and brought off by his companions; Ira Johnson died in the hospital after entering into active service, as did also Charles Dunlap. Alexander Creighton was killed at Gettysburg, while the Regiment was supporting batteries in its front. A piece of shell struck him in the head and killed him instantly. He was buried on the field by his comrades and his grave is now in the National Cemetery. Christ Havener was also wounded at the same time. He was afterwards captured at Reams Station August 25, 1864, was exchanged March 1, 1865, and discharged after the muster out of the Regiment. Subsequent to the War, he resided in Clinton County. James O.

Jordan contracted disease soon after his enlistment and was discharged March 30, 1863. He is now living near Driftwood, Pennsylvania.

On the farm of Perry John Lucas, in Snow Shoe Township, at the head of some of the tributaries of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, from which the white pine timber was then rapidly disappearing and has now practically entirely disappeared, there occurred in the early part of August, 1862, a neighborhood frolic known as a log rolling, to which young and old had gathered. They were there to help the neighbor who was clearing his land to roll the logs in heaps and fire them, preparatory to preparing the ground for "seeding." Into the midst of the cheerful, hard-working company came Martin Dolan, of Milesburg, announcing the call by the President for men to recruit the Armies of the Union.

The disastrous Peninsular Campaign had ended and the Army of the Potomac was being transported to the front of Washington. There was no time for delay and Dolan, with his genial manner and impressive Irish brogue, soon interested the party and announced to them his intention of recruiting men for a company which he was endeavoring to raise and which was to rendezvous at his tavern at Milesburg. His voice was encouraging, his manner persuasive and the patriotic instincts of many there were stirred by his appeals. The result was that on leaving the log rolling he was followed, in a few days, from there by a number of recruits for his company.

Among them was William Lucas, a young man scarcely more than sixteen who had been in the military service in what was known as the "three months service" at the beginning of the War. He had some knowledge of tactics and, when the recruits reached Dolan's tavern, at which they found eight or ten others already assembled, he was put in charge of the entire squad as acting First Sergeant. He called the roll morning and evening and exercised whatever of military constraint and control was needful. He also aided in enlisting recruits in the immediate neighborhood.

Assisting in this service were Austen C. Iddings and William Harper, both of whom were endeavoring to secure some position in

the company or in the Regiment with which it was to be connected, the intention being to recruit a full company in that neighborhood.

Before this was accomplished, however, urgent word came to Dolan to report with the men already enlisted at Harrisburg, inasmuch as the Regiment to which the company was to be attached was forming and his presence there was urgently needed. This urgency disarranged the plans of those who had united in efforts to fill the nucleus of the company to its maximum and the recruits, about thirty in number, went to Harrisburg by way of Lock Haven, using wagons to that point and going thence by rail.

Among those who went were Iddings and Harper, who, on reaching Harrisburg and finding that the company was not full and that it would require a combination to complete its organization, and finding further that there was no place for them, as they had hoped among its officers, returned home, not without a determined effort, however, to secure some position which they regarded as justly due them, in view of the services which they had previously rendered in securing the recruits which had been accepted as Dolan's quota in the make-up of the company.

Dolan had no military experience whatever and very little aptitude for command and was, therefore, glad to leave his squad, upon its arrival at Harrisburg, in the hands of Lucas who marched it to Camp Curtin, secured tents and other camp requisites and provisions and established the squad in comfortable quarters. Wilson's squad reached Harrisburg by way of wagons from Penn's Valley to Lewis-town and thence by rail. Dolan was, of course, glad to make a combination with him, inasmuch as it was likely, by reason of his knowledge of affairs at Harrisburg and close personal and family connection with the Governor, he would be enabled to prepare the way for harmonious organization of the company and the commissioning of its officers and secure recruits to fill it to the maximum.

When the final arrangements were made and the consolidation effected, young Lucas, still acting, although not actually appointed, as First Sergeant, was somewhat surprised one evening, before the Regiment was fully organized, to find a stranger, with the regulation

chevrons of a First Sergeant, calling the roll in the company street. No explanation was made to him and he quietly found a place in the ranks and, although somewhat humiliated, prepared to serve as a private. The stranger was George T. Curvan who had not enlisted in the company but had come either with the Boalsburg company or had found his way into camp in some other way. Several years after the War Lieutenant Colonel McFarlane, who was then living in Bellefonte called Lucas into his place of business and explained what until that time had been a mystery to him. Curvan, it seems, was from the Colonel's neighborhood and he desired to give him a place which he was not able to find for him in the company which he had brought from home. In the unorganized condition of what was afterwards F Company, it was easy to have Curvan named as First Sergeant and, at Colonel McFarlane's request, this was done. He acknowledged that it had been a mistake and that he very much regretted it, saying to Lucas, "I played you a mean trick and am sorry for it." Lucas expressed like sorrow but, so far as he was concerned, no protest had ever been made and he began in the ranks, rising grade by grade, serving as a Corporal with the color guard upon its organization after his first promotion, until he reached the position which should have been his at the outset, and was promoted to First Lieutenant May 15, 1865, was for a considerable time in command of his company during the time Captain Breon was a prisoner and was mustered out with the company.

The final consolidation of the various elements which composed the company was not made until after Colonel Beaver arrived and took command of the Regiment. It was supposed by some of the men of Freeman's squad that it was through the influence of the Colonel that Freeman was induced to make the combination which resulted in the final organization of the company but this does not seem to be borne out by the facts. At all events, the organization of the company was completed the day before the Regiment left Harrisburg and went, with full ranks and a full complement of officers, September 9th, to Cockeyville and was one of the companies which went into camp at Cockeyville, the headquarters of the Regiment.

The life of the company was much the same as that of other companies in camp at Cockeyville. The boys of F Company were rather enterprising and soon became acquainted in the neighborhood, frequenting a little village two or three miles below Cockeyville, known as Texas, consisting of a tavern and a group of houses in the neighborhood of the celebrated lime quarries of that region. The company soon learned that however its Captain might be deficient in military knowledge and ability to enforce military discipline, the Colonel was not only never tired but seemed to be ubiquitous and the impression generally prevailed that he knew every man in the Regiment, could call him by name and knew more of his daily habits than some of them cared to have known. It is possible that in this they might have been mistaken but, from the Colonel's knowledge of what every man in the company did and of those who visited Texas and other places in the neighborhood, as communicated to the Captain in rather vigorous style, there was good ground for believing that little went on in the Regiment which was not in some way brought to the attention of its commanding officer.

One of the members of the company was William Miller, familiarly known as "Billy." He had a brother living in the neighborhood of Cockeyville who came to our camp, after we settled there, in search of his brother. Billy recognized him, although they had not met for several years. He, of course, invited his brother to visit him but Billy hesitated about going, unless he could be accompanied by some of his comrades. An invitation was, therefore, extended to three of his companions to go with him and take dinner with the brother's family. The prospect of a good square meal was very enticing and all accepted. The Miller homestead was found after considerable difficulty, the distance from camp being somewhat great, but the party arrived before dinner and, the brother being well to do, the members of F Company who were thus favored had an enjoyable time. Not only did they get a good dinner, but Miller's daughter, who was a bright, intelligent young woman, was a good musician and contributed much to the enjoyment of the visit.

The family were Southern in their sentiments and their sympathies, therefore, were with the Confederate cause. They treated

our soldiers royally, however, and, inasmuch as Billy could not write, they insisted that some one of the party should write and keep them informed of the health and fortunes of their kinsman. The names of those who accompanied Miller on this trip were J. A. Sankey, Stephen Kennelly and William Lucas. It was voted unanimously that Kennelly should be the correspondent and he faithfully discharged the duties imposed upon him until he was killed at Po River May 10, 1864.

It then fell to the lot of Sergt. Jeremiah Asher Sankey to take Kennelly's place, who at the time of his death was a Corporal in the company. The correspondence continued as before and was kept up by Sankey until March 25, 1865, when, having been promoted as Lieutenant, he fell mortally wounded on the front line and was carried back and died three days thereafter.

Sankey's death was communicated to the Miller family by Lucas who took Sankey's place as correspondent and continued to act in that capacity until the close of the War.

Miller was taken prisoner at Reams Station August 25, 1864, was released about the last of November, 1864, returned to the company and was mustered out with it.

Anticipating a move before Christmas, many friends of the men of the company sent their Christmas contributions of provisions, such as could not be had from the commissary and of toilet and other conveniences which could not be secured from the Quartermaster's departments early in the month. Before leaving Cockeyville, what was known as "a box from home," containing provisions and other things, came to Lucas. In the same mess with him at the time was Elias Boyer who was one of the "characters" of the company. Being on picket or camp guard when the box arrived, the other members of the mess dined upon a part of its contents, among which was a fine roast turkey. In order to have as much enjoyment out of it as possible, but one side of it was carved in the first attack upon it. When Boyer returned, he was informed of the fact of the arrival of the box and that he should go into the tent and help himself. He came out in due time, complacently rubbing himself, remarking upon the splendid dinner he had had and proceeded to enjoy his smoke. When

the other fellows entered the tent, not a scrap of the turkey was left. Every bone had been picked clean and the anticipations of a meal for the next day were speedily dissipated. Pies, cakes, jellies and whatever else the box contained had no charms for Boyer.

In the midst of the enjoyment of delicacies from home and when our winter quarters were well in hand and almost ready for occupancy, marching orders came. When tents and our company property were all ready for transportation by rail, a number of the fellows of F Company paid a final visit to their friends in Texas, in order to bid them good-bye. Everything was lovely, so far as the boys were concerned, but the landlord, heretofore referred to, rather objected to our familiarity with his eatables and drinkables. He came to camp the next morning, our departure being delayed for lack of transportation, and made complaint to the Colonel. Numerous complaints of the other kind had previously been made of the landlord's disposition to accommodate the fellows with what the Colonel thought they were better without and, when he made his complaint, it is hard to tell who got the worst scolding, the landlord or the boys.

The ride to Baltimore, our cordial treatment at the Union Relief Station, the march across the city from Calvert Street Station to the B. & O. Railroad, the delay in Washington and the march down the eastern side of the Potomac to Liverpool Point and thence across the river to Acquia Creek and on to Falmouth have been spoken of elsewhere and these need not be repeated, as the experiences were practically the same in F as in the other companies of the Regiment.

It is likewise needless here to repeat the experiences immediately following the assignment of the Regiment to the First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, and of the erection of winter quarters which have been told with more or less detail in a number of the other stories.

The company was perhaps impressed with the frequency and constant repetition of battalion drills as being unnecessarily burdensome, but we soon learned that these were essential not only to the training of the Regiment but to the development of the physique of the men and to familiarize them with battalion movements and incidentally with the more elementary details of the school of the soldier.

No company perhaps needed these more than F Company, inasmuch as Lieutenant Wilson was detailed for much of the winter as Adjutant in the absence of Adjutant Lipton who was home sick, Lieutenant Freeman was lame and, as already intimated, the Captain not being well versed in military affairs, gave but little attention to company drill. This being true of some other companies may possibly account for the insistence and persistence of the Colonel not only in the prolonged battalion drills but in the unusual attention to manual of arms and other simple movements which could be secured at the daily dress parade.

During this winter in camp, Lieutenant Freeman resigned and, on the same day, Sergeant Curvan was promoted to Second Lieutenant in his place, Sergeant Breon, who afterwards became Captain of the company, being made First Sergeant a few days later. This made a vacancy to which William Lucas was appointed.

As compared with the regiments of our Division which had been through the Peninsular campaign and had taken part in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg, ours looked like a brigade but, after details for all the various purposes for which men were detailed and after the epidemic of sickness which prevailed during the winter, our ranks became much reduced by the time spring opened and the Chancellorsville campaign began.

We moved with the Regiment to Chancellorsville and had some part in the battle.

In the preliminary movements, while the Regiment was drawn up in line, Major Fairlamb asked William Perry, an old woodsman from Snoc Shoe how he liked it. A stray shot was at the time coming occasionally from the front but no enemy in sight. Perry said, "Well, Major, to stand here and be shot at and darsent shoot back. I be d—d if I like it." Perry was standing at the time with gun in hand and eyes intently peering to the front. He looked as if he was standing on the banks of the Susquehanna waiting for a deer to come down.

We finally found ourselves on the picket line in front of the line of battle, facing toward Fredericksburg. Perry and the rest of us had plenty of occupation after being deployed as skirmishers.



Sergt. Wm. I. Mackey.



Sergt. David Burrell.



Sergt. M. H. Mackey.

OFFICERS

AND

MEN

OF



Capt. Martin Dolan.



Lieut. D. C. Freeman.

O. F.



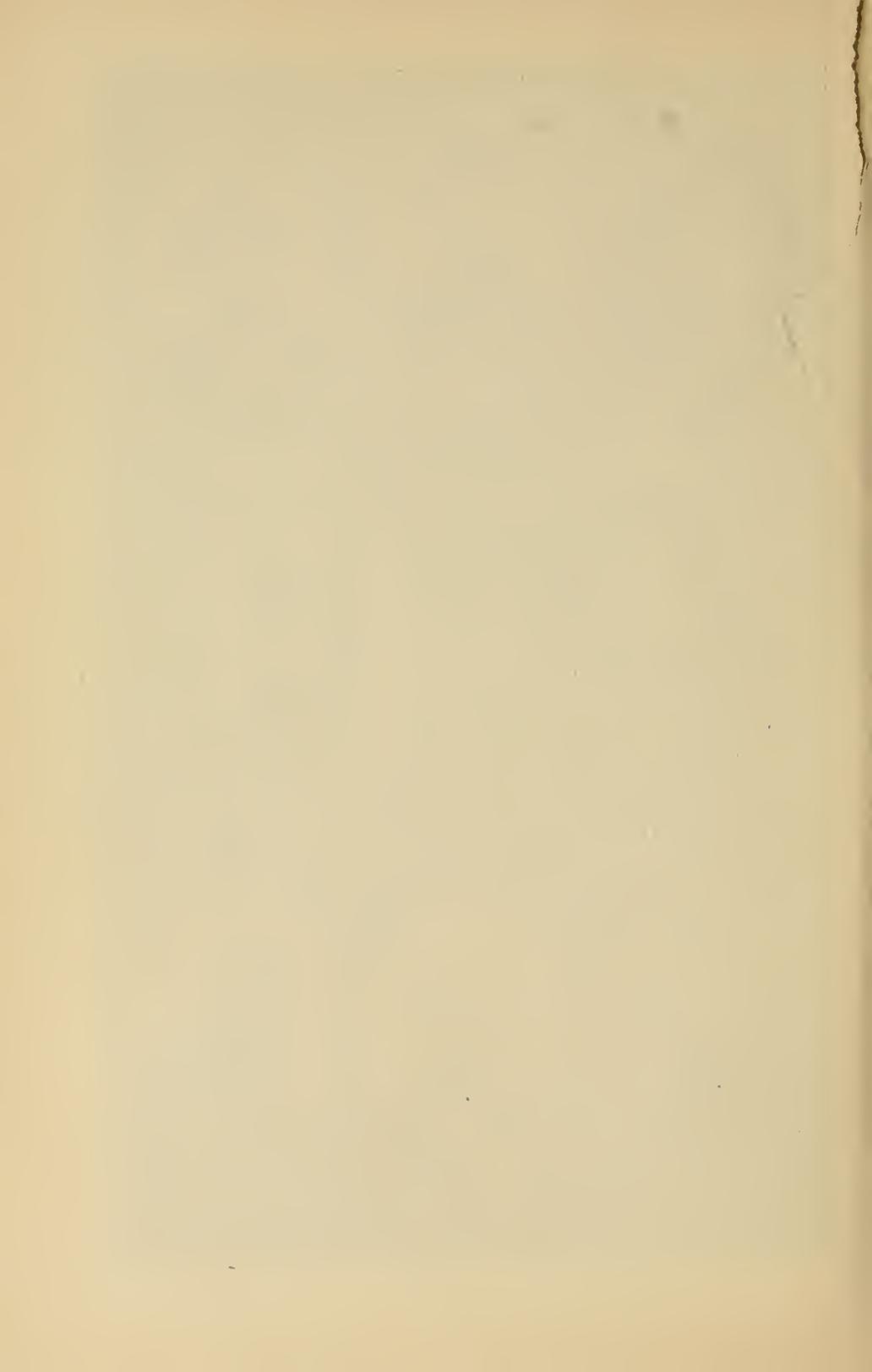
Henry S. Nolder



Corporal Henry Heaton.



John D. Lucas.



The Johnnies were very alert but at the same time very careful. Lucas and John English finally succeeded in manoeuvring one of them from behind a big tree from which the combined effort of both failed to dislodge him for a long time. It did look during this encounter as if one Confederate man was a match for at least two Yankees. If John should ever see this he will certainly recall the incident.

Col. Nelson A. Miles, who was officer of the day and in charge of the picket line, was wounded during the day and, when he left the field, there did not seem to be anyone to take his place. Our line became separated and Captain Weaver, of our Regiment, who was in charge of our part of it, in some way received an intimation by an Orderly or Aide of General Hancock that the line should be withdrawn. How it was accomplished some of us have never quite understood but we finally withdrew by the left flank and the next morning were enabled to rejoin the Regiment or rather that part of it which remained after the terrible Sunday's fight in which the companies which remained by the colors were frightfully decimated, the Colonel being among the severely wounded.

We recrossed the river, returned to our old camp and had no unusual experiences until the march for Pennsylvania began in June. The details of this march have been told in so many ways that the story is quite familiar and our part of it need not be particularly recited.

On the march, a mule having become swamped and being unable to extricate itself, the boys stepped upon it as they went along. John English, who was always ready for anything, slipped a cartridge into his gun, applied its muzzle to the ear of the mule and it was soon out of its misery. Colonel McFarlane, who was commanding the Regiment in the absence of the Colonel, who had been wounded at Chancellorsville, rode back and inquired, as was usual in such cases, who was guilty of such a breach of discipline. No reply was made, of course, everybody was entirely ignorant of what had happened, the Colonel failed to find who was the guilty party and rode again to the front.

During the most of the march from Falmouth to Gettysburg, the

men were entirely ignorant of their destination. Some time before reaching Pennsylvania, however, we learned that the Army was likely to be concentrated in our native state and, when we crossed the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, which was plainly discernible by the difference in the character of the buildings and farm improvements, there was a general shout of joy. We made a great march the day before reaching Gettysburg, coming within supporting distance of that portion of the Army already there late in the evening. Firing began early the next morning and before we had become fairly engaged we met our first loss in that battle, the first man killed in our company being Alexander Creighton.

During the afternoon of the 2d, as is well known, we moved to the left from the position occupied in the morning, without counter-marching, and were, therefore, left in front. When brought into line, the rear rank was in front, and although the firing was heavy, we counter-marched, in order to secure our ordinary formation. This was done in fine style, although under a heavy fire. We then charged through the wheat field and finally drove the enemy from the stone fence beyond it. When our company crossed this wall several of the Confederates threw down their arms and surrendered.

A day or two previously on the march two of our company had a dispute over the ownership of a tin cup, each one claiming it. The Captain was called upon to settle the dispute but didn't succeed in determining finally to whom the cup belonged. After crossing this fence, however, the Captain, who was very cool and unconcerned under fire, spied some tin cups lying around loose and called out in a loud voice, "Here, any of you fellows that hasn't a tin cup come and get one and don't be fightin' about them hereafter." It didn't sound so laughable under the circumstances which surrounded us at the time but we had many a laugh over it afterwards.

We held the position gained until after dark and were relieved by other troops, going back to the point from which we had been moved to assist in the attack of the afternoon.

Our company suffered heavily in killed and wounded, some also being taken prisoners, among the killed being Corporal William H. Burrell and George M. Steffey; among the wounded, John D. Lucas,

Jeremiah McKinley, William Perry and others not now recalled, and among those taken prisoners, William O. Steffey.

After regaining our old position, a detail was made for picket duty, the line being established about forty rods to our front. There had been heavy fighting there during the day and our pickets found the dead thickly strewn over the field, the Regiment which occupied that part of the field, as indicated by their caps, being the 111th Pennsylvania Volunteers. In the stillness of the night, the cries of the wounded which could be distinctly heard, asking for water or calling "Mother," were very pathetic; but, when morning came and the sharpshooters opened upon our line when anyone moved and particularly later on when the forces on both sides became more active, these all ceased or were at least drowned in the noises of the conflict.

Pickett's charge will be remembered by all who witnessed it from the position occupied by our Regiment. It was not specially directed toward the point which we occupied but we were able to get in some work on the flank of the supporting columns.

Little was done on the 4th of July, except to bury the dead, for which we had a detail, but we were held in readiness for any movements which might occur and were, therefore, kept in line.

After recrossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, on the march through the Loudon Valley, blackberries were very abundant, and the doctor having recommended them as a desirable change in the diet of the Regiment, we availed ourselves of the liberty which was thus given to skirmish through the blackberry patches which were so numerous in our front and on our flanks.

We followed Lee leisurely for some time and finally, in August, reached the camp near Morrisville, Virginia, where we "dug a well," laid out a pleasant camp and had quite a restful time after the fatigues of the campaign. Colonel Beaver had returned in the meantime and things were lively in the effort to put the Regiment in good shape for any demands which might be made upon it.

About this time (September 8th) Captain Dolan resigned and left the Army, Captain Wilson being promoted to the captaincy; but as he was then serving on the division staff, Lieutenant Breon, who

had been promoted to First Lieutenant, was in command of the company, and after Wilson's appointment in the Regular Army, Breon received the promotion to Captain to which he was richly entitled and which he had earned by faithful service and conspicuous gallantry. These changes opened the way for the promotion of William Lucas to First Lieutenant, whose recollections constitute the bulk of this story of the company.

To return to the fall of 1863, however, after taking part in the retrograde movement from Culpeper to Bull Run and back and after the unfortunate Mine Run campaign, we built and occupied what was undoubtedly the best camp we ever had and was one of the finest anywhere to be found in the Army. It was laid out on a generous scale, was thoroughly ditched, had sidewalks of puncheons in all the company streets and in front of the quarters of the line officers and also of the field and staff. The ground was not naturally well suited for a camp, being rather low; but, by digging the ditches deep, it became well drained and in time became a desirable and comfortable camp. The men's quarters were of logs, of uniform size, having a door at one end and a fire-place at the other, with bunks at the sides.

A notable mess was that composed of the English boys, Phelps, Hinton and Lucas. The neighborhood was thoroughly ransacked for cooking conveniences and this mess secured a large skillet, bought from a woman in the neighborhood with the understanding that it was to be returned in the spring after the camp was broken up.

Many recruits came to the Regiment during this winter and the time sped rapidly in instructing them in all the duties of a soldier, the old men, of course, holding themselves as instructors and giving many lessons, which were probably not exactly according to tactics.

We, of course, shared in all the inspections and reviews preparatory to the great campaign of 1864.

The Army was supplied as never before with clothing and arms and ammunition and, during the winter, was well fed with a greater variety of food and with a larger amount of vegetable diet than usual.

The result was that, when the time for the spring movement came, all were in good trim and ready for the fray.

We moved with our Brigade, crossing the Rappahannock and manoeuvring with the Regiment through the Wilderness and the skirmishes connected therewith until we came to Po River. Here we had a sad experience. In crossing the river, which was not wide but deep, Corporal David Irvin, Corporal Martin Irvin and Sergeant Lucas were together. On reaching the opposite bank, Martin was shot and severely wounded. His brother and Lucas took him to the opposite bank but by the time they reached it he was dead. David was also wounded during this engagement.

The following day, after manoeuvring for a position for the entire morning, a line was finally formed in the edge of a woods opposite a line of breastworks which had been thrown up earlier in the day and was then occupied by the Confederates. At the first volley, five of our company fell: First Sergt. Robert A. Henry, and Corp. Stephen Kennelly, being killed and three others wounded, among whom were Sergt. William B. Phelps and Corporal String-fellow. John Cooney being also wounded and captured, died in Richmond 19th of June following.

During this engagement, William H. Berger, who was a substitute was severely wounded. His brother, Jacob, who was also one of the recruits received during the winter, was helping him back when Colonel Beaver gave his horse to carry William to the rear.

On coming out of this engagement, Elias Boyer and Lucas were together when they came upon Major Fairlamb, whose horse had become mired on the bank of the river. The Major called to Boyer to shoot the horse but Boyer, who was in somewhat of a hurry, said he had had enough of shooting and passed on. The Major left the horse, crossed the river and the next morning his horse was in camp.

Our company also suffered severely in the charge at Spotsylvania two days later. It is impossible to recall the name of all the killed and wounded, but among the killed were Benjamin Little and Luke McAbee, and among the wounded, Constantine Hinton and David Specht and Jacob Weand who were drafted men.

It may be well to say here that the recruits who joined us during the winter of 1863-1864, whether drafted men or substitutes, after they became inured to camp life and familiar with the duties of a soldier, could with difficulty be distinguished from those who had been more than a year longer in service and who had had the vicissitudes of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run and all the experience in picket, skirmish and march which made them hardy veterans.

Among the recruits thus received was a squad from Blair County, some of whose comrades became members of E Company. The following, however, all joined us and soon became efficient and reliable soldiers: George Cogan, transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Veterans, June 1, 1865; Michael Fox, transferred to same company, discharged June 24, 1865; Benjamin Hockenberry, who died at Washington, D. C., August 28th from wounds received at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864, buried in National Cemetery, Arlington; David Kennedy died May 31st of wounds received at Spotsylvania, buried National Cemetery, Arlington; Nathaniel Miller, transferred to G Company, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteer Veterans, June 1, 1865; Henry S. Nolder—erroneously spelled Nolden in Bates' History—transferred to Company G, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteer Veterans, June 1, 1865. The family history of the latter is somewhat peculiar from the military standpoint. His great-grandfather served under Napoleon; his grandfather was in the War of 1812 from first to last; his father was in the Mexican War and also in the three months' service during the Rebellion; a brother was killed at Antietam and a son served in the Army during the Spanish-American War. This record is certainly worth preserving.

At Cold Harbor, a portion of our company was on the picket line and, when the advance was made, we advanced as skirmishers and, when the line of battle had passed, we acted as provost guard.

That was a battle indeed. We secured a position close to the enemy's lines and remained there intrenched for some twelve days and, after withdrawing, marched to the James River which we crossed and continued our march to Petersburg, meeting with a

warm reception from the Johnnies, when we made our first charge on the evening of the 16th of June. Colonel Beaver was among the wounded in this charge. Later in the evening we took an advanced position and, during the early part of the night our ammunition becoming exhausted, we were compelled to slacken our fire. The enemy, taking advantage of this, crawled up quite close and then made a rush for our line, part of which was captured, among the prisoners being Lieutenant Breon. The writer and others made their escape by running back in the darkness but fortunately in the right direction.

In the first expedition to Deep Bottom, Sergeant David Burrell was severely wounded, in consequence of which he was discharged the following February. It is doubtful if he ever recovered entirely from this wound, although still living.

We made a second expedition to Deep Bottom which has been elsewhere described which seemed to us to be about as fruitless as the first, although both doubtless had their significance, at least in the minds of those who planned the campaign. In the latter expedition our company lost Benjamin Hockenberry, a drafted man, who was wounded and died subsequently at Washington August 28th. He is buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

Later in the summer we made our expedition for the destruction of the Weldon Railroad which culminated in the disastrous battle of Reams Station August 25, 1864; but, before that occurred, we certainly did get our work in on the Weldon Railroad. After tearing up the road, the ties were piled in heaps and burned, and the rails, being placed crosswise upon them, were heated and then twisted and in many instances wound about trees. This was a new kind of warfare and made a decided impression upon our comrades; but perhaps nothing during that little campaign will be more enjoyably remembered than the green corn which we were able to secure in abundance and which made a refreshing variety in our diet.

The climax of this campaign was the disastrous battle at Reams Station. Being interrupted in our work of demolishing the railroad by the enemy who seemed to be in strong force, our line was formed behind an embankment which served us as breastworks and

preparations made for battle. Our Regiment was ordered to the front by Colonel Broady, 61st New York Regiment, who was commanding the Brigade, in order to develop the position of the enemy. We crossed the railroad, led by Captain Rhinehart, who was in command of the Regiment, but before we had fairly started Sergt. William J. Mackey was hit and knocked down, probably by a spent ball, for, after reviving, which was almost immediately, he continued with the company.

We passed over the works, deployed as skirmishers and crossed a field grown up with pine bushes, with woods beyond. Before reaching the timber, we discovered the enemy was in force but pushed on and displayed the fact that there were several lines of battle. We fell back, of course, the enemy quickly following. While we were on the skirmish line, Colonel Beaver returned in an ambulance but, after relieving Colonel Broady of the command of the Brigade, was wounded and taken to the rear before we had the opportunity of seeing him.

The enemy made a splendid assault which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been undoubtedly repulsed but a new German regiment from New York which was on the left of our Regiment broke and gave way and let the enemy in on our flank. This, of course, compelled us to fall back and form a new line, which we did and held it until night set in. This engagement was one of the most disastrous in which the Second Corps ever took part, but the details of it have been told elsewhere and it is not necessary to repeat them here.

Among the casualties in our company were John Mills and William A. Parker wounded, and Albert Lord and William Miller captured.

In September, 1864, we received our new seven-shooters. It is needless to say that not only because of the guns themselves but reason of the circumstances under which they were received, our Regiment being designated as the one in the First Division to receive them, they were considered, as the boys expressed it, "dandies." Each man claimed his gun to be the best and when, a few days after receiving them, we were sent out to the front near one of the enemy's

so-called forts, you would have thought a severe battle was on, every man being on the lookout for something at which to shoot.

Pat McEntire was firing at a decoy that one of the Johnnies had pushed above the breastworks and, having exhausted his ammunition, was refilling the magazine, when he discovered John D. Lucas firing in the direction of his stuffed man. Pat, not knowing that it was a decoy, called out, "Dan, get a man of your own to shoot at; that one belongs to me."

John English, thinking he had the best gun in the Regiment and desiring not to be idle, and being one of the best marksmen we had, saw a little knoll in front of our line. He concluded that he would crawl out to it, dig a little pit and there secure a better point for observation and at the same time screen himself from the fire of the enemy and have a little fight on his own account. He reached the point, hollowed out a little place for his body and began operations. The Johnnies, however, didn't seem disposed to fight fair and, seeing the fresh dirt and feeling the galling effect of John's fire, opened on his little individual fort with cannon. Their aim was good; the first shot hit the mark, the shell exploded and John came tumbling back without the aid of stretcher bearers. He had received a very painful, although not a dangerous wound, a piece of the shell catching him on the back near the cartridge belt and burning him badly. After the pain had ceased to some extent and he found he was not dangerously hurt, John went back to his little fort and held it in spite of the enemy.

It was doubtless because of our superior arms and the facility which we soon acquired in handling them that a detail was made from our Regiment October 27, 1864, for an assault upon a fort in our front which occupied the ground known as the Crater, where what was known as the Burnside Mine was exploded in July. This assault and the wonderful success of it has been fully described in the story relating to it and in several of the other companies' stories, so that it will not be necessary to speak of it in detail. We had our share, however, in the detail and in the glory, and it is much to be regretted that the names of the men who were detailed from our company cannot be given with absolute certainty.

The winter of 1864-1865 was full of activity and, although compelled to be on the alert at all times and under all circumstances, the marches were of no great length, the general feature of the campaign being the extension of our lines to our left so as to develop the Confederate position. The details have been given elsewhere and need not be repeated here.

When the spring campaign opened, we moved and fought with the Regiment whose fortunes were linked with those of the First Division of the Second Corps as in other campaigns.

At Gravelly Run the Regiment under Captain Sutton was unusually successful, bringing in a large number of prisoners and some flags, and was complimented in orders by General Miles.

At Five Forks, Corp. Isa P. Leightley, who was serving with the color guard, brought the colors off the field after Corporal Shofstall of E Company, who was carrying them that day, was killed. The Regiment was deployed and few, if any, left with the colors and but for Leightley they would doubtless have been lost.

The details of this campaign, its triumphant close and the march back to Alexandria are told with so much particularity elsewhere that it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon them here.

After reaching Alexandria, Lieutenant Breon returned from prison in time to be mustered as Captain of the company before the final muster-out, which occurred at Harrisburg in the early part of June, three years lacking three months after our muster-in at the same place.



LIEUT.-COL. WM. P. WILSON

CAPT. WILLIAM POTTER WILSON.

Captain Wilson's connection with F Company has been referred to in various ways in the story of that company but the most of his military career was apart from it and is, therefore, worthy of special notice here.

He served as Adjutant during a portion of the winter of 1862-1863 during the absence of Adjutant Lipton on account of the sickness which resulted in his death.

After the appointment of Sergeant Major Muffly as Adjutant, Lieutenant Wilson was detailed to serve upon the division staff. He was specially fitted for staff duty, by nature, education and training. He was descended from loyal Revolutionary stock, his mother being the granddaughter of Gen. James Potter who greatly distinguished himself during the Revolutionary struggle and was held in high regard by General Washington and who afterwards served as Vice-President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania under the Constitution of 1776. Captain Wilson had also, as previously stated, served as private secretary to Governor Curtin and had an extensive acquaintance. He was an intimate friend of Mitchell and Parker, both well known Pennsylvanians, who had come with General Hancock from the Sixth Corps, and his detail, therefore, was not unnatural. He served on the division staff for a year or more, rendering conspicuous service at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

He was transferred to the corps headquarter staff before the campaign of 1864, in which capacity, in the campaign of the Wilderness and in the fight at Reams Station, he greatly distinguished himself, and for his services at the battle last named was specially mentioned in orders.

After General Hancock left the Army of the Potomac, he was transferred to his staff by detail and was subsequently appointed Captain and Aide-de-Camp United States Volunteers. This latter appointment left the vacancy in his company which was filled immediately by the appointment of Lieut. Jacob Breon as Captain.

Captain Wilson was brevetted Major United States Volunteers December 2, 1864, for gallant services during the campaign before Richmond, Virginia, Lieutenant Colonel United States Volunteers March 13, 1865, for services during the War, and Major United States Army March 2, 1867, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia.

After the close of the Civil War, in July, 1866, he was appointed Captain in the 21st Infantry United States Army and served therein for several years.

In 1870 he was honorably discharged from the military service and for several years engaged in business pursuits.

For two years prior to his death he suffered from an acute form of heart disease, which required him to retire from all active participation in business affairs, and died at Warm Springs, Virginia, August 6, 1886.

THE STORY OF COMPANY G.

Introduction by the Editor

The Union Army, as is well known, was noted for the intelligence of its soldiery. The 148th was a type of that class of regiments of which it has been said that in its field, staff, line and ranks might have been found men who could preside over a college, edit and print a newspaper, build a locomotive, construct and operate a telegraph line or run a steamboat, while nearly every man was qualified to teach school.

The Colonel was a college graduate and a practicing attorney. The author of the following story, Capt. James J. Patterson, of Company G, was a fine type of the classically educated men of the Regiment. He was the son of John and Ellen Van Dyke Patterson, born in Philadelphia June 22, 1838. In his childhood he was taken to the old family home at Academia, Juniata County, Pennsylvania, where he spent his boyhood. His parents removed to Peru Mills, where he attained his majority. After a preparatory course at Tuscarora Academy, in September, 1856, he entered Dickinson College, whence he was graduated in June, 1859. He became Principal of Boalsburg Academy in November following where he conducted a highly successful work until August 5, 1862, when he felt it his duty to drop all else and take up arms in defense of his country. The several stories of his company here following show his brilliant record as a soldier and his honorable discharge from the service December 4, 1864, on account of disability from wounds received at Petersburg June 16, 1864, attests the completeness of his most honorable service.

Since the War Captain Patterson, after some years in other pursuits, resumed the profession of teaching and won high rank as an educator. He was successively Principal of Tuscarora Academy, Dry Run and Airy View Academies and of the public schools at Mifflintown. At the latter place, while in the full tide of professional success, his health failed and in June, 1894, he gave up the work and retired from the life of an active teacher and spent some time in the state of Nebraska. At Shaver, Boone County, Arkansas, in the picturesque Long Creek Valley, among the Ozarks, with health restored by the pure, life-giving air, he is spending his declining years as a farmer and stock grower.

He was married December 8, 1863, to Elizabeth McFarlane Jack, daughter of George Jack Esq., of Boalsburg. Four sons and five daughters have come to their home, of whom all survive but one dear boy. Now, grown to maturity and scattered over the various

fields of their industry and usefulness, they and their children are wont, one by one, or in groups, to visit the mountain home and make glad the hearts of parents dear, who receive them ever with parental pride.

THE STORY OF COMPANY G.

By Capt. James J. Patterson.

In the quiet little village of Boalsburg, situate at the foot of Tussy's Mountain, in her sister towns and villages and throughout those beautiful valleys with their rolling fields, deep shade, and crystal streams, beautiful as life's young dream, dwelt a people not inferior to any on earth in the true elements of sterling worth.

In love of country and love toward God, with all that these imply, they were stalwart and true. A brave, happy and good people were they: the climbing step of freedom had scanned the summits of those grand old mountains and the persistent hand of industry had made their valleys teem with the good things of life; their crops were bountiful, their orchards laden, their homes comfortable, their hearts were true.

The matrons excelled in true womanhood, the home was their shrine; the discharge of duty both physical and moral was their worship. The maidens, comely and truehearted, were worthy of their mothers. Bright little ones around the family board completed the happy home. The church bells were ever wont to give forth their peal and the hearts of the people to respond both by word and act "Love to God and love to man." Let posterity read and note, let them look into the cradle in which was nursed our liberties, and see from what source has arisen its greatness—the Christian home.

Amid such surroundings, the soldiers of Company G were reared. Born of such parents, nursed amid such Christian influences, they spent their early years and grew to manhood. Integrity and honesty of purpose were in their every act. Patriotism was with them a directing force. In the camp they were diligent, on the march enduring, in the fight invincible.

The spring and early summer of 1862 demonstrated the necessity of a greater force in the field, a force necessary to hold up the

hands of those already at the front, a force competent to maintain the integrity of this Republic and all its beneficent institutions.

With the call of the President for 300,000 men came the conviction of the dwellers in those beautiful valleys, in common with the country at large, that the time to act was now. The call came as a personal appeal to each and every one. In the schools, at the work shop, on the farm—everywhere it was seriously considered and promptly acted upon. The first steps toward the formation of Company G of which the writer has any knowledge was on Saturday, August 2, 1862. The first public meeting in Centre County in which Company G was directly concerned was held at Boalsburg in the Old Stone Church, August 5th, although several had passed their word to each other and several had previously handed in their names to Captain McFarlane.

The meeting was addressed by several persons, notably by that sterling old patriot and friend of every good work, the Hon. H. N. McAllister of blessed memory. The addresses were earnest and well directed and may have aided some to decide upon the path of duty; the larger number had previously determined upon their course and took that as the occasion to enroll their names. Thirty-three names were enrolled in rapid order in the presence of grave and venerable men whose earnest looks and heaving breasts gave sanction to what was done. Those good old men were giving their sons upon the altar of their country, and were solemnly consecrating them to the upholding of its liberties and cherished institutions. Let them not be forgotten when the story of the War is told.

Robert McFarlane, late a Captain in the 7th Pennsylvania Infantry three months service, deemed it his duty to accept the leadership in the enterprise of making up a company with headquarters at Boalsburg. The first conference of which the writer has any knowledge was on the evening of August 1, 1862, when several expressed their willingness to join in the movement. Alas! Of that group of five persons who began the conference three lost their lives on the field, viz., Lieut. Samuel Everhart, Corp. George J. Duffy and Capt. Jacob B. Edmonds.

On Saturday, August 2d, the Captain began his enrollment with the names of William Devore and William Baily and on Monday following eleven additional names were added, and it was deemed best that a number hold back for the meeting, at which the number was increased to forty-seven names. The eleven were Lot E. Ketner, George J. Duffy, Samuel Everhart, Nathan E. Beans, Jackson Hartley, David W. Miller, George Glenn, Adams T. Murphy, Daniel G. Musser, Hiram Sweetwood and Samuel Webb, making with the Captain himself a nucleus of fourteen persons.

On the 5th of August the principal of Boalsburg Academy* closed school with the announcement that duty called him to the front, whereupon one pupil after another arose with the statement that he too had reached the same conviction. Then followed a scene over which memory loves to linger, but pen cannot describe, nor tongue express. When the heart is full men say what they feel and what they say is sacred. Similar scenes were enacted at Pine Grove and elsewhere wherever men were knit together by any common tie. After dismissal there was a general informal gathering in the shop of Jacob B. Edmonds, as true a patriot as ever loved his country or died in her service. The shop was thronged with young men and as they passed in and out, there was continually heard, "Yes, I am going." So upon the street and elsewhere. The first man the writer met as he entered the shop was that noble young man, Samuel Everhart, who with the grasp of the hand gave the greeting, "I am with you." The comrades of Companies G and C of the Regiment know how well that most excellent soldier and warm hearted friend kept his word. No matter how hard the service, nor how perilous the duty it was always, "I am with you." And ever since his young life went out on the field of his glory and he has been sleeping "the years of his manhood away," his comrades cherish his memory.

Among those who gathered in that jeweler's shop and who exerted themselves strongly in behalf of the company, in addition to the watchmaker himself (Capt.) Jacob B. Edmonds, were John W. Stuart, George J. Duffy, Amos Myers, John Martz, James Shoon, Jackson Hartley, James A. Thompson (M. D.), David Storer, Abraham

*The Editor deems it proper to say that the principal referred to was Capt. James J. Patterson, who writes the story and who modestly withholds his identity.



CORPORAL
JOSEPH FOX.



GEO. K. BAKER.



DANIEL S. KELLER
AGE 17 AT ENLISTMENT



LIEUT. ISAAC LYTLE.



CAPT. JAMES J. PATTERSON
OF CO. G.



FIRST SERGT. R. H. PATTERSON.



D. W. MILLER.



WM. A. JACOBS.



MATTHIAS RIDER.



ADAMS T. MURPHY.
AGE 16 AT ENLISTMENT.

OFFICERS & MEN

OF
C. G.

Royer, George W. Ishler and others, and prominent among them the Academy boys, Daniel S. Keller, Wm. C. Holahan, Samuel Everhart, Geo. K. Baker, Robert H. Patterson, Wm. S. Van Dyke, Isaac Lytle, Jacob B. Andrews, George W. Ishler, James M. Royer, James P. Odenkirk, Jacob Kreider and James M. Boal (who was rejected by the examining surgeon). In addition to those on the 2d and 4th, there was added August 5th, James J. Patterson, Jacob B. Edmonds, Isaac Lytle, John W. Stuart, Robert H. Patterson, James Shoop, James M. Royer, Abraham Royer, Henry C. Allen, Jacob B. Andrews, George K. Baker, Benj. F. Beans, William L. Bottorff, John Bowers, John Davison, Henry Eekinroth, John Gilbert, William C. Holahan, James B. Irvin, William A. Ishler, William A. Jacobs, Daniel S. Keller, Anthony Knopp, George Koon, Samuel F. Lytle, James F. Martin, John Martz, David M. McCool, David D. McIlhattan, John Meyer, Amos Myers, John Riley, William H. Swinehart, James A. Thompson, William S. Van Dyke, raising the total to forty-seven. On August 6th there was enlisted George W. Gilbert, Thomas J. Lee, Samuel T. Reel, Daniel Royer and Samuel H. Snyder. On the 7th John H. Harpster, William McGuire, George W. Went, Brice D. Brisbin, Francis M. Hess, Samuel Kelly, Isaiah W. Marks and David Storer. August 8th William L. Taylor, Daniel Schreffler, John H. Allen, Benj. D. Condo, Charles M. Condo, Daniel Condo, Jared Condo, Jos. L. Harpster, Ithiel B. Snyder, James A. Williams and John E. Youts. On the 9th, Thos. Johnstonbaugh, Wm. Koonsman, George W. McIlhattan, Reuben Reed, George W. Shafer and William A. Thompson. August 11th, Joseph Fox, Mathias Rider, Henry Fleisher, George W. Ishler, William A. Ishler, David Koonfier, Reuben Page, Alexander B. Ross, David W. Shires, Thomas Singleton, George W. Ward, William W. Williams and George W. Yarlett. August 12th, Valentine Benskotre, David H. Heany (or Henney), James P. Odenkirk and William Wingart. August 13th, William I. Berry, Benjamin F. Dunkle and John H. Moyer. August 15th, Jonathan Hoffner.

This list of names does not include the names enrolled who failed to pass the surgeon's examination, or those in excess of the maximum limit for a company—one hundred and one men. Those

in excess were passed over to other companies, some of whom served in different regiments. The total enrollment was one hundred and thirty-five. The writer regrets that he has no data from which to give the names of these supernumerary men, the larger part of whom entered Company D, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

August 13th the company rendezvoused at Boalsburg, formed line in the street to the number of one hundred and twenty-seven, the youth and vigor of the surrounding country. After an affecting leave-taking they were borne away in the carriages and wagons of their friends and kindred. There was a stop made at Potters Mills, where after being joined by the balance of the enrollment, the election of officers was held. Upon the counting of the ballots, it was disclosed that Robert A. McFarlane, under whom the initial movement to recruit a company was made, was unanimously chosen Captain, and by a vote almost unanimous James J. Patterson was made First Lieutenant and Jacob B. Edmonds Second Lieutenant. After the election a bountiful dinner was served by the good people of the community. After the dinner and good-bye the company proceeded over the mountains to Lewistown and at 10:30 P. M. took cars for Harrisburg. At 1:30 A. M., August 14th arrived at that place and were marched to the State Capitol building and slept in the Senate chamber. In the morning marched out to Camp Curtin, that great rendezvous camp for the Pennsylvania soldiers. On the 15th the rolls of the men for official record were made. On the 16th the men passed the surgical examination; but few were rejected. On the 17th the muster rolls were made out and the excess men were assigned to companies then forming in Centre County for the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. On the 18th the company was sworn into the United States service. After muster it remained in camp awaiting the arrival of the other companies which should constitute the Regiment. August 29th these companies began to arrive. September 5th the enlisted men were paid their county bounty and enlistment premium. September 8th the Regiment was organized and in this organization the Boalsburg company became Company G of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

Captain McFarlane of Company G was made Lieutenant Colonel, First Lieutenant James J. Patterson was made Captain, Second Lieutenant Jacob B. Edmonds was made First Lieutenant and First Sergeant Isaac Lytle was made Second Lieutenant. And for subsequent promotions see the "Company Roster."

On the evening of September 9th took the cars and next morning went into camp at Cockeyville, Maryland. The Regiment was stationed along the Northern Central Railroad to guard its track and bridges for a distance of about fifteen miles. Company G had its camp with Companies E and H at the Gunpowder bridge. This was a formative period for the Regiment. The companies were here trained in guard duty, and all the other duties that go to make up the effective Regiment. The company and Regiment left this first field of duty a well organized regiment, prepared to grapple with the foe with that confidence in themselves which is a long step toward victory.

While the company lay at Gunpowder Bridge on the 21st of September, it met its first sad experience in the loss of life. Charles M. Condo, who enlisted from Milheim, Centre County, while bathing in Gunpowder Creek, was drowned. He was a young soldier of excellent promise.

The Regiment left Cockeyville for the front December 9th, by the way of Baltimore and arrived at Washington, D. C., at 4:00 A. M. on the 11th and at 2:00 P. M. began its first long march. The route was first parallel and not far from the Potomac River on the Maryland side, and on the 15th led across the river to the "sacred soil." On the 18th the Regiment reported to General Couch commanding the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, and henceforth the history of Company G and the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers is merged in that of that noted corps of the historic Army of the Potomac. The Regiment was assigned to the First Division, Gen. W. S. Hancock commanding, henceforth to be known by the proud title, "Hancock's men," with all that this implies in the light of subsequent events.

This was a winter of training for the fighting of battles upon the result of which hung the destinies of this Republic and which

stand today among the great battles of history. "All quiet along the Potomac" so ignorantly and ofttimes sneeringly quotes the pseudo-hero who fights his battles safely distant by the fireside at home. Aye, the quiet that precedes the storm, but the camp life near Falmouth would better be compared to the industry of the hive before the swarm.

While lying and working in Camp Hancock the company suffered a severe epidemic of typhoid fever, and Daniel G. Musser, of Pine Grove Mills, and David W. Shires, of Potters Mills, fell victims to it, thus nipped off in youth's early bloom, before the opportunity to try their weapons. The others to the number of forty-nine recovered.

April 29, 1863, the Corps took up its line of march. Company G, on picket along the Rappahannock, followed and soon overtook the Regiment and brigade, the First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps. On the 30th marched through cold, drizzling rain, crossed the Rappahannock at the United States Ford, and May 1st came upon what became the battlefield of Chancellorsville.

Every student of history is acquainted with the general plan and result of this great battle, but Company G, as well as every other company in that vast body, had its own experience, not known to the world at large. A history within a history but a history of the actions of men that largely determines the result of the general engagement—acts of bravery, skill and endurance, of pure heroism and patriotism that individually pass, "unhonored and unsung," swallowed up in the collected mass. Remember, reader of history, that while you accord every word of possible praise to those who successfully led, that upon the faithfulness, skill and valor of the rank and file depends the final issue of every battle, no matter how wisely planned.

While under fire all day, May 2d, Company G was not heavily engaged, though the battle raged on every hand. Six companies of the Regiment kept up a sharp fight all day on the skirmish line, and met considerable loss. G was one of the four companies that lay in the works.

On the morning of the 3d the enemy having effected a successful flank movement, the right and rear of the Army became exposed and the enemy pressed his advantage. The troops first brought to meet this proved inadequate; part of the First Division, Second Army Corps was hurriedly called to form a new line and hasten to the breach. The four companies of the 148th not on skirmish, D, C, H and G formed the right of the new line and on their left the 61st New York, 5th New Hampshire and other regiments rushed in, thus extending the line. The little battalion of four companies soon struck the enemy in force. The direction of the advancing line was such that the enemy had the opportunity to pour in an enfilading fire upon the advancing right by which Companies D and C were almost destroyed and were forced back, but still bravely faced the foe. Having noticed that no skirmish line was in front and fearing trouble on this account, I sent Corp. George J. Duffy and Private David H. Henney to run to the front and try and get sight of the enemy and the direction of his line. I also kept well advanced before the company and in a very short time met Duffy and Henney, who through a small break in the thick woods pointed out the enemy's line lying on the ground. I at once half wheeled the company, thus throwing the left forward which made it parallel to the line of the enemy. The movement, though executed with great alacrity, was scarcely complete when the volley came. G did not suffer so heavily as the others, as the fire did not enfilade them. At the instant G completed her wheel, the 61st New York formed on the left and took the new direction, and the companies on the right, forced back by their terrible loss quickly conforming to the new direction, immediately began to advance with the general line. As soon as the enemy fired G replied and kept up a hot and continuous fire, which was equally well maintained by the 61st New York on the left and the companies on the right as fast as they got into position, and they lost little time in doing so. The enemy were forced back some distance and the position maintained until General Hooker had established his white house line and by orders withdrew the little force from their desperate and unequal struggle. No men under their first fire ever maintained a more soldierly bearing than did Com-

pany G. In this battle Corp. George W. Ward was killed and William McGuire and George W. Ishler were mortally wounded. There were also wounded Corporals William L. Taylor and Joseph Fox and Privates Henry Eekinroth, Joseph L. Harpster, Daniel S. Keller, David Miller, Reuben Reed, Alexander B. Ross, William H. Swinehart and John E. Youts.

From the battlefield the company withdrew a short distance and in company with the battalion joined the residue of the Regiment on the new line, these six companies who also had had their experience of hard battle and duty well performed. During the 4th lay in the entrenchments, no severe fighting on that part of the line, and so on the 5th. Upon the 6th, amid continuous rain the Army fell back across the Rappahannock and by 3:00 P. M., after a rapid march through liquid mud up to its old quarters at Camp Hancock. The company lay near Falmouth and on Potomac Creek until the evening of June 14, 1863, when under marching orders it took its position in the line. This march led through Stafford Court House by Dumfries across the Ocoquan by Fairfax Station, Centerville, over the old battlefield of Gainesville and Bull Run and through Haymarket; reached Thoroughfare Gap 10:00 P. M. June 20th; did picket duty here against the enemy's troops on the west side of the Bull Run mountains and feasted on the luscious black-heart cherries that grew in profusion on large trees on the foothills and mountain slopes of the Bull Run mountains.

On the 25th the line of March, after a skirmish with Gen. D. H. Hill's Corps near Haymarket, led twenty-three miles to Gum Spring through drenching showers. On the 26th, to quote from a diary:

"After a sleep, it having rained all night, we crept out of our wet nests and resumed our march by 6:30 A. M., fifteen miles to Edwards' Ferry over the Potomac, where we arrived about 1:00 P. M.; lay in a field as a guard on the south bank of the river waiting for the troops and trains to pass over the pontoons. Last of all we crossed and the pontoons were taken up and we went into camp on the north side of the river at 2:00 A. M. of June 27th; lay until 4:00 P. M. waiting for the other troops and trains to move off. About 4:00 P. M. started and brought up the rear, marched about fourteen

miles through the towns of Poolesville, five miles from the river and Barnesville, seven or eight miles farther on, through an undulating, well improved country. On the 28th marched through a beautiful country about fifteen miles and camped in a field by the Monocacy River. On the 29th resumed march at 6:00 A. M. through a country "beautiful as the Garden of the Lord," five miles to Fredericksburg, thence east across the National bridge, thence north through Liberty, eighteen miles, Johnsville, Union Bridge, Uniontown to Union Church; distance today thirty-six miles. We were greeted all day with smiles, kind words, and refreshed with water and cakes and other things grateful to the taste of a soldier. May this page live a thousand years to record the goodness of the loyal hearts of Maryland. June 30th, lay all day in camp and were mustered for pay July 1st. From Union Church through Taneytown and Harneysville we came within three miles of Gettysburg, considerable of the distance amid the roar of battle. We marched fast knowing that the overpowered troops were needing re-enforcement. Tomorrow will probably be the battle of the War."

By break of day July 2d moved to a point between Little Round Top and the Cemetery, were shelled in the early morning and Sergt. Robert H. Patterson was wounded by a shell in the arm. About 4:00 P. M. the fierce fighting began on the left where the Third Corps opened the battle. The First Division, Second Corps was sent as re-enforcement. The 148th was sent as part of this re-enforcement and soon became hotly engaged at the wheat field and all through that afternoon's fierce fight did most effective work. Late in the day Company G on the extreme left of the Regiment to prevent a flank move and save itself from a flank fire, was compelled to either fall back or detach itself. It chose the latter and by a sharp left oblique fire followed by a charge of the company, dislodged those of the enemy who were forming in the rocks on the left. The enemy fell back before the charge, the company retired again and took up position a little farther to the left and oblique to its former line, thus extending the gap between itself and the rest of the Regiment. The company held this line keeping the enemy in check until all the troops on the right of it had retired, including the Regulars of the Fifth Corps, who had joined as re-enforcement. Thus abandoned on the right and the enemy closing in on that side, the position was fast becoming untenable. Company G began to retire in good order, was

met by an officer of General Crawford's staff and by him conducted to a position held by General Crawford and formed in line with his men on the right, along an old stone fence, with the Irish Brigade to the left and rear. This was a strong position which the enemy did not assail. Soon Crawford's men advanced and drove back the enemy in a sweeping charge and Company G rejoined its own Regiment at its assigned position on the left center.

The conduct of Company G after its separation from the Regiment was most praiseworthy and General Cross, who visited it just before he was killed, praised the courage and coolness and effective work of the men, and especially enjoined Captain Patterson not to permit the enemy to gain lodgement among those rocks, even though it became necessary to lose connection with the Regiment and be entirely separated from it. It was upon this warrant that the company took a seeming independence of action, which might appear culpable on their part, if not supported by a properly constituted authority. The fighting of Company G on this part of the line was of the most determined character, and the charge down the slope was most brilliantly executed; in this Private James A. Williams was killed.

On July 3d Company G with the rest of the Regiment and division after a most vigorous shelling, assisted in the reception of Pickett's charge, although the heaviest part of the action was more to the right of the position held by Company G. The loss of Company G throughout the battle was Amos Myers and James A. Williams killed; and wounded, First Sergt. John H. Harpster, Sergt. Robert H. Patterson, Privates B. F. Beans, D. B. Brisbin, Reuben Reed, George W. Gilbert, David W. Miller, James A. Thompson. The company never passed through so much fighting with so little loss.

It would be a very long story to follow the company in all the details of its marches and experiences. After Gettysburg came the pursuit of the enemy, fatiguing marches and frequent skirmishes over the country between the Potomac and Rapidan; intermingled with these were many pleasant marches and agreeable encampments.



WILLIAM S. VAN DYKE
Killed at Spotsylvania Court House, W. Va.

Much transpired that pertained to the more comfortable side of a soldier's life, notably the long rest at Morrisville, Virginia, the reconnoissance to the United States Ford and the movement to Culpeper September 14, 1863, and to the Rapidan September 17th.

In September, 1863, while pleasantly encamped on the banks of the Rapidan the 148th Regiment was transferred to the Third Brigade of the same Division. It was with regret that the Regiment was separated from the First Brigade whose record they had helped to magnify, although no reflection is implied against the gallant Third.

Upon October 10th began a series of marches and strategic movements unsurpassed in skill and rapidity of execution by any movements of the War. These were over the same ground where General Lee had so often been eminently successful in engaging the Union forces greatly at a disadvantage to them. This time, after the feints near Culpeper, Brandy Station and Sulphur Springs and more or less skirmishing on the flanks, the lines began to approximate more closely and converge at Auburn Mills. Here on the morning of the 14th the enemy opened a sharp skirmish in which the details of the 148th bore an active part, and while the Regiment was hastily engaged in preparing breakfast, the enemy commenced to shell it. One shell exploded in the headquarter fire of Company G and the company officers and Adjutant Muffly, who was sharing their hospitality, lost their breakfast and with it alas! that soldier's solace, the pots well filled with steaming coffee. Henceforth that spot was Coffee Hill. The enemy dislodged, the Division marched with flankers out and everything ready for the most sudden attack or stand of the enemy, thus to Catlett Station. Still the impending battle is avoided, and the same expectant march continued, but with lines more compacted, and a larger concentration of forces. At Bristoe Station the Second Corps became engaged with the enemy, the fight being opened by the Second Division in a most brilliant charge, the rest of the Corps quickly rushing to support. Here was fought one of the most brilliant of the minor battles of the War, unsurpassed by any in alacrity of movement or force in the attack. The enemy were quickly dislodged from their strong position and

thrown from their place across our line of march, and put upon the defensive upon the right flank of the marching column, now at a halt. After the battle, wrapt in the mantle of a night of impenetrable darkness the Corps marched off silently to join the forces at Bull Run, where General Meade was concentrating his forces to receive General Lee in a decisive battle. Upon a call having been made for volunteers to remain on the ground and form a picket line until two hours should have elapsed after the last troops were gone or until forced by the advance of the enemy, I offered to stay and Company G to a man joined in the offer, although fully conscious of the small chance they had of avoiding a rebel prison, for the enemy's line was not fifty yards away across the railroad at this point where our movement was likely to be discovered. I chose eleven men, enough to place one man on a post, and sent the rest with the Regiment. The enemy only once shortly after the movement of the troops, possibly led by the unusual stillness, felt our line, and luckily from a couple of posts in front of Company G, but upon being promptly answered all became still again, and with beating hearts the watches marked the passage of the tardy minutes. Andersonville or Libby had no charm for them—those stigmas on southern civilization. At the expiration of the time limit, the little band quietly withdrew, each man following me as the line reached him, and then through the darkness without a guide, marched as best we could, bore to the right of the railroad and the first assurance of being right was when we struck Broad Run. We safely reached camp at Bull Run at break of day after a march of twelve miles through the darkness. The enemy coming up found General Meade held the vantage ground, that there would be no repetition of the Pope campaign, and that if he wanted a Bull Run No. 3 he must begin the attack, with the advantageous position in General Meade's hands and he fully prepared to receive him. Not wishing to repeat the experience of Gettysburg, General Lee on the night of October 18th fell back, never again to lead a marching force across that historic ground, but to begin a march which though accompanied with fighting unparalleled in modern warfare, steadily led backward until it ended at Appomattox.

November 7th found Company G at Kelly's Ford of the Rap-

pahannock pursuing the retreating enemy who with consummate skill sought the south bank of the Rapidan.

November 27th crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford. Company G did much skirmish duty but no heavy fighting. Close to Mine Run in the dark of night Company G was met with a volley full in their faces. In the flash of the rifles I recognized the Union uniform and quickly gave the cry, "Our own men; do not fire." The volley did not strike a man though the balls struck on every side. This is an experience that always brings a shudder. The party had veered from their course and traveled in a circle and met another part of the line coming up.

On the 2d of December recrossed the Rapidan without any loss of men on the movement. The weather during this move was very cold which caused much suffering among the men. After this Mine River campaign the Army went into winter quarters near Stevensburg and remained until after the reorganization under General Grant. In the reorganization the 148th was assigned to the Fourth Brigade of the same Division, Gen. John R. Brooke commanding.

In the grand movement began May 4, 1864, the company crossed the Rapidan with the Regiment in the line, but did not become heavily engaged until May 10th at Po River, although much under fire and constantly on the move. On the Po the company and Regiment were most fiercely engaged and sustained the fight most steadily. Company loss that day was, killed, William H. Swinehart; wounded, Sergt. John W. Stuart, Privates David H. Henney, Anthony Knopff, Geo. Korn, Isaiah W. Marks, Adams T. Murphy, William Pittman, Thos. Singleton and William A. Jacobs.

May 12th Company G bore her part in the grand charge at Spotsylvania Court House and was among the first to enter the works and all through this series of engagements showed the same intrepid spirit. Among the first in the advance, among the last in the retreat, because their whole heart was in the success of the movement. Among the fallen on that historic field there were of Company G, Corporals Geo. J. Duffy and William S. Van Dyke and Privates David Koonfier, William M. Gross, killed; George W. McIlhattan,

mortally wounded. There were also wounded Lieut. Isaac Lytle, Sergt. Samuel Lytle, Privates William H. Fulton, William C. Holahan, James B. Irvin, Reuben Reed; missing, Geo. W. Gilbert (certainly killed), Dias Shumaker, wounded and died in Andersonville.

Among those who fell in this battle it were well to pause and recount their virtues. Corporal Duffy was an ideal soldier, brave, cool and trustworthy; as a scout, reliable; on a post, vigilant, quick to discover and interpret any movement of the enemy; an unerring shot, cheerful under the performance of every duty, honorable in all his ways and a gentleman in his instincts. Corporal Van Dyke, a lad of eighteen, just ready to enter college, he enlisted in the company. Bright, vivacious, loved by all with whom he became acquainted, he soon found a place in the hearts of his comrades. He was a valiant and enthusiastic soldier, and there is always a sigh for his memory. George McIlhattan was not only a good soldier but his repartee and ready wit will not soon be forgotten.

May 13th Philip Glessner was wounded on the picket line. Then followed the movements by the left flank toward Richmond; with its many skirmishes and many of these almost of the magnitude of battles, Abraham M. Royer was wounded May 30th near Totopotomoy and on June 1st William A. Thompson was killed on the line near Hanover town and David Koonfier was killed June 2d near Cold Harbor. So day followed day in almost continuous action.

On June 3, 1864, Company G was in the great and disastrous charge on that strong position at Cold Harbor. In the charge the company reached the enemy's work, but could not hold the ground, but after falling back a few yards and lying down on the ground, forced the enemy to keep on their own side of the work. The men with picket shovels and frying pans in that loose, sandy soil soon threw up an intrenchment which they held for ten days. First Sergeant Robert H. Patterson was wounded in this engagement, while pressing to grasp a rebel flag on their works—a wound which incapacitated him from further service, and robbed the company of an especially active and efficient officer. Benjamin Condo, twin brother of him who was drowned in the Gunpowder, was also wounded here and died on the 17th. Another good soldier gone from the ranks.

From this work constant sharp shooting was kept up and no one on either side dared expose any part of his body. The least exposure brought the inevitable rifle crack. Here Jonathan Hoffner was wounded on the 5th and William A. Gabrick on the 11th, the duty here was continuous and critical. On the night of June 13th the position was abandoned in front of Cold Harbor, and the Army quietly stole away under cover of night and by morning had reached Harrison's Landing on the James River and thus completed one of the most successful movements of the War gaining without bloodshed what had cost so much fighting in 1862.

On the 15th crossed the James and marched to a point near Petersburg. On the 16th joined in the attack on the works, defending the city in this advance. Colonel Beaver was wounded and thus again we lost the presence and direction of our gallant commander. I was struck on the leg by a piece of timber thrown by a bursting shell, receiving a contusion, not very serious at the time, but which in the end made it necessary for me to leave my command and go through life with an uneven step. These attacks were continued on the 17th and 18th; but little progress was made and heavy losses were sustained, though the losses of Company G were not so heavy.

In a movement on June 22d the Brigade was flanked by the enemy and the position of the 148th Regiment became very critical, but having extricated itself with some loss of life and prisoners joined in the repulse of the enemy. In that action Capt. Jacob B. Edmonds, Company C, formerly First Lieutenant Company G, was killed. Nathan E. Beans, William V. Starliper and Brice D. Brisbin were captured, the first named on the 16th and the last two on the 22d. The contest settled into a siege. In this the company did much hard duty, engaged in one picket fight after another, almost daily under fire of rifle and shell, sometimes these skirmishes assuming the proportions of a battle. There was much shifting on the line entailing long and rapid marching. Among these were the march to Deep Bottom on the night of July 30th and again on August 15th with its attendant hard fight of the 16th, in which fell one of Company G's best soldiers, William Devore. With such men to

defend, the country could not suffer defeat from lack of stability in the rank and file. Lot E. Ketner and George W. Went were wounded in this battle.

On the 25th of August at Reams Station was fought one of the heavy battles of the Petersburg series and a full share of it fell to Company G. From the depleted ranks Benjamin F. Bean, a good, reliable soldier fell among the slain. Benjamin F. Dunkle and Samuel T. Reel were wounded. In this engagement the Regiment having come in from the skirmish line occupied a slight breastwork with not sufficient men to form a perfectly close line one man deep; they were charged upon by the enemy in line of battle with set bayonet, but so firmly did the men withstand the charge that they beat back the line of battle, though so close that some of the men were struck and prodded with the bayonet, notably Sergeant Fox, of Company G, received three bayonet cuts in the face yet stood his ground and by the valor of himself and the other comrades of the line beat back the attacking line.

During September and October the service was much the same. On the night of October 27th the detail of Company G made part of the regimental detail of one hundred men under Captain Brown of Company K, who so brilliantly captured Fort Crater, on the enemy's line of defensive works. For particulars see the general regimental story. In this dash Private Samuel J. Rager was captured. He died in prison.

All through the fall and winter the same line of arduous duty was continued and many changes transpired in the company. Many were worn and enfeebled by service, disease and wounds. Many were placed on special detail which involved absence from the company. Many were lost from the company by disease, by death, transfer and discharge, because of inability to perform active service in the field. But those who remained were ever ready for duty. At the time of the last general advance on Richmond the men bore their part bravely and were remarkably immune from loss, though at Adams Run, Anthony Knopff and Francis May were wounded and at Sailors Creek, Samuel Everhart, First Lieutenant Company C, former Sergeant Company G, was killed. He was one of those who

prominently helped win for Company G the prestige it enjoyed. He was made Lieutenant Company C on account of especial merit. Centre County has reason to be proud of this worthy son and his name and fame should be preserved to latest posterity. It is only necessary to add that after Appomattox Company G, with a sense of duty well performed, proudly bore its part in the Grand Review at Washington, that historic display, when the Nation welcomed the return of her victorious preservers and brought all her resources to do them honor. From this review the Regiment proceeded to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Company G, under command of Captain Harpster was mustered out in June, 1865.

At Harrisburg the soldiers became civilians and as citizens entered the various pursuits of civil life, thereby showing that not only as good soldiers but as good citizens they were ready to tread the path of duty. As veterans and Grand Army men they have evermorally, intellectually, industrially and socially helped exalt the Nation for the preservation of which many of their comrades died and for which they had themselves given of their sweat and blood, of their youthful vigor, aye and often in the hour of defeat, had travailed in anguish of spirit for the country they loved so well.

The veterans of the Civil War have handed down to posterity a legacy of valor, patriotism and good citizenship that will be treasured through the ages, and the story will, to coming generations, be told of how after they had bared their bosom to the storm of battle until the victory was won, as civilians, they joined the best element at home and with their characteristic ardor helped advance everything that tended to exalt the Nation. In this the men of Company G have done their part and continue to do. One by one they have passed the "portal." Some yet remain.

THE STORY OF G COMPANY.

PART II.

Sketch of Lieut. John W. Stuart.

John Washington Stuart, son of David A. and Martha Johnston Stuart, was born August 23, 1844, in Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

He enlisted in G Company, 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, August 13, 1863, at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, as a private. The circumstances under which he enlisted are graphically told in "The Sister's Story," who describes the enlistment of the boys who were then attending the Boalsburg Academy. He went with his company to Harrisburg and was mustered later in the month of August. He was promoted to Corporal September, 1863, Sergeant in 1864 and to Second Lieutenant February 8, 1865.

The young fellows of this company, particularly the Academy boys, were of an enterprising disposition, always on the alert for something to do and, in the main, content with whatever came their way. Stuart was not an exception to this rule. He has been known to say that he was homesick but once during the entire term of service, which was after a breakfast of black coffee, hard tack and fat meat in Camp Curtin. He felt then, as one of his older comrades of G Company, Reuben Page did, who, after the same breakfast, remarked, "If I had known there were no better accommodations than this, I would not have *subscribed*."

Stuart held his own in the Regiment, sharing all its experiences without special incident, until June 10, 1864, when at Po River he was wounded by a minie ball through his cartridge box. When he recovered his breath, he felt behind him to find where the ball had come out and then discovered that it had not entered the abdomen. He owed his life doubtless to the suggestion of his comrade, Corp. George Duffy, who was immediately beside him and who lost his life two days afterwards at Spotsylvania, that he pull his cartridge box in front of him, as it might stop a bullet.



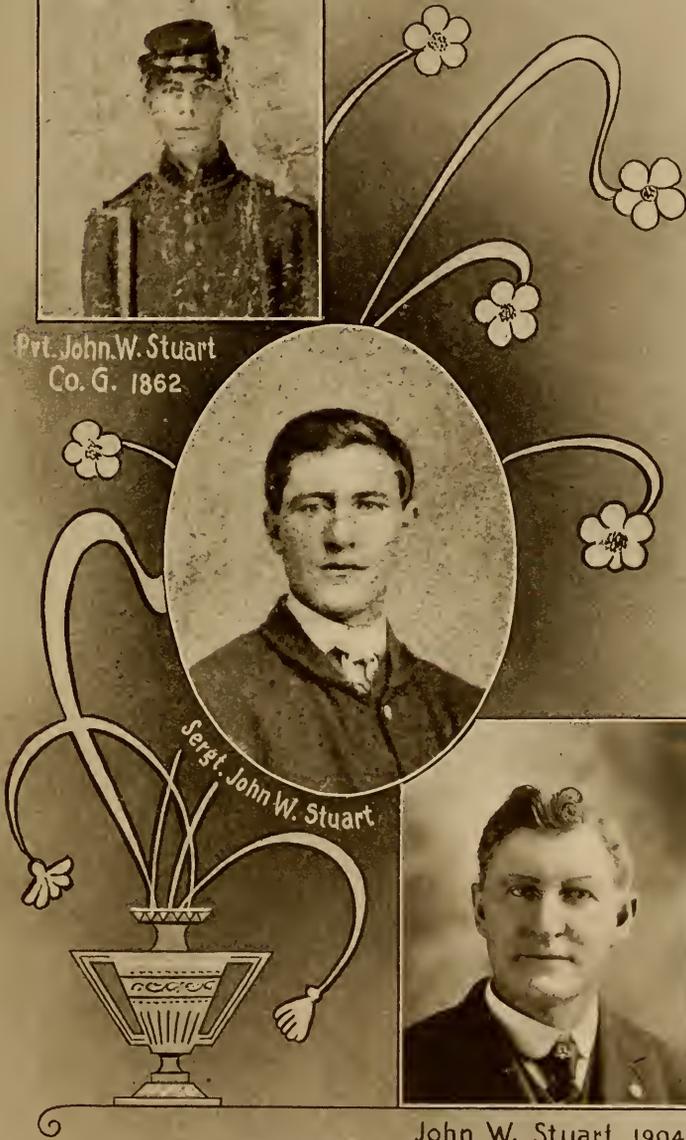
Pvt. John W. Stuart
Co. G. 1862



Sgt. John W. Stuart



John W. Stuart 1904
Late Lieutenant Co. G.



The suggestion was a prophecy. It did stop the bullet and his life was thereby saved. The wound, however, was painful, if not dangerous, and he was sent to one of the general hospitals at Washington, where he remained three months. For the greater part of that time he was in ward as a patient.

During his convalescence he had charge of the contrabands about the hospital, drawing and distributing their rations to them, and, in that way, became familiar with the details of the commissary department. It would have been easy for him to continue in this place, as he was importuned to do, but, as he told Dr. Pancoast, the surgeon in charge when he asked to be sent to his Regiment and the doctor said he thought he was foolish to give up a good job and go to the front to be shot at, that was what he enlisted for.

After rejoining and serving with his Regiment for some time in front of Petersburg, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, being the youngest man in the Regiment to hold a commission. During the absence of the Adjutant on a ten-day leave, he was appointed Acting Adjutant and, upon his return, Lieutenant Musser, the regimental Quartermaster, having been detailed as Acting Brigade Quartermaster, Stuart was detailed to act as Regimental Quartermaster and served in that capacity until the close of the War.

When the Confederates commenced their retreat from Petersburg and our Army cut loose and started in hot pursuit, Stuart found himself in company with Colonel Shallenberger, the Corps Quartermaster, and rode with him day and night hunting roads and keeping the supply and baggage trains up with the troops.

On the day after the surrender, he was sent with his train to Appomattox Court House, which was then within the rebel lines, hostilities, of course, having entirely ceased, to load his wagons with the arms which had been laid down by the Confederates and take them back to Farmville, the then base of our Army's supply. When reaching there, however, the officer in charge of the exchange would not allow the guns to be removed until their men were paroled and Stuart was, therefore, obliged to stay two days among the Confederates and, in doing so, was not far from the famous apple tree under which Lee and Grant met to arrange terms of surrender. One

of the valued relics of the War is a piece of the apple tree with "Appomattox C. H." in raised letters cut thereon by Sergt. David H. Henney of G Company.

Stuart continued as Acting Quartermaster of the Regiment on the return to Washington, took part in the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac, secured transportation for the return of the Regiment to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where it was mustered out, turned over regimental and company books and the equipment which belonged to the State of Pennsylvania to the Adjutant General, was paid off by Major Mendenthal and thus wound up his military career.

He was, at the time of his discharge, less than twenty-one years of age, and as Acting Adjutant and Acting Regimental Quartermaster, had an experience which in interest and usefulness fell to the lot of few, if any, so young as he was.

The illustrations which accompany this sketch show him at enlistment, as a Sergeant before his promotion, and as he is today. They afford a striking illustration of what the Army did in the development of our boys and how kindly time has dealt with those of good physique who have dealt kindly with themselves during the well-nigh forty years since "Johnny came marching home."

THE STORY OF COMPANY G.

PART III.

By D. W. Miller.

I was a boy scarcely fifteen years old at the fall of Fort Sumter, and when the calls came for volunteers, many of us wished we were only big enough to go with the companies that were leaving for the War.

In August, 1862, Captain McFarlane was raising a company. We thought this our time, as many of us were very young, and our parents were more willing to trust us with him than with any one else. The enlisting began at a meeting, and I was among the first to put down my name, I think on August 4, 1862. With others, we crossed the Seven Mountains to Lewistown, and were at Potters Bank for dinner. I was a big bashful boy, had never been out of my native county or seen a railroad. At dinner the men all rushed for places at the table, and I was left out. The Captain, seeing me standing back, called to me to come and sit on his knee and share his plate—an invitation I gladly accepted. He told me I must look out for number one, as I could not always mess with him, a bit of advice by which I profited.

We went by rail from Lewistown to Harrisburg on cattle cars. Arriving at dark, we slept on the floor in the capitol building. An old man said if he had known there would be no beds he would not have "subscribed."

After the Regiment was organized, Captain McFarlane was made Lieutenant Colonel, and Lieutenant Patterson was promoted to Captain of our company. We went with the Regiment to Cockeysville, and were posted with two other companies at Gunpowder Bridge. On Sunday, September 21st, while three of the Condo boys were bathing, Charlie was drowned in sight of his brother Ben. A number of us were taken down with typhoid fever, and Samuel Everhart and myself were taken to the old stone hospital at Cockeysville, but seeing I would die if left there, Colonel McFarlane kindly

ordered me moved to a private room in a hotel at his own expense. Thus thanks to him and to Surgeon Fisher, and to the good ladies who visited me, I was soon convalescent, but not being fit for duty, was sent to the York, Pennsylvania, Hospital. I rejoined the Regiment some time in January, and shared the experience of all the comrades during the winter.

At Chancellorsville I witnessed the death of Geo. W. Ward, the first man killed in Company G, and also the wounding of McGuire and Ishler, the former mortally, and received a rather serious wound myself.

On the Gettysburg march in crossing a small stream, Col. E. E. Cross of the 5th New Hampshire, commanding the Brigade, posted himself with a staff officer one on each side of the column, and compelled the men to march through the middle of the stream without removing their shoes. Some of the men made some criticising remarks, and Colonel Cross overhearing them, mistook his man and struck Corporal Duffy on the back of the neck with his sword. One of the boys said, "I'll bet if Colonel Beaver were here he would not dare do that."

When we met the ambulance containing the body of General Reynolds, Geo. McIlhattan said, "Boys, if the rebels are killing the Generals they will not have much respect for us little fellows." An inspection of arms the first thing on the 2d of July indicated very clearly what was ahead of us. On the march to the wheat field I saw James Williams of our company pierced with a rebel bullet. On the 3d Comrade Amos Meyers was killed on picket, and during the shelling a number wounded, myself being one of them. This sent me to Chestnut City Hospital, Philadelphia, and I did not return to the Regiment until September. Was in the retrograde movement to Centerville, and in the melee at Coffee Hill and Bristoe Station. At the latter place I saw Sergeant Barr of Company B lose an arm by a shot from one of our own guns. That evening, when there was to be a detail made to hold the ground while the troops moved off, Captain Patterson volunteered Company G. We held the ground the required time, and then slipped away in the darkness, without a

guide, and came up with the Regiment at Centerville the next morning.

October 9th, Wm. A. Ishler was discharged, and our report shows fifty-three men for duty. The Mine Run campaign was very severe in its exposure to winter weather. Company G was engaged with the rebel pickets and Corp. George Duffy, who was the best marksman in the company, silenced a rebel picket. After the return to camp, in the early part of this winter, there were some changes made in Company G which were not in all cases for the interests of the company. One who served to the close of the War saw men who had been set aside pushed ahead, and in spite of opposition come home commissioned officers, among them the Quartermaster of the Regiment, another Captain of the company. Corporal Everhart lost two stripes one day, received them again the next, and was killed in the last battle of the War, holding a Captain's commission. On the 5th of January John Martz was asked to resign his warrant as Corporal, but was soon after reappointed, then promoted Sergeant and carried the color. He never attended a sick call, never missed a day's duty from his enlistment to his discharge at the close of the War—a record that is hard to beat. Colonel McFarlane told me that Martz was one of three men in our Division who was given a furlough as a prize offered for passing the best inspection of person and accoutrements, but about the time the furlough was to be granted, the Army got orders to move home.

Before leaving our winter camp at Stevensburg we were transferred to Brooke's Brigade, new commander and new associates. My three mess men, who moved out of camp that spring, are all dead.

Reference has been made to the scalding of the foot of Frank Hess by the spilling of a can of boiling coffee. When the shoe and stocking were taken off, the skin came with them. He was sent away, and never returned to the Regiment.

At Po River Stuart and Jacobs were wounded. While the company was forming, Henry Swinehart was shot by a sharpshooter. In the charge at the Salient, at the command "Forward!" the first man to fall was Everhart, shot through both legs, then Duffy next. Noble Duffy! Shot through both legs and bleeding, by his side lay

Mays, a mere boy, shot and crying with pain. The stretcher carriers came to take Duffy back. He told them to take that boy back first, and then come for him. Meantime the line was changed, and when the men returned Duffy was outside our lines and could not be reached. The next morning when we advanced we found him, cold in death. Wm. Van Dyke had his head shot off. George Mellhattan shot through the body and died in June. Joseph L. Harpster was wounded through the head and left on the field for dead. The rebels turned him over, said he would never give them any more trouble, but it began to rain and poor Joe revived, was taken prisoner, is living yet. About the time Johnson's Division surrendered and the prisoners were coming in, Sam Kelley of Company G was not pleased at the way the prisoners were coming in. He said, "Why in h— don't yez come in in regular order? Yez ought to have our Colonel to drill yez awhile." At Cold Harbor we skirmished, crossing the field without the loss of any men, and then charged the rebel line. Lieutenant Burehfield of Company D was in command of our company at this place, and to his credit be it said, he laid the first rail to build the breastworks in our front. Here David Koonfier was killed and Ben Condo was mortally wounded, dying in a few days. We were left on picket with the Regiment when the Army moved from Cold Harbor. In the charge in front of Petersburg, June 16, Captain Patterson was wounded, as was also Colonel Beaver. Lieutenant Harpster of Company G was serving as an ambulance officer, and on a visit to me in 1901 he gave me a history of his experience on the 22d of June. He said that after some heavy firing he was sent to the front, and in riding down a road he ran into a rebel force with some of our men as prisoners. Among them he recognized David Brisbin of his own company, and was afraid Brisbin might give him away, but he did not, and as he wore corduroy trousers and had no blouse on, the rebel officer thought he was one of their own men, and asked him which way to take the prisoners. He was pretty badly scared and anxious to get away, and directed them into a byway, and turned to go back the way he had come, when suddenly he rode into another body of rebel troops. He told the officer in charge to clear the road, as there was a battery coming behind him.

He then put spurs to his own sorrel and escaped, but Brisbin had a visit in Richmond.

At Deep Bottom on the 16th of August, Wm. Devore was killed. At Reams Station, on the 25th of August, after our line was formed along the railroad, Company G with another company, I think K, was ordered to skirmish across an open field with Sergt. Joe Fox in command. We were driven back, and when the rebels charged on us they planted their colors in front of Company G. Ben Dunkle reached for the flag, and was shot through the arm. Joe Fox went to the rescue, and was stabbed in the face and neck with a bayonet. Ben Beans, who was standing beside me, was shot, and his blood and brains spattered over my face and clothes. To my right I saw Ralston and Keys of Company C give up their lives. Here also Colonel Beaver lost his leg.

Some time in October, while on picket in front of Petersburg with Samuel Hammer, there was some firing along the line. Hammer, thinking to have a little fun, put several charges of powder into an old musket he found in the ditch, intending to put it off by pulling a string, and while in the act of aiming his gun, a rebel sharpshooter shot him in the temple, and he fell at my side.

While at Fort Stedman Sergt. Samuel Everhart returned to the Regiment. During the evening there was considerable cannonading from the rebel lines. We all went to the bomb proof, but Everhart, being weary, lay down in a tent outside the proof where Sergeant Fox and I generally slept. We prevailed on him not to stay in the tent, as shells sometimes fell in the fort. A moment after he left the tent it was torn to pieces.

The detail of Company G as part of the one hundred men for the assault of Fort Crater on October 27th was as follows: James Irvin, George Koon, Adams Murphy, John Myers, Anthony Knopf, Henry Fleisher, D. W. Miller, and W. A. Jacobs. Allen Cross of Company D was detailed as pioneer to cut the wire of the abatis. After the capture of the fort and the failure of support, the boys of Company G all got back safely.

Early in December, 1864, I was detailed for duty at Fourth Brigade headquarters, and remained there until we were disbanded.

Gen. John Ramsey commanded the Brigade. The staff officers were: Lieut. Joseph W. Muffly, Acting Assistant Adjutant General; Captain Brady, Inspector; Lieutenant Hatch, Acting Division Commissary; the Orderlies were Jack Moorehead of Company E, 148th, Shorty of the 64th New York, and Harry Law as bugler. One day one of the Orderlies at brigade headquarters got drunk, and Captain Brady asked me if I could ride a horse. I told him I had always been accustomed to working with horses. He gave me the fellow's place and sent him to his regiment. After that Captain Brady was always my friend, and I went with him several times where it was not very pleasant to be.

About a year before this James A. Thompson was detailed to Second Corps headquarters.* Company G boys seemed to be in demand. In October, 1864, Geo. W. Went of Company G was detailed to Hazzard's Rhode Island Battery.

The operations of the winter and spring in front of Petersburg and on to Appomattox have been very fully described in other stories.

On the 31st of March the company lost one of its bravest and noblest officers in the death of Capt. Samuel Everhart, who was shot dead in the line of duty. We have the original order signed by Humphreys, Miles and Muffly, promoting him to Adjutant so near the close of the War. He had been like a brother to me, and without disparagement, I think he was the best man the Regiment lost.

About this time Adjutant Muffly left headquarters, and Lieutenant Crain of Company I took his place. Within a few days of the surrender poor Harry Law had his head knocked off by a rebel solid shot, and Thomas J. Lee of Company G was detailed to succeed him as brigade bugler, and served to the end.

And so we came to the surrender, and saw the rebels stack their arms for the last time, and then we turned our faces homeward, camping a few days at Burkesville Station, then to Manchester, Richmond, and on to Alexandria and Washington, where we took part in the Grand Review. On the 29th of May, at dress parade, the order was read that made the survivors of the 148th Pennsylvania

*See copy of the order following this story.

Volunteers the same as other citizens, save the service they had rendered for their country; thence to Harrisburg, where we were disbanded, each going his own way. I got transportation with the horses to Lewistown in company with John H. Fortney of Company D, and from there rode horseback across the Seven Mountains to old Centre County. Two of the horses belonged to Quartermaster Musser and one to Lieut. John W. Stuart.

We parted as a band of brothers, and still cling to the memory of those tattered banners under which we fought together, and which we restored to those who gave them to us. We are now grown gray and our ranks are very thin, but until we pass away we will sustain the reputation of this noble Regiment.

It has been said that the like of the great Review in Washington will never be seen again, but it will. That one had one drawback. The brave and noble dead who deserved the honors most were not there, but when the last trumpet shall sound, they will be gathered from every battlefield and pass in grand review with us before the great white throne, under the banner of the cross, to hear the Captain of our salvation's welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Comrade Thompson has preserved the original extract from the order detailing him and it is here inserted as a souvenir of personal interest.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS.

Cole's Hill, Culpeper County, Virginia, April 14. 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 105.

EXTRACT.

The following named enlisted men are hereby detailed as couriers at these headquarters under the provisions of Special Order No. 92 A. of P. April 9, 1864, and will report without delay to Lieutenant Colonel Walker, Assistant Adjutant General:

Private James A. Thompson, G Company, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

* * * * *

By command of MAJOR GENERAL HANCOCK.

(Signed) FRANCIS A. WALKER,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS.

April 14, 1864.

Official: (Signed) JOHN HANCOCK,
Major and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS.

April 15, 1864.

Official: (Signed) CHAS. P. HATCH,
Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

April 15, 1864.

Official: J. WENDEL MUFFLY,
Lieutenant and Adjutant.



PRIVATE JAMES A. THOMPSON
CO. G. 1862.



DR. JAMES A. THOMPSON
1904.

THE STORY OF COMPANY H.

By T. W. Myton and D. W. Woodring.

Company H of 148th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was composed of men enlisted at Bellefonte and in the neighborhood of Port Matilda, Snow Shoe and Milesburg in Centre County, with some from Phillipsburg and a few from other counties.

At Bellefonte, Dr. Geo. A. Fairlamb, a physician in active practice, determined to abandon his profession and sacrifice his practice to become a soldier for the Union, and having received authority from Governor Curtin to raise a company, began in the early part of August to enlist men for the three years' service under the call of President Lincoln for three hundred thousand volunteers.

About the same time the Rev. William H. Stevens, who had been by the East Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, appointed preacher in charge of the Port Matilda Circuit of Centre County, determined that for him the time had come when at his country's call, he should lay aside his clerical robes and in her defense assume the uniform and the duties of a soldier.

In pursuance of this determination, he made preparation to leave his charge and to enlist men for service in the field.

He called public meetings at different points in his charge at which he and others made patriotic speeches urging young men to enter the country's service. At one of these meetings held in the Baptist Church at Martha Furnace, one of the speakers said in concluding his speech, that he had so much property he could not leave it or secure the services of any one to whom he could safely entrust the care of it. As he sat down a young man in the rear of the church, Daniel H. Baumgardner, arose and said, "Gentlemen, I pity this poor man, who would offer his life for his country, if it were not for his possessions. Think 'of what he would lose if he should happen to be killed, how his wife and children would suffer. No, gentlemen, it is not for such men, but for us who have nothing to leave but our families, no difference whether we are able to leave them anything to live on or not; our lives are not worth much at

any rate or we would be rich." Quick as a flash, the first speaker sprang to his feet and said, "Young man, I have a proposition to make to you, if you are ready to go, come on," and he wrote down his name and the young man came forward and as promptly wrote his beneath it and others quickly followed. This man did not become a member of Company H, but afterwards enlisted in Company C of the same Regiment. The young men thus enlisted attended the other meetings and took part in securing recruits and in response to their efforts, the young men came from their mountain homes, from the lumber camps, farms, furnaces and forges of Centre County a part of the superb material which was to make the name of the Regiment to which they should belong, famous in the history of their country.

But, notwithstanding the fact that the young men responded promptly, enlistments were not rapid enough to satisfy the zeal of the doctor and the preacher and it was agreed between them that their forces should be united to form one company rather than wait to complete two, and a day was fixed for the meeting of men they had enlisted, in Bellefonte, and in the evening of the 8th day of August, 1862, in the public square in front of the court house, these men were first formed in line.

They were inspected and hurriedly examined by Dr. Fairlamb who pronounced them fit for service, they were then dismissed for the night with orders to meet the next day to be transported to Lewistown, then the nearest railroad station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. On the 9th day of August, 1862, Company H encouraged by the patriotic speeches and cheers of their fellow citizens and saddened by the farewells and tears of their loved ones, left Bellefonte in wagons which had been provided for that purpose and after a wearisome all day's ride over rough mountain roads, arrived at night at Lewistown. After waiting here for some time they were furnished with transportation to Harrisburg in box cars (then the usual mode of transporting volunteer soldiers).

On the road between Lewistown and Harrisburg, the car in which this company was riding caught fire in the front end, causing a great deal of excitement among the men. The smoke was dense,

almost suffocating and for a time the prospect of being roasted alive or killed by jumping from the car, seemed to be the only alternative before them.

The engineer was ignorant of their peril and there was no means of communicating with him. One man, named Auman, did jump out of the car and was found dead beside the tracks and buried. Finally Herman H. Clapp and Alexander Gibb, volunteered to make the effort to go forward and notify the engineer. They were lifted to the roof of the car by their comrades and at great personal risk, reached the engineer, who stopped the train until the fire was extinguished.

Harrisburg was reached without further incident where the company enjoyed its first soldier's breakfast, but the boys who had been used to being well fed in their homes, did not relish army fare and talked seriously of discharging the cook and reorganizing the commissary department of the United States Army on a more liberal basis, especially in the matter of such essentials as butter and milk.

After breakfast they were marched to Camp Curtin and assigned quarters, the camp was rapidly filling with new companies which were arriving daily, and new regiments were being rapidly organized and sent to the front.

The company was organized with Geo. A. Fairlamb as Captain, Geo. A. Bayard as First Lieutenant and William H. Stevens as Second Lieutenant, and began at once to learn the duties and discipline of soldiers. They were examined on the 16th day of August, 1862, and the same day sworn into the United States service for three years or during the War. On the 12th day of August, 1862, while at Camp Curtin, Robert Blackburn and Samuel H. Orris of Perry County, Pennsylvania, and on the 30th day of August, Jacob Snyder and William Snyder, Reuben Hagan and Thos. W. Myton of Huntingdon County, joined the company.

The company now had on its rolls, one hundred and one names, the maximum number for an infantry company.

On the 8th day of September, 1862, the Regiment was organized as the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, with James A. Beaver as Colonel, Captain Geo. A. Fairlamb was promoted to

Major, and Lieut. Wm. H. Stevens to Chaplain, First Lieut. Geo. A. Bayard was promoted to Captain, First Sergt. John L. Johnston to First Lieutenant, and Second Sergt. John A. Bayard to Second Lieutenant and the company was designated as Company H.

Uniforms, equipments and arms were issued to the Regiment and on the 9th day of September, 1862, it bade farewell to Camp Curtin and at eleven o'clock at night left Harrisburg, arriving at Cockeysville, Maryland, the next morning at eight o'clock, where the Regiment went into camp in a beautiful little grove, a few rods south of the village called Camp Beaver in honor of the Colonel. On the 14th of September, Companies E, G and H went into camp on Jessup's farm near a bridge over a beautiful little stream called Gunpowder River, under the command of Major Geo. A. Fairlamb.

The camp was called "Camp Fairlamb" in honor of the Major and was an ideal camp of instruction for volunteer soldiers, situate on elevated ground with a beautiful meadow on each side, a bountiful supply of pure spring water, plenty of wood for fuel, in a beautiful and fruitful country, abounding in poultry and sweet potatoes and apples, with a village and a paper mill near by, in which a large number of pretty girls were employed.

It was indeed a pleasant fate for a soldier to be consigned to such a camp, and it would have been fully appreciated by the boys of these companies if two years later they had been ordered to return to this place.

Here for nearly three months we were carefully drilled in all the duties and discipline of the soldier. Few of our duties were laborious and none of them dangerous but the boys had not learned much of the privations of army life and while in camp at Gunpowder River in the state of Maryland, the men were divided into messes of six each, and much preferred to do their own cooking, disdained company cooks, whether from habits formed prior to entering the service or because the cooks selected by the officers did not suit. On one occasion, two men from the company went out to the country and came back at night, each carrying a turkey. They made hot water and scalded them and were busily engaged in plucking the feathers from the fowls, when the officer of the day (then

night) came slipping up behind. One of the boys saw him when close by and suited the action to the word by saying, "Captain, will you have a turkey for dinner tomorrow as the Colonel will be down." The officer nodded consent and was given the largest. It was cooked, the Colonel was there and needless to say no questions were asked as to where the fine fowls came from or how they got into camp. The two men who brought them in have since passed away, the one in Missouri, the other in Pennsylvania. Both were fine soldiers and so far as can be learned no member of this company was ever known to take anything he could not carry. While performing duty at this camp, frequent complaints were made to company headquarters by farmers and citizens residing in the vicinity, that foraging parties from Company H had been committing depredations. One instance, where some honey had been confiscated, the owner found a cap with the letter H upon it, brought the cap to camp and after considerable conjurings it was found two or three of G men had exchanged caps with H men the evening before and the case was reported to the Colonel at Cockeyville by the party who lost the honey. Nevertheless, the honey was eaten in Company G, instead of H, as appeared from the prima facie case made out by the farmer against Company H.

While in camp here some of the messes had their tents labeled, to-wit, "Boar's Nest," "Dirty Mess," "Sheep Mess" and "Turkey Mess." Company H men were not all angels as we well know, but there were a few as near as could be in this world and whose conduct at home and in the Army was a shining light and examples for anyone to follow. For instance C. O. Whippo, long since dead, and John D. Wagoner whose examples will live in the minds of those who knew them long after they are gone from this earth to the celestial abode above. Others we might mention who were always willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in distress. Very little selfishness existed among the men in this company, all shoulder to shoulder in the common cause, ready to perform any act or face any danger that was presented in common with their brothers in arms, always jolly, ready for fun and sport when such occasion presented, ready and uncomplaining on the long tedious march. Would to

God that all could be seen together as they once stood in line on dress parade. But as this can never be, let us hope for that last meeting on that "ever green shore."

Nearly every day, long trains of railroad cars loaded with soldiers passed our camp going south and we longed for the day when the order would come to send us to join one of the great armies in active service. Orders came to prepare barracks for the winter and the men with an ill grace began the work of erecting them, but before they were finished, the long wished for marching orders came.

These orders were hailed with delight by every soldier; even the citizens seemed pleased. There had been some foraging done on personal account and the persons whose property had mysteriously disappeared, were willing to part with us without showing any regret.

The only persons who did seem to feel a real regret that we were leaving and did not try to conceal their sorrow were the girls at the paper mill and of the village. As we filed out of Jessup's meadow into the road leading to Cockeyville for the last time, they stood by the roadside and bade us a tearful and final good-bye.

At Cockeyville the companies of the Regiment that had been long separated, were united, the Regiment was loaded in box cars and started for Baltimore on their way to the front.

The history of the company from this time forward is merged in the history of the Regiment of which it formed an integral part. It participated in all the camps, camp duties, services, marches and battles in which the Regiment was engaged and contributed its full share in the sacrifice it was called on to make. Its surviving volunteers claim with pride their share in the glory it has won and the enviable place its record occupies in the history of our country.

This general history appears elsewhere in this volume and need not be repeated here, we care only to record hereafter the history that is incidental and personal to the company or the members thereof, which if not noted now, will be forever lost. Beyond this, we feel it our sacred duty to record here brief biographical sketches of our comrades killed on the field of battle or dead from wounds



Lieut. Alexander Gibb



Capt. H.H. Montgomery



Lieut. John A. Bayard
MEXICAN WAR CO. H.

Officers
and Men
of
Co. F.
48. P.A. Vols.



Lieut. James B. Cook



Herman K. Miller



Geo. W. Constable



Geo. A. Wilson

received in the battle line in the discharge of their duty and a roll of our company showing the service, date of death and place of burial of our dead and the service, place of residence and address of our comrades living.

Baltimore was reached the evening of the day we left Cockeysville and we marched through the city to the Union Relief Association, where a good supper of boiled beef, potatoes, cold ham, bread and coffee had been prepared for us.

While the Regiment was forming at the Baltimore depot, the Major came down the line with "Freddie," a beautiful Newfoundland pup of which he thought a great deal, and speaking to Hiram Knippenburg, said, "Hiram, won't you take Freddie and see that he gets safely to the Washington Depot." Hiram took Freddie and to be sure that he would not lose him, took him up in his arms, Captain Bayard came back from the head of the company and looking down the line to see if it was dressed, saw Hiram with Freddie and said wickedly, "Knippenburg, what are you doing with that dog, put it down and dress up there." Hiram obeyed orders. Directly the Major saw Freddie running about at will and brought him back. Hiram took him again in his arms, and leaving the ranks stood on the pavement, again the Captain saw him and said angrily, "Knippenburg, put down that d—d dog and take your place in the ranks." Hiram reluctantly obeyed. Just then came the order to march, the Captain took his place at the head of his company, Hiram slipped out of the ranks and "Freddie" was safely conveyed to the Washington Depot.

Leaving Baltimore the next evening, the entire night was spent in making the trip to Washington where a substantial breakfast was furnished by the Relief Association but it was neither so good nor so plentiful as the meals furnished at Baltimore.

After waiting in barracks at Washington for some time, the orders for our march came, the Regiment was formed and marched through the city, the drum corps playing "Dixie." The roads were very muddy and the marching laborious, we were burdened with heavy loads having brought from our camp everything in the way of personal belongings that we thought would contribute to our com-

fort, but soon we found it would be impossible to carry the loads that we had imposed upon ourselves and march as we should.

An incident of this march demonstrates how easy it is to be mistaken in the physical qualities and endurance of men. Among the men of Company H, was a slim, pale faced boy, named Geo. W. Farnsler. Nearly every man in the company had at some time pitied him on account of his appearance and the general belief that he could not endure the hardships of the service and he was constantly being advised to accept a discharge (which the men thought he ought to get on making application for it) and go home, but on this evening after a most fatiguing and exhausting march, when the company went into camp for the night, Farnsler was near the head of the company and many of the large and apparently strong men, who had been giving him advice were straggling far in the rear and Farnsler was not again worried with their disinterested advice.

It was indeed an arduous and trying duty, the change from our short marches, our good roads, to the long, all day marches over rough, muddy roads and from our comfortable camp to the rough, cold bed in the woods or fields wherever and whenever night overtook us, was distressing and we began to lament our folly in praying for active service in the field and longed for a return to our pleasant quarters on the Gunpowder. But after days of such experience, the boys accepted this as they had everything they had been called on to perform as a matter of course and before we reached the Potomac opposite Aquia Creek Landing, we were able to do a full day's marching without great exhaustion and to sleep on the cold ground in comparative comfort.

The Potomac River was crossed in steam boats on the 16th of December, 1862, and on the 17th we left the landing for the front. The march was long and wearisome and at night we bivouacked in a thick pine wood immediately in the rear of the Army of the Potomac. The wagon train did not get up at night and we were without supper. In a group of six men of the company, it was decided that if they could not have much to eat, they at least would have a roaring fire and all set to work gathering wood. While engaged in this work, some one flushed a covey of quail and they

scattered in every direction. One lit at Bob Cassidy's (Big Bob) feet and ran under a log. Bob thought of the provision that had been made for the Israelites in their wilderness journey and caught and killed it. After the wood had been gathered, an account of the stock of rations on hand was taken and it was found that the entire stock for six hungry, tired soldiers, was one quail, one small piece of very fat pork, three handfuls of cracker crumbs and a few spoonfuls of dried raspberries, the last item from a box from home. The quail was cooked in one tin cup, the fat pork added to make gravy, the berries were stewed in another tin cup and when the cooking was done the supper was divided with scrupulous exactness into six parts and eaten. Under the influence of the warmth from the blazing log fires, the weary men were soon comfortable and sleeping soundly, to be wakened in the early morning by the sweet notes of the bugle call in the cavalry and artillery camps and the rattle of a thousand drums in the infantry camps.

Early in the morning, without breakfast, the Regiment marched in rear of the camp to General Couch's headquarters. As we passed through a sunken road, our comrades from nearby camps gathered on the banks to see us and we were saluted with questions such as, "What brigade is this?" "Where are you from?" "Are you artillery or infantry?" "What is the caliber of your guns?" "You will not look so trim and clean after you are here awhile." To all this guying not a man uttered a word but marched in silence like regulars.

At General Couch's headquarters, we were assigned to the First Division of the Second Army Corps and were by General Hancock, Division Commander, assigned to the First Brigade and in the evening we bivouacked in the woods where our camp was to be. The wagon train came up at night and we had a good supper and slept the sleep of the just on the cold ground, on a cold night in December.

We now went to work to prepare a camp for the winter and in a few days had a well laid out camp built. The woods were cut away, streets and parade ground made smooth and clear of brush and stumps and the brush burned. The men from the coaling and lumber camps were just the right kind of men to construct a city of

log houses, warm and comfortable to live in during the cold, disagreeable weather of a Virginia winter, and we soon had one of the cleanest, prettiest, most orderly camps in the Army of the Potomac, within which a rigid discipline was enforced, everything being done in strict accordance with army regulations. The school of the soldier begun on the Northern Central Railroad, was continued here with the arduous service of picket duty in front of the enemy added.

The winter was cold and dreary and this part of the service was very trying and exhausting, but the men were kept busy every day that was at all fit for men to be out, they were regularly drilled and were putting in about as many hours of this kind of work as if employed in any other business. The health of the men was good; up to the 5th of March, not a death had occurred in the company. On that day Thomas Gephart died of typhoid fever. He was an excellent soldier, quietly and uncomplainingly doing his duty and always present for duty until stricken with this disease of which he died. His body was sent to his home.

On the first day of April, Amos Sweetwood, one of the largest and strongest men in the company, died of the same disease in the regimental hospital. His body was embalmed and sent home. One or two others were sick with the same disease but recovered and returned to the company.

With the pleasant days of spring, picket duty became a pleasure, the health of the men improved. Most of those who had been sick and in the hospitals returned and when on the 27th day of April, the Second Army Corps started on the Chancellorsville campaign, the ranks of Company H were filled with strong, healthy men.

The Regiment had its first experience in actual war at the battle of Chancellorsville. On the 1st and 2d of May, it was almost continually under artillery fire and in the evening of Saturday, the 2d, Companies A, B, E, F and K had a sharp fight with the Confederate infantry on our advanced line driving them back.

On Sunday morning, May 3d, Companies D, C, G and H, carrying the colors, were taken from behind the breastworks they had built for their protection and thrown hastily into the woods

behind the Chancellor House and in front of the Bullock House to help hold the Confederate line which had turned our right, until the Army could change its line from in front of the Chancellor House to a line running near the Bullock House. The companies moved directly into the thick woods without skirmishers, striking the Confederate line obliquely, giving them an enfilading fire. On our right at about twenty yards distant, the men were taken by surprise. They were nearly on the Confederate line before they saw it. To most of them the first knowledge of the presence of the enemy was their first volley, but with that stubborn courage and pertinacity that peculiarly characterizes our American soldiers, they held their ground until the object they had been sent to accomplish had been secured and the Confederate line driven back, but their losses were appalling; more than half of the men who entered the woods were killed or wounded. As was said by one of the survivors, it seemed as they fell back that there were more men left on the line of battle than were retiring. The losses were greatest on the companies from the right. Company H lost seven men: Michael Flinn, Corp. Matthew B. Lucas, William Ludwig, Wyerman S. Miller, James M. Test, Ulyssus Wants, Harrison Yeager, killed; and two, Frederick Ruder and Adoniram J. Yothers mortally wounded; and twenty-two, Capt. Geo. A. Bayard, Lieuts. John L. Johnston and John A. Bayard, Richard Miles, Geo. H. Neiman, Peter Frantz, John W. Gahagan, Geo. T. Jones, David Steiner, Oscar Runk, Benjamin Zimmerman, C. O. Whippo, John D. Wagner, S. H. Orris, Daniel G. Farley, Francis J. Hunter, S. B. Wyland, Geo. N. Long, William B. Lucas, Michael Lebkechner, Thomas W. Myton and Daniel W. Woodring, wounded. Nearly all of these were young men from nineteen to twenty-one years of age, as men of this age formed a very large majority of the company and the Regiment.

Captain Geo. A. Bayard was severely but not dangerously wounded in the face. He had beautiful black whiskers which he cherished and cared for with some pride. The ball struck him on the chin, and mowed a wide swath through his beautiful whiskers, leaving an ugly, ragged, painful wound. But the Captain did not care so much for himself, he prized the welfare and comfort of his

men above his personal safety and ease, and as soon as his wounds had been dressed, busied himself in looking after the interests of his boys who were seriously wounded. On this mission, he came to Corp. Richard Miles, lying in the field hospital in the woods, who had been shot through the right arm near the shoulder necessitating amputation at the shoulder joint. The Captain approached him and said, "Dick, are you very badly hurt?" "Yes," said Dick, "I am very seriously wounded." "Corporal," said the Captain, looking very soberly at him, "Have you anything to send to your wife, any words you would like to have delivered to your relations and friends?" The Corporal quickly raised himself on his left elbow and said, "Captain, don't talk that way to me. *Don't* talk that way to me, I'll be at home before you are." And he was. Matthew B. Lucas was shot through the arm and Geo. T. Jones, who was shot through the leg and captured, says, "Brady Lucas was shot through the arm, a flesh wound, I was the only man left. The Johnnies killed him on the battlefield when he went for a canteen of water for himself and me."

Colonel Beaver was severely wounded at Chancellorsville and was not with the Regiment at the battle of Gettysburg. For some reason the men of Company H did not like the Colonel appointed to command them. A comrade says, "Colonel Beaver was not with us at Gettysburg, if he had been we would never have gone into battle wrong end to, with half of the Regiment about faced, the guide in the center and the color company for left guide. His head never got muddled that way." But notwithstanding the confusion caused by this mistake, they did their whole duty and maintained the reputation they had won at Chancellorsville. There they showed they knew how to die, here they proved they knew how to fight.

The loss of Company H in the battle of Gettysburg was two men, Sergt. Samuel McGinley, and James Stewart killed, and one officer, Second Lieutenant John A. Bayard, and two men, James E. Beals and John Green mortally wounded, and Edward P. Jones, John Freeze, Samuel Gonsalis, wounded.

The loss of Jack Bayard was a personal loss to every man in the company. Who that ever was a member of the company can

forget the many little acts of kindness and consideration shown by him to them under circumstances and conditions which made kind, considerate acts more precious than gold. A comrade who helped carry him from the field says, "I went to the hospital and stayed all night with him, gave him water and did all I could to make him comfortable. While I was with him he never murmured or complained or showed any signs of suffering, although he knew his wound was mortal. I left him in the morning and never saw him again. No braver man than he lost his life in the War of the Rebellion, no kinder heart was ever put in a human being. I never heard him speak harshly to one of his men, but was always trying to make them comfortable."

After the battle of Gettysburg, following the retreating Confederates to Williamsport, thence to Harper's Ferry and back again to near Culpeper Court House, then came the affair at Auburn Mills or Coffee Hill, the battle of Bristoe Station and back again, covering the retreat of the Army to near Centerville, and then the Mine Run campaign closed the active work for the year 1863. From Mine Run the Regiment returned December 1, 1863, to near Stevensburg and went into winter quarters.

The company was now commanded by officers thoroughly educated in their duties, seasoned veterans who had faced death in some of the fiercest battles of the War. During the fall of 1863 and the winter of 1864, forty-six drafted men and recruits were added to the company filling its ranks again and its rolls showed ninety-two effective officers and men.

This new material mixed with the men who remained of the original company, under the circumstances, was soon transformed into disciplined soldiers and when on May 4, 1864, they crossed the Rapidan to begin the campaign of 1864, it was probably a more effective company for active campaigning than it had ever been, its ranks full of strong and vigorous young men, thoroughly drilled and accustomed to the hardship of army life in active service in the field.

The Regiment passed through the battle of the Wilderness without loss, the heavy fighting was on and near the center and on the

right and the Regiment was on the extreme left of our line. The following incident, although not strictly a part of the history of Company H is so characteristic of our first Captain, that it has a place here.

In the evening of our first day's fight at the Wilderness, the Regiment was marching toward the right in rear of the battle line, seeking an opening where it could go into action. Just as the sun was going down the Colonel ordered Major Fairlamb to ride down the line to find an opening in the line where the Regiment could go in. The Major rode down the line but could find no place for the Regiment and it was forced to lie in the rear of the line in reserve, but as the Major was returning he heard the voice of his friend Colonel Hammill of the 64th New York, in the front, where a fierce fight was in progress, giving command. He concluded to join them and rode forward and took part in the fight which resulted in the capture of the 12th North Carolina Regiment. As the Confederates were hurried through our line an enthusiastic soldier of Colonel Hammill's regiment said to the Confederate Colonel, "Johnny, that was a bully fight, why didn't you hold out a little longer?" "Because I was not a d—d fool," said the Colonel.

When the fight was over, Colonel Beaver rode down the line inquiring for the Major. No one knew where he was, but just then the Major rode out of the brush and said, "Colonel, I could not find a place for the Regiment to go in and knowing it would not be called upon to do any fighting this evening, and hearing Colonel Hammill's voice in the front, where the fighting was going on, I went in with them and we had a nice little fight out there."

On the 10th of May, 1864, a little more than a year after their frightful sacrifices at Chancellorsville, the company was again called on to make sacrifices that seemed out of all proportion to the advantage that could reasonably be expected to be derived from the movement. Early in the day the Division had been thrown across the Po River and for most of the day had been engaged in a fierce fight. Late in the day the other regiments of the Division were withdrawn, leaving the 148th to cover the retreat without noticing that its flanks had been exposed by the withdrawal of the other regiments

of the Brigade. They found themselves late in the day alone, with the Confederates on two sides of them and on the third side a line of fire in the burning woods.

Nothing but the consummate skill and coolness of officers and men saved the Regiment from destruction or capture. The losses were very heavy. In Company H one man, Isaac Sweetwood, was killed; two, Lieut. James B. Cook and William McDonald, mortally wounded; eleven, William H. Kellerman, Samuel M. Moyer, Jacob Bracken, Darius L. Sanders, John D. Wagoner, Frederick Shaffer, David Stiner, Valentine Stonebraker, Irvin Lowry, Joseph Lape and Henry Johnston, wounded, and one, Ephraim Klinger, captured.

Lieutenant James B. Cook, "Cookie" we always called him, every man in the company loved, for his chivalrous courage and manly kindness. He was the friend of the men he commanded and the hearts of all who knew him sorrowed for him when they heard he was dead, as well those who stood by him in the line of battle when he fell, as of those comrades who by the fortunes of war had been compelled to leave the service and return to their homes and were first apprised of his untimely death when his name appeared in the long list of the slain in this battle.

A comrade writing of his death says, "We were busily engaged in the fight at Po River when Lieutenant Cook came up to me and said, 'Dan, let me give them a shot.' I loaded up, gave him my gun and stepped back, he stepped into my place and just as he fired, a minie ball from the rebels struck him in the right leg above the knee. He fell back and I caught him in my arms and laid him down."

Two days later the company formed a part of the troops who charged on that angle of the Confederate line at Spotsylvania Court House, appropriately called the "Bloody Angle," and helped to fight the fiercest infantry fight of modern times. They were in the front line and were among the first to enter the Confederate intrenchments. The company was again called upon to suffer heavy losses, having two, Samuel Gunsalis and John W. Carlton killed, and twelve, Uriah K. Brown, Robert Cassidy, John D. Deihl, Robert J. Kelly, Geo. A. Wilson, Christian Stuck, William McKinney, William J.

Lucas, Geo. W. Freed, Robert Custard, William H. Klose, Robert Blackburn and John Moore, wounded.

March and counter-march followed this battle, seeking some weak spot in the Confederate line where it could be assaulted with some hope of success. In discomfort and much weariness, they marched, but always uncomplainingly.

Not less glorious than the courage exhibited at Po River and the "Bloody Angle" of Spotsylvania, was the high soldierly spirit that enabled them thus to perform this most wearisome duty of the soldier and do it well.

After one of these marches, the Regiment was lying down waiting for the order to advance when a rebel shell came shrieking through the air and fell in the mud at Corporal Farnsler's feet, the shell turned over in the mud, the fuse still smoking. Captain Bayard who was lying a few feet in the rear of Farnsler and near the shell, partly raised himself, looked for an instant very soberly at the smoking fuse, spat viciously at the shell, swore a prayer or two and lay quietly down to await the result. Fortunately the fuse died out and no explosion occurred.

Then came the race for Cold Harbor in which the Union Army seemed to come out behind.

The Regiment had now lost fully one-half of the men who had crossed the Rapidan River, when we came out of winter quarters. strong, confident and self-reliant, by death, wounding and captures, but undaunted by these fearful losses, it took its place again in the charging lines for the bloodiest and most fruitless charge of the campaign.

In the early morning they went forward, part of the company was with Major Forster in front of the assaulting column. To this detail Captain Bayard said before daylight in the morning, "When you see the line of battle coming deploy, move forward and drive in the rebel pickets, then lie down till the line passes over you, then fall back to the line you now occupy and hold it for a line, if the battle line is driven back.

A comrade thus describes this charge: "Pretty soon the line of battle came in sight and the picket deployed drove the rebel

picket line behind their works and lay down. The battle line moved over us, jumped over the breastworks and sent the Johnnies helter skelter, but in a few minutes we were ordered to throw up breastworks. It was a hot place, the Johnnies had an enfilading artillery fire on us and they made it hot for us for a while, but our batteries soon got around and shut them up on that line and they did not dare to look over their works, if they did they got plugged. So we soon got a good line of works within a few yards of theirs and held them till our Army sloped around to the left and flanked them again."

The loss of Company H in this fight was one, Herman H. Clapp, killed; and one, Hiram G. Moore, wounded.

After the charge had been made and the new line of breastworks thrown up, there was a lull in the battle and private Robert Fulton, who had been down the line to the left, came back and reported to Captain Bayard that Herman H. Clapp was down there wounded lying between the lines. Captain Bayard called up Sergt. Herman K. Miller, and said, "Sergeant, go down the line to where you will find Herman Clapp and if possible get him and take him back." The Sergeant went down the line, found the body of Clapp lying between the lines, here only a few rods apart and in point blank range of the rebel rifles, disregarding the warning of his comrades, he threw off his accoutrements, leaped over our breastworks, ran rapidly to where his wounded comrade lay, picked him up and brought him safely within our lines, without receiving any injury although rifle balls were flying thick and fast all the time. But poor Clapp was shot through the head and died next morning.

The flank movement now made by the Army of the Potomac, transferred its field of operations to the James River and to an assault on the front of Petersburg.

The Regiment had worn away by deaths, wounding, captures and hard marching to a mere skeleton of the splendid organization that had entered on the campaign and the company had now become a small squad, but being called upon for renewed services in this assault on the enemy's works on June 16, 1864, they went gallantly forward as they had gone on every occasion thus far and again they

were doomed to be repulsed with great loss. Sergeant Ward, of Company H, carrying the colors found when the Brigade began falling back that he was so far in advance that he could not escape being captured, buried his flag in the sand where it was found and recovered next day by those who saw his heroic act, but he was captured and died in Millen Prison, Georgia, as described by Sergt. Herman K. Miller in his story of the capture.

The loss of the company was again (considering the number present for duty) frightfully large having one, John F. Boring, killed; two, William H. Makin and William Pearson, mortally wounded, and three, Peter Frantz, Henry Phillips and William Snyder, wounded; Sergts. William Ward, Herman K. Miller and Thomas Jordon and John T. Funk, captured, three of whom died in Andersonville and other prison pens of the South.

The attempt to carry Petersburg by assault was now abandoned and the Army sat down to a regular seige. Strong intrenchments were thrown up in front and a vigorous campaign on the enemy's right and left flank was begun, in which the Second and Sixth Corps were principally used. On the 21st day of June the Second and Sixth Corps established a line on the Jerusalem Plank Road and on the morning of the 22d a forward movement was attempted. In making this movement, the flank of the Second Corps was exposed and a rebel column was thrown between the Second and Sixth, striking Barlow's Division of the Second Corps on the flank, rolling it up and forcing them to fall back. This battle was known as the "Battle of Strawberry Plains" but the men facetiously called it "Barlow's skedaddle."

It was especially disastrous to Company H in the number of men captured. The losses were Captain Geo. A. Bayard, Sergt. William Snyder, Sylvester Sanders and John H. Williams, captured.

On the 25th of August, the Regiment took part in the disastrous battle of Reams Station, one of the fiercest, and for the numbers engaged, one of the deadliest battles of the War.

During the fighting in this battle, the men of the 148th engaged in a hand-to-hand fight and the bayonet was freely used. Their

losses were three, Jacob Frantz, Israel Deisher, wounded; and William F. Montgomery wounded and captured.

On the 6th of October, the Regiment received a merited and hard-earned distinction in being designated as the one Regiment in that splendid Division (the First Division of the Second Army Corps) to receive Spencer repeating rifles.

On the 27th of October, occurred the famous charge of Captain Jeremiah Z. Brown and his one hundred men of the 148th Pennsylvania on the Confederate fort near the Jerusalem Plank Road, resulting in the capture of the fort. The rashest, bravest, most hopeless charge made by any body of troops on either side on any position, during the War.

That they were not able to reap the fruits of their victory was not their fault. They proved conclusively that they were not afraid alone to charge a strong Confederate fort, but they were unable alone without any support to resist a charge made by a division.

The contribution of Company H to this charging column was eleven men: Lieut. Alexander Gibb, William H. Kellerman, Sylvester Hill, James Ludwig, William H. Murtz, Irwin Lowry, John Williams, only four of whom came back when the assaulting column was driven out of the fort, and one, William H. Kellerman, coming back after eight days of exposure and privation between the lines. He first came back bringing two Confederate prisoners with him whom he turned over to Captain Montgomery, who directed him to return to his comrades, which he did. When they were driven out, he dropped into a picket hole and to avoid the hot fire from the rebel forts thought he would remain in the hole until the firing ceased, but before he could get out the Confederate videttes were posted between him and our line. He determined that he would not be captured and although it was intensely cold and he had no provision or blanket with him, he subsisted on roots and bark within his reach and water that he could get when it rained, waiting for a dark night when he could steal through the rebel picket line. It came at last after eight days and he crawled into our lines and tumbled into our breastworks among the astonished pickets, more dead than alive. His feet were badly frozen and his limbs almost paralyzed. His

injuries rendered him unfit for further service in the field. He was complimented in General Orders and given a thirty days' furlough.

This ended the active field operations of the campaign of 1864 and the Regiment settled down to seige duty in winter quarters.

During the campaign of 1864, one officer, Captain Geo. A. Bayard, and fourteen men of Company H, were captured in the different battles of that year. Captain Bayard in his story, vividly describes the prison life of an officer in the prison pens of the South.

Of the fourteen men who went into this hopeless imprisonment but one, Sergt. Herman K. Miller lived to return to the ranks of the company and he tells his story elsewhere in this work.

Of all the men who laid down their lives that the country might live, these men and those who died under like circumstances, from other organizations, deserve the highest honors the gratitude of their fellow countrymen can devise, for their deaths were the result of the deliberate choice to maintain their honor and preserve their fealty to their government through many months in starvation and rags and death, surrounded by the loathsome and brutal conditions of rebel prisons, commanded by tyrants and guarded by cowards, when they were offered food and clothing and comfortable surroundings if they would dishonor and forswear their allegiance to the Government.

Their deaths were not only brave and patriotic, they were also vicarious. They died that others, their comrades in arms, might die, for the Government in a cold-blooded business proposition by its chosen officers, decided that it was better that these brave men, wasted and starved in these prisons until they were unfit for immediate service, should die as prisoners rather than exchange them for a like number of healthy, well fed, rebel prisoners, who could at once be sent to their armies and become an effective force in protracting the War.

As a business proposition this may have been correct but was hardly just to the man who suffered, or worthy of the Government they had so faithfully served.

To think of Sergt. William Ward, brave, strong, manly soldier that he was, saving his country's flag in the face of the enemy, when

he could not save himself, and then look at the picture drawn by Sergeant Miller of Sergeant Ward, starved, naked and dead, alone on the ground of the prison pen at Millen, Georgia, and to know that this death might have been avoided is enough to make every comrade desire to curse the man by whose order it was permitted, however distinguished he may have been, regardless of what might have happened to himself or comrades in the field and able to fight if this exchange had been made.

With the opening of the spring campaign, the Regiment marched with the Brigade to which it belonged. It had been decimated by the fearful losses of the past year but it had lost nothing of the soldierly bearing and courage that had ever distinguished it. Every one now felt that the end was near and that they were now to gather the fruit of all their suffering and sacrifices.

The fierce fighting of the year before had worn away the Army of North Virginia. It was no longer able to contend with its old antagonist, the Army of the Potomac. The places left vacant in its ranks by the dead, could not be filled nor could the material resources for another campaign be supplied.

Its one hope was in flight, but the results of the hard fighting on our left in 1864, enabled Grant to place almost insurmountable obstacles in its way and make a successful retreat impossible.

On the 27th of March, we participated in the battle of Hatcher's Run and on the 31st in that at Adams Farm. On the 2d of April it moved five miles through the enemy's lines to Sutherland's Station on the South Side Railroad.

Here the Regiment achieved its crowning victory, capturing seven hundred prisoners, two guns and two flags. Company H, under command of Capt. H. H. Montgomery, was in its place in the line and contributed its share to these victories. On the 7th of April they participated in the battle of Farmville, then came Appomattox and the end.

And now they stood where for three long, weary years of war they had prayed and hoped to stand, in the glory and gladness of a complete unlimited victory. All that they had contested for had been affirmatively decided. The Union restored and preserved, the

glory of the flag maintained, the dignity and authority of the Constitution established over every part of the United States, secession and state rights, as affirmed by the Confederacy, had with it found the last ditch and was dead or dying in it.

But with the joy of the great victory, which they, in a very material way, helped to win, came the sad memories of the forms and faces of the comrades they had loved and lost in striving for the great and priceless triumph. Of the nearly one hundred strong young men, who on that bright beautiful summer morning, nearly three years before, had so proudly marched away from Bellefonte, and the nearly half a hundred more who had joined them since, how few remained.

There were hearts in that short line of bronzed veterans of Company H, whose lament for comrades lost could only have been expressed in eloquent words like the lament of David for Jonathan after the battle of Gilboa.

There was compensation and comfort in the thought that their comrades had shed their blood and earned their graves where the fighting was fiercest and the destruction of life was greatest on the great battlefields of the War, and that they had not suffered and died in vain.

From Appomattox they returned by slow and easy marches to Richmond where the flag of the Union was now floating over the Confederate capitol, by the way of the Wilderness and the graves of their comrades; to Washington, now the undisputed capital of the firm and enduring Union maintained by their courage; to the Grand Review where, for the last time what remained of their splendid organization, was reviewed by the great commander, to Harrisburg the capital of the great state whose honor and flag had been safe in their hands; to the final dissolution of the splendid organization that had bound them together for three awful years of bloody struggle and to "Home, sweet home."

With the capture of Capt. George A. Bayard and his imprisonment, the last of the commissioned officers of the company who had entered the service with it, was lost to the company. After his release and before he returned to the company, Captain George A.



SERG. D. H. BAUMGARDNER

Bayard was successively promoted to Major and Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. First Lieutenant John L. Johnston had been promoted to the captaincy of Company A of the 148th and left the company. Second Lieutenant John A. Bayard had been mortally wounded in the wheat field at Gettysburg and First Sergeant James B. Cook had been promoted to First Lieutenant and had died from wound received at the battle of Po River.

The command of the company now devolved on First Lieut. H. H. Montgomery, who had been regularly promoted by successive steps from Fourth Sergeant, and remained under his care and command through all the campaigns and battles until the end and was finally discharged with the rank of Captain, having received that merited recognition of his services on May 6, 1865.

At the battle of Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, his life was probably saved by the thoughtfulness of Jacob Frantz, who called his attention to a rebel sharpshooter in close range who was about to shoot him, but Frantz's thoughtfulness for his commanding officer resulted unfortunately for himself, for the Confederate turned his gun on him and before Frantz could fire the rebel shot, his ball striking the stock of Frantz's gun, carrying away the two last fingers on his left hand and, glancing, struck the trigger guard destroying the same fingers on his right hand.

THE DRAFTED MEN AND SUBSTITUTE'S STORY.

SUPPLEMENTARY STORY OF H COMPANY.

Compiled by Myton and Woodring.

In preparing some material for the story of Company H, it was found that of the drafted men and substitutes who became members of this company in the latter part of October, 1863, not one of them had deserted, and the original rolls show that, for the time served, their record was as honorable and their losses as heavy as were the records and losses of the original veteran volunteer. This, in the light of what is generally believed to have been common with this class of soldiers, is so praiseworthy and exceptional as to require special recognition. What was true of H was found to be equally true of all the other companies of the Regiment.

These facts excited the curiosity of some of the comrades and, at their solicitation, the men referred to offered their story, which is believed to be worth a place in the record of any organization, great or small, that in that great war served the country. The story is derived from the recollection of several comrades and is as nearly in their own language as it is possible to put it in combining their stories.

The squad consisted of eleven men who were all from Cambria County. The first mustered into the United States service was Geo. W. Constable, a substitute for his brother. He says:

“I was mustered in on the 23d day of October, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, and, after I had been supplied with a new suit of clothes, was taken upstairs in the Court House, put in a room by myself, the door locked and a guard placed in front of the door. Before that was done I thought I was a patriot but now I thought I was regarded as a criminal. At the close of the day, when the officers had left and the squad of the invalid corps was in charge of a Corporal, he came and talked with me for a long time, asked me why I came to the Army, thought it strange that I should leave a good home to serve in the Army. He kept looking at his watch every few minutes and finally got up and went downstairs, leaving me without a guard and the door unlocked. Presently he came back with two or three others. They told me to take off my new clothes

and put on a suit of their clothes; they said mine looked too new. Then we all went downstairs and I was given my first drill. I was instructed how to hold a gun and how to salute officers and they left me to stand guard for them, when the officers were not there. When the roll was called, I fell in with them but, as my name was not on the roll, it was not called and I did not have to answer, but afterward as I performed my guard duty the experience for the day was confusing and I could not understand it. In the morning I had started in as I thought from a high and proper motive, though under a name that did not sound just as well as volunteer. I had been accepted into the service of my country, looked upon as a criminal and before midnight was on guard as a member of the Invalid Corps. I could not understand it at all but I knew I was getting my Army experience wrong end first."

On the 24th of October a large squad was mustered in and in the evening all were shipped for Harrisburg, arriving there during the night, and were quartered in a large building without any light, except the light of a small lamp by which some men were playing cards. In the morning they discovered that their Army experience had indeed begun and they could comb graybacks from their hair with a coarse comb. They were destined for Carlisle and in the morning were placed in charge of a squad of the First Battalion of the Invalid Corps. Arriving at the station, it was found that a train would not leave for some time. They broke up into squads of two or three, each squad in charge of a guard. When they came together again, some of the boys had procured some whiskey and on the road from Harrisburg to Carlisle the guard was supplied with it plentifully, with the result that we entered camp exhibiting the peculiar spectacle of the guarded leading the guard and carrying his gun. They remained at Carlisle two or three days and left for the front in charge of some officers of the 148th.

There were one hundred and twenty-five men in the squad but, when they reached the Regiment, ten men were missing. From Washington they were shipped on flat cars to Bull Run. Here they found the rebels had torn up the railroad and destroyed some property. This was their first sight of actual war. From this point to the camp of the 148th they had to march. One of them thus graphically describes their march:

“We started on the march and marched till long after dark and got lost in the woods and were ordered to lie down and keep very quiet, for the rebels might hear us. We laid down and did keep very quiet. We were all green and they could make us believe anything. The night was very quiet and we slept soundly but just at daybreak we were startled from our beds by the most unearthly noise we ever heard. We jumped from our beds and stood in terror, expecting every moment to be our last. We had heard of the rebel yell and I had read in school of the tomahawk and scalping knife and war. whoop. My hair stood on end. I thought my time had come; so we waited for death till daylight revealed the fact that we were near the camp of a large army train and the noise we heard was the government mule ordering his breakfast.

“On the march the next day we passed an old field in which were a large number of persimmon trees loaded with fruit. We had never seen persimmons before but the fruit looked luscious and desirable to eat and the officers kindly permitted us to take and we did eat of the unripe fruit and discovered that the officers did it maliciously in the hope that we could then keep our mouths shut.

“Our march was a long and weary one. On the road we passed over a bridge, composed entirely of dead horses; it was a good, strong (as to odor) bridge. At last we reached headquarters of the Second Army Corps and were sent to the 148th Regiment. When we arrived on the parade the old soldiers did some tall laughing at us but it did not take us long to get naturalized.”

When the squad arrived in camp, it was divided into details for each company and afterward the men were permitted to exchange places so that friends could serve together. In this way it came that all the men of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, became members of Company H. They were Uriah K. Brown, John F. Boring, Jacob Bracken, George W. Constable, David B. Jones, Henry Johnston, William H. Makin, Adam M. Makin, William Pearson, John Sheeler and George A. Wilson.

The laughing and twitting we suffered at the hands of our veteran comrades was all good natured and we found them exceedingly kind and obliging and we soon found ourselves greatly indebted to them for many favors and much wise counsel. At this time there were only sixteen men of the old company present and fit for duty. We were again examined by the regimental surgeon, who remarked that he did not see what they sent such things down there for.

Eight days after joining the Regiment we were given guns and two hours later started for Kelley's Ford, where we were to smell powder and hear the bullets sing for the first time. That night we were put on picket with strict orders to shoot every man that did not stop when ordered. However we did not shoot anyone, and it was seen in the morning that the rebel picket line we were watching so closely was only a row of little cedar trees. From there we marched to Mine Run where the rebel picket line was the real genuine article and did not wait to be shot at but very promptly offered to perform that service for us, without invitation or ceremony.

The weather was intensely cold, our blankets froze to the ground, we ran out of provisions and, between hunger and cold, were fast losing our love for the service. Orders came for us to fall back, which we did with alacrity, and the charging rebels followed to see that we got safely over the Rapidan. After ten days of this service we returned to our old quarters and, on December 7, 1863, started to build winter quarters a mile and a half from Stevensburg and spent the winter in drilling and picket duty at Kelley's Ford.

On the 3d of May, 1864, we broke camp, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and, in the evening, reached the battlefield of Chancellorsville. From there to the Wilderness as we marched we heard the sound of fighting that had already begun. There we were halted and ordered to throw up breastworks. Some men found a plow and tying a rope to it plowed up the ground, while the others threw up the dirt with our tin plates.

We were not under fire in the Wilderness but we ran against a snag at Po River on the 10th of May. Here the fighting was fast and furious and we new men were under fire for the first time and were able to prove to our comrades that, although a man might wait to be drafted or be willing to serve as a substitute, there was nothing in those facts to prove that he was not willing to meet and endure his full share of service and sacrifice. Five of the new men were killed and seventeen wounded in the entire Regiment in this battle. We were forced back and, to cover our retreat, our batteries on the hill opened fire over our heads and threw their shell so low that they injured some of our new men.

The Po River was a narrow stream and the pioneers had felled trees across it and on those we got over. As George W. Constable approached one of those logs to cross over a little fellow very badly wounded appealed to him to help him over. He took the small man under his arm and stepped upon the log to cross over. Just then a man stepped in front of him and he promptly pushed him from the log and, when he turned round he saw the man he had pushed off was the Colonel. Constable was frightened but Beaver said, "All right; go ahead!"

At Spotsylvania we charged the rebel line at daylight and took them by surprise. Many threw down their arms and surrendered. We thought we had captured the whole Rebel Army but we were not long in finding out our mistake. They rallied their forces and drove us back. One of the new men said, "I came down that hill ten feet at a jump, a piece of shell or a limb struck me and sent me almost out of sight in the soft ground. I wanted to be entirely out of sight for a while."

We fought and marched day and night; had hardly time to eat. Constable said it took ten miles of fire for him to cook a beef's tongue he had secured and said Captain Montgomery measured the distance.

At the North Anna River we formed in a corn field and were ordered to lie down, a hard rain came up and converted the surface of the corn field into a mud puddle. Among the new men was a queer genius whom we named Knickenbracken. He would not drill and would not be mustered for pay but, when it came to fighting, was there every time. Captain Bayard was a little excited and, seeing Knickenbracken lying in the mud, said, "Get up, Knickenbracken!" He rose up on his hands and knees. Just then a rebel shell fell close in front of us "ker flop," throwing the mud all over us, and out of the shower of mud was the voice of the Captain saying, "Lie down, Knickenbracken." When the mud had all fallen, Knickenbracken peeped out under his blanket and said, "What sort of orders are you giving us, Captain?"

After more marching and fighting, we at last brought up in front of Petersburg. Here we had a lively time dodging shell and

“joking” bullets. It was a very hot place but an interesting one. Here in the fall we were given Spencer rifles and bore our full share of the hard fighting.

On the 27th of October, a detail of one hundred men from our Regiment charged and captured the rebel fort in front of us. Of Company H's detail of ten men in that charge, only three came back alive. William Pearson, one of the new men, came back from the charge wounded. We carried his knapsack to the ambulance on which he left for the hospital. He laughed when we bid him good-bye and said, “Well, I guess I am good for a furlough,” and he was, for in two hours he was dead. We hung around the front of Petersburg sometimes in one fort, then in another.

Our dinner on Thanksgiving Day was something to be thankful for: Goose (mouldy), apples (rotten), baked beans (sour). There were lots of pies at the commissary for the officers, but we shared with them without an invitation.

At last we landed at Fort Cummins on the left of the line, with good winter quarters, doing garrison and fatigue duty. The fatigue duty consisted in building a dam to drown the rebels out but we never got any water in the dam. We were allowed whiskey when working on the dam but it never came. One day Captain Sutton was in charge of the work. We were sure we would have some. He wrote an order and sent a man to the commissary with some canteens for it. He did not return and the Captain sent a Corporal and a guard after him. They found him along the road, took the canteens and started for the dam but did not get there—the temptation was too strong for them—and finally the Captain started to hunt them. found them on the road and to save further trouble took the canteens to camp himself and that was the last of the whiskey.

While we were there, a man was to be hung for some crime he committed and, while the troops were trying to form a square about the scaffold, they scared up a rabbit and, in the excitement of the chase, almost forgot they had a man to hang.

On the 25th of March, 1865, we started for the rebels and were not long in finding them. We had some hard fighting at Southside

Railroad. It was our last fight and we "done them up brown," taking a great many prisoners.

After this our Regiment was detailed for forage duty for the Division. We got down to business and soon captured some cattle and an old mule. We drove the cattle ahead of us and loaded the mule with all the knapsacks we could pile on him and he toted them along all right, till in crossing a field below Farmville we came to a wide open ditch over which we wanted him to jump. He refused; we coaxed him; he could not do it; we persuaded him; he tried, landing on his back in the bottom of the ditch, with our knapsacks under him. We fished them out as best we could and thereafter bore our own burdens.

We soon gathered up a good herd of cows, hogs, sheep and some geese and lived well.

In crossing the country we came to a fine mansion. Some of the boys being of an inquiring turn of mind went in and found peach brandy in the cellar. We had been having plenty of apple jack but it was hot and the drink of common people, but here was the drink of the first families of Virginia, the very "nectar that Jupiter sips." It was soft and smooth and drank well. We drew a tin cup full and drank of it. The effect was magical; we were no longer a predatory band of soldiers tramping over the country, committing various acts of petty larceny, but the very war gods, the conquerors of the realm; all things were ours by sacred right of conquest; why should we not take what we chose? We drank deeply of the delightful beverage and our importance and the glory we had achieved were greatly increased; the night came on as sweetly as an evening in Araby the blest and we folded ourselves by the wayside as pleasantly as though we had been tucked in a bed of eiderdown and covered with silken wraps by the gentle hands of our mothers. The detail moved on and left us alone in our glory. When we awakened, the sun was shining full in our face, but whether it was rising or setting we could not tell, nor which was east or west, north or south, or which was the rear or which the front of the Army were problems entirely beyond our ability to solve. We were a vagabond in a land where every man's hand was sure to be against us, as our hand was against

every man. Fortunately the lowing of the herd our comrades was driving attracted our attention, giving us direction and, by a forced march, we overtook them.

We arrived just in time. Orders had been received to abandon the herd and join the Brigade. As we came to the front, the cry was everywhere that Lee surrendered and the War was over. Below us was the old Army of Northern Virginia which we had been fighting for four years, broken and ragged and starved but as sullen and belligerent as ever, but they had reached the last ditch; the news was true; Lee had surrendered; our work was done and joy was supreme with the men in blue. Strong men wept for very joy. We were to see again the green hills of our grand old state and enjoy again the comforts and pleasures of our homes. We shook hands with the rebels and congratulated them, then we shook hands and congratulated ourselves; then, with light hearts and springing steps, we began our return march. At Burkesville we received our first mail and the congratulations and praises of our friends, and learned of the excitement reigning at the North.

At Alexandria, with deepest regret, we were separated from our old comrades with whom we had *fought* for more than a year, and were transferred to the 53d Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Regiment. We saw them break camp and march away for home. A month later we followed them and were soon at our old homes among the green hills of Cambria County, again citizens of our great commonwealth, doing the best we could to discharge the duties of civil life.

As illustrating the intelligence, proficiency and zeal with which some of the drafted men and substitutes discharged their duties as soldiers, it may be well to add here some facts which appear in the records of the several companies of the Regiment and, in order to understand the significance of them, it is well to remember that this class of recruits joined the Regiment in the autumn and winter of 1863 and the early spring of 1864 and that the Regiment as a whole, having enlisted in September, 1862, had the advantage of a full year of service, and it is not to be presumed that the claims of the older

men for promotion would have been ignored for the benefit of those who came later.

The following, who were all drafted men, except where it otherwise appears, were promoted in their several companies as indicated.

William Latta of B Company was promoted to Corporal August 17, 1864.

Jerome B. Stuart, of C Company, was promoted to Sergeant June 1, 1864, and was subsequently made Second Lieutenant of the 109th United States Colored Troops August 2, 1865. Lewis A. Wood, of the same company, was promoted to Corporal and killed at Po River May 10, 1864.

William J. Bickford, of D Company, was promoted to Corporal December 10, 1864. Jacob Cory, of the same company, promoted to Corporal January 1, 1865. Charles H. Hohnbon, a substitute promoted to Corporal March 14, 1865.

John A. Flack, of H Company, promoted to Corporal January 1, 1865.

Russling S. Adams and Russell Weeks, of I Company, promoted to Corporal; date not given.

At the time the Regiment was mustered out in June, 1865, the men who enlisted early had but two months to serve. All of the original officers and men were, therefore, discharged and the regimental organization as such became extinct. The recruits, drafted men and substitutes, who came to the Regiment in 1863 and 1864, had from one to two years to serve. The able-bodied men of these were, therefore, all transferred to the 53d Regiment of the same brigade which, having enlisted as a veteran regiment, continued its regimental organization, there being an expectation or at least a possibility that their services might be required later either in the South or in Mexico, in case the attempt to establish a monarchical form of government in that country should be persisted in by France.

THE STORY OF COMPANY I.

PART I.

By Adjutant Joseph E. Hall.

One afternoon of a pleasant August day in 1862, a number of wagons were made ready to take a company of volunteers from the town of Brookville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, to the nearest railroad station forty miles distant. An unusual number of people were in town that day to exchange farewells when necessary but to remain with them who were going as long as possible. Soon after noon these farewells were spoken, tears at parting were seen on many faces, while comforting words were exchanged, and promises made with as much of cheer as could be brought to the surface, the wagons were loaded and the men went off with cheers and shouts, leaving behind them a sense of loss and loneliness. The jolting of the wagons and the sights along the roads were made the occasion for many a good natured sally, and as the farm people would look out at the passing wagons and be greeted with a hearty "Good-bye," the remark came naturally, "They seem like a happy lot of fellows," to be followed in most cases by the additional remark, "Poor fellows, they do not know what is before them." A ride of twenty miles that afternoon brought the company to the town of Punxsutawney where supper and lodging were provided. An early start was made next morning with a promise of breakfast about eight miles further on. As this town of Marchand was neared, farmers came out to invite a wagon load to stop for breakfast and where the invitation was accepted an ample and appetizing meal was furnished with the compliment of the host and hostess. Where the writer took breakfast three grown up daughters with sisterly interest accompanied us in our wagon to town about a mile and a half distant, and when the company got together and started off bidding them good-bye, a very limited number of us, more daring than the rest, left an impression on each fair cheek, which they did not resent as we were Uncle Sam's boys, and they were for the Union.

The town of Indiana, our destination, was reached soon after the middle of the day. Here our teams and teamsters left us and we parted with home associations to try the experience of a soldier's life, which began here, by loading the company into box freight cars for transportation to Harrisburg, which place we reached during the night. Next morning our breakfast of a piece of dry bread and some coffee in a tin cup was disposed of with many a joke over the orders that were given for ham and eggs, veal cutlets, etc., that did not materialize. Camp Curtin was now our rendezvous for a week. Before leaving home the company by ballot had selected Silas J. Marlin, Captain, John A. McGuire, First Lieutenant, Orlando H. Brown, Second Lieutenant, and these men now assumed the duties of their office. After two or three days in camp, Captain Marlin informed us we were assigned to a Regiment to be commanded by Col. James A. Beaver who had been Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Pennsylvania. This news gave satisfaction in the thought that our regimental leader had seen service and we were not to be subject to the caprice of a novice. We learned too that Captain Stewart's company formed in Jefferson and Indiana Counties, and Captain Core's company from Clarion County were to join with us, and later that we were Company I and the others E and K as given, and that our Regiment was to be known as the 148th Pennsylvania. A religious service in camp one evening brought us in contact with many men of the Regiment and with Lieutenant Stevens, afterwards Chaplain of the Regiment whose sympathetic nature, and anxiety to promote both the physical and moral welfare of the men were shown during the history of the Regiment by numberless acts of heroism and self sacrifice.

After a week in Camp Curtin the Regiment was sent to do duty along the railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg and Company I with three other companies were stationed at Cockeyville, Maryland, where the routine duties of a soldier's life began. Here we formed the acquaintance of the Colonel and other field and staff officers, and soon recognized in our leader a disciplinarian, ambitious to bring his Regiment to such a state of proficiency in military tactics as to make its reliability in action a certainty. While

here Captain Marlin left us to enlist some more men to fill up the company and returned one day with eighteen men, three of whom became somewhat notable characters. One of them was William Rodgers, conspicuous on account of his advanced age. As he marched into camp, his gray hair, tall and slender figure, attracted attention and criticism that such an old man should be enlisted, as he could be of very little use as a soldier. He proved himself on the contrary one of the best soldiers in the company. His duties were quietly and conscientiously performed, and on the long marches, the fatiguing duties incident to an active campaign, or in line of battle, William Rodgers was to be depended on. He passed safely through the War, and for years after his soldierly bearing and dignified carriage made him a conspicuous character on the streets of Brookville. He was past eighty years of age before his final summons came and his comrades laid him to rest. Another of these recruits was James Cochran, a stalwart lumberman with a splendid physique and a generous appetite. Jim was an all around good fellow in many ways, but not over anxious to do duty, or over scrupulous as to his means of avoiding it, or his methods of satisfying his appetite occasionally at the expense of that of his comrades, but shrewd enough to meet any suspicion of his irregularity with a visage so unruffled and a protestation of innocence so apparently sincere as to carry him along safely. This quality possibly proved his salvation in prison, for Jim was captured at Reams Station, and we expected him to die of starvation, but he did not. If the writer is correct, Jim never returned to the Regiment, but after the War when questioned by his comrades, used to divulge some of the means he resorted to in order to duplicate himself and his rations while in prison. He frequently outwitted the guardian of the Confederate supplies and when detected in some scheme, had plenty of leisure to devise a new one. Jim's memory was remarkable, and when his comrades after the War wanted a witness to assist them in a pension claim, he was most accommodating and generous with his evidence. He became engaged in covering roofs with some kind of asphalt preparation and died from the effects of a fall from a roof which he was covering. The third

recruit was William Acker a stranger to all in the company, who enlisted at Harrisburg, and whose good nature and quaint expressions did so much when men were tired and irritable on a long march, to keep them in courage and amuse them. Acker lost an arm as the result of an unfortunate mistake by one of the later recruits, while on the picket lines during the latter part of the campaign, and left the service very much to the regret of his comrades.

Colonel Beaver issued an order soon after our arrival at Cockeysville giving the following daily program to keep us well employed. Reveille, 5:30 A. M.; breakfast, six; company drill, seven to eight; cleaning guns, accoutrements, etc., eight to nine; guard mounting, nine; squad drill, ten to eleven-thirty; twelve, dinner; 1:00 P. M., non-commissioned officers drill; two to four battalion drill; five, supper; five-thirty, dress parade; eight-thirty, tattoo; nine, taps, when all lights were to be extinguished. On Tuesday and Friday as much of the Regiment as could well be brought together would be exercised for a couple of hours in regimental drill at some convenient locality. After the arrival of the eighteen recruits referred to Captain Marlin announced his appointment of Sergeants and Corporals, which were later confirmed by the Colonel, though most of the men had been serving in the positions designated. As non-commissioned officers and privates we had at the time no knowledge of the reason for the order that came on the 7th of December, ordering us to pack up and start next day for Washington to report to General Casey, but it came, nevertheless, though followed by a later dispatch giving us a day longer. The packing was done, however, and about noon of the 9th we bade farewell to Cockeyville. One man of Company I had died during our stay here, William Orr of Knox Township, Jefferson County, a very excellent man, engaged to be married to the sister of another man of the company, contracted typhoid fever and seeming to lose his grip partly through homesickness, could not be brought through the disease and died at the temporary hospital to the regret of the entire company who respected him and mourned his death, while their sympathies went out for the bereaved ones at home. Twelve others were left in the hospital

here, all of whom recovered later as we now remember. Company I was taken by rail to Baltimore along with the other companies gathered up by the way and marched through the city about two miles to the Union Relief Association. About 4:00 P. M. we were ordered out to take the cars for Washington, arriving at five o'clock. The order to march came about 1:00 P. M. and we set out for the front. This afternoon on this march I was taken with cramps and giving out was prescribed for by Major Fairlamb and placed in one of the covered wagons hauling horse feed where I obtained relief and secured some rest before the Regiment stopped for the night. Our march ended with our arrival at the camp of the Army of the Potomac and assignment to the First Brigade, First Division, Second Corps. The division had been desperately engaged at Fredericksburg, losing in killed and wounded and missing two-thirds of their number, and it was not surprising in view of the recent loss, coupled with the disastrous defeat of our Army, that we found the survivors in depressed spirits, lacking confidence in General Burnside's ability to lead an Army successfully against General Lee. This feeling was dissipated as time passed, and a change of commanders not long after followed by liberal rations and cheering orders from headquarters, brought about a feeling of cheerfulness and confidence.

During this winter occasional boxes and packages came through the lines from our friends after being carefully inspected by the provost marshal department. Lieutenant McGuire received word from Philadelphia friends that a box was on the way filled with a turkey, cake and other equipments for a fine Christmas dinner, including a bottle of vinegar. The box arrived. The turkey had been roasted somewhat and looked very tempting, the cakes were first class but the vinegar could not be found and the Lieutenant was cross at official interference which deprived him of "seasoning" to his dinner, and expressed his displeasure in language more forcible than elegant. A later examination of the turkey showed it to be stuffed with the very bottle that was missing, and the Lieutenant's joy at this discovery was quite amusing following so closely his uncalled for invective. Robert Omslear of the company succeeded by hanging the fowl in front of a good fire and turning it frequently,

in getting it pretty well cooked, and the officer with some friends from other companies partook of a choice and rare meal to which the vinegar seemed to lend a good deal in the way of hilarity.

About the middle of April the paymaster paid us his first visit with very gratifying results and a few days later our overcoats and dress coats were packed and sent to Washington for storage. Our A tents were exchanged for the light shelter tent, and our heavy rifles for the lighter .58 caliber Springfield rifles. Company I made these exchanges very willingly. Adjutant Robert Lipton having gone home on sick leave died there. On April 27th Sergeant Major Muffly was appointed Adjutant and I was promoted to Sergeant Major.

Next morning the start was made for United States Ford to begin the campaign preliminary to the tragic battle of Chancellorsville where the company was first under fire. Company I with four other companies of the Regiment was engaged on the left of our line toward Fredericksburg and held that part of the line during the engagement. Andrew Craft was killed in this battle, James McManigle and R. B. Lyle wounded. The four companies of the Regiment supporting this line lost very heavily on the morning of the 3d when taken to the right to assist in checking the advance of the enemy on that side, and they were among the last to retreat to the new position where our Army had made another stand. Captain Marlin was given deserved credit for successfully withdrawing the six companies of the Regiment from the picket line in the face of the enemy. After the return to camp, R. M. Wadding was detailed as one of a party of thirty-two men sent back under a flag of truce to bury our dead, and had some interesting experiences in connection with the performance of that melancholy duty.

On the march through Maryland and into Pennsylvania the company suffered no casualties though sometimes on the picket line opposing the enemy's forces. The night of July 1st was one of sober reflection in view of an almost certain renewal of the engagement began that day near Gettysburg. Frederick Gillhousen, in particular, felt so strongly impressed that this battle would end his days that a wound not thought very serious at the time so preyed upon



I. J. Grenoble
Co. I. Age at enlistment 17

John M. Davis
Youngest man in the Regiment

him as to destroy his courage and in a few days justify his forebodings and cause the loss of a good soldier. In the engagement in the wheat field on the afternoon of the 2d, I saw some of the company receive very serious wounds. R. M. Wadding fell with what appeared to be a fatal wound in the abdomen. Not proving fatal, however, he tells since of lying there three days, sometimes on the Union side, sometimes among the Confederates, and at one time in trying to give a wounded Confederate soldier near him a drink of water in answer to his pathetic appeal, rolled his canteen which, unfortunately, took a wrong direction and stopped out of the reach of either of them, each too badly wounded to drag himself to it. Sergt. Edward Murphy had an arm shattered necessitating subsequent amputation. Edward Plyler also lost an arm. John Howard was shot through the lung. Andrew Hagerty was wounded and not afterwards found. Thomas McCullough and Harrison Long each afterward died of their wounds. John Shuster and Hugh Barr were more or less wounded. Samuel Shaw was instantly killed. Comrade R. B. Lyle says Company I lost seven killed and four wounded at Gettysburg. Company I secured four or five prisoners during this engagement in the wheat field which the Sergeant Major then with the company sent back under guard of two men. Colonel Cross commanding the Brigade came along about this time shouting, "Close up," and being informed all were doing well, responded, "That's right," and passed to our right to receive his death wound shortly after. Lieutenant McGuire was wounded in this battle.

Harry Long, as he was called, was the shortest man in the company and generally on marches seemed to carry the largest load. He was among the favorites in the company.

During the summer following the battle of Gettysburg after the return to Virginia, Company I received an addition to its numbers of twenty-six men sent from the recruiting stations in the North. About this time Captain Marlin was detailed as Acting Assistant Inspector General on the staff of General Caldwell, commanding our Division. Lieut. O. H. Brown was absent on duty at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and for a time Company I was under command of Lieutenant McCartney of Company B. Lieutenant Mc-

Guire returned in September and took charge. The writer recalls an entry in his diary about this time of a fine of one dollar against B. F. McGiffin for snapping a cap on his rifle contrary to orders and believes the amount was never collected.

During the winter following I was sent with Alex. McQuiston as part of a regimental detail for recruiting service. During this winter a number of sick and wounded returned for duty and several additions by recruits filled the company over its minimum for the spring campaign. Second Lieut. O. H. Brown had been discharged by general orders while away from the Regiment, and Orderly Sergt. J. Frank Crain, secured the promotion. In this campaign of 1864 Company I lost at Po River three men killed and five wounded (so says Lyle; names not given) and in the memorable battle of Spotsylvania, two days later, First Lieut. John A. McGuire received a mortal wound which caused his death in two or three days. His loss was very much regretted as he had made himself a popular officer, and was fearless in the discharge of duty. There were two men killed, three wounded and four missing at this time (as per Lyle) and at Cold Harbor the company lost one killed, six wounded and four captured (Lyle). It was here that William Acker lost an arm as already mentioned. The recruiting detail returned here just after the Army left and were ordered to guard the wagon train on its way across the James River to Petersburg. In the first charge of June 16th the company lost one killed, three wounded and one missing (Lyle).

On the 2d of August in front of Petersburg, Second Lieutenant Crain was promoted to be First Lieutenant and I was made Second Lieutenant of the company. Captain Patterson of Company G kindly presented Lieutenant Hall with a sword which the newly commissioned officer very gratefully accepted. The company took its part in the engagements about Petersburg, losing heavily in missing at the battle of Reams Station on the 25th of August. At least two of these missing men are believed to have died in prison. One of these, Lewis Dibler, was reported to have been shot and killed by a guard at Salisbury, North Carolina, and Hugh Barr also died there. On the 6th of September I received

a commission as Adjutant 183d Pennsylvania and the next day was mustered and left the Regiment to assume duty in my new position. My place in the company was filled by promotion of First Sergt. Frank W. Clark, who served as Second Lieutenant until the close of the War. The men of the company were pleased to be a portion of the one Regiment in the Division to secure the new Spencer repeating rifles, which they soon learned to use effectively. Lieutenants Crain and Clark were with the company during the remainder of its organization and with it engaged in quite active and aggressive service, the superiority of the rifle used by the Regiment bringing it quite often to the front.

Captain Marlin after his assignment to staff duty during the summer of 1863, continued to act as division inspector serving as such upon the staff of Generals Caldwell, Barlow and Miles. For gallant service at Reams Station he was made brevet Major, and during the winter following was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel in recognition of his valuable work. He was commissioned Major of the Regiment on June 1, 1865, but was not mustered as such, being at the time on duty at Fortress Monroe under General Miles, who had charge of the captured chief of the fallen Confederacy. At his home in Brookville after the War, the title of Colonel Marlin was given him, and he held an honored place in the community for over twenty years, until in 1888 he was called to answer the final summons, leaving a widow and one son. Besides the transfer of myself to the 183d Pennsylvania, James W. Rea was transferred to the Signal Corps, and Sanderson P. Stacy won a lieutenancy in the 43d Regiment United States Colored Troops. Alexander McQuiston after his return from recruiting service was killed by the enemy's bayonet thrust before Petersburg (Reams Station [?]). McGiffin only escaped a similar fate by being a good runner. One of the coolest men in action as the writer remembers him was T. Swineford. This was particularly noticeable at Gettysburg where he took such deliberate aim and, unlike many who seemed desirous of exhausting their ammunition, fired only when he felt he could fire effectively. Strengthened by a conviction that he was not to be shot, he was ready to take the advance of a

charge, and inspired others by his heroic and gallant conduct. He survived the conflict and is yet a respected citizen in the community from which he enlisted. J. M. Davis was the youngest member of the company, being about fourteen when enlisted as a musician. He never served in that capacity, but with his gun and equipments performed faithfully the work of a private soldier.

J. M. Love and J. W. Smith, after two years of active service were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Sergt. Robert Kissinger has a record of valuable service performed as a spy, and Corp. William Harley rendered at one time somewhat similar service, capturing one of the scouts of the enemy in front of Petersburg.

R. M. Snyder also served in the Veteran Reserve Corps, doing some effective work in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, in quelling disturbances in connection with draft riots. For this work he was promoted to Sergeant of his company.

Alexander Douglass was the only member of the color guard who escaped from the woods of Chancellorsville, but he brought the colors with him. He was among the missing at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864.

R. M. Wadding after an absence of something over a year from the effects of his wound at Gettysburg, returned to the Regiment and was soon after detailed for clerical duty at the headquarters of the Division where he remained until the close of the War. Many other instances of personal bravery and special duty on the part of members of the company did not come under notice of the writer or have passed from memory during the years that have lapsed. Their omission from this narrative will in no way detract from the record of honorable service to which each one who did his duty is entitled or lessen the appreciation and gratitude of their countrymen.

There are twenty-three survivors so far as known at this writing, viz: Lewis Cobb, Isaiah S. Davis, John M. Davis, Jacob Haugh, R. B. Lyle, John W. Demott, Lyman E. Mapes, N. P. O'Connor, J. W. Smith, T. Swineford, Lewis A. Stahlman, Johial Vasbinder, R. M. Wadding, living at or near Brookville, Pennsylvania; J. E.

Hall, Clatskanie, Oregon; Wallace Coon, Tionesta, Pennsylvania; Calvin Dixon, DuBois, Pennsylvania; Harrison Katz, Clarrington, Pennsylvania; David M. Hillis, Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania; I. J. Grenoble, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; B. F. McGiffin Topeka, Kansas; J. M. Love, Collensburg, Pennsylvania; Joseph Arthurs, present address unknown; Samuel Ransom, present address unknown.

THE STORY OF COMPANY I.

PART II.

By Corp. Jacob B. Rumbaugh.

I enlisted in Company I, 148th Regiment, in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, near a place called Hagerty Town at a brick hotel with a frame addition. The upper floor was used for a ball room and the lower floor for a ware room. I went down stairs when the speaking was about over and on my return I met my brother-in-law, James Truby, who told me to hurry as they were calling for volunteers. We started to go in and just as Truby stepped in the floor gave away. Some two hundred people went down with it. It looked to me as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. There was no person badly hurt. I remember that a woman went down with a baby in her arms and lit on a whiskey barrel. Some one asked her if she was hurt, and she said, "No, but I am mad because I couldn't get a drink out of the barrel." In a few days we went to Harrisburg, were sworn into United States service, and went to Cockeyville with the Regiment. We stayed there until December; then we went into Virginia when the first Fredericksburg fight was over; did picket duty until Chancellorsville, our first battle. We were marched from one place to another for some time, then sent to support a battery. We were placed in front of it and they fired over us. I had my head up to see what was going on in our front when Lieutenant McGuire told me to keep down or I would get hurt and just then something grazed me on the side of the face. I got down. On Friday evening Colonel Beaver sent our company out on the skirmish line. Our Regiment was called the Sunday soldiers and just as we were ready to start the Colonel said, "Boys, show them what Sunday soldiers can do." And we did. We were out on the skirmish line from Friday evening until Sunday afternoon and we drove the rebels back every time they came up to us and on Sunday morning they sent a line of battle against us and we drove that back, then we had rest until in the afternoon when a battery opened in our rear. We thought it was our own battery. Captain Marlin sent Sergeant Murphy back to tell them to elevate their guns or they would hurt

some of us. The Sergeant came back on the run and said they were rebels that were shelling us and were forming a line to advance on us. We got out of that as soon as we could and glad we were to get where we could make a cup of coffee. We then went back to our old camp. In June we started on the march to Gettysburg. We marched two hundred and thirty-five miles and arrived there on the evening of July 1, 1863. On the 2d we fought in the wheat field.

We had fifty seven men in Company I when we went in and twenty answered to their names after we came out. It looked as though we would all be killed or wounded before we were relieved. I saved a rebel's life there. He was lying behind a rock and firing on us until we got right up to him and then he surrendered. After he surrendered Cal Dixon was about to shoot him, I struck his gun up and said not to shoot. I thought it would not be right to kill him after he had surrendered. After the battle I asked Dixon why he was going to kill the reb and he said it made him so mad to think he would lay behind the rock and fire at us and then surrender. When going off the battlefield I helped carry a wounded Colonel off the field, but do not remember what regiment he belonged to. Then on the 3d we were under that heavy cannonading when it made the earth tremble. On the 4th I was sent back to the hospital sick and then was sent to Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I was there about three months. I got back to the Regiment in November in time for the Mine Run movement. We were there two or three days. We were out supporting a skirmish line and nearly froze as the weather was very cold. May, 1864, we started on that terrible campaign of 1864 when it was march all night and fight all day. Our Regiment got to the Wilderness on May 6th. Our Brigade was put on the reserve at Po River. We advanced through the brush and waded the stream. On the 10th we had a hard fight with the rebs. Our Regiment held a whole division of the enemy until they got the rest of the brigade across the Po River. We stayed until we were almost surrounded. The woods got afire and the wounded that could not walk were

burned. We lost about three hundred men killed and wounded on the Spotsylvania field.

On the night of May 11th the Orderly Sergeant came and woke us up and told us to put our tin cups in our haversacks and not to speak above a whisper and fall in ranks. We knew then that we had some hard fighting to do; by this time we did not expect anything else, for if there was any fighting to be done we always got our share of it. We started on the march in a drizzling rain. We followed a man with a lantern and we would go a little way, halt, advance and halt. We kept that up until about midnight when we halted and the Colonel formed the Regiment in five columns, two companies in a column. We fixed our bayonets and lay down on the wet ground. Just at the break of day we got the command to forward. We started and never stoppel until we were in the rebel's works at Spotsylvania Court House. Then the slaughter began. Men were killed with bayonets and butts of guns until they lay eight and ten deep; there were ten thousand men hurt in twenty minutes. Trees shot down with minie balls. Brush cut down as though mowed down with a sickle. The last I saw of Major Fairlamb he was on the breastworks waving his sword and saying, "Come on boys, the last day of the Rebellion is here," in that fine voice of his. He was soon captured. We were there several days.

Then we went to the North Anna and thence to Cold Harbor, where we made another charge that did not succeed. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field. We charged over, fell back a short distance and threw up breastworks with our bayonets and tin pans. Some stood up and fired at the enemy while the rest worked. We were there about ten days. Before this, at North Anna River where our Regiment was ordered to advance and find the enemy's position, we were ordered not to fire a shot. We advanced over a field that was planted in corn until we came upon the enemy. They opened on us with muskets and artillery. We turned about and marched back without the loss of a man. We went back a short distance and were ordered to lie down. A heavy rain came up and we had to wait until it was over. When we left Cold Harbor we started for

the James River. We crossed the river and went to Petersburg where it was fight nearly all the time. I could tell of seventeen battles I was in but it was the same thing over and over. It was fight, men getting killed and wounded by the thousands.

August 25, 1864, I was captured. We were sent to tear up the Weldon Railroad; there were two divisions of the Second Army Corps there. We had a fight at Reams Station with A. P. Hill's Corps of four divisions and two divisions of Longstreet's Corps. The rebs had six divisions against our two small ones, but we put up a hard fight before they broke our line and captured fourteen hundred of us. We went back through a piece of woods and there was not a stump or tree or sapling that was big enough to shield a person that did not have a dead or wounded rebel behind it. They said it was the dearest victory they had ever won. Here is where Colonel Beaver and I left the Army. The Colonel lost his leg, and we never got back to the Regiment. The prisoners were sent to Richmond to Libby and Belle Island. I was there about a month, then was sent to Salisbury, North Carolina. There is no pen or tongue that can tell the suffering that was in those prisons. We were starved for two and three days at a time and when we did get anything to eat we could eat it all at once. It really was not fit to eat when we did get it and it had to do twenty-four hours. We had no shelter or blankets to cover us for over one month. Then our Government sent us some tents. If there is a hell on earth we surely were in it. The rebs would send every morning a four-mule team into the prison pen to take out the dead. I have seen as many as fifty taken out in a morning. One man would take a man by the head and one by the feet and throw him into the wagon and take them out and bury them in a trench. There was between twelve and thirteen thousand in the prison from October to February, and there were only four thousand five hundred and some odd came out when we were let out on parole February 22, 1865. I came home in March, took the typhoid fever and the War was over before I could go back to my Regiment.

THE STORY OF COMPANY I.

PART III.

By I. J. Grenoble.

(Comrade Grenoble was the only Centre County man in Company I.—
EDITOR.)

The desire to be a soldier was brought upon me by the excitement and a number of friends that had enlisted at the time. Being only sixteen years old I feared they would not accept me. I had been living with Maj. J. B. Fisher a number of years. His military career being well known to the Governor and others, he was prevailed upon to take the colonelcy of the regiment. As he helped largely with his influence to swell the ranks of the companies formed in the county, and during the excitement he had the war fever, and had fully decided to go. So he called me back into his office in his store at Centerville, now Penn Hall, and requested me to stay with his family if he went, saying that his wife gave her consent, and he would go that afternoon and see his parents and if they would let him go he would leave. But their protest against his going was so strong that he yielded to their wish. Then, as I told the boys that had gone, that if the Major did not go, I would come, not to take the colonelcy, but to be with them in the ranks. So after the Major had decided, I determined to go but unknown to any one except three chums, who always said if I would go they would surely go along. We agreed to meet at Musser's Hotel, at Centerville, on Sunday evening, September 7, 1862, after church at Green Grove. We all went to church and met at the hotel. John Brown, who worked for Mr. Geo. Musser, was to haul us as far as the top of Seven Mountains that night. The three had all kinds of excuses for not going just then and declined, and Brown refused to take me to the mountain top. So I had to go alone and traveled across the Seven Mountains to Lewistown, the nearest railroad station. I arrived there before noon and boarded the first passenger train for Harrisburg, arrived late in the evening, and staid at a hotel over

night. Tuesday morning I made for Camp Curtin, where the boys were in camp. They were surprised to see me and still more so when I informed them that I came to stay. They did not expect that I would be accepted, being too young and small. But I passed after some hesitation and urging by the doctors.

The company I had intended to join was full, so Capt. Robt. H. Forster, of Company A, advised me to join Capt. Silas J. Marlin's company. So by evening of September 9th I was a member of the 148th. The difficulty came when they were to give me the uniform—none small enough, so I went in my citizen's clothes for several weeks while in camp at Cockeysville, Maryland. While here the peaches were in season. An old farmer had a large orchard about a mile back from camp. He did not have much sympathy for the boys in blue, but was trying to make all the money from us by sending two loads of peaches a day to the camp for sale, but if any of us went to his house he was too stingy to offer any, and when we tried to buy some he wanted more than what his boys were selling them for at camp. One day several of us had gone out to his place and a few called at the house and entertained him and his wife while the rest secured a supply of the fruit and retreated to a piece of woods where they were joined by the entertaining committee and all enjoyed a good mess of the fruit.

While doing picket duty just below Fredericksburg, Virginia, the boys got quite intimate with the Confederates and established a kind of exchange. Our boys gave coffee, salt, etc., for tobacco. Through this they got quite sociable and whenever an opportunity came we talked together. Several times the Johnnies invited our boys to come across the river to a social dance in a private house in the city. This was accepted by a number of the boys, among them were Lieut. John McGuire. All returned much pleased with the treatment and courtesy shown towards them by the men, officers and ladies in Fredericksburg. One night while on picket, the officer of the day came to us and gave orders not to cause any alarm to be made if we noticed any person crossing the river, but to call quietly the nearest officer. While all was quiet only a strong wind near midnight, an object was noticed moving and coming across the river.

We followed instructions, and a person dressed in rebel uniform came, was taken to the rear by officer of the picket line to General Hancock's headquarters. It was the General's spy.

I remember well the day, May 1, 1863, when we reached Chancellorville, when the muster-in roll was called, many answered for the last time to their name on this soil. We moved out on high ground in line of battle and could see the rebs place their troops and cannons on a hill in front of us. We were ordered to lie down on the ground. While the Colonel was sitting on his horse, he said, "Lay low, boys, I'll tell you when to get up and fire, and we'll show them that Sunday soldiers are good soldiers in front." I suppose he was thinking of what the Irish Brigade boys said: that they wanted to be our reserve in time of battle and they would make us keep our place; as they claimed that the first volley fired into us would cause us all to run. But as we all well know after the battle the Irish boys had nothing to say about us as Sunday soldiers. After we had got out from our line of battle in rear of the line formed after the Eleventh Corps broke, I examined my clothing and knapsack and found that seven bullets had passed through my gum blanket and shelter tent. and on opening the knapsack a bullet dropped out on the ground. Some one picked it up and asked if I did not want it. I said, "No," and he remarked, "I will keep it then." I met with no wound till on the 10th of May, 1864, at Po River near Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, being shot in the left leg above the knee. I was kept from falling into the hands of the rebs by a comrade of Company A taking my hand and dragging me to the rear; then he got another man to take the other hand and they pulled me along till we got to Maj. Geo. A. Fairlamb and Capt. A. A. Rhinehart. They took my accoutrements off and put me on a blanket and got four men to carry me back to the rear across the river. The Captain carried the four guns for the boys that carried me. Just a few minutes before I was shot, I passed John Coony and Steve Kennelly, neighbors at home, both mortally wounded. When the boys had laid me down in a ditch an ambulance wagon came along and took me back to the place where the wounded were gathered. This was awhile before dark. During the night I slept good, had a piece of wood or

stone for a pillow. Woke up weak—not strong enough to raise hands up to my head. During the forenoon, well towards noon, a surgeon came along and examined my wound. When he opened the pants' leg and drawers he shook his head and said I should lie quiet. I told him I could not move. He said he would send men to bring me to the tent. This was a surgeon from a New York regiment, ours had been taken prisoners at the Wilderness, and that accounted for my lying there so long without being attended to.* When at the operating tent four or five doctors examined my wound and found that mortification had set in, and they decided that it was not worth while to do anything for me. I heard all their conversation, but one came and shook me a little and told me what they thought of my case, that they could not do anything for me except take the leg off but that would not help me, and if I had any money, watch or anything to send home I should give it to one of my acquaintances or to him and he would send it to anyone I would direct. I said no I will keep what I have with me. I told them to do the best they could for me. One of the surgeons remarked that there was more life than they thought. So one said, "Let us take it off." Then placing me on the operating table I told the one giving the ether not to cut till I was sound asleep. The doctor assured me they would not.

After all was over and I got awake I was dressed in new clean red flannel undersuit of clothing. The feeling of the leg was just the same as if it had not been taken off. Towards evening a Lieutenant of Company E, who had the same misfortune to lose a leg, and myself were placed in an ambulance and started to Acquia Creek Landing. On the way we thought the driver was trying to drive over all the stumps and stones that could be found. We both suffered great pain. At the landing we were placed on a boat and taken to Washington. Then we were put into an ambulance again and taken out several miles from the city to Finley Hospital. That was a great deal worse than the first experience in the ambulance. We both thought we could not stand it any longer. The Lieutenant died. At the hospital the nurses and surgeons being scarce, I lay several days before any surgeon came around; before they came

*See the Surgeon's Story, pages 185-6.

through the room or ward a nurse had come along and uncovered all the wounds, and when mine was uncovered he said, "Oh, my," and went on about his work. Then the head surgeon and a few others passed along. When passing he remarked, "There is one that needs a second operation." I said, "No." He said, "I am here to know what is to be done." The nurse followed them to tie up the wounds. He understood the business and told me that the bone was sticking out beyond the flesh more than three inches. Several days passed when the nurse came along and again uncovered all the wounds as before, and when the doctors passed the same remarks were made as to my case. When through the ward, one came back to me and said, "I see you are from Pennsylvania. So am I," and he would take me in his care. He said he would try and save me the second operation as he did not think that I could stand it, and to his surprise when he got ready to clean my leg he found it full of maggots. He took the very best of care of me and succeeded in saving me the second operation, but the bone sloughed off at the sound flesh, and when it did come off measured over three inches long. The doctor's name was Evans, from Bucks or Berks County, Pennsylvania. He kept the bone for a relic. It was through his good care of me that I am still among the living. After being at the Finley Hospital about a week, the ward master came to me with a letter and inquired if I knew a man by the name of J. B. Fisher, he had a letter that had been sent to the Regiment, and was forwarded and followed to the hospital. The doctors must have placed my name among the dead. I was reported in the newspapers as dead, and my friend, Major Fisher, was making inquiry as to how to get my body and have it sent home. The ward master said that he would answer the letter and tell him that I was still better than dead. When I was able to walk on crutches, I was sent, among others, to South Street Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Here I had a trying time with gangrene. When the leg was about healed the disease set in. This happened three times, and it did not heal till I got myself a basin and all the necessary bandages, sponge, soap, etc., and dressed the leg myself. The cause of these repeated attacks of gangrene was the carelessness of the nurses using the same basin, etc., for

all, only changing water. From this hospital all that had lost limbs were moved to Christian Street Hospital, and here a preacher by the name of Long had opened school. Had teachers for all branches that one wished to study, and telegraphing. I think the teachers did their work free for the benefit of those who wished to take the advantage. Before we got our discharge we were moved to West Chester Hospital.

THE STORY OF COMPANY I-

PART IV.

By R. M. Wadding.

Company I of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was recruited in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania and accredited, no doubt, to said county. The recruiting officers were Silas J. Marlin, Hugh Brady, John McGuire and O. H. Brown, the latter two becoming First and Second Lieutenants. Hugh Brady, who, it was expected, would be Captain, was replaced by Silas J. Marlin.

The company being about fully recruited assembled in Brookville, the county seat of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862, whence the whole company was hauled in wagons, hacks, etc., that day to Punxsutawney, same county, a distance of twenty miles. On the way at Cool Spring, the men were treated to a sumptuous dinner. The following morning, about three o'clock, the company started in the same vehicles for Indiana Town, Pennsylvania, a distance of about thirty miles. Having stopped again for dinner at Marionville, we arrived at Indiana about 4:00 P. M., when we were crowded into box cars (after the manner of loading cattle, except the board seats without backs) and thus the company was conveyed to Harrisburg, the state capital, where we arrived some time during the morning, August 29th, and here being located two or three weeks in Camp Curtin, we were joined with one company from Indiana County, one from Clarion and seven from Centre County, which together formed what was then designated as the 148th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Here having been organized into a regiment, being fully equipped we were shipped to Cockeysville, Maryland. We joined the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg.

At Chancellorsville on the morning of the 2d of May, 1863, we were placed in line with the Union Army a hundred rods or so north of the Chancellor House, where we lay a short time flat on the



J. B. RUMBAUGH

ground, when Company I and Company A were called on to deploy and go forward as skirmishers and being out but a short time, we were ordered back to the main line, and the Brigade was then massed in front of a battery of cannon close in front of the Chancellor House. Company I here was in the rear file almost under the guns, the shells passing over us. We were then again moved, as we thought, to the extreme left of the line and in a woods where Company I and A were again sent out as skirmishers. It was now about night and darkness coming on we were located on the side of a hill where a good view could be had, and in a short time the enemy appeared with a battery of two or three guns and we opened fire on them, and received their fire in return, their shells coming quite rapidly for a short time upon us; when they by retreating were concealed behind the hill, we ceased firing and also retreated a few rods, so that the enemy might lose the range of us. R. B. Lyle, of Company I, next man to me, was badly wounded in the above skirmish: by the concussion of a shell which seemed to have merely touched the top of his head. We then resumed our former position and remained there during the night. The morning light revealed to the enemy that we were still there and we were informed that our company was in advance of the line. We were compelled to get back to our proper place, and our retreat was made under a rather hot fire from the enemy. After getting back an order of congratulation was sent us by our commanding officer for our pluck and bravery in standing our ground so well, while a part of the line on our right had run. Here being re-enforced by four other companies of our Regiment we were ordered to hold our position at all hazards.

During the forenoon the fire by the enemy did not indicate a very strong force, but during all of the afternoon there was heavy and constant musket firing in our front and we of course did our best, though both the enemy and we were still in the woods. Except a little to our right a short portion of the enemy's line could be seen in a cleared field to which I at least directed a good part of my attention. Night coming on and the firing on both sides having ceased, a company of pioneers made their appearance in our front, where they made a general slashing; also piling up poles along our line as

a shelter for us. We at the same time were engaged in digging holes in the ground with our bayonets, that we might have all the shelter possible, and so, having accomplished what we could in this way, we arranged to try to get some sleep, it being ten o'clock or so. Every third man was placed on watch. The balance were to sleep two hours when they would be relieved and so it was to be during the night; but before the first relief's time had expired there was a terrible charge made by the enemy on a certain battery, with yelling, firing of musketry, firing of cannon, etc., that made it rather hideous for any further rest or sleep.

At daybreak (Sabbath morning) the conflict was renewed all along the line seemingly with double energy. We on our part of the line, having used up our eighty rounds of cartridges some time in the forenoon, got a new supply and had shot away most of that when suddenly to our surprise the grape and canister began to rain down among us, coming in from our rear. By sending out a man we discovered that the whole Army had retreated except the six companies of the 148th and one company of the 81st Pennsylvania. The only casualty of our company here was one killed (Andrew Craft), shot through the head, the ball entering below the eye, and J. M. Davis wounded slightly in the hand.

We being surrounded on three sides—on the right, rear and front—were really led out by Capt. S. J. Marlin. Having crossed a field, on our retreat and coming to a road, the commander of the 81st troops and Captain Marlin had a dispute as to the right direction to go, so each officer took his own course. Our six companies following Captain Marlin came out all right, but what became of the other troops I don't know except from rumor that they were captured by the enemy. When we rejoined the Regiment we were placed in rear of extensive breastworks and were almost constantly under the fire of the enemy till three o'clock Wednesday morning. Our part of the line began its retreat and landed north of the Rappahannock some time in the afternoon, hungry, tired and sleepy, as our eight days' ration had played out the previous day, and for one I had about two half night's sleep out of eight.

Some days after the above battle I was one of a detail to visit the battlefield to endeavor to get the bodies of several officers who fell in the battle. The detail of the whole Army was but thirty-two men. I don't know how many were of our Regiment. We left camp May 16th and reported at what was called United States Ford on the Rappahannock at 7:00 A. M., the 17th, having with us twelve coffins. That evening we had a response to our flag of truce, but as the pontoons had not arrived, we did not cross till the next morning, the 18th. When across we were placed in charge of southern officers, were marched to a General's headquarters and there sworn not to reveal anything to the Northern Army which we might learn that would likely be to their advantage in any way. Being divided into four squads of eight in each, our squad visited the part around and near the Chancellor House. The numerous dead of that place were piled into deep ruts, or washouts, etc., and covered up with but a few inches of clay, also a hole twelve or fourteen feet square dug for, as I was told, an ice house, two or three feet deep was filled. We dug in one corner for a body of an officer, but his condition was such that he was not recognizable. Night coming on we returned to the same General's headquarters where we spent the night, arguing and talking over our various battles, victories, etc. The next day we returned to the battleground and getting in all five bodies we recrossed the river and returned to camp.

June 14th it was discovered that the Rebel Army was hard on its way into Pennsylvania. We were immediately started in pursuit. June 20th, hearing of the enemy being at Thoroughfare Gap and having repulsed our cavalry there, our Brigade was started for there on a forced march, a distance of twenty miles or so. We arrived in the night, in intense darkness, cloudy and raining. In the morning, June 21st, pickets were sent out and a few shots or shells being fired we found the enemy's cavalry with a few pieces of light artillery was still near. Here we remained to guard the place, or await developments till June 26th. Leaving here, 7:00 A. M., with Companies A, B and I in front as skirmishers, a few of the enemy's cavalry were found in our front but they soon retired and we marched back to Dumfries, about seventeen miles.

Wednesday, July 1st, we marched about seventeen miles to within three miles or so of Gettysburg. During the day we could hear cannonading. On the morning of July 2d we were moved several times from one place to another, but were not particularly brought under fire till some time shortly after noon, when coming in range of a rebel battery, the shells came over us quite lively for a while. One man of our Regiment was killed here. Colonel Cross, the commander of our Brigade here, then ordered us to our feet (as we were lying on the ground) and marched us a short distance to our left and back again on double quick which seemed to cause the enemy to lose range of us, and again about 3:00 or 4:00 P. M. our Brigade was marched to the left and took part in the battle in the wheat field. Our company here being in the open wheat field, with another or so of our Regiment on our right suffered terribly. I here received a bad gunshot wound in my groin, obliging me to remain there till the battle was over and through the effects of which I was confined to the hospital about fourteen months and have been greatly disabled all my life. I recall now but one man of Company I that was shot dead there and that was Samuel Shaw. Thos. McCullough, Harrison Long, Frederick Gillhousen and Andrew Hagerty died at Gettysburg after the battle. The latter, A. Hagerty, I saw start to walk off the battlefield, while the enemy were between us and our lines, and that seems to be the last known of him. The other wounded that survived were Edward Plyler, who lost an arm, John Howard who was shot through the lungs, John Shuster shot in the knee, Hugh Barr was slightly wounded but afterwards returned to his Regiment. Captain Forster, of Company C, was shot dead and lay two or three rods from me, and while there in the night, it being moonlight, I saw a rebel approach him and take a pocketbook out of his side pocket, and put the same in his own pocket. The same man also visited other dead bodies, having a companion with him, engaged in the same business. One of them searched my knapsack, which was lying about two or three rods from me.

After lying on the earth as a bed for fifteen days I, with hundreds of others was removed to Baltimore in freight cars, we lay on straw or hay on the floor of the car. I was then taken into Me-

Kim's Hospital. John Howard, of Company I, was also there but in another ward. In October, just previous to the election, we were each moved to our own states where we had the privilege of a furlough to go home to vote; but the condition of my wound at this time was such that I could not go. The discharge had changed to a greenish color. The doctor said I had fever and would have to take some quinine. I saw that he was quite uneasy about me, but in a few days I was all right as far as the fever was concerned, but a piece of cloth and several bits of bone remaining in the wound kept it festering a long time before it could commence to heal. The nurse said to me that with my courage, patience, etc., I would live where twenty would die. I generally occupied my time in reading, writing, etc. A lady of Philadelphia came and organized a Bible class which met once a week in the chapel. When I was able to get around I took an active part in helping along with it. A Miss Otto was first instructor, and afterwards a Miss Wheeler. They were both middle aged ladies and were doubtless regular workers in the good cause of humanity and religion. Miss Otto was an Episcopalian and the other a Presbyterian. Of the latter church I was and am still a member and have ever tried to be sincere and consistent. Even in the Army at Cocksylville our crew of six, and especially our crew of eleven in our winter quarters at Falmouth had their weekly prayer meetings, consisting of J. E. Hall, Wm. Davidson, David Rhodes, Alex. McQuiston, T. Swineford, J. W. Smith, John Love, Thos. McCullough, B. F. McGiffin, Hugh A. Barr and Edward Plyler. The latter was the only profane tongued man in the crew, but he finally almost quit it or else he would accompany his oath with a short prayer such as this "The Lord forgive me for cussin'." He could not write and yet while we were at Falmouth there was a letter written to his uncle, which was published in a Kittaning paper, signed Edward Plyler, and being rather of a disloyal nature, it was sent by some one to Captain Marlin, by whom Ed was called to an account and severely reprimanded. He of course did a little bit of cussing then. I had then to write a reproof both to his uncle and the editor for him.

Ere long at the hospital we organized a literary society and had even a spelling class, of which I was the instructor. I also when able

attended two Sabbath schools, one a Baptist at Nice Town and a Presbyterian at Rising Sun near Philadelphia. About three months before I was returned to the front I was made clerk in the hospital. My first business there was to write reports of the condition of the inmates of the hospital to their various regiments, and I was also a while in the furlough department. About the middle of September, 1864, a certain examining board coming from Washington gave me what I considered but a formal examination and so by them I was assigned to the front, where my heart was with my comrades, yet I could and did realize my inability to endure the hardships of real active army life.

September 21st, after our boat excursion down the Chesapeake Bay and up James River to City Point I met the dear old 148th Regiment and the few surviving comrades of Company I on their way to Fort Stedman. The Regiment had just been awarded the Spencer repeating rifle as the honored Regiment of the Division, the latter being commanded then by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then a young man of twenty-three, if I am rightly informed. The first man to greet me here was B. F. McGiffen, the only survivor of the eleven messmates and chums mentioned above that were now with the company, T. McCullough being mortally wounded and dying at Gettysburg; E. Plyler also losing an arm there, J. E. Hall being transferred and commissioned; D. Rhodes, A. McQuiston being killed in battle as related to me by McGiffen, where a part of the Regiment was surrounded and had surrendered, the enemy coming onto them with bayonets fixed; two or three of them made for McQuiston and piercing him through he fell dead at their feet. All eyes then being turned to the terrible tragedy, McGiffen, seeing his chance, started to run and had got quite a start before being discovered. Some shots were fired after him and he had some close calls but he said he felt as though it was death anyhow and that he preferred dying in trying at least to make his escape than to risk being in their hands.

McGiffen also related to me his experience in the charge made by the one hundred men of the Regiment on Fort Crater. After the capture of the fort and the failure of support, compelling a retreat, his plan was that of Captain Brown—to risk a retreat and

every man now for himself and so in the midst of the terrible rebel fire he with others made his escape, but notwithstanding the risk and danger, he coming onto a reb who had dropped into a rut to conceal himself, expecting to get back when the firing would cease, Frank pointing his gun at him ousted him out of that and brought him in a prisoner. I see Mc was promoted Sergeant January 5, 1865, and he well deserved the honor and he deserves honorable recognition as a true and brave soldier.

J. M. Love and J. W. Smith were in 1864 transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Hugh Barr, being taken prisoner, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 23, 1864.

Shelmial Swineford was indeed one of the bravest of the brave, was ever deliberate and composed in battle or in any danger. He often said that he never felt as though he would be shot. He was a grand leader in a charge, ever seemingly wanting to be in advance of the charging line if possible, as at Reams Station, the company being on the picket line. As the charging line came up, he sprang over the breastworks with his Spencer repeating rifle, when J. M. Davis, the next, came over, had eight men around him who had surrendered, and by J. M. Davis were taken back to be given into the hands of our officers, while Swineford again joined in the general charge, at the same time tramping over two of the enemy's flags, which if he had stopped to secure might have gotten for him a medal.

With my other greetings by my friend McGiffen I was told that I was not brought there to soldier or do duty in the ranks, that I was to be clerk for the Regiment. Yet I was furnished with a gun and all other equipments necessary for regular soldiering and for two weeks I took my regular turns on picket and other duties, the fort at the same time, night and day, being a place of constant danger from mortar shells, and the continued firing of sharpshooters, the latter from the tops of their breastworks, other mounds and the tops of trees. Our men did the same each at night especially watching the fire or flash of the others guns would instantly fire at the same.

Every evening for about an hour, commencing at dusk and continuing an hour or so there was a general duel fought with mortar shells. One evening the enemy having opened fire on us with their

muskets, we were called to the outer works of the fort where at one time a shell seeming to be coming directly down on us exploded a few feet above our heads, and about the same time another unnoticed by us struck the ground near-by and exploding, threw the clay over us and slightly wounded Sergeant T. Douglass. He was one of the best and bravest of the company.

I was told that Sergt. R. Kissinger on certain occasions distinguished himself as a spy in the way of discovering the condition of the enemy in front of the Regiment. I was also informed that Corp. Wm. Harley as a spy at a certain time in front of Petersburg captured one of the enemy's spies, compelling him to surrender. Andrew Craft, who was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville was almost a constant reader of his Bible when in his quarters. Harry Long, who died from wounds received at Gettysburg, was distinguished as the smallest man in the company, and who always carried the biggest or fullest knapsack. He was always persevering and brave.

Richard Snyder being transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps was one of a squad of soldiers sent from Harrisburg to Clearfield County to aid in enforcing the draft. One of the rebels there in firing on the squad of soldiers was skillfully shot by him, after which the company of Kn Klux's surrendered. For the above Snyder was promoted from private to Sergeant.

Alexander Douglass was one of the eight color guards in the battle of Chancellorsville and the only one of the eight that escaped the missiles of the enemy. After the others all had fallen bravely, he kept the colors of the Regiment afloat and brought them safely out of the conflict. He was missing in action at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864.

October 7, 1864, after being two weeks with the company, I received an order to report at division headquarters, where I was detailed as clerk in the commissary of muster departments, where I remained till June 1, 1865, when I was mustered out with the Regiment and I learned that it was through Captain Marlin's influence and kindness that I was thus brought again to the front.

After Lee's surrender, I marched with the company to Alexandria, where we worked night and day about three weeks in examining and correcting the numerous muster-out rolls of the Division.

I. S. Davis was with the company till some time after the battle of Gettysburg. Taken sick, he was sent to the hospital and there transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, 21st Regiment; was engaged in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; was a faithful soldier as far as able. After returning home he became a local minister of the gospel.

Lyman Mapes had charge of the regimental headquarter team and wagon almost during the whole campaign of the Regiment, except a month or so he drove the medicine wagon and a week or two at Cockeyville he did guard and picket duty. Being a trusty fellow the Colonel's baggage was committed to his care. Was never in a hospital and was always at his post of duty.

David D. Rhodes. Last seen by Sergt. S. Swineford in the charge at Spotsylvania engaged in a terrible struggle with a reb, both having hold of the same gun, trying to wrench it out of the other's hands. Swineford, being three or four rods off from them, pointed his gun at the reb but on snapping it found it was empty. Then taking his eyes off Rhodes to reload his gun, he somehow disappeared from his view. Was likely shot or killed in some way.

Lewis R. Stahlman was mustered for service with the company and continued with it regularly till two or three days after the battle of Gettysburg, when he was taken down with intermittent fever. He took part in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the former battle he was one of a reconnoitering party sent out to discover the position of the enemy and they pressed forward till shot at by a sharpshooter, whose ball struck a tree close by them, they coolly taking time to get the ball, and in the battle of Gettysburg his tin cup was pierced through with a minie ball while engaged in the terrible conflict in the wheat field. He taking sick about July 6th as above stated, being then with the company near Hagerstown, Maryland, was taken to Chester Hospital near Philadelphia, where he lay about two months when he was transferred to McClellan Hospital, near Germantown, Pennsylvania, where he stayed till

March, 1864, when he rejoined the Regiment at Brandy Station. He was with the company in all the engagements of the Wilderness, was in the charges at Spotsylvania, Po River, North Anna, etc. Was captured near Petersburg June 22, 1864, with Philip Boyer, Alonzo Fowler, of our company, and taken together, first to Libby Prison in Richmond, where they were kept about one week, and then to Belle Island a week or so, and thence to Andersonville, toward which they marched on foot about seventy miles to Danville, from whence they were taken in the cars to that horrible place, Andersonville. Was there three months when rumors came that Sherman was about to move in that direction and they were shipped to a place called Milton, ninety miles or so from the former place. In November an order was issued at headquarters to parole the sick and he being one of them got his parole November 25th, and was sent by Fortress Monroe to Parole Camp, Maryland. Was then real sick and was discharged from there by General Orders, May 24, 1865.

John Demott who enlisted with the company at Brookville and whose address is still the same, had his left ankle badly sprained at Cockeyville; marched with the company to Falmouth causing varicose veins that are not yet healed. But he was with the company in the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg battles. In the latter being wounded in the head by the concussion of a shell in the wheat field July 2d, and was taken to Turners Lane General Hospital, Philadelphia, and becoming convalescent about the latter part of October he was sent to Camp Convalescent, at Alexandria, Virginia, thence transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, doing guard duty in Washington, D. C., till the spring of 1865; was transferred from Second to Third Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, and was sent to East Capitol Hill, thence to New York City, where he did guard duty two months and thence to Augusta, Maine, where he did guard duty in camp of returned soldiers till August 12, 1865, when he was discharged.

Lewis Cobb was mustered with the company; was in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was wounded at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1863, in the neck by a minie ball, was first taken to Union Hospital, transferred to McClellan Hospital, from there to

Mosser Hospital, and thence to Alexandria, whence he was taken to City Point near where he met the Regiment August 12, 1864, and was with it in all its subsequent engagements; was also in the famous charge made by the one hundred men of the Regiment. He and Samuel Ransom were at Deep Bottom accidentally left alone on picket, and were twenty-four hours or more in overtaking the Regiment. They both helped to destroy the Weldon Railroad. Samuel Ransom was also in the charge made by the one hundred men.

THE STORY OF COMPANY I.

PART V.

By R. B. Lyle, Brookville, Pennsylvania.

Company I of the 148th was recruited by Capt. Silas J. Marlin in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania in July and August, 1862. When we left Brookville we did not know to what Regiment we would be assigned. However, it was our good luck to join a regiment that did its duty well and the comrades of Company I have always claimed that the companies of Centre County did not lose any credit by having Company I join them, as we did our full share of the work.

At Cockeyville, Maryland, we were mustered in the 148th Regiment with the following company officers: Captain, Silas J. Marlin; First Lieutenant, John A. Maguire; Second Lieutenant, Orlanda H. Brown; Orderly Sergeant, Junius F. Crain. Colonel Beaver said at this time, "The men of this Regiment are willing and of more than ordinary intelligence. I am satisfied that it can be made all that a regiment ought to be, if the officers are faithful." This prediction the subsequent history of the Regiment proved.

One of the best drilled companies in the Regiment was Company I and to Captain Marlin of that company was the 148th in a great measure indebted for its efficiency in drill and discipline, for in him Colonel Beaver found an officer thoroughly posted in every detail of soldierly qualifications. He lent himself ardently to aid the Colonel of the Regiment in his efforts to make the 148th a Regiment that would have done credit to the old guard.

The six in our mess were the following: Jackson Moore, I. E. Mapes, F. M. Whiteman, Joseph Earnest, Harrison Moore and R. B. Lyle. We were a jolly six. L. E. Mapes and R. B. Lyle still are living; four are dead.

On the 7th of December, on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, the Regiment was ordered to the front. The night before we left Cockeyville the jolly six came to the conclusion they would

have some honey. Old Man Cockey had a large number of bees and on the night of the 7th of December we made the purchase. The reason why we made our purchase after night was because we could make a better bargain, and on that night we got a bargain. The weather was somewhat cool and the bees were quiet. We wrapped the hive in a blanket and the jolly six started with one hundred pounds of honey, less the bees. We took the honey and the bees into Company I's quarters and the bees got warm and came to life and I am here to tell you that the jolly six had a time that night. We came to the conclusion that if there was a peck of bees there were six bushels. It took us all night to subdue the bees. Oh, the honey, how tempting! We thought the time long until we could help ourselves at will, and when that time came I helped myself to a comb ten by twelve inches square and when I took the first bite my tongue came in contact with the business end of a bee and in less than five minutes time I had a knob on the point of my tongue which resembled the clapper in the Liberty Bell.

The Regiment starting for the front, moving via Washington and Liverpool Point, arrived in the neighborhood of Falmouth on the 18th, the battle of Fredericksburg having in the meantime been fought and lost.

On my first picket post at the stone dam, I went on at midnight and in the morning the Johnny reb that was on duty on the opposite side of the river knew that we were new soldiers and he said:

"Hello, Yank, you look as though you just came out of a band box; what regiment are you?"

"The 148th Pennsylvania," I told him.

"Are there any more men left at home or are they all in the Army?"

I said, "The men are all at home. Just the boys have come into the Army."

Johnny reb said he thought we were d——d old looking boys. I said we had come to help take Richmond. He said we would have a h——l of a time in doing that. Alluding to their Generals he said we would have a Hill to climb, a Longstreet to travel and a Stonewall to batter down before we would get into Richmond. We climbed

that Hill, marched over the Longstreet and leaped over the Stone-wall and marched into Richmond. Returning to camp after I had performed my first picket duty I thought I was the only one that ever stood on picket. Company I boys were anxious to know if I saw any rebels. After relating the conversation I had with a Confederate the boys all said that I had run a great risk of my life.

During the winter we had a good time and nothing of importance took place until the mud campaign. General Hooker fed the Army well. We had plenty to eat and Company I boys got fat.

On New Year's Day of 1863, the jolly six came to the conclusion they would have a feast, and it fell on the writer to do the cooking on this day. It was my first and last meal that I ever cooked. The boys left it all to me what we would have for our feast and this is what I planned to have: One cake of vegetable or educated soup, as we called it, three quarts of rice and a soup bone. The cake of vegetable was well seasoned with red peppers and the peppers made the soup so hot that one would think he was handy to the lower regions while eating it. The cake of vegetable, rice and soup bone all in a four-gallon camp kettle, and when it got to boiling, the vegetable and the rice began to expand, the old soup bone came to the top of the kettle and soon fell overboard into the fire and ashes. I got it and washed it off, got another kettle and dumped in the old bone and part of the soup out of the four-gallon kettle and got up steam once more, supposing I had everything all right. But it was not all right. The old bone came to the top again and out it went again into the fire and ashes. My temper got the better of me this time. I saw at once that it would take another kettle, as I did not want to lose the essence of that soup bone. This time I got a two-gallon kettle and I divided the soup that was in the other two kettles into the third kettle and then dumped the soup bone in without washing it and when I got through cooking that cake of vegetable my three kettles were heaped up in the center, so they looked like three hay duddles and that soup bone was jumping around so it reminded me of a woodchuck hunting a hiding place. After I got through cooking that meal I was surprised—nine gallons of soup for six—and I am still more surprised to hear that the old

soup bone is still in existence. I was relating some of my camp life to a veteran of the late war with Spain. He said that bone was embalmed and sent to Cuba.

The part that Company I took in the battle of Chancellorsville was upon the celebrated skirmish line of General Miles. Again and again did the enemy advance into the slashing and attempt to make his way over Miles' resolute force, but in vain. Occupying a position of advantage the 57th, the 64th and the 66th New York, 2d Delaware and six companies of the 148th Pennsylvania every time beat off these attacks and drove the assailants back to cover. The importance of this stiff holding of our line on the left could not at this crisis be overestimated. Had McLaws been able to produce any impression however slight along the turnpike he would have fearfully complicated the problem for the Union Army. Company I was fortunate in the battle of Chancellorsville, as our loss was but three men: Andrew Craft was killed; James McManigle and R. B. Lyle wounded. I was taken back to the Second Corps hospital, which was located in the woods to the rear of the Chancellor House. The wounded were lying on the ground in rows. The rebels commenced shelling the woods. The trees were tall and a shell cut off the top of the tree that overshadowed eight or nine of the wounded, including the writer, and it came down top foremost on us. It took some time to chop it off and then we were taken from the field hospital to Brook's Station. The wounded of the Second Corps were all taken back and placed in the hospital at Brook's Station.

On the 15th of June, 1863, the Second Corps started on its long march to Gettysburg. The loss of Company I in the battle of Gettysburg was seven killed and four wounded. The chain of battles and campaigns commenced with the 148th Pennsylvania at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Pickett's charge and his defeat ended the battle of Gettysburg. The pursuit of Lee was next in order.

While halting on the banks of the Rappahannock Company I received its **first** recruits to the number of twenty-six drafted men. Here the time was spent until the 12th of September.

Company I was fortunate in the battle of Bristoe Station as its loss was two men wounded. Next comes the Mine Run campaign,

and Company I had no casualties in this campaign. In our winter camps of 1863-1864 at Stevensburg, Company I received nine more recruits.

At the battle of the Wilderness the 148th acting as skirmishers and flankers reached the battle ground towards the close of the day. In the engagement of the two succeeding days it acted in the main as supporters to other troops. Company I had no casualties up to this time in the Wilderness campaign. At the battle of Po River Company I had five men wounded and three killed.

On the 12th of May the Regiment found itself in the front of the Salient at Spotsylvania where it fought bravely. Company I here lost Lieut. John A. Maguire, who was mortally wounded and died on the 15th. He was a brave young officer and his death was deeply regretted by his comrades of Company I and by his many friends in Brookville, from which place he enlisted. The casualties of Company I at Spotsylvania was two killed, three wounded and four missing.

On the 3d of June, after taking part at North Anna and Totopotomoy the Regiment found itself at Cold Harbor and with the Division captured the enemy's front line, but the Division not being properly supported was obliged to fall back a short distance, where it held its ground against every assault of the enemy. The casualties of Company I at Cold Harbor was one man killed, six men wounded and four captured. William Acker, of Company I, was mistaken for one of the enemy and was so badly wounded by one of the Regiment while at work on one of the outpost rifle pits at Cold Harbor that he lost an arm. On the evening of the 16th the casualties of Company I at Petersburg were three wounded, one killed and one missing. On the 21st of August the Regiment returned from Deep Bottom and was immediately hurried to the left of Warren on the Weldon Railroad, tearing up and destroying the road southward of Reams Station. The casualties of Company I at Reams Station, one man killed, six captured and two missing.

When the spring campaign opened we participated in the action at Hatcher's Run, March 25, 1865, and on the 31st at Adams Farm. On the 2d of April we took part in the fight at Sutherland Station.

On the 7th of April the Regiment participated in the battle of Farmville and the closing scenes of the War. Company I had no casualties in these last battles.

Company I was in all of the battles that the Regiment was in, from Chancellorsville to the Appomattox. Company I was fortunate in having such an excellent and efficient officer as Captain Silas J. Marlin to command it and he was equally fortunate in securing such good material for his company. He remained with his company until July 28, 1863, when he was detailed acting inspector general of the First Division of the Second Corps, which position he held until the close of the War, being on several occasions detailed as inspector of the Second Corps. During the time that he was thus detailed he served on the staffs of Generals Caldwell, Barlow and Miles and was actively engaged in every engagement in which his division participated, either in command of his company or on staff duty. May 26, 1865, he was by general order from the War Department ordered to report for duty at Fortress Monroe and was appointed by General Miles inspector during the first part of Jefferson Davis' imprisonment at the Fortress. He was commissioned Major of his Regiment June 1, 1865, but being absent on detailed service was not mustered as such. On the 27th of December Captain Marlin was brevetted a Major of volunteers by President Lincoln for gallant services at the battle of Reams Station and in the present campaign before Richmond, to rank from December 2, 1864. And January 15, 1865, he was again brevetted Lieutenant Colonel of volunteers for gallantry and valuable services. Colonel Beaver says of Colonel Marlin: "He was a most capable, gallant and useful officer upon the staff and was well entitled to all the honors which he received for the service." He died at his home in Brookville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, in 1888. During Colonel Marlin's absence from his company it was well and skillfully handled by Lieutenants Crane and Clark. The former was commissioned Captain June 1, 1865.

Company I mustered one hundred and thirty-two officers and men. Killed in battle, fifteen men and one officer; wounded, twenty-five men; died of wounds received in action, six men; captured, twelve men; died in prison, six men. Corporal Lewis Deibler was

shot and killed by one of the guards at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 26, 1864; died of disease, ten men; discharged on surgeon's certificate, twelve men; deserted, six men; transferred to the 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865, twelve men, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, twenty men; James W. Rea, of Company I, was transferred to Signal Corps April 1, 1864. Sanderson P. Stacy was promoted to First Lieutenant 43d Regiment United States Colored Troops April 25, 1864; mustered out with the company, June 1, 1865, twenty-three men.

John M. Davis, of Company I, was but fourteen years old. He enlisted as a musician but was not mustered as such. He carried a musket until he was mustered out as Corporal with the company June 1, 1865. He was wounded on the 10th of May, 1864, at the battle of Po River.

Company I of the 148th has twenty-three men still living at this late date. Two of the jolly six are still in the land of the living. One was among the missing at Reams Station, one died at Chester Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and two died after returning home.

THE YOUNGEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

SUPPLEMENT TO I COMPANY'S STORY.

Companies A, D and G had an unusual number of very young men. The two latter were made up largely of young fellows attending academies at Pine Grove and Boalsburg, as elsewhere appears, which accounts for the unusual number of young men in them. Companies E and K also had some very young boys but, so far as can be ascertained by a careful examination, the youngest man in the Regiment was John M. Davis who was one of the original recruits, served throughout his entire term of service, was promoted to Corporal January 7, 1865, and mustered out with his company June 1, 1865.

He was born on the 7th day of September, 1847, was sworn in as a recruit on the 15th day of August, 1862, and was, therefore, less than fifteen years of age.

He was entrusted with a gun at his entrance into the service, was in every engagement in which the Regiment shared until Po River, May 10, 1864, where he was severely wounded. His wound, which was a musket wound in the thigh, disabled him to such an extent that he was helped from the field by two of his comrades, the woods being on fire all around him. He was taken to Fredericksburg in an ordinary army wagon, where he lay for three days and was then sent to Findley Hospital, Washington. The ball was not removed from his thigh until the 12th of June—more than a month after his wound. It is not surprising, therefore, that the wound became gangrenous and, as a consequence, he was removed to the gangrene ward. He was in the hospital at Washington for seven weeks and was then removed to the general hospital at York, Pennsylvania, where he remained until January, 1865, when he rejoined his company and took part with it in the campaign of the spring of 1865, until the surrender of Lee.

He was several times detailed to escort prisoners from the line, taking six from the stone fence at Gettysburg, standing guard over them all that night, being relieved the next morning, so as to

enable him to join his company and take part in the engagement of the 3d.

He was also very successful in gathering prisoners at Sutherland Station. Our Regiment was very successful that day, capturing a large number of prisoners, Davis escorting twenty-one at different times and turning them over to the provost guard.

His wound has made him a cripple for life and he is now, at the age of fifty-six, among the youngest of the survivors of the War.

OFFICERS

of

Co. K



Capt. Jerry Z. Brown



Lieut. A. C. Sloan



Capt. Thompson Gore

THE STORY OF COMPANY K.

PART I.

By Capt. Brevet Maj. J. Z. Brown.

In the month of June, 1862, on my arrival at home from school, I found the war fever at high tide. I had a conversation with Capt. Thompson Core, who was engaged in the effort to enlist a company, in which I said I was ready to go at any time, and I took hold with him at once in the work of recruiting. We were assisted in the work by the influence of a number of old citizens. Among them were J. B. Guinn, Andrew Lee, John Hoover, L. C. Putner, M. Arnold, Jas. Laughlin, Jacob Brown, R. N. Corbett, John Kaster and others, all living in the vicinity of Curllsville. Besides these, we were assisted by the following, living near Greenville, namely: Washington Craig, John W. Sloan, Samuel Connors, Michael Walters, J. B. Jones, David Orr, Rev. J. S. Elder. As related in subsequent parts of the story of Company K, we did not succeed in raising a full company, and the effort was continued after we had organized at Cockeyville, Maryland.

At the time Capt. Thompson Core was undertaking to recruit a company in Clarion County, enlistments were and had been for some time quite actively prosecuted, and recruits were not easily obtained, but Captain Core was very persevering, and at last succeeded in enlisting the necessary number required to complete the company, and joined us at Cockeyville with nineteen recruits from Montgomery County.

Henry H. Dotts of this squad was to be Second Lieutenant, as he had recruited a number of men and was held in very high esteem by all the men in the company, and his recruits proved to be good soldiers, and rendered noble service in the Regiment. The story of our stay at Cockeyville has been fully told, and need not be repeated.

As we approached the battlefield of Chancellorsville and heard the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry and saw the wounded

coming back, some on stretchers and some limping on foot, we began to realize what was ahead of us as we met this first test of the mettle of our new troops, but our boys were steady and solid in line, ready for the encounter. As has been stated, Company K, with five other companies, were on the picket line, and hence not with the Regiment in the hot fight on Sunday in the rear of the Chancellor House, but the skirmish line had several quite severe engagements, and lost Corporal Neil of the color guard, killed, and three men wounded.

The 28th of June, 1863, on the Gettysburg campaign, was the hardest day's marching we ever had. The evening before, I had bought a peck of potatoes from the officers' wagon, hoping to enjoy a good breakfast, but the bugle sounded the march before the potatoes were cooked. Comrade Polliard proposed to carry them, so that we might have them for dinner. He put them in his knapsack, and we started. It was a very warm day, the march was rapid, and about noon Polliard said, "I wish they would stop. These potatoes are getting heavy." As the march continued, he said, "If we don't stop soon, I will have to throw them away," but I took his gun and carried it for him for several hours, and when we halted, about ten o'clock at night, with but four men of the company to stack arms, we dropped down on the ground, forgetting all about the potatoes, and went sound asleep. We had them for breakfast, however, the next morning.

Company K was fortunate in the Gettysburg battle, being on a part of the line in the wheatfield where the enemy's bullets went over our heads.

After the Mine Run campaign, when we had gone into winter quarters at Stevensburg, I was detailed on recruiting service, and with with Sergeant, afterwards Lieutenant A. C. Sloan, to Clarion County. About the 1st of June I was ordered to close my recruiting office and report to Harrisburg, where I settled my accounts and was ordered to join the Regiment near Petersburg, Virginia.

The account of the capture of Fort Crater by one hundred men of our Regiment under my command will be fully described in the stories of other comrades.

The company served with the Regiment until discharged in June, 1865.

The following families were represented in Company K by two or more brothers: the Sloans, Fox, Quillman, Woods, Milligan, Van Houter, Swartzfager, Carle, Dorworth, Wiant, Miller and Divins, five brothers. Thirteen men of Company K were never absent from duty from the time of enlistment until discharge. They were: Corporal G. G. Walters, Wm. Bartlett, Dennis Conner, S. H. Sloan, Daniel M. Hirsch, John Donahue, O. M. Cullens, Robert Wilson, Uriah Wilson, Reuben Quillman, Henry B. Fox and William Zeigenfuss.

THE STORY OF COMPANY K.

PART II.

For hand-to-hand fighting, for the use of sword and bayonet in personal conflict, for special cases of bravery, Company K of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry was not surpassed in the Union armies and its record ranks well up in the great battles of all history. The total enlistment of the company was one hundred and thirty-eight, of whom fourteen were killed, thirty-nine wounded, six died of wounds, five were wounded twice, ten died of disease, three in rebel prisons and twelve were taken prisoners. No more desperate charge was ever made than that led by Capt. J. Z. Brown, composed of one hundred men of the 148th on Fort Crater at Petersburg on October 27, 1864.

On that historic occasion these men did not reason why but firmly resolved "To do or die," and on the double quick charged with fixed bayonets "into the jaws of death; into the mouth of hell."

Forty years afterwards Captain Brown was induced to tell the thrilling story to the writer, although he did it with his characteristic modesty. The old hero sat at the table and dictated the details to a stenographer as they are fully verified by the account of the charge given in Harper's Weekly two weeks after the battle, though not so fully, and as it is given in substance in Bates' History and other standard histories of the War.

Major Brown, as he is now called on account of his subsequent promotion, thus tells the story:

"It was in the evening of October 27, 1864, that the Adjutant of the Regiment came to me and said, 'We want one hundred men to charge on a fort in front of Petersburg.' I found that it was to make a charge on earthworks within the enemy's lines and said, 'I will go for one.' Three other officers of the Regiment volunteered, Lieut. P. D. Sprankle, Alexander Gibb and J. T. Benner. Capt. H. D. Price, of the brigade staff, went with us. He was killed just as he reached the top of the works. His body was recovered the next day by flag of truce. I was the first officer to volunteer, and as the



David Polliard

MEN of CO K



Corp. Dennis Conner



S.W. Herrington



Uriah Willson

senior officer I was placed in command of the forlorn hope. As the detachment was about ready to start several men of my company said, 'Captain, if you are going we must go along,' but I said, 'Some one of Company K must stay at home to tell the story,' but I enrolled fourteen of my company. We formed in line inside our works about twilight, and after receiving instructions from General Mulholland to reserve our fire until we got close to the fort, we fixed bayonets and started on the double quick and got within about two hundred yards of the fort before the enemy's pickets opened fire on us. Advancing rapidly our first trouble was with the chevaux-de-frise in front of the fort's trench. It was wired and roped together and after some of my men had cut an opening with axes I threw the chevaux-de-frise around, right and left, and my men charged rapidly and most gallantly through the opening. We jumped the ditch, which was full of water and sealed a rampart. I rushed up the embankment, my 'boys' with me, in the face of a galling fire, and jumped right into the fort. As General Burnside had mined and exploded a fort some distance to the right about three months before this the enemy had dug a hole like a well about forty feet deep just within the parapet of the fort we charged and when I jumped over I lit within four feet of the hole, at the peril of my life. There was a bomb-proof embankment just inside the fort and the rebel artillery men were hurrying up with grape and canister to charge their guns for use on the assaulting column. A rebel officer was directing the men and I at once covered him with my sword and demanded his, which was promptly handed over and also the swords of two other rebel officers, and all were passed back to my men. We learned afterwards that the fort was garrisoned by the 46th Virginia Infantry.

"We captured a large number of men but the majority of the rebels ran out at the rear of the fort and escaped. I then ordered my men to fire right and left along the line of the fort and directed Lieut. J. F. Benner to take the prisoners back to our lines. I staid within the fort half an hour and looked in vain for re-enforcements and could not then understand why they did not come.

"I could hear the enemy in the rear rattling their muskets, officers giving commands, and preparing for a charge when I ordered a retreat to our lines. We carried back with us some who had been wounded in sealing the redoubt. Just as I had entered our works again I met a brigade of re-enforcements under General Mulholland. and hot under the circumstances, I said, 'General Mulholland, why in h—l didn't you re-enforce me.' It was a terrible risk for a little Captain to thus speak to a superior officer, but he mildly replied, 'I did the best I could.'

“The next morning a division Aide rode down the lines and after finding me handed me an envelope ordering me to report at division headquarters immediately. It alarmed me greatly but I buckled on my sword and assumed my best military bearing and soon saluted General Miles, who seated me by his table and remarked, ‘That was quite a snap you got into last night.’ I answered, ‘It was interesting.’ I told him I could not understand why I was not re-enforced. General Miles then astonished me by saying, ‘To tell you the honest truth we never expected you to cross that fort or a single man of you to return alive.’ He said that it had become absolutely necessary to make a demonstration at that point, to divert Lee’s attention, and I thought one hundred men enough to sacrifice.

“He then said that the best thing that he could do was to recommend me for promotion to the War Department for meritorious conduct on the field of battle, and said that he had intended to do the same thing for me after the battle of Reams Station but had overlooked it. That the intention of the commanding General was carried out is shown by following papers which explain themselves:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
SECOND ARMY CORPS.

October 31, 1864.

MAJOR SEP’S CORNCROSS,
Assistant Adjutant General,
Second Army Corps,

MAJOR: In compliance with instructions contained in circular of this date, I have the honor to submit the following recommendations:

That Capt. Jeremiah Z. Brown, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, receive the brevet rank of Major. Captain Brown, on the 27th of October led a party of one hundred men through the chevanx-de-freise and abatis of the enemy’s line opposite Fort Morton, capturing one of his works with several prisoners among whom were officers of rank.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) NELSON A. MILES,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Copy respectfully furnished Captain Brown for his information.
By order of Brigadier General Miles.

WM. R. DRIVER,
Assistant Adjutant General.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington, December 2, 1864.

SIR: You are hereby informed that the President of the United States has appointed you for gallant and distinguished services in leading a storming party against the enemy's works at Petersburg, Virginia, and capturing a fort on the night of the battle of Boyd-town Plank Road, Virginia, a Major of Volunteers, by brevet, in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the 27th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four. Should the Senate, at their next session, advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate to this Department, through the Adjutant General of the Army, your acceptance or non-acceptance; and, with your letter of acceptance, return the oath herewith enclosed, properly filled up, subscribed and attested, and report your age, birthplace and the state of which you were a permanent resident.

You will report for duty to.....

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Brevet Major Jerry Brown,
U. S. Volunteers,

Through Commanding General Army of the Potomac.

UNITED STATES PENSION AGENCY.

Philadelphia, May 11, 1896.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April 25th. I would have answered promptly but I have been confined to bed and too ill to write. You ask me if Capt. Jeremiah Z. Brown, of your Regiment, volunteered to lead the charge on the Confederate fort in front of Petersburg, October 27, 1864. In reply Captain Brown certainly did volunteer and he behaved on the occasion in the most heroic and gallant manner. I remember him well and I will never forget how perfectly cool and self-possessed he was as he stood with me in front of the enemy's work and I gave him the final instructions as to the disposal of his little force of one hundred men. The capture of the fort was a very brilliant exploit for which the Captain was brevetted Major and I was brevetted Major General. Not only did Brown volunteer but when I went over to the Regiment (148th Pennsylvania Volunteers) I had too many volunteers. Every officer in the whole camp seemed to want to go and I was almost compelled to allow one or two more than was wanted to accompany the attacking party. Brown was the *senior officer* of the many that volunteered and so I selected him to lead and command

and I made no *mistake in the man*. He was a success and deserves all the honors that can be given him.

I hope you are well.

Sincerely your friend,

ST. CLAIR A. MULHOLLAND.

Gen. James A. Beaver, Bellefonte.

In 1896 Major Brown received a medal of honor according to Act of Congress by direction of the President of the United States, as shown by the following paper:

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE,
WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington City, June 22, 1896.

MAJOR JEREMIAH Z. BROWN,
Leatherwood,

Clarion County, Pennsylvania.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that by direction of the President and in accordance with the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action, the Acting Secretary of War has awarded you a medal of honor for most distinguished gallantry in action in front of Petersburg, Virginia, on the night of October 27, 1864.

The medal has been forwarded to you today by registered mail. Upon the receipt of it please advise this office thereof.

Very respectfully,

F. C. AINSWORTH,

Colonel United States Army,
Chief Record and Pension Office.

The company then commanded by Captain Brown was recruited in Clarion County in August, 1862, and entered the service under Capt. Thompson Core, who was idolized by his men. The recruits were full blooded American youths, from the best families of the county, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two. They were animated by motives of the highest patriotism and when they enlisted they had good reason to know what war was. It was on August 26th that forty-two of these young men left Curllsville in wagons, amidst parting scenes never to be forgotten, for Kittanning. On the following day they reached Pittsburg and on August 29th were mustered into the service of the United States. Captain Core, A. C.

Coursin and J. Z. Brown returned to Clarion to recruit more men. The company was quartered at Camp Howe, was uniformed on September 4th and reaching Harrisburg the next morning was quartered at Camp Curtin. Three days later the Clarion recruits arrived and to make sure of it the entire company was sworn into the service.

On September 9th the company was armed with Vincennes rifled muskets and assigned to the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry as Company K. That evening the Regiment under command of Col. James A. Beaver started for the front. Captain Core returned to Clarion County to enlist more recruits. He returned to his company on September 27th with twenty-two more men, nineteen of whom were from Montgomery County, the Captain having recruited them at Harrisburg with the condition that Henry H. Dotts, one of their number should be Second Lieutenant of the company.

At this time the Regiment's headquarters was in Maryland, at Cockeysville, and Company K was at Phoenix, five miles above this place. On the 27th of October each man received the advance bounty of \$25 and \$2 premium. They were paid in bonds, which were sent to Baltimore and cashed by the Maryland Bank.

Rev. Dr. James S. Elder, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Greenville, preached to the soldiers in Camp Beaver on November 3, 1862.

The Regiment received its flag at the hands of the Assistant Secretary of State Thomas on November 14th.

On the 9th of December the Regiment went to Baltimore, thence to Washington, thence to a point opposite Alexandria, and after a long, hard march, through wet and cold, reached Fredericksburg and was assigned to the First Brigade, First Division of the Second Corps, and went into winter quarters. Their amusements of horse racing and other sports were brought to a sudden termination on St. Patrick's Day of 1863 by the rebels opening up a sharp cannonade on their right. On April 28th the Regiment broke camp and marched to Chancellorsville and took a prominent part in that terrible struggle. From this on to the close of its term of service Company K was on hand for every battle and demonstrated its valor on many a bloody

battlefield, for which it receives due credit in the history of the War. The company was mustered out of the service June 1, 1865, with a record of which it may well be proud.

The writers of the history of Company K have made every possible effort to obtain the individual record of every man, writing repeatedly to every survivor, but with indifferent success. What has been obtained is given freely as throwing the most light possible on the record of the company. His comrades all give great credit to Major Brown and Corp. Geo. G. Walters for their indefatigable industry in gathering up as much of the history of Company K as possible, and in giving quite fully personal memoirs, all reflecting on the record of Company K. Major Brown tells of the death of Leander Myers as follows:

“In the engagement on June 16, 1864, General Beaver, while in command of the Brigade, was severely wounded by the explosion of a shell, and the Brigade was repulsed in a charge. The color bearer of our Regiment was killed and the flag was left between the lines. Leander Myers of Company K said that he knew just where the flag was and after dark he, with two others of the Regiment, went out after the flag, although there was continual firing all the night. Myers never returned. The next day his body was found between the lines as the enemy had fallen back. Bates' History says that Myers' body was buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Division A, Section D, Grave 75. The flag was recovered.”

The story of the battle at Deep Bottom is told by Major Brown in a style which will interest his old company. He says:

“To repulse the assault we hid behind an opposite hill. We lay down in a corn field, the corn in tassel. I was on the extreme left and lay down with my elbow resting on Corporal Gibson's feet. A shell exploded and blew off the whole head of Corporal Gibson and almost the whole side was blown off Walter Corbett, but I was only touched by a little of the sand. We retreated about forty yards, carrying Walter Corbett with us. His hand had been scratched a little and he kept crying, ‘Oh, my hand! Oh, my hand!’ and did not say a word about his side although it was torn off so that I could actually see his lungs work. But he only lived about twenty minutes. I went back in the night, at fearful peril, and took the pictures and his watch and pocketbook from the dead body of Corporal Gibson and sent them to his sister.”

“On August 15th my company was thrown out on picket to try and find the rebels and about dark I was ordered to halt, but the rebel did not shoot as I expected. I came across a man apparently dead or dying whom I recognized as Capt. W. W. Barr, of the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, who was shot right below the left ear. I detailed George G. Walters and Samuel H. Sloan to carry him off the field, which saved his life. These men never met him again until the regimental reunion on the battlefield of Gettysburg, about thirty years afterwards, when tears were shed by Captain Barr as he thanked his comrades for what they had done.”

“At Reams Station, where Colonel Beaver lost his leg,” says Major Brown, “my company took an active part in strenuous service. General Warren had been tearing up the railroad, advancing his line as rapidly as possible. We piled up the ties, twisted the track, and burned up the equipment. About 11:00 A. M., August 25, 1864, a Division Aide wanted the 148th to come out along the railroad to protect the cavalry. A body of Pennsylvania cavalry was stationed in a little bit of woods and said that they wanted the infantry to charge on a house which they said was full of rebels. We deployed as skirmishers and went forward on a double quick, a rebel cavalryman retreating on a gallop in the rear of the house, protected by it, and when we entered the house prepared for the worst we found two old men crouched in terror behind the big stone chimney, and a couple of women, but no soldiers at all. We had our own views of that cavalry. One of the women had been shot through the thigh and the wound was dressed by a surgeon, after I had assured the women that we would not harm them. The cavalry then came up and continued the chase of the retreating rebels.

“In a charge of the rebels in this battle their color bearer shook his colors over the works until they touched my head. I slashed at the flag staff with my sword but could not cut it off. I took a musket with fixed bayonet and pushed it into the flag but the old rag was too rotten and I didn’t get it.

“The rebels got into our rear in the railroad cut, crawled up the embankment and we rolled them back dead into the railroad cut by the dozen. It was all over within twenty minutes. But we were outflanked by the enemy and saw our men away to the left running back, cavalry, infantry and artillery and the rebel yell going up all the time, ‘Get out of this, Yanks.’”

Major Brown was born near Rural Village in Armstrong County in 1839 and is the fourth son of Jacob and Nancy Brown. When about nine years of age he, with his father, moved to Clarion County and assisted on a farm until about 1858. He received his primary

education in the common schools. He went to an academy and taught school in the winter. He came back home in the summer of 1861 and entered Allegheny College at Meadville with the intention of taking the regular college course but came home and helped to take off the harvest and, in the early part of August, 1862, enlisted in Captain Core's company. He is very eulogistic of Captain Core.

Major Brown wants it on record: "I never saw a better man, nor a braver man nor a more all around man, and a better man was never in the Army than General James A. Beaver. We were fortunate beyond expression in having him for our commander."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The Confederate work on the Petersburg line, the scene of the brilliant exploit of Major Brown and his hundred men, was named by the comrades of the Regiment "Fort Crater," probably because of its proximity to the crater formed by the mine explosion, and I have allowed this name to stand in several stories, but since there is no mention of a Fort Crater in the Rebellion Records or in any war history, I deem it proper to refer the reader to the "Brigade Commander's Story," by General Mulholland, page 56, who quotes the report of this affair by the Confederate General, B. R. Johnson, in which the work is denominated "Davidson's Battery." A description of the fort will be found on pages 52 and 53. It is also proper to say that these hundred men were not volunteers or in any sense picked men, but on the contrary they were simply representatives of the average of the Regiment. They constituted a regular detail made in the usual way from the men "next for duty" on the roster. See the story of Adjutant Ramsey, page 352.



BREVET-MAJOR J. Z. BROWN

THE STORY OF COMPANY K.

PART III.

By Dennis Conner.

It is now thirty-seven years since the close of the Civil War, and when we look back to that time the few of us who yet remain can recall many scenes and incidents that were very exciting at the time and are interesting now to think and talk about. I well remember the day we as a company left home for the front. None of us knew anything about war but all expected soon to find out. We were assigned to the Second Army Corps, First Brigade, First Division and were in camp at Falmouth not far from Fredericksburg. We remained here during the winter and did picket duty along the north bank of the Rappahannock while the rebels were doing the same on the other side of the river. Now there was more or less shooting back and forth at each other all winter, but they had the advantage of us. They were well sheltered and protected by the buildings of the town while on our side we had no protection of any kind, so we dug holes in the ground to stand in while on picket; and still they would succeed in shooting one of our men occasionally, and there is where I got my first lesson in actual war. I went to relieve a man on a picket post one night at midnight and he was down in the hole and I thought sound asleep. I tried to wake him and I soon found he was dead; had been shot by a rebel across the river. Now I had never seen a dead man before that time and I felt a little timid about being there alone with him. I was young in experience and in years and I did not know what to do with him. I soon decided to try and get him out of the hole. I took hold of his arms to pull him out. I pulled him up and turned him around till the light of the moon shone on his face and I could see him full in the face and that one look knocked me out completely. I could do no more. The ball that had killed him went in close to his eye and knocked his eye out on his face and made him look terrible. I let him fall back in the hole and stay there till a new man came to relieve me and I think

I can safely say it was a long two hours to me till I was relieved. We continued to do picket duty in this way till about the first of May of 1863, when the Army broke camp and crossed the river at the United States Ford.

The battle of Chancellorsville was our first experience in battle and the Regiment lost heavily. Company K's loss was one killed and the Captain and eight men wounded and eight taken prisoner. One of the wounded died a few days after in the field hospital. After this battle the Army of the Potomac moved back to their old camps and did picket duty about the same as before till about the middle of June, when we again broke camp and started north in the direction of Washington. We soon found the rebels were ahead of us going north. We followed them closely, passing through Haymarket, Centerville, up by Thoroughfare Gap and crossed the Potomac at Falling Waters.



Sergeant I. N. Sloan



Sergt. W. C. Sloan

Killed May 12, 1864
Spotsylvania



Lieut. A. C. Sloan

THE
SLOAN
BOYS

OF
COMPANY
K



Corporal S. H. Sloan



W. J. M. Sloan

SUPPLEMENT TO K COMPANY'S STORY.

It is said, upon apparently good authority, that Samuel Sloan came from Louden County, Virginia, March 3, 1797, and settled upon the farm which he subsequently purchased over which Pickett made his famous charge July 3, 1863. He also owned a considerable body of lands in the neighborhood of Gettysburg upon which, in part, the first day's fight took place.

One of the sons of Samuel Sloan was Capt. John Sloan, who served throughout the entire period of the Revolution and, at the close of the War, removed to western Pennsylvania, where he became famous as an Indian fighter and is said to have been a terror to the redskins. He was a powerfully built man, six feet four inches in height, and weighing over two hundred pounds. He was called by the Indians "Big Moccasin." His home was in Westmoreland County on a farm upon which the town of Latrobe now stands. He was a great hunter, however, and spent a portion of each hunting season in Clarion County, when it was a wilderness. In this way he became quite familiar with the region and selected and purchased from the government a large tract of land in and around Greenville and, in 1815, settled his five sons thereon, assisting them to clear their farms and build their houses. A number of these farms are still owned and occupied by his descendants. They have always been among the reliable, respected and well-to-do farmers of that region.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the descendants of Capt. John Sloan took a prominent part in our Civil War. One of his grandsons and five of his great-grandsons having enlisted at Curls-ville, Clarion County with Captain Core in a company which afterwards became K of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, served with great fidelity therein.

William C. Sloan, an uncle of the others, was promoted from Corporal November 15, 1863, was killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, and buried in burial grounds in the Wilderness. The others were great-grandsons of Captain John and

great-great-grandsons of the Samuel, above referred to, who settled at Gettysburg.

Alexander C. Sloan was promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant November 15, 1863; to Second Lieutenant, September 4, 1864; to First Lieutenant, October 3, 1864, and was mustered out with his company June 1, 1865.

Isaac N. Sloan was promoted to Corporal December 9, 1862; to Sergeant September 15, 1864, and to the non-commissioned staff of the Regiment as Sergeant Major May 18, 1865, and was mustered out with the Regiment June 1, 1865. Wounded and prisoner. Died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1901.

Samuel H. Sloan, a nephew of William C. and cousin of the others, was promoted to Corporal October 31, 1864, and mustered out with the company June 1, 1865.

William J. M. Sloan died at Morrisville, Virginia, September 9, 1863.

Walter L. Corbett, a cousin of the younger generation of the Sloans, who enlisted with them at the age of fourteen, was killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864.

The details of this family are given at length, first, for the reason that it is a striking illustration of the spirit which pervaded the country at the time the services of our people were demanded for the preservation of the Union and, second, because no other one family was perhaps more numerous represented in the Regiment, although the Meyers and Bierlys of A and the Holloways of D might furnish an equally interesting record, if the relationships which bound them to other members of the Regiment were followed out.

SERGEANT SLOAN'S LAST LETTER.

"Near Spotsylvania Court House, May 9, 1864.

"Mr. J. W. Sloan,

"Dear Friend: I wrote to you on Saturday last, but I am not sure whether it was mailed. There has been very heavy fighting for the last four days. Considerable of cannonading yesterday at a distance. We moved to the left some five miles yesterday morning in the direction of the above named place, formed line of battle in the woods and lay until morning. There has been no firing this morning so far up to the present. Our men have defeated the enemy at every point. Generals Grant and Meade rode along our line on Saturday night with a large escort. The troops appear in be in good spirits and are in great hopes that this will be the last battle. This has been one of the hardest battles of this War so far and will likely last for some time. Prisoners say Longstreet was severely wounded. The 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers lost about one hundred and forty men. Colonel Craig was wounded in the face. I think there is but one officer in the Regiment killed. Lieutenant Mortimer was up to the Regiment this morning, but is not able to march. Our boys all stand it first rate, very little straggling. We got five days' rations issued last night and the orders are to make them last eight days if necessary. The new soldiers think it pretty hard, but the old soldiers can easily do it if the marching is not too hard, from six to eight hard tack a day with strong coffee and a little meat will satisfy me. I have not eaten as much on this march as I did in camp. This march is very different from the march to Gettysburg. The men are not marched to death before going into battle. Our men are fresh all the time. Our Corps has done some hard fighting. Prisoners say General Lee took his best troops and tried to break our center, but failed. He marched his troops up in solid column but our men fought in intrenchments and repulsed them every time with heavy loss. Our men would then charge and drive them for a considerable distance, but would generally get driven back. The fighting was done altogether in the woods. It seems to be a perfect wilderness. Our men throw intrenchments up whenever we stop. Prisoners have a pretty hard time, they do the most of the intrenching. I have not time to write any more at present. When we stop we do not know what minute we may have to start. We have to be in readiness all the time.

"Write soon,

W. C. SLOAN.

"P. S.—Wednesday, 12th. The mail is just leaving. We have had seven days' fighting and no telling when it will end. We have five killed and twelve wounded yesterday. Captain Core is wounded

in arm; Hazlett is slightly wounded in the arm; Jim George is wounded in arm; Jacob Mast, Ben Thompson, A. Wansetler, John Bostorf, Ben Carl are killed; the rest are all right and in good heart. We are bound for Richmond. I will write the first opportunity. We have had some rain today for the first.

“SERGT. W. C. SLOAN.”

This part of the letter was written the morning he was killed.

A GALLANT PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIER.

By R. H. Forster

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, October 8, 1877.

Editors Bellefonte Watchman: In the address delivered at the recent annual reunion of the Veterans Club of Center County, I paid a slight tribute to the memory of Capt. Thompson Core, of Company K, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who died while in service from a wound received in battle near Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, in 1864. In 1863 he received a severe wound in the left arm at the battle of Chancellorsville, and it was from a second wound in the same arm of which he died. He was one of the most gallant and generous of men and a favorite of all who knew him. The following is the tribute:

“The loss of Captain Core was a grievous one and came unexpectedly from a wound in the arm. The wound was severe though not at the time considered dangerous. Erysipelas supervened and caused his death. He was a large man, big hearted and good natured, and by his unfailing kindness had endeared every one to him. He was also known in the Regiment as a model of devotion to duty, always to be relied upon, under any circumstances, and never disappointing expectations. An instance of this may be given. One night while we were in bivouac on the banks of the Rappahannock, Captain Core was on picket duty in charge of a detail from the Regiment. In the morning we crossed the river and by an oversight the pickets were not relieved and were thus left behind. After we had proceeded a mile or more the oversight was discovered and a discussion arose as to whether it was worth while to send back after them, some thinking that they might relieve themselves and follow of their own accord. The Colonel desired to know who was in command and was informed that it was Captain Core.

“Then go back immediately and relieve him. Core will not leave without orders if he stays there until doomsday.”

Since the publication of the above I have received a letter from Colonel Silas J. Marlin of Brookville, Pennsylvania, an officer of the same Regiment, who relates an incident in the career of Captain Core which further illustrates his character as a soldier so well that I cannot forbear giving it to the public. Colonel Marlin writes as follows:

“I think your idea of Captain Core’s unselfish devotion is not overdrawn. I recollect very distinctly at Chancellorsville, after he had been severely wounded he came to me to ask the favor that I should look to his company while he was absent and he would see, before he went to the hospital, that ammunition would be sent to our command. After being hurt how few would have thought of the fight? His true and unselfish devotion was beyond praise! Where so many did splendidly in our noble Regiment I mention Core because this incident in our first battle made so lasting an impression on my mind.”

Captain Core belonged to Clarion County, Pennsylvania, and it may be a gratification to his friends in that county to know what a deep impression his noble and unselfish heroism made upon his brother soldiers of the 148th and how fervently they cherish his memory.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

PART I.

By D. W. Woodring, of H Company.

In the desperate encounter in which the four companies remaining with the colors took part on Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, west of the main road from Chancellorsville to the river, I was wounded in the left elbow, the right leg and right and left shoulders; was carried from the field and left in the woods east of what was known as the White House, with the Twelfth Corps hospital. I say "with" rather than "in," because the hospital, of course, was simply a collection of wounded men lying in the open, with surgeons and others ministering to them as best they could during a battle.

The woods were shelled that afternoon and, in consequence, the hospital was removed. When this operation was going on, I asked the person who seemed to be in charge of the removal of the wounded—presumably a hospital steward—if they were not going to take me along. His answer was, "No; lie there and die and be d—d; you will die anyway," and so I would have done so far as any assistance received from anyone connected with this hospital was concerned.

After all had gone, however, I managed to turn over and crawl down the hill as best I could; but finally, falling into a hole made by an uprooted tree, I was unable to move therefrom and seemed to be in desperate case. About sundown, however, the 124th Pennsylvania Regiment came along and Col. Joseph W. Hawley took the guns from several of his men and directed them to carry me to the road and take me across the Rappahannock in an ambulance. When we reached the road, the same hospital steward who had refused to remove me with the Twelfth Corps hospital was there and in charge of the ambulances. He brutally refused to permit me to be put aboard one of them, until compelled to do so by our Chaplain, as related in the "Chaplain's Story."

Soon after the ambulance began to move I fainted, and have no further recollection of anything until the next morning, when the hospital on the north side of the river was shelled and Peter Frantz of our company came to where I was lying and helped me to walk to

one of our own ambulances which conveyed me to the Potomac Creek Hospital which was a well organized field hospital and had been used for the sick during the winter before the Chancellorsville campaign. I was there put into a tent at the lower end of a street on Monday night, May 4, 1863. The tent was tied upon the outside and no report of my having been left there could have been made, for no one came to the tent, until the morning of May 11, 1863, when my good friend Peter Frantz again appeared and found me nearly devoured by maggots.

Up until this time not even a bandage had been placed on the wound in my arm or any attention given to my other wounds. That afternoon the arm was amputated. Whether it could have been saved if attended to at once I am unable to say but neglect and exposure had caused fever to set in and left me in a precarious condition.

Doctor Gray, formerly a surgeon in the Crimean War, was in charge of the hospital, with Doctors Beatty and Kelso as assistants.

The Sunday afternoon after the amputation the hospital was visited by General Hancock and Major Forster and Captain Bayard of our own Regiment.

Sergt. J. J. Fleming, of D Company, with a wound in the calf of his leg and Sergeant Boyne, of Pettit's Battery, with one side of his foot taken off with a solid shot, were also in this hospital. They were the life of our tent. They were in fine spirits and both having crutches they would fence and otherwise attack each other with them in such a way as to divert the attention of those more severely wounded who were thus led to forget their pain and make the tent resound with their laughter.

One day Boyne asked Doctor Beatty to prescribe whiskey for his sore foot. The Doctor sent him an ounce bottle of it which Boyne would hold up and look at so that all in the tent could see it. Finally he said he would drink the whiskey and rub the bottle over the wound, which he proceeded to do—much to our amusement.

On the 14th of June we were loaded on such palace cars as were at that time used for transporting the wounded—ordinary box cars with a little hay as a great luxury in the bottom—and were taken to Acquia Creek Landing and there transferred to boats upon which we

were taken to the junction of the Potomac River with the Chesapeake Bay known as Point Lookout, Maryland, at which there was a general hospital. This point, which was surrounded by water except at one end, became very famous during the War, not only for hospital purposes but as a camp for Confederate prisoners and a gathering place for "contrabands."

While in this hospital, great numbers of "contrabands" were assembled there—said at one time to equal 22,000. The plantation songs in which perhaps 1,000 voices would join were often heard, especially in the evenings, and were as entertaining as they were pathetic. Whippo, of our company, who had also been wounded at Chancellorsville was with me in this hospital, long since gone, would sit and listen to them with great interest and indulge in the critical and droll remarks characteristic of him, suggesting the ideal character of the hospitals being removed from the unwholesome influences of the city. There were certainly no temptations to excess of any kind and in this respect, as well as because of its healthfulness, the hospital was admirably situated.

We, of course, had nothing whatever to do, even when we were convalescent, being surrounded by water, except on the side where a strong guard was placed beyond whose beat we were not allowed to go. Our only amusement was to tie a piece of bacon rind to a string and fish for crabs. Our catch we had baked in pies which gave us a pleasant variety of food and furnished a striking contrast to the hospital diet of codfish soup, served at least every Friday.

I remained here until September 11, 1863, when I was discharged for disability.

I know not whether it distinctly appears elsewhere in the story of H Company, but it is an interesting as well as a significant fact that six men of our company lost an arm at the battle of Chancellorsville. They were Corporal Richard Miles, Francis J. Hunter, Michael Lebkecher, Thomas W. Myton, Adoniram Yothers and myself. Yothers died at Falmouth. Miles and Lebkecher lived for many years and have but recently died. The other three are still living. The pictures of the six appear on one page as an illustration of this rather remarkable coincidence.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

PART II.

By Henry Meyer

May 10, 1864, was an eventful day in the history of the 148th Regiment. It was a day of desperate fighting in which the Regiment distinguished itself above all other organizations that participated in the fierce struggle on that date on the south bank of the Po; but the laurels garnered there were steeped in the blood of many of its gallant sons. Abandoned by the Division and Brigade to which the 148th Regiment belonged, and given up as lost, it was compelled, unaided, to repel the repeated assaults of a Confederate Division and recross the river in the face of overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Elsewhere in this work are given descriptions of this engagement, and also correct estimates of the losses sustained by the Regiment; therefore it is unnecessary to repeat the story in this chapter.

Company A suffered severely, losing more than forty per cent of the number engaged. Three of her boys lay dead upon the field, two others were wounded fatally and died soon after, one at Richmond, one at Washington, while eighteen others were hurt less seriously and succeeded in reaching a place of safety across the river. Fortunately I was one of those mentioned last, and a brief sketch of my experience while a member of that vast army in the rear—in the hospital—is contributed to this chapter of the "Hospital Story," with the hope that it may be of some interest to some of my old comrades.

The "casualty" which sent me to the rear and placed me permanently on the retired list as well, was a big hole through my left hand near the wrist. Ascending the high bluff on the north bank of the river, in company with Comrade Benjamin Beck of our company who also had been wounded, I observed a hospital flag of the Sixth Corps just inside the woods across a small field and distant about half a mile. Thither I directed my steps.

A field hospital is not a very elaborate or pretentious affair. This one consisted of a red flag, an indispensable article of all hospitals, designed to guide the wounded in search of such an institu-

tion, and also to serve as a signal to the enemy not to shell the spot, several long tables of rough boards and an assortment of surgical instruments conspicuous and handy, no building nor tent. There were also several large chunks of ice among the furnishings, a luxury seldom seen at field hospitals. It was procured from an ice house near by; we saw parties the day before, as our command passed towards the river, taking out ice and carrying it to the rear. When I arrived at the hospital about 4:00 P. M., there were not many wounded present, and my turn to be operated on soon came. The surgeon requested me to lie on the amputation table. They then raised my arm and poured ice water through the hole in my hand which caused intense pain. The sponge saturated with chloroform was then applied to my nostrils and a sweet feeling of repose gradually pervaded my tired body; the crash of musketry and roar of cannon that resounded through the forest on the other side of the river where the conflict was still in progress, seemed to recede farther and farther in the distance until all was silent and dark. Recovering consciousness before the operation was completed, and hearing the cutting and scraping at the shattered bones in my hand and not yet feeling any pain, I requested the surgeon to apply again the sponge of chloroform, which request was quickly complied with. I had to call a second time for the chloroform before the operation was finished. On recovering consciousness I found my hand nicely bandaged and in a sling. The surgeon directed me to keep the bandages wet with cold water all the time. He thought it might be necessary to amputate the hand as one of the bones was torn out of the wrist joint and such wounds were difficult to heal. He said the wound would inflame greatly, and there was little hope that the hand could be saved. And here, in contradiction to the assertion often heard that army surgeons were unsympathetic and brutal in their treatment of wounded soldiers, I desire to bear testimony to the fact that in my experience while under their care, and my observation of their conduct and treatment of others, I always found them kind and courteous and ever manifesting a sincere solicitude for the welfare of their patients.

There were now probably about fifty wounded soldiers at the place; some were lying on the ground, others sitting down with their

backs to trees or other supports. Quite a number were desperately wounded and would in all probability be "mustered out" ere the setting of the sun. All were strangers to me, none of our company having come in yet, or possibly they reached other hospitals. Those of us who were able to walk started at once on the road for Fredericksburg, distant, we were informed, eighteen miles. Our route must have been considerably roundabout, else the distance would have been only about twelve miles. The Confederate Army having moved to our left, to Spotsylvania Court House, Fredericksburg and the roads leading thither from our position, were, in consequence, uncovered, and the town became for the time being, our base of supplies. Immense army trains now began to move on those roads to and from Fredericksburg. The badly wounded were transported in ambulances and army wagons to Fredericksburg; it was imperative to get them out of the way as speedily as possible. I trudged along the dusty road from 5:00 P. M. until dusk when I arrived at a small clearing in which an army wagon train was in park. I was now utterly exhausted and sank down upon the ground in a faint; everything became dark. From early morn during the entire day we had been on the move on the south side of Po River, changing position frequently and constructing breastworks at every new position, and we never secured a moment's time to make coffee or prepare food. I subsisted on two or three "hard tacks" that day. Hungry, weak from loss of blood, suffering great pain, worn out physically from continuous marching, working and fighting, I now found it impossible to continue my journey on foot, though there yet remained at least half the distance to traverse. Just then one of the teams prepared to pull out and I asked permission of the driver to get on his wagon. He granted my request. There were already three other wounded soldiers on the wagon, two of whom lay in the rear of the wagon bed side by side, both badly hurt. One of them had his leg terribly shattered and in order to keep it in place or shape it was firmly tied to a board. The poor fellows lay on the bare floor, there being neither hay nor straw under them. The other comrade and myself sat on a heap of bags filled with oats. Our transit was now assured, but it was at the expense of increased suffering. The roads

were rough, being in many places "corduroyed," and the constant jolting caused our wounds to inflame and become intensely painful. The plunging of the wagon jostled the two men in the rear against each other, and we heard them swear at each other and they even came to blows. No doubt they were delirious; the torture those poor fellows endured on that night journey must have been terrible.

At eleven o'clock the driver stopped his team, unhitched and left. I raised the side of the wagon cover and saw that we were at anchor in a field, nowhere in particular. Not knowing where to go, I remained in the wagon; my comrade by my side left. The two comrades in the rear end had ceased to moan or quarrel. It was a vigil of five long, miserable hours before the first faint streaks of the morning sun came. As I descended from the wagon I observed that the boy whose leg was tied to a board was dead and his comrade by his side nearly so. Daylight revealed the fact that we had bivouacked on the summit of a high hill, probably Marye Heights within three-fourths of a mile from Fredericksburg. I soon reached the old town, and beheld with astonishment that the sidewalks were literally covered with wounded soldiers. Every public building and many private residences were converted into temporary hospitals. There were thousands of wounded in the town; they had been brought in from the Wilderness battlefield, from Po River, and later the wounded from Spotsylvania swelled the number. Passing the hospital of the Ninth Corps, I soon reached that of our own, the hospital of the First Division, Second Corps, which was located in a large brick building belonging to the fire department of the town. The main room or hall was about forty feet wide and about fifty feet long and at one end of it was an elevated platform with a railing around it. There also were several smaller rooms in the building. Every foot of space was appropriated for the wounded who were laid in rows on the bare floor with narrow aisles between. The small platform, about twelve feet square, was also occupied. Here I found sitting room for myself during the greater part of the time spent in the place, and thus had a good view of the wounded in the hall, and the scenes transpiring in that den of suffering. With hardly any exception the wounds of these poor fellows were of a serious

character; those who were but slightly hurt were forwarded to Washington as rapidly as possible. There was nothing on hand which would bring a slight degree of comfort to the wounded—no bedding whatever. The poor boys lay on the bare floor, having neither blanket for cover, blanket or comfort on which to repose their lacerated limbs or bodies. Here were presented to the view wounds of all descriptions, bodies pierced by bullet, limbs shattered by shell or minie ball, eyes shot out, bowels protruding through rents made by ragged pieces of shell. I noticed a poor lad whose head was swollen almost twice its natural size, his eyes swollen shut, his face terribly bruised and inflamed, who at intervals, would thump his head on the hard floor in rapid, resounding strokes and utter piercing screams. He was delirious and may not have been fully conscious of his frightful condition. Some were groaning, others screaming in the agony of pain; some lay perfectly quiet, others tossed from side to side on the floor. Death was ever present to claim its victims. These were carried out just beyond the building where the grave diggers could be seen through the windows constantly at their gruesome task. I surveyed the dreadful scenes around me and almost persuaded myself to believe and feel that I was not a sufferer also, so slight seemed my injury when compared with those of the mangled forms ever present to my view.

When I arrived at the building I found Doctor Davis, our regimental surgeon, in charge, and of him I inquired with some diffidence whether a person could get something to eat, for I was "awful" hungry. He said breakfast would be served presently. Well, I felt a little skeptical on the subject. There were no eatables visible, and there was no flavor of anything boiling or frying. But in course of time we got a few army biscuits each and a small quantity of imported beef tea. It was poor diet for sick people, especially the former, but it was the best that could be procured under the circumstances.

On the 11th cousin Wm. C. Meyer, of our company, came in among a long procession of wounded. He was slightly hurt and was granted a thirty days' furlough. This was the last time I saw him, for on his return to the front he was

killed in the engagement at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864. Comrade William Crum, a conscript of our company, was also brought into our hospital. He was severely wounded and was tied on a stretcher. He spoke to me and said, "I hope to God I may die soon for I can't get well." He said that he was suffering terribly. However, the poor fellow lived to be taken to Washington where he soon after died.

During the night (11th) it began to rain and continued next day. Early in the morning of the 12th we heard rapid and continuous volleys of musketry and the roar of cannon at the front. It was the assault of the Second Corps on the rebel position at Spotsylvania, and during the afternoon of the same day the rebels captured there were marched through Fredericksburg on their way north.

Large squads of the wounded left the town at intervals, marched across the peninsula to Belle Plain Landing on the Potomac, distant eleven miles, and were thence transported on boat to Washington. Doctor Davis had promised to place me in one of those squads and I waited until the 15th for a chance to go, supposing that one had to be regularly enrolled by some officer in order to insure a passage on the boat. But the Doctor had his hands full and the responsibilities resting upon him were very great, so he forgot all about his promise. Therefore, when on the morning of May 15th, I observed another contingent getting ready to march to Belle Plain, I joined ranks on my own responsibility. The long procession of almost a thousand men wended its way across the pontoon bridge on the Rappahannock, past our old picket posts of the winter of 1862 and 1863, and across old familiar camp sites with halting, uncertain step, little heeding objects of historic interest along the route. Our company soon became scattered; those who were strong and wounded less seriously outstripped the weaker fellows who straggled behind. We had not proceeded more than three or four miles until I was left alone, far in the rear. Half starved, suffering great pain, and the sun's rays beating down with increasing intensity, I finally gave out entirely. I sat down by a tiny spring of water. All the time I was obliged to wage a war against the blow-flies to prevent them

from alighting on my wounded hand. While resting at the spring I observed two men of the Christian, or Sanitary, Commission passing by on foot towards Fredericksburg. Each carried a satchel and I supposed these contained a lot of eatables. I hailed them and during the brief conversation which ensued, I inquired if they had anything to eat, informing them also of my helpless situation. One of the men replied that he still had a few fragments of soda biscuits, and turning his satchel upside down, he shook the crumbs into my hand and also a small piece of boiled ham, remarking at the same time, "This is all I have got and I don't know where I will get my next meal, but I give my last crumb to the soldiers." Indeed, a feeling of guilty shame crept over me for robbing those men of their last morsel, for I knew full well how slim their chance would be to secure any food in Fredericksburg. Soldiers ask no favors. They are schooled to rely upon themselves, except in cases of extreme urgency; otherwise I should have handed back the food. Being now somewhat refreshed I resumed my journey but in a short time gave out a second time. Just then the friendly covered army wagon again came to the rescue, as the driver allowed me to get on board. Now I was certain to reach my destination, but the jolting over the rough roads was torture. As we reached the high bluffs which overlook the Potomac a furious thunderstorm burst over the landscape and aggravated the discomforts of the situation. I disembarked in the rain and walked down to the river, the teamster having kindly furnished me with a piece of shelter tent to wrap around me.

In the middle of the Potomac lay at anchor a big hospital steamboat which carried the wounded to Washington, making a trip every twenty-four hours about, I think. A small steam tug conveyed the soldiers from the wharf to the large boat. I fell in at once at the tail end of the procession of some eight hundred men, four in a column, moving at a snail's pace in the direction of the wharf. The badly wounded, those who had to be carried on stretchers, were first taken across, and it was a slow process to transport them to the tug boat and thence to the hospital boat. The tug was obliged to make many trips to convey so many men. We remained in line from 4:00 P. M. until 8:00 P. M. before the last file of our column reached the

small boat; the greater part of the time we stood in soft mud knee deep along the route from the river bank to the wharf. While on the small boat I had an opportunity to examine my wounded hand, which had now become swollen twice its normal size and was very painful. On removing the bandages I discovered that they were dry as powder, the water which I kept pouring on at short intervals in compliance with instructions given me by the surgeon at the field hospital, never penetrated beyond the outer layers of the bandages because the swelling of the hand and arm had drawn them too tightly. My wound had not been dressed since the morning of the 11th—four days. My hand was almost black and I was certain that mortification had already set in. It was already dark when the last of the boys got in the big hospital boat. In a moment our condition was changed as far as outward circumstances were concerned, from a state of misery to one of solid comfort. The boat was large and commodious, it was furnished with excellent beds, and there was an abundance of good, substantial food. An attendant led me along a tier of bunks and pointed out one and said, "You occupy that." I had waded through mud a foot deep only an hour before, and the accumulated dust of a week past rendered my apparel somewhat untidy in appearance, and I said I would not get between those white sheets with my dirty clothes. But he said, "Get in; we'll attend to that, and in a few minutes we will bring you some supper." I crept into the bed, a real bed, a luxury to which I had been a stranger for almost two years. A bowl of excellent soup was now handed to each of the patients. I had not been able to secure an hour's sleep since the night of the 9th, at the front, and I now tried to sleep, but with poor success on account of the increasing pain. Then I went in search of the surgeon and found him in his office, doing nothing in particular. That functionary seemingly was there more for ornament than use; he manifested no special interest in my case, nor in that of any other wounded soldier, as far as my observation went. However, by his direction the steward gave me a dose of laudanum, which had the effect of allaying the pain considerably.

The boat glided smoothly along the Potomac; it did not jar our lacerated limbs and bodies, and was, therefore, a great improve-

ment on army wagon transportation across corduroy roads. When the sun had risen in the morning the boat was found already tied to the wharf at Washington. The wounded were speedily distributed among the various hospitals of the city. The ambulance to which several comrades and myself were assigned drove up Seventh Street and unloaded us at Campbell Hospital located at the terminus of the street car railroad, distant from Pennsylvania Avenue about two and a half miles.

The hospital consisted of nine or ten wards, originally frame structures. Later a number of additional wards were put up to accommodate the increasing number of wounded. These were temporary structures intended for summer occupancy, covered with canvas and open along the sides. They were probably one hundred and fifty feet long and sufficiently wide to accommodate two rows of cots along the sides with an aisle between the same extending through the length of the ward. The cots were placed about two feet apart; the floor was of rough boards. I was placed in "Ward A."

The first ceremony to which we were subjected on our arrival was that of purification—that is, we were taken to the bath-room and scrubbed. Hospital apparel was then given us and cots were assigned us in the wards. The condition of my wound was at such a stage now that I was certain amputation was a necessity. In my simplicity I inquired, therefore, of an attendant, "Could I send for the surgeon in charge?" not realizing that the chief surgeon of a great hospital, who had under his care several thousand wounded soldiers, would hardly be in a position to respond with alacrity to a message of the kind. However, the attendant said he would see. In a few minutes a fine, gentlemanly officer came to my cot. It was the surgeon in charge, Dr. A. F. Sheldon. I desired him to examine my hand and if it was necessary to amputate it, as I thought was the case, I should like to have the operation performed immediately. He looked at me a moment then informed me that I was too weak to undergo the operation; that I must rest and eat awhile to get stronger. He said that on the following day my case would be taken under consideration. It seems it was an unusual thing for a patient to make a request that a limb

be amputated, for the Doctor often teased me about it subsequently, especially when visitors accompanied him while making his rounds. Pointing at me he would say, "This is the boy who asked me to amputate his hand." True to his promise next day Doctor Shelden, accompanied by several attendants, came to my cot and informed me that they had come to take me to the operating room to amputate my hand. I got up and started to walk, but they halted me, and said they would carry me on a stretcher because I was too weak to walk. It surprised me to learn that my case was so serious. After being placed on the table I suggested that it would probably be necessary to take off the arm above the elbow, because of the bad condition of the wound. The Doctor replied, "We will put you under the influence of chloroform and then examine your hand; you could not stand it now, and we shall do the best we possibly can."

When the chloroform was administered all pain gradually left me and a feeling of relief and sweet rest stole over me. I felt utterly indifferent also as to whether I should again recover consciousness or pass into the great beyond. Indeed, when a young man has before him the gloomy prospect of dragging himself through a long life on one leg or battling the world with but one hand, he would relinquish life without serious regret, especially when his exit would be facilitated through the painless agency of an anaesthetic. Those three hours of unconsciousness are a blank in my existence; it was the blackness of darkness; a person under the influence of chloroform does not dream dreams.

On regaining consciousness I found myself back in my ward upon my cot. My first thought was, where is the hand cut off? My arm lay on a cushion by my side neatly bandaged, the hand off near the wrist. An attendant sat by my side and kept ice water on my wound. There he sat, or some one else in his place, day and night for a whole week and not for a moment was I left alone. Inquiring why I was being watched so carefully and continuously, they informed me that the operation was not considered very satisfactory; that an artery might open and I would bleed to death unless immediate help would be summoned. During my stay at the hospital I learned that in amputation cases arteries frequently come open

and it was a common occurrence, at all hours of the day or night to see or hear surgeons and nurses rush through the wards to rescue patients thus threatened with certain death. The operation on my hand was performed May 17th, seven days after the wound was inflicted at the front in line of battle. On the same day, or day after, the Chaplain of the hospital came to see me; he took down the name and address of my folks at home and proposed writing a letter to them for me. I assented gladly. And he intimated that it would be advisable to request some of my folks to come to Washington to see me. "No," said I, "it is not necessary for in a short time I shall be able to go home on a furlough." Nevertheless, he sent such a message, stating that I was very low and that my recovery was doubtful. I saw the letter after my return home and I always suspected that the surgeon inspired it.

As the wounded entered the hospitals their names and the organizations to which they belonged were put on record in books kept for that purpose. Several of the states maintained agents at Washington whose duty it was to see after the comfort and needs of the soldiers of their respective states. These records would show at a glance what soldiers of the different states were quartered in a hospital; even the ward and cot would there be noted. This provision of state agency was a great blessing to many a boy in the hospitals. These agents would see that a soldier received sufficient food, proper clothing and careful attendance, where necessary. They would write letters for the boys, furnish stationery and even money; they would give information and advice, assist in procuring discharge from the service and prepare applications for pension after one was discharged. The amount of good these state agents, the Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission, and other organizations, performed is simply beyond computation. Our state agent was Mr. _____; he came to see me soon after my arrival at the hospital and plied me with questions how I fared, etc.; should he write to my friends at home? "No," the Chaplain had written. Did I need anything? Was I in need of money? "No, I am in want of nothing here. We have an abundance of good food, our beds are very comfortable; our doctors are skillful and kind and our attendants

are faithful. Here we rest undisturbed. This is Paradise." No doubt the agent found other Pennsylvania boys in localities where the environments were not so nearly perfect and where he could be of more service.

The patients in our ward were all quite severely wounded so that most of them were confined to their bunks continually. Having been accustomed to the bustle and hilarity incident to camp life in the Army and recently the excitement of skirmishing with the enemy at the front, the sudden transition from those scenes of strenuous activity to a state of helpless and utter inaction, had a tendency to produce a feeling of loneliness and even homesickness. The scenes of suffering and distress ever present to our view and the never ceasing groans of some of the men would tend to make our situation still more gloomy and intolerable. Thus not a few of the poor fellows in hospitals lost courage, gave way to despondency and died. In order to mitigate the severity of the bodily suffering of the patients as much as possible, and to provide suitable diversions for the mind, the Government in conjunction with the Christian and Sanitary Commissions and other charitable organizations, contributed a vast quantity and variety of "extras" to all the hospitals in our large cities and other points easy of access. There never was any lack of medicines, surgical appliances, or efficient medical attendance both on the part of the doctors or nurses. Good, substantial food was abundant. Lemonade, root beer and other summer beverages, and many delicacies of various kinds were frequently served the boys. There were piles of books, magazines, and various periodicals within reach of those who felt inclined to read. There were checker boards for those who would delight in games. Through the medium of these agencies a ray of cheer and happiness might perchance penetrate to the heart of the most despairing.

During the summer of 1864 the excitement of the presidential campaign ran high. We of the hospital discussed politics. Both the presidential candidates, Lincoln and McClellan, had their respective partisans in our ward and our windy harrangues sometimes reached such a stage of "pernicious activity" that our ward authorities were obliged to interfere. Opposite my

cot across the aisle lay a member of the 5th Vermont Regiment, who was the acknowledged humorist of the ward. By his funny stories, witty sayings and humorous antics generally, he kept us roaring with laughter until we yelled at him to "shut up" as the agitation of our corporeal part caused by laughter would increase the pain of our wounds. He had been shot through one of his arms near the wrist and all the bones were taken out for the space of an inch and a half. This space, it was said, would fill up with gristle, but the hand would never be of any service. Yet he preferred not to have it amputated. He was a sufferer like the rest of us, but such a little matter was not allowed to interfere with his ebullitions of humor. He used to say that Lincoln and himself were equally noted for beauty. Who was the boy? I never knew; he was simply "5th Vermont" to us; names are nothing either in the hospital or in the Army. Such terms as "John Smith," "William Jones," or "James Brown" were useless appendages. It is said that Cyrus knew by name every soldier in his army. Well, if he wished to load his memory in that manner he had his choice in the matter. We could remember faces perhaps equally as well as Cyrus, but we designated each other not precisely by numbers, as inmates of penitentiaries are said to be labeled, but by the names of the states whence each came or in the Army by name of the company or regiment to which a soldier belonged. The comrade on the cot on my right was a New Jersey boy; to the left an Ohio boy; our big, jovial, kind-hearted nurse who dressed our wounds every morning, or oftener, if desired, was a Michigan boy; so on through the whole list. Whatever names we deigned to apply to each other were generally expressive nick names. Among those two hundred occupants of our ward there were no two who had ever met before; all were strangers to each other yet friends nevertheless from the moment they met. That is the privilege of all veteran soldiers to claim each other as friends without the formality of an introduction.

Among the several luxuries dispensed daily to the weaker class of patients was a ration of whiskey punch. It tasted good and was exhilarating. After taking it several days I declined the tempting potion. No doubt it was beneficial as a tonic, but the danger of

acquiring a taste for strong drink and finally becoming a drunkard deterred me from its further use. Doctor Sheldon thought that I ought to take some kind of stimulant, however, and said he would order a bottle of porter every morning which I should imbibe in small doses during the day, I acquiesced and even petitioned him to restore my name on the favored list of porter patients after the same had been struck off later on, because the beverage had become an unnecessary luxury. The doctor smiled and the ration came as heretofore.

The various dispositions manifested by wounded was remarkable. There were those who, though only slightly hurt, would moan and lament continually to the great annoyance and disgust of the other sufferers. There were others who underwent the most excruciating torture, but not a groan or word of complaint escaped their lips. They gritted their teeth and bore their torture in silence. Within a few yards from me lay a big German patient whose left arm was severely hurt and his right leg still more seriously; his leg lay in a tin trough, and both it and the arm were suspended by ropes fastened to the rafters above. One day we heard something drop into the tin trough in which his leg was suspended, and on examination it was discovered that the bullet which had caused the wound had dropped out, having by its own weight penetrated through the rotten flesh. Thus he lay, unable to change his position in the least, except his right arm, and suffered terribly for days till relief came—death. But he never complained, never groaned; he smoked his pipe in stoical silence. Among the seriously wounded there was also a great diversity as to chance or probability of recovery. Some got well contrary to all expectation. One of the boys of our ward had a bullet hole through his face close to his ears. Only liquid food was at all adapted to his case, and that nearly all came out at the bullet holes when he attempted to swallow. However, after a time these vents healed up and the boy recovered. This is only an illustration of numberless similar cases. On the other hand many died that should to all appearances have survived. As an illustration: A young, robust comrade came into the ward one day who was slightly hurt at one of his little fingers. The surgeons took it off, but the

wound inflamed and the hand was amputated; next it was found necessary to take off the arm near the shoulder; then he died. It was said that the young man had been addicted to the use of strong drink, for which reason the wound failed to heal. It was a common observation among surgeons and attendants that drinking characters had a slim chance of recovery if severely wounded. Those boys of the 148th Regiment, who had the misfortune of getting hurt, had reasons to be thankful that there was no regimental "army canteen" during their period of service.

Squads of visitors passed through our ward at certain hours daily. Among them was Mrs. Lincoln on a certain day, but Mr. Lincoln never came to visit ours while I was an inmate, yet it was said that he frequently went through the hospitals of the city. Friends and relatives of many of the patients came in almost daily. In obedience to the suggestion conveyed in the Chaplain's letter, before mentioned, my father came to see me on the last day of May. I did not expect any of my people to come and of course I was surprised. I noticed father as he came into the ward. He passed along the aisle and scrutinized the patients on each side as he went. He passed by me failing to recognize me. So I called him back. He seemed greatly distressed because my hand was off—and what parent would not be? He remained in the city several days. Father and I conversed in Pennsylvania German and my jolly Vermont comrade across the aisle was very much surprised to learn that I was the possessor of such linguistic accomplishments as to be able to discourse in a foreign language!

June 22d, I had so far improved that it was deemed safe to send me home on a furlough. August 20th I returned to the hospital, having spent two months very pleasantly at home. My circumstances at the institution now suffered a sudden and violent change for the worse. I was no longer the pampered occupant of downy beds of ease in the sick ward, to be petted by sympathizing visitors and fed on dainties, but I was cruelly thrust out, as it were, into utter darkness, to take up my abode among the common herd of convalescents who in like manner had been relegated to the rough barracks on the premises, there to be nourished on army fare of hard

tack, beans, pork and weak coffee, all dumped on one general table. I made application for my discharge, desiring to return home and enter school, for the mutilated condition of my corporeal part rendered the trade I had learned useless to me, and it became imperative to begin life anew. Dr. Sheldon intimated that I might join the invalid corps during the balance of my term of enlistment and perform guard duty about the hospital grounds. I suppose I should have had an easy time serving in that organization, but there were already nine one-armed invalids doing sentinel duty on the premises; anyhow, there was no great probability of making a fortune, or of achieving glory and fame in the invalid corps. Then the Doctor proposed that I should remain at the hospital and perform duty as a clerk. This proposition was tempting, yet I preferred to adhere to my original resolution of returning home and entering some educational institution. I was discharged September 12, 1864.

Some time after my return home the Doctor and I exchanged photographs, and this is what he wrote in relation thereto:

Campbell Hospital, Washington, D. C., October 3, 1864.

Friend Meyer: I am happy to inform you of the safe arrival of your photograph for which I am very much obliged. It will be added to my collection. It will often remind me of what I thought to be one of the poorest operations ever performed in the hospital, yet terminating in one of the best. I presume you will look back on the time you spent in Campbell Hospital only satisfactorily though your loss was great. But when you think of some that lay about you, you will feel grateful that yours was not like theirs. The hospital is looking very nicely.

With best wishes for your future welfare, I am,

Very respectfully,

(Signed) A. F. SHELDEN,
Surgeon United States Volunteers.

THE ONE-ARMED MAN'S STORY.

By T. W. Myton.

At Chancellorsville we formed line of battle in front of what was known as the Bullock House and were ordered to advance into the woods in front of us.

The ground in the woods was deeply littered with fallen leaves, limbs and tree trunks. The trees were generally small, interspersed with saplings standing so thick that it was very difficult for heavily armed soldiers to get through them and preserve their alignment.

We had gone some distance into the woods and I had just freed myself from being wedged between two small trees, when I observed, about ten or twenty feet in front of me, a white spot come suddenly on the trunk of a tree, and a second later, realized that it was a bullet mark. Immediately the air seemed full of bullets and one passing through the side of a small tree struck me on the right shoulder, cutting my knapsack strap about half off, seriously bruising the flesh and slightly cutting the skin. The blow seemed serious and for a time I thought my collar bone was broken. Just then orders came to lie down and fire. I turned to leave the line but thought I had better be sure I had sufficient excuse for going. I found no bones were broken and that my arm worked all right and I returned to the front and began to fire. We had struck their line obliquely giving them a flank fire on us. The fire from the front was low but the fire from the angle was direct and deadly.

Coming through the woods I was losing faith in myself because of a certain nervousness and a disposition of my knees to knock together, but now my gun came down steadily, and I observed that I was doing good shooting and began to be on better terms with myself. The distance was very short; not more than forty yards, I think, and the fighting became fast and furious. In order to facilitate rapid firing I did not return my rammer to the thumbels but laid it by my knee. This had continued for some time when as I turned my head to put a cap on the nipple of my gun, a rifle ball struck me in the lower part of my nose and through my upper lip. I put my

hand to my face and it felt as if my nose and upper lip were torn to shreds. I uttered a soldier's prayer and took up my gun to kill somebody but that benevolent enterprise was frustrated by the blood from my wound running into my mouth. I turned to leave the field and thought it was safer to creep under their fire than to attempt to walk through it, but the first step I took, a bullet passed through my left arm above the elbow, shattering the bone, and I fell on my left side, fortunately, with my shoulders behind a small tree, into which two or three bullets struck and bounced out against my side. I decided it was safer to lie where I was than to attempt to get out, and for what seemed to me a very long time, I lay there. The experience of that interval lying there fully exposed to that fire with the consciousness that any second might be my last, and fully expecting it, I shall never forget. It may be imagined but can never be described.

After what seemed a long time the fire slackened about me and I looked up, our line was falling back. I saw Bob Cassidy (Big Bob) taking aim from side of a tree and making a very wry face as he prepared to shoot some one. I felt a drowsiness coming over me and passed into unconsciousness. I do not know how long I remained so, but when I became conscious again, the fighting was over and everything quiet. I rose to my feet and essayed to start to the rear, the first step I took I placed my foot in a pool of blood (presumably my own) my foot slipped throwing me forward, drawing my knapsack violently over my bruised shoulder and setting my broken arm to swinging and the broken bones to grinding together. The pain was intense, beads of perspiration broke out on my face and I became totally blind, my knapsack seemed to be pulling me back, I had the sense of falling backward. I was in the "valley of the shadow" and alone. The thought came to me that if I fell I should die there, and with all the strength I had left I bent my foot forward until my knapsack was over my feet and waited, in total darkness. Presently I began to see by distorted vision, saw men as trees walking, but I waited patiently and after some time everything assumed its normal shape. Remembering the trouble with my knapsack I unslung it and lifting it from my left shoulder.

passed it down gently over my broken arm and laid it on the ground. As it rested on the ground I observed at my feet and so near where I had lain that I could easily have laid my hand on his face, the body of Michael Flinn. His fair young face half buried in the brown dead leaves, apparently he had died in peace and without much pain. But this was not the time for sentiment or sorrow. I had but one chance to save my own life and every hour that was becoming more difficult.

I gathered up my broken left arm across my breast and with my right hand under the elbow to sustain the weight, started for the rear. I had not gone far when I discovered that I had become very weak from the loss of blood, and would need rest frequently. A large tree in front some distance seemed to afford a good place to rest and I determined to rest behind it, when I reached it. There were still some shells being thrown into the woods by the Confederate batteries, and I felt like seeking the protection of a tree. I walked on for some time and then stopped to look for my tree. I had drifted down hill in my walk and was some yards to the left of my tree, but I could see behind it, and there resting behind it were two Confederate soldiers.

This was an emergency I did not know how to meet. I was determined not to be captured if I could avoid it. I had in my blouse pocket a six-inch Colt's revolver, loaded. I let down my broken arm and raised the revolver in my pocket so that the handle was above my pocket where it could be readily grasped, then taking up my broken arm again and believing with Falstaff that "discretion is of valor the better part," I changed my course so as to avoid them as far as possible and saw and heard nothing more of them. My course fortunately brought me out at the point where the road crossed the Bullock farm. When I came out into the field I was surprised at the change that had taken place. There were now three lines of battle across this field. While we were fighting in the woods the Army had been brought back and a new line of defense formed. On my left our skirmish line was being driven out of the woods and all along our line the men seemed expecting an assault, I thought the rebel line of battle was approaching and I would be caught between

them. I turned to seek refuge in the woods. Just then a cavalryman rode out of line in the road and said, "You can get through here and that house on the hill is a hospital." I passed through the lines and walked toward the house. Before I reached it I met Lieutenant Rhinehart, I think, of Company D, and two or three of our men coming from the house, they said it was the Twelfth Corps Hospital, was full of wounded men and was being shelled, and that our regimental hospital was but a short distance down the road.

We went on together and soon came to the hospital at the foot of a little bank or hill; here were a large number of wounded men of our Regiment, including Captain Bayard of our company. The Captain made some one who was uninjured surrender a comfortable seat to me, where I could lean against a tree. Surgeon Davis examined my arm quite carefully and said he thought the arm could be saved. Exhausted by my long walk I soon fell asleep and when I awakened the hospital had disappeared, I was alone, save the body of a soldier lying on a stretcher near by. I determined if possible to find the Second Corps Hospital and started on the road toward United States Ford. I walked until I became weary and sat down by the roadside to rest, and again fell asleep, from which I was awakened by an assistant surgeon who said he was gathering up the wounded soldiers straggling in the rear of the Army and would send them to their hospital. He had a stretcher with bearers and insisted on carrying me off to one side of the road where he had gathered some others. There I remained until the sun was declining in the west.

When seeing no show of being sent anywhere I determined to try again to reach the Second Corps Hospital and again took the road to the rear. I had not gone far until I was overtaken by a young soldier carrying his rifle, who insisted on helping me off the field, to him I finally gave my canteen and haversack and together we went down the road until we reached the rear guard. Here I was shown the Second Corps Hospital which was near by and he was sent back to his regiment.

The hospital was a place in the woods where a large number of the wounded men of the corps were brought together and where

the surgeons had found enough rough boards at a saw mill nearby to make a temporary operating table, the men sitting or lying around in the woods awaiting their turn.

I was here but a short time when hospital attendants brought me a cup of beef tea, I was very hungry and asked for more but it could not be furnished. I saw that I would have to pass the night there and with a large knife I carried, I cut from some small pine trees enough limbs to make me a bed, but the night was chilly and I was uncomfortable until some one gave me a blanket. The next morning a number of surgeons looked at my arm and decided that it would have to be amputated. Later Chaplain Stevens found me and after talking to me for some time, said, "I see you have a revolver and a pocketbook in your blouse pocket, and I suppose you have some money. You will be robbed if you keep these. If you will give them to me I will send them to you at the hospital soon after you get there," I gladly gave them to him and received them again two days after reaching the hospital at Potomac Creek.

About noon the hospital steward came to me and said, "They are now ready for you." I walked to the table with him and lay down, he administered ether to me and after a while I became unconscious.

After my first attempt to walk from the field I had carried my arm across my breast. The last sound I heard before losing consciousness was that of my arm falling from my breast to the boards beside me and the first thought that came to my mind on awakening was to lift it back again and when I opened my eyes the attendant was standing beside me laughing at my failure to catch my arm that had been cut off; I was trying to grasp it five or six inches below where it was cut off.

I got up from the table and walked to the stretcher where my canteen and haversack had been left, and lay down. I looked at my left side, there where my good left arm had been was a short stump neatly bandaged. For the first time the full significance of my misfortune appeared to me and I covered my eyes with my sleeve, to hide the tears I did not care to show.

I still had a desire to live and saw with delight some time after a long line of ambulances drive up. They seemed to be taking

everybody but me, I became impatient, finally they came to me but the hospital steward said you cannot take him, he will have to be carried. I was again in despair, if I was to be carried how long would I have to wait, and if the Army fell back what would my chances be?

Not long after however, four soldiers approached me and taking my stretcher on their shoulders, with frequent risk, carried me to a hospital tent on the bluff on the north bank of the Rappahannock, above United States Ford.

In the evening a rain came up, such a rain as I had then never seen and such as I have never since seen. We nearly all got wet, and night coming on we were in a pitiable condition. Spencer McIntyre of Company H was here on some detached duty and seeing me in this condition, out of sympathy for me, gave me his blanket and I had a fairly comfortable night. Early in the morning we were told the Army was recrossing the river, we were given stretchers outside where we could have the warmth of the sun, and where we could see the marching column. We watched carefully for the bright new flags of the 148th, and when they appeared we waved our caps above our heads. The signal was seen and two or three of the boys came over to see us. In the afternoon the ambulances came up and we were loaded in for a long rough ride. I was placed in an ambulance with a soldier of the 140th who had lost his right arm. The roads were the worst imaginable. The artillery and heavy trains had cut them up deeply, besides parts that had been corduroyed had been dragged together in heaps and over these the ambulances had to be driven. Fortunately we had a most careful driver. In the early evening it rained slightly, and the night became pitch dark.

We arrived near General Couch's headquarters about ten o'clock and were given beef tea, and to each ambulance a hospital blanket. The night was spent in the ambulances and the next morning we started for Potomac Creek over exceedingly rough roads and arrived there in the evening. Here we were washed, our wounds examined and dressed and were given clean cot beds to sleep on. The next day we were changed to other wards. The wound in my face was not serious yet painful, that on my left shoulder a mere bruise, and



MICHAEL LEBKECHER.



CORPORAL RICHARD MILES.



FRANK J. HUNTER.



THOS. W. MYTON.



ADONIRAM J. YOTHERS.

SIX MEN
OF
CO. H.



DANIEL W. WOODRING

WHO LOST
EACH AN ARM
AT
CHANCELLORSVILLE

my arm had stood the rough journey very well. From the first day my wounds healed very rapidly, and I was soon able to walk about the grounds but I had not learned to balance myself and was inclined to walk in a circle. I had been in the hospital ten or twelve days when as I sat on the foot of my bunk eating my dinner, which on that day consisted of a slice of bread, a tin cup full of gravy, in which pickled pork had been boiled and a small piece of the pork. I heard a voice I knew inquire, "Is there a man named Thomas Myton here?" The nurse said, "No, there is not," but I called out as loudly as I could, "Yes, there is." It was a friend (my brother-in-law) sent by my mother to find me and secure for me a furlough and take me home. I was greatly rejoiced to see him and to hear from home. In my confusion I invited him to dinner. He looked at my lay out and said, "I just came from Surgeon Hays of the 110th and have an invitation to dine with him. He mentioned several good things we are to have specially, for dessert, peaches canned in brandy. As his invitation was first I believe I will accept it."

After two or three days of earnest effort, tramping around from regiment to brigade, from brigade to division, from division to corps and back again, a furlough of ten days was finally secured by my brother-in-law. It was to date from May 22d.

Early in the morning of May 22d we left the hospital for Brooks Station on foot and arrived there in time for the train to Lequia Creek when we got a boat for Washington, arriving there about 4:00 P. M. As the boat approached the wharf I walked to the stern to avoid the crowd that rushed forward, a gentlemen standing there pointed to six small cannon lying on the wharf and said, "There are the guns of the Washington Light Artillery, captured at Marye Heights a few days ago." We had intended to stop at Washington, but finding we could get a train for Harrisburg that evening concluded to go on.

Seated on the train, as it was filling with passengers, I was greatly impressed with the music that is in a woman's voice. It was not a matter of sentiment or fancy but having heard nothing but the rough voices of men for so long a time, the finer, softer voices

of women were music to my ear. Seated alone in a car seat I sank back in the soft velvet cushion and as we flew over the beautiful farms, by the pleasant stately homes and flowering trees of the District and Maryland away from the battlefield, the hospitals and desolation of Virginia, I was for the space of one short evening in Paradise and scarcely desired anything more. We arrived at Harrisburg that night, at my brother-in-law's home the next night and on Sunday morning May 24, 1863, I was at home with my mother in the quiet village of Manor Hill.

PO RIVER AND SPOTSYLVANIA.

PART I.

(The following memoranda, opening an article entitled "The 148th at Po River," were found among the papers of Maj. R. H. Forster.)

From Todd's Tavern, where the Second Corps had been detained over the 8th of May to meet a demonstration of the enemy that threatened some danger to the rear of the Union Army, a march of a few hours, on the 9th, brought the Corps into position on the extreme right of the line facing the Confederate forces at Spotsylvania Court House. The line of march from Todd's Tavern traversed a dense wood. Stately, towering trees, beautiful with the verdure of the early spring, covered the ground. There were ominous and gloomy recesses in that dark forest, but all was quiet as the weary column silently pursued its march, save such sounds as were occasioned by the rapidly repeated orders sent along the line by the commanding officers, the steady tramp, tramp of the soldiers, and the monotonous rumble of the artillery trains. It was a quiet and undisturbed march. Not so, however, the previous day. Warren, with the Fifth Corps, had passed through the same wood and met with stout opposition. The road was not only obstructed by numerous barricades built with fallen trees, but Stuart, the alert and dashing chief of the Confederate cavalry, with a portion of his command, had placed himself across the path to bar the approach to Spotsylvania. Almost every tree concealed and sheltered a dismounted trooper, and the sharp crack of the rifle and the carbine told of the spirited resistance the wary Confederate was making to the efforts put forth to dislodge him. For hours he baffled the attempts of the cavalry that led Warren's advance to clear the road. Chafing under the delay thus forced upon him, Warren finally determined to take matters into his own hands. He promptly brought his infantry in front, and deployed several brigades to the right and left of the road, ordered a charge and succeeded in driving the

Confederate's cavalry in headlong flight from their stronghold, though not without suffering considerable loss. The way, however, was opened and the march resumed.

It was some time past noon of the 9th when the First Division of the Second Corps emerged from the wood and filed into place upon high, cleared ground overlooking the valley of the Po River. From the position held by this part of the command there was a good view of the open country in immediate proximity to it, and it was not long until a Confederate wagon train was observed at some distance beyond the opposite bank of the river, slowly wending its way towards Spotsylvania Court House. The enemy did not appear to be present in any strength, and it was thought that by a rapid movement across the stream the train, or a portion of it, might be captured. After a brief consultation, it was determined to make the effort. For this purpose Brooke's Brigade was selected, and in a moment was in motion towards the river. Reaching the river bank, the 148th, with Colonel Beaver in command, was ordered to cross in advance. The stream at the point where the crossing was effected was not very wide, but was sluggish and of considerable depth. The men quickly dashed across and promptly fell into line under cover of the bank. Colonel Beaver then moved the Regiment a short distance down the stream, and with the energy and gallantry so characteristic of him at once made his dispositions for an advance upon the train. Six companies of the Regiment—three from the right and three from the left—were deployed as skirmishers, leaving the four center companies, with the colors, to act as a support to the skirmish line. When these dispositions were complete and all was ready for the forward movement, it was thought it might be a dangerous experiment to advance without a stronger support, and an order was received not to move until other troops were across and ready to follow the advance line. The delay caused by this order was unfortunate, as it enabled the entire wagon train to pass by in safety. In the meantime a battery of horse artillery that had accompanied the train wheeled into position on the road directly in front of the 148th, and paid its respects in a very lively and interesting manner. The fire was at short range, the aim accurate, and the

shells came "thick and fast," but protected by the river bank, behind which the line was lying, very little damage was done, though the scene during the short time it lasted was decidedly spirited and exciting. Finally the clear tones of the bugle sounded the advance, and the long line of skirmishers, led by Colonel Beaver in person, shot forth across the plain, with the hope at least of capturing the hostile and spiteful battery. This, however, was not accomplished. A narrow country road, leading directly to the rear, gave the battery an avenue of escape, and when the line was half way to it, the guns were quickly limbered and run off at the gallop. The line pressed forward to the road upon which the wagon train had moved and was there halted to await the arrival of the supports which were still crossing the river.

(The Story of Po River and The Salient is completed at request of the committee by extracts from the Editor's lecture on "Spotsylvania," followed by three other short stories by other comrades.)

PO RIVER AND SPOTSYLVANIA.

PART II.

By J. W. Muffly, Late Adjutant 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Fourth Brigade (Brooke) First Division (Barlow) Second Corps (Hancock).

The battle of Spotsylvania Court House began on the 8th day of May, 1864, and ended on the 19th—the more important engagements being those of the 8th, 10th and 12th. It was the second of the four bloody and indecisive conflicts between the veterans of Meade and Lee—the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Sheridan's Raid and Cold Harbor—leading events in what is designated in the Official Rebellion Records as "The Campaign from the Rapidan to the James." It stands No. 1,577 in Scribner's list of 2,261 battles.

The battle of the Wilderness had ended on the 6th and on the 7th orders were issued for the movement to Spotsylvania.

Spotsylvania Court House is located on a ridge between the Ny and the Po Rivers which, with two other branches, the Mat and the Ta, by a curious geographical conceit, form the Mattapony.

From the Wilderness to the Court House is ten miles, south-east. To Todd's Tavern is five miles, from Todd's to Spotsylvania five and from Spotsylvania to Fredericksburg twelve.

There are three main roads from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania, all bearing southeast. These are the Piney Branch Road, the Brock Road, and the Shady Grove Road.

The Catharpin Road running in a southwesterly direction from Piney Branch Church, intersects the Brock at Todd's and the Shady Grove at Shady Grove Church, a mile or less beyond Corbin's Bridge. The Block House or old Court House Road runs south from its junction with the Brock Road near Spindler's, crosses the Shady Grove Road at the Block House, passes through the old Court House and crosses the Po a short distance below the latter. The Fredericksburg Road runs from Spotsylvania northeast quite directly to the river.

The movement began on the night of the 7th. The trains had been started earlier, and Lee supposed his opponent was retreating toward Fredericksburg. He ordered Anderson, now commanding Longstreet's Corps, to move to Spotsylvania on the morning of the 8th by the Shady Grove Road, but Anderson found the woods on fire, and on account of the discomfort and danger of a bivouac under such conditions, he pushed out at once and made a night march to his objective point in advance of his orders. This accident gave Lee possession of the Court House. So say Grant and Humphreys.

At 8:30 the Fifth Corps under Warren moved from its line, by the rear of the Second Corps, and marched by the Brock Road toward Spotsylvania. Sedgwick with the Sixth moved at the same time by the Piney Branch Road. He was at first ordered to move to the crossing of the Piney Branch and Brock Roads, but in the morning the orders were changed so as to require him to place one division at that point, one at Piney Branch Church, and the third half way between the two. Burnside followed Sedgwick and in the morning was ordered to halt at Aldrich's. Hancock followed Warren so far as Todd's Tavern.

Meade and Grant, after seeing Warren under way, rode to Hancock's headquarters on the Brock Road and about eleven o'clock preceded Warren to Todd's. Gregg's and Merritt's cavalry were at and near the Tavern without orders—Sheridan's orders not yet having reached them. At 1:00 A. M. Meade issued the following orders:

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Todd's Tavern,
"May 8, 1864, 1:00 A. M.

"General Torbert or Merritt: You will immediately move your command beyond Spotsylvania Court House, placing one brigade for the present at the Block House, picketing the roads approaching the Court House, and disposing the other two so as to cover the trains that will be north of the Ny River, between that and the Orange Plank Road. It is of the utmost importance that not a moment's delay occur in your opening the Brock Road beyond Spotsylvania Court House, as an infantry corps is now on its way to occupy that place.

"GEO. G. MEADE,
"Major General Commanding."

Also, under similar head and date the following to

“Brigadier General Gregg, Commanding Second Cavalry Division: You will immediately move your division to the vicinity of Corbin’s Bridge and watch all the roads approaching from Parker’s Store, and as soon as General Hancock has occupied Todd’s Tavern you will send a force on the Brock Road to notify General Hancock of the approach of the enemy.”

With like heading Meade wrote to Sheridan, as follows:

“Major General Sheridan, Commanding Cavalry Corps: I find General Gregg and Torbert without orders. They are in the way of the infantry and there is no time to refer to you. I have given them the enclosed orders which you can modify today after the infantry are in position.”

General Sheridan’s order was as follows:

Headquarters Cavalry Corps Army of the Potomac,
May 8, 1864, 1:00 A. M.

Brigadier General Gregg, Commanding Second Cavalry Division,

General: I am directed by the Major General commanding to instruct you to move with your command at 5:00 A. M. on the Catharpin Road crossing at Corbin’s Bridge, and taking up position at Shady Grove Church. General Merritt, with the First Division, will follow you on the same road, and on arriving at Shady Grove Church, will take the left hand or Block House Road, moving forward and taking up position on that point (via Block House). Immediately after he has passed, you will move forward with your Division on the same road to the crossing of the Po River, where you will take up position, supporting General Merritt. General Wilson, with his Division, will march from Alsop’s by way of Spotsylvania Court House and the Gate, to Snell’s Bridge, where he will take up position. * * * The infantry marched to Spotsylvania Court House tonight.

These slightly conflicting orders to the cavalry have had, it seems to me, more attention than they deserve. Badeau makes them the basis of a very severe criticism of Meade, claiming that his action in this matter gave Lee possession of the Court House. General Humphreys disposes of this charge in the 12th volume of the Scribner Campaigns. Grant also refers to it as an “unfortunate change of orders,” and Sheridan gives the incident several pages of emphatic prominence in his memoirs.

Merritt’s cavalry moved out on the Brock Road toward Spotsylvania, and soon became engaged with Fitzhugh Lee’s cavalry.

Warren reached Merritt's headquarters, a mile east of Todd's, at 3:30 A. M. Cavalry fighting had been going on for some time, and Lee had felled trees and barricaded the road. At Merritt's request Warren attacked, thus opening the battle of Spotsylvania. This combined cavalry and infantry fight lasted well into the evening, was fought over the ground about Alsop's farm and in the surrounding timber, and developed the fact that Anderson was in our front with Longstreet's Corps. At twelve-thirty General Warren reported that he had pushed back the enemy, but had not quite reached the crossing of the old Court House Road and that General Wright had joined him. Here the Corps entrenched their line which ran from two to four hundred yards from the enemy's, which was entrenched at the crossing of the Brock and Old Court House Roads, one and a half miles from Spotsylvania Court House.

Grant at this time was at Piney Branch Church, and being anxious to crush Anderson before Lee could support him, ordered Sedgwick to join Warren, but Grant says Sedgwick was slow in getting up—probably unavoidable—that it was near night before the combined forces were ready to attack. Warren reported at noon that Wright's Division had then come to his support. It was a hard fought battle with heavy losses on both sides. It was opened with the four divisions of the Fifth Corps on our part and Lee's cavalry and Kershaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps. Field came up during the day and joined Kershaw. The fighting here determined the lines at this point during the following days.

Hancock reached Todd's at nine on the morning of the 8th, and relieved Gregg, whose cavalry was skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry in front of the Tavern.

During the forenoon, Miles reconnoitered toward Corbin's and found Hampton's Cavalry on the other side of the river. Anderson marched by a road running south from his right at the Wilderness and entering the Catharpin Road between Todd's and Corbin's. He crossed at Corbin's and proceeded on the Shady Grove Road toward Spotsylvania, crossing the Po a second time on the bridge two and a half miles west of the Court House. He reached this bridge at daylight on the 8th. Kershaw was in the advance and finding Fitz-

ugh Lee engaged, he turned off to the left with two brigades after crossing the bridge and went to the support of Lee, followed a little later by Field's Division. The rest of the Corps proceeded to the Court House and helped drive out Wilson's Cavalry.

Ewell moved by way of Parker's Store and probably by a road leading into the Shady Grove Road at the Church. Early was to move by the Brock Road but on attempting to enter the Catharpin Road by a cross road leading into it between Todd's and the Church, he encountered cavalry videttes, and throwing Mahone's Division forward he struck Miles' Brigade and was twice repulsed. Finding us in possession of the Brock Road, Early took the Shady Grove Road to Spotsylvania, and early on the morning of the 9th he was in position close to and east of the Court House.

Meantime Burnside moved from Aldrich's to Sayles House on the Fredericksburg-Spotsylvania Road thence toward the Court House, crossing the Ny at Gayles House, one and a half miles from Spotsylvania. Both Armies were now in position and entrenched. Longstreet's Corps under Anderson formed Lee's left. The left of this corps rested on the Po opposite Warren's right, about one-third of a mile above the bridge. From this point to the Brock Road the line was held by Field's Division. From the Brock Road northeast for half a mile, entering the open ground of Harrison's farm, the line was held by Kershaw, whose right extended beyond Warren's left. Next came Ewell's Corps, Rodes' Division holding the line running half a mile nearly north to what was afterward the Bloody Angle, Rodes' right held by Dole's Brigade. Thence the line ran nearly east for four hundred yards along the edge of the woods with the open ground of Brown's and Landron's farms in front. It terminated in a high, open point which, Ewell says, if held by the enemy, would have commanded the line. Six or eight guns were in position at this angle. The line turned from this point and ran nearly south for over six hundred yards. Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps held this part of the line with brigades in order following: On Dole's right, Walker (Stonewall), then York's (Stafford), Terry (Jones) and Steuart.

Continuing southward the line was held by Hill's Corps (Early) to a point south of the Fredericksburg Road. The intrenchments on this side were afterward extended southward to Snell's Bridge on the Po. Also on the enemy's left the lines were extended a mile west of the Po on high open ground of the Graves farm, covering the Shady Grove Road. The east bank of the Po was also intrenched to hold the crossing. From Hill's left, across the Salient, a second line was intrenched running to the left of Ramseur's Brigade. It was occupied by General Gordon until it was found that we could enfilade it, when he was placed in reserve in the Salient. This Salient was a mile in extent north and south and about half a mile east and west.

Meade's Army was formed to meet Lee's dispositions, with Hancock on the right on high ground overlooking the Po, and the Shady Grove Road to the south. Next came Warren's Fifth Corps, Sedgwick with the Sixth and one division—Mott's of Hancock's Corps—and on the extreme left, Burnside.

The 9th was a day of rest. The Fifth and Sixth Corps corrected their lines and strengthened their intrenchments. General Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter at the right of his corps at a point where the forks of the road in Alsop's field unite. He was in company with General McMahan, his chief of staff, who had insisted that he should not expose himself to the fire of the sharpshooters. During a movement of a few men to the right there was a scattering fire from the enemy, causing some of the men to dodge, at which the General laughed and said, "What, what, men, dodging like this for a few bullets? What will you do when they open all along the line? They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." General McMahan continues, "A few seconds later, a man who had been separated from his regiment passed in front of the General, and at the same moment a sharpshooter's bullet passed, and the soldier dodged to the ground. The General touched him gently and said, 'Why, I am ashamed of you, dodging that way! They couldn't hit an elephant at that distance.'" The man rose, saluted, and said, good-naturedly, "Well, General, I dodged a shell once and saved my head. I believe in dodging." The General laughed, and said, "All right,

my man, go to your place." Then for a third time, says McMahon, the same shrill whistle, closing with a dull stroke, interrupted our talk when, as I was about to resume, the General's face turned slowly toward me, the blood spurting from his left cheek under the eye in a steady stream. He fell in my direction, so close to me that I could not support him, but fell with him." The death of Sedgwick was a great loss to our Army. He was a commander of very solid worth, and was highly regarded by his associates, with much the same kind of esteem as that accorded to General Thomas in the West. They were men of very similar character.

In consequence of certain indications of a movement by Lee toward Fredericksburg, Hancock was directed to examine the Po on his front, with a view to crossing it, and turning the enemy's left. Accordingly, on the evening of the 9th, the three divisions of Birney, Barlow and Gibbon crossed the Po at different points between Tinders and the sharp turn of the river, above the bridge. Barlow was in the advance, Brooke's Brigade leading, and Beaver with our 148th was the first to cross. This was probably in the vicinity of the Chewing Place. We crossed on a fallen tree, many of the men wading through the stream, and pushed forward, as described by Major Forster, driving the enemy's battery and getting possession of the cross roads between the river and Glady's Run. We were now in a very delicate position. As Grant says, across the left flank of Lee's Army, but separated from it and from the remainder of Meade's Army by the Po River. We pushed along rapidly on the Block House Road toward the bridge, expecting to make the second crossing in the night. This was found to be impracticable, and the command bivouacked in woods near Waite's Shop. An examination of the wooden bridge at dawn of the 10th showed the enemy in such force and perfect command of the bridge and approaches, as to prevent our crossing. Brooke then moved down the river, and crossed at a point about half way between the bridge and the mouth of Glady's Run. From this point a reconnoitering force under Lieutenant Colonel Hamill, 66th New York, discovered the enemy's line in strong works, with infantry and artillery. This movement disturbed Lee, and he sent two divisions of Hill's Corps

to meet him. Mahone's Division moved to the river bank on Field's left, while Heth came up on the Waite Shop Road, and attacked us from that point. Meantime, it had been determined to make an assault at Laurel Hill in front of Warren's position, near Alsop's, and Hancock was ordered to move two divisions back to take part in the attack, he to be in command of the entire body. Hancock began the withdrawal of his division, just at the time when Heth's attack was impending. Gibbon and Birney at once re-crossed, leaving Barlow to hold the south side of the river alone. It was not designed to bring on a battle at that point, and orders were issued for the withdrawal of all the force on the south side. We had in the meantime, as I remember, fallen back from our second crossing, and were in position in front of the road, and between it and the Po. Miles and Smith were withdrawn, leaving, as the reports claim, the brigades of Brooke and Brown, but we saw nothing of the latter. Then followed an episode of war of thrilling interest to a single regiment, some of the details of which were either unknown to, or were ignored by, the general officers in their official reports.

The 148th Pennsylvania had occupied a dozen or more different positions during the day, and late in the afternoon, was formed behind a line of light breastworks facing from the river. We were ordered to leave these works, and form on the other side of the road, in the edge of the timber skirting the river bank. This was the last order we received that day. At that time we knew nothing of the general movements, did not know why we were thrown across the river, nor why we had retreated, and we never got any order from anybody to withdraw from that position. We had skirmishers in our front, and in a very few minutes after our last change of position, they fell back and were followed by the enemy's line of battle. We held our fire until the skirmish line was clear of our front, and the enemy were emerging from the woods, distant only the width of a wagon road, when we opened with a volley. They at once replied, and the fight began. They soon observed the works we had left, and deliberately filing in behind them, continued to fight us from our own works. This battle began at about three in the afternoon, and lasted about two hours. We lost twenty killed, one hundred and

thirty-five wounded and twelve missing. So far as we could see, we were the only regiment left on that side. In all the long bloody hours of that useless battle, no orders reached us. It seemed that a single regiment was left to fight two divisions of Hill's Corps. The fight went on until we had fired our last cartridge. Our men were falling like game before hunters, and still no relief and no orders. Beaver could stand it no longer. Calling me to his side, he said, "Adjutant, we can not stand this. You go swing the right back while I hold the left and, we will retire down the ravine. I will take the responsibility of withdrawing my Regiment without orders." So we made good our retreat, gathering up our dead and wounded as we went toward the river, and as we were about to cross, Beaver looked back at the procession of stretcher bearers with their burdens, and said with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my brave boys! What a pity."

During this battle the woods took fire, which spread rapidly, and became a serious factor in the situation, although I do not remember that any casualties resulted, but it choked, blinded and stifled us to a most exasperating extent. Just on our left was a section of Arnold's Battery. When they started to withdraw it, one of the teams became unmanageable and dragged the gun between two trees, where it was wedged so tightly that all efforts were unavailing to extricate it, and it had to be abandoned—the first gun ever lost by the Second Corps. I suppose that as a matter of fact, it was assumed that all the troops had crossed the river before we became engaged the last time, and were thus abandoned to our fate.

General Hancock's report relating to our battle of the 10th on the Po says:

"The combat now became close and bloody. The enemy in vastly superior numbers flushed with the anticipation of an easy victory, appeared to be determined to crush the small force opposed to them, and pressing forward with loud yells, forced their way close up to our line, delivering a terrible musketry fire as they advanced. Our brave troops again resisted their onset with undaunted resolution. The fire along our whole line was so continuous and

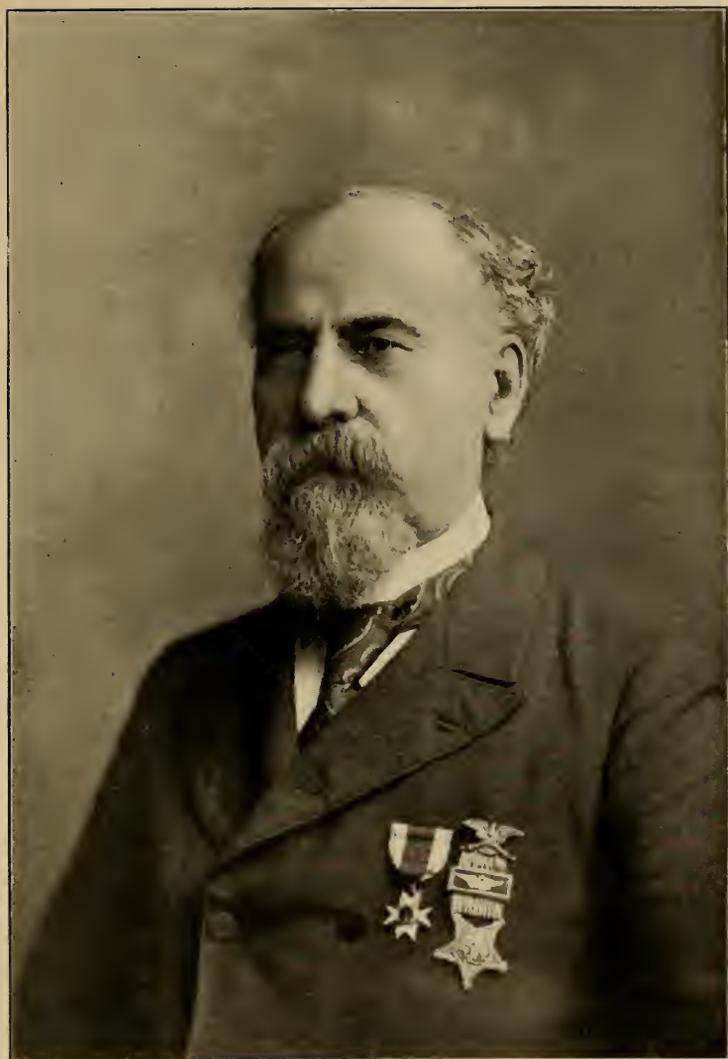
deadly that the enemy broke and retreated in the wildest confusion, leaving the ground strewed with their dead and wounded. During the heat of this contest, the woods on our right and rear took fire. The flames approached close to our line rendering it almost impossible to retain the position longer. During the lull in the fight Barlow had directed Brooke and Brown to abandon the position and retire to the north bank. Their right and rear enveloped in the burning woods, their front assailed by overwhelming numbers, the withdrawal was attended with extreme difficulty and peril, but the movement was commenced at once, the men displaying such coolness and steadiness as are rarely exhibited in the presence of dangers so appalling. It seemed, indeed, that these gallant soldiers were devoted to destruction. The enemy again advanced, but were promptly checked by our troops who fell back through the burning woods with admirable order and deliberation, though in doing so, many of them were killed and wounded, numbers perishing in the flames. I feel that I cannot speak too highly of the bravery, soldierly conduct and discipline displayed by Brooke's and Brown's Brigades on this occasion. Attacked by Heth's entire division, they repeatedly beat him back, holding their ground with unyielding courage until they were ordered to withdraw. Col. James A. Beaver, 148th Pennsylvania, and Lieut. Col. D. L. Stricker, 2d Delaware, are particularly mentioned by Colonel Brooke for marked service and conspicuous courage."

The only operation on the 11th was a reconnoissance by Mott to find a weak place in Lee's line. Grant wrote to Halleck his famous "fight it out on this line" message. He said in part:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result up to this time is very much in our favor. We have lost to this time eleven general officers killed, wounded and missing, and probably 20,000 men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater, we having taken over four thousand prisoners in battle. I am now sending back to Belle Plaine all my wagons for a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition, and purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The night of the 11th of May was a type of the meanest of Virginia weather. We had made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and were sleeping away the fatigues of the campaign, when I was roused up by an Orderly from headquarters, with marching orders, and at ten o'clock on that miserable night, under guidance

of Major Mendell, or Captain Morgan, of the engineers, we set out. The darkness was inky and impenetrable. The drizzling rain drenched us, and the mud was discouraging, yet withal there was a feeling of mystery in the movement that was inspiring. I think no one except the guides had any idea of our direction or destination. We were ordered to preserve the utmost silence. Coffee cans and accoutrements were to be so secured as to prevent rattling. So in silence and darkness we plodded wearily onward, until after midnight. Upon halting, the troops were formed in double column, closed in mass, and ordered to rest. All horses were sent to the rear. The point of our formation was near the Brown House. We felt, rather than saw, that we were in a ravine or depression, and spreading our ponchos, lay down and slept. I never knew how I was awakened, but on rising from my bivouac, I found every one else doing likewise. This was at four o'clock in the morning of Thursday, May 12th. On reporting to Colonel Beaver, he said, "You will say to each company commander that we are about to charge the enemy's works. There will be no firing, the men will march in at right shoulder shift." In all of this, from the beginning of our night march, not a loud word had been spoken, and at four-thirty we heard all along the line, in a hoarse whisper, the single word, "Forward!" and the Second Corps stepped off as one man. We were about twelve hundred yards from the enemy's line and as the light improved, we could see, in our front, a considerable ascent, partly wooded, but with about four hundred yards of clearing, extending up to the works in front of the Landrum House. Just at the edge of our bivouac was a bit of a brook with marshy banks. Brooke's and Miles' Brigades of Barlow's Division were in front on the open ground. Brown's and Smythe's Brigades in the second line, all in double column on the center, Birney's Division on Barlow's right in two deployed lines, Mott in rear of Birney and Gibbon in reserve. So we started, an almost solid rectangular mass of twenty thousand men. Firmly, steadily we moved forward, with perfect alignment, and as the dawning day lifted the fog, we soon saw, frowning in our front the terrible Salient which we proposed to



Very Truly Yours
J. W. Mully.

capture. At a distance of three hundred yards we marched over the enemy's pickets, who were so astounded upon seeing us emerge from the fog that they never fired a shot, nor, of course, did we. But on reaching the picket reserve at Landrum's, about half way, we received a fire which killed Colonel Stricker and several others.

A regiment was sent to disperse this reserve and the column passed on. The ground was open and rolling from Landrum's and we dashed over it in fine style, in full view of the formidable works in our front. They were indeed formidable! Located upon a projecting and commanding point, covered with large oak trees, it had been fortified with consummate skill and immense labor. The great oaks had been felled, the logs piled up breast-high and the red Virginia clay thrown up on either side, forming a solid embankment twelve feet wide at the base and four at the parapet. Behind this embankment traverses had been constructed, running backward for some distance at right angles to the main line. We met but little firing until within about three hundred yards when the impetuous Irish Brigade set up a wild cheer and the enemy immediately opened a tremendous fire of musketry from a part of their line. But nothing could now stop our advance. Our men rushed up to the works, tearing away the abatis with their hands and poured in like a great wave, driving out the Confederates pell mell with clubbed muskets and bayonets, capturing twenty guns and about four thousand prisoners, being nearly the whole of the celebrated Stonewall Brigade, together with Major Gen. Edward Johnson and Brig. Gen. George H. Steuart. Some little delay in our entrance was caused by the long stream of prisoners passing out through our lines to the rear. Just here and while our Regiment was hotly engaged, a Confederate officer pushed through the struggling troops and approaching Colonel Beaver said:

"I would like to surrender to an officer of rank. I am General Steuart."

"What," exclaimed Colonel Beaver, "are you 'Jeb' Stewart?"

"No," he replied, "I am Geo. H. Steuart."

Said Beaver, "I will accept your surrender. Where is your sword, sir?"

"Well, sah," answered Steuart, in a melancholy tone of regret with a tinge of the comic, "you all waked us up so early this mawn-in' that I didn't have time to get it on."

A few words passed between the officers, Beaver telling him that he could not remain there, when a little Corporal of the Irish Brigade, catching the situation, stepped up smartly, touched his cap and said, "I'll take care uv 'im, Colonel." "Take him to General Brooke," said Beaver, and off went the little Corporal to the rear, proud of his big trophy. On his way to the rear he met Major Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, and shouted to him, "Major Mitchell, here is a rebel General." Mitchell took his name and rank and directed a Captain of the 53d Pennsylvania to conduct him to General Hancock. When Steuart was taken to the General, the latter, who had known him before the War, held out his hand and said, very kindly:

"How are you, Steuart?"

The latter replied, "Under the circumstances, I must decline to give you my hand."

Quick as a flash, the great commander retorted, "Under any other circumstances, General Steuart, I should not have offered mine."

But we were going in at the Salient. We had carried the first line of works and nothing could stop the men. Barlow's and Birney's Divisions had entered almost at the same moment striking the works at a sharp angle immediately in front of the Landrum house. The enemy fled in great disorder and confusion. Accustomed as we were, to scenes of blood and carnage, the spectacle inside the intrenchments was sickening. The ghastly faces of the dead and their mangled bodies piled in the traverses bore awful testimony to the deadly effect of our rifles and bayonets. But horrible as it was, it only proved a prelude to the awful horror of the next morning, after the all-day conflict that followed the charge. We pursued the flying enemy through the forest toward the Court House until we struck the second line. Here we met Gen. J. B. Gordon's Division. His division had been put in reserve as support to the other troops and

he was in position near the McCoull House. He moved up promptly and helped in a great measure to check our advance.

The assault and pursuit had, of course broken up our formation and the troops were so mixed up that hardly two men of the same regiment were together. Hancock ordered up his reserves to occupy the captured line. Lee rallied his forces and was determined to lead them in person. General Gordon and many others gathered about him and remonstrated. Gordon says he took hold of the bridle of Lee's horse, while the men shouted, "General Lee to the rear," and he reluctantly yielded.

Heavy re-enforcements were brought against us at the second line and we were obliged to retire to the line captured in the morning. Wright's Corps came up at six o'clock and occupied the captured works on the right of the Salient. The enemy now attacked us with the utmost fury determined to regain the position held by the Sixth Corps. The Second Corps held to the left of the Sixth with divisions in order—Mott, Gibbon, Birney, Barlow. The fighting now became desperate—our troops on the outside, theirs on the inside of the intrenchments, hand to hand, close quarters, the battle raged. Words can give no adequate idea of the dreadful sanguinary conflict. Hour after hour, all day long men grappled over the works in bloody struggle. They fired their guns full in each other's faces. They lunged at each other with bayonet thrust. They leaped upon the works and fired down among the maddened crowd on the other side. They grappled in mortal combat to wrest flags from each other. They held their guns overhead and shot downward into the enemy. Hour after hour, all day long, they fought like demons. It was a literal saturnalia of blood. It was grim visaged war in full panoply of horror. And all day long the rain fell and the ground was drenched with mingled blood and water. At eight o'clock Wright sent to Hancock for re-enforcements and our Brigade, although it had been in the heat of battle from dawn and had been withdrawn to reform and replenish ammunition, was sent over and relieved the brigade of Wheaton. There we fought until the ammunition was again exhausted. Hancock meantime had placed artillery on the high ground at Landrum's whence it fired over us into the enemy's

position. A section of Gilliss' Battery, Fifth United States, was pushed up close to our line and fired canister into the enemy. A section also of Brown's First Rhode Island took position on the left and with carriage wheels sank half way in the soft mud, poured its death-dealing charges into the Confederate works. This is said to be the only instance of artillery taking part in a charge. Gilliss' Battery had to be withdrawn on account of its terrible losses. Lieutenant Metcalf and Lieutenant Gilliss were the only ones who got out sound, out of twenty-three men and one officer. Seven were killed, sixteen wounded, every horse was killed and the gun carriages were so splintered and shattered as to be useless. This terrific combat ended only with the day, the Confederates retiring to their second line, leaving us in possession of the Salient. The firing did not entirely cease until three o'clock next morning. While I have thus given somewhat in detail the operations on the north line of the Salient, it is to be kept in mind that during all of the day, Warren on our right and Burnside on the left were pressing the battle on their respective fronts so that all the way round from Alsop's Farm to the crossing of the Fredericksburg Road, the fierce battle raged throughout the long day. Burnside pressed up to the very parapet and some of the troops got over, but could not remain. He drew the fire of the enemy at four-thirty in the morning and at five was hotly engaged. He carried two detached lines of rifle pits and a part of the main line.

The capture of the Salient at Spotsylvania is justly regarded as one of the most brilliant episodes of the War. Beginning with the daylight assault, the battle continued all through the day and until late in the night. The net results were—the capture of an apparently impregnable position, four thousand prisoners, including two general officers, and the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade" almost entire, twenty guns with horses, caissons and material complete, several thousand stand of small arms and upward of thirty flags. Passing over the ground inside the works next day I was able to appreciate the full measure of its horrors. I shrink from the attempt to describe the scene. It was a ghastly and horrible example of the organized brutality that we call war. No language can adequately

portray the sickening spectacle. Imagine, if you can, a line of intrenchment four hundred yards in length—a solid wall of timber and earth forming its front, with traverses extending at short intervals to the rear forming eight or ten pen-like enclosures half filled with dead and dying men. They lay in piles sometimes five men deep. Often the dead were lying upon the mortally wounded who groaned in their death agony and begged for water and prayed for death. Bodies hung upon the works in every form of mangling. Blood and mangling were everywhere and the sickening stench of the battlefield was over it all. I saw there the famous “Spotsylvania tree”—a sound growing white oak twenty-two inches in diameter that had been whittled off splinter by splinter by musket balls to within a few inches of the center so that it fell during the night injuring several men of the 1st North Carolina Regiment. The stump of this tree is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington—probably the most marvelous silent witness to the deadly effect of musketry fire to be found anywhere in the world.

I do not know how it may be with others, but I confess that as I recall these scenes now after the lapse of forty years, I sometimes dwell more upon the horrors of war than upon its glories. Then we thought little of danger, wounds or death. We were under the spell of the martial spirit. Like Messala in *Ben Hur* our motto was “Down Eros—up Mars.” As the glorious old Second Corps swung across the rolling grounds from Brown’s to the charge, we thought only of the splendor of the movement and the glory of the victory. And it was a brilliant and a brave thing under a brilliant and a brave leader. No man more brave, able, safe, dashing, chivalrous and knightly could have been chosen from all the Armies of the Union to lead that audacious daylight assault, than the superb commander of the Second Army Corps—Winfield S. Hancock. It is not too much to say that he was the “knight of the nineteenth century.” In his person he was an Apollo; in his bearing he was knightly. He was the finest figure on horseback in either Army. In his physical and mental make-up, he combined all genuine soldierly qualities. In him there was a combination of military traits rarely given to one man. Courage with coolness, dash with

discretion, intuition with judgment, a sunny geniality with a manly dignity. He commanded without tyranny and he obeyed without obsequiousness. He was magnetic and magnanimous. He was the incarnation of war and the embodiment of patriotism. He had no ambition but to serve his country. He never sought promotion. He used no pull for his personal advancement. He was altogether an admirable and lovable personality. He richly earned the appellation, Hancock—Superb. Grant, always fair, but never flattering, careful and moderate in his language, says in his memoirs, written in the cool retrospect of twenty years: "Hancock stands the most conspicuous figure of all the general officers who did not exercise a separate command. He commanded a Corps longer than any other one and his name was never mentioned as having committed in battle a blunder for which he was responsible. He was a man of very conspicuous personal appearance. Tall, well-formed at the time of which I now write, young and fresh looking, he presented an appearance that would attract the attention of an army as he passed. His genial disposition made him friends and his personal courage and his presence with his command in the thickest of the fight won for him the confidence of the troops serving under him. No matter how hard the fight, the Second Corps always felt that their commander was looking after them."

There are preserved in the Official Rebellion Records more than two hundred and fifty field orders and messages issued on this field on the 11th and 12th and there may be as many more not so preserved.

During our fight on the Po, I received a very painful wound and started to the rear. Sergeant Breon and another man followed me to offer assistance. An examination showed that the wound was not serious and we all started back to the line and presently met Corporal Geo. W. Steffey coming down the ravine pale and reeling with a bullet hole through the center of his breast. Turning him around, we found another in the center of his back. He had been shot straight through the body. I told the men to take him off and I returned to the line. I supposed he was dead, of course, but in the following October, when serving on the brigade staff, I had occasion

to visit the Regiment and on approaching the beat, a Corporal who had relieved the sentinel, saluted me and as I acknowledged the salute, I recognized Corporal Steffey. Dismounting, I told him to put down his gun and shake hands, saying, "Why George, aren't you dead." "No," he said, "I had a close call, was sent to general hospital at Washington, the surgeons gave me up, but I pulled through." He served to the end and several years after the end of the War I received a letter from a pension attorney in Michigan saying Steffey was living there, suffering from his wound and badly broken down. That he was unable to get the required evidence for a pension and thought I might remember the circumstance of his injury. I replied, saying I remembered the incident perfectly and would be glad to make the affidavit, which I did and have heard no more of the case.

As a counterpart to this was the case of Captain Core, the brave commander of Company K, who, in the same action, received a slight wound and died of lock jaw in less than a week.

The gallant little Captain Cooke, of Company H, stood close by my side directing the fire of his company when he sprang three feet into the air and fell mortally wounded.

PO RIVER.

PART III.

By I. N. Sloan.

May 9th at 12:00 M. we marched about three miles, from Todd's Tavern to near Spotsylvania Court House on the Po River and threw up breastworks. At 5:00 P. M. we forded the river, our Regiment in the advance, and as we crossed deployed as skirmishers, and marching by the right flank, advanced, driving a horse battery from the hill about a quarter of a mile from where we crossed. There were six or seven wounded. We advanced half a mile farther and lay in line of battle all night.

May 10th, K was on the skirmish line in the forenoon. About 4:30 P. M. the enemy advanced with a strong force, driving our skirmishers back. Our line of battle also fell back in rear of our own breastworks, letting the rebs shelter themselves behind our works. We made a stand till our ammunition was expended, our Regiment losing heavily in the action. The right of the Regiment was on a line about parallel with that of the enemy, the width of a road separating them. The left wing was swung back to conform to the edge of the woods in which the Regiment was stationed. This caused a part of the left to be enfiladed. The rebs were also in the woods. I was not aware that evening of the utter loneliness of our situation while under fire, but the next evening wrote:

“In the action of yesterday our Regiment held an entire division, said to be Heth's, at bay while the rest of our Division recrossed the river.”

My guess as to Heth's Division—if such it was—is confirmed by General Early, whom Gen. A. A. Humphreys quotes in reference to this action. According to both Early and Humphreys it was the Shady Grove Road on which we were engaged, though General Hancock calls it the Block House Road. There is no contradiction though, as according to Humphreys' map, Shady Grove Church and Block House are connected by this road.

In falling back to our last position I passed close by the end of the works, and firmly believe that the end was a little to the left front of the colors. They were close to the Shady Grove Road. At the reunion no one but myself referred to the broken line formed by the Regiment, but I give the following reasons for my belief: First, I remember of some confusion in the left in breaking back to form on the edge of the woods; second, I was with the colors and am certain there was an angle made, the colors being right in the angle with Company F breaking away to the left; third, when my ammunition was expended I went nearly straight back till I came to the second angle where I found a severely wounded man of our Regiment, who gave me permission to take cartridges from his cartridge box, when I returned to my place at the center of the Regiment, thus passing along that part of the line between the angles twice; fourth, having a number of times since the War written accounts of that battle for publication or explained it from blackboard illustrations made by myself, the same impression has always remained with me.

PO RIVER.

PART IV.

J. Wesley Allen, Assistant Surgeon 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

I was detailed to accompany the Regiment into action at Po River and as they advanced I also followed up, having crossed the river on foot log. I was ordered as far as an old house to the left of the road and beyond which I saw breastworks which had been occupied by our troops. This was in the afternoon and I judge near four o'clock. There were no troops in sight but on my left and what I took for south was firing. Assistant Surgeon Richards, of the 145th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was in advance of me behind these breastworks and called for me to advance as there were no troops around. Shortly afterwards General Brooke came along with an Aide and asked me what I was doing there. He said, "Get over the river at once. There is no one here but your Regiment holding the retreat." He rode on and in about twenty minutes after my man carrying the hospital knapsack, Dan McIlhattan, said, "Doctor, look there are the Johnnies," and sure enough they were coming through the woods thick. They took Doctor Richards to Richmond and we went over the river in the nick of time. I dressed a number of wounded at this point and sent for more supplies to division hospital. Dr. Chas. Spayd, of the 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, and myself were at this time the only medical officers at this point. The woods were on fire on my left, the Johnnies on the right.



LIEUT. JAMES E. McCARTNEY

PO RIVER AND SPOTSYLVANIA.

PART V.

By Lieut. James E. McCartney.

At Po River our Regiment was almost sacrificed in covering the retreat of the Brigade. When we reached the river bank, pursued by Heth's Division, Colonel Beaver commanded "About face and commence firing" and it was one of the best executed movements I ever saw.

Adjutant Muffly will remember the incidents of our final withdrawal, as he and I came off together. I was near Captain Core when he received the wound that proved fatal. He was too brave and exposed himself more than he should have done, knowing the proximity of the enemy's sharpshooters.

After the charge on the Salient on the 12th the Regiment ran out of ammunition and Sergeant Herman Miller, of Company H, and I went back to a New Jersey regiment and they gave us all we could carry in hats and pockets. We took them to the Regiment and Miller kept on going back and forth carrying ammunition. He was a brave fellow and risked his life on every trip.

I certainly think Spotsylvania was our hardest fight. I remember talking with Adjutant Muffly just afterward when he said that out of seven hundred and twenty-two muskets when we broke camp May 1st we had lost at Po River and Spotsylvania two hundred and four killed, wounded and missing.

We were trying to find Lieutenant McGuire who had been wounded—mortally as it proved—and passing the field hospital we saw great piles of arms and legs which the surgeons had thrown out and hundreds of wounded men in tents.

SKETCH OF MAJOR FORSTER.

Major Robert Henry Forster, son of Capt. John Forster, of Mifflinburg, and Margaret, youngest daughter of Dr. Robert Van Valzah, of Buffalo Cross Roads, Union County, Pennsylvania, was born in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, November 10, 1829. He died at his residence in the city of Harrisburg, May 2, 1901, and was buried, in accordance with his oft-expressed wish, at his birthplace and boyhood home in Mifflinburg.

The branch of the Forster family to which Major Forster belonged was started in this country by David Forster who emigrated in 1733 from the north of Ireland and settled in Lancaster County. He died in 1754, leaving to survive him five sons. The second son, John Forster, removed to Buffalo Valley, now Union County, and was one of its pioneer settlers and became the owner of a large and valuable tract of land. He died in 1783, leaving to survive him four sons and four daughters. His youngest son, Robert, was the father of Capt. John Forster from whom Major Forster descended.

The lad grew up in the home of his parents until the war with Mexico. He became early imbued with a desire for military service and, in order to gratify it, "ran away" from home and joined a volunteer company at Danville, Pennsylvania, which subsequently became Company C of the 2d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was mustered into service January 3, 1847. He served throughout the entire war, taking part in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec and the Garita de Belem at the City of Mexico, and was mustered out with his company July 20, 1848.

He subsequently removed to Centre County and engaged in the mercantile business for a number of years until, upon the breaking out of the Civil War, he recruited, and was mustered into the United States service as its Captain, with Company A, 148th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, September 1, 1862. His service in the Mexican War was of great use to him and his company and by reason of it and of his quiet, masterful manner and tactful discipline, the company soon became a model in neatness, cleanliness, military bearing, discipline and drill. By reason of a vacancy among the field

officers of his Regiment, he was made Major of it November 15, 1862. He served with his Regiment, which was connected with the famous First Division, Second Corps, in all the battles in which it participated in the Army of the Potomac, until he received the wound in consequence of which he was mustered out of service, on account of wounds received in battle, December 22, 1864. He was twice wounded, first at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863, and at Petersburg June 18, 1864.

Major Forster was an officer of unusual gallantry and worth. Quiet and self-contained, he was efficient and steady in the enforcement of discipline, was cool and self-possessed in action and inspired others with his courage and persistence. He was genial in manner and courteous to his fellows. He had the warm affection of the men whom he took into the service and the respect and admiration of all. He was in many respects a model soldier.

He delivered the address at the dedication of the monument of his Regiment at Gettysburg in September, 1889, which is to be found in "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," and which here follows.

During his term of service, he was made a candidate for the Legislature from Centre County but did not allow his candidacy to interfere in any way with his military duties. After his muster out of the service, he removed with his family to Bellefonte. He served at one time as United States Revenue Collector and was at another the clerk of the County Commissioners. He was appointed in 1876 to a clerkship in the Department of Internal Affairs by Gen. Wm. McCandless, then its Secretary. In 1879 he became editor and publisher of the Centre Democrat, continuing its publication until in 1884, when he was again appointed to a clerkship in the Department of Internal Affairs under Hon. J. Simpson Africa, continuing in that position under the succeeding administrations of Gen. Thomas J. Stewart and Gen. James W. Latta, occupying a position under General Latta's administration at the time of his death.

Major Forster was as conspicuous for faithfulness in the discharge of his duties in civil as in military life. The records and publications of the Department of Internal Affairs furnish many proofs of his fidelity and ability. He was the same genial gentleman

in every relation of life. The estimation in which he was held by his associates in official position cannot be better evidenced than by the fact that, although his last illness was protracted and necessitated an entire absence from his desk, his associates voluntarily carried on his work until his death.

Major Forster was married, September 22, 1859, to Miss Joanna R. Ettinger, a daughter of the late Emanuel and Elizabeth Ettinger, of Aaronsburg, Centre County, who, with their two daughters, Elizabeth E. and Margaret V., survives.

Major Forster was not only a model soldier but a citizen of high ideals and patriotic purposes, of usefulness in the community and helpfulness to his kind. Unostentatious in the assertion of his religious views, he was a Christian who lived what he professed. He lived the more than three score years and ten, which was the span of his life, "in cheerfulness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

PENNSYLVANIA DAYS.

Historical Address of Major R. H. Forster, at the Dedication of the Monument of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Gettysburg, September 11, 12, 1889.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: I approach the duty assigned to me in the ceremonies of this Pennsylvania Day with great diffidence, and with a deep sense of distrust in my ability to do justice to the merits of my gallant comrades of the 148th Pennsylvania Regiment, or to the demands of this interesting occasion. I regard it, indeed, no trifling task to properly, clearly and concisely tell the story of the honorable part borne by the 148th in the momentous and thrilling events that here transpired twenty-six years ago—events which render this field hallowed ground, dear to every lover of liberty and the cause of free, constitutional government.

The 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers were recruited and organized into a Regiment in the months of August and September, in the year 1862. For a period, during the autumn of that year, it performed duty in Maryland, along the Northern Central Railway, one of the most important lines of communication between the North

and the capital city of the Nation. Under the orders, and almost constantly under the personal direction of an able, alert and energetic young commander, now the honored Governor of this great Commonwealth, who was thoroughly alive to the far-reaching importance of drill and discipline, the months given to this duty were wisely and profitably spent. No daylight hours were wasted in idleness. Life, activity and industry were present in every camp, and a system of regular squad, company and battalion drills was instituted and enforced, together with daily instructions in all the duties pertaining to a soldier's life. Rapid and encouraging progress was made, and it may be said that the impress and discipline and proficiency in drill here made upon the Regiment remained with it during its entire term of service.

In the month of December, a demand arose for additional troops to strengthen the Army of the Potomac, then at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and the 148th was among the regiments at that time ordered to the front. Just after the close of the futile and disastrous assaults made upon that stronghold of the enemy by that Army, the Regiment became a part of it. It was assigned to the First Brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps, the Corps, Division and Brigade commanded respectively by Generals Couch, Hancock and Caldwell. The Brigade, as then constituted, was composed of the 5th New Hampshire, the 7th and 61st New York, and the 81st and 148th Pennsylvania Regiments. Remaining in camp near Falmouth during the winter months, the 148th, in the spring campaign of 1863, marched with this Brigade to Chancellorsville, and in that unfortunate battle received its first baptism of fire, bearing itself most gallantly under extremely adverse circumstances, and receiving honorable mention and commendation from corps, division and brigade commanders.

Returning with the Army to the old camps opposite Fredericksburg, the Regiment, materially decreased in numbers by its recent severe experience in battle, which resulted in heavy losses in killed and wounded, remained quietly performing camp and picket duty until early in the month of June, 1863, when began that series of wonderful marches and complicated manoeuvres which finally

brought the great contending Armies face to face upon the soil of Pennsylvania. Two mighty, battle tried hosts they were—the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia! Often had they confronted each other as adversaries, and fierce and bloody had been many of the encounters between them for supremacy.

The initiative of the Gettysburg campaign was made by the Confederate commander on the 3d day of June. It began by the withdrawal of a division of Longstreet's Corps from the lines of Fredericksburg, which marched to the rear, crossed the Rapidan River, and halted in the vicinity of Culpeper Court House. This first movement was followed by successive withdrawals of the troops of Longstreet and Ewell, until only A. P. Hill was left to face the Army under General Hooker on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock. Thus Hill remained until Hooker, apprised to a certain extent of Lee's designs, by information gained in the cavalry battle of Brandy Station, began the counter-movements of the Army of the Potomac. On the morning of the 13th of June, the last of the Union Army had disappeared behind the Stafford hills, and then Hill was free to follow after those who had preceded him. Marching by the lower gaps of the Blue Ridge, Lee, with Ewell's Corps, passed into the Shenandoah Valley, swept with irresistible power through the valley and forced Milroy from Winchester; thence to the Potomac, across that river to Hagerstown and on down the Cumberland Valley to Chambersburg. Ewell was pushed forward to Carlisle, and Early, by way of Gettysburg, to York and Wrightsville. These points were occupied on the 27th and 28th, while the advanced cavalry scouts had reached the Susquehanna below Harrisburg.

To the loyal people of the North, in utter ignorance of the whereabouts of the Army of the Potomac, the situation at this time must have been truly alarming. But Hooker, with his host of tried veterans, still undaunted and undismayed by previous reverses, had not been idle, and appearances were therefore somewhat deceptive. When the Union soldiers abandoned the Rappahannock on the 13th, the entire Army was headed north, moving by interior lines and covering the city of Washington. On the 25th and 26th the pas-



THE MONUMENT,
"Wheat Field," Gettysburg.

sage of the Potomac was made at Edward's Ferry, and by the 28th General Hooker's entire force was concentrated around Frederick, Maryland. Here it was that Gen. Joseph Hooker retired from the command of the Army and was superseded by Major General George G. Meade. The march towards the north was, however, continued on the 29th. On the same day Lee began his movement of concentration, which, to him, had now become an absolute necessity, and thus it was that the contending forces—Meade marching northward and Lee drawing in his scattered column towards his designated place of concentration near Cashtown—were brought together upon the field of Gettysburg to again measure strength with each other in the gage of battle.

Before starting from the camps on the Rappahannock, a number of important changes had occurred in our immediate command. The 7th New York, a two-year regiment, whose term had expired, had left us. That superb embodiment of every soldierly quality that man can possess, General Hancock, had been honored with the command of the Second Corps; General Caldwell assigned to the First Division, and Colonel Edward Cross, of the 5th New Hampshire, to the First Brigade, of which the 148th still formed a part. On the march north but few occurrences of a noteworthy character befell the Regiment. There were the usual toilsome marches and the usual exposures and hardships incident to an active campaign in the field, all of which were borne with patience and fortitude by the men.

The morning of the 1st of July found the 148th, with the command to which it belonged, at Uniontown, a village in the state of Maryland, twenty-three miles southeast of Gettysburg. In the forenoon of that hot July day, a march was made to Taneytown, which place was reached about noon. In the afternoon the march was continued in the direction of Gettysburg, eleven miles to the north. During this afternoon the bloody grapple of the First and Eleventh Corps with the advancing forces of Hill and Ewell was taking place, yet it is a most singular fact, though so near the field, that no sound of battle reached our ears; nor did we know that a terrible fight had occurred between these advance columns of the two Armies, until an

ambulance bearing the dead body of the lamented General Reynolds, who had fallen early in the strife, passed us on its way to the rear. Late in the evening, as the shades of night were coming on, our column, when within two miles of Gettysburg, was halted by General Hancock and placed in line of battle, facing north across the Taneytown road. It was understood that this position was taken in order that the Second Corps might be used in support of either flank of the Army, as exigencies might require the coming morning. We stayed in this position until after daylight of the morning of the 2d, and then after a careful and rigid inspection of arms, advanced to the field. The Corps was first massed in the woods to the right of the road, facing to the east, where it remained until some time during the forenoon, when the development of the lines of the enemy to their right, from the town then held by them, along the rear of the crest of Seminary Ridge became apparent. The Second Corps then changed position to the line along Cemetery Ridge, and facing to the west, confronted the Confederate position along the opposite ridge. The First Division held the left of the Second Corps line, the First Brigade on the left of the Division. The Division was here massed by brigades in column of regiments—the formation of the First Brigade presenting the 61st New York in the first line; next the 81st Pennsylvania, and then the 148th Pennsylvania in two lines—the left wing in rear of the right. The 148th was thus massed in two lines because it was about double the size of either of the two regiments in front. The 5th New Hampshire, which had been detained some distance out of the Taneytown Road, afterwards joined the Brigade and was placed in the rear of the 148th.

Whilst lying inactive in this position, I think every Pennsylvanian was inspired by the thought that he was on home soil, and that, with rare exceptions, each one nerved himself for the great struggle which he realized to be so near at hand, and in which he knew he would be called upon to bear a dangerous and it might be a fatal part. To us, however, except that moving columns of infantry were to be seen; that the dull rumble of artillery wheels, an occasional cannon shot, and at intervals a sharp rattle of musketry away to the right were to be heard the early part of that memorable

day was passing in comparative quietude and with little that was eventful. But here our first casualty occurred. A shell, fired from the opposite ridge, exploded over the Regiment, and Private George Osman, of Company C, was the first soldier of the 148th killed upon the field of Gettysburg.

About the middle of the day, looking from where the 148th was lying towards the crossroad to the south, which runs from the Taneytown Road across the northern base of Little Round Top to the Emmittsburg Road, a strong column of infantry is seen passing towards the latter road. We do not know what it means, but soon it is ascertained to be the Third Corps, under General Sickles, advancing to occupy the high ground over which passes the Emmittsburg Road to Sherfy's buildings, near the spot that afterward became so famous as the peach orchard. Sickles reaches his position, and forms his lines of battle—his right along the road to the peach orchard, facing west—his left refused and extending from the angle made at the peach orchard to the Devil's Den, facing nearly to the south. The movement of this Corps was admirably executed, and we watched with intense interest, the troops marching with firmness and precision to the positions assigned them.

Longstreet had also begun his movement toward our left, his march well masked from observation by the ridges and dense wood west of the Emmittsburg Road. The position of the Third Corps seemed to offer him a favorable opportunity for a successful assault, and he did not delay long in taking advantage of it. The Third Corps is barely prepared to receive an attack, before he hurls his battalions against its left with impetuosity and determination, and then began one of the most remarkable encounters of opposing forces known in the annals of modern warfare. The resistance offered by the Third Corps to this assault was stubborn, persistent and vigorous, but at last, finding himself sorely pressed, General Sickles is obliged to call for help, and the First Division of the Second Corps, by order of General Hancock, is at once detached from the Corps and hurried to the assistance of Birney's Division, still engaged in a desperate struggle with its assailants. The four brigades of our Division, as before described, were massed by brigades in column of

regiments. These masses promptly moved at the double-quick by the left, and in that order approached the scene of action near the wheat field. Observers of the rapid and splendid strides of these four massed brigades along the western slope of Cemetery Ridge toward the left, describe the sight, in glowing words, as one of the most inspiring and exciting witnessed during the battle. In the fight that followed the 148th bore a conspicuous and gallant part. The First Brigade, leading the Division, was the first to deploy into line of battle. Before reaching the crossroad already mentioned, a halt was called. The 61st New York then filed to the right; this regiment was followed by the 81st Pennsylvania, and it, in turn, by the 148th; but the 148th being in two lines, the first company of the right wing to follow the 81st was Company C, with the colors, and the last, Company A; Company B of the left wing followed Company A, and thus the line was drawn out. The line was then faced to the left before crossing the road into the wheat field, and the Regiment found itself in the anomalous condition of being not only faced by the rear rank, but inverted by wings—Companies A and B in the center, and the center companies far out of place at the extremes. This eccentricity of formation, I am happy to say, did not, in the slightest manner, affect the conduct of the Regiment. Previous drill and discipline had provided for just such conditions; and it is a fact in which we may feel some pride, that officers and men acquitted themselves with as much credit, bore themselves with as much coolness, as though the order of alignment had been regular and habitual. Advancing into the wheat field a short distance, a second halt for a few minutes was made, and then rushing forward we met the enemy. A volley was sent into their lines, and although we were also under a severe fire from which many fell, among them the brigade commander, the advance of the brigade could not be checked. We seemed to have approached the line of Birney's Division at a point from which the troops had been taken to support another portion of the front—there being apparently quite a vacancy or gap between the right of Ward's Brigade and the left of De Trobriand, but the vacant place was filled and held with cool determin-

ation and unflinching firmness. Of this advance of the First Brigade, General Caldwell, in his official report of the battle, says:

“The position assigned me was on the right of the Fifth and the left of the Third Corps, and I was ordered to check and drive back the enemy who were advancing at that point. I ordered Colonel Cross, commanding the First Brigade, to advance in line of battle through a wheat field, his left resting on the woods which skirted the field. He advanced but a short distance when he encountered the enemy, and opened upon him a terrific fire, driving him steadily to the farther end of the wheat field.”

Of the same advance Colonel McKeen says:

“The brigade steadily drove back the enemy to the far end of the wheat field. So quickly was this done that prisoners were taken by the brigade before the enemy had time to spring from their hiding places to retreat.”

I may here state as a fact, worthy of note that the “hiding places” mentioned by Colonel McKeen were the stone fence and boulders along the edge of the wood, behind which a number of the enemy had taken refuge, and were obliged to surrender to the 148th.

Under a hot fire of musketry, which was duly returned in kind, the 148th reached the far end of the wheat field, seven companies crossing the stone fence into the woods, while the other three companies remained in line in the open field. Here the battle was desperate and sanguinary, the enemy endeavoring with might and persistency to drive us back, while the Brigade held fast with marvelous valor and unyielding tenacity. This battle continued to rage with unabated fury, our ranks were being rapidly thinned by the large number who were falling killed or wounded, ammunition was running low, when, opportunely, a brigade of the Fifth Corps was found to relieve a large part of our line. A part of the 148th and the regiments to the right were then retired across the wheat field and the road at its border, where they re-formed behind a stone fence near the latter just as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains. An incident of this withdrawal of the First Brigade which here deserves mention is that a part of the 148th, with the 5th New Hampshire, was compelled to remain in position for a considerable time

after the balance of the Brigade had been relieved. Col. H. B. McKeen, now commanding the Brigade in place of Colonel Cross, mortally wounded soon after the advance, discovered that by retiring the entire Brigade, the left flank of the Brigade which had come to his relief would be exposed to attack, and to avert this danger he ordered the portions of his command mentioned to remain. Colonel McKeen makes special mention of this detachment, and the service it rendered, in his report, and his words are highly complimentary. He says:

“The 5th (New Hampshire) and the 148th (Pennsylvania) remained in position, steadily holding the enemy in check, until every round of cartridge in this portion of the Brigade was expended, and even then held their position until relieved by a brigade of General Barnes’ Division of the Fifth Corps. Passing the relieving brigade by file, they retired in splendid order, as they were enfiladed by a galling fire from the left flank (faced to the rear).”

The presence of this little detachment in position had also another effect besides protecting the flank of the relieving brigade. Later in the action than the First Brigade, Colonel John R. Brooke, with his splendid Fourth Brigade of our Division, had swept in a headlong charge across the wheat field farther to the right, and driving everything before him, had crossed the stone fence and reached the top of the hill in the woods beyond. His position here was an exposed one, and he was repeatedly told to look out for his left flank. He at once refused one of his regiments on that flank, but, contrary to expectations, he experienced no trouble from that direction. Hearing afterwards of the portions of the First Brigade that remained in place by Colonel McKeen’s order, Colonel Brooke freely acknowledged that it was their fire that kept the enemy off his threatened flank.

Of the conduct of the Division, General Caldwell was fully satisfied, as appears in another extract from his report which I will quote. He says:

“The Division on the afternoon of the 2d fought with its accustomed gallantry, and performed everything that could be expected of either officers or men. The large number of killed and wounded

would attest its desperate valor. That it *fell back* was owing to the breaking of the troops on the right, permitting the enemy to get on its flank and rear."

This is a satisfactory compliment from the commander of the Division, but I think he falls into a slight inaccuracy of fact, no doubt inadvertent on his part, in the last sentence of the quotation. It does an injustice to the First Brigade. When he came to speak of "falling back," he should have excepted the First Brigade from his general statement, because in no sense should it be understood that this Brigade was forced to fall back from any cause, and not a single man, unless wounded, left its line until it was regularly relieved by other troops, when it retired under orders.

Late in the evening of the 2d when the Brigade, lacking the many who had fallen in the battle of the wheat field, had been again united, it marched to the position on the left of the other two divisions of the Corps from which it had been detached. The Brigade was here placed on the right of the Division, and deployed by regiments in a single line of battle, and, weary and worn by the toil and excitement of the afternoon, all sank to rest for the night upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge, while many of our comrades were sleeping the long sleep of death in the wheat field and woods where they had fallen. The morning brought no change in our situation, except that upon the appearance of General Hancock at an early hour, orders were issued to strengthen that part of the line by artificial defenses with any means at hand. In our front many of the fences of the town lots were still standing intact, and at an intimation by Hancock that the rails could be utilized in the construction of a breastwork, these fences disappeared as if by magic; the rails were brought in, and along the entire front of the 148th a breastwork, as strong as it could be made with such material, was speedily built. When this had been accomplished artillery came to the front; Thompson's Battery took position with the 148th and the men of the Regiment, borrowing the picks and shovels carried by the battery, still further increased the strength and safety of their defenses by giving to the bare rails a substantial covering of earth. The reward for the time and labor expended in this work came later in the

day. The silence of the forenoon of the 3d along the Second Corps was ominous of something of weighty import to come. That the enemy had some great purpose in view none could doubt. At last a clue to their intentions is apparent. Artillery is beginning to occupy every available spot along the crest of Seminary Ridge and every other point of advantage along their lines. They thus placed in position one hundred and thirty-eight guns, while on our side this enormous concentration of artillery, owing to our shorter line, could only be offset with eighty. All was finally in readiness, when, at one o'clock, the quietness of the forenoon was suddenly broken by the reverberations of two signal guns, and these signals were immediately followed by a terrific outburst from the entire Confederate concentration that fairly shook the earth. The Union guns for awhile remained silent, "withholding their fire," as Swinton says, "until the first hostile outburst has spent itself." But in a short time the guns on our side began to speak in reply, and for over two hours this prodigious duel of over two hundred cannon, hurling shot and shell from ridge to ridge, continued. With the mad roar of the guns, the heavens above us seemed alive with screeching, shrieking missiles of destruction and death; and yet, with the protection afforded by the defenses built in the morning, the casualties along the line of the 148th were exceedingly small.

About four o'clock the clamor of this noisy combat began to die away, and soon Confederate columns of infantry were seen preparing for an attack on the center of the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. They moved forward in splendid battle array, and at first it appeared that their objective point would be the First Division. Not so, however. On reaching the Emmittsburg Road, near the Codori House, Pickett's columns made an oblique move to their left, and the front of the Division was for a little while clear. The weight of the assault fell upon Webb's Philadelphia Brigade, of the Second Division, and the assault, repulse and all the dramatic features connected therewith can form no part of my recital. Shortly afterward, however, an isolated brigade of the enemy to the right of Pickett, commanded by Wilcox, appeared on our front. Moving forward to the assault, this column had partly passed the troops of Stanard's



THE MARKER.
Gettysburg.

Vermont Brigade, who had been placed somewhat to the right and in advance. Still pressing forward, these Confederates soon came within musket range of our Brigade. They were received with a volley and at the same time found themselves vigorously assailed on their flank by Stanard, who had promptly made a change of front for that purpose. Those of them who had passed Stanard, seeing the hopelessness of their attack, and knowing that retreat was impossible, threw down their arms in token of surrender and passed over our breastworks prisoners of war, a large number passing over the position of the 148th. The remainder of this column made a hasty retreat, and the assault was over.

My comrades, the mighty contest of the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, 1863, was now at an end, and the time had come to count losses. In our Regiment they were exceedingly severe. Out of four hundred of actual strength carried into the action on this field nearly one-third were killed or wounded, the heaviest loss occurring on the 2d. The record of casualties may be stated as follows:

Killed, officers, 1; wounded, officers, 6; killed, men, 18; wounded, men, 95; missing, men, 1; total of losses, 125.

Of the wounded one officer and ten men subsequently died of their wounds.

The two gallant officers who lost their lives here were Capt. Robert M. Forster, of Company C, and Lieut. John A. Bayard, of Company H, both of whom fell in the wheat field.

Captain Forster was an able officer, of fine intelligence, and his death was indeed a great loss to the Regiment. He was a strict and excellent disciplinarian, prompt and energetic in the performance of every duty. He attended faithfully to the interests of his company, and always took great pride in seeing it in good condition. The loss of Lieutenant Bayard was also keenly felt. He was a fine drill-master, a quality acquired by some years of service in the Regular Army, and the ease and grace he displayed in handling a company on drill or parade were often the subject of complimentary remarks of his fellow officers.

On this historic field the 148th performed splendid and valuable service. From thence its standing was established. To the

end of the War it always ranked among the best of the veteran regiments of the Second Corps, and as a recognition of the part it played here, it is only necessary for me to give you another short extract from Colonel McKeen, because of the direct reference to the Regiment which it contains. It reads as follows:

“I have only to state that the Brigade fought with its usual gallantry, *and the Regiment I had the honor to command in the early part of the engagement*, comparatively a new one, equaled in coolness and gallantry the balance of the Brigade—old veterans of the Peninsula.”

And now, my comrades, as a conclusion to my narrative, this brings me to state how it happened that Colonel McKeen, of the 81st, was in command of the Regiment in the early part of the Gettysburg engagement. I deem it an act of duty to make this statement, yet I venture upon the subject with some hesitation, for one of the persons of whom I shall speak lost his life in this wheat field. It would be ungracious to say anything unkind of him, and, so far as I can help it, I will not do so. The person to whom I refer is Col. Edward E. Cross, under whom, as our Brigade commander, we marched to this field. Colonel Cross was undoubtedly a dashing, brave and impetuous soldier, but in other personal characteristics he was not noted for giving much consideration to the rights and feelings of other soldiers. For some cause, never, so far as I am aware, known or explained, he, from his first association with us, seemed to have conceived a dislike to the Regiment. Now, because of this dislike, or prejudice, or whatever it may have been, officers and men of our Regiment were almost daily, from the day we broke camp on the Rappahannock until we reached Gettysburg, made to suffer wrong and injustice from him. One officer in particular, at the very outset of the campaign, seemed to have incurred his open displeasure. That officer was Lieutenant Colonel Robert McFarlane, commanding officer of the Regiment in the absence of Colonel Beaver, who had not recovered from the severe wound he had received at Chancellorsville. Colonel McFarlane soon became a victim to this displeasure; yet it is a truth, known to myself and others, that if he ever gave offense to Colonel Cross, it was only in

such efforts as he made to protect himself and those who served under him from imposition and injustice. However that may be, on the evening of the 30th of June, 1863, while in bivouac at Uniontown, Maryland, the company commanders were called together to meet Colonel McKeen, and were by him informed that he had come to the Regiment by order of Colonel Cross to assume command of it. To say that all were astounded and shocked at this sudden and unceremonious announcement is to give mild terms to their feelings. It must be said, however, that if such an arbitrary and cruel act of injustice was to be perpetrated, a less objectionable officer than Colonel McKeen could not have been selected to place in command. He was an officer and soldier of excellent repute, highly esteemed by all who knew him, and in all respects one under whom a subordinate might cheerfully serve. Under the circumstances we could only repress our indignation and submit. Without a murmur of open complaint at the time, though the provocation was grievous, Colonel McFarlane quietly bore this humiliation. Courageous man and soldier as he was, he followed his Regiment to Gettysburg and gallantly shared its dangers. On this wheat field, after the fall of Colonel Cross, and Colonel McKeen, by virtue of his rank had become the Brigade commander, so acceptable to him had been Colonel McFarlane's conduct in the fight, that his first act was to direct Colonel McFarlane to resume command of the Regiment, thus in a measure atoning for the wrong of his predecessor in command. From that moment until the battle ended the Regiment was in charge of Colonel McFarlane. I have regarded this statement due to Colonel McFarlane and this a proper time and a proper place in which to make it.

Comrades of the 148th! We have met here today to dedicate yonder massive and imposing pile of granite. It stands there, not alone a tribute to the value and importance of the services you rendered upon the field of Gettysburg, the events of which, so far as you are concerned, I have so imperfectly, though I believe truthfully, tried to tell. You participated in many other campaigns, made many other weary and toilsome marches, and fought in many other bloody battles. From Chancellorsville to the surrender at

Appomattox, your presence as a regimental unit of the grand old Corps was felt, and in no campaign, on no march and in no battle in which you were engaged, whether upon the skirmish line of which service you always had a large share, or in the line of battle in the midst of the fray, will it be said that you ever shrank from the full performance of your duty. At all times and under all surroundings you had the respect and confidence of those in high command over you, for well they knew you would never fail them in the hour of trial and danger. This record of our Regiment is a proud one, and that monument will tell the story to generations yet unborn, for its list of battles waged for the preservation of the Union is more impressive, suggestive and eloquent than any poor words of mine.

As nearly as it can be approximated the total enrollment of our Regiment was 1,370 officers and men, and the casualties in all actions in which it participated were as follows: Killed, 7 officers and 121 men; wounded, 34 officers and 581 men; captured or missing, 4 officers and 168 men; making the aggregate of casualties in action 915 out of the total enlistment of 1,370.

The deaths from all causes were as follows: Killed, 7 officers and 121 men; died of wounds received in action, 6 officers and 69 men; died of disease, 4 officers and 170 men; died of other causes, 22 men; making an aggregate of 399. It should also be added that the records of the Regiment show a list of over 25 men missing in action who were never afterwards accounted for; but it is well known to many of the survivors of the Regiment that most of these missing men were killed in battle, and therefore properly belong to the list of killed, and should be so reported. These statistics prove that your lot as soldiers was not cast in soft or pleasant places in the rear, but testify with startling emphasis to your presence in many scenes of danger, carnage and death.

To that merciful Providence which led so many of us through those days of danger with our lives—days of danger in which nearly one-third of those who marched together to the front as the 148th Regiment were left behind—let us render fervent and reverent thanks, and pray that our beloved country, with its free institutions and its beneficent form of government, reunited, purified and strengthened

by the toils, sufferings and sacrifices of the Union soldiers of 1861-1865, may be safe for all time to come from another War of Rebellion. Let us also be thankful that after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, so goodly a number of us have been permitted to gather here to engage in these ceremonies. It has done my heart good to meet and greet you today. Comrades, my task has now been completed. I thank you for your kind attention, and hoping that God's choicest blessings may rest upon each one of you during the remainder of your days on earth, I bid you all a kind adieu.

CAMP FIRE.

PART I.

By Corporal J. K. P. Ward, Company C.

At the time I enlisted I was working on a farm and received the princely sum of eight dollars per month and board for fifteen hours' work. About that time the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was being organized. I went to my father's home, in Gatesburg, to get his consent to enlist. He told me I was too young. I said I would go anyway, but had no idea of going without his permission. I went back to my work on the farm. That week I was ploughing, I looked up the road and saw some wagons coming down with a flag flying. My heart was with them, but still I would not go without my father's consent. About that time I saw the teams stop and a man get off and start across the field to where I was. It was Daniel Gates. He said, "Jim, your father is over there and says you can go if you want to." I don't think there ever was a team unhitched from a plow any quicker than that was. I put them in the barn, took off the harness, changed clothes and away I went to Bellefonte and was sworn into the service of the United States Army on the 19th of August, 1862, and started to Harrisburg, where the Regiment was organized as the 148th.

At Cockeyville I was taken sick with typhoid fever. I was taken to the hospital tent in the woods. Captain Forster detailed W. H. Mayes to stay at the hospital to nurse me, which I think was his first step towards getting to be hospital steward.

When I was able to leave the hospital it was real cold. I went to Phoenix, where Company C was located and helped guard the railroad. One night I was on guard between Phoenix and camp and Lieutenants Bible and Stevenson came along. I halted them and told them to advance and give the countersign. They advanced and Bible leaned over to give the countersign, Stevenson slipped by me. While I was trying to stop him, Bible ran around on the other side. It was a moonlight night and I could see them plainly. I

got the big gun to my shoulder to shoot. They commenced calling not to shoot. They came back and plead with me not to tell. If the Colonel had heard of it there would have been a hot time in the old town.

When we left for the front among the baggage of Company A was a barrel of apple butter. Company C was in charge of transportation. They would not allow it to be transported as baggage, so Capt. R. H. Forster traded it to a hotel for dinner for the company. There was a great wailing in Company H when they missed their barrel of apple butter. You could hear the remarks afterwards in German: "Der Captain Forster hat unser latwarriek varkauft."

We reached the front a very tired set of men. I think it was the most tiresome march I experienced while I was in the Army. Our knapsacks were too full for comfort. At Falmouth we joined the Second Army Corps, where we stayed until we were mustered out.

PART II.

By T. W. Mylon.

There is one class of soldiers who served in the Union Army whose services and sacrifices have never been properly recognized, whose patriotic devotion has never been the theme of poet's song or orator's declamation, whose achievements have never been the subject of official reports, whose daily and special returns find no place in the "Records of the Rebellion" and to whom the historian seldom, if ever, alludes. We refer to the men who shod the mules of the army wagon trains.

Their service was rendered under peculiar trials and temptations—trials sore and grave from the mule and temptations to profanity which were too overwhelming to be resisted. Talk about the infantry fire at Spotsylvania or boast of your rapid fire guns of a later date, but there was a battery that could fire six times while an automatic gun fired once and never miss the bull's eye. It was always "in battery." It could fire in any direction; it had no ammunition chests or caissons to be exploded but carried its own ammuni-

tion within itself; it required no loading at either muzzle or breach; it required neither primer nor lanyard and was its own cannoneer; it did not fire at long range, as our modern rifle guns but within the sphere of its limited range it was absolutely unfailing. It was the army mule.

It is charged and generally believed that the army contractors purchased and sent to the Army the most vicious and abandoned animals to be had in the whole country. At Washington they were run into stocks, firmly bound and shod and then forwarded to the Army. Their experience in this operation did not tend to lessen their natural depravity when freed from the environment which made resistance useless in their first shoeing. After they reached the Army, their feet were cared for by men who were detailed from the ranks for that purpose. To this extra hazardous and dangerous duty there were detailed and sent to the army trains from the 148th Regiment John G. Uzzle, of Company H, and the two Condo's, father and son, from Company G.

Now be it known unto you that the army mule did not look the mighty warrior he was. On the contrary, as you stood beside him, fat, sleek and glossy, and looked into his large, soft, soulful hazel eyes you would think he was dreaming of those bright, happy days, now long since past when, as a little nondescript, he played in some bright, beautiful sunny meadow of the far northland, nibbling the tender grass and violets and trying to guess who his father was.

By the side of a specimen like this Uzzle stood with his kit for his maiden effort at shoeing in the Army. Having looked his subject over and being well pleased with the prospect, he took up his foot to put a shoe on it. Then something happened. The world began to disappear. He was going upward. Professor Lowe's balloon hung like a mere speck near the earth to the southwest. Then the world began to grow larger. He'd been rejected above and was returning earthward. As he came down he passed Condo going up and said, "Good-bye, Dan, I'll draw your rations and if you don't get back pay day, I'll draw your pay and send it to your widow."

The only injury, however, resulting from this double mishap was a badly sprained knee and sundry painful bruises.

But these were no ordinary men. They were wise and thrifty and knew how to coin their misfortunes into cash and out of their dangerous occupation lay the foundation of comfortable fortunes. Thereafter, neither of them would shoe a mule until his feet were clamped to good substantial pine stumps and, while they shod one foot, the mule kicked the stump out with the other. When out of the ground, these stumps commanded a ready market to the lazy soldiers who didn't like to go far for their fire wood for fuel. There is no telling how large fortunes they would have amassed, if it had not been for the stiff and unreasonable pigheadedness of the wagon master who refused to move the camp of the wagon train every time they ran out of stumps and insisted that the much-abused army mules had enough to do to move the wagon trains without drawing stumps for lazy blacksmiths to speculate on.

Whilst occupying our beautiful winter quarter camp near Stevensburg during the winter of 1863-1864, Captain Core, of K Company, had a colored cook who answered to the name of Dick Thompson. There were several other darkies in the Regiment who were special cronies of Dick. Captain Core being absent from camp on picket duty, the darkies met at his quarters for a social game of cards. As is not unusual on such occasions, they differed as to the rules of the game and, as a consequence, came to loud words and threats of something more. S. W. Harrington, of K Company, passing the quarters and knowing of the Captain's absence, concluded to investigate. Opening the door of the Captain's snug quarters, he passed in and closed it, whereupon it was immediately blocked from the outside. Some of the other fellows of the company saw the chance for some fun, so the door was held tightly shut, while another of the mischief-makers dropped some cartridges down the chimney and placed a board over the top. It is needless to say that all loud talk and threats of dire disaster stopped immediately in the face of the greatest danger. The cartridges exploded, the ashes flew, the smoke emerged from the chimney and, in the midst of the melee, the darkies got to the far end of the cabin and, when Harrington

looked about him, all that he could see was three sets of ivories and the whites of three pairs of eyes of the worst seared darkies you ever saw.

When the door was finally opened, not a soul could be seen. There was no way of fixing the responsibility for what had happened and Harrington remained in blissful ignorance for nearly forty years. Finally S. H. Sloan, of K Company, now of Ashland, Ohio, owned up that he was the doorkeeper on that occasion and that John Donahue, one of the tallest members of K, had manipulated the cartridges and the board over the chimney. The joke was on Harrington but no serious consequences resulted and the Captain, when he returned, found everything in apple-pie order in his comfortable hut.

PART III.

John M. English, of F Company, tells this humorous little incident:

A squad of F Company's best foragers were one day in search of anything which would add variety to the army ration in the neighborhood of one of our camps when a barrel of sorghum molasses was discovered in the cellar of a plantation house which had been practically deserted. The head was soon taken out and all available canteens were brought into requisition to be filled. The foragers were busily engaged in their work, when a colored girl—evidently belonging to the plantation—came up and put her head down to taste of the molasses. George Zullinger, who was always ready for such an emergency, said to her, "Do that again, gal," which, nothing loath, she immediately did. George, as quickly, shoved her head into the molasses. The condition of things when her head re-appeared can be imagined but cannot be described. She took it good-naturedly, however, gave herself a shake and said, "Hi gollies, I'se sweet all over!" A little circumstance of that kind, of course, did not damage the molasses in the eyes of the boys and the canteens continued to be filled, until they were satisfied and returned to camp. The several messes in that company had a pleasing variety in their flap-jacks and fried hard tack for several days thereafter.

PART IV.

By J. B. Holloway, of Company D.

In connection with the capturing of the rebel fort in front of Petersburg by one hundred selected men of our Regiment, the story of Corp. William P. Holloway, of Company D, and now of Orangeville, Illinois, is worthy of record. They were under the command of a Lieutenant (Price), a staff officer, who was bold, brave and ambitious, but likely used more of these qualities than of discretion. He led the men up the works, being far in advance of them, and urging and calling to them to come on. He had scarcely reached the top of the fort when he was shot dead and his body rolled down the embankment. The men, however, went on and took the fort. The rebels were very stubborn and refused to lay down their arms and our men were obliged to shoot many of them in the fort and in their bomb proofs before they would surrender. Comrade Holloway, while tarrying for a little while in one of these bomb proofs, on coming out found that every man had left the fort. He hardly knew what to do or where to go, but he made his way out and found seventeen of our men and three rebels huddled together in the trenches on the outside of the fort. He asked them what they were doing there, and why they did not return to our lines. They said they could not as the rebels had a cross fire on the line of their retreat. He told them he would not remain there, but would go for our lines at all hazards, as it would be about as sweet for him to be shot as to be taken prisoner. He then told the three rebels that they must go with him. They objected but he touched his repeater and the four started for our lines, and while passing the exposed place one of the rebels was shot through the shoulder, but he could still travel and so the Corporal brought the three into our lines. All of the seventeen men who remained in the trenches by the fort were taken prisoners.

In this connection I wish to say that few men, if any, in our Regiment or in any other regiment did more actual service as a soldier than Corporal Holloway. He was with the Regiment from start to finish. He had not been sick during his three years service,

and was away from the Regiment only for a few weeks after the battle of Spotsylvania where he had been wounded.

LINCOLN AT CITY POINT.

In the winter and spring of 1865 I was on detail at City Point Hospital, after the fall of Richmond and Petersburg and when President Lincoln made his memorable trip to Richmond. On his return to Washington he stopped for a short time at City Point. The hospital at this place was very extensive. The different army corps having their separate locations, and a branch of the railroad extended through the central part of this city of sick and wounded, whereon were brought carload after carload of these unfortunates day after day. It was here that the President showed his great kindness of heart and his love and respect for the soldier boys. He visited the greater part of the wards of this great hospital wherein were the sick and wounded that were unable to leave their beds and took the boys by the hand and talked to them and gave them words of cheer. Then in the streets of this city of tents the boys that were able to be out would line up in long rows, and in some places in large circles, and Mr. Lincoln would walk along these lines and shake all by the hand and say to each one alternately, "How do you do, sir," "How are you, sir." It was my misfortune to stand in one of these circles close to where the President started to go around it. He went toward his right which was away from me, and it so happened that before he got around to where I stood some one engaged him in conversation and so he stopped before completing that circle. Then Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, where will we go now." So they started across the railroad track to the Fifth Corps Hospital. While on this little walk many were the pulls the President got on his coat tail by persons who wished to meet him, so he would turn about and take them by the hand. As for myself, I pulled the Second Corps badge off my cap, so as not to be known as an interloper, and crossed over and stood in line with the Fifth Corps boys, and then I had the pleasure of shaking hands with President Lincoln. I saved that little red badge off my cap and have it yet.

PART V.

The following incident, related by Comrade Lemuel H. Osman, of Company C, illustrates a very interesting feature in the life of the Regiment:

There was in this company what was known as a praying band. Comrades Osman and William Carson had been two rather reckless characters and were in the habit of smoking this praying band out of the tent and otherwise disturbing their devotions. One Saturday these two were out on a fishing excursion and were caught in a rain storm going home. Osman says they were going along very quietly with but little to say, when Carson suddenly remarked, "Lem, I am going to turn over a leaf and live a better life. You and I have been rather wicked; let us try and do better for once." Osman replied, "All right. Now tomorrow is Sunday. Suppose we get our testaments and go up to the praying mess and ask them to pray for us." So they did.

When they came to the tent of John Craig, who was one of the leaders of the prayer meeting, they rapped on the door and were invited to come in. Craig said, "How is this, boys? You are so early this morning?" Osman replied, "Well we came to ask you to pray for us—Will and I." Craig replied, "So you are beginning to think of your wicked life. Well, sit down there till we get breakfast." After breakfast, we all knelt in prayer. Samuel Bottorf was called upon to lead and such a prayer Osman says he never heard; that he often thinks of it now and how he felt on that Sabbath day. They spent the day reading the testament.

In a letter from Osman, he says, "Poor Carson is dead. Soon our time will come and I'm looking forward to a brighter world, as we are dropping out of the ranks, one by one."

PART VI.

Incidents by John Craig, of Company C.

I was born July 7, 1834. About forty of us went to Bellefonte. From there went to Milroy and thence to Lewistown, where we took the train for Harrisburg and went to the barracks and, after

dinner, reported at Camp Curtin to the officer in charge; thence to the Quartermaster for rations and equipment and settled down to camp life with the balance of the Regiment. Took part in the battle of Chancellorsville.

While on picket at Kelly's Ford, we came to know a Mr. Kelly who was the owner of one thousand acres of land and one hundred and fifty slaves. Now all that he had left were a few implements, three old negroes and a little darkey boy.

I was not at Gettysburg, being absent, wounded. I think I did not get back to the Regiment until April, 1864. That spring I was taken sick and sent to the general hospital in Washington. Later on I was at a convalescent camp and the convalescents were all ordered to the front, I among them, where I took part in the operations before Petersburg and at Deep Bottom.

I was wounded at the second Deep Bottom fight and was in Philadelphia from August until May, when I was discharged and sent home. I had carried a running wound until October, 1896, when I was relieved by the amputation of my right leg.

In front of Fredericksburg, two or three o'clock one morning, I was directly opposite a rebel picket, when he called out, "Hello, Yank! Want to trade some coffee for some tobacco? I sent a little boat over to you with tobacco and newspaper for some coffee." But his boat run against an old wreck of a steamboat. He said, "Keep a look-out, Yank, for the boat." At daybreak I saw a little structure of some kind behind the old wreck and by this time I could see Johnny and talk with him. I could see the boat but it was capsized and the cargo lost. It was about twelve or fifteen feet down to the water and nearly perpendicular. I was looking every moment for relief but the best I could do was to go part way down. I got a piece of the vine and worked the vine over the top mast and so got hold of the boat but the cargo was gone—tobacco and newspaper.

I was wounded at Chancellorsville in my neck, right arm and left side. I was near Colonel Beaver and called to him that I was wounded. He said, "Get to the rear," and I was taken to the hospital at Washington and from there to Philadelphia.

At Deep Bottom, I was sitting by the side of Samuel Gill, when a shell took off his right arm, and the surgeons tried to help him but could do nothing to save his life. He asked me to pray for him. He was a young man, in his prime, and just returned from the hospital, having been wounded at Cold Harbor. He died during the night.

About the same time Thomas McBeth and I, with several others, were wounded by the explosion of a shell. A large piece struck McBeth in the side. I think the fragment would have weighed a pound. I sat by his side, while the surgeon cut it out; you could have put your fist in the hole. I never expected to see him again but about eighteen years afterwards I happened to be at Julian and I met McBeth sound and well.

PART VII.

By Daniel G. Farley, Company H.

On our march from camp near Falmouth, in April, 1863, loaded down with eight days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition, just before we reached United States Ford, Comrade John English found a peacock feather and thinking to pass a good joke on me, stuck it in my cap, saying, "I have got a good tail for the old Shanghai," referring to the fact that I possessed quite a talent for imitating that domestic fowl, and which I practiced frequently to the amusement of some, and the annoyance of others. To carry out the spirit of the joke, I kept the feather and gave one of my best imitations, pretending to flap my wings and crowing as only a Shanghai can crow. It raised a loud laugh through the Regiment with the exclamation, "The Shanghai is still living."

In crossing the pontoon bridge, and when our company had reached the center of the river, I gave two lusty crows, seeing General Hancock and staff waiting on the bank of the opposite side. Hancock smiled and said, "Be careful, old Shanghai, or you will lose your tail before you get back." The General was not far wrong in his prediction, as the Shanghai was slightly wounded at Chancellorsville, lost his feather and was not heard to crow again until he had recuperated from his defeat.

PART VIII.

By John C. Sowers, Company C.

As I undertake to write a short sketch for our history after a lapse of forty-one years, altogether from memory, the past like a grand panoramic view passes before me. In imagination I stand on that beautiful morning August 26, 1862, with other boys who had enlisted with R. M. Forster, on Main Street of Agricultural College, as it was then called, listening to words of patriotism and cheer from Doctor Pugh, then president of the College. The mother's lingering kiss had been bestowed; the father's blessing had been received, the sad farewell of loved ones taken, the good-bye had been said, when we went to Bellefonte in conveyances of different varieties where we were joined by others who had enlisted with W. H. Bible and Frank Stevenson. In the afternoon we were examined in the basement of the court house by Doctor Potter. In the evening we elected R. M. Forster, Captain; W. H. Bible, First Lieutenant; and Frank Stevenson, Second Lieutenant, and at no time did the boys ever regret their choice. August 27th we were mustered into the United States service for three years. Then we started for Harrisburg and arrived on the morning of the 28th. I shall never forget that breakfast. It consisted of a large round hard tack, a slice of salt pork and tin cup of black coffee. The letters "B. C." were stamped on the hard tack. One of the boys after a fruitless effort trying to bite or break it, said, "No wonder it is so hard; it was baked before Christ."

The organization of the Regiment was completed on the 7th of September and on the 8th we landed at Cockeysville, Maryland. It was there our actual soldier life began. Squad drill, company and battalion drill, camp guard, guarding the Northern Central Railroad, dress parade, weekly and monthly inspection, all under the sharp eye of our Colonel, and the man or boy who came under his scrutiny without clothes carefully brushed, shoes polished, buttons and brasses brightened up, was indeed to be pitied. I am at this late day fully satisfied that if we didn't earn our thirteen dollars per month it was because the days were too short.

One illustration, I think, will show how strict our Colonel was and I know of many boys who had similar experiences. After we joined the Army of the Potomac in December, 1862, while out on picket, I tore the little button off the side of my cap. I fastened the strap with a pin, fully intending to sew the button on as soon as we got back to camp, but when we arrived there I was tired and lay down to rest and fell asleep and the first thing I heard was the drum for dress parade. After our company was formed in line on our company street I thought of the button. As I was on the front rank I changed places with my file closer, telling him if I went out with that button off the Colonel will scold. Everything was passing off nicely, but just before he turned the Regiment over to the Adjutant he pointed with his sword to the left of the Regiment and in that stern voice which we so much dreaded he said, "You Company B man, I want you to go to your quarters and sew that button on your coat"—then pointing to me—"and you, Company C man, if I see you out again with that button off your cap, I'll send you to the guard house." I am glad to say, however, that that was the only time he ever had occasion to reprimand me.

My brother Henry at all times could be heard singing, "My name is Joe Bowers—I have a brother Ike." He was nicknamed Joe Bowers and today while no doubt some have forgotten Henry, they have a distinct recollection of Joe Bowers.

W. H. Norris was one of those genial, whole-souled fellows so seldom met with—always a kind word and a cheery smile. If he could play a harmless joke on anyone he was in his element. One day he was on guard at the Colonel's quarters. The Colonel came out for an armful of wood and just as the Colonel rose up with his wood, Norris, who had so timed his steps came from the other end of his beat and promptly came to a present arms. The Colonel dropped his wood and raised his cap, returning the salute. Norris, coming to a shoulder arms, resumed his march. The Colonel gathered up his wood and made haste to get in his tent before Norris came back. Poor fellow, he was killed at Chancellorsville.

George Osman was another peculiar character—always in a good humor, no matter how arduous the duty, it was willingly and

cheerfully performed. From the date of his enlistment till the day of his death, July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, I don't think he ever uttered one word of complaint.

Lemuel H. Osman, who has written an interesting chapter was known in the company as the Assistant Quartermaster. It was a cold day when Lem or any of his tent mates were without rations of some kind so long as there were any supplies to be had at the Irish Brigade Commissary.

On the 3d of May I was wounded at Chancellorsville, shot through right breast and shoulder. The bullet is still lodged somewhere. I was in the hospital at Washington for a month. From there I was sent to Satterlee Hospital Philadelphia, which I think was one of the best hospitals in the United States. In September, 1863, a general medical examination was held by the medical director, assisted by three other doctors. I was pronounced unfit for duty and had my choice of taking my discharge or be transferred to the so-called Veteran Reserve Corps. I chose the latter and was transferred from Company C, 148th Regiment to 57th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps by General Order No. 365, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., November 13, 1863. In this organization I served till expiration of term of service. Our duty was of various kinds but of such a character as men not fit for field duty could do. Our Captain, William Brian, had lost his left leg; our Lieutenant, M. Walter, had his right foot off. He had been a Lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Reserves. Our Orderly Sergeant had lost one arm. I think if my memory serves me right there were seven men in the company that had lost an arm, four had lost an eye. All were more or less disabled from wounds, yet I think I can say we all served faithfully, doing our duty cheerfully. Our officers were good and kind but strict as regarded military duty. I was discharged in August, 1865, but my home coming was sad on account of the mother who in 1862 had kissed me and blessed me when I went away had been called home to her final reward.

In conclusion to the comrades of old Company C, may God grant you a long increase of happy years, and when the evening shall come on, when the march is done and darkening twilight grows apace, may the memories of your rounded life be as happy and pleasant as your past deeds were noble and brave.

OFFICIAL REPORTS AND ORDERS.

Under this head will be found substantially all of the reports and orders from the official Rebellion records relating to the Regiment, except such as have been heretofore quoted in the stories of the comrades.

Report of Col. James A. Beaver, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry.
Near Centerville, Virginia, October 17, 1863.

CAPTAIN: In accordance with directions received through your headquarters this morning, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this Regiment in the operations of the 14th instant, being field officer of the day.

On the morning of the 14th, the Regiment was commanded by Major George A. Fairlamb, by whom I am informed that the Regiment left the place at which it bivouacked, on the night of the 13th at 5:00 A. M., crossed one of the tributaries of the Occoquan, formed line, and stacked arms on a hill near Auburn Mills. Permission was given to cook breakfast, skirmishing being then going on to our left and rear.

While breakfast was being cooked the enemy opened with an enfilading fire, at very short range on our right, from a battery which had been observed, but was supposed to belong to our own forces. The Regiment was immediately formed and moved by the left flank so as to secure the cover of the hill on our left. The enemy opening on our rear with another battery on the other side of the run, we moved by the right flank, bringing up the rear of the Brigade as it advanced to the road leading to Catlett's Station. Although exposed to heavy artillery fire for almost one hour, our loss was but two men wounded.

Having withdrawn the pickets and crossed the run, I rejoined my Regiment and took command while the shelling was still going on. Having reached a position near Catlett's Station, I was ordered to report with my command to Colonel Kelly, commanding the Second Brigade, who ordered me into a position supporting his Brigade, which was deployed as skirmishers. Being relieved by the cavalry, the Regiment rejoined the Brigade, and moved with it without incident until within a mile of Bristoe Station. Artillery and musket fire being heard in our front, we immediately took the double quick-step and advanced to the support of the forces already engaged.

As we neared the station our forces were observed advancing at a charge, and a line of the enemy was just emerging from the woods on their flank. We immediately moved by the left flank,

which brought us in line facing the line of the enemy, and advanced across the railroad. We were halted immediately, however, and ordered to recross to the south side of the railroad, which being there formed by a high embankment, afforded excellent shelter from the fire of the enemy. An artillery fire passed over our heads, in reply to which our batteries wounded Sergeant Barr, of Company B, so as to compel the amputation of his right arm.

Firing ceased at dark, and at 10:00 P. M. we took up our line of march with the column, leaving a detail of twenty men which had been deployed as skirmishers in our front. This detail reached us safely after crossing Bull Run.

I enclose a list of the wounded and missing. The missing are all men who were unable to march and may be with the wagon train.

I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES A. BEAVER,
Colonel 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

CAPTAIN S. R. BEARDSLEY,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.
(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 48, p. 269.)

Report of Lieut. Col. George A. Fairlamb, 148th Pennsylvania
Infantry.

Headquarters 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,
December 3, 1863.

CAPTAIN: In obedience to orders, I have the honor to report the part taken in the recent movement of the 148th Regiment under my command.

At six in the morning, 26th of November, we broke camp near Paoli Mills, Culpeper County, Virginia, marched to the Rapidan River, which we crossed at Germania Ford, and camped for the night near Flat Run, Spotsylvania County. Next morning, the 27th of November, at 7:00 A. M., the Regiment moved; one hundred and twenty men, under Captain Patterson, were detailed to act as flankers to the Brigade. The Regiment was then deployed until 10:00 A. M. making corduroy roads to enable the artillery to pass, after which we began our march to join the Brigade, which we reached at 1:00 P. M., on the Orange Court House Road.

On the 28th, began march at 8:00 A. M., our flankers joining the Regiment. We moved about one and a half miles, taking up a position in line of battle east of Black Walnut Run. November 29th, at 5:30 A. M., we began march, passing Robertson's Tavern, on the

plank road, moving in a southwest direction past the white church (New Hope), and camping for the night on the left of the main road leading toward Orange Court House.

On Monday, 30th of November, we marched at 1:00 A. M. to relieve Morehead's Brigade, of the Second Division, on picket near Verdierville. Companies A, C, D, E, G and K were sent on the picket line under command of Major R. H. Forster; Company I, under Lieutenant McGuire, was sent forward to relieve a portion of the 28th Massachusetts, the remainder of the Regiment camping about three hundred yards eastward of the skirmish line.

December 1, Companies H, B and F were ordered, in the evening, with several companies of the 52d New York Regiment, to relieve the picket line. At 7:00 P. M. the other companies came in with Major Forster, and at eight we marched with the Brigade, reaching Culpeper Ford, on the Rapidan River, at seven o'clock the next morning, 2d of December. After crossing we halted an hour on the north side of the river, then moved with the Brigade, and at sunset arrived at our old camp near Paoli Mills.

Though the Regiment was much exposed on the skirmish line, no casualties occurred.

All of which I have the honor to report.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. FAIRLAMB,

*Lieutenant Colonel 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Commanding.*

CAPT. SAMUEL R. BEARDSLEY,
Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 48, p. 713.)

Report of Flags Captured by the Second Army Corps from May 4
to November 1, 1864.

NO.	REGIMENT FROM WHICH CAPTURED	DATE OF CAPTURE	BY WHOM CAPTURED	RANK	REGIMENT
3	Unknown.	May 12.	Geo. W. Harris.	Private.	148th Pa. Vol.

(Reb. Rec. Serial 67, p. 348.)

—	8th N. Carolina	May 12.	Robert W. Ammerman.	Private.	148th Pa. Vol.
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(Reb. Rec. Serial 67, p. 1020.)

Report of Brig. Gen. John R. Brooke, United States Army, commanding Fourth Brigade.

(SPOTSYLVANIA.)

Annapolis, Maryland, November 1, 1865.

* * * The officers and men behaved with great gallantry. I would particularly mention Col. James A. Beaver, 148th Pennsylvania, whose Regiment occupied the right of my line and the most exposed position, for his great gallantry and the masterly manner in which he extricated his Regiment from the burning woods (which were set on fire by some means during the action). During the latter part of the action this Regiment had to contend with the enemy in front and the burning timber in the rear, and at its close were compelled to retire through the fire to the opposite or left bank of the Po, there being no other path left open. * * * About 9:00 P. M. of this day (11th May) General Barlow sent for me and informed me of an attack to be made by the Second Corps on the enemy's works on the left of the Sixth Corps, which was to take place at 4:00 A. M. on the following morning, and that our Division would march for that point at once. * * * At 4:35 A. M. the order to advance was given, and the Division moved forward steadily in one immense mass. About one hundred yards from the enemy's line of works we ran over and captured their skirmishers, who surrendered without much resistance, and without firing but one shot that I heard. Thus far the path lay, first, through a slight thicket, then over an open field, with a slight ascent, the extreme left through a forest of tall pines (which, however, did not obstruct the march in any material manner), then down a gradual declivity to within fifty yards of the works, then up a sharp ascent for that distance. The face of this last ascent was covered by an abatis, through which it was very difficult to effect a passage. The enemy was apprised of the attack by cheers of some new troops in the Division as we swept over and down the last descent, and opened a terrific fire of artillery and musketry upon us, notwithstanding which our brave men marched on, and dragging away the abatis to effect a passage poured in one irresistible mass upon them, and after a sharp, short fight, killed and captured nearly all who occupied the works. Those who still resisted were driven in confusion. Never during the War have I seen such desperate fighting. The bayonet was freely used on both sides, the enemy fought desperately, and nothing but the formation of our attack and the desperate valor of our troops could have carried the point. Not a shot was fired by (my) men until they mounted the works. The right of my Brigade struck the works about forty yards to the right of the angle, thus giving us a great advantage, in sweep-

ing down the line to our left of the angle. After crossing the first line I pushed forward in pursuit of the flying enemy. After proceeding about five hundred yards, I encountered a second line of works with a marsh in its front. Owing to the disorganization of my command I could not make a determined attack on this line. * * * Up to this time many prisoners were taken, among them Major General Johnson and Brigadier General Steuart, of the rebel service, who surrendered to officers of my command, General Steuart to Colonel Beaver. * * * On the 22d instant no movement except a reconnaissance made by Colonel Beaver, with his Regiment, in obedience to the orders of General Barlow. * * * Col. James A. Beaver distinguished himself on every occasion, but most particularly at the battle of the Po, May 10th, and Spotsylvania, May 12th. * * * Lieut. Col. George A. Fairlamb, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was wounded and captured while gallantly fighting at Spotsylvania, on the 12th of May.

(*Reb. Rec. Serial No. 67, pp. 406-414.*)

Report of Capt. James F. Weaver, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry.
Headquarters 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,

August 9, 1864.

LIEUTENANT: In obedience to Special Orders No. 209, headquarters Army of the Potomac, I have the honor to submit the following report:

FIRST EPOCH.

Regiment broke camp near Stevensburg, Virginia, on the evening of the 3d of May, and crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford about seven o'clock on the morning of the 4th and reached the old Chancellorsville battleground about eleven o'clock the same day. Remained in line of battle during the 4th, and until about nine o'clock of the 5th, when Regiment again moved forward, and about three o'clock in the afternoon two companies (B and D) were deployed as skirmishers along the railroad in front of their Brigade. During the night the Regiment moved to the right, and did not become engaged. On the morning of the 6th pickets were relieved and rejoined Brigade. No casualties. The Regiment was moved rapidly to the left to guard against an attack at that point. Remained there until about three o'clock and then moved again to the right. On the 7th Companies A, C, I and G on picket. One man killed. On the 8th marched to Todd's Tavern, near Spotsylvania Court House. On the 9th was the first regiment to cross the Po River, and in the skirmish of that afternoon had one man killed and one officer and four men

wounded. During the 10th the Regiment was constantly on the move, taking up during the day some ten different positions. At three o'clock in the afternoon a severe engagement with the enemy began, the Regiment being in the open field, while the enemy were concealed behind works. The contest lasted some hours, during which we lost in killed, eighteen enlisted men; wounded, three officers and one hundred and thirty-five enlisted men; missing, twelve enlisted men. The Regiment was withdrawn and recrossed the river in the evening.

SECOND EPOCH.

About nine o'clock on the evening of the 11th the Regiment moved to the left. The night being dark and the roads muddy, the march was fatiguing. Halted at 2:00 A. M. the 12th, massed the Regiment, and lay down to rest. At 4:00 A. M. the Regiment with its Brigade charged the enemy's works scaling them handsomely and carrying everything before them, capturing four battle flags. The rebel General Steuart surrendered his sword to Colonel Beaver, who was then in command of and gallantly leading his Regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Fairlamb was wounded and captured. The Regiment was then moved to the right in the column, supporting the Sixth Corps. Here it was again engaged in a severe musketry fight. Casualties of the day: Killed, sixteen enlisted men; wounded, three commissioned officers and seventy-eight enlisted men; missing, eleven enlisted men. The Regiment was not further engaged during the operations in front of that position except on picket duty.

THIRD EPOCH.

May 23d, Regiment moved to the left and after a hard march reached the North Anna River at 4:00 P. M.

On the 24th crossed the river but did not become engaged. Late in the evening the Regiment moved forward along the railroad and formed line to the right, under fire from the enemy's batteries. No casualties. Put up works during the night and remained in front during the 25th and 26th, recrossing the river on the 26th after dark.

FOURTH EPOCH.

Regiment moved to the left about 11:00 A. M. and marched until 11:00 P. M. and bivouacked for the night. On the morning of the 28th moved forward and crossed the Pamunkey at 2:00 P. M. and bivouacked for the night, after having thrown up works about one and a half miles from the river. Remained quiet until the 29th, when again moved cautiously forward. In afternoon Company B was sent forward to ascertain the enemy's position. After moving about a mile they encountered some rebel pickets, who fled without resistance. The Regiment and

Brigade then came up and the entire Regiment was advanced to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. Moved forward a short distance, when the enemy poured a volley into the Regiment and threw a few shells, not doing any damage, however, and fled precipitately. The Regiment was then ordered to retire as both flanks were exposed and danger was apprehended of a flank movement on the left. Bivouacked for the night in the thick woods. On the afternoon of the 30th advanced a mile and halted under cover of a hill. At sundown the order came to fall in. The Regiment advanced over an open field supporting the (7th) New York Heavy Artillery. After nightfall retired to the crest of the hill and put up strong earthworks; remained in same position until dark on the 31st; moved forward a short distance, crossed the Totopotomoy Creek and again erected works. Regiment remained in same position during the next day. Casualties on picket during 31st of May and 1st of June: Killed, one enlisted man; wounded, eight enlisted men; missing, one enlisted man. At eight o'clock on the night of the 1st again moved to the left and marched all night, halting in front of Cold Harbor on the morning of the 2d. During the day the Regiment advanced its left wing, deployed as skirmishers; the right wing remained in support until near evening, when it was also deployed to strengthen the picket line. A little after dark the left battalion was relieved and the line held by the right wing. On the morning of the 3d the skirmish line advanced and drove in the enemy's pickets. The Regiment, in conjunction with the Brigade, moved forward and charged the enemy's works and took their position, but were compelled to retire a short distance, where, under cover of a hill, the Regiment erected works. During the afternoon were exposed to severe shelling by the enemy, but held the works erected until the forces were withdrawn on the evening of the 12th. Casualties during the operations at Cold Harbor: Killed, one commissioned officer, six enlisted men; wounded, one commissioned officer and forty-three enlisted men.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 67, p. 427.)

FIFTH EPOCH.

Moved immediately to the left after nightfall June 12th, marched all night, and crossing the Chickahominy at Long Bridge about 9:00 A. M. on the 13th reached the James River at Wilcox's Landing. The march was very rapid and harassing on the men; they were much exhausted. Bivouacked for the night. Remained quiet during the next day.

On the night of the 14th were conveyed across the river on transports. Moved a few miles and bivouacked for the night, where

we remained until 12 M. of the 15th, then made a rapid march toward Petersburg, and about two o'clock halted in front of the town.

On the morning of the 16th moved to the left and went into position; greater part of the Regiment on picket line. In the evening advanced and attacked the enemy's works, but were repulsed. Casualties: Colonel Beaver was severely wounded; killed, three enlisted men; wounded, three commissioned officers and six enlisted men; missing, ten enlisted men.

On the 17th the Regiment moved to the right and occupied front works.

On the 18th Major Forster was severely wounded while in command of the skirmish line. About 9:00 P. M. on the 20th was relieved by the Ninth Corps and returned a short distance to camp in the rear.

June 21st, moved to the left of the general line and, taking position near the Weldon Railroad, put up works. Another line of works was erected during the night. Remained in the last-named position until eleven o'clock of the 22d, when the Regiment moved forward into the road in front of our works and formed a line. This position had not been held for more than an hour before the enemy came in upon our left flank and rear. The brigade on the left and the left of the Fourth Brigade gave way in confusion. Colonel Fraser, commanding brigade, gave orders to move in as good order as possible and occupy the works alluded to above. The enemy pressed our rear and flank severely, advancing rapidly and pouring a galling fire into the rear of the column. After gaining the works the Regiment was reformed and was ordered in reserve. Late in the evening the Regiment was ordered to report to Lieutenant Colonel Broady, Division officer of the day, who deployed it in front of the works and ordered it to advance into the road. Moved some four hundred yards and were halted, where the line remained until morning, when they were advanced within sight of the enemy's works.

On the 24th the Regiment rejoined the Brigade inside the works, where it remained until the 12th of July, when it again moved to the left, leveling the works prior to leaving. During the day occupied works put up by Sixth Corps. In the evening advanced about three miles on the Jerusalem Plank Road; remained until midnight, and then returned to position occupied during the day previous.

On the morning of the 13th moved to the right some six or eight miles, where we remained until the 26th, when we marched in the direction of City Point. Crossed the Appomattox at Point of Rocks and the James River at Jones' Neck and bivouacked on the north side of the river under cover of a wood.

At seven o'clock advanced in line of battle; took position under the crest of a hill. The Regiment was then deployed as skirmishers

to protect the right flank. The enemy here threw a number of shells. In about an hour rejoined Regiment. During the afternoon the Regiment deployed as flankers, but as the connections were complete it rejoined the Brigade. During the evening advanced and took up a new position in the wood. Heavy firing on the right of the line caused a rapid move in that direction but soon returned. Regiment went on picket in the evening, and did not rejoin Brigade until the next evening. Put up strong works and remained there until the evening of the 29th, when Regiment again recrossed the James and Appomattox at points above mentioned. Marched all night and by 5:00 A. M. of the 30th were in rear of the Eighteenth Corps.

On the evening of the 30th moved to the right and occupied the camp occupied prior to our advance over the James River.

I have the honor to be, Lieutenant, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES F. WEAVER,

Captain 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding Regiment.

LIEUT. J. W. MUFFLY,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 80, p. 363.)

Headquarters Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps,
May 13, 1864.

MAJOR J. HANCOCK,

Assistant Adjutant General.

SIR: I have the honor to report that my Brigade entered the works of the enemy, in which I counted sixteen pieces of artillery, and took an immense number of prisoners, among whom were Major General Johnson and Brigadier General Steuart. I also forward the reports of the regimental commanders who made the capture of colors and officers (Generals). I also have the honor to forward the flag captured by the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN R. BROOKE,

Colonel, Commanding Brigade.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 68, p. 710.)

Headquarters Second Army Corps,
Camp near Petersburg, November 10, 1864.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th ultimo: * * *

The reports of commanders are forwarded herewith. For the operations of General Miles I respectfully refer to his report, as he was not under my immediate command. It will be seen that he was not idle, though holding a line several miles in length, with but a little over six thousand men. On the night of the 27th he carried one of the enemy's forts near the crater with a storming party of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, led by Captain Brown, of that Regiment, and Lieutenant Price, of the 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant General of Mulholland's Brigade. Lieutenant Price was unfortunately killed. This party held the work for a short time, capturing several prisoners, including two field officers, but were finally obliged to retire, as the enemy concentrated against them, and General Miles had not the troops at his disposal to pursue his advantage. On the same night he captured a part of the enemy's picket line, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, holding it for two or three hours, and retiring at leisure. Lieutenant Colonel Burke, 88th New York Volunteers, is highly commended for his good conduct on this occasion. He had command of the attacking party. Capt. Jerry Brown, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, is recommended for promotion by brevet to the rank of Major for the gallant manner in which he led the storming party from the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

A tabular statement of casualties is hereto appended.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major General of Volunteers.

BRIG. GEN. S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant General, Army of the Potomac.

(*Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, p. 237.*)

Headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps,
August 30, 1864.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this Division from August 22 to August 26, 1864:

* * * My troops could not fill the works on the right, but in the center the line was strong, Lieutenant Colonel Broady having one regiment, the 148th Pennsylvania, in reserve. * * *

The 148th Pennsylvania was quickly advanced as skirmishers, and took a few prisoners of Wilcox's Division of Hill's Corps. Soon after another vigorous attack was made in front of the Fourth Brigade, which was handsomely repulsed. * * * I then rode down the line of the Fourth Brigade, ordering it to move toward the right and hold the rifle pit. These troops were then fighting

gallantly, their Brigade commander, Lieutenant Colonel Broady, being conspicuous, encouraging and directing his men. * * *

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

NELSON A. MILES,

Brigadier General, Commanding Division.

CAPT. W. P. WILSON,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Second Army Corps.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, pp. 251, 252, 253.)

Headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps,

October 30, 1864.

MAJOR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this Division during the recent movements:

Reports of signal stations, pickets and officers on the line indicated that the enemy had left a force in his works smaller than my own. To determine his strength I directed demonstrations on two points of his lines, namely, a work opposite Fort Morton near the Crater, and his picket line opposite Fort Sedgwick. Just at dark one hundred men of the 148th Pennsylvania, under command of Capt. J. Z. Brown, went over our work in front of Fort Morton, across the space, about forty paces to the enemy's work, cutting through his chevaux-de-frise with axes, and into the work. No shots were fired from this point, but a sharp fire was opened with musketry on the right and left. Arriving in the work, the enemy's troops left it, with the exception of four officers and thirteen enlisted men, who were taken prisoners. Among them were the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and one Lieutenant of the 46th Virginia, and a Lieutenant of the 34th Virginia. A regiment of the enemy, who had entered a work on the enemy's right of the one thus occupied, immediately charged into it and, by force of superior numbers, our men were driven out, fighting gallantly. Supports were on their way, but could not reach them before they had been driven out. * * *
Lieut. Col. D. F. Burke, 88th New York; Capt. J. Z. Brown, 148th Pennsylvania, and Lieut. Henry D. Price, 116th Pennsylvania, Acting Aide-de-Camp to the commandant Fourth Brigade, killed and left on the field, were conspicuous for their spirit and good conduct.
* * * *

I have the honor to be, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

NELSON A. MILES,

Brigadier General, Commanding.

MAJOR SEPTIMUS CARNCROSS,

Assistant Adjutant General, Second Army Corps.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, pp. 254, 255.)

Report of Capt. Alfred A. Rhinehart, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry,
of operations August 13th to 20th.

Headquarters 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
September 28, 1864.

LIEUTENANT: In compliance with existing orders, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this Regiment August 13th to 20th, inclusive:

The Regiment embarked, with a portion of the 7th New York Heavy Artillery, during the afternoon of the 13th, and according to the general plan was carried down stream some distance. When the transports carrying the Corps moved up stream the one upon which the Regiment had embarked was found to be aground, and was not got off until about 9:00 A. M. on the 14th inst. The command was then carried up the James and landed on its north bank, opposite Jones' Neck. After rejoining the Brigade the command immediately advanced to the front and took up position in rear of and supporting a portion of the Second Division, Second Army Corps. While on this line the Regiment was subject to a raking fire from the enemy's artillery. Late in the evening the Regiment was put upon the picket line in front of this position and was not relieved until the morning of the 16th. About noon of the 16th the command moved to the right to the support of the Tenth Corps. The Regiment was almost immediately afterward put upon picket. On the morning of the 18th the Regiment was detached from the Brigade and sent to the right to hold a road upon which the enemy threatened to advance. In the evening of the same day the command moved down on the New Market Road toward the left, and immediately on the right of the Second Division, and constructed breastworks, which were quietly occupied until the evening of the 20th, when the command recrossed the James River.

The casualties of this movement were as follows: August 14, three enlisted men killed, 14 wounded; August 15, one enlisted man killed, four wounded; August 16th, two enlisted men wounded.

I have the honor to be, Lieutenant, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALFRED A. RHINEHART,

Captain, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding Regiment.

LIEUT. J. WENDEL MUFFLY,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, p. 285.)

Report of Capt. James F. Weaver, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry,
of operations August 22d to 27th.

Headquarters 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
August 29, 1864.

CAPTAIN: In accordance with existing orders, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers from the 22d instant to the 27th instant, inclusive:

On the 22d the Regiment moved with the Brigade to and occupied the Weldon Railroad, on the left of the Fifth Corps. During the afternoon of that day my command was engaged with its Brigade tearing up and destroying the road. This destruction of the road was continued on the 23d. At sundown of that day the Regiment deployed as skirmishers in front of the Brigade, immediately on the north side of Reams Station, supporting an advanced line of infantry skirmishers and the cavalry skirmish line, during the spirited engagement of pickets on the evening of the 23d. On the 24th the Regiment, less a large picket detail which left it on the evening of the 23d, made a reconnoissance along the railroad in the direction of Stony Creek, a distance of some three miles, and returned to the Brigade at Reams Station the same night. Through the forenoon of the 25th my command lay quietly in the intrenchments just south of the station. At 12 M. I moved rapidly off to the left and took post on the right of our Brigade, the Brigade being the extreme left of our line. Before we got fairly into position the whole command was ordered to march at double-quick to the station on the right of the line. My Regiment was then put under the immediate orders of General Miles, commanding the Division. Captain Sutton with his company (E) was reported to Lieutenant Black, division staff, for duty as sharpshooters. He was sent to the front and occupied a house near the picket line. When the line was driven back he was compelled to retire as rapidly as possible to save his command. The Regiment was then ordered to cross the railroad and support the Third Brigade. In a few minutes I was ordered to deploy the regiment as skirmishers and advance it to drive back the rebel pickets and sharpshooters in front of the Fourth Brigade. This was done, and the Regiment advanced a considerable distance under the enemy's severe fire. The enemy's pickets were driven back until the Regiment came upon their line of battle and was compelled to retire behind our works. A few moments afterward the enemy charged our line. The Regiment was engaged in their repulse. A half hour later the Regiment was ordered to the right of the Third Brigade, where they were engaged during the terrible hand to hand fight which ensued. The enemy advanced, notwithstanding the galling fire they

received, up to the works, and mounting the intrenchments were met by the command. The men in many instances knocked their assailants down with the butts of their guns, and only retired when the right and left flanks were completely overpowered and the enemy not only had possession of the works, but occupied the railroad. The command fell back beyond the church at this point and reformed. During the day the Regiment lost one commissioned officer and four enlisted men killed, nineteen enlisted men wounded, and forty-two enlisted men missing. During the night fell back to the Williams House; remained there during the day, and on the 27th moved to the right and went into camp, where the Regiment is at the present time.

I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES F. WEAVER,

Captain, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding Regiment.
CAPT. A. R. CHASE,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, p. 286.)

(Confederate Records.)

Headquarters Johnson's Division,
Petersburg, Virginia, October 28, 1864.

* * * * *

See the story of General Mulholland, page 56.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 87, p. 906.)

Headquarters Second Army Corps,
November 8, 1864.

GEN. G. G. MEADE: The following is the result of today's election in the First Division of this Corps: * * * 148th Pennsylvania, Lincoln, 127; McClellan, 72. * * *

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
Major General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 89, p. 561.)

Headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps,
December 1, 1864.

MAJOR SEPTIMUS CARNCROSS,
Assistant Adjutant General, Second Army Corps.

MAJOR: I have the honor to report the following commanding officers of the garrisons of the forts upon the line of this Division

and the Regiment from which each garrison is furnished: * * *
 Fort Gregg, seventy-five men of 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
 Capt. James F. Weaver commanding; Fort Sampson, seventy-five
 men of 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Capt. A. A. Rhinehart com-
 manding.

Very respectfully,

N. A. MILES,

Brigadier General, Commanding.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 309.

Headquarters Second Army Corps,
 Peebles' House, Before Petersburg, Virginia,
 December 5, 1864.

* * * * *

4. The Major General commanding the Army of the Potomac,
 having received medals of honor for the under-mentioned men of
 this command, proposes to present these medals in person. Accord-
 ingly, the regiments to which these medals belong will be marched
 to the vicinity of these headquarters, and formed on ground to be
 designated by a staff officer, with the men who are to receive the
 medals in front, at the hour of 12:00 M. tomorrow, at which time
 the presentations will be made. Division and brigade commanders
 are invited to be present.

FIRST DIVISION.

* * * * *

Private George W. Harris, Company B, 148th Pennsylvania
 Volunteers.

* * * * *

By order of Major General Humphreys.

SEPTIMUS CARNCROSS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 89, p. 812.)

(CIRCULAR.)

Headquarters Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps,
 December 7, 1864.

The command, except the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, will
 be held in readiness to move at brief notice. Regimental command-
 ers will see that their men are supplied with sixty rounds of ammuni-
 tion on their persons. In the event of a movement the command-
 ing officer of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers will at once report
 to Colonel Nugent, commanding Second Brigade.

By order of Colonel Mulholland.

J. WENDEL MUFFLY,
Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 89, p. 853.)

GENERAL ORDERS No 266.

Headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps,
December 14, 1864.

The Brigadier General commanding desires to express his gratification at the gallant manner in which the passage of Hatcher's Run was forced, on the 9th instant, in the face of an entrenched enemy and over the obstacles by which he had made it so difficult. * * *

This affair, with that of October 27th, when one hundred men of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Capt. J. Z. Brown, assaulted and captured a fort of the enemy opposite Fort Morton, proves that any position can be carried by resolute and determined soldiers, led by skillful and gallant officers. Captain Brown's gallantry has been recognized by promotion to rank of brevet Major.

* * *

WM. R. DRIVER,

Major and Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 89, p. 1000.)

Report of Capt. Alfred A. Rhinehart, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry,
of operations March 25th.

Headquarters 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,
March 27, 1865.

LIEUTENANT: In compliance with existing orders, I have the honor to submit the following report of operations of this command on Saturday, the 25th instant:

Immediately after daylight the Regiment was got under arms and kept in hand in the breastworks until about 3:30 P. M., when orders were given to have the Regiment march out and join the Brigade, then moving to the front. My command remained with the Brigade in support of the picket on the right of the division line, and afterward in support of the general line of the division, until about 4:15 P. M., when I was directed by Lieutenant Corliss, of the Brigade staff, to take my command into an open field, just in rear of an old house and barn and to the right of a swamp fronting the center of the Brigade camps, for the purpose of supporting the picket line. I here deployed the line to some extent along a rail fence, ordering the men to take down the fence, pile up the rails, and make covers of them for themselves. I also directed Captain Sutton, of the Regiment, to take twelve or fifteen men, armed with Spencer rifles, to the picket line and front as sharpshooters; with these he was enabled to annoy considerably a body of the enemy in a large white house just behind their picket line and he finally succeeded almost entirely in silencing the sharp shooting kept up from this house. At about 5:00 P. M. the picket reserve in front, being pressed by the enemy, came back in confusion on my line. The enemy kept

up a rapid fire, and part of my line on the right and left were thrown into confusion; this was aided by the fact, as some of the men persistently declare, that an officer repeatedly cried, "Fall back, men; fall back, men." The whole line was immediately rallied, however, and moved forward in a few moments to the old buildings on the crest of the hill. Here a constant and rapid fire was kept up on the left flank of the enemy's column, attacking the main line of the division until dark. The Regiment then held position here until about 12:30 A. M. of the 26th, when orders were received to return to camp.

During the day I lost one man killed, one officer and eight men wounded, and one man missing.

I am, Lieutenant, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALFRED A. RHINEHART,

Captain, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding Regiment.

LIEUT. S. P. CORLISS,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Fourth Brigade.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 95, p. 210.)

Headquarters Second Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps,
April 16, 1865.

LIEUT. COL. RICHARD A. BROWN,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General, First Division.

COLONEL: Having been informed that the honor of the capture of the battle flag taken from the enemy in the charge of this Brigade on the 2d of April was about to be awarded to an enlisted man of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I beg leave to state that the flag was captured by Private Frank Denio, Company M, 4th New York Artillery, which fact can be substantiated by Lieut. Col. J. J. Smith, 69th New York Volunteers, Lieut. Col. Dennis F. Burke, 88th New York Volunteers, Capt. John Oldershaw, brigade inspector Second Brigade, and Lieut. Charles M. Granger, of my staff.

I am very respectfully your obedient servant.

ROBERT NUGENT,

Colonel, Commanding Brigade.

(Indorsement.)

Headquarters First Division, Second Army Corps,
April 16, 1865.

Respectfully returned.

A careful investigation by the General commanding the Division has elicited the fact that the flag in question was first captured by Private Phillips, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, thrown down and

passed over by him, and afterwards secured by Private Frank Denio, 4th Artillery.

By command of Brevet Major General Miles:

RICHARD A. BROWN,
Lieutenant Colonel and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 95, p. 726.)

Report of Capt. John F. Sutton, 148th Pennsylvania Infantry.

Headquarters 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers,

April 10, 1865.

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to submit the following report of operations of this command from March 29th to this date, inclusive:

My command broke camp, with its Corps, on the morning of the 29th, and marched to the vicinity of the Boydton Plank Road. At about 4:00 P. M. of that day the Regiment was placed in support of the Brigade skirmish line, connecting with the Fifth Corps on the left. The Regiment was gradually deployed on the line as it advanced, taking up the interval between the Fifth and Sixth Corps, and remained on the skirmish line throughout the night. During the 30th the Regiment remained in support of the Brigade, in line of battle, near the dirt road, in front of a portion of the enemy's works. March 31st, moved to the left with Brigade supporting the Fifth Corps. At about 11:30 A. M. the whole Brigade moved in line of battle to a position along Gravelly Run, on the left of a Brigade of the Fifth Corps, and immediately attacked the enemy's line across the Run. After a sharp fight the line fell back in some confusion, but was soon rallied and pushed forward, driving the enemy out. Captain Rhinehart, commanding the Regiment, was wounded at this juncture, and the command devolved on me. After driving the enemy some time the Brigade was reformed in rear of the skirmish line, moved some distance to the left, where works were put up and the Regiment remained all night in position.

April 1st, the Brigade moved back to the position from which it had advanced on the 31st and remained throughout the day. At dark moved to the left and at midnight to the extreme left. In the morning, after considerable manoeuvring, it was discovered that the enemy's works had been evacuated, and my Regiment, with its Brigade, was pushed through in pursuit. About noon, the Division having been stopped by the enemy's rear guard, on a choice position near the Southside Railroad, I was directed by Captain Marlin, of the division staff, to deploy Regiment as skirmishers to the front and our right of the enemy's position, and immediately I was ordered

to charge along their left flank. I succeeded in reaching the church on the dirt road, on the left, and, with the aid of other portions of the Brigade, in driving them out, capturing a number of prisoners, one gun and one battle flag. They were pursued with vigor until near dark, when the Brigade was taken in.

During the 3d, 4th and 5th the Regiment marched, with Brigade, in pursuit of the enemy without incident of any note, and on the 6th, with it supporting part of the Division, in the manoeuvres which resulted in the capture of part of their train and some artillery. After reaching High Bridge on the morning of the 7th I was ordered to send out my Regiment for the purpose of foraging. The Regiment succeeded in securing, in the vicinity of Farmville and beyond, about seven head of horses, one hundred and eighty head of cattle, fifty head of sheep and forty head of hogs. These, with about sixteen hundredweight of bacon, were disposed of as I had been ordered; and on the 9th I rejoined the Brigade and moved with it to the position now occupied.

During these operations my command has lost as follows :

DATE	KILLED		WOUNDED		MISSING		TOTAL	
	Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men
March 30.....				1				1
March 31.....	1	4	2	34		1	3	39
April 2.....				4				4
April 7.....		1						1
TOTAL.....	1	5	2	39	1	3	45

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 J. F. SUTTON,

Captain, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding Regiment.
 LIEUT. S. P. CORLISS,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 95, p. 754.)

GENERAL ORDERS No. 10.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
March 7, 1865.

In accordance with the requirements of General Orders No. 19, of 1862, from the War Department, and in conformity with the reports of boards convened to examine into the services rendered by the troops concerned, and by the authority of the Lieutenant General commanding armies of the United States, it is ordered that there shall be inscribed upon the colors or guidons of the following regiments and batteries serving in this Army the names of the battles in which they have borne a meritorious part, and as hereinafter specified, viz.: * * * 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers—Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Po River, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Reams Station.

(Reb. Rec. Serial No. 96, p. 876.)

THREE HUNDRED FIGHTING REGIMENTS.

“Regimental Losses,” a work by Col. Wm. F. Fox, of Albany, New York, is generally regarded as the most comprehensive, authentic and reliable tabulation of regimental records and statistics. Colonel Fox devotes 302 pages of his book to the summaries of the records of the three hundred fighting regiments. The quotation here following is from page 302 of that work:

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

BROOKE'S BRIGADE—BARLOW'S DIVISION—SECOND CORPS.

COLONEL JAMES A. BEAVER; BVT. BRIG. GEN.

COMPANIES.	KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS.			DIED OF DISEASE, ACCIDENT, IN PRISON, &C.			Total Enrollment
	Officers	Men	Total	Officers	Men	Total	
Field and Staff	1	..	1	14
Company A	1	15	16	1	19	20	141
B	14	14	.	30	30	130
C	7	28	35	.	11	11	138
D	29	29	2	18	20	148
E	14	14	.	25	25	122
F	17	17	.	13	13	121
G	19	19	.	10	10	117
H	2	24	26	.	18	18	141
I	1	19	20	.	19	19	132
K	1	19	20	.	20	20	135
Totals	12	198	210	4	183	187	1,339

210 killed—15.6 per cent

Total of killed and wounded. 769; died in Confederate prisons (previously included) 62.

BATTLES.	K. & M. W.	BATTLES.	K. & M. W.
Chancellorsville. Va.	48	Petersburg, Va. (assault).	5
Gettysburg. Pa.	31	Siege of Petersburg, Va.	11
Wilderness, Va.	1	Jerusalem Road, Va.	5
Po River, Va., May 10.	37	Deep Bottom, Va.	8
Spotsylvania, Va., May 12.	29	Ream's Station, Va.	6
Spotsylvania, Va., May 16.	1	Hatcher's Run, Va.	2
Totopotomoy, Va.	2	White Oak Road, Va.	7
Cold Harbor, Va.	14	Farmville, Va.	2
Prison guard, Salisbury, N. C.	1		

Present, also, at Bristoe Station: Mine Run: North Anna: Strawberry Plains; Sutherland Station: Appomattox.

NOTES—Organized at Harrisburg, in September, 1862, seven of the companies having been recruited in Centre County. At the request of the line officers, James A. Beaver, Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, was appointed Colonel. After three months of service in Maryland, it joined the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to Caldwell's (1st) Brigade, Hancock's (1st) Division, Second Corps; it remained in this division (First) during its entire service. Its first battle occurred at Chancellorsville, where it lost 31 killed, 119 wounded, and 14 missing, Colonel Beaver being among the severely wounded. General Caldwell commanded the Division at Gettysburg, and Colonel Cross (Fifth New Hampshire), the Brigade; the loss of the Regiment was 19 killed, 101 wounded, and 5 missing. It went into winter quarters (1863-4) near Stevensburg, Va., receiving in the meanwhile 283 conscripts and 120 recruits, a needed accession. It was prominently engaged at Po River and Spotsylvania, where it lost 33 killed, 235 wounded, and 33 missing; total, 301, the greatest loss of any infantry regiment at Spotsylvania. Colonel Beaver, while in command of a brigade, was severely wounded at Petersburg, June 16, 1864. He rejoined his Regiment just as it was entering the fight at Ream's Station, where he was again wounded, and suffered amputation of a leg. In September, 1864, the War Department ordered that one regiment in each division be armed with breech-loading rifles; the 148th was selected by General Hancock as the deserving one in its division to be thus armed.

STATISTICS.

The following pages embody the result of a very sincere effort, involving great labor and research, to account for every man mustered into the Regiment's service. While the showing is not absolutely complete, it is as nearly so as could be expected after the lapse of so many years. The notation on company rosters, "Transferred to 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers," indicates that the men were recruits, whose time had not expired, and they completed their service in the 53d which had veteranized.

ROSTER OF FIELD AND STAFF.

COL. JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER—Private, Sergeant and Second Lieutenant Bellefonte Fencibles prior to the War. First Lieutenant Company H, 2d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers three months service April 21, 1861, to July 26, 1861; appointed Lieutenant Colonel July 22, 1861; assigned to duty at Camp Curtin and mustered with 45th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers October 21, 1861; resigned September 4, 1862, to accept command 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; joined Regiment for duty September 6, 1862; mustered at Cockeyville October 8, 1862; re-mustered 1863, as of September 8, 1862.

Wounded through the body Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; in right hip at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; in left side by fragment of shell in first assault on Petersburg June 16, 1864; in right thigh, with loss of leg, at Ream Station August 25, 1864.

Brevetted Brigadier General United States Volunteers for meritorious and distinguished services during the campaign of 1864, especially in command of a brigade (Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps) at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.

December 22, 1864, mustered out at his own request on account of wounds received in battle.

Resides at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

LIEUT. COL. ROBERT MCFARLANE—Captain Company H 7th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers three months April 22, 1861, to July, 1861. Recruited G Company 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers; promoted from Captain G Company on organization of Regiment.

Typhoid fever winter of 1862-1863; sent to his home and returned to Regiment before he was fit for service; did not fully recover during his service and was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability November 4, 1863.

Died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

LIEUT. COL. GEORGE ASHBRIDGE FAIRLAMB—Recruited and was made Captain of Company H, 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; elected Major at organization of Regiment; Lieutenant Colonel November 15, 1863.

Wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; wounded seriously at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864, where he was captured in advance of the Regiment; prisoner May 12, 1864, to September 22, 1864.

Discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability February 24, 1865.

Resides Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

LIEUT. COL. JAMES FREDERICK WEAVER—Recruited Company B; appointed Second Lieutenant to recruit company; Captain Company B on its organization September 1, 1862; Major March 7, 1865; Lieutenant Colonel May 15, 1865; commissioned Colonel June 1, 1865; not mustered because Regiment was below minimum standard.

Wounded Po River May 9, 1864.

Mustered out with Regiment, June, 1865.

Died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1904.

MAJOR ROBERT HENRY FORSTER—Private 2d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers during Mexican War; recruited and elected Captain Company A September 1, 1862; Major November 15, 1863.

Wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; slightly at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; severely at Petersburg, Virginia, June, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability on account of wounds.

Died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, May 2, 1901.

MAJOR GEORGE ADAMS BAYARD—Enlisted August 22, 1861; First Lieutenant Company H on organization of company; promoted Captain September 8, 1862; Major March 17, 1865; commissioned Lieutenant Colonel June 1, 1865; not mustered because Regiment was below minimum. Prisoner June 22, 1864, to March, 1865.

Mustered out with Regiment June 1, 1865.

Killed by shifting engine at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, July, 1903.

ADJT. ROBERT LIPTON—First Lieutenant Company E 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry (44th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers) August 12, 1861; promoted Captain October, 1861; resigned on account of ill health March 31, 1862; enlisted in Company B 148th Regiment and appointed Adjutant at its organization September 8, 1863.

Died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, during a leave of absence April 20, 1863.

ADJT. JOSEPH WENDEL MUFFLY—Enlisted Company B August 21, 1862; appointed Sergeant Major September 8, 1862; promoted Adjutant April 27, 1863; served 1864-1865 as Acting Assistant Adjutant General Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps.

Wounded Gettysburg July 2, 1863; Po River May 10, 1864; Reams Station August 25, 1864.

Discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability March 28, 1865.

Lives Des Moines, Iowa.

ADJT. CHARLES ALEXANDER RAMSEY—Enlisted Private Company D 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers August 28, 1862; detailed as clerk at regimental brigade and division headquarters; promoted Sergeant Major August 2, 1864; Adjutant May 15, 1865.

Mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Lives Hillsboro, Illinois.

QUARTERMASTER JOHN GEORGE KURTZ—Appointed September 11, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability April 28, 1864.

Died at Milton, Pennsylvania.

QUARTERMASTER SAMUEL DAVID MUSSER—Enlisted August 28, 1862, Company D; appointed Quartermaster Sergeant on organization of Regiment; promoted Quartermaster May 19, 1864.

Mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Lives Scranton, Pennsylvania.

SURGEON URIAH Q. DAVIS—Appointed Assistant Surgeon September 12, 1862; promoted Surgeon December 8, 1862.

Mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Killed in railroad accident at Milton, Pennsylvania.

ASST. SURGEON CALVIN PETER WILLIAM FISHER—Appointed September 12, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability June 12, 1863.

Died at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.

ASST. SURGEON ALFRED THORLEY HAMILTON—Appointed February 4, 1863; mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Lives at Lewistown, Pennsylvania.

ASST. SURGEON JOHN WESLEY ALLEN—Appointed May 3, 1864; mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Died at Altoona, Pennsylvania.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM HENRY STEVENS—Enlisted as Private, II Company; elected Second Lieutenant on organization of Company; appointed Chaplain September 7, 1862.

Mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Died Shelby, Iowa, June 10, 1901; buried in Three Spring Cemetery, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. MAJOR JOSEPH E. HALL—Promoted from Sergeant Company I April 27, 1863, to Second Lieutenant Company I, August 2, 1864; to Adjutant 183d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers September 7, 1864.

Lives Clatskanie, Oregon.

SERGT. MAJOR ISAAC N. SLOAN—Enlisted Company K September 7, 1862; promoted to Corporal December 9, 1862; to Sergeant September 15, 1864; to Sergeant Major May 18, 1865.

Died Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

QUARTERMASTER SERGT. WILLIAM C. DEVINNEY—Enlisted Company E September 2, 1862; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant November 16, 1863; to Quartermaster Sergeant May 30, 1864; mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Lives Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

COMMISSARY SERGT. LEWIS W. INGRAM—Enlisted Company H August 16, 1862; promoted Commissary Sergeant on organization of Regiment; promoted to Quartermaster 81st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 27, 1864.

Lives Oregon City, Oregon.

COM. SERGT. JAMES P. ODENKIRK—Promoted from Sergeant of G Company July 1, 1864.

Lives Warrensburg, Missouri.

HOSPITAL STEWARD JACOB B. KREIDER—Appointed October 8, 1862; discharged October 17, 1863.

HOSPITAL STEWARD WILLIAM H. MAYES—Enlisted August 27, 1862; promoted from Private Company C November 1, 1863; commissioned Second Lieutenant Company C June 1, 1865; not mustered.

Mustered out with Regiment June 1, 1865.

Died since the War.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN ROBERT A. CASSIDY—Enlisted August 16, 1862 Company H; appointed Principal Musician September 8, 1862; transferred to 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps after battle of Gettysburg; discharged by General Orders July 13, 1865.

Lives Canton, Ohio.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN WILLIAM H. HARPSTER—Enlisted August 27, 1862 Company C; promoted Principal Musician July 1, 1863; mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Lives Houtzdale, Pennsylvania.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN SAMUEL D. OTTO—Enlisted August 27, 1862, Company C; promoted Principal Musician March 1, 1864; mustered out with Regiment June, 1865.

Died many years ago.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A.

Compiled by Henry Meyer.

CAPT. ROBERT H. FORSTER—Age 33; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; volunteer Mexican War; enlisted Civil War August 19, 1862; mustered September 1st; wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; promoted to Major October 30, 1863; mustered as such November 16, 1863; discharged; died May 2 1901; buried at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.

CAPT. JOHN L. JOHNSTON—Age 22; Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; promoted from First Lieutenant Company H, November 15, 1863; wounded June 16, 1864; on detached service at Elmira, New York, from October 13, 1864; discharged June 4, 1865; Captain, United States Army, retired; resides in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FIRST LIEUT. SIMON S. WOLF—Age 24; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 31st; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 25, 1863; died January 1, 1875; buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.

FIRST LIEUT. WESLEY W. BIERLY—Age 26; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant October 31, 1863; to First Lieutenant November 15, same year; served as Adjutant of Regiment short time; was injured by concussion of exploding shell Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; wounded and captured June 22, 1864, and died at Petersburg, Virginia, of wounds, September 2, 1864.

FIRST LIEUT. SIMON M. SPANGLER—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25; was in three months service; promoted from Corporal to First Sergeant November 16, 1863; from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant November 30, 1864; command of com-

pany during last months of War; wounded at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Newton, Kansas.

SECOND LIEUTENANT ERASTUS J. BURKERT—Age 23; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 31; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability June 26, 1863; resides at Chicago, Illinois; was in three months service.

SECOND LIEUTENANT DANIEL E. SHAFFER—Age 26; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant November 15, 1863; died at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1864.

SECOND LIEUTENANT JARED I. JONES—Age 21; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant November 30, 1864; part of time on recruiting service; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Hiawatha, Kansas.

FIRST SERGEANT JOHN A. MILLER—Age 25; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Corporal to First Sergeant December 7, 1864; had been slightly wounded; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died May 14, 1900; buried at Millheim, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. THOMAS P. MEYER—Age 20; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant December 7, 1864; had charge of pioneer corps part of term; was slightly injured by concussion of exploding shell at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; was taken prisoner at Auburn Mills, Virginia, October 14, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. WILLIAM HARPER—Age 25; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant November 16, 1863; on recruiting service from February 8, 1864; discharged on General Orders June 26, 1865; died February, 1901; buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. HENRY MILLER—Age 20; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant April 1, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Millheim, Pennsylvania.

- SERGEANT. DANIEL WEAVER—Age 22; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant April 1, 1865; wounded at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania.
- SERGEANT. GEORGE W. LEITZELL—Age 33; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 17, 1864; discharged July 6, 1865; resides at Altamont, Illinois.
- SERGEANT. ELIAS MINGLE—Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; died July 31, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- SERGEANT. A. O. DEININGER—Age 24; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; on detached service from September 23, 1863; discharged July 14, 1865; resides at Hughesville, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. SAMUEL R. GETTIG—Age 23; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 23, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal November 16, 1863; taken prisoner at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; taken to Salisbury; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides near Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. JACOB BRECKBILL—Age 24; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal December 7, 1864; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Altoona, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. BENJAMIN BECK—Age 23; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal December 7, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, also March 31, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 24, 1865; resides at Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. MANASSES GILBERT—Age 20; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. GEORGE CORMAN—Age 18; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; captured at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; returned to company August 2, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Freeport, Illinois.

- CORP. HENRY CROUSE—Age 18; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died December 22, 1899; buried at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. FREDERICK LIMBERT—Age 23; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. DAVID ROSSMAN—Age 28; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22d; mustered August 25th; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; also June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; was in the assault on Elliott's Salient or Fort Crater, October 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. LEVI STRAYER—Age 39; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 4, 1863; died January 17, 1903; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. HENRY MEYER—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal November 16, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; again, severely, at Po River, May 10, 1864, necessitating amputation of left hand; discharged at Campbell Hospital, Washington, September 12, 1864; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. THOMAS E. ROYER—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; promoted to Corporal November 16, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to 51st Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, February 9, 1865; discharged August 24, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. GEORGE M. RUPP—Age 23; Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded slightly at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July, 1863; also at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; promoted to Corporal November 16, 1863; transferred to 51st Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, February 9, 1865; discharged; dead; buried at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.

- CORP. AMOS ERHARD—Age 20—Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; transferred to Company C, 24th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, January 20, 1864; discharged June 28, 1865; died 1897; buried at Scalp Level, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. DANIEL SHAFER—Age 23; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; died near Falmouth, Virginia, March 6, 1863; buried at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JACOB LANICH—Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- CORP. DANIEL MILLER—Age 34; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; slightly wounded June 17, 1864; died at Washington August 8, 1864; buried at Arlington, Virginia.
- CORP. PHILIP WOODLING—Age 25; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; served as musician; transferred to Company H, 1st Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, February 16, 1864; discharged by General Orders July 24, 1865; died April 9, 1893; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.

PRIVATES.

- SOLOMON BIERLY—Age 17; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; discharged by General Orders August 22, 1865; resides at Seligman, Missouri.
- CHARLES BIERLY—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 15, 1864; discharged June 26, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- JAMES B. BIERLY—Age 21; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 24, 1863; buried at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania.
- LEVI BOOB—Age 23; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 28th; wounded at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, necessitating amputation of right arm; discharged December 20, 1864; shot himself

accidentally August 26, 1867, died same day; buried at Hartleton, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM BOOB—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 28th; wounded fatally and captured at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died at Richmond, June 16, 1864.

NATHANIEL BOOB—Age 19; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 28th; wounded May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, and taken to Salisbury, North Carolina; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides near Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.

DANIEL BOWER—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 28th; on detached duty with ambulance corps; discharged June 1, 1865; resides at Rote, Pennsylvania.

ADAM BOYER—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 17, 1865; discharged August 23, 1865; resides in Abilene, Kansas.

DAVID BRESSLER—Age 28; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 23, 1863; dead; buried near Penn Hall, Pennsylvania.

HENRY G. CONSER—Age 28; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 2, 1863; died May, 1900, at Valley Falls, Kansas.

JAMES T. CORMAN—Age 22; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.

SOLOMON DALE—Age 20; Boalsburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered September 1st; missing in action at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; company return for February, 1865, states, "died of wounds received in action at Spotsylvania."

ELIAS EDLEMAN—Age 18; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th as a musician, but served in the ranks whole term; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864; discharged by General Orders June 1, 1865; dead.

- JACOB EMERICK—Age 18; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 17, 1864; discharged September 6, 1864; resides at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
- ISAIAH FULLMER—Age 18; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; fatally wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; taken prisoner and died soon after at Petersburg, Virginia; buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Division 8, Section E.
- WILLIAM FULLMER—Age 20; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- LEVI H. FULLMER—Age 25; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; had been in three months service; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 11, 1863; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- GRIFFITH GARRETT—Age 20; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died at Falmouth, Virginia, May 11, 1863.
- SAMUEL GILBERT—Age 21; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Company B, 18th Regiment, September 11, 1864; discharged by General Orders June 17, 1865; dead; buried in Nittany Valley, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- ADAM GRIM—Age 25; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864. was taken to Salisbury, North Carolina; discharged by General Orders June 6, 1865; resides at Smithfield, Missouri.
- JOHN GRIM—Age 21; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Smithfield, Missouri.
- MARTIN GROVE—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 17, 1863.
- MATTHIAS GUISER—Age 19; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; absent, wounded, at muster out; died July 23, 1904; buried at Kimmunity, Illinois.

- JOHN W. HAFFLY—Age 24; Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 13, 1863; discharged; resides at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
- SIMON HARPER—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; served as a musician; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1, 1863; discharged July 12, 1865; died August, 1900; buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- CHARLES H. HELD—Age 26; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered August 25th; served as a musician; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead; buried at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL J. JOHNSON—Age 19; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; transferred to Signal Corps from February 4, 1864; discharged; resides at Easton, Pennsylvania.
- J. W. KENNEDY—Age 20; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th, by name of "John Strong;" mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Lake City, Missouri.
- AARON KLINEFELTER—Age 21; Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 7, 1864.
- GIDEON KREAMER—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; dead; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- JESSE KREAMER—Age 26; Rebersburg Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; was taken prisoner in the assault on Elliott's Salient or Fort Crater October 27, 1864, to Salisbury, North Carolina; discharged by General Orders May 20, 1865; resides at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL KRAPE—Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 14, 1863.
- MICHAEL LAMEY—Age 27; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 23, 1863; resides at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE W. LANICH—Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged by General Orders June 6, 1865; resides at Dublin, Wayne County, Indiana.

HENRY LANICH—Age 25; Millheim, Pennsylvania; August 21, 1862; mustered August 25th; dishonorably discharged June 7, 1864; dead; buried at Logantown, Pennsylvania.

DANIEL LONG—Age 19; Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; captured near Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864; exchanged about March 1, 1865; died soon after the War.

JESSE LONG—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, taken to Salisbury, North Carolina; served part term as pioneer; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE S. LOOSE—Age 18; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, June 7, 1863.

ISRAEL MAZE—Age 22; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; captured at North Anna, Virginia, June 7, 1864, taken to Andersonville, Georgia, where he died September 22, 1864.

AARON MILLER—Age 21; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863.

JOHN MILLER—Age 19; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 17, 1865; Missouri.

JOSEPH K. MEYER—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; "absent without leave" from November 17, 1862; resides near Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM C. MEYER—Age 18; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded slightly at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864.

ISRAEL OTTO—Age 19; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded slightly at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; slightly at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; again April 2, 1865; discharged by General Orders July 3, 1865; dead.

WILLIAM OTTO—Age 27; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; served as a musician

- part of term; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Cochran, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN E. REISH—Age 26; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 1, 1863.
- J. E. ROUSH—Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; "absent without leave" from November 17, 1862; dead.
- LEVI H. SMITH—Age 21; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; transferred to Company C, 11th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, April 14, 1864; discharged July 8, 1865; dead; buried at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL STRAYER—Age 18; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; mustered out June 1, 1865; resides at Shickley, Nebraska.
- ELIAS STOVER—Age 43; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 20, 1864; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- SIMON STOVER—Age 22; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 9, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- IRA WALKER—Age 20; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; "absent without leave" from July 18, 1863; resides at Orangeville, Illinois.
- JOHN WEIGHT—Age 34; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died July 24, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM WEIGHT—Age 22; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; transferred to Company H, 24th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, April 14, 1864; discharged June 30, 1865; resides at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- THOMAS G. WEIRICK—Age 16; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered September 1st; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; youngest member of company; discharged June 7, 1865; resides at Washington, D. C.
- SOLOMON WISE—Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; "absent without leave" from December 9, 1862.

CHARLES W. WEISER—Age 18; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged by General Orders May 19, 1865; resides at Burbank, Ohio.

CHARLES A. WOLF—Age 18; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; captured at Reams Station, August 25, 1864, taken to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he died February 9, 1865.

FRANKLIN WOLF—Age 20; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

HENRY WOLF—Age 19; Rebersburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died near Falmouth, Virginia, May 28, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL WOLF—Madisonburg, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 22, 1862; mustered August 25th; died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 22, 1863.

JOHN B. ZEIGLER—Age 19; Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered August 25th as a musician but served in the ranks whole term; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides at Swengle, Pennsylvania.

VOLUNTEER RECRUITS.

JOHN CLAPHAM—Millheim, Pennsylvania; enlisted February 19, 1864; mustered February 25th; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.

NOAH GILBERT—Age 16; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted and mustered February 15, 1864; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

MOSES GILBERT—Age 16; Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania; enlisted and mustered February 22, 1864; wounded at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged June 24, 1865; resides near Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania.

MORRIS MOCK—Enlisted March 22, 1864; took part in the assault on Elliott's Salient, or Fort Crater, October 27, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865; resides at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH MOCK—Enlisted and mustered March 17, 1864; took part in the assault on Elliott's Salient or Fort Crater October

27, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 16, 1865; resides at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH E. MESSINGER—Age 21; mustered November 12, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1865.

JOHN F. REEDER—Enlisted February 4, 1864; mustered February 10; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent sick at muster out.

JOHN W. SHIVELY—Age 21; enlisted and mustered February 15, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 2, 1864.

DRAFTED MEN.

JEREMIAH BEAM—Mustered August 20, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent sick at muster out.

ISAAC BARR—Mustered August 15, 1863; killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

SIDNEY J. BUTLER—Mustered October 18, 1863; wounded and captured at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864, taken to Andersonville, Georgia, where he died July 22, 1864; grave 3808.

WILLIAM A. CHESTNUT—Mustered October 21, 1863; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 28, 1865.

WILLIAM CRUM—Mustered August 22, 1863; severely wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; company return for month of February, 1865, reports him as having died at Washington.

JAMES DECKERT—Mustered August 28, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.

WILLIAM D. EYMER—Mustered August 18, 1863; slightly wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent at muster out.

JAMES M. FLECK—Mustered August 25, 1863; killed at the Wilderness May 7, 1864; buried at Wilderness burial ground.

NELSON FURNEY—Mustered August 26, 1863; served in the Pioneer Corps for a time; died at Washington, November 24, 1864; buried at Arlington, Virginia.

- SAMUEL K. FURLEY—Age 24; mustered August 29, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, October 17, 1864.
- JOSIAH HOWE—Mustered August 18, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 16, 1865.
- TOBIAS T. HECKERT—Mustered October 22, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 3, 1865.
- HENRY HELMAN—Mustered August 29, 1863; wounded May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; absent, sick, at muster out.
- WILLIAM M. HANLY—Mustered August 10, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865; resides at Mahalsville, Morgan County, Indiana.
- IGNATZ MILLER—Mustered August 19, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent sick at muster out.
- HENRY MANNS—Mustered August 29, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 9, 1865.
- JAMES F. McMURRY—Mustered August 22, 1863; fatally wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., of wounds.
- FANTON L. NORTHROP—Age 19; mustered October 22, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 14, 1864; transferred to Company II, 14th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, September 16, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 15, 1865.
- JOHN PARKES—Mustered August 28, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; captured in assault on Elliott's Salient or Fort Crater October 27, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent at muster out.
- FRANKLIN ROSENBERRY—Mustered August 28, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864; discharged May 15, 1865.
- JOHN ROOF—Mustered August 29, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.

- JOHN H. RANDALL—Mustered October 14, 1863; on detached service; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.
- DAVID STOMBAUGH—Mustered August 27, 1863; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.
- JOSIAH SIXES—Mustered August 29, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent at muster out.
- JOHN S. STEVENS—Mustered August 18, 1863; died March 17, 1864, at Stevensburg, Virginia.
- MARTIN TROUTMAN—Mustered October 22, 1863; captured in the assault on Elliott's Salient or Fort Crater, Petersburg, Virginia, October 27, 1864; was taken to Salisbury, North Carolina; died there November 22, 1864.
- AUGUSTUS B. WHIPPLE—Mustered August 20, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.
- JACOB D. WEBB—Mustered August 20, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 19, 1865.
- PHILIP WILE—Mustered August 29, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; absent at muster out.
- WILLIAM WOLF—Mustered August 29, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; also reported wounded June 3, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.
- ISAAC C. WILCOX—Mustered August 20, 1863; reported missing in action May 12, 1864; was taken prisoner; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 29th to date June 28, 1865.
- ANDREW ZERBY—Mustered October 20, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; transferred to Company B, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B, 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

GENERAL RENDEZVOUS, MILESBURG.

- CAPT. JAMES F. WEAVER—September 1, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864; promoted Major March 7, 1865; Lieutenant Colonel May 15, 1865; commissioned Colonel June 1, 1865; mustered out with Regiment; died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1904.
- CAPT. WILLIAM D. HARPER—August 29, 1862; promoted Sergeant October 22, 1862; First Lieutenant March 1, 1863; Captain March 7, 1865; wounded at Jerusalem Plank Road June 22, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; served as Second Lieutenant Company A 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers; died at Renovo, Pennsylvania, December 15, 1890; buried at North Bend.
- FIRST LIEUT. JABEZ C. P. JONES—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1863; present postoffice address, Curwensville, Pennsylvania.
- SECOND LIEUT. JAMES E. MCCARTNEY—September 1, 1862; commissioned First Lieutenant February 1, 1865; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 21, 1865; served in Company H 4th Regiment, three months service; present postoffice address, National Soldiers Home, Virginia.
- FIRST SERGT. JOHN B. LIKE—August 29, 1862; died at York, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1862; buried at Milesburg.
- FIRST SERGT. MICHAEL F. CONNER—August 29, 1862; promoted Sergeant December 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- FIRST SERGT. SAMUEL L. BARR—August 29, 1862; promoted Sergeant August 1, 1863; wounded at Bristoe Station, Virginia, October 14, 1863, with loss of arm; promoted Second Lieutenant 18th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. DAVID H. SWYERS—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal October 1, 1863; First Sergeant August 1, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864, and at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; commissioned First Lieutenant Company B March 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders June 3, 1865; died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. GEORGE W. LUCAS—August 29, 1862; prisoner from June 16, 1864, to April 28, 1865; discharged May 29, 1865, to date May 16, 1865.

- SERGT. THOMAS T. TAYLOR—August 29, 1862; promoted Sergeant May 27, 1863; commissioned Second Lieutenant June 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Altoona.
- SERGT. ALFRED C. MOORE—August 29, 1862; promoted Sergeant November 19, 1863; wounded at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; discharged by General Orders May 22, 1865; present postoffice address, Harrisburg.
- SERGT. CONSTANS BARGER—September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal November 19, 1863; Sergeant August 1, 1864; wounded at North Anna River, Virginia, and at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Roland, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. GEORGE R. HUSTON—August 29, 1862; promoted from Corporal December 27, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; transferred to 96th Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, December 14, 1863; discharged August 28, 1865; died at Gibbs, Adair County, Missouri, March 16, 1904.
- SERGT. WILLIAM J. J. DAVIDSON—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal March 19, 1863; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 2, 1863.
- SERGT. JACOB ROOP—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal August 1, 1863; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864.
- CORP. GEORGE P. HALL—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal November 9, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; discharged May 20, 1865; present postoffice address, Fleming, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. SAMUEL R. MITCHELL—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal May 27, 1863; discharged June 23d to date June 4, 1865; present postoffice address, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JOHN D. LUCAS—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal November 19, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. EDWIN SEARSON—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal May 12, 1864; received two wounds at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, and one at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 6, 1864; discharged by General Orders August 9, 1865; present postoffice address, Grand Island, Nebraska.
- CORP. BENJAMIN F. HARRIS—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal August 11, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. WILLIAM B. PETERS—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal September 29, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, Virginia, May 4, 1864; discharged June 12, 1865.

CORP. ALLEN S. AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal February 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

CORP. DAVID SEIBERT—September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal December 27, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 1, 1864.

CORP. EDWARD H. POORMAN—September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 20, 1864; present postoffice address, Clarence, Pennsylvania.

CORP. WILLIAM LATTA—August 27, 1863; drafted; promoted Corporal August 17, 1864; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

CORP. OLIVER W. VANVALIN—September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal March 17, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; promoted First Lieutenant 41st Regiment Colored Troops, October 11, 1864; mustered out December 10, 1865; present postoffice address Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania.

CORP. WILLIAM C. AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; promoted Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864; died May 31, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.

MUSICIAN NATHANIEL BEERLY—August 29, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Milesburg December 2, 1902.

MUSICIAN EMERY HUTTON—August 29, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

PRIVATES.

R. WESLEY AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864, with loss of leg; captured Confederate battle flag for which he received Congressional medal of honor; discharged May 30, 1865; present postoffice address, McAllisterville, Pennsylvania.

NELSON ADAMS—August 29, 1862; wounded at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; discharged by General Order June 6, 1865.

JOSEPH AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 30, 1865.

JOHN W. ASHTON—October 22, 1863. (Substitute.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

- JOHN ADAMS—February 18, 1864. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company D, 16th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, June 24, 1865; discharged by General Order June 13, 1865.
- DAVID AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; died July 5, of wound received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section B, Grave 33.
- JOHN THOMPSON AMMERMAN—August 29, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 19, 1865. (Burial records died at Salisbury, North Carolina, February 7, 1865.)
- SAMUEL BRYAN—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865. (See his story as teamster.) Postoffice address, Roland, Pennsylvania.
- PHILIP B. BROWER—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; postoffice address, Wingate, Pennsylvania.
- MICHAEL BUSH—August 29, 1862; discharged by General Order May 31, 1865; dead.
- JAMES BARGER—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Roland, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE BILLET—August 29, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Lamar, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN W. BIDDLE—September 1, 1862; captured in front of Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864, and held as such until April 28, 1865; discharged May 29th to date May 16, 1865; present postoffice address, Fleming, Pennsylvania.
- AUSTIN BROWER—February 18, 1864; transferred to Company I, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- MICHAEL A. BROWN—August 29, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown.
- MESULAM BEERLY—August 29, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 8, 1863.
- GEORGE BENNET—September 1, 1862; died at York, Pennsylvania, March 23, 1863; buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery.
- JACOB BEAR—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Died near Stevensburg, Virginia, March 21, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper Court House, Virginia, block 1, section A, row 12, grave 412.

- JOHN F. BYERS—August 29, 1863. (Drafted.) Wounded at Po River May 9, 1864; died same day.
- EMANUEL BRUBAKER—October 23, 1863. (Substitute.) Died at Washington, D. C., June 20, 1864; burial records July 19, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- BENJAMIN F. BAKER—October 21, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 27, 1864, grave 11,566.
- JAMES R. BROWER—September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; captured at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864; died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 18, 1864.
- REUBEN B. BEERS—August 29, 1862. (Deserted September 6, 1862.)
- HARRY C. BULLOCK—February 9, 1864; discharged by special order February 18, 1864 (under age).
- THOMAS A. CONAWAY—September 1, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- FREDERICK DOUGHMAN—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 1, 1865.
- ALEXANDER J. DROUCKER—February 28, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864; transferred to Company 1 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JOHN L. DURST—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 20, 1864; discharged by General Order July 19, 1865.
- ABEL DAVIS—August 29, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- HENRY S. DENEEN—August 29, 1863. (Drafted.) Died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 21, 1864; burial records April 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper, Virginia, block 1, section A, row 7, grave 211.
- JOHN C. EHRHOM—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM A. EDMISTON—September 1, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864; transferred to Company 1, 6th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order July 3, 1865; died at Fillmore, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB FLICK—September 1, 1862; wounded at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 6, 1865; dead.

- HENRY FISHEL—February 18, 1864; wounded at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 14, 1865.
- SAMUEL HULING—September 1, 1862; discharged by General Order June 2, 1865.
- CHARLES F. HURTO—September 1, 1862; captured at Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia, June 22, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE W. HARRIS—August 29, 1862; captured Confederate battle flag at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864; received Congressional medal of honor; discharged for wound received at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; present postoffice address Runville, Pennsylvania.
- VALENTINE HARRIS—August 29, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 27, 1863.
- JAMES HUSTON—August 29, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 17, 1863; present postoffice address Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID E. HAGEY—October 26, 1863. (Substitute.) Transferred to Company I 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM H. HENRY—October 26, 1863. (Substitute.) Transferred to Company I 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JAMES HINES—August 29, 1862; captured at Reams Station, Virginia; died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865; burial records December 9, 1864, Salisbury, North Carolina.
- CYRUS HORNER—October 21, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865.
- ENOCH HUGG—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 12, 1864; postoffice address, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- THOMAS H. IRVIN—March 1, 1864; transferred to Company I June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order August 18, 1865.
- JOSEPH IDDINGS—August 29, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 27, 1864; died at Runville, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM H. KREPS—August 29, 1862; discharged by General Order June 5, 1865; dead.
- WILLIAM KEELER—August 29, 1862; prisoner from August 25, 1864, to October 7, 1864; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; present postoffice address, Roland, Pennsylvania.

- DAVID KLINE—September 1, 1862; discharged October 18, 1864, for wound received at Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia, June 22, 1864, with loss of arm; died at Julian, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM KNIGHT—October 26, 1863. (Substitute.) Wounded at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 13, 1865.
- JACOB KRINER—August 27, 1863. (Drafted.) Wounded with loss of leg at Boydton Plank Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864; transferred to 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers July 1, 1865.
- JACOB C. KEYSER—August 29, 1863. (Drafted.) Wounded and captured at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864; died at Richmond, Virginia, July 24, 1864.
- JOSEPH KEELER—August 29, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 4, 1863; buried at Roland, Pennsylvania.
- ABRAHAM KILLINGER—August 29, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., September 16, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
- OLIVER F. KEELY—August 30, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 6, 1864; grave 4,895.
- FREDERIC LEONARD—August 29, 1863. (Substitute.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 26, 1864; grave 6,884.
- ROBERT LIPTON—August 29, 1862; promoted to Adjutant 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, September 8, 1862; died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, April 20, 1863.
- JOHN LUCAS—August 29, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 3, 1865.
- JACOB LILLY—August 27, 1863. (Drafted.) Wounded at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM M. LOHR—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 20, 1864.
- JOSEPH W. MUFFLY—September 1, 1862; promoted to Sergeant Major 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers September 8, 1862, and to Adjutant April 27, 1863. Acting Assistant Adjutant General Fourth Brigade.
- JACOB MISHLER—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

- JOHN A. MOORE—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Deserted August 31, 1864; returned January 1, 1865; transferred to Company 1, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 2, 1865.
- CHARLES MOON—August 29, 1862; wounded at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; died at Washington, D. C., April 7, 1865; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- CHARLES MCGARVEY—August 29, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability March 11, 1863; died at Unionville.
- GODFREY ONSTEAD—August 21, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia (date unknown).
- WILLIAM PISEL—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company 1, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JAMES POORMAN—February 15, 1864; transferred to Company 1, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; post-office address, Linden Hall, Pennsylvania.
- WILSON J. PARSONS—August 29, 1862; transferred to 162d Company, 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; died February 23, 1865; buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, division C, section D, grave 105.
- JOHN PETERS—August 29, 1862; died near Morrisville, Virginia. August 17, 1863.
- GEORGE PHEASANT—September, 1862; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- THOMAS QUICK—August 29, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 4, 1865; postoffice address, Runville, Pennsylvania.
- ANDREW B. ROAN—August 29, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, West Decatur, Pennsylvania.
- JOSEPH F. RITTER—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 20, 1864.
- JAMES ROSE—August 29, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown.
- ARMOR RICHARDS—September 1, 1862; died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 17, 1864.
- JACOB SHULTZ—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability August 20, 1863; died in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN SHIRK, JR.—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

- GEORGE STONE—August 29, 1862; discharged by General Order July 12, 1865; postoffice address, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL C. SEAVOLT—August 29, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- ISAAC STRAIT—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; died in Fulton County, Pennsylvania.
- FREDERICK SLEGLE—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JACOB W. SUNDAY—February 9, 1864; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Pennsylvania Furnace.
- BENJAMIN SAILOR—September 1, 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 27, 1862; buried at Roland, Pennsylvania.
- JAMES SCHROYER—August 29, 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, December 3, 1862.
- WILLIAM STONE—August 29, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 6, 1863.
- WILLIAM SCHROYER—August 29, 1862; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 29, 1863.
- JOHN SPOTTS—September 1, 1862; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864.
- JOSEPH SIDELL—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Killed at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865.
- JOHN SHAFFER—October 26, 1863. (Substitute.) Died at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1865; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- JAMES W. VAN VALIN—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; present postoffice address, Hiawatha, Kansas.
- CHARLES WALTER—August 29, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- PETER WYLAN—August 29, 1862; absent, sick at muster out June 1, 1865.
- BENJAMIN F. WATKINS—August 29, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; absent at muster out June 1, 1865; died at Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania.
- ALEXANDER C. WATKINS—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 4, 1863.

SAMUEL WELLS—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 1, 1865.

WILLIAM H. WERTZ—March 14, 1864; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

GEORGE W. WALKER—March 14, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 9, 1864, and at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 16, 1865; died at Runville, Pennsylvania.

HENRY WOLF—August 29, 1862; died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper Court House, Virginia, block 1, section A, row 7, grave 215.

S. D. WITHEROW—August 31, 1863. (Drafted.) Killed at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864.

ROBERT WILAN—August 29, 1863; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864.

WILLIAM WALKER—October 26, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 12, 1864; grave 10,797.

MATHIAS WALKER—August 29, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, December 4, 1864.

SAMUEL YEAGER—October 28, 1863. (Substitute.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865.

ISAAO ZUFALL—August 31, 1863; killed at Po River, May 10, 1864.

BENJAMIN ZIMMERMAN—October 27, 1863. (Drafted.) Captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, July 29, 1864; grave 4,255.

NOTE.—It is much to be regretted that the Retained Copy of the original Muster-in Roll, which gave the age, occupation and place of residence of the original members of the company, together with all intermediate muster and pay-rolls (including the muster-out roll) in possession of Capt. Wm. D. Harper, of Renova, were destroyed by fire a number of years ago by the burning of his residence. The only data at hand at this time, beyond the recollection of members of the company still living, is Prof. Samuel P. Bates' "History of Pennsylvania Volunteers," which is not entirely reliable in some instances. Nothing whatever is known of the drafted men and substitutes subsequently assigned the company, as to their residence or occupation prior to that time.

JAMES F. WEAVER.

Milesburg, Pennsylvania, July, 1904.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C, 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

The place of enrollment, so far as it can be ascertained, is given. The date of original enlistment cannot be secured, inasmuch as neither muster-in nor muster-out roll is available, and the date following place of enrollment is, therefore, the date of original muster-in at Harrisburg and Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

- CAPT. ROBERT MCKAY FORSTER—State College; mustered August 30, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863;
- CAPT. JACOB B. EDMONDS—Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from First Lieutenant Company G November 15, 1863; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864.
- CAPT. WILLIAM E. GRAHAM—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Corporal to Second Lieutenant August 1, 1864; to Captain October 3, 1864; resigned March 2, 1865; died in Minnesota, 1902.
- CAPT. JOHN F. BENNER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant October 3, 1864, to Captain May 15, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died in California November, 1902.
- FIRST LIEUT. WILLIAM H. BIBLE—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, August 30, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
- FIRST LIEUT. JACOB S. LANDER—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Sergeant October 31, 1862; acting as Adjutant and Quartermaster; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- FIRST LIEUT. DAVID G. RALSTON—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant August 26, 1863; to First Lieutenant July 31, 1864; killed at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- FIRST LIEUT. SAMUEL EVERHART—Boalsburg, Pennsylvania, August 18, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Company G October 3, 1864; commissioned Captain March 1, 1865; not mustered; killed at Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865.
- FIRST LIEUT. DANIEL SHUEY—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Corporal October 1, 1863; to Sergeant October 1, 1864; to First Sergeant March 1; to First Lieutenant May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the war.

- SECOND LIEUT. FRANCIS STEVENSON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 30, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- FIRST SERGT. EZRA B. WALTER—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Sergeant May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives at Hillsdale, Kansas.
- FIRST SERGT. FREDERICK YOCUM—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged February 1, 1865, for wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864: died since War at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. JOHN CRAIG—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 5, 1865; lives Julian, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. CHARLES C. HARMAN—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., July 1, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- SERGT. JAMES KNOX—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Sergeant May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Fillmore, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. JOHN F. SWILER—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; missing in action Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864.
- SERGT. JEROME B. STEWART—August 18, 1863; drafted; promoted to Sergeant June 1, 1863; to Second Lieutenant 109th Regiment U. S. C. T. August 2, 1864.
- SERGT. WILLIAM C. HUEY—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; promoted from Corporal August 27, 1863; transferred to Company B, 12th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; discharged by General Orders June 28, 1865.
- SERGT. ABRAHAM GREEN CARTER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted from Corporal January 5, 1863; killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- CORP. JAMES K. P. WARD—Gatesburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Washington, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. ABRAHAM WERTZ—Houserville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- CORP. JAMES ELLENBERGER—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal February 21, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Julian, Pennsylvania.

- CORP. JOHN G. ROBINSON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Corporal May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. CHRISTIAN LOWRY—Houserville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; promoted to Corporal August 15, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. MICHAEL HATT—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. PATRICK CAMPBELL—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal May 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- CORP. CHRISTIAN SWARTZ—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1863; discharged September 21st, for wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; lives Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. SAMUEL BOTTORF—Pine Grove Mills, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 16, 1864; lives Downs, Kansas.
- CORP. JAMES RAY—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; served in Color Guard; discharged by General Orders June 29, 1865; died since the War.
- CORP. JAMES T. BECK—Jacksonville, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal December 2, 1862; killed Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- CORP. WILLIAM T. MCCALMONT—Jacksonville, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal June 25, 1863; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
- CORP. NATHAN M. YARNELL—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- CORP. HILAND BIDDLE—Buffalo Run, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal August 25, 1863; died December 28, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Virginia, October 8, 1864; burial records died at City Point January 28, 1865.
- CORP. THOMAS C. KEYS—Pine Grove Mills, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal; killed at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- CORP. LEWIS A. WOOD—August 19, 1863; drafted; promoted Corporal —; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

- CORP. JOHN G. MATTERN—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Corporal April 1, 1864; killed at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864.
- MUSICIAN LAWRENCE B. BATHURST—Unionville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- MUSICIAN WILLIAM H. HARPSTER—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Principal Musician July 1, 1863; lives Houtzdale, Pennsylvania.
- MUSICIAN SAMUEL D. OTTO—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted Principal Musician March 1, 1864; died since the War.

PRIVATES.

- ALBERT ADAMS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; reported in Bates' History as having died June 11, 1864, and buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia; is still living.
- JACKSON APPLEBY—August 28, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE N. ALLEN—February 25, 1864; wounded Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order November 21, 1865.
- WEBSTER D. BAKER—February 25, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; died at Plattville, Illinois, January 1, 1903.
- ISAAC BAILEY—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Company D, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, February 14, 1864; discharged by Special Order April 18, 1865; died since the War.
- JACOB BAIRD—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- DAVID BECK—August 28, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE BROWN—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; on detached service with ambulance corps; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM CAMPBELL—Buffalo Run, August 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JAMES CARNER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; captured near Petersburg, Virginia, October 27, 1864; died Salisbury, North Carolina, November 24, 1864.

- WILLIAM CARNER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1, 1863; died since the War.
- WILLIAM CARSON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged December 24, 1864, for wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died since the War.
- JACOB L. CARTER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged July 29, 1865; died since the War.
- HENRY J. CARTIN—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 17, 1863.
- JOSEPH CARVER—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried National Cemetery, Section F, Grave 27.
- WILLIAM CLARK—October 25, 1863; substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOHN A. CLINE—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died Cockeysville, Maryland, December 8, 1862.
- JOHN COBLE, JR.—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Linden Hall, Pennsylvania.
- ANDREW N. CORBIN—February 25, 1864; transferred to Company I, 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Orders July 8, 1865.
- REUBEN CRONAMILLER—Houserville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died June 4, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JAMES P. DE ARMONT—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- JACOB DORMAN—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- ABRAHAM FINK—August 20, 1863; drafted; discharged by General Orders May 15, 1865.
- ABRAHAM FREED—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died near Falmouth, Virginia, January 10, 1863.
- ILLEWELLYN FULTON—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; on detached duty with wagon train; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

- MARTIN FUNK—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 3, 1865; lives at Port Matilda, Pennsylvania.
- AMOS GABRICK—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged June 1, 1865; lives Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE GATES—Gatesburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 20, 1863; died since the War.
- DANIEL GATES—Gatesburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died near Falmouth, Virginia, April 4, 1863.
- SAMUEL GILL—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864.
- ROBERT GRATER—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; absent, sick, at muster-out.
- SIEGFRIED HEILIGSTEIN—October 27, 1863, substitute; captured; died Andersonville, Georgia, December 8, 1864.
- JONAS HERSIBERGER—October 28, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- DAVID HITE—June 10, 1863, drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, February 14, 1864; discharged by General Orders July 19, 1865.
- SAMUEL HOOVER—October 28, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOHN JACKSON—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to 51st Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps November 16, 1863; discharged August 26, 1865, on expiration of term; living Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
- ANDREW JOHNSON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; detailed with wagon train; discharged by General Order May 19, 1865.
- JOHN JOHNSON—October 27, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- J. C. JOHNSTONBAUGH—February 25, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

- WILLIAM H. JONES—August 20, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 5, 1865.
- DAVID KREPS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged February 4, 1864; died since the War.
- ANDREW J. KLINE—August 29, 1863, drafted; wounded and captured Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died Annapolis, Maryland, October 4, 1864.
- ISAAH KOONTZ—October 30, 1863, substitute; killed Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- WILLIAM LAMBERT—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged September 24th, for wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; died since the War.
- SAMUEL LAWSON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; deserted December 13, 1862.
- JOSEPH LEE—Hubbersburg, Pennsylvania, Aug. 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 16, 1864; died since the War.
- HERBERT W. LYMAN—October 19, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 13, 1865.
- ALM N. LYMAN—August 18, 1863, drafted; died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 10, 1864.
- WILLIAM LYTLE—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 30, 1863.
- EPHRAIM LYTLE—Buffalo Run, August 27, 1862; deserted June 28, 1863.
- FABIAN MATZ—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; discharged July 18, 1865; died since the War.
- JAMES I. MAYES—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 14, 1863.
- LEWIS MAYES—February 25, 1864; captured Fort Crater, Virginia, October 27, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- MILES M. MAYES—Potters Mills, Pennsylvania, April 3, 1864; died May 18th, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- WILLIAM H. MAYES—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; promoted to Hospital Steward November 1, 1863; died since the War.

- HENRY MARKLE—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died June 6th, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JOHN H. MASTLY—June 15, 1863, drafted; died May 11, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- GEORGE M. MATTHEWS—June 15, 1863, drafted; killed Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- WILLIAM R. MOREY—August 18, 1863, drafted; wounded Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM MOSIER—October 26, 1863, substitute; discharged May 9, 1865, for wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- WILLIAM MUSSELMAN—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 6, 1864; discharged by General Order June 17, 1865.
- THOMAS MCBATH—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864; transferred to Third Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 5, 1865; lives in Ohio.
- JOHN MCDOWELL—August 18, 1863; drafted; died June 18th, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- JOHN MCIIVASON—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died Falmouth, Virginia, March 17, 1863.
- ROBERT C. NEIL—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 20, 1863; died since the War.
- SAMUEL NICHOLS—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Twenty-seventh Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, September 30, 1864; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; died since the War.
- WILLIAM H. NORRIS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- LEMUEL H. OSMAN—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; discharged August 2, 1865; lives State College, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE OSMAN—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section B, Grave 53.

- HENRY PENNINGTON—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; on detached service with wagon train; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- JOHN W. PORTS—August 31, 1863, drafted; discharged February 10, 1865, for wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- ARCHIBALD S. PAUL—June 1, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE POTTS GROVE—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Fifty-seventh Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, November 15, 1863; discharged August 26, 1865, on expiration of term; lives in Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB R. RHOADS—August 28, 1863, drafted; captured Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- ABRAHAM RIFFLE—October 31, 1863, drafted; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- DANIEL K. REISH—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged by General Order May 3, 1865; died May 4, 1869.
- DAVID ROSS—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, April 27, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives at Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY ROYER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., June 30, 1863.
- THADDEUS C. RUMBERGER—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; detailed as musician; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- THOMAS E. SHERMAN—October 18, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company H, 24th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, February 15, 1864; discharged by General Order July 25, 1865.
- JACOB SEESE—September 1, 1863, substitute; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- SIMON SEGNER—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JAMES SHERWOOD—October 19, 1863, drafted; discharged May 31, 1865, for wounds received at Boydton Plank Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864.

- PATTERSON M. SHIELDS—August 28, drafted; captured at Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864.
- DAVID W. SHIVERY—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863; lives State College, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID G. SMITH—October 25, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 17, 1865.
- WILLIAM SMYTH—August 27, 1862; discharged December 9, for wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JOHN C. SOWERS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 13, 1863; discharged August 21, 1865, at expiration of term of service; lives at State College, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY A. SOWERS—State College, August 27, 1862; discharged February 24, 1864, for wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; lives at State College, Pennsylvania.
- MICHAEL SPICHER—October 28, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM STICKLER—State College, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 10, 1863.
- JOHN SUDERS—October 23, 1863, substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- CHRISTIAN SWILER—Houserville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 30, 1863; died since the War.
- SMITH SWILER—Houserville, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; missing in action Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; supposed to have been killed.
- HENRY SWARTZ—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1863.
- ELI P. TATE—February 25, 1864; wounded Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; lives at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN THOMAS—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; trans-

ferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 18, 1864; died since the War.

ZACHARIAH TRUCKENMILLER—Hublersburg, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 3, 1864; discharged July 3, 1865.

CHRISTIAN VAUGHN—Buffalo Run, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1, 1863.

AMOS WARD—August 20, 1863, drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 14, 1864.

JOHN R. WEST—August 18, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order May 26, 1865.

ANDREW G. WHITEHILL—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865; lives Lemont, Pennsylvania.

THOMAS WILLIAMS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; discharged November 23d of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; died since the War.

JOSEPH YETTERS—State College, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 3, 1864; lives Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.

ROSTER OF COMPANY D, 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

CAPT. ANDREW MUSSER—Mustered August 30, 1862; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 14, 1863.

CAPT. ALFRED A. RHINEHART—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to Second Lieutenant March 1, 1863; promoted to Captain August 27, 1863; wounded at Potomac River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged May 15, 1865; living at Irving, Ill.

FIRST LIEUT. J. E. THOMAS—Mustered August 30, 1862; resigned January 10, 1863; died at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania, in 1872.

FIRST LIEUT. ISRAEL F. MUSSER—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant March 1, 1863; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 26, 1863.

- FIRST LIEUT. JOHN A. BURCHFIELD—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant August 27, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania, November, 1903.
- SECOND LIEUT. LEWIS C. EDMONDS—Mustered August 30, 1862; resigned February 7, 1863; living at Ford City, Pennsylvania.
- SECOND LIEUT. WM. GEMMILL—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant November 16, 1863; resigned on account of wound received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; living at Allenwood, Pennsylvania.
- SECOND LIEUT. LUTHER D. KURTZ—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant April 22, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. JOHN J. FLEMING—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to First Sergeant April 22, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Connellsville, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. WILLIAM D. ROSS—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant August 30, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at 500 Sixth St., Kansas City, Missouri.
- SERGT. S. P. LANSBERRY—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant January 21, 1865; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- SERGT. HENRY C. CAMPBELL—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant March 14, 1865; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and at Spotsylvania, Virginia, March 12, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at State College, Pennsylvania, August 2, 1904.
- SERGT. ALLEN B. CROSS—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant January 1, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; deceased.
- SERGT. GEO. M. BOAL—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant August 18, 1863; commissioned as Quartermaster of the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers March 25, 1865; living at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- QUARTERMASTER SERGT. SAMUEL D. MUSSER—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant September 8, 1862; later on commissioned Quartermaster of Regiment; living at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

- SERGT. JOHN C. BATHGATE—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Bethesda Church, Virginia, May 30, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 14, 1865; discharged by General Order July 8, 1865; deceased.
- SERGT. SAMUEL HARSBERGER—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- CORP. WILLIAM P. HOLLOWAY—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1864; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Orangeville, Illinois.
- CORP. DAVID L. KERR—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Corporal February 28, 1864; wounded May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JOHN H. ODENKIRK—Mustered August 28, 1862; transferred to Signal Corps April 2, 1864; died at Potters Fort, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JOHN C. ROTE—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Corporal August, 1863; wounded at Auburn Mills, Virginia, October 14, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 1, 1864; living at Axemann, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. CHARLES F. SPEAKER—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted Corporal April, 1864; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and at Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia, May 30, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 14, 1865; living at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. SIMON VENADA—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 14, 1865; living at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. WILLIAM BICKFORD—Drafted; mustered August 30, 1863; promoted to Corporal March 14, 1865; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- CORP. JACOB CORY—Drafted; mustered August 30, 1863; promoted Corporal January 1, 1865; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- CORP. CHARLES F. HOHNON—Substitute; mustered October 22, 1863; promoted Corporal March 14, 1865; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- CORP. JAMES OSMAN—Substitute; mustered March 23, 1863; promoted to Corporal March 14, 1865; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- CORP. GEORGE W. SEAL—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864; buried in Poplar

Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, Division D, Section C, Grave 148.

TEAMSTER JACOB KOCH—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; deceased.

MUSICIAN FRANKLIN MATTERN—Mustered August 28, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps August 10, 1863; company musician; living at Milesburg, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM BIBLE—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 10, 1863, of wound received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

WILLIAM WEAVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

JOHN B. HOLLOWAY—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865, as musician; living at Burbank, Ohio.

PRIVATES.

GEORGE W. ALLEN—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia; discharged for disability from wound April 20, 1865.

DAVID ACKER—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, June 3, 1863, of wound received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.

SETH ANDREW—Drafted; mustered August 10, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

JAMES ALVORD—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; captured at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died in Richmond, Virginia, July 15, 1864.

JAMES ABBOTT—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; died near Stevensburg, Virginia, December 10, 1863.

ROBERT G. BULLOCK—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out of company.

MICHAEL BOWERS—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Effingham, Illinois.

NATHANIEL BROWN—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability August 11, 1864; living at Farmers Mills, Pennsylvania.

JACOB BRUBAKER—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; discharged to date October 13, 1864.

MICHAEL BUMBAUGH—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; discharged to date September 18, 1864.

- BENJAMIN BLOOM—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, June 11, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- ARCHIBALD M. BELL—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., October 17, 1863.
- GEORGE W. BOHN—Substitute; mustered October 12, 1863; died January 12, 1864.
- CYRUS BRUBAKER—Drafted; mustered August 20, 1863; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- GEORGE BYAMS—Drafted; mustered August 20, 1863; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 5, 1864.
- SYLVESTER BURDIC—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; prisoner at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 12, 1864.
- WILLIAM A. CARTER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; discharged for disability July 28, 1865; died near Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- PETER L. CARBOUGH—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- PHILO CLOSE—Drafted; mustered August 10, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864.
- ABLE CLOSE—Drafted; mustered August 10, 1863; died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1864.
- HENRY CONFARE—Drafted; mustered February 27, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, March 25, 1865.
- JAMES J. DRESHER—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; deceased.
- SAMUEL B. DENNIS—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Sherman Heights, Tennessee.
- LEONARD DIVELBISS—Substitute; mustered August 19, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JACOB DIVELBISS—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- THOMAS R. DAVIS—Drafted; mustered March 15, 1864; wounded and prisoner at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- LEWIS H. DAVIDSON—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864.

- FRANKLIN DURST—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JOHN DURST—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1863, of wound received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863.
- JACOB DUNKLE—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, in eye, arm and leg; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 16, 1864; living at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID ETTERS—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded and prisoner at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- JOSEPH L. EVANS—Drafted; mustered September 17, 1863; wounded in eye June, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WASHINGTON D. EDDY—Drafted; mustered August 20, 1863; died at Washington, D. C., April 7, 1864.
- OLIVER W. ELLIOTT—Drafted; mustered March 17, 1863; died at Washington, D. C., April 27, 1864.
- JOHN H. FORTNEY—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Tyrone, Pennsylvania, April 3, 1887.
- JACOB A. FISHER—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died April 19, 1904.
- DAVID F. FORTNEY—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability February 19, 1863; living at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- CHARLES A. FISHER—Drafted; mustered September 17, 1863, wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- EMANUEL FOX—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, January 28, 1863.
- ALFRED W. FRASER—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- HENRY GRIM—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 16, 1863.
- JEREMIAH GARIS—Drafted; mustered March 31, 1864; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM GABLE—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, November 14, 1862.

- DAVID HARSHBERGER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged June 15, 1865, by General Order; living at Hublersburg, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM F. HEBERLING—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged by General Order July 3, 1865; living at Benore, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB HARNER—Mustered August 28, 1862; prisoner May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
- CHARLES HART—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 14, 1863.
- M. V. HUFFMASTER—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; wounded near Petersburg, Virginia, March 25, 1865; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- DANIEL H. HARTER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 19, 1864; living at Rittman, Ohio.
- ISRAEL HOOVER—Drafted; mustered August 31, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864.
- SAMUEL HOLLOWAY—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- ABRAM HULL—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Reams Station, Virginia, August 26, 1864.
- WILLIAM HIMES—Mustered August 28, 1862; deserted September 7, 1862.
- DANIEL C. HOLLOWAY—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Corporal September, 1863; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 14, 1865; died at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania, since the War.
- PALSOR F. IMBODEN—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JOHN L. KREAMER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged by General Order June 8, 1865; living at Woodward, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN M. KEPLERS—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at F Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865.
- WILLIAM B. KRAPE—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged March 3, 1863; living at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.

- DAVID S. KEYS—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged August 14, 1863.
- WILLIAM KNARR—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- ESIC KERN—Drafted; mustered September 17, 1863; discharged May 15, 1865.
- JAMES A. KOONEY—Drafted; mustered March 26, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53 Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JOHN KANE—Substitute; mustered October 17, 1863; deserted April 28, 1864.
- TASKER K. KOCH—Mustered August 28, 1862; died of fever at York, Pennsylvania, June 1, 1863.
- JACOB G. KANE—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- FRANKLIN KOCH—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- GEORGE LEITZEL—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged March 28, 1863.
- EMANUEL LEITZEL—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Cockeysville, Maryland, of fever December 12, 1862.
- JACOB LEITZEL—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at his home at Woodward, Pennsylvania, December, 1862.
- SAMUEL LEITZEL—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- HENRY LONG—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM LONG—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB L. LYNN—Drafted; mustered August 27, 1863; absent at muster out; living at Spirit Lake, Iowa.
- DAVID L. MILLER—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL MILLER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged February 8, 1863; died on his way home.
- JACOB MARSHAL—Substitute; mustered October 28, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

- LEONARD MESSIMER—Substitute; mustered March 8, 1864; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; living near Penn Hall, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN A. MURPHY—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- DAVID MOORE—Substitute; mustered October 31, 1863; died April 11, 1864.
- ADAM G. MYERS—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- HENRY V. McALLISTER—Substitute; mustered February 2, 1864; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, of wound received at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- ADAM NEARHOOD—Drafted; mustered March 9, 1864; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- DANIEL OSMAN—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- JOHN PUGH—Mustered August 28, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Browerville, Missouri.
- SAMUEL L. POTTER—Drafted; Mustered August 28, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE W. PALSGROVE—Drafted; Mustered August 28, 1863; died near Stevensburg, Virginia, December 31, 1863.
- ALFRED A. RANKIN—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; absent, sick, at muster out of company; died in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, in 1878.
- GEORGE M. REESER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 3, 1863; living at Windber, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN C. REFSNYDER—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; prisoner from May 10, 1864 to April 25, 1865; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- CHARLES D. RUNKLE—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December 18, 1863; living at 243 Rochele St., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM A. REED—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December 18, 1863; died at Reedsville, Pennsylvania, 1903.
- JOHN REED—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.

- CHARLES A. RAMSEY—Mustered August 28, 1862; promoted to Sergeant Major August 2, 1864; promoted to Adjutant May 15, 1865; mustered out with Company June 1, 1865; living at Hillsboro, Illinois.
- JACOB REESER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 10, 1864, and prisoner; died at Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1864.
- JOHN Y. STOVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; one of the few that came out of Chancellorsville battle unhurt; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865; living at Wolfs Store, Pennsylvania.
- THADDEUS D. STOVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged September 20, 1863; living at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania, November, 1903.
- JOHN J. STOVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- CORNELIUS STOVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; died at Potomac Creek Hospital of wound May 17, 1863.
- GEORGE SHEPARD—Mustered August 28, 1862; deserted June 30, 1863.
- JACOB STAER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged June 16, 1863.
- JOSEPH SHIERY—Drafted; mustered August 20, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- SIMON SHUMAN—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- CHARLES J. SMITH—Substitute; mustered October 19, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JACOB STULL—Substitute; mustered October 19, 1863; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE SWEENEY—Substitute; mustered March 1, 1864; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; living at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- JOSEPH SHIRK—Substitute; mustered March 21, 1864; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers.
- PETER SWISHER—Substitute; mustered March 19, 1864; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

- WILLIAM SUTTLE—Substitute; mustered March 22, 1864; wounded; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers January 1, 1865.
- OLIVER E. SHERMAN—Drafted; mustered August 10, 1863; deserted April 28, 1864.
- WILLIAM B. SMITH—Drafted; mustered October 30, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 14, 1865; discharged by General Order August 3, 1865.
- SAMUEL SHANNON—Mustered August 28, 1862; killed by accident at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, January 5, 1865.
- HENRY STAYMAN—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of wound July 11, 1864.
- JOSEPH VANSICKLE—Drafted; mustered September 17, 1863; wounded November 3, 1863; discharged April 28, 1864, of wound received November 3, 1863.
- DAVID H. WEAVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged June 7, 1865, by General Order; living at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY H. WEAVER—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged by General Order June 3, 1865; died at Aaronsburg, in 1903.
- DAVID H. WANCE—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged by General Order June 2, 1865; living at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID N. WOLF—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged May 10, 1865; living at Winslow, Illinois.
- GEORGE E. WILLIAMS—Drafted; mustered August 28, 1863; transferred to Company H, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JONATHAN E. WOLF—Mustered August 28, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, May 12, 1863, of fever.
- SOLOMON WINKLEBLECH—Mustered August 28, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability January 15, 1864.
- DAVID H. YOUNG—Mustered August 28, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; discharged March 28, 1864; living at Aitch, Pennsylvania.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E, 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

Organized at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, August 31, 1862.

Mustered into United States service at Harrisburg, September 1 and 2, 1862.

CAPT. CHARLES STEWART—Second Lieutenant August 5, 1862, to recruit company; Captain September 2, 1862; wounded in foot at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863; resigned September 25, 1863.

CAPT. JOHN F. SUTTON—Enlisted Plumville, Indiana County, August 5, 1862; mustered as First Lieutenant September 2, 1862; promoted Captain November 15, 1863; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives at Galion, Ohio.

FIRST LIEUT. WILLIAM T. CLARK—Enlisted August 6, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; Sergeant September 2, 1862; First Sergeant July 1, 1863; Second Lieutenant August 26, 1863; First Lieutenant November 15, 1863; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 7, 1864; died since the War.

FIRST LIEUT. PETER D. SPRANKLE—Enlisted August 19, 1862; Corporal September 2, 1862; Sergeant November 11, 1863; First Sergeant January 14, 1864; First Lieutenant September 25, 1864; wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Crater in front of Petersburg, Virginia, October 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

SECOND LIEUT. GEORGE HAMILTON—Mustered September 2, 1862; resigned June 1, 1863.

SECOND LIEUT. JAMES M. SUTTON—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; Sergeant September 2, 1862; First Sergeant November 10, 1863; Second Lieutenant January 13, 1864; discharged at Annapolis November 8, 1864, for wounds, with loss of leg, received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died since the War.

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN KENLY—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana, Pennsylvania; appointed Corporal September 2, 1862; Sergeant January 1, 1863; First Sergeant September 24, 1864; Second Lieutenant November 30, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.

- FIRST SERGT. LEVI C. SMITH—Enlisted August 6, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; promoted First Sergeant September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 27, 1863.
- FIRST SERGT. ROBERT A. TRAVIS—Enlisted August 6th, Brookville, Pennsylvania; Sergeant September 1, 1862; First Sergeant August 20, 1863; commissioned Second Lieutenant September 26, 1863; not mustered; discharged by order of Secretary of War to accept appointment as Captain 8th Regiment United States Colored Troops; resigned as such February 23, 1865; lives Tarentum, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. GEORGE BAUGHMAN—Enlisted August 6, 1862, at Ringgold, Pennsylvania; Corporal September 1, 1862; Sergeant November 12, 1863; First Sergeant November 30, 1864; discharged June 9, 1865; lives Sprankle's Mills, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. JOHN L. MABON—Enlisted August 21, Perrysville, Pennsylvania; Corporal October 1, 1862; Sergeant December 16, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- SERGT. DANIEL W. SMITH—Enlisted August 10, 1862; Corporal December 21, 1862; Sergeant November 30, 1864; discharged by General Order June 8, 1865; wounded at Po River May 10, 1864.
- SERGT. JOSEPH H. MOOREHEAD—Enlisted August 16, 1862; Corporal January 3, 1864; Sergeant May 30, 1864; wounded Cold Harbor June 4, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- SERGT. CHAS. M. LAW—Enlisted August 12, 1862; Corporal October 1, 1863; Sergeant September 24, 1864; wounded at Po River May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Markton, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. WILLIAM C. DEVINNEY—Enlisted August 16, 1862; Corporal September 2, 1862; Sergeant November 16, 1863; Quartermaster Sergeant May 30, 1864; mustered out with Regiment; lives Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. GEORGE W. ROLAND—Enlisted August 17, 1862; Corporal September 2, 1862; died at York, Pennsylvania, December 21, 1862; buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery.
- CORP. JACOB ROLAND—Enlisted August 18, 1862; Corporal September 2, 1862; apparently reduced to ranks; deserted July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; afterwards enlisted in a Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment and served in the western army; has died since the War.

- CORP. ROBERT GETTIS—Enlisted August 20, 1862; Corporal September 2, 1862; detailed as company clerk; died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 29, 1863.
- CORP. ISAIAH L. WELLS—Enlisted August 17, 1862; Corporal November 1, 1863; died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 5, 1864.
- CORP. ROBERT J. CRISSMAN—Enlisted August 7, 1862, Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania; Corporal November 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; died September 17, 1904.
- CORP. DANIEL R. SUTTER—Enlisted August 7, 1862; Corporal January 15, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; wounded at Fort Crater October 27, 1864.
- CORP. JOHN MILLIRON—Enlisted August 16, 1862; Corporal May 30, 1864; wounded and taken prisoner August 25, 1864, at Reams Station; absent sick at muster out.
- CORP. VINCENT RICHARDS—Enlisted August 20, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; Corporal September 24, 1864; wounded in thigh May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; taken prisoner and recaptured by United States Cavalry; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. WILLIAM BYERS—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; Corporal November 30, 1864; absent sick at muster out.
- CORP. JOSEPH HALLOWELL—Enlisted September 22, 1862; promoted Corporal February 7, 1865; feet frozen at Mine Run, Virginia, November 30, 1863; lost one of his big toes in consequence; mustered out with company June, 1865; has died since the War.
- CORP. JAMES S. SHOPPARD—Enlisted August 2, 1862; promoted Corporal February 6, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. WILLIAM B. WILKINS—Enlisted February 29, 1864; promoted to Corporal April 1, 1865; transferred to Company E 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- CORP. WILLIAM J. POSTLETHWAITE—Enlisted August 21, 1862; Corporal November 1, 1863; wounded Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died of wounds May 11, 1864.
- CORP. JOSEPH J. SHOFASTALL—Enlisted August 20, 1862; Corporal January 1, 1863; killed at Five Forks, Virginia, May 31, 1865, carrying regimental colors; buried in Poplar Grove,

National Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, Division D, Section B, Grave 47.

CORP. MATTHEW C. ALLISON—Enlisted August 16, 1862; Corporal November 1, 1863; died May 19, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

MUSICIAN JOHNSTON HAMILTON—Enlisted August 13, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

MUSICIAN DAVID N. HENRY—Enlisted August 7, 1862; discharged by General Order June 7, 1865.

WAGONER JOHN S. WEAMER—Enlisted August 16, 1862; died Cockeyville, Maryland, November 30, 1862.

PRIVATES.

JAMES ADEN—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; died Morrisville, Virginia, August 17, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, Block 2, Section E, Row 11, Grave 83.

WILLIAM R. ANDERSON—Drafted August 15, 1863; taken prisoner at North Anna, Virginia, May 25, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

JOHN BOYER—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; captured Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; also Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864; discharged June 1, 1865; died since the War.

EMANUEL BUSH—Enlisted August 6, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; missing in action May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; supposed to be dead; burial record, died at Richmond, Virginia, September 15, 1864.

PETER BURKET—Enlisted August 21, 1862, Brookfield; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

JAMES BEAR—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; discharged January 30, 1864, on surgeon's certificate on account of gun shot wound received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863.

CLARENCE T. BARR—Recruited; enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded in hand in front of Petersburg; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; lives Kingston, New Mexico.

ISAAC G. COCHRAN—Enlisted August 6, 1862, Brookville; on detached service with ambulance train; died since the War.

JOHN A. CUMMINGS—Enlisted August 27, 1862, Indiana; wounded in thigh May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia, wounded at Adams Farm, Virginia, March 31, 1865; absent sick at muster out.

- JAMES C. CRAMER—Drafted July 1, 1863; wounded Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; deserted May 28, 1864.
- HENRY CLINGENBERGER—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; discharged on surgeon's certificate on account of disease contracted in the service, August 3, 1863.
- AMOS CRYSTER—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; died in hospital at York, Pennsylvania, February 3, 1863, of pneumonia.
- JAMES DEVINNEY—Enlisted October 18, 1862, Indiana; discharged on account of disease contracted in service, on surgeon's certificate June 10, 1863.
- WILLIAM F. DILL—Enlisted February 29, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- DANIEL P. DRIVER—Enlisted February 29, 1864; died on United States Transport on James River April 12, 1864.
- ALEXANDER R. DUNLAP—Enlisted August 7, 1862, Brookville; on detached duty as brigade pioneer; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- SAMUEL P. EDWARDS—Enlisted August 7, 1862, at Punxsutawney; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 30, 1863.
- WILLIAM EVANS—Enlisted August 16, 1862; transferred to Company D, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps September 17, 1863; discharged by General Order July 13, 1865.
- WILLIAM FISHER—Enlisted August — 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 10, 1862.
- HARMON FRIDAY—Drafted October 30, 1863; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 26, 1865.
- THOMAS GARRET—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; wounded in ankle May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House; absent in hospital at muster out.
- DAVID GEARHART—Enlisted Waterford, Pennsylvania, February 22, 1864; wounded in leg May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- SAMUEL R. GEARHART—Enlisted Waterford, Pennsylvania, February 22, 1864; wounded in left arm May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; died June 7, 1864, York, Pennsylvania, of congestion of the lungs.

GEORGE GOODMAN—Enlisted July 2, 1863; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

GEORGE GROFT—Enlisted August 21, 1862, Indiana; wounded in knee at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged by General Order May 29, 1865.

WILLIAM M. HALLOWELL—Enlisted September 22, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

JOHN S. HARMAN—Enlisted August 26, 1862; taken prisoner June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

JOHN HARMON—Enlisted August 18, 1862, Indiana; died Washington, D. C., February 11, 1863; burial record April 30, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.

JOHN M. HARTMAN—Enlisted August 13, 1862, Perrysville; discharged on surgeon's certificate at convalescent camp February 13, 1863.

JOHN C. HOOVER—Enlisted August 11, 1862, Indiana; deserted October 27, 1863, from hospital.

HENRY HORNER—Enlisted August 17, 1862, at Indiana; wounded in leg at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 4, 1865.

LEWIS H. IRWIN—Enlisted August 16, 1862; died September 18, 1864, in hospital at Washington, D. C.

JACOB H. JAMISON—Enlisted August 21, 1865; wounded in right arm May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; arm amputated at shoulder; discharged October 7, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

STACEY C. JONES—Enlisted February 2, 1864; appointed regimental clerk; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

WILLIAM JORDAN—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Perrysville, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 7, 1864.

BENJAMIN F. KECK—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 27, 1863.

ERASTUS KING—Drafted October 30, 1863; wounded in knee May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.

SAMPSON KLINGENSMITH—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Ringgold; killed July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

- BENJAMIN F. KRAMER—Drafted October 30, 1863; burial record, died at Beverly, New Jersey, September 29, 1864.
- ELIAS R. KROH—Enlisted February 27, 1864; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOHN KUNKLE—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg; died in hospital a few days afterwards.
- DANIEL C. LAW—Enlisted August 12, 1862, Punxsutawney; on detached service in band at division headquarters; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Lyons, Iowa.
- JOSEPH H. LAW—Enlisted August 12, 1862, Punxsutawney; on detached service as bugler at brigade headquarters August, 1863; killed near Farmville, Virginia, April 7, 1865; last man killed in Regiment.
- WILLIAM LAININGER—Enlisted August 11, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; deserted March 31, 1863, at Falmouth, Virginia.
- WILLIAM LANDERS—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; died April 8, 1865, of wounds received at South Side Railroad March 31, 1865; buried in National Cemetery City Point, Section A, Division 4, Grave 65.
- JOSEPH LONG—Drafted June 30, 1863; died January 5, 1864, Douglas Hospital Washington, D. C., from amputation of leg; buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- DAVID F. LUCKHART—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and May 10, 1864, in left knee at Po River, Virginia; died May 30, 1864, at Armory Hospital, Washington, D. C.
- THOMAS R. LUCKHART—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; wounded in knee at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Company B, 18th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, September 11, 1863; discharged by General Order June 1, 1865.
- JOHN C. MOOREHEAD—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Plumville; detached service as mounted orderly headquarters Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- THOMAS MCELWEE—Enlisted August 18, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- MONTGOMERY MCFADDEN—Drafted August 15, 1863; taken prisoner August 25, 1864, Reams Station; transferred to Com-

- pany E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order.
- JOHN MEEKENS—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana, Pennsylvania; wounded in leg June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor; leg amputated; discharged May 29, 1865.
- WILLIAM MILLIRON—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Indiana, Pennsylvania; taken prisoner August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia; died afterwards.
- ELI R. MILLER—Drafted August 15, 1863; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE MILLER—Enlisted August 21, 1862, Ringgold; wounded in leg at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged August 31, 1864, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by order of Secretary of War and appointed Adjutant 127th Regiment U. S. C. T., September 5, 1864.
- JACOB W. MILLER—Substitute October 26, 1863; wounded in arm May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- ANDREW MINICH—Drafted October 31, 1863; killed Gravelly Run, Virginia, March 31, 1865.
- JOHN MOUNTZ—Drafted August 30, 1863; discharged from the hospital to date July 29, 1864.
- WILLIAM S. NEWCOMB—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Punxsutawney; died in hospital January 5, 1863, at Falmouth, Virginia, of inflammation of the brain.
- WILLIAM P. OBERLIN—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; taken prisoner March 31, 1865, at Gravelly Run; discharged by General Order June 5, 1865; died since the War.
- JOSIAH PHILIPS—Drafted August 2, 1863; wounded Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 18, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- SAMUEL A. PILSON—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana, Pennsylvania; wounded in left arm at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged by General Order June 6, 1865.
- JOHN POUNDS—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Punxsutawney; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 17, 1863; discharged by General Order July 8, 1865.
- JOSIAH POSTLETHWAITE—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Punxsutawney; deserted from hospital November 2, 1863.
- WILLIAM PRINGLE—Enlisted August 18, 1862, at Indiana; died August 24, 1864, on transport; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.

- EMANUEL RAYBUCK—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Perrysville; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged by General Order July 12, 1865; died September 15, 1890.
- HENRY RAYBUCK—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Perrysville; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- HEZEKIAH C. REED—Enlisted August 16, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 17, 1863; discharged by General Order June 30, 1865.
- MALCHIA RHODES—Enlisted September 22, 1862, at Indiana; wounded July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- JOSEPH RISING—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; taken prisoner October 27, 1864, at Fort Crater in front of Petersburg, Virginia; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- JOHN G. ROLAND—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; wounded and taken prisoner Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died February 6, 1865, Salisbury, North Carolina.
- JOHN B. SHALL—Enlisted August 16, 1862; taken prisoner August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia; discharged by General Order June 22, 1865.
- SAMUEL SHILLING—Enlisted August 7, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; taken prisoner Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- PHILIP SLOPPY—Enlisted August 14, 1862, Brookville; wounded in leg and taken prisoner May 10, 1864, at Po River; died in Richmond, Virginia, December 17, 1864.
- DAVID SMITH—Enlisted August 7, 1862, Brookville; wounded July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; killed May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
- JOHN SNYDER—Enlisted August 10, 1862, Brookville; wounded and taken prisoner May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; died December 7, 1864, at Richmond, Virginia.
- JOSEPH C. SPEEDY—Enlisted August 17, 1862, Indiana; wounded in leg at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged September 1, 1863, at U. S. G. Hospital on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAVID E. STAMM—Drafted August 15, 1863; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JAMES L. STAGGERS—Enlisted August 10, 1862, Brookville; taken prisoner Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died Salisbury, North Carolina, December 17, 1864.

- JACOB M. R. STRAYER—Drafted October 30, 1863; wounded in thigh August, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 6, 1865.
- JOSEPH L. SUTTON—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; died in division hospital at Falmouth, Virginia, May 25, 1863.
- EDWARD SWEENEY—Enlisted August 18, 1862, Indiana; discharged May 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROBERT P. THOMPSON—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died Salisbury, North Carolina, December 8, 1864.
- CHAMBERS O. TIMBLIN—Enlisted August 13, 1862, Brookville, Pennsylvania; discharged July 4, 1864, by sentence of G. C. M.
- GEORGE F. TIMBLIN—Enlisted February 25, 1864, Waterford; wounded in left knee May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; died Washington, D. C., June 3, 1864, of wounds; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- HARVEY H. TRANSUE—Drafted August 10, 1863; wounded through the face May 13, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- PETER VANCILE—Drafted October 30, 1863; wounded in thigh June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; discharged from United States General Hospital, Washington, February 25, 1865.
- GEORGE D. WELCH—Enlisted August 16, 1862, at Indiana; taken prisoner August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia; died February 6, 1865, at Salisbury, North Carolina.
- LEWIS A. WELCH—Enlisted August 16, 1862, Indiana; on detached service at division hospital; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died February 19, 1902.
- JAMES K. WELLS—Enlisted August 21, 1862, Indiana; wounded in face Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; discharged December 22, 1863, at Washington on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DANIEL CLARK WHITACRE—Enlisted August 20, 1862, Indiana; died July 7, 1863, at General Hospital, Alexandria, Virginia; burial record, June 28, 1863; grave 866.
- PHILIP WHITSEL—Enlisted August 13, 1862, Brookville; wounded Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 5, 1864; died June 6, 1864.
- MILES WYNKOOP—Enlisted August 21, 1862, at Indiana; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

JOHN S. WYNKOOP—Enlisted August 18, 1862; wounded July 2, 1863, Gettysburg; died May 23, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, of wounds received at Po River, May 10, 1864.

HENRY YOUNG—Enlisted August 13, 1862, Brookville; died Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 20, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

ROSTER OF F COMPANY 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

The place of enrollment, so far as it can be ascertained, is given. The date of original enlistment cannot be secured, inasmuch as neither muster-in nor muster-out roll is available, and the date following place of enrollment is, therefore, the date of original muster-in at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

CAPT. MARTIN DOLAN—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1862; discharged September 8, 1863; died since the War.

CAPT. WILLIAM POTTER WILSON—Potters Mills, Pennsylvania; September 1, 1862; promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain November 15, 1863; served on division headquarter staff from spring of 1863 to spring of 1864; transferred to corps headquarter staff spring of 1864; brevet Major December 2, 1864; brevet Lieutenant Colonel March 13, 1865; Captain and Aide-de-Camp United States Volunteers May 14, 1865; died August 6, 1886.

CAPT. JACOB BREON—Potters Mills, Pennsylvania; September 1, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant March 8, 1863; to Second Lieutenant November 15, 1863; to Captain May 15, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died Altoona, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1901.

FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE T. CURVAN—Promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant March 2, 1863; to First Lieutenant November 15, 1863; discharged by Special Order November 21, 1864.

FIRST LIEUT. WILLIAM LUCAS—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania; promoted from Corporal to First Sergeant March 28, 1865; to First Lieutenant May 15, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.

SECOND LIEUT. DAVID C. FREEMAN—Cameron County, Pennsylvania; September 8, 1862; Private Company C, Bucktail

(42d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers); was wounded Cross Keys June 8, 1862; transferred and promoted to Second Lieutenant; resigned March 2, 1863; died since the War.

FIRST SERGEANT WILLIAM J. MACKEY—Milesburg; promoted from Sergeant May 15, 1863; commissioned Second Lieutenant May 18, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Altoona, Pennsylvania.

FIRST SERGT. JEREMIAH A. SANKEY—Potters Mills, September 1, 1862; commissioned First Lieutenant December 1, 1864; not mustered; died at City Point, Virginia, March 29, 1865, of wounds received at Petersburg, Virginia, March 25, 1865.

FIRST SERGT. ROBERT A. HENRY—September 1, 1862; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

SERGT. SIMEON BATHURST—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal April 17, 1863; to Sergeant February 26, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

SERGT. SYLVESTER A. ENGLISH—Cameron County, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal July 13, 1863; to Sergeant February 25, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Benezett, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. JOHN M. ENGLISH—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 11, 1864; to Sergeant March 29, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Driftwood, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. SAMUEL STAIR—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 11, 1864; to Sergeant May 16, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

SERGT. WILLIAM P. PHELPS—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; discharged February 20, 1865, for wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.

SERGT. DAVID BURRELL—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal August 29, 1862; Sergeant November 15, 1863; discharged February 20, 1865, for wounds received at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864; lives Spring Mills, Pennsylvania.

CORP. JAMES S. RILEY—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 14, 1863; discharged by General Order May 29, 1865.

CORP. HENRY HEATON—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 11, 1864; on special duty at commissary department; absent sick at muster out; lives Yarnall, Pennsylvania.

- CORP. J. W. STRINGFELLOW—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal July 11, 1864; wounded Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, and at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; absent at muster-out.
- CORP. ISA P. LEIGHTLEY—Milesburg, Pennsylvania; September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal February 26, 1864; served with color guard; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Yeagertown, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. WILLIAM BAINLEY—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted Corporal February 26, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. DAVID IRVIN—September 1, 1862; wounded Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; promoted Corporal March 25, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. WILLIAM A. JACOBS—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal March 26, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. GEO. W. STEFFEY—Huntingdon County, September 1, 1862, promoted to Corporal March 26, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. JAMES POTTER—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863.
- CORP. REUBEN SHIRK—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 18, 1864.
- CORP. CONSTANTINE HINTON—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 30, 1865.
- CORP. WILLIAM H. BURRELL—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 12, 1863; killed Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried National Cemetery, Section E, Grave 7.
- CORP. STEPHEN KENNELLY—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 28, 1863; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- CORP. MARTIN T. IRVIN—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal April 26, 1864; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- CORP. DANIEL SHAEFFER—Potters Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; died at Potters Mills April 9, 1863.
- MUSICIAN THOMAS MINNICH—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

PRIVATES.

- WILLIAM W. ANDERSON—February 3, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- SETH M. ABRAHAM—October 14, 1863; substitute; deserted November 5, 1863.
- GEORGE ARMSTRONG—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; deserted July 18, 1864; returned; discharged by Special Order August 16, 1865.
- DAVID BEIRS—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Benore, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB J. BERGER—October 7, 1863; substitute; died at Baltimore, Maryland, November 28, 1864.
- WILLIAM H. BERGER—October 17, 1863; substitute; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM C. BENNETT—February 29, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- FREDERICK BINGMAN—October 2, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JOHN BARMOY—Frenchville, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 2, 1865; died since the War.
- ELIAS BOYER—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 2, 1865; died since the War.
- JOHN COONEY—September 1, 1862; wounded and captured at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died at Richmond, Virginia, June 19, 1864.
- JONATHAN CAMP—August 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JOHN CONFER—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 20, 1863.
- JOHN COGAN—August 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- HENRY CRAWFORD—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- ASHER CRIDER—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

- SOLOMON CRIDER—September 1, 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 6, 1862.
- ALEXANDER CREIGHTON—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; buried in National Cemetery Section A, Grave 4.
- LEWIS W. CULVER—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863; discharged by General Order July 1, 1865.
- JAMES G. DENT—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; prisoner Chancellorsville, Virginia, May, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE W. DUNKLE—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 5, 1863; lives Spring Mills, Pennsylvania.
- CHARLES DUNLAP—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; died at Stevensburg, Virginia, January 4, 1864.
- ELI FRITZ—October 1, 1863; drafted; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 23, 1864.
- JAMES E. FLEMING—September 1, 1862; captured; died at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 18, 1863.
- MICHAEL FOX—June 1, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 24, 1865; lives Belleville, Pennsylvania.
- HAMILTON H. GRAHAM—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864.
- WILLIAM GARES—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
- INMAN A. HALLET—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- CHRIST C. HAVENER—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; prisoner August 25, 1864, to March 1, 1865; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865.
- GEORGE M. HARNDEN—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 29, 1863.
- JAMES HENRY—September 1, 1862; died January 1, 1865, while a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.
- BENJAMIN HOCKENBERRY—October 7, 1863; drafted; died at Washington, D. C., August 28, of wounds received at

Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington.

F. F. HOLLINGSWORTH—February 3, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

ISAAC HOLLINGSWORTH—September 1, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 1, 1863.

EDWARD HOUSTON—October 10, 1862; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

JOHN W. HOWARD—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 15, 1864; discharged by General Order July 8, 1865; died since the War.

ABRAHAM HULSIZER—October 8, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

JAMES O. JORDAN—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 30, 1863.

JOHN H. JACOBS—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863.

IRA JOHNSTON—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., February 19, 1865; buried Military Asylum Cemetery.

DAVID KENNEDY—August 22, 1863; drafted; died May 31, 1864, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.

MILES T. KETNER—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 16, 1863.

ALBERT LORD—Cameron County September 1, 1862; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; discharged by General Order May 20, 1865; lives Cameron, Pennsylvania.

DAVID J. LITTLE—September 1, 1862; absent sick at muster-out.

JOHN D. LUCAS—Snow Shoe, September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; absent at muster-out.

JOHN LININGER—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

JOHN LINGLE—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 5, 1863.

WILLIAM LIGHTNER—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 12, 1863.

BENJAMIN LITTLE—September 1, 1862; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.

- MARTIN H. MACKEY—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; discharged by General Order May 23, 1865; lives Altoona, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN MILLS—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM MILLER—Spring Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; prisoner from August 25 to November 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1864; died McAlevey's Fort, 1899.
- NATHANIEL MILLER—August 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- HENRY MILLAN—October 17, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- DAVID MARTZ—October 17, 1863; drafted; died at Milton, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1864.
- THOMAS MORGAN—October 29, 1863; substitute; transferred to Company G, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- SAMUEL MOTTARN—October 1, 1863; drafted; discharged by General Order May 16, 1865.
- PATRICK McENTYRE—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- LUKE McABEE—September 1, 1862; missing in action at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- JOHN McCONNELL—August 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- ROBERT McCREARY—October 28, 1863; substitute; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- MICHAEL MCGINNESS—December 22, 1862; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- JEREMIAH MCKINLEY—Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; discharged by General Order July 25, 1865.
- WILLIAM A. NICHOLS—February 29, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

- JACOB E. NICHOLS—October 18, 1863; substitute; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- HENRY S. NOLDER—June 1, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; lives Petersburg, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID OLSWALS—SNOW SHOE, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM A. PARKER—SNOW SHOE, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded Reams Station, Virginia August 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM PERRY—SNOW SHOE, September 1, 1862; served with pioneer corps; discharged December 19, 1864, for wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; died since the War.
- JOHN PENNINGTON—Potters Mills, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; died since the War.
- JOHN B. PROUDFOOT—Milesburg, September 1, 1862; transferred to Company G, 14th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order June 26, 1865; died since the War.
- JOSEPH SENTMAN—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; wounded Five Forks, Virginia, March 31, 1865; discharged by General Order June 2, 1865.
- JOHN H. SMITH—Cameron County, September 1, 1862; missing in action Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- PHILIP T. B. SMITH—September 1, 1862; wounded at Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- SIMON SIPE—November 2, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- CHARLES SMULL—October 6, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- THOMAS J. SPENCER—February 4, 1864; transferred to Company G 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- REGUS W. STEWART—January 28, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- WILSON L. STEWART—January 5, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.

- GEORGE M. STEFFEY—Huntingdon County, September 1, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863.
- WILLIAM O. STEFFEY—Huntingdon County, September 1, 1862; captured Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; died at Richmond, Virginia, January 17, 1864.
- DAVID SPECHT—November 2, 1863; drafted; discharged November 1, 1864, for wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.
- JOSEPH SUNDERLAND—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 5, 1863.
- EDWARD SWAB—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- JOHN SWAB—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; discharged by General Order July 12, 1865.
- WASHINGTON WATSON—Snow Shoe, September 1, 1862; served with pioneer corps; absent sick at muster-out; died since the War.
- DAVID WHITE—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- DAVID WANDS—October 6, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOSEPH WILSON—October 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM WATKINS—Milesburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; died June 10, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- BLAIR WOODCOCK—August 22, 1863; drafted; died of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- JACOB WEAND—November 23, 1863; drafted; died June 18th of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- JOHN WELCH—October 17, 1863; substitute; captured; died Salisbury, North Carolina, January 17, 1864.
- HARRISON ZEEK—August 22, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- GEORGE ZULINGER—February 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G, 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

- CAPT. ROBERT A. McFARLANE—See Roster of Field and Staff—Lieutenant Colonels.
- CAPT. JAMES J. PATTERSON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 24; mustered August 27, 1862, as First Lieutenant; promoted Captain September 8, 1862; wounded June 16, 1864, in leg; honorably discharged by Special Order No. 307, Headquarters Second Army Corps, December 3, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability; address when enlisted Boalsburg, Pennsylvania; present address Shaver, Boone County, Arkansas.
- CAPT. ISAAC LYTTLE—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 20; mustered as First Sergeant August 18, 1862; promoted Second Lieutenant September 8, 1862; First Lieutenant November 15, 1863, and Captain December 22, 1864; wounded May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; honorably discharged by Special Order No. 24, Headquarters Second Army Corps, January 24, 1865; died in New Jersey; buried at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
- CAPT. JOHN H. HARPSTER—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 20; mustered Sergeant August 18, 1862; promoted First Sergeant September 8, 1862; Second Lieutenant November 15, 1863; First Lieutenant December 22, 1864; Captain February 9, 1865; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; mustered out with company June 9, 1865; address when enlisted Centre Hall, Pennsylvania; present address Rajahmundry, India.
- FIRST LIEUT. JACOB B. EDMONDS—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 31; mustered Second Lieutenant August 29, 1862; promoted First Lieutenant September 8, 1862; transferred to Captain Company C, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers November 15, 1863; address at enlistment, Boalsburg; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864; left a widow, no children.
- FIRST LIEUT. JOSEPH FOX—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 20; mustered Corporal August 18, 1862; promoted Sergeant August 28, 1863; Second Lieutenant December 22, 1864; First Lieutenant February 9, 1865; discharged with the company June, 1865; born in Centre County, Pennsylvania; residence at enlistment, Center Furnace; was twice wounded; killed by a locomotive at Bellefonte, where he resided; left a widow and sons and daughters.

- SECOND LIEUT. JOHN W. STUART—Enlisted August 5, 1862, age 17; mustered August 18, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 8, 1862; to Sergeant August 28, 1863; to Second Lieutenant February 9, 1865, acted Adjutant of the Regiment from March 1st to March 25, 1865; acted Quartermaster of the Regiment from March 25th to June 9, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 9, 1865; resided at time of enlistment, Boalsburg, Pennsylvania; now resides at State College, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. ROBERT H. PATTERSON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18; mustered as a private August 18, 1862; made Corporal November 6, 1862; Sergeant January 15, 1863, and First Sergeant November 15, 1863; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 6, 1865; was previously wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; residence at enlistment, Peru Mills, Juniata County, Pennsylvania, where he still resides.
- FIRST SERGT. WILLIAM L. TAYLOR—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 26; mustered as Corporal August 18, 1862; promoted Sergeant July, 1864, and First Sergeant February 6, 1865; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; mustered out with company; present address Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. WILLIAM MCGUIRE—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 26; mustered Sergeant August 18, 1862; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and died May 9, 1863.
- SERGT. LOT E. KETNER—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 27; mustered Sergeant August 18, 1862; wounded at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864; mustered out with company.
- SERGT. WILLIAM C. HOLAHAN—Enlisted August 5, 1862, at Boalsburg, his home; mustered Sergeant August 18, 1862; transferred to Second Lieutenant United States Colored Troops; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died at Renova, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. JAMES P. ODENKIRK—Enlisted August 12, 1862; age 21; mustered August 18, 1862, as a private; promoted Sergeant January 15, 1863; transferred to the non-commissioned staff of the Regiment July 1, 1864; home when enlisted, "Old Fort;" present address Warrensburg, Missouri.
- SERGT. SAMUEL EVERHART—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 21; mustered Corporal August 18, 1862; promoted Sergeant January 5, 1863; transferred and promoted to First Lieutenant

Company C October 1, 1864; wounded May 12, 1864; killed April 30, 1865; see record of Company C; home Boalsburg, Pennsylvania; buried in Spring Creek Cemetery.

SERGEANT. JAMES P. SHOOP—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 21; mustered August 18, 1862, as Corporal; detached August 9, 1863, for duty with ambulance corps, where he served with efficiency to the end of the War; promoted Sergeant October, 1864; address Canton, Ohio.

SERGEANT. JOHN MARTZ—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 21; home Shingletown; mustered Corporal August 18, 1862; promoted Sergeant January 1, 1865; mustered out with company; address Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.

SERGEANT. ITHIEL B. SNYDER—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 23; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal July 28, 1864; Sergeant February 6, 1865; mustered out with company.

SERGEANT. DAVID H. HENNEY—Enlisted August 12, 1862; age 18; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal July 28, 1864; Sergeant February 6, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; home when enlisted Centre Hall, Pennsylvania; died Potters Mills, Pennsylvania; buried at Sprucetown, Pennsylvania.

CORPORAL. GEORGE J. DUFFY—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 21; mustered Corporal August 18, 1862; killed in battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; born and reared at Shingletown, Pennsylvania.

CORPORAL. GEORGE W. WENT—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 25; mustered August 18, 1862; by his own choice became a private November 15, 1862; wounded at Deep Bottom, Virginia August 15, 1864; born and reared in Perry County, Pennsylvania.

CORPORAL. WILLIAM H. SWINEHART—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 22; mustered August 18, 1862; killed May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; born and reared near Oak Hall, Pennsylvania.

CORPORAL. WILLIAM I. BERRY—Enlisted August 13, 1862; age 20; mustered private August 18, 1862; detailed as hospital steward First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps; promoted Corporal January 5, 1863; discharged from the volunteer service and enlisted as United States hospital steward by Special Order No. 252, War Department, July 28, 1864; born and reared near Lamont, Pennsylvania.

- CORP. JAMES M. ROYER—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 22; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal January 5, 1863; mustered out with company; home near Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania; died February 7, 1888; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. GEORGE W. WARD—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 24; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal January 5, 1863; killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; home when enlisted, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. WILLIAM S. VAN DYKE—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal August 1, 1863; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; home when enlisted, Peru Mills, Juniata County, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. DANIEL S. KELLER—Enlisted August 5, 1862, from his home at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania; age 18; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal September 1863; transferred to invalid corps on account of wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, by Special Order No. 57, War Department, dated February 15, 1864; died and is buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; held a prominent place at the Bellefonte Bar; was Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General N. G. P. on staff of General Beaver.
- CORP. GEORGE GLENN—Enlisted August 5, 1862, from his home near the Branch; age 19; mustered August 18, 1862, a private; promoted Corporal September, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability January 11, 1865; buried at Spring Creek Cemetery.
- CORP. DANIEL ROYER—Enlisted August 6, 1862; age 22; mustered August 18, 1862, a private; promoted Corporal May 13, 1864; mustered out with company; home when enlisted near Pleasant Gap; present address Valley Falls, Kan.
- CORP. WILLIAM A. JACOBS—Enlisted August 6, 1862; age 18; home Shingletown; mustered private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal October 3, 1864; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JOSEPH L. HARPSTER—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 19, home at Stormstown; mustered August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal February 9, 1865; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, and at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia May 12, 1864; left for dead, fell into enemy's

hands, was exchanged and returned for duty; present address Port Matilda, Pennsylvania.

CORP. JAMES B. IRVIN—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 28; home near Penna Furnace, Huntingdon County; mustered August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal February 9, 1865; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, and at Fort Gregg October 27, 1864; mustered out with the company; died January 4, 1893; buried at Steffis, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.

CORP. WILLIAM L. BOTTORFF—Enlisted from his home near Center Furnace August 5, 1862; age 19; mustered a private August 18, 1862; promoted Corporal February 9, 1865; mustered out with company; present address Canton, Ohio.

CORP. ANTHONY KNOPF—Enlisted from his home at Linden Hall August 5, 1862; age 31; mustered August 18, 1862, a private; promoted Corporal February 9, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, and at Adams Run, Virginia, April, 1865; mustered out with company; present address Oak Hall Station, Pennsylvania.

MUSICIAN DANIEL SCHREFFLER—Age 33; drummer; enlisted August 8, 1862; mustered out with company; died in Illinois.

MUSICIAN MATHIAS RIDER—Age 22; fifer; enlisted August 11, 1862; mustered August 18, 1862; mustered out with company; present address Gatesburg, Pennsylvania.

WAGONER ABRAHAM M. ROYER—Enlisted August 5, 1862, as teamster, but served in the ranks; mustered August 18, 1862; mortally wounded May 30, 1864, at Totopotomoy, Virginia; died August 15, 1864; home at enlistment, Boalsburg.

PRIVATES.

HENRY C. ALLEN—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 19; residence Pine Grove; mustered August 18, 1862; served with the approbation of those in command and was discharged with the company June, 1865; present address Altoona, Pennsylvania.

JOHN H. ALLEN—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 25; residence Pine Grove; mustered August 18, 1862; detached June 13, 1863, as teamster in division train; so served to end of War; discharged with the company; a good soldier.

WILLIAM BAILY—August 2, 1862; age 18; mustered August 18, 1862; served faithfully; engaged in many actions and was discharged with the company; present address Stormstown, Pennsylvania.

- GEORGE K. BAKER—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 20; residence Oak Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; detached as provost guard at Philadelphia January 14, 1864; returned to the company August 24, 1864; served with credit to discharge of company, both in the company and on detail; present address Downs, Osborne County, Kansas.
- BENJAMIN F. BEANS—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; killed at battle of Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; a true and brave soldier.
- NATHAN E. BEANS—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18 (was younger); mustered August 18, 1862; missing in action June 16, 1864, near Petersburg, Virginia; was prisoner of war; was released an invalid and discharged with the company, a brave soldier; killed in Clearfield County by tree falling on him.
- VALENTINE BENSKOTRE—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 21; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; served well until winter of 1863; lost his health and was long in hospital and discharged for disability February 11, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN BOWERS—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 20; mustered August 18, 1862; did good service; was made prisoner of war at Reams Station August 25, 1864; reported died in prison.
- BRICE D. BRISBIN—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 20; residence Old Fort; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; prisoner of war in action before Petersburg, Virginia, June 22, 1864; a very worthy soldier; discharged with company; present address Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
- BENJAMIN D. CONDO—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 18; residence Milheim; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded June 3, 1864 at Cold Harbor, Virginia; died of his wounds June 17th at Washington, D. C.; a loss to his company and friends; buried at Traversburg, Virginia.
- CHARLES M. CONDO—Twin brother of the above, enlisted at same time; drowned in the Gunpowder Creek September 21, 1862; a young soldier of much promise.
- JARED CONDO—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 19; residence Milheim; mustered August 18, 1862; detached June 3, 1863, as a blacksmith First Division Second Corps and so served until the end of the War; murdered by prisoner in Bellefonte jail while serving as turnkey July 29, 1904.

- DANIEL CONDO—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 41; residence Milheim; mustered August 18, 1862; detached as blacksmith to First Division December 29, 1862, and served to the end of the War and mustered out with company; he and his son Jared (above) were useful men; died February 11, 1869, at Spring Mills, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN DAVISON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 23; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; served with credit in the company until detached September 25, 1863, to be a teamster at brigade headquarters ammunition train and so served to end of War; mustered out with the company.
- WILLIAM DEVORE—Enlisted August 2, 1862; age 19; residence Champion Hill; mustered August 18, 1862; killed at battle of Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864; a soldier brave and true.
- BENJAMIN F. DUNKLE—Enlisted August 13, 1862; age 22; Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia, and discharged by reason of same January 16, 1865, and the company lost a good soldier; present address Lattsburg, Ohio.
- HENRY ECKINROTH—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 29; residence Oak Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; lost arm at battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, while bravely fighting in the line; discharged November 21, 1863.
- HENRY FLEISHER—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 21; mustered August 18, 1862; discharged by reason of physical disability January 16, 1865; he did much good service; present address Huston, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE W. GILBERT—Enlisted August 6, 1862; age 31; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; missing at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; there is little doubt that he was killed and lost sight of in that terrible rush; he was a No. 1 soldier; he left a widow and children.
- JOHN GILBERT—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 24; mustered August 18, 1862; detailed saddler at division headquarters January 15, 1863, and thus he was never called on to do service in battle; discharged from Convalescent Camp, Virginia, July 17, 1863.
- JACKSON HARTLEY—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 21; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; fought in the line at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May, 1863; was detached to the

ambulance corps June 25, 1863, where he served with credit until the end of the War and then returned to company and was mustered out with it.

FRANCIS M. HESS—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 19; residence Centre Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; did much good service and was mustered out with the company.

JONATHAN HOFFNER—Enlisted August 15, 1862; age 18; mustered August 27, 1862; detached December 29, 1862, to ambulance train where he served to the end of the War; wounded in the line of his duty June 5, 1864; discharged with the company; present address Cornprobs Mills, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE W. ISHLER—Enlisted August 10, 1862; age 21; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; died May 6, 1863; he fell bravely fighting in the line; buried at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM A. ISHLER—Enlisted August 10, 1862; age 22; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; he served through the term as bass drummer of the Regimental Band, and he was a good man in his place; present address Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

THOMAS JOHNSTONBAUGH—Enlisted August 9, 1862; age 19; residence Oak Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; did good service and was discharged with the company; present address Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL KELLY—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 42; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; always ready for duty, industrious in camp and full of courage, he did credit to the service, and his native Ireland; mustered out with company; buried at Sprucetown, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE KOON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 23; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia, and October 27, 1864, at Fort Gregg; an excellent soldier; discharged with company; present address Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM KOONSMAN—Enlisted August 9, 1862; age 19; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; he did not prove able for service; discharged March 6, 1863, after several months in hospital.

DAVID KOONFIER—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 24; residence Old Fort; mustered August 18, 1862; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 2, 1864; a man who always did his duty the best he could.

- THOMAS J. LEE—Enlisted August 6, 1862; age 23; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; detached December 4, 1863, to be brigade bugler and so served to end of War and then discharged with company; his position proved his worth.
- SAMUEL T. LYTLE—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 33; mustered August 18, 1862; a good soldier until failure of health; transferred to the invalid corps April 15, 1864; present address State College, Pennsylvania.
- ISAIAH W. MARKS—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 23; residence Juniata County; mustered August 9, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; discharged May 3, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; was a neat, tidy soldier.
- JAMES F. MARTIN—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 19; mustered August 18, 1862; scarcely physically strong enough, he persevered; was lost several times in action; did considerable duty and was finally discharged with company.
- DAVID MCCOOL—Enlisted May 5, 1862; age 22; residence Oak Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; was a good soldier, served faithfully and in the end was discharged with his company; buried at Millroy, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID D. MCILHATTAN—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 21; residence Center Furnace; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; a brave and cheerful soldier; discharged with company; present address Oil City, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE W. MCILHATTAN—Enlisted August 9, 1862; age 22; residence Center Furnace; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, of wound June 5, 1864; brave, cheerful and the life of the camp.
- DAVID W. MILLER—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 18 (really 16); mustered August 18, 1862; residence Shingletown; one of the youngest of the Regiment he did the duty of a man; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; served with credit to the end of the War and was discharged with the company; lives Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM MITCHELL—Enlisted August 6, 1862; age 32; mustered August 18, 1862; detached September 25, 1863, to be a teamster in Fourth Brigade train and so served to end of War; discharged with company; buried at Waterstreet, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.

- JOHN MOYER—or Myer or Myers as variably spelled; enlisted August 5, 1862; age 21; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; served a good soldier through the War and was discharged with company; buried at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN H. MOYER—Enlisted August 13, 1862; age 23; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; there was no better soldier in the company; mustered out with company; present address Hiawatha, Kansas.
- ADAMS T. MURPHY—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 18; residence Champion Hill; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; no man in the company did more or better service than this boy; discharged with the company; present address Grampion, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL G. MUSSEY—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 19; residence Pine Grove; mustered August 18, 1862; died of congestive fever at Camp Hancock, Virginia, January 11, 1863; buried at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- AMOS MYERS—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 22; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; in him Company G lost one of her best men.
- REUBEN PAGE—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 39; residence Center Hall; mustered August 18, 1862; detached December 28, 1862, to serve with the ambulance corps and served most efficiently to the end; there was no risk he would not run to reach and carry off a wounded man; discharged with his company; died and is buried at Linden Hall, Pennsylvania.
- REUBEN REED—Enlisted August 9, 1862; age 21; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, and at Reams Station August 25, 1864; an excellent soldier; after faithful service he was discharged with company; died February 10, 1901; buried at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL REEL—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia; discharged with company after good service; present address Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN T. RILEY—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 20; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; did much good service; was also sick in hospital for long intervals; mustered out with company; buried at Birmingham, Pennsylvania.

ALEXANDER B. ROSS—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 24; residence Pine Grove Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; after this did not do much field duty; up to this time was a rugged soldier.

JOHN H. RUMBARGER—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 18 (in reality only 15); mustered August 18, 1862; transferred to the invalid corps July 16, 1863; transferred back to company May 23, 1864; missing in action near Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864; was prisoner till end of War; this was an ambitious and intrepid boy.

GEORGE W. SHAFFER—Enlisted August 9, 1862; age 27; mustered August 18, 1862; he was a delicate man and did most of his service at hospital; mustered out with company.

DAVID W. SHIRES—Enlisted August 12, 1862; age 18; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; died of typhoid fever December 14, 1862; buried at Sprucetown, Pennsylvania.

THOMAS SINGLETON—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 18; residence Center Furnace; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; brave, cool and daring, he was one of those who helped make Company G what she was; mustered out with company; present address Kittaning Point, Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL H. SNYDER—Enlisted August 6, 1862; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at battle of Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died August 22, 1864 in hospital at Washington D. C.

DAVID STOVER—Enlisted August 7, 1862; age 26; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, at Po River; recovered and returned to company; a fine sample of the Christian soldier, true and brave; mustered out with the company; address Lincoln Center, Kansas.

HIRAM SWEETWOOD—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 23; mustered August 18; detached October 2, 1863; teamster in division wagon train to end of War; a good man wherever placed; mustered out with company.

JAMES A. THOMPSON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; age 18; residence Boalsburg; mustered August 18, 1862; detached as courier at corps headquarters to end of War; wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863; a model soldier in every line of duty; mustered out with company; present address James A. Thompson, M. D., Stormstown, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM A. THOMPSON—Enlisted August 5, 1862; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; killed June 1, 1864,

near Hanover town, Virginia; he did all he could for his country.

SAMUEL W. WEBB—Enlisted August 4, 1862; age 19; mustered August 18, 1862; was a particularly good soldier until July 8, 1863, when he deserted, to the surprise of all.

JAMES A. WILLIAMS—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 21; mustered August 18, 1862; killed in the charge at Gettysburg in the very front July 2, 1863; a tidy, brave and responsible soldier, a loss to his country.

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 24; residence Lamonte; mustered August 18, 1862; died of chronic gastritis November 11, 1864; a worthy man and excellent soldier; buried at Spring Creek Cemetery.

WILLIAM WINGARD—Enlisted August 12, 1862; age 22; residence Potters Mills August 18, 1862; captured August 25, 1864; died in Andersonville prison; he was a good soldier.

GEORGE W. YARLETT—Enlisted August 11, 1862; age 40; mustered August 18, 1862; captured August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia; died in Andersonville prison; he did a large amount of good service before capture.

JOHN E. YOUTS—Enlisted August 8, 1862; age 21; residence Potters Mills; mustered August 18, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; lingered long in hospital and was transferred to the invalid corps April 15, 1864, and from there discharged; he was a prime soldier.

RECRUITS OF COMPANY G.

WILLIAM BETTS—Drafted September 1, 1863, Sixteenth District Chambersburg; joined company November 19, 1863; a first-class soldier; his home was in Bedford County.

HENRY A. BOTTORFF—Enlisted at Boalsburg by Captain Patterson February 20, 1864; mustered February 25, 1864; age 18; was a good soldier; discharged with company; present address Downs, Kansas.

JOHN H. BREON—Enlisted November 25, 1862; deserted; was never in action; was no good.

WILLIAM H. FULTON—Enlisted by Captain Patterson at Bellefonte, February 22, 1864; age 19; residence Center Furnace; mustered February 26, 1864; wounded May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; returned for duty; discharged with the company after good service; present address Dakota, Illinois.

- WILLIAM H. GARBRICK—Enlisted at Bellefonte by Captain Patterson February 25, 1864; mustered February 25, 1864; wounded June 11, 1864, on picket before Cold Harbor, Virginia; mustered out with company; he did his duty well; present address Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
- THOMAS J. GATES—Enlisted at Boalsburg by Captain Patterson February 22, 1864; mustered February 25, 1864; did good service and was discharged with the company; present address Mill Creek, Pennsylvania.
- PHILIP GLESSNER—Drafted September 1, 1863, Sixteenth District, Chambersburg; residence Bedford County; wounded May 13, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, on picket; after a time returned to duty; was a superior soldier.
- WILLIAM M. GROSS—Drafted Fourteenth District at Selins Grove; joined company November 19, 1863; killed May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; he was an exceptionally good soldier.
- SAMUEL HAMER—Enlisted at Boalsburg by Captain Patterson February 22, 1864; mustered February 25, 1864; killed on picket in front of Petersburg, Virginia, October, 1864; thus he fell in the line of his duty.
- BENJAMIN HOUSEL—Enlisted by Captain Patterson at Bellefonte February 15th and mustered February 25, 1864; joined for duty with company April 15th; sent to hospital May 1st and never returned to company for duty until time to be mustered out with it; buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- FRANCIS M. MAY—Drafted September 1, 1863, Sixteenth District, Chambersburg; residence Bedford County; joined company November 19, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864, and again at Adams Run April, 1865; discharged with company; record, fine.
- JOHN PITTMAN—Enlisted as a substitute at Chambersburg, place of rendezvous for Sixteenth District; age 18; mustered August 28, 1863; joined Company G October 30, 1863; his home was Mercersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania; he was a very enthusiastic and efficient soldier; discharged with the company.
- WILLIAM PITTMAN—Drafted August 28, 1863; age 21; Chambersburg, the point of rendezvous for Sixteenth District; joined Company G October 30, 1863; wounded (permanent injury) May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; was just as good a soldier as his brother John.

- SAMUEL J. RAGER—Enlisted by Captain Patterson at Bellefonte February 10, 1864; mustered February 25, 1864; wounded June 17th near Petersburg, Virginia, and again October 26, 1864, and captured by the enemy; died in prison; a young man, esteemed by all; a brave and earnest soldier.
- JAMES C. SELLERS—Enlisted by Captain Patterson at Boalsburg February 22, 1864; mustered February 26, 1864; discharged with the company after more than a year of service; present address Sawpit, Colorado.
- DIAS SHOEMAKER—Drafted September 1, 1863, Sixteenth District, Chambersburg; joined Company G November 19, 1863; wounded and captured at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died of his wounds in prison August 15, 1864; a brave soldier.
- JAMES STARLIPER—Drafted August 28, 1863, Sixteenth District, Chambersburg; age 24; residence Mercersburg, Franklin County, October 30, 1863; a first-class soldier; discharged with the company.
- WILLIAM V. STARLIPER—Drafted August 28, 1863, Sixteenth District, Chambersburg; age 26; mustered same day; joined company October 30, 1863; residence Mercersburg; captured June 22, 1864, near Petersburg; held by enemy until end of War; discharged with company; he did his duty well.
- JOHN WEYAND—Drafted as above; not a very able man; he did what duty he could; transferred to the invalid corps April 15, 1864.
- GEORGE WASSON—Enlisted at same time and place; mustered February 26, 1864; served in most creditable manner to end of War; discharged with the company.
- HENRY H. YARNELL—Enlisted and mustered with the above; he was a very excellent soldier; mustered out with company; living at Connellsville, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN T. YOUNG—Same as above; he did his duty acceptably and was discharged with the company; buried at Altoona, Pennsylvania.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H, 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

- LIEUT. COL. GEORGE A. FAIRLAMB—Mustered August 22, 1862, as Captain of Company H; promoted to Major September 7, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; promoted to Lieutenant Colonel November 15, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, through the right elbow joint and left shoulder and captured, remaining a prisoner from May 12, 1864, to September 22, 1864; discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability February 24, 1865; living at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, at Bush House.
- LIEUT. COL. GEORGE A. BAYARD—Mustered August 22, 1862, as First Lieutenant Company H; promoted to Captain September 7, 1862; wounded in the face by a minie ball at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; captured at Strawberry Plains, Virginia, June 22, 1864; promoted to Major May 17, 1865; commissioned Lieutenant Colonel June 1, 1865; mustered out with Regiment June 1, 1865; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1903, aged 76 years.
- CAPT. H. H. MONTGOMERY—Mustered August 16, 1862, as private; promoted to Sergeant September 7, 1862; promoted to Second Lieutenant October 30, 1863; to First Lieutenant July 31, 1864; to Captain May 6, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at No. 118 High Street, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST LIEUT. JAMES B. COOK—First enlisted at Rockford, Illinois, in Co.—— Illinois Volunteers, commanded by Col. W. H. L. Wallace; was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability resulting from typhoid fever contracted at Birds Point near Cairo; returned to his home at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; enlisted in Company H, 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; was mustered August 16, 1862, as third Sergeant; promoted to First Sergeant September 7, 1862; to First Lieutenant November 15, 1863; wounded at the battle of Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1863, by minie ball in right leg; had his leg amputated at the Sixth Corps field hospital; died at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., June 1, 1864; buried at Bellefonte, Centre county, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST. LIEUT. JOHN L. JOHNSTON—Mustered as First Sergeant August 22, 1862; promoted to First Lieutenant September

7, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; promoted to Captain of Company A November 15, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1863; discharged June 1, 1865; entered Regular Army at close of War; retired; living in Philadelphina.

SECOND LIEUT. ALEXANDER GIBB—Mustered August 16, 1862, as Fifth Sergeant; promoted to First Sergeant November 15, 1863; to Second Lieutenant September 8, 1864; in charge of detail from Company H, with Capt. Jeremiah Z. Brown, in capture of Confederate fort October 27, 1864; promoted to First Lieutenant May 6, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died in New York City; buried near New York.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM H. STEVENS—Mustered August 22, 1862, as Second Lieutenant; promoted to Chaplain September 4, 1862; mustered out with Regiment June 1, 1865; died at Shelby, Iowa, June 10, 1901; buried at Three Springs, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania; see Chaplains Story.

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN A. BAYARD—Lieutenant in Second Pennsylvania Regiment War with Mexico; entered 1st Cavalry as Sergeant August 12, 1861; promoted to First Lieutenant Company E; resigned February 26, 1862; mustered August 16, 1862; promoted from Second Sergeant of Company H, to Second Lieutenant September 2, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, in the side May 3, 1863; wounded through the thigh July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; died of his wounds July 3, 1863; buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN A. J. FUGATE—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 17, 1862; to Sergeant January 1, 1863; to First Sergeant September 8, 1864; commissioned Second Lieutenant June 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Reynoldsville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, 1900; buried at Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. DARIUS L. SANDERS—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted Corporal January 5, 1863; to Sergeant November 15, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged by General Order May 22, 1865; living at Renova, Clinton County, Pennsylvania.

SERGT. DANIEL H. BUMGARDNER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted Corporal September 1, 1863; to Sergeant December 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Brookville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania.

- SERGT. SAMUEL B. WYLAND—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal December 1, 1864; to Sergeant January 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and buried in cemetery there.
- SERGT. JOHN FREEZE—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted Corporal November 1, 1864; to Sergeant January 1, 1865; wounded in right hip at Petersburg, Virginia, April 2, 1865; discharged by General Order July 27, 1865; living in Boogs Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. SAMUEL MCKINLEY—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Sergeant September 8, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried at Gettysburg among the unknown dead.
- SERGT. WILLIAM WARD—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Sergeant September 1, 1863; captured at Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864; died at Millen, Georgia, December 1, 1864; buried at Millen; grave unknown; he saved his flag at Petersburg, June 17, 1864, by burying it in the sand and suffering himself to be taken prisoner.
- SERGT. HERMAN K. MILLER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1863; to Sergeant November 15, 1863; captured at Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864; prisoner from June 17, 1864, to April 28, 1865; discharged July 11th to date May 24, 1865; living at No. 308 E. High Street, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. THOMAS JORDON—Mustered October 10, 1862; promoted Corporal March 5, 1863; to Sergeant December 1, 1864; captured at Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864; died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 24, 1864; buried at Andersonville, Georgia, Grave No. 11,430.
- CORP. JACOB SNYDER—Mustered August 31, 1862, as Corporal; died in Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C., of typhoid fever July 1, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
- CORP. EPHRAIM KLINGER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted Corporal September 1, 1863; captured at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died at Salisbury, North Carolina; date unknown, grave unknown.
- CORP. JAMES LUDWIG—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 18, 1863; missing in charge of one hundred men of 148th Regiment under Jeremiah Z. Brown, October 27, 1863, on Confederate fort; captured by them; probably killed.

- CORP. WM. SNYDER—Mustered August 30, 1862; promoted to Corporal June 6, 1864; captured at Strawberry Plains June 22, 1864; in prison at Andersonville, Georgia; died at Salisbury, North Carolina, date unknown, grave unknown.
- CORP. GEORGE W. FARNSLER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living near Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. HARDMAN RICHARDS—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Dubois, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. ROBERT BLACKBURNE—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania May 12, 1864, in the left thigh; promoted to Corporal May 20, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War.
- CORP. WASHINGTON G. BRADY—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal May 20, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Fallen Timber, Cambria County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
- CORP. JOHN D. WAGNER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 18, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged May 15, 1865, for wounds received at Po River; died at Martha, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried at Williams Cemetery.
- CORP. W. W. MONTGOMERY—Mustered August 16, 1862, as Corporal; discharged February 28, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability; died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
- CORP. RICHARD MILES—Mustered August 16, 1862, as Corporal; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, by gunshot wound through upper part of right arm, necessitating amputation at the shoulder joint; discharged July 13, 1863; died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1902.
- CORP. GEORGE H. NEIMAN—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1863; wounded through the hand at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 15, 1864; discharged by General Order July 5, 1865; living at Fleming, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. PETER FRANTZ—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, in shoulder; promoted to Corporal September 9, 1863; wounded through right wrist at Petersburg; died from wounds at Philadel-

phia, Pennsylvania; buried at Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

CORP. WM. McDONALD—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal November 15, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., June 20, 1864, from wounds received at Po River; buried near Washington.

CORP. SYLVESTER SANDERS—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 1, 1863; captured June 22, 1864, at Strawberry Plains, Virginia; prisoner from June 22, 1864, to 1864; died at Camp Parole, Annapolis, M. D.; buried at Annapolis.

CORP. SYLVESTER HILL—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted Corporal October 1, 1863; captured at Petersburg October 27, 1864, in charge under Jeremiah Z. Brown, on Confederate fort; died in prison January 1, 1865; burial place unknown.

CORP. MATTHEW B. LUCAS—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1863; wounded through arm at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; killed by Confederate soldiers after having been captured in an attempt to get water for himself and George T. Jones, who was captured with him; buried in Wilderness Burial Grounds; grave unknown.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN ROBERT A. CASSIDY—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Principal Musician September 18, 1862; transferred to 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order July 13, 1865; living at Canton, Ohio.

MUSICIAN WILLIAM YAGER—Mustered August 16, 1862, as musician; transferred to Company E, 14th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order July 28, 1865; dead.

PRIVATEES.

SAMUEL BUTLER—Mustered August 16, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; buried in cemetery there.

JAMES E. BEALES—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; died of his wounds August 8, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section C, grave 85.

- ROBERT CASSADY—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died in Missouri; buried in cemetery there.
- JOHN W. CARLTON—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed in action at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; buried in Wilderness burying ground, grave unknown.
- JOHN C. CRISSMAN—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability April 15, 1863; living near Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pennsylvania.
- HERMANN H. CLAPP—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; grave unknown.
- W. B. COPENHAVER—Mustered August 16, 1862; deserted.
- MILES CLARK—Mustered August 16, 1862; deserted.
- JOHN DOLPH—Mustered August 16, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 9, 1864; discharged; living at Philipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- ROBERT ELDER—Mustered August 16, 1862; transferred to Company K, 1st Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps February 14, 1864; discharged by General Order July 14, 1865; living in California.
- NELSON FLACK—Mustered August 16, 1862; on detached duty as teamster in division wagon team during period of service; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL G. FARLEY—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Houtzdale, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB FRANTZ—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, losing the last two fingers of both hands by minie ball; discharged on account of his wounds December 13, 1864; living near Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- MICHAEL FLINN—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863; buried in Wilderness burying ground, grave unknown.
- CHARLES GARRETT—Mustered August 16, 1862; teamster at corps headquarters from April 30, 1864, to June 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN W. GAHAGAN—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, through the left arm, section of arm

bone removed; discharged May 30, 1863, for his wounds; died in New York; buried there.

SAMUEL GUNSALES—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; buried in burial ground at the Wilderness in unknown grave.

JOHN GREEN—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg through the body July 2, 1863; died August 2, 1863, of his wounds; buried in the National Cemetery, London Park, Baltimore, Maryland.

THOMAS GEPHART—Mustered August 16, 1862; died at Camp Hancock, Virginia, in regimental hospital March 5, 1863, of typhoid fever; buried at Zion Church Yard, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

DAVID GOODE—Mustered August 16, 1862; deserted.

ROBERT HUDSON—Mustered August 16, 1862; detailed as division saddler April 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE HAINES—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability April 15, 1863; died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried there.

FRANCIS J. HUNTER—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; arm amputated; discharged for wounds July 20, 1863; living near Axemann, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

REUBEN HAGEN—Mustered August 30, 1862; deserted.

LEWIS W. INGRAM—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to Commissary Sergeant September 5, 1862; promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant 81st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Oregon City, Oregon.

EDWARD P. JONES—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living at Port Matilda, Pennsylvania.

GEORGE T. JONES—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded through the left leg at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; lay for fourteen days on field of battle without attention; discharged for his wounds February 9, 1864; living at Phillipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

JOHN JOHNSTON—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability May 20, 1863; died at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried there.

ROBERT J. KELLY—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, gun

shot wound through the right elbow; discharged; died near Port Matilda; buried in Williams Cemetery, near Martha Centre County, Pennsylvania.

HIRAM KNIPPENBURG—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability June 26, 1863.

DAVID R. KLINE—Mustered August 16, 1862; deserted.

OSBORNE LAMBERT—Mustered August 16, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; buried there.

GEORGE H. LONG—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, through the foot; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability January 18, 1864; living in Lewiston, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM J. LUCAS—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

MICHAEL LEBKICHER—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded through the left lower arm at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; arm amputated; discharged on account of wounds September 18, 1863; died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; buried in cemetery near Unionville, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM LUDWIG—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; buried in Wilderness burial ground, grave unknown.

THOMAS W. MYTON—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, through upper left arm and lower part of nose; discharged on account of wounds July 21, 1863; living at 310 Penn Street, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

WYRMAN S. MILLER—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; buried in the Wilderness burial ground, grave unknown.

W. F. MONTGOMERY—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded and captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died in prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, December 10, 1864; grave unknown.

SPENCER MCINTYRE—Mustered August 16, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania; buried there.

WILLIAM MCKINNEY—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

- JOHN B. NEWCOMER—Mustered August 16, 1862; promoted to company clerk September 7, 1862; discharged by General Order May 25, 1865; died and was buried in Burnside Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM OLIVER—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability July 6, 1863; died at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL H. ORRIS—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, through the jaws; discharged on account of his wounds; lives at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- OSCAR L. RUNK—Mustered August 16, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives at Philipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- MATTHEW M. ROSS—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded in front of Petersburg June 17, 1864; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps— 1864; discharged by General Order June 26, 1865; lives in Iowa.
- JOHN K. M. RANKIN—Mustered August 16, 1862; died at Alexandria, Virginia, July 1, 1863, grave 872, in National Cemetery at Alexandria, Virginia.
- FREDERICK READER—Mustered August 16, 1862; died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; was shot through the breast; died at Potomac Field Hospital; dreaming in his dying moments of the battle he repeated, "Major, we will stand up to them, won't we."
- JACOB SPOTTS—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged by General Order June 1, 1865; died and was buried near Martha, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID STINER—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1865, and at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living near Waddle, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- THOMAS B. SANDERS—Mustered August 16, 1862; detailed as teamster in division ammunition train April 30, 1864; died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania, in 1902.
- WILLIAM H. SHULTZ—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged by General Order May 30, 1865; living at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, Spotsylvania May 12, 1864.
- JACOB SHANK—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, sunstruck, September 28, 1863; living near Mount Eagle, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

- AMOS SWEETWOOD—Mustered August 16, 1862; died near Falmouth, Virginia, April 1, 1863, of typhoid fever; buried at Spence Town, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- ISAAC SWEETWOOD—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; buried at Wilderness burial grounds, grave unknown.
- JAMES STEWART—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried in cemetery at Gettysburg.
- JAMES M. TEST—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; was the first man killed in Company H, had his head shot off by a solid shot as the Regiment formed in line for the advance into the woods; buried in the Wilderness burial ground, grave unknown.
- JOHN G. UZZLE—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability September 8, 1863; living at Snow Shoe, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL ULRICH—Mustered August 16, 1862; deserted.
- PHILLIP WALKER—Mustered August 16, 1862; discharged by General Order June 19, 1865; living at Moshannon, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- CHARLES O. WHIPPO—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability March 9, 1864; died; buried at Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL W. WOODRING—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, in the left arm, in the abdomen, the right leg and left shoulder; was carried to the Twelfth Corps Field Hospital and left on the ground without any one to care for him, in trying to crawl off the field fell into a hole in the woods from which he could not extricate himself. The 124th Pennsylvania going into line near where he lay he was by order of Colonel Hawley of that regiment carried to the road and put into an ambulance in which he was hauled to Potomac Creek where he was placed alone in a large hospital, left alone and remained uncared for until May 10th, when his wounds were for the first time dressed and his left arm amputated; living at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
- ULYSSES WANTS—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; buried in Wilderness burial ground, Virginia, grave unknown.

HARRISON YEAGER—Mustered August 16, 1862; killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; buried in Wilderness burial ground, grave unknown.

ADONIRAM J. YOTHERS—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863, through left arm necessitating amputation of left arm; died June 9, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville.

BENJAMIN ZIMMERMAN—Mustered August 16, 1862; wounded in the hand at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps June 27, 1865; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865; died; buried near Pine Glen, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

ROLL OF RECRUITS AND DRAFTED MEN AND SUBSTITUTES WHO JOINED
THE COMPANY AFTER THE ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

CORP. JOHN A. FLECK—Drafted; mustered October 29, 1863; promoted to Corporal January 1, 1865; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

URIAH K. BROWN—Substitute; mustered October 23, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into the company October 30, 1864; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; living at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOB BRACKEN—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into C Company October 30, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, by gun shot wound through chin; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December 13, 1864; living at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

JOHN F. BORING—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864; buried at National Cemetery at City Point, section E, row 2, grave 175.

GEORGE W. CONSTABLE—Drafted; mustered October 24, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; living at Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM M. CAMPBELL—Drafted; mustered October 24, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; living.

- ROBERT CUSTARD—Drafted; mustered October 24, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; wounded at Gravelly Run March 31, 1865; transferred to Co. G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM H. CLOSE—Drafted; mustered February 23, 1864; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, through the jaws; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order of June 8, 1865; living at Oak Hall, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN G. DEIHL—Drafted; mustered October 22, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order.
- ISRAEL DEISHER—Substitute; mustered at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, October 22, 1863; received into company October 30, 1863; missing in action Spotsylvania May 12, 1863, probably killed.
- JOHN T. FUNK—Recruit; mustered February 2, 1864; taken prisoner at Petersburg, June 1, 1864; died in prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, date unknown; buried there, grave unknown.
- SAMUEL M. FUNK—Recruit; mustered February 2, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- ROBERT FULTON—Recruit; mustered February 2, 1864; wounded August 16, 1864, at Deep Bottom, Virginia, through the right arm, off; lives in Huntington, Indiana.
- DENNIS HUDSELL—Drafted; mustered August 31, 1863; missing in action at Strawberry Plains, Virginia, June 22, 1864; prisoner; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- TILLMAN JARVETT—Substitute; mustered October 21, 1863; received into company October 30, 1863; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; lives in Turbotsville, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY JOHNSTON—Substitute; mustered October 24, 1863, at Huntington, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at Po River May 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.

- DAVID B. JONES—Drafted; mustered June 27, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; died at Alexandria, Virginia March 30, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, grave 194.
- WILLIAM H. KELLERMAN—Recruit; mustered February 20, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, in charge on Confederate fort October 27, 1864; lay between the lines without food or water for eight days, rather than be captured; died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, buried there.
- C. KNUCKBRACKEN—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863, captured at Strawberry Plains, Virginia, June 22, 1864; died at Petersburg, Virginia, September 16, 1864; buried at Petersburg.
- IRWIN LOWREY—Drafted; mustered October 29, 1863; wounded at Po River May 10, 1864; missing in action October 27, 1863; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; in Brown's charge.
- JOSEPH LAPE—Drafted; mustered November 1, 1863; received into company May 10, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- STEPHEN L. LANKS—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; died January 9, 1864.
- JOHN W. MOORE—Drafted; mustered August 29, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- HIRAM G. MOORE—Drafted; mustered August 13, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864, lower left arm amputated; discharged.
- WILLIAM H. MERTZ—Drafted; mustered October 23, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; was one of the detail for charge by 100 men of the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers under Maj. Jeremiah Z. Brown on Confederate fort, near the Jerusalem plank road; missing after that charge; supposed to have been killed.
- SAMUEL W. MOYER—Drafted; mustered October 21, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; wounded at the battle of Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsyl-

- vania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- JOHN W. MILLER—Drafted; mustered February 25, 1864; missing after the battle of Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864; probably killed in that battle.
- WILLIAM H. MAKIN—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; wounded May 29, 1864, at Four Mile Run necessitating amputation of leg; died July 6, 1864, of wounds; buried in National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.
- ADAM MAKIN—Substitute; mustered October 24, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; died March 28, 1864, in division hospital.
- ABRAHAM MILLER—Substitute; mustered October 21, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; died March 28, 1864, in Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
- ANDREW J. MCCLELLEN—Drafted; mustered August 31, 1863, at York, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- HENRY PHILLIPS—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- WILLIAM PEARSON—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864; died of his wounds November 20, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at City Point, Virginia.
- GEORGE W. RUGGLES—Drafted; mustered August 19, 1863; received into company October 30, 1863; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- JOHN SHEELER—Substitute; mustered June 1, 1863, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania; received into company October 30, 1863; discharged by General Order May 13, 1865.
- FREDERICK SHAFFER—Substitute; mustered October 19, 1863; received into company October 30, 1863; wounded at the battle of Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died of his wounds.

- JACOB STURTZ—Drafted; mustered August 31, 1863, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; missing after the battle of Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; probably killed in that battle.
- JEREMIAH STONEBRAKER—Recruit; mustered February 10, 1864, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania; wounded at the battle of Gravel Run, Virginia, March 31, 1865; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865; died and buried at Bald Eagle Furnace, Olivia, Pennsylvania.
- ALFRED SMITH—Recruit; mustered February 10, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; wounded at Cold Harbor and in front of Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865; living at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
- JAMES A. STEESE—Recruit; mustered February 10, 1864, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company G, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865; residing at Lake City, Minn.
- VALENTINE STONEBRAKER—Recruit; mustered February 10, 1864, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania; wounded at the battle of Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged by General Order May 16, 1865; died near Olivia, Blair County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
- CHRISTIAN STUCK—Drafted; mustered August 31, 1863, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; received into company October 31, 1863; wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, November 15, 1864; buried there.
- GEORGE A. WILSON—Substitute; mustered June 1, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into the company October 30, 1863; wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company G, June 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865.
- JOHN WILLIAMS—Drafted; mustered June 1, 1863, at Sunbury, Pennsylvania; received into the company October 30, 1863, captured at Petersburg October 29, 1864, in Brown's charge; died at Salisbury, North Carolina, February 15, 1865; buried there, grave unknown.

ROSTER OF I COMPANY, 148TH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

The place of enrollment, so far as it can be ascertained, is given. The date of original enlistment cannot be secured, inasmuch as neither muster-in nor muster-out roll is available, and the date following place of enrollment is, therefore, the date of original muster-in at Harrisburg and elsewhere.

- CAPT. SILAS J. MARLIN—Brookville, Pennsylvania, September 19, 1862; served on staff of First Division Second Corps as Acting Assistant Adjutant General; brevet Major December 2, 1864; brevet Lieutenant Colonel April 2, 1865; commissioned Major June 1, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died since the War at Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST LIEUT. JOHN A. MCGUIRE—Brookville, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, May 15th, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864.
- FIRST LIEUT. JUNIUS F. CRAIN—Brookville, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant January 13, 1864; to First Lieutenant August 2, 1864; commissioned Captain June 1, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- SECOND LIEUT. ORLANDO H. BROWN—Brookville, Pennsylvania, October 8, 1862; discharged November 30, 1863; died since the War.
- SECOND LIEUT. JOSEPH E. HALL—Brookville, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Major August 2, 1864, to Adjutant 183d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers September 7, 1864; lives Clatskanie, Oregon.
- SECOND LIEUT. FRANK W. CLARK—September 23, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant — —; First Sergeant to Second Lieutenant September 25, 1864; commissioned First Lieutenant June 1, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; living.
- FIRST SERGT. THOMAS W. DOUGLASS—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal October 7, 1862; to Sergeant September 23, 1864; to First Sergeant January 1, 1865; commissioned Second Lieutenant June 1, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.

- SERGT. HENRY CAREY—September 19, 1862; to Corporal October 18, 1862; to Sergeant January 8, 1863; prisoner from June 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865; discharged May 27th to date May 15, 1865.
- SERGT. SHELUM SWINEFORD—September 1, 1862; promoted from Corporal January 17, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. BENJAMIN F. MCGIFFIN—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal September 25, 1864; to Sergeant January 5, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- SERGT. JOHIAL VASTBINDER—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal March 1, 1865; to Sergeant March 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. ALEXANDER MCQUISTON—September 1, 1862; killed at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864.
- SERGT. WILLIAM DAVIDSON—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 2, 1864; died since the War.
- SERGT. ROBERT KISSINGER—September 7, 1862; often used by Colonel as scout; unusually cool and reliable; discharged March 18, 1865, for wounds received in action; died since the War.
- SERGT. EDWARD MURPHY—September 1, 1862; promoted to Second Lieutenant 10th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, March 17, 1864; to First Lieutenant February 10, 1865; discharged November 15, 1867.
- CORP. JACOB B. RUMBAUGH—September 7, 1862; promoted to Corporal April 27, 1863; prisoner from August 25, 1864, to March 2, 1865; discharged by General Order July 15, 1865; lives Chicora, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. WILLIAM H. HARLEY—September 1, 1862; promoted to Corporal December 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- CORP. JOHN M. DAVIS—September 1, 1862; supposed to be the youngest man in the Regiment; promoted to Corporal January 7, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. LEWIS DEIBLER—September 1, 1862; captured; killed at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 26, 1864.
- CORP. THOMAS McCULLOUGH—September 1, 1862; died August 17th of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 59.
- CORP. ALEXANDER DOUGLASS—September 1, 1862; missing in action Spotsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864; since dead.

- CORP. JOSEPH EARNEST—September 19, 1862; missing in action at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; since dead.
- CORP. HARRISON CATTS—September 7, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 1, 1863; lives at Sigel, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. JOHN M. LOVE—September 1, 1862; transferred to Company C, 22d Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, December 26, 1864; discharged by General Order July 3, 1865; lives Callensburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. RUSLING S. ADAMS—August 19, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- CORP. RUSSEL WEEKS—August 19, 1863; drafted; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- MUSICIAN JOSEPH ARTHURS—September 7, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Sigel, Pennsylvania.

PRIVATES.

- GEORGE N. ANTHONY—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 8, 1863; since dead.
- WILLIAM ACKER—September 9, 1862; discharged June 8, 1865, for wounds received in action.
- ELI BAILEY—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864; since dead.
- JOHN BANGHART—September 3, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 20, 1863; since dead.
- EMORY J. BARR—September 19, 1862; died at Potomac Creek, Virginia, April 16, 1863.
- HUGH A. BARR—September 1, 1862; captured; died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 26, 1864.
- WILLIAM H. BARR—September 7, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., June 15, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
- JONATHAN L. BITNER—August 31, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOSEPH W. BOWLEY—April 9, 1864; wounded; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM C. BOYD—September 1, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, June 7, 1863.

- PHILIP BOYER—September 1, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 3, 1864.
- JOHN S. BUZZARD—September 7, 1862; wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; transferred to Company H, 18th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order June 24, 1865; since dead.
- ANDREW J. CLARK—August 19, 1863; drafted; deserted June 8, 1864.
- LEWIS COBBS—September 19, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- JAMES COCHRAN—September 1, 1862; prisoner from August 25, 1864, to March 13, 1865; discharged by General Order June 12, 1865; since dead.
- WALLACE COON—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Sigel, Pennsylvania.
- ISAAC COREY—September 1, 1862; deserted April 28, 1863.
- ANDREW CRAFT—September 1, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- PHILIP S. CRATE—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; since dead.
- HARVEY CRISPIN—September 1, 1862; died at Washington, D. C., June 15, 1864, of wounds received in action; buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- JOSIAH T. CROUCH—August 2, 1862; transferred to Company F, 21st Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order August 29, 1865.
- ISAAH S. DAVIS—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 1, 1864; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN W. DEMOTT—September 19, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps August 26, 1863; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- ALONZO DENNIS—August 19, 1863, drafted; died at Washington, D. C., July 7, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- DARIUS DICKENS—August 19, 1863, drafted; deserted June 8, 1864.
- STEPHEN E. DICKENS—August 19, 1863, drafted; discharged February 21, 1865, for wounds received in action.
- CALVIN DIXON—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Dubois, Pennsylvania.

- JOHN EMMETT—April 28, 1864; transferred to Company B, 48th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, date unknown.
- DANIEL FERRINGER—September 1, 1862; killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864.
- WILLIAM M. FIRMAN—August 19, 1863, drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order August 24, 1865.
- ALONZO FOWLER—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- JAMES J. GALEY—September 1, 1862; died at Annapolis, Maryland, October 23, 1864.
- JAMES GARBON—April 9, 1864; missing in action at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864; since dead.
- CHRIST C. GEARHART—September 19, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 10, 1863; lives Troutville, Pennsylvania.
- FREDERICK GILLHOUSEN—September 1, 1862; died July 17th of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- ISRAEL J. GRENOBLE—September 19, 1862; wounded Po River, Virginia, with loss of leg, May 10, 1864; absent in hospital at muster-out; lives Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL K. GROU—January 7, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- ORIN GULE—August 19, 1863, drafted; missing in action at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; since dead.
- ANDREW J. HAGERTY—September 7, 1862; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- ANDREW HARP—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; since dead.
- AUGUSTUS HAUGH—September 19, 1862; died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 19, 1863.
- JACOB S. HAUGH—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID M. HILLIS—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 17, 1863; since dead.
- GEORGE HORNER—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 15, 1863; since dead.
- JOHN HOWARD—September 1, 1862; transferred to 71st Company 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, June 16, 1864; discharged by General Order August 14, 1865.

- SAMUEL HOWARD—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- BENJAMIN F. HULL—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 12, 1863; since dead.
- LAWSON A. JEARLS—August 19, 1863, drafted; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- MANASSES KERR—September 19, 1862; deserted April 23, 1863; since dead.
- JAMES LABAR—August 18, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; discharged by General Order July 17, 1865.
- HARRISON LONG—September 7, 1862; died August 17th of wounds received at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 56.
- PETER P. LOVE—April 19, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; since dead.
- REUBEN LYLE—September 19, 1862; wounded Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Company G, 18th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY MAPES—September 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 12, 1863; since dead.
- LYMAN E. MAPES—September 19, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Howe, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID MATTSON—August 18, 1863, drafted; captured; died Petersburg, Virginia, June 30, 1864.
- FREDERICK MILLER—Substitute: October 29, 1863; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM F. MILLER—Drafted; August 31, 1863; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- HARRISON MOORE—September 19, 1862; transferred to 131st Company, 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, February 11, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 12, 1865; since dead.
- JACKSON MOORE—September 19, 1862; died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 6, 1865.
- THOMPSON MOORHEAD—September 1, 1862; died September 17, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Virginia.

- STEWART H. MONTIER—September 1, 1862; captured Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died at Florence, South Carolina, January 13, 1865, or Salisbury, North Carolina January 15, 1865.
- BENJAMIN F. MULFORD—August 19, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company H, 24th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864; discharged by General Order August 30, 1865.
- JAMES A. MURPHY—April 9, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JAMES McMANAGLE—September 1, 1862; wounded in action; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 1, 1864; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; since dead.
- MOSES W. NEWTON—August 18, 1863, drafted; died Washington, D. C., May 27, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; burial record, died at Alexandria, Virginia, May 28, 1864; Grave 1947.
- PETER NULPH—September 1, 1862; died May 16, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; burial record died May 26, 1864; buried National Cemetery, Arlington.
- NELSON P. O'CONNOR—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Hazen, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM O'CONNOR—March 21, 1864; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; since dead.
- ROBERT OURSLER—September 19, 1862; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865; since dead.
- WILLIAM J. ORR—September 1, 1862; died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 26, 1862.
- EDWARD PLYLER—September 1, 1862; discharged October 23, 1863, for wounds received in action; since dead.
- BENJAMIN POTTER—August 19, 1863, drafted; captured; died Andersonville, Georgia, January 18, 1865; Grave 12,479.
- SAMUEL RANSOM—September 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Fisher, Pennsylvania.
- HARRISON RANSOM—April 9, 1864; captured; died Andersonville, Georgia, July 17, 1864; grave 3,468.
- JAMES W. REA—September 19, 1862; transferred to Signal Corps April 1, 1864.
- ELI RHINEHART—September 1, 1862; discharged with surgeon's certificate January 10, 1863.
- DAVID D. RHODES—September 1, 1862; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864.

- ORSEMUS RICE—August 19, 1863, drafted; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 18, 1865.
- WILLIAM ROGERS—September 7, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 9, 1864; since dead.
- NOAH RUGG—August 31, 1863, drafted; transferred to Company E 7th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, April 14, 1864; discharged by General Order July 22, 1865.
- EDWARD M. SAGE—September 19, 1862; discharged by General Order June 8, 1865; since dead.
- ABRAHAM SANER—August 31, 1863, drafted; discharged January 26, 1865, for wounds received in action.
- BENJAMIN F. SCANDRETT—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864; transferred by General Order July 19, 1865; since dead.
- PETER SHANNON—September 2, 1862; absent sick at muster-out; since dead.
- SAMUEL SHAW—September 1, 1862; killed Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
- JOHN H. H. SHUSTER—September 1, 1862; wounded Gravelly Run March 30, 1865; discharged by General Order July 3, 1865; since dead.
- LUCIUS A. SIMPSON—Drafted; August 19, 1863; missing in action near Petersburg, Virginia, October 27, 1864.
- JOHN W. SMITH—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December 18, 1863; lives Knoxdale, Pennsylvania.
- THEOPHILUS SMITH—September 1, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 11, 1864; discharged by General Order July 14, 1865.
- WILLIAM H. H. SMITH—September 7, 1862; wounded Cold Harbor June 5, 1864; absent in hospital at muster-out; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- ALEXANDER SNYDER—April 9, 1864, drafted; captured; died Andersonville, Georgia, September 23, 1864; grave 9,567.
- JACOB SNYDER—Drafted; August 18, 1863; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; lives Corsica, Pennsylvania.
- RICHARD SNYDER—September 7, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps September 30, 1863.
- SANDERSON P. STACY—August 19, 1863, substitute; promoted to First Lieutenant 43d Regiment, United States Colored Troops April 25, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1865.

- LEWIS R. STAHLMAN—September 1, 1862; captured; discharged by General Order May 24, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN STAHLMAN—August 15, 1862; transferred to Company E, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; since dead.
- JOSEPH Y. THOMPSON—March 8, 1864; missing in action at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; since dead.
- SAMUEL TRY—September 1, 1862; discharged December 19, 1863, for wounds, with loss of arm, received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; since dead.
- ROBERT M. WADDING—September 1, 1862; wounded Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; lives Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- MARCUS WATKINS—August 19, 1863, drafted; died Washington, D. C., May 9, 1864; buried Military Asylum Cemetery.
- JOSEPH WHITE—September 19, 1862; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- WILLIAM WHITE—September 1, 1862; died Falmouth, Virginia, June 14, 1863.
- F. M. WHITEMAN—September 19, 1862; discharged by General Order May 15, 1865; since dead.
- ELIJAH WILLOUGHBY—Drafted; August 19, 1863; captured; died Andersonville, Georgia, August 4, 1864; Grave 4,702.
- SEBASTIAN C. WILSON—September 7, 1862; deserted July 31, 1863; since dead.
- WILLIAM P. WOODS—September 7, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 14, 1864; since dead.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K, 148TH PENNSYLVANIA VOL- UNTEERS.

- CAPT. THOMPSON CORE—August 27, 1862, three years; died June 1, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- CAPT. JEREMIAH Z. BROWN—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant September 8, 1863; to Captain July 7, 1864; brevetted Major October 27, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; received Congressional medal; present address New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, R. F. D. No. 1.

- FIRST LIEUT. J. B. FERGUSON—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged September 8, 1863; resides Lincoln, Nebraska.
- FIRST LIEUT. ALEXANDER C. SLOAN—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant November 15, 1863; to Second Lieutenant July 7, 1864; to First Lieutenant September 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides 107 Twenty-first Street, Portland, Oregon.
- SECOND LIEUT. HENRY H. DOTTS—September 26, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 7, 1863; died 1900.
- SECOND LIEUT. WILLIAM S. MORTIMER—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Gettysburg July 2, 1863; promoted from Sergeant September 8, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; commissioned First Lieutenant July 7, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 13, 1864; resides Lamartine, Pennsylvania.
- SECOND LIEUT. JOHN WARD—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from Sergeant September 14, 1864; wounded at Auburn Mills, October 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides 5140 Butler Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
- FIRST SERGT. HENRY H. HENRY—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant December 9, 1862; to First Sergeant October 31, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; died February, 1902.
- SERGT. ABRAM S. COURSIN—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from Corporal August 1, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Curllsville, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. JAMES F. McNOLDY—September 26, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal October 27, 1863; to Sergeant August 31, 1864; taken prisoner at Reams Station, Virginia, August 29, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; resides 711 Sixth Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. JAMES F. GEORGE—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal November 15, 1863; to Sergeant January 31, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Brookville, Pennsylvania.
- SERGT. DAVID R. CRICK—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal November 15, 1863; to Sergeant May 19, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Bennett, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

- SERGEANT. JAMES F. WEIDNER—September 26, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal November 15, 1863; to Sergeant October 31, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 30, 1865; discharged by General Order June 29, 1865; resides Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- SERGEANT. ISAAC N. SLOAN—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted Corporal December 9, 1862; to Sergeant September 15, 1864; to Sergeant Major May 18, 1865; wounded and taken prisoner at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died in 1902.
- SERGEANT. JACOB F. MAST—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted from Corporal November 15, 1863; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- SERGEANT. WILLIAM C. SLOAN—October 2, 1862, three years; promoted from Corporal November 15, 1863; killed at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial ground.
- CORPORAL. JOHN FACKENDER—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal August 4, 1864; taken prisoner near Fort Morton, Virginia, October 27, 1864; absent at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, at muster out; resides at Clarion, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. DANIEL M. HERSH—September 26, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal August 1, 1864; discharged by General Order May 15, 1865; resides 421 South Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. GEORGE G. WALTERS—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal August 15, 1864; wounded at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides 266 Park Avenue, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. WILLIAM BARTLETT—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal October 31, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Brinkerton, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- CORPORAL. SAMUEL H. SLOAN—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal October 31, 1864; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Ashland, Ohio.
- CORPORAL. HENRY SWARTZFAGER—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal January 31, 1865; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead.

- CORP. DENNIS CONNER—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal April 20, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Clarion, Pennsylvania.
- CORP. ANTHONY DIVINS—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal May 19, 1865; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead.
- CORP. ROSS C. KIRKPATRICK—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863; transferred to Company D, 14th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, February 15, 1864; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865; dead.
- CORP. JOHN E. CARSON—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal March 15, 1863; died at Point Lookout, Maryland, June 18, 1863.
- CORP. LEVI W. GIBSON—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal August 13, 1863; killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 15, 1864.
- CORP. ISAAC F. SWARTSFAGER—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal November 15, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865, of wounds received in action.
- CORP. HUGH S. NEAL—September 7, 1862, three years; killed at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
- MUSICIAN ABRAHAM R. COURSIN—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Riversburg, Clarion County, Pennsylvania; resides at Rimersburg.
- MUSICIAN JOHN A. LEE—September 7, 1862, three years; died of typhoid fever at Falmouth, Virginia, March 15, 1863.
- WAGONER HENRY B. FOX—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

PRIVATES.

- CHRIST ARMAGOST—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN F. BAIRD—September 7, 1862, three years; absent, sick, at muster-out; resides Brinkerton Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN BARTLEY—September 7, 1862, three years; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; dead.
- JACOB J. BERKLEY—September 1, 1863, three years; drafted; died at Stevensburg, Virginia, December 30, 1863.

- PHILIP BOARTS—September 7, 1862, three years; died of fever, at Washington, D. C., February 15, 1864; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
- JOHN BOTORF—October 20, 1863, three years; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- OWEN CULLENS—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company; resides Leatherwood, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN C. CLOVER—October 16, 1862, three years; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 1, 1864; dead.
- HIRAM CARLE—October 29, 1863, three years; substitute; wounded at Petersburg, Virginia, October 27, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides Turbotville, Pennsylvania.
- BENNIVAL CARLE—October 22, 1863, three years; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- WALTER L. CORBETT—September 7, 1862, three years; killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 14, 1864.
- MUNSON CORBETT—September 7, 1862, three years; died at Falmouth, Virginia December 28, 1862.
- HUGH CARNATHAN—September 7, 1862, three years; taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; deserted from Parole Camp, Maryland, October 2, 1863.
- JOHN DONAHUE—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Crater, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- JACOB DERR—September 16, 1863, three years; drafted; wounded and taken prisoner at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides Millvale, Pennsylvania.
- JOSIAH DEHL—October 19, 1863, three years; drafted; taken prisoner at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; held till April 28, 1865; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Watsonstown, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM H. DIVINS—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; dead.
- THOMAS M. DIVINS—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides Brinkerton, Pennsylvania.

- JAMES P. DIVINS—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; died 1901.
- DAVID DIVINS—March 30, 1864, three years; died in New York August 8, 1864; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.
- WILLIAM H. DORWORTH—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; dead; supposed to have been killed at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
- WILLIAM H. DORWORTH—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides 119 Rosewell Street, Akron, Ohio.
- GEORGE DONEY—October 22, 1862, three years; drafted; captured at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; died at Andersonville, Georgia, December 1, 1864; grave No. 6568.
- JOHN EVALIN—August 26, 1862, three years; transferred to Company G, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order July 24, 1865.
- JACOB FOX—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Pennsburg, Pennsylvania.
- EDWARD FAUL—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged by General Order June 9, 1865; resides Sellersville, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN FLICK—September 7, 1862, three years; died at Windmill Point, Virginia, January 30, 1863.
- JOHN FOX—September 26, 1862, three years; killed at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 15, 1864.
- JOSEPH GRIES—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; resides Shamrock Station, Pennsylvania.
- JAMES GREEN—March 26, 1864, three years; deserted May 3, 1864, but returned under the President's proclamation; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; returned to that company and mustered out with it June 30, 1865; dead.
- ROBERT HUEY—September 7, 1862, three years; taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Star City, Indiana.
- JOHN HARRIGER—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged by General Order June 5, 1865; dead.

- HENRY HILLEGRAS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; discharged by General Order June 5, 1865; Gorysville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.
- JOSEPH HAMM—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 12, 1863; resides Curllsville, Pennsylvania.
- SILAS W. HARRINGTON—October 30, 1863, three years; substitute; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; resides Kearney, Wyoming.
- THOMAS J. HOFFMAN—October 27, 1863, three years; substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE HESSET—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, January 1, 1865; resides Frankport, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania.
- JOSIAH H. JACOBS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., June 16, 1864, of wound received in action at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 3, 1864; dead.
- EVANS KEYS—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865.
- ENOS KRAUSS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; resides East Greenville, Pennsylvania.
- PETER KLUCK—October 22, 1863, three years; drafted; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; dead.
- DAVID A. KROTZER—February 26, 1864, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to 36th Company, 2d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order September 4, 1865; resides Chicora, Butler County, Pennsylvania.
- ANDREW J. KIFER—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; resides Reidsburg, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- HARRISON LONG—October 28, 1863, three years; substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Coats Grove, Michigan.

- JOSIAH LINTAMAN—October 29, 1863, three years; substitute; taken prisoner at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865.
- JOHN W. LATIMORE—September 7, 1862, three years; promoted to Corporal; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; discharged by General Order July 25, 1865.
- JOHN MYERS—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead.
- PRESTON M. MAGEE—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Bayonne, New Jersey.
- ANDREW J. MILLER—September 7, 1862, three years; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; discharged by General Order July 20, 1865; resides New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE W. MILLER—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 2, 1863; Fairmount City, Pennsylvania.
- SOLOMON MAHLE—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 24, 1863; dead.
- WILLIAM MILLIGAN—February 26, 1864, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 18, 1865; dead.
- JOSEPH MILLIGAN—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Brinkertown, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- SAMUEL MERLEY—September 1, 1863, three years; drafted; wounded and taken prisoner at Boydton Plank Road, Virginia, October 27, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; dead.
- LEANDER MYERS—September 7, 1862, three years; killed at Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864; buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Division A, Section D, Grave 75.
- ANTHONY MCKINNEY—March 31, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; died 1901.
- JONES MCCORMICK—September 24, 1863, three years; prisoner at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; discharged by General Order May 24, 1865; resides Limestone, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.

- WILLIAM MCBRIDE—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company I, 12th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, January 1, 1865; discharged by General Order July 21, 1865; dead.
- DAVID McCLURE—March 3, 1864, three years; not on muster out roll; resides Baldwin, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN D. NEIL—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead.
- ABRAHAM W. NULPH—February 26, 1864, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 23, 1865; dead.
- DAVID POLLARD—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; resides Riversburg, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.
- OLIVER W. PETTET—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia, May 30, 1864, three years; absent in hospital at muster out; dead.
- WILLIAM E. PYSHER—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged by General Order May 30, 1865; dead.
- MICHAEL PHILLIPS—March 31, 1864, three years; missing in action at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; dead.
- GEORGE W. PRITNER—October 30, 1863, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; Martins Ferry, Ohio.
- GEORGE PRICE—September 7, 1862, three years; died May 21, 1863, of wounds received in action May 3, 1863.
- REUBEN QUILLMAN—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides East Texas, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL QUILLMAN—September 26, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides East Texas, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN N. RATHFON—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged by General Order June 27, 1865.
- STERN REYNOLDS—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864, and at Reams Station August 25, 1864; discharged by General Order July 8, 1865; dead.

- JAMES RANDOLPH—September 7, 1862, three years; taken prisoner at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; dead.
- GEORGE W. REEDY—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with the company June 1, 1865; resides Redcliffe, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN W. REICHAERT—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Challenge, Pennsylvania.
- DANIEL REESE—October 28, 1863, three years; substitute; captured; died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 25, 1864; grave 6838.
- AM'B. ROTHERMEL—October 21, 1863, three years; substitute; captured at Reams Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864; died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 7, 1864.
- LAVINUS W. SHAFFER—September 26, 1862, three years; taken prisoner at Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia, May 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Allentown, Pennsylvania.
- JOHN STEWART—September 26, 1862, three years; sent to insane asylum November 1, 1862; absent at muster out; dead.
- W. L. SLAGLE—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 16, 1863; dead.
- MARION SMITH—September 7, 1862, three years; transferred to Company E, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, November 1, 1863; discharged by General Order July 13, 1865; resides Hazel Ridge, Tennessee.
- JAMES H. SWITZER—September 7, 1862, three years; transferred to Company E, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, February 15, 1864; resides Emerick, Madison County, Nebraska.
- JOHN M. STOUT—September 26, 1862, three years; transferred to Company D, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, March 14, 1864; discharged by General Order July 13, 1865; resides Pennsburg, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM J. M. SLOAN—September 7, 1862, three years; died at Morrisville, Virginia, September 9, 1863.
- JOHN SWITZER—October 29, 1863, three years; died at Stevensburg, Virginia, February 26, 1864.
- NAPOLEON B. SALYARDS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Totopotomoy Creek, May 30, 1864; died at City Point, Virginia, April 2, 1865, of wounds received in action.

- BENNIVAL TSCHOOP—October 20, 1863, three years; substitute; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; dead.
- DENTON L. THOMPSON—September 7, 1862, three years; killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863.
- CHRISTIAN THOMAS—September 1, 1863, three years; drafted; died at Stevensburg, Virginia, January 7, 1864.
- BENJAMIN THOMPSON—September 7, 1862, three years; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- JAMES VARNER—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 18, 1863.
- JOHN VANHOUSER—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company H, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers June 1, 1865; dead.
- MCCOMB VANHOUSER—February 26, 1864, three years; died at Washington, D. C., October 30, 1864, of wounds received in action at Reams Station; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
- LEBBEUS B. WOODS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded and captured at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; discharged by General Order June 21, 1865; resides Surprise, Nebraska.
- ROBERT H. WILSON—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides Wardner, Idaho.
- URIAH WILSON—September 7, 1862, three years; mustered out with company June 1, 1865; resides New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- DAVID D. WOODS—September 7, 1862, three years; absent, sick, at muster out; resides West Decatur, Pennsylvania.
- HENRY C. WIAINT—September 7, 1862, three years; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 2, 1864; dead.
- HENRY W. WENTZEL—February 26, 1864, three years; wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia, June 15, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides Ridgeway, Pennsylvania.
- GEORGE F. WIAINT—February 26, 1864, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, May 12, 1864; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1 1865; resides New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- WILLIAM E. WECKERLY—February 26, 1864, three years; transferred to Company K, 53d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 1, 1865; resides New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

- MELCHER WASSER—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded and captured at Gettysburg; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; discharged by General Order July 14, 1865; dead.
- WILLIAM WIAINT—September 7, 1862, three years; wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 15, 1864; resides Clarion, Pennsylvania.
- ABRAHAM C. WIAINT—February 26, 1864, three years; wounded at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864, and at Petersburg, Virginia, January 16, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 15, 1865; dead.
- JOHN WOODS—September 7, 1862, three years; died at Stevensburg, Virginia, March 8, 1864; buried in Culpeper National Cemetery, Block 1, Section A, Row 4, Grave 119.
- ADAM WONSETTLER—September 26, 1862, three years; killed at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
- WILLIAM ZEIGENFUSS—September 26, 1862, three years; wounded at Spotsylvania, Virginia, May 12, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; resides Polo, Illinois.

CASUALTIES.

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

(Compiled from the rolls and arranged in alphabetical order.)

1. Ammerman, William C., Corporal, B, died May 31, 1864, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House May 12, 1864; buried at Arlington.
2. Ammerman, David, Private, B, died of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Section B, Grave 33.
3. Acker, David, Private, D, died June 3, 1863, at Potomac Creek Hospital, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
4. Allison, Matthew C., Corporal, E, May 19, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
5. Bierly, Wesley W., First Lieutenant, A, September 2, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia, of wounds received June 22, 1864.
6. Barr, Isaac, Private, A, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
7. Boob, William, Private, A, June 16, 1864, at Richmond, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10th.
8. Byers, John F., Private, B, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
9. Bible, William H., First Lieutenant, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
10. Beck, James T., Corporal, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
11. Biddle, Hiland, Corporal, C, December 28, 1864, of wounds received October 8, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia. (Burial Record, died at City Point, Virginia, January 28, 1865.)
12. Baird, Jacob, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
13. Bible, William, Corporal, D, May 10, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
14. Bloom, Benjamin, Private, D, June 11, 1863, at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
15. Brubaker, Cyrus, Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
16. Byams, George, Private, D, June 5, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.

17. Bush, Emanuel, Private, E, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia. (Burial Record died at Richmond, Virginia, September 15, 1864.)
18. Burrell, William H., Corporal F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried National Cemetery, Section E, Grave 7.
19. Beans, Benjamin F., Private, G, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
20. Bayard, John A., Second Lieutenant, H, July 3, 1863, of wounds received July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
21. Beales, James E., Private, H, August 8, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried at National Cemetery, Section C, Grave 85.
22. Boring, John F., Private, H, June 18, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Virginia, Section E, Division 2, Grave 175.
23. Botorf, John, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
24. Conner, Michael F., First Sergeant, B, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
25. Carter, Abraham G., Sergeant, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
26. Campbell, William, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
27. Carver, Joseph, Private, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried National Cemetery, Section F, Grave 27.
28. Cronamiller, Reuben, Private, C, June 4, 1863, of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
29. Confare, Henry, Private, D, March 25, 1865, Petersburg, Virginia.
30. Creighton, Alexander, Private, F, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 4.
31. Cooney, John, Private, F, June 19, 1864, at Richmond, Virginia, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
32. Condo, Benjamin D., Private, G, June 17, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
33. Cook, James B., First Lieutenant, H, June 1, 1864, at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Po River May 10, 1864.
34. Carlton, John W., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.

35. Clapp, Herman H., Private, H, June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
36. Craft, Andrew, Private, I, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
37. Crispin, Harvey, Private, I, June 15, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received in action; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
38. Core, Thompson, Captain K, June 1, 1864, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864.
39. Carle, Bennival, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
40. Corbett, Walter L., Private, K, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
41. Crum, William, Private, A, wounded at Po River, May 10, 1864; died at Washington of same.
42. Dale, Solomon, Private, A, May 12, 1864, of wounds received at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
43. Davis, Abel, Private, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
44. Dorman, Jacob, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
45. Durst, Franklin, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
46. Durst, John, Private, D, October 6, 1863, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863.
47. Duffy, George J., Corporal, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
48. Devore, William, Private, G, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia; buried at Milroy, Pennsylvania.
49. Deisher, Israel, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
50. Dorworth, John C., Private, K, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor.
51. Edmonds, Jacob B., Captain, C, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
52. Everhart, Samuel, First Lieutenant, C, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia; buried Spring Creek Cemetery.
53. Earnest, Joseph, Corporal, I, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
54. Fleck, James M., Private, A, May 7, 1864, Wilderness, Virginia.
55. Fullmer, Isaiah, Private, A, at Petersburg, Virginia, of wounds received at Po River, Virginia, May 10, 1864;

buried at Poplar Grove Cemetery, Virginia, Division S, Section E.

56. Fullmer, William, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
57. Forster, Robert McKay, Captain, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
58. Fraser, Alfred W., Private, D., May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
59. Frantz, Peter, Corporal, H, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of wounds received at Petersburg, Virginia; buried at Port Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
60. Flinn, Michael, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
61. Ferringer, Daniel, Private, I, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
62. Fox, John, Private, K, August 15, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
63. Gilbert, Noah, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
64. Gill, Samuel, Private, C, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
65. Gilbert, George W., Private, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania, Court House, Virginia.
66. Gross, William M., Private, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
67. Gunsalis, Samuel, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
68. Green, John, Private, H, August 2, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863; buried National Cemetery, Loudon Park, Baltimore, Maryland.
69. Gillhousen, Frederick, Private I, July 17, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863.
70. Gibson, Levi W., Corporal K, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
71. Harman, Charles C, First Sergeant, C, July 1, 1863, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
72. Harshberger, Samuel, Corporal, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
73. Holloway, Samuel, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
74. Hull, Abraham, Private, D, August 25, Reams Station, Virginia.
75. Henry, Robert A., First Sergeant, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.

76. Hockenberry, Benjamin, Private, F, August 28, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
77. Hamer, Samuel, Private, G, October, 1864, on picket front of Petersburg, Virginia.
78. Hagerty, Andrew J., Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
79. Imboden, Palser F., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
80. Irvin, Martin T., Corporal, F, May 10, 1863, Po River, Virginia.
81. Ishler, George W., Private G, May 6, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia; buried at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
82. Jearls, Lawson A., Private, I, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
83. Jacobs, Josiah H., Private, K, June 16, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
84. Keys, Thomas C., Corporal, C, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
85. Koontz, Isaiah, Private, C, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
86. Knarr, William, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
87. Kane, Jacob G., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
88. Koch, Franklin, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
89. Klingensmith, Sampson, Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
90. Kunkle, John, Private, E, died in hospital from wounds received July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
91. Kennelly, Stephen, Corporal, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
92. Kennedy, David, Private, F, May 31, 1864, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House; buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
93. Koonfier, David, Private, G, June 2, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
94. Lanich, Jacob, Corporal, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
95. Lander, Jacob S., First Lieutenant, C, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.

96. Leitzel, Samuel, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
97. Long, Henry, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
98. Law, Joseph H., Private, E, April 7, 1865, Farmville, Virginia.
99. Landers, William, Private, E, April 8, 1865, of wounds received March 31, 1865, at White Oak Road, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Virginia, Section A, Division 4, Grave 65.
100. Luckhart, David F., Private, E, May 30, 1864, at Armory Hospital, Washington, D. C., of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
101. Little, Benjamin, Private F, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
102. Ludwig, James, Corporal, H, October 27, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
103. Ludwig, William, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
104. Long, Harrison, Private, I, August 17, 1863, of wounds received July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried in National Cemetery, Section A, Grave 56.
105. McMurray, James F., Private A, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
106. McCalmont, William T., Corporal, C., July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
107. McDowell, John, Private, C, June 18, 1864, of wounds received June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
108. McAllister, Henry V., Private, D, at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, of wounds received June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
109. McAbee, Luke, Private, F, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
110. McGuire, William, Sergeant, G, May 9, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
111. Mellhattan, George W., Private, G, June 5, 1864, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
112. McKinley, Samuel, Sergeant, H, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, among unknown dead.
113. McDonald, William, Corporal, H, June 20, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.

114. McGuire, John A., First Lieutenant, I, May 15, 1864, at Falmouth, Virginia, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
115. McQuiston, Alexander, Sergeant, I, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
116. McCullough, Thomas, Corporal, I, August 17, 1863, of wounds received July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried in National cemetery, Section A, Grave 59.
117. Mingle, Elias, Sergeant, A, July 31, 1863, of wounds received July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
118. Miller, Daniel, Corporal, A, August 6, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia.
119. Miller, Aaron, Private, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
120. Meyer, William C., Private, A, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
121. Moon, Charles, Private, B, April 7, 1865, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received March 31, 1865, at White Oak Road, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
122. Mattern, John G., Corporal, C, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
123. Mayes, Miles M., Private, C, May 18, 1864, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
124. Markle, Henry, Private, C, June 6, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
125. Mastly, John H., Private, C, May 11, 1864, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
126. Matthews, George M., Private, C, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
127. Murphy, John A., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
128. Myers, Adam G., Private, D, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
129. Minich, Andrew, Private, E, March 31, 1865, Gravelly Run, Virginia.
130. Myers, Amos, Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
131. Miller, John W., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
132. Miller, Wyrman S., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

133. Mertz, William H., Private, H, October 27, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
134. Makin, William H., Private, H, July 6, 1864, of wounds received May 29, 1864, at Four Mile Run, Virginia; buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
135. Moorhead, Thompson, Private, I, September 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
136. Mast, Jacob F., Sergeant, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
137. Myers, Leander, Private, K, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; buried at Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Division A, Section D, Grave 75.
138. Norris, William H., Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
139. Newton, Moses W., Private, I, May 27, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia. (Burial Records at Alexander, Virginia, May 28, 1864, Grave 1947.)
140. Nulph, Peter, Private, I, May 16, 1864, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia. (Burial Records died May 26, 1864.) Buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
141. Neal, Hugh S., Corporal, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
142. Osman, George, Private, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried National Cemetery, Section B, Grave 53.
143. Osman, Daniel, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
144. Pheasant, George, Private, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
145. Postlethwaite, William J., Corporal, E, May 11, 1864, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
146. Pearson, William, Private, H, November 20, 1864, of wounds received June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, City Point, Virginia.
147. Phillips, Michael, Private, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
148. Price, George, Private, K, May 21, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
149. Roop, Jacob, Corporal, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
150. Ralston, David G., First Lieutenant, C, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
151. Reed, John, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

152. Reeser, Jacob, Private, D, July 14, 1864, at Richmond, Virginia, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
153. Royer, Abraham M., Private, G, August 15, 1864, of wounds received May 30, 1864, at Totopotomoy, Virginia.
154. Reader, Frederick, Private, H, at Potomac Creek Hospital of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
155. Rhodes, Jacob R., —, C, Spotsylvania May 12, 1864.
156. Rhodes, David D., Private, I, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
157. Spotts, John, Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
158. Sidell, Joseph, Private, B, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
159. Stevenson, Francis, Second Lieutenant, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
160. Swiler, John F., Sergeant, C, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
161. Seese, Jacob, Private, C, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
162. Segner, Simon, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
163. Swiler, Smith, Private, C, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
164. Seal, George W., Corporal, D, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; buried at Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, Division D, Section C, Grave 148.
165. Stover, John J., Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
166. Stover, Cornelius, Private, D, May 17, 1863, at Potomac Creek Hospital of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
167. Stayman, Henry, Private, D, July 11, 1864, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
168. Shofstall, Joseph J., Corporal, E, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia; buried Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, Division D, Section B, Grave 47.
169. Smith, David, Private, E, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
170. Sankey, Jeremiah A., First Lieutenant, F, March 29, 1865, at City Point, Virginia, of wounds received March 25, 1865, at Petersburg, Virginia.

171. Smith, John H., Private, F., May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
172. Steffey, George M., Private, F, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
173. Swinehart, William H., Corporal, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
174. Shoemaker, Dias, Private, G, August 15, 1864, while a prisoner, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
175. Snyder, Samuel H., Private, G, in hospital at Washington, D. C., August 22, 1864, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia
176. Sweetwood, Isaac, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
177. Stewart, James, Private, H, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried in National Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
178. Shaffer, Frederick, Private, H, died of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
179. Sturtz, Jacob, Private, H, August 25, 1865, Reams Station, Virginia.
180. Shaw, Samuel, Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
181. Simpson, Lucius A., Private, I, October 27, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
182. Sloan, William C., Sergeant, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; buried in Wilderness Burial Ground.
183. Schwartzfager, Isaac F., Corporal, K, April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
184. Salyards, Napoleon B., Private, K, April 2, 1865, at City Point, Virginia, of wounds received May 30, 1864, at Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia.
185. Timblin, George F., Private, E, June 3, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
186. Thompson, William A., Private, G, June 1, 1864, near Hanover town, Virginia.
187. Test, James M., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
188. Thompson, Joseph Y., Private, I, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.

189. Thompson, Denton L., Private, K, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
190. Thompson, Benjamin, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
191. Van Dyke, William S., Corporal, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
192. Vanhouter, Macomb, Private, K, October 30, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received August 25, 1864, at Reams Station, Virginia; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
193. Weight, John, Private, A, July 24, 1863, of wounds received July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
194. Wolf, Franklin, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
195. Witherow, S. D., Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
196. Wilan, Robert, Private, B, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
197. Wood, Lewis A., Corporal C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
198. Weaver, William, Corporal, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
199. Whitsel, Philip, Private, E, June 6, 1864, of wounds received June 5, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Virginia.
200. Wynkoop, John S., Private, E, May 23, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
201. Watkins, William, Private F, June 10, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
202. Woodcock, Blair, Private, F, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
203. Weand, Jacob, Private, F, June 18, 1864, of wounds received May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
204. Ward, George W., Corporal, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
205. Williams, James A., Private, G, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
206. Wants, Ulysses, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; buried in Wilderness Burial Ground, grave unknown.
207. Wonsettler, Adam, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.

208. Yarnell, Nathan M., Corporal, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
209. Young, Henry, Private, E, May 20, 1864, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, of wounds received May 10, 1864, at Po River, Virginia.
210. Yerger, Harrison, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; buried in Wilderness Burial Ground, grave unknown.
211. Yothers, Adoniram J., Private, H, June 9, 1863, of wounds received May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Virginia.
212. Zufall, Isaac, Private, B, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.

WOUNDED.

1. Ammerman, William C., Corporal B, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
2. Ammerman, R. Wesley, Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
3. Adams, Nelson, Private, B, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
4. Ammerman, Joseph, Private, B, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
5. Ammerman, John Thompson, Private, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
6. Adams, Albert, Private, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
7. Allen, Geo. N., Private, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
8. Allen, Geo. W., Private, D, May 3, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
9. Andrew, Seth, Private, B, no data.
10. Acker, William, Private, I, June 5, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
11. Beaver, James Addams, Colonel, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia; June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
12. Beck, Benjamin, Corporal, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; March 31, 1865, White Oak Road.
13. Beam, Jeremiah, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
14. Bierly, Solomon, Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
15. Bierly Charles, Private, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
16. Boob, Levi, Private, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.

17. Boob, Nathaniel, Private, A, Po River, Virginia May 10, 1864.
18. Boyer, Adam, Private, A, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
19. Butler, Sidney J., Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
20. Barr, Samuel L., First Sergeant, B, October 14, 1863, Bristow Station, Virginia.
21. Barger, Constans, Sergeant, B, North Anna River, Virginia; March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
22. Brown, Michael A., Private, B, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
23. Brower, James R., Private, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
24. Bottorf, Samuel, Corporal, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
25. Bathgate, John C., Corporal, D, May 30, 1864, Bethesda Church, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
26. Bullock, Robert G., Private, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
27. Béar, James, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
28. Barr, Clarence T., Private, E, in front of Petersburg, Virginia.
29. Burrell, David, Sergeant, F, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
30. Barmoy, John, Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
31. Beans, Benjamin F., Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
32. Brisbin, Brice D., Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
33. Bayard, Geo. A., Lieutenant Colonel, H, Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
34. Bayard, John A., Second Lieutenant, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
35. Blackburne, Robert, Corporal, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
36. Brown, Uriah K., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
37. Braeken, Jacob, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
38. Bowley, Joseph W., Private, I, no details.

39. Boyer, Philip, Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
40. Buzzard, John S., Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
41. Chestnut, William A., Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
42. Conaway, Thomas A., Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
43. Craig, John, First Sergeant, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
44. Carner, William, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
45. Carson, William, Private, C, May 10, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
46. Carter, Jacob L., Private, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
47. Campbell, Henry C., Sergeant, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
48. Cross, Allen B., Sergeant, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
49. Cory, Jacob, Corporal, D, no details.
50. Carter, William A., Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
51. Carbough, Peter L., Private, D, no details.
52. Clark, William T., First Lieutenant, E, May 2, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
53. Crissman, Robert J., Corporal, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
54. Cummings, John A., Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; March 31, 1865, Adams Farm, Virginia.
55. Cramer, James C., Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
56. Cooney, John, Private, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
57. Cassady, Robert, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
58. Campbell, William M., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
59. Custard, Robert, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
60. Close, William H., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.

61. Coursin, Abram S., Sergeant, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
62. Carle, Hiram, Private, K, October 27, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
63. Droucker, Alexander J., Private, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
64. Davis, Thomas R., Private, D, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
65. Davidson, Lewis H., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
66. Dunkle, Jacob, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
67. Dunkle, Benjamin, Private, G, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
68. Deihl, John G., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
69. Dickens, Stephen E., Private, I, no details.
70. Derr, Jacob, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
71. Erhard, Amos, Corporal, A., July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
72. Emerick Jacob, Private, A, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
73. Eymer, William D., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
74. Edmiston, William A., Private, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
75. Eppers, David, Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
76. Evans, Joseph L., Private, D, June —, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia.
77. Everhart, Samuel, Sergeant, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
78. Eckinroth, Henry, Private, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
79. Fairlamb, George Ashbridge, Lieutenant Colonel, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
80. Forster, Robert Henry, Major, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; June 18, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
81. Furley, Samuel K., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
82. Flick, Jacob, Private, B, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
83. Fishel, Henry, Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

84. Funk, Martin, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
85. Fisher, Charles A., Private, D, no details.
86. Friday, Harmon, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
87. Freeman, David C., Second Lieutenant, F, June 5, 1862, Cross Keys, Virginia.
88. Fox, Joseph, First Lieutenant, G, twice wounded, no details.
89. Fulton, William H., Private, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
90. Freeze, John, Sergeant, H., April 2, 1865, Petersburg, Virginia.
91. Frantz, Peter, Corporal, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
92. Farley, Daniel G., Private, H, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
93. Frantz, Jacob, Private, H, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
94. Fulton, Robert, Private, H, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
95. Faul, Edward, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
96. Gilbert, Manasses, Corporal, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
97. Gilbert, Moses, Private, A, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
98. Gilbert, Samuel, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
99. Guiser, Matthias, Private, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
100. Garbrick, Amos, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
101. Grater, Robert, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
102. Gemmill, William, Second Lieutenant, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
103. Garret, Thomas, Private, E, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
104. Gearhart, David, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
105. Gearhart, Samuel R., Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
106. Groft, George, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

107. Garbrick, William H., Private, G, June 11, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
108. Gilbert, George W., Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
109. Glessner, Philip, Private, G, May 13, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
110. Gahagan, John W., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
111. Groh, Samuel K., Private, I, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
112. Grenoble, Israel J., Private, I, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
113. George, James F., Sergeant, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
114. Gries, Joseph, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
115. Hanly, William M., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
116. Helman, Henry, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
117. Harper, William D., Captain, B, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia; May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
118. Huston, George R., Sergeant, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
119. Hall, George P., Corporal, B, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
120. Harris, George W., Private, B, March 31, 1865, Five Forks Virginia.
121. Huey, William C., Sergeant, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
122. Holloway, William P., Corporal, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
123. Harshberger, David, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
124. Heberling, William F., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
125. Hart, Charles, Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
126. Huffmaster, M. V., Private, D, March 25, 1865, near Petersburg, Virginia.
127. Harter, Daniel H., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
128. Holloway, David C., Private, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.

129. Horner, Henry, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
130. Havener, Christ C., Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
131. Harpster, John H., Captain, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
132. Holahan, William C., Sergeant, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
133. Henney, David H., Sergeant, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
134. Harpster, Joseph L., Corporal, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
135. Hoffner, Jonathan, Private, G, June 5, 1864.
136. Hunter, Francis J., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
137. Hillegras, Henry, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
138. Harrington, Silas H., Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
139. Hessel, George, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
140. Iddings, Joseph, Private, B, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
141. Irvin, David, Corporal, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
142. Irvin, James B., Corporal, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; October 27 1864, Fort Gregg, Virginia.
143. Johnston, John L., Captain, A, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
144. Jackson, John, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
145. Jamison, Jacob H., Private, E, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
146. Jacobs, William A., Corporal, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
147. Johnston, John L., First Lieutenant, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
148. Johnston, Henry, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
149. Jones, Edward P., Private, H, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
150. Jones, George T., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

151. Kreamer, Gideon, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
152. Kline, David, Private, B, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
153. Knight, William, Private, B, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
154. Kriner, Jacob, Private, B, October 27, 1864, Boydton Plank Road, Virginia.
155. Keyser, Jacob C., Private, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
156. Kreps, David, Private, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
157. Kline, Andrew J., Private, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
158. Kerr, David L., Corporal, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
159. Kepler, John M., Private, D, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
160. Keys, David S., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
161. Kooney, James A., Private, D, no data.
162. Kenly, John, Second Lieutenant, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
163. King, Erastus, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
164. Ketner, Lot E., Sergeant, G, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
165. Keller, Daniel S., Corporal, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
166. Knopf, Anthony, Corporal, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; April —, 1865, Adams Run, Virginia.
167. Koon, George, Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; October 27, 1864, Ft. Gregg, Virginia.
168. Kellerman, William H., Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
169. Kelly, Robert J., Private, H., May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
170. Kissinger, Robert, Sergeant, I, no data.
171. Kirkpatrick, Ross C., Corporal, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
172. Krauss, Enos, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
173. Krotzer, David A., Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
174. Kifer, Andrew J., Private, K, May 2, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

175. Leitzell, George W., Sergeant, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
176. Limbert, Frederick, Corporal, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
177. Long, Daniel, Private, A, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
178. Lilly, Jacob, Private, B, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
179. Lowry, Christian, Corporal, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
180. Lambert, William, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
181. Lee, Joseph, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
182. Lansberry, S. P., Sergeant, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
183. Law Charles M, Sergeant, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
184. Luckhart, David F., Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
185. Luckhart, Thomas R., Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
186. Lucas, John D., Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
187. Lytle, Isaac, Captain, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
188. Lucas, Matthew B., Corporal, H, May 3, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
189. Long, George H., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
190. Lucas, William J. Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
191. Lowery, Irwin, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
192. Lebkecher, Michael, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
193. Lape, Joseph, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
194. Lyle, Reuben, Private, I, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
195. McBath, Thomas, Private, C, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
196. McElwee, Thomas, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
197. McKinley, Jeremiah, Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

198. McCool, David, Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
199. McIlhatten, David D., Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
200. McKinney, William, Private, H, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
201. McManagle, James, Private, H, no data; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
202. Muffly, Joseph W., Adjutant Field and Staff, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
203. Miller, John A., First Sergeant, A, no data.
204. Miller, Henry, Sergeant, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
205. Meyer, Henry, Corporal A, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
206. Meyer, William C., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
207. Moore, Alfred C., Sergeant, B, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
208. Matz, Fabian, Private, C, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
209. Morey, William R., Private, C., May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
210. Mosier, William, Private, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
211. Miller, Daniel, Private, A, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
212. Moorehead, Joseph H., Sergeant, E, June 4, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
213. Milliron, John, Corporal, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
214. Meekens, John, Private, E, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
215. Miller, George, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
216. Miller, Jacob W., Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
217. Mills, John, Private, F, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
218. May, Francis M., Private, G, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia; April — 1865, Adams Run, Virginia.
219. Miller, David W., Private, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
220. Moyer, John H., Private, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

221. Murphy, Adams T., Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
222. Marks, Isaiah W., Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
223. Miles, Richard, Corporal, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
224. Moore, John W., Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
225. Myton, Thomas W., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
226. Moore, Hiram G., Private, H, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
227. Montgomery, W. F., Private H, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
228. Moyer, Samuel W., Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
229. Mortimer, William S., First Lieutenant, K, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
230. Meyers, John, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
231. Milligan, William, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
232. Merley, Samuel, Private, K, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater.
233. Northrop, Fanton L., Private, A, May 14, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
234. Nieman, George H., Corporal, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
235. Otto, Israel, Private, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia; April 2, 1865, Sutherland Station, Virginia.
236. Osman, Lemuel H., Private, C, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
237. Orris, Samuel H., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
238. Parkes, John, Private A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
239. Pennington, Henry, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
240. Ports, John W., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
241. Peters, William B., Private, B, May 4, 1864, Wilderness, Virginia.
242. Potter, Samuel L., Private, D, no data.

243. Phillip, Josiah, Private, E, August 18, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
244. Pilson, Samuel, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
245. Phelps, William P., Sergeant, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
246. Parker, William A., Private, F, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
247. Perry, William, Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
248. Pennington, John, Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
249. Patterson, James J., Captain, G, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
250. Patterson, Robert H., First Sergeant, G, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
251. Pittman, William, Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
252. Phillips, Henry, Private, H, August 16, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
253. Pearson, William, Private, H, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
254. Plyler, Edward, Private, I, no data.
255. Polliard, David, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
256. Pettit, Oliver W., Private, K, May 30, 1864, Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia.
257. Quick, Thomas, Private, B, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
258. Rossman, David, Corporal, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
259. Royer, Thomas E., Corporal, A, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
260. Rupp, George M., Corporal, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
261. Rosenberry, Franklin, Private, A, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
262. Roof, John, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
263. Ray, James, Corporal, C, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
264. Reish, Daniel K., Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

265. Rhinehart, Alfred A., Captain, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
266. Rote, John C., Corporal, D, October 14, 1863, Auburn Mills, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
267. Runkle, Charles D., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
268. Reed, William A., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
269. Reeser, Jacob, Private, D, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; at Spotsylvania, May 18, 1864.
270. Richards, Vincent, Corporal, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
271. Raybuck, Emanuel, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
272. Rhodes, Malchia, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
273. Roland, John G., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
274. Rager, Samuel J., Private, G, June 17, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia; October 26, 1864.
275. Reed, Reuben, Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
276. Reel, Samuel, Private, G, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
277. Ross, Alexander B., Private, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
278. Ross, Matthew M., Private, H, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
279. Rathf.n, John M., Private, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
280. Reynolds Stern, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia; August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
281. Spangler, Simon M., First Lieutenant, A, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
282. Sloan, Isaac N., Sergeant Major, Field and Staff, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
283. Sixes, Josiah, Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
284. Swyers, David H., First Lieutenant, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia; March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
285. Searson, Edwin, Corporal, B, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, twice; June 6, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.

286. Swartz, Christian, Corporal, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
287. Sherwood, James, Private, C, October 27, 1864, Boydton Plank Road, Virginia.
288. Shivery, David W., Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
289. Smythe, William, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
290. Sowers, John C., Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
291. Sowers, Henry A., Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
292. Swiler, Christian, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
293. Speaker, Charles F., Corporal, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 30, 1864, Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
294. Stover, Thaddeus D., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
295. Smith, Charles J., Private, D, no data.
296. Stull, Jacob, Private, D, no data.
297. Shirk, Joseph, Private, D, no data.
298. Swisher, Peter, Private, D, no data.
299. Suttle, William, Private, D, no data.
300. Stewart, Charles, Captain, E, May 2, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
301. Sutton, John F., Captain E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
302. Sprankle, Peter D., First Lieutenant, E, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
303. Sutton, James M., Second Lieutenant, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
304. Smith, Daniel W., Sergeant, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
305. Sutter, Daniel R., Corporal, E, October 27, 1864, Ft. Crater, Virginia.
306. Shilling, Samuel, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
307. Sloppy, Philip, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
308. Smith, David, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
309. Snyder, John, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
310. Speedy, Joseph C., Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

311. Strayer, Jacob M. R., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
312. Stringfellow, J. W., Corporal, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
313. Specht, David, Private, F, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
314. Sentman, Joseph, Private, F, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
315. Smith, Philip T. B., Private, F, Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864.
316. Stuart, John W., Second Lieutenant, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
317. Singleton, Thomas, Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
318. Stover, David, Private, G, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
319. Sanders, Darius L., Sergeant, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
320. Spotts, Jacob, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
321. Stiner, David, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
322. Shultz, William H., Private, H, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
323. Sweetwood, Isaac, Private, H, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
324. Stonebraker, Jeremiah, Private, H, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
325. Smith, Alfred, Private, H, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia; June 17, 1864, front of Petersburg, Virginia.
326. Steese, James A., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
327. Stonebraker, Valentine, Private, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
328. Stuck, Christian, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
329. Sauer, Abraham, Private, I, no data.
330. Smith, William H. H., Private, I, June 5, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
331. Sloan, Samuel H., Corporal, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
332. Schwartzfager, Henry, Corporal, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
333. Tate, Eli P., Private, C, March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.

334. Thomas, John, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
335. Transue, Harvey H., Private, E, May 13, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
336. Taylor, William L., First Sergeant, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
337. Thompson, James A., Private, G, July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
338. Try, Samuel, Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
339. Vanvalin, Oliver W., Corporal, B, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
340. Venada, Simon, Corporal, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
341. Vansickle, Joseph, Private, D, November 3, 1863.
342. Vancile, Peter, Private, E, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
343. Weaver, James F., Lieutenant Colonel, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
344. Weaver, Daniel, Sergeant, A, August 14, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
345. Weirick, Thomas G., Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
346. Weiser, Charles W., Private, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
347. Whipple, Augustus B., Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
348. Webb, Jacob D., Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
349. Wile, Philip, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
350. Wolf, William, Private, A, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia; June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
351. Watkins, Benjamin F., Private, B, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
352. Walker, George W., Private, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia; March 31, 1865, White Oak Road, Virginia.
353. Walker, Mathias, Private, B, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
354. Williams, Thomas, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
355. Wance, David H., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
356. Wolf, David N., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

357. Wells, James K., Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
358. Wynkoop, John S., Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
359. Went, George W., Corporal, G, August 15, 1864, Deep Bottom, Virginia.
360. Wagner, John D., Corporal, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
361. Whippo, Charles O., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
362. Woodring, Daniel W., Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia, three times.
363. Wilson, George A., Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
364. Wadding, Robert M., Private, I, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
365. Ward, John, Second Lieutenant, K, October 14, 1863, Auburn Mills, Virginia.
366. Walters, George G., Corporal, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
367. Woods, Lebbeus B., Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
368. Wentzel, Henry W., Private, K, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
369. Wiant, George F., Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
370. Wasser, Melcher, Private, K, ——— Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
371. Wiant, William, Private, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
372. Wiant, Abraham C., Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia, and June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
373. Yocum, Frederick, First Sergeant, C, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
374. Yetters, Joseph, Private, C, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
375. Young, David H., Private, D, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
376. Youts, John E., Private, G, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
377. Zerby, Andrew, Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
378. Zimmerman, Benjamin, Private, H, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

379. Zeigenfuss, William, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

1. Ammerman, John Thompson, Private, B, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
2. Alvord, James, Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
3. Anderson, William R., Private, E, May 25, 1864, North Anna, Virginia.
4. Bayard, George Adams, Major Field and Staff, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
5. Bierly, Wesley W., First Lieutenant, A, June 2, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
6. Butler, Sidney J., Private, A, June 3, 1864, Cold Harbor, Virginia.
7. Boob, Nathaniel, Private, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
8. Biddle, John W., Private, B, June 16, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Virginia.
9. Baker, Benjamin F., Private, B, no details.
10. Brower, James R., Private, B, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
11. Burdic, Sylvester, Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
12. Boyer, John, Private, E, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; also June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
13. Bush, Emanuel, Private, E, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
14. Beans, Nathan E., Private, G, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
15. Bowers, John, Private, G, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
16. Brisbin, Brice D., Private, G, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
17. Barr, Hugh A., Private, I, no details.
18. Corman, George, Corporal, A, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
19. Carner, James, Private, C, near Petersburg, Virginia, Fort Crater, October 27, 1864.
20. Cooney, John, Private, F, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
21. Carey, Henry, Sergeant, I, June 4, 1864.
22. Cochran, James, Private, I, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
23. Carnathan, Hugh, Private, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

24. Davis, Thomas R., Private, D, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
25. Dent, James G., Private, F, May, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.
26. Deibler, Lewis, Corporal, I, no details.
27. Derr, Jacob, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
28. Deihl, Josiah, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
29. Doney, George, Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
30. Eppers, David, Private, D, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
31. Fairlamb, George Ashbridge, Lieutenant Colonel Field and Staff, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House.
32. Frederick, Leonard, Private, B, no details.
33. Fleming, James E., Private, F, no details.
34. Funk, John T., Private, H, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
35. Fackender, John, Corporal, K, October 27, 1864, near Fort Morton, Virginia.
36. Gettig, Samuel R., Corporal, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
37. Grim, Adam, Private, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
38. Hurto, Charles F., Private, B, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
39. Hines, James, Private, B, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
40. Horner, Cyrus, Private, B, no data.
41. Heiligstein, Siegfried, Private, C, no data.
42. Harner, Jacob, Private, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
43. Harman, John S., Private, E, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
44. Havener, Christ C., Private, F, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
45. Henry, James, Private, F, no data.
46. Harpster, Joseph L., Corporal, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
47. Hill, Sylvester, Corporal, H, October 27, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
48. Hudson, Dennis, Private, H, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
49. Huey, Robert, Private, K, May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Virginia.

50. Jordon, Thomas, Sergeant, H, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
51. Kraemer, Jesse, Private, A, October 27, 1864, Ft. Crater, Petersburg, Virginia.
52. Keeler, William, Private, B, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
53. Keyser, Jacob C., Private, B, May 9, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
54. Keely, Oliver F., Private, B, no data.
55. Kline, Andrew J., Private, C, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
56. Kroh, Elias R., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
57. Klinger, Ephriam, Corporal, H, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
58. Knickenbracken, C., Private, H, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
59. Long, Jesse, Private, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
60. Long, Daniel, Private, A, June 22, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
61. Lucas, George W., Sergeant, B, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
62. Leonard, Frederick, Private, B, died in prison.
63. Lord, Albert, Private, F, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
64. Lucas, Matthew B., Corporal, H, no data.
65. Lintaman, Josiah, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
66. McFadden, Montgomery, Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
67. McNoldy, James F., Sergeant, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
68. McCormick, Jones, Private, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
69. Meyer, Thomas P., Sergeant, A, October 14, 1863, Auburn Mills, Virginia.
70. Maze, Israel, Private, A, June 7, 1864, North Anna, Virginia.
71. Mayes, Lewis, Private, C, October 27, 1864, Ft. Crater, Virginia.
72. Milliron, John, Corporal, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
73. Milliron, William, Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.

74. Miller, Eli R., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
75. Miller, William, Private, F, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
76. Miller, Herman K., Sergeant, H, June 17, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
77. Montgomery, W. F., Private, H, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
78. Mattson, David, Private, I, no data.
79. Montier, Stewart H., Private, I, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
80. Miller, Andrew J., Private, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
81. Merley, Samuel, Private, K, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
82. Onstead, Godfrey, Private, B, no data.
83. Oberlin, William P., Private, E, March 31, 1865, Gravelly Run, Virginia.
84. Parkes, John, Private, A, October 27, 1864, Ft. Crater, Virginia.
85. Potter, Benjamin, Private, I, no date.
86. Rhoads, Jacob R., Private, C, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
87. Riffle, Abraham, Private, C, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
88. Refsnyder, John C., Private, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
89. Reeser, Jacob, Private, D, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
90. Richards, Vincent, Corporal, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
91. Rising, Joseph, Private, E, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
92. Roland, John G., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
93. Runbarger, John H., Private, G, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
94. Rager, Samuel J., Private, G, October 26, 1864.
95. Rumbaugh, Jacob B., Corporal, I, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
96. Ransom, Harrison, Private, I, no data.
97. Randolph, James, Private, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
98. Reese, Daniel, Private, K, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
99. Rothermel, Abram, Private, K, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.

100. Sloan, Isaac N., Sergeant Major Field and Staff, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
101. Shields, Patterson M., Private, C, June 16, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
102. Sprankle, Peter D., First Lieutenant, E, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
103. Shall, John B., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
104. Shilling Samuel, Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
105. Sloppy, Phillip, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
106. Snyder, John, Private, E, May 10, 1864, Po River, Virginia.
107. Stamm, David E., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
108. Staggers, James L., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
109. Steffey, William O., Private, F, July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
110. Starliper, William V., Private, G, June 22, 1864, near Petersburg, Virginia.
111. Shoemaker, Dias, Private, G, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
112. Snyder, William, Corporal, H, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
113. Sanders, Sylvester, Corporal, H, June 22, 1864, Jerusalem Plank Road, Virginia.
114. Stuck, Christian, Private, H, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
115. Snyder, Alexander, Private, I, no data.
116. Stahlman, Lewis R., Private, I, no data.
117. Shaffer, Lavinus W., Private, K, May 30, 1864, Totopotomoy Creek, Virginia.
118. Troutman, Martin, Private, A, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
119. Thompson, Robert P., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
120. Wolf, Chas. A., Private, A, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
121. Walker, William, Private, B, no data.
122. Welch, George D., Private, E, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
123. Welch, John, Private, F, no data.
124. Wingard, William, Private, G, August 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.

125. Ward, William, Sergeant, H, June 18, 1864, Petersburg, Virginia.
126. Williams, John, Private, H, October 27, 1864, Fort Crater, Virginia.
127. Wilcox, Isaac, C., Private, A, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
128. Willoughby, Elijah, Private, I, no data.
129. Woods, Lebbens B., Private, K, May 12, 1864, Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia.
130. Wasser, Melcher, Private, K, — — — Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
131. Yeager, Samuel, Private, B, no data.
132. Yarlett, George W., Private, G, August, 25, 1864, Reams Station, Virginia.
133. Zimmerman, Benjamin, Private, B, no data.

DIED.

1. Allen, John Wesley, Assistant Surgeon, Field and Staff, died at Altoona, Pennsylvania.
2. Ammerman, John Thompson, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 19, 1865. (Burial Records: died at Salisbury, North Carolina, February 7, 1865.
3. Alvord, James, Private, D, died at Richmond, Virginia, July 15, 1864.
4. Abott, James, Private, D, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, December 10, 1863.
5. Aden, James, Private, E, died at Morrisville, Virginia, August 17, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, Block 2, Section E, Row 11, Grave 83.
6. Andrews, Jacob B., Private, G, died San Jose, California, December 11, 1899; buried in soldiers' plot in cemetery there.
7. Anthony, George N., Private, I, no details.
8. Bayard, George Adams, Major, Field and Staff, killed at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1903.
9. Bierly, James B., Private, A, died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 24, 1863; buried at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania.
10. Boob, Levi, Private, A, died August 26, 1867, by accident; buried at Hartleton, Pennsylvania.
11. Bressler, David, Private, A, buried near Penn Hall, Pennsylvania.
12. Butler, Sidney J., Private, A, died at Andersonville, Georgia, July 22, 1864; Grave 3808.
13. Barr, Samuel L., First Sergeant, B, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

14. Beerly, Nathaniel, Musician, B, died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, December 2, 1902.
15. Beerly, Mesulam, Private, B, died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 8, 1863.
16. Bennet, George, Private, B, died at York, Pennsylvania, March 23, 1863; buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery.
17. Bear, Jacob, Private, B, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, March 21, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper Court House, Virginia, Block 1, Section A, Row 12, Grave 412.
18. Brubaker, Emanuel, Private, B, died at Washington, D. C., June 20, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
19. Brubaker, Jacob, —, D, Tiffin, Ohio, no data.
20. Baker, Benjamin F., Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 27, 1864; grave 11566.
21. Brower, James R., Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 18, 1864.
22. Beck, David, —, C, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, 1879.
23. Benner, John F., Captain, C, died in California, November, 1902.
24. Bathurst, Lawrence B., Musician, C, died since War.
25. Baker, D. Webster, Private, C, died at Plattsville, Illinois, January 1, 1903.
26. Bailey, Isaac, Private, C, died since the War.
27. Barnoy, John, —, F, since the War.
28. Bathgate, Jno. C., Corporal, D, no details.
29. Bell, Archibald M., Private, D, died at Washington, D. C., October 17, 1863.
30. Bohm, George W., Private, D, died January 12, 1864.
31. Burdic, Sylvester, Private, D, died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 12, 1864.
32. Boyer, Elias, —, F, since the War.
33. Boyer, John, Private, E, died since the War.
34. Breon, Jacob, Captain, F, died Altoona, Pennsylvania, April 21, 1901.
35. Berger, Jacob J., Private, F, died at Baltimore, Maryland, November 28, 1864.
36. Beans, Nathan E., Private, G, killed accidentally in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania.
37. Blackburn, Robert, —, H, Ichersburg, Pennsylvania, July 25, 1904.
38. Bowers, John, Private, G, reported as died in prison.
39. Brady, Washington, G., Corporal, H, died at Fallen Timber, Cambria County, Pennsylvania; buried there.

40. Butler, Samuel, Private, II, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, buried in cemetery there.
41. Brown, Orlando H., Second Lieutenant, I, died since the War.
42. Bailey, Eli, Private, I, died since the War.
43. Banghart, John, Private, I, died since the War.
44. Barr, Emory J., Private, I, died at Potomac Creek, Virginia, April 16, 1863.
45. Barr, Hugh A., Private, I, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 26, 1864.
46. Barr, William H., Private, I, died at Washington, D. C., June 15, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
47. Boyd, William C., Private, I, died at Falmouth, Virginia, June 7, 1863.
48. Buzzard, John S., Private, I, died since the War.
49. Boarts, Phillip, Private, K, died at Washington, D. C., February 15, 1864; buried Military Asylum Cemetery.
50. Brown, George W., Private, C, died at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, August 20, 1904.
51. Bartley, John, Private, K, no details.
52. Berkley, Jacob J., Private, K, died at Stevensburg, Virginia, December 30, 1863.
53. Crouse, Henry, Corporal, A, died December 22, 1899; buried at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
54. Conser, Henry G, Private, A, died at Valley Falls, Kansas, May, 1900.
55. Campbell, Patrick, Corporal, C, died since the War.
56. Carner, James, Private, C, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 24, 1864.
57. Carner, William, Private, C, died since the War.
58. Carson, William, Private, C, died since the War.
59. Carter, Jacob L., Private, C, died since the War.
60. Cline, John A., Private, C, died at Andersonville, Georgia, December 8, 1862.
61. Cross, Allen B., Sergeant, D, died since the War.
62. Campbell, Henry C., Sergeant, D, died August 2, 1904, at State College, Pennsylvania.
63. Carter, William A., Private, D, died near Pine Grove, Pennsylvania.
64. Close, Able, Private, D, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1864.
65. Clarke, William T., First Lieutenant, E, died since the War.
66. Cochran, Isaac G., Private, E, died since the War.
67. Crissman, Robert J., Corporal, E, Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, September 17, 1904.

68. Cryster, Amos, Private, E, died in Hospital at York, Pennsylvania, February 3, 1863.
69. Crider, Solomon, Private, F, died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 6, 1862.
70. Condo, Charles M., Private, G, drowned in the Gunpowder Creek, September 21, 1862.
71. Condo, Daniel, Private, G, died at Spring Hills, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1869.
72. Condo, Jared, Blacksmith, G, murdered by prisoners July 29, 1904, while in line of duty as turnkey in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, jail.
73. Cassady, Robert, Private, H, died at ———, Missouri.
74. Cochran, James, Private, I, no details; died since the War.
75. Crate, Philip S., Private, I, no details; died since the War.
76. Carson, John E., Corporal, K, died at Point Lookout, Maryland, June 18, 1863.
77. Coursin, Abraham R., Musician, K, died ———, 1901.
78. Clover, John C., Private, K, no details.
79. Corbett, Munson, Private, K, died at Falmouth, Virginia, December 28, 1862.
80. Davis, Uriah Q., Surgeon, Field and Staff, killed at Milton, Pennsylvania, in railroad accident.
81. Davidson, William J. J., Corporal, B, died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 2, 1863.
82. Deneen, Henry S., Private, B, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 21, 1864; Burial Records, April 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper, Virginia, Block 1, Section A, Row 7, Grave 211.
83. Divelbiss, Jacob H., ———, D, in prison during War.
84. Dresher, James J., Private, D, died since the War.
85. Driver, Daniel P., Private, E, died on United States Transport on James River, April 12, 1864.
86. Dunlap, Alexander R., Private, E, died since the War.
87. Dolan, Martin, Captain, F, died since the War.
88. Dunlap, Charles, Private, F, died at Stevensburg, Virginia, January 4, 1864.
89. Davidson, William, Sergeant, I, died since the War.
90. Deibler, Lewis, Corporal, I, killed at Salisbury, North Carolina, while a prisoner of war, November 26, 1864.
91. Douglass, Alexander, Corporal, I, died since the War.
92. Dennis, Alonzo, Private, I, died at Washington, D. C., July 7, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
93. Dotts, Henry H., Second Lieutenant, K, died 1900.
94. Divens, Anthony, Corporal, K, no details.

95. Divens, David, Private, K, died at New York August 8, 1864; buried Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.
96. Divens, William H., Private, K, no details.
97. Divens, James P., Private, K, died 1901.
98. Doney, George, Private, K, died at Andersonville, Georgia, December 1, 1864; Grave No. 6568.
99. Erhard, Amos, Corporal, A, died at — 1897; buried at Scalp Level, Pennsylvania.
100. Edleman, Elias, Private, A, no data.
101. Edmiston, William A., Private, B, died at Fillmore, Pennsylvania.
102. Eddy, Washington, D., Private, D, died at Washington, D. C., April 7, 1864.
103. Elliott, Oliver W., Private, D, died at Washington, D. C., April 27, 1864.
104. Earnest, Joseph, Corporal, I, no data.
105. Forster, Robert Henry, Major Field and Staff, died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, May 2, 1901.
106. Fisher, Calvin P. W., Assistant Surgeon Field and Staff, died at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
107. Fisher, Jacob A., April 19, 1904.
108. Furney, Nelson, Private, A, died at Washington, D. C., November 24, 1864; buried at Arlington, Virginia.
109. Flick, Jacob, Private, B, no details.
110. Frederick, Leonard, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 26, 1864; Grave 6884.
111. Freed, Abraham, Private, C, died near Falmouth, Virginia, January 10, 1863.
112. Fortney, John II., Private, D, died at Tyrone, Pennsylvania, April 3, 1887.
113. Fox, Emanuel, Private, D, died at Falmouth, Virginia, January 28, 1863.
114. Fisher, William, Private, E, died at Cockeyville, Maryland, October 10, 1862.
115. Fleming, James E., Private, F, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 18, 1863.
116. Freeman, David C., Second Lieutenant, F, since the War.
117. Fox, Joseph, First Lieutenant, G, killed at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
118. Fugate, John A. J., Second Lieutenant, H, died at Reynoldsville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, 1900; buried at Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania.
119. Funk, John T., Private, II, died in prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, date unknown.

120. Flick, John, Private, K, died at Windmill Point, Virginia, January 30, 1863.
121. Garrett, Griffith, Private, A, died at Falmouth, Virginia, May 11, 1863.
122. Guiser, Matthew, Private, A, died July 23, 1904, Kinmundy, Illinois.
123. Gilbert, Samuel, Private, A, no details.
124. Grove, Martin, Private, A, died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 17, 1863.
125. Graham, William E., Captain, C, died in Minnesota, 1902.
126. Gates, George, Private, C, died since the War.
127. Gates, Daniel, Private, C, died near Falmouth, Virginia, April 4, 1863.
128. Gable, William, Private, D, died at Cockeyville, Maryland, November 14, 1862.
129. Gettis, Robert, Corporal, E, died near Falmouth, Virginia, February 29, 1863.
130. Gearhart, David, Private, E, died since the War.
131. Gearhart, Samuel R., Private, E, died June 7, 1864, at York, Pennsylvania, of disease.
132. Glenn, George, Corporal, G, buried at Spring Creek Cemetery.
133. Gibb, Alexander, Second Lieutenant, H, died at New York City; buried near New York.
134. Gahagan, John W., Private, H, died at New York City; buried there.
135. Gephart, Thomas, Private, H, died at Camp Hancock, Virginia, March 6, 1863; buried at Zion Church Yard, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
136. Galey, James J., Private, I, died at Annapolis, Maryland, October 23, 1864.
137. Garbon, James, Private, I, no date, died since the War.
138. Guile, Orin, Private, I, no date, died since the War.
139. Harper, William, Sergeant, A, died February, 1901; buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
140. Harper, Simon, Private, A, died August, 1900; buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
141. Held, Charles H., Private, A; buried at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
142. Harper, William D., Captain, B, died at Renova, Pennsylvania, December 15, 1890; buried at North Bend.
143. Huston, George R., Sergeant, B, died at Gibbs, Adair County, Missouri, March 16, 1904.
144. Hines, James, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865; Burial Record December 9, 1864, Salisbury, North Carolina.

145. Horner, Cyrus, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865.
146. Heiligstein, Siegfried, Private, C, died at Andersonville, Georgia, December 8, 1864.
147. Holloway, Daniel C., Private, D, died at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania; since the War.
148. Hallowell, Joseph, Corporal, E, died since the War.
149. Harmon, John, Private, E, died at Washington, D. C., February 11, 1863; Burial Record April 30, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
150. Hallet, Inman A., Private, F, died since the War.
151. Henry, James, Private, F, died January 1, 1865, while a prisoner of war.
152. Hollingsworth, Isaac, Private, F, died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 1, 1863.
153. Howard, John W., —, F, since the War.
154. Holahan, William C., Sergeant, G, died at Renova, Pennsylvania.
155. Henney, David H., Sergeant, G, died at Potters Mills, Pennsylvania; buried at Sprucetown, Pennsylvania.
156. Housel, Benjamin, Private, G, buried at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
157. Hill, Sylvester, Corporal, H, died January 1, 1865, while prisoner of war.
158. Haines, George, Private, H, died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
159. Harp, Andrew, —, I, Akron, Ohio, September 14, 1901.
160. Haugh, Augustus, Private, I, died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 19, 1863.
161. Horner, George, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
162. Hillis, David M., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
163. Hull, Benjamin F., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
164. Harp, Andrew, Private, I, died since the War.
165. Henry, Henry H., First Sergeant, K, died February, 1902.
166. Huey, Robert, Private, K, no data.
167. Harriger, John, Private, K, no data.
168. Iddings, Joseph, Private, B, died at Runville, Pennsylvania.
169. Irwin, Lewis H., Private, E, died September 18, 1864, in hospital, Washington, D. C.
170. Irvin, James B., Corporal, G, died January 4, 1893; buried at Steffies, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.
171. Johnston, Ira, Private, F, died at Washington, D. C., February 19, 1865; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
172. Jacobs, William A., Corporal, G, buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.

173. Jordon, Thomas, Sergeant, H, died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 24, 1864; Grave 11430.
174. Johnston, John, Private, H, died at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
175. Jones, David B., Private, H, died at Alexandria, Virginia, March 30, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Grave 194.
176. Kurtz, John G., Quartermaster Field and Staff, died at Milton, Pennsylvania.
177. Kreamer, Gideon, Private, A, buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
178. Krape, Samuel, Private, A, died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 14, 1863.
179. Kreps, William H., Private, B, no data.
180. Kline, David, Private, B, died at Julian, Pennsylvania.
181. Keyser, Jacob C., Private, B, died at Richmond, Virginia, July 24, 1864.
182. Keeler, Joseph, Private, B, died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 4, 1863; buried at Roland, Pennsylvania.
183. Killinger, Abraham, Private, B, died at Washington, D. C., September 16, 1863; buried Military Asylum Cemetery.
184. Keely, Oliver F., Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 6, 1864, Grave 4895.
185. Kreps, David, Private, C, died since the War.
186. Kline, Andrew J., Private, C, died at Annapolis, Maryland, October 4, 1864.
187. Koch, Jacob, Corporal, D, no date.
188. Koch, Tasker K., Private, D, died at York, Pennsylvania, June 1, 1863.
189. Kenly, John, Second Lieutenant, E, died since the War.
190. Kramer, Benjamin F., Private, E, Burial Records, died at Beverly, New Jersey, September 29, 1864.
191. Keller, Daniel S., Corporal, G, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
192. Kelly, Samuel, Private, G, buried at Sprucetown, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
193. Klinger, Ephraim, Corporal, H, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, while prisoner of war.
194. Kelly, Robert J., Private, H, died near Port Matilda; buried in Williams Cemetery, near Martha.
195. Kellerman, William H., Private, H, died at Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
196. Knuckbracken, C., Private, H, died at Petersburg, Virginia, September 16, 1864; buried there.
197. Knippenberg, Hiram, Private, H, no data.

198. Kissinger, Robert, Sergeant, I, died since the War.
199. Kerr, Manasses, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
200. Kirkpatrick, Ross C., Corporal, K, no data; died since the War.
201. Lipton, Robert, Adjutant Field and Staff, died at Milesburg,
202. Lanich, Henry, Private, A, buried Loganton, Pennsylvania.
203. Loose, George S., Private, A, died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, June 7, 1863.
204. Long, Daniel, Private, A, died at Charleston, South Carolina, March, 1865.
205. Like, John B., First Sergeant, B, died at York, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1862; buried at Milesburg, Pennsylvania.
206. Lambert, William, Private, C, died since the War.
207. Lee Joseph, Private, C, died since the War.
208. Lyman, Alm N., Private, C, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 10, 1864.
209. Leitzel, Emanuel, Private, D, died at Cockeyville, Maryland, December 12, 1862.
210. Leitzel, Jacob, Private, D, died at Woodward, Pennsylvania, December, 1862.
211. Long, Joseph, Private, E, died January 5, 1864, at Douglass Hospital, Washington, D. C., from amputation of leg, buried National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
212. Lytle, Isaac, Captain, G, died in New Jersey; buried at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
213. Lucas, Matthew B., Corporal, H, killed by Confederates while prisoner of war.
214. Lanks, Stephen L., Private, H, died January 9, 1864.
215. Lambert, Osborn, Private, H, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
216. Lucas, William J., Private, H, died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
217. Lebkecher, Michael, Private, H, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; buried in cemetery near Unionville, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
218. Love, Peter P., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
219. Lee, John A., Musician, K, died at Falmouth, Virginia, March 15, 1863.
220. McFarlane, Robert, Lieutenant Colonel Field and Staff, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
221. McGarvey, Charles, Private, B, no data.
222. McIvason, John, Private, C, died at Falmouth, Virginia, March 17, 1863.
223. McIntyre, Spencer, Private, II, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

224. McManagle, James, Private, H, no data; died since the War.
225. McKinney, Anthony, Private, K, died 1901.
226. McBride, William, Private, K, no data.
227. Mayes, William H., Hospital Steward Field and Staff, died since the War.
228. Miller, John A., First Sergeant, A, died May 14, 1900; buried at Millheim, Pennsylvania.
229. Maze, Israel, Private, A, died at Andersonville, Georgia, September 22, 1864.
230. Matz, Fabian, Private, C, died since the War.
231. Musser, Andrew, Captain, D, died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 14, 1863.
232. Musser, Israel F., First Lieutenant, D, died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 26, 1863.
233. Miller, Daniel, Corporal, A, died at Washington August 8, 1864; buried at Arlington, Virginia.
234. Miller, Daniel, Private, D, died on his way home.
235. Miles, Richard, Corporal, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1902.
236. Moore, David, Private, D, died April 11, 1864.
237. Mabon, John L., Sergeant, E, died since the War.
238. Milliron, William, Private, E, no data.
239. Miller, William, Private, F, died at McAlevey's Fort, 1899.
240. Martz, David, Private, F, died at Milton, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1864.
241. Mitchell, William, Private, G, buried at Waterstreet, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.
242. Moyer, John, Private, G, buried at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
243. Musser, Daniel G., Private, G, died at Camp Hancock, Virginia, January 11, 1863; buried at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
244. Montgomery, W. W., Corporal, H, died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
245. Makin, Adam, Private, H, died March 28, 1864, in Division Hospital.
246. Miller, Abraham, Private, H, died March 28, 1864, in Harwood Hospital, Washington, D. C.; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
247. Montgomery, W. F., Private, H, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, December 10, 1864, while a prisoner of war.
248. Marlin, Silas J., Captain, I, died at Brookville, Pennsylvania, since the War.
249. Mapes, Henry, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
250. Mattson, David, Private, I, died at Petersburg, Virginia, June 30, 1864.
251. Moore, Harrison, Private, I, no data; died since the War.

252. Moore, Jackson, Private, I, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 6, 1865.
253. Montier, Stewart H., Private, I, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 13, 1865.
254. Myers, John, Private, K, no data.
255. Merley, Samuel, Private, K, no data.
256. Neil, Robert C., Private, C, died since the War.
257. Nichols, Samuel, Private, C, died since the War.
258. Newcomb, William S., Private, E, died in Hospital at Falmouth, Virginia, January 5, 1863.
259. Newcomer, John B., Private, H, died in Burnside Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
260. Neil, John D., Private, K, no data.
261. Nulph, Abraham W., Private, K, no data.
262. Otto, Samuel D., Principal Musician Field and Staff, no data.
263. Otto, Israel, Private, A, no data.
264. Onstead, Godfrey, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia.
265. Odenkirk, John H., Corporal, D, died at Potters Fort, Pennsylvania.
266. Oberlin, William P., Private, E, died since the War.
267. Olswals, David, Private, F, died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 3, 1863.
268. Oliver, William, Private, H, no data.
269. O'Connor, William, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
270. Oursler, Robert, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
271. Orr, William, J., Private, I, died at Cockeysville, Maryland, October 26, 1862.
272. Parsons, Wilson J., Private, B, died February 23, 1865; buried in Poplar Grove Cemetery, Petersburg, Virginia, Division C, Section D, Grave 105.
273. Peters, John, Private, B, died near Morrisville, Virginia, August 17, 1863.
274. Pennington, Henry, Private, C, died since the War.
275. Polsgrove, George W., Private, C, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, December 31, 1863.
276. Polsgrove, George, — D, Brandy Station, 1863-64.
277. Pringle, William, Private, E, died August 24, 1864, on transport; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.
278. Perry, William, —, F, since the War.
279. Proudfoot, John B., —, F, since the War.
280. Page, Reuben, Private, G, died 1903; buried at Linden Hall, Pennsylvania.
281. Pennington, John —, F, since the War.
282. Plyler, Edward, Private, I, no data; died since the War.

283. Potter, Benjamin, Private, I, died at Andersonville, Georgia, January 18, 1865; Grave 12479.
284. Pettit, Oliver W., Private, K, no data.
285. Pysler, William E., Private, K, no data.
286. Rupp, George M., Corporal, A, buried at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania.
287. Roush, J. E., Private, A, no data.
288. Richards, Armor, Private, B, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 17, 1864.
289. Robinson, John G., Corporal, C, died at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.
290. Ray, James, Corporal, C, died since the War.
291. Reish, Daniel K., Private, C, died May 4, 1869.
292. Royer, Henry, Private, C, died at Washington, D. C., June 30, 1863.
293. Royer, James M., Corporal, G, died February 7, 1888; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
294. Rankin, Alfred A., Private, D, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, 1878.
295. Reed, William A., Private, D, died at Reedsville, Pennsylvania, 1903.
296. Roland, George W., Corporal, E, died at York, Pennsylvania, December 21, 1862; buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery.
297. Roland, Jacob, Corporal, E, died since the War.
298. Raybuck, Emanuel, Private, E, died September 15, 1890.
299. Roland, John G., Private, E, died February 6, 1865, at Salisbury, North Carolina.
300. Rager, Samuel J., Private, G, no date; died in prison.
301. Reed, Reuben, Private, G, died February 10, 1901; buried at Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.
302. Riley, John T., Private, G, buried at Birmingham, Pennsylvania.
303. Rankin, John K. M., Private, H, died at Alexandria, Virginia, July 1, 1863; buried in National Cemetery, Alexandria, Virginia, Grave 872.
304. Ransom, Harrison, Private, I, died at Andersonville, Georgia, July 17, 1864; Grave 3468.
305. Rogers, William, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
306. Randolph, James, Private, K, no data.
307. Reese, Daniel, Private, K, died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 25, 1864; Grave 6838.
308. Reynolds, Stern, Private, K, no data.
309. Rothermel, Abram, Private, K, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 7, 1864.

310. Stevens, William Henry, Chaplain Field and Staff, died Shelby, Iowa, June 10, 1901; buried Three Springs, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania.
311. Sloan, Isaac N., Sergeant Major Field and Staff, died Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
312. Shaffer, Daniel E., Second Lieutenant, A, died at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania, September 12, 1864.
313. Strayer, Levi, Corporal, A, died January 17, 1903; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
314. Shaffer, Daniel, Corporal, A, died near Falmouth, Virginia, March 6, 1863; buried at Madisonburg, Pennsylvania.
315. Smith, Levi H., Private, A, buried at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.
316. Stover, Simon, Private, A, died at Falmouth, Virginia, April 9, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
317. Stevens, John S., Private, A, died at Stevensburg, Virginia, March 17, 1864.
318. Swyers, David H., First Lieutenant, B, died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania.
319. Shultz, Jacob, Private, B, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
320. Strait, Isaac, Private, B, died in Fulton County, Pennsylvania.
321. Sailor, Benjamin, Private, B, died at Cockeysville, Maryland, October 27, 1862; buried at Roland, Pennsylvania.
322. Shroyer, James, Private, B, died at Cockeysville, Maryland, December 3, 1862.
323. Stone, William, Private, B, died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 6, 1863.
324. Schroyer, William, Private, B, died at Potomac Creek Hospital, Virginia, May 29, 1863.
325. Shaffer, John, Private, B, died at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1865; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.
326. Shuey, Daniel, First Lieutenant, C, died since the War.
327. Smith, David, —, C, McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, no date.
328. Suders, John, —, C, McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, no data.
329. Swiler, Christian, Private, C, died since the War.
Shannon, Samuel, Private, D, killed by accident at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, January 5, 1865.
330. Sutton, James M., Second Lieutenant, E, died since the War.
331. Sloppy, Philip, Private, E, died at Richmond, Virginia, December 7, 1864, while a prisoner of war.

332. Snyder, John, Private, E, died at Richmond, Virginia, December 7, 1864, while a prisoner of war.
333. Staggers, James L., Private, E, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, December 17, 1864, while a prisoner of war.
334. Sutton, Joseph L., Private, E, died May 25, 1863, in Division Hospital, Falmouth, Virginia.
335. Shaeffer, Daniel, Private, F, died at Potters Mills, Pennsylvania, April 9, 1863.
336. Steffey, William O., Private, F, died at Richmond, Virginia, January 17, 1864.
337. Shires, David W., Private, G, died December 14, 1862; buried at Sprucetown, Pennsylvania.
338. Snyder, Jacob, Corporal, H, died in Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C., July 1, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
339. Snyder, William, Corporal, H, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, date and grave unknown.
340. Sanders, Sylvester, Corporal, H, died at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland; buried at Annapolis, Maryland.
341. Sanders, Thomas, —, H, Howard, Pennsylvania, March 1903.
342. Spotts, Jacob, Private, H, died near Martha, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and buried there.
343. Sanders, Thomas B., Private, H, died near Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania, 1902.
344. Sweetwood, Amos, Private, H, died near Falmouth, Virginia, April 1, 1863; buried at Sprucetown, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
345. Stonebraker, Valentine, Private, H, died near Olivia, Blair County, Pennsylvania; buried there.
346. Stonebraker, Jeremiah, —, H, at Bald Eagle Furnace, Olivia, Pennsylvania.
347. Stuck, Christian, Private, H, died at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Maryland, November 15, 1864; buried there.
348. Sage, Edward M., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
349. Scandrett, Benjamin F., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
350. Shannon, Peter, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
351. Shuster, John H. II., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
352. Stahlman, John, Private, I, no data; died since the War.
353. Snyder, Alexander, Private, I, died at Andersonville, Georgia, September 23, 1864; Grave 9567.
354. Schwartzfager, Henry, Corporal, K, no data.
355. Stewart, John, Private, K, no data.
356. Slagle, W. L., Private, K, no data.

357. Sloan, William J. M., Private, K, died at Morrisville, Virginia, September 9, 1863.
358. Switzer, John, Private, K, died at Stevensburg, Virginia, February 26, 1864.
359. Troutman, Martin, Private, A, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, November 22, 1864, while a prisoner.
360. Thomas, John, Private, C, died since the War.
361. Thomas, J. E., First Lieutenant, D, died at Pinegrove Mills, Pennsylvania, 1872.
362. Thompson, Robert P., Private, E, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, December 8, 1864, while a prisoner.
363. Thompson, Joseph, Y., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
364. Try, Samuel, Private, I, no data.
365. Tschopp, Bennival, Private, K, no data.
366. Thomas, Christian, Private, K, died at Stevensburg, Virginia, January 7, 1864.
367. Varner, James, Private, G, no data.
368. Van Houter, John, Private, G, no data.
369. Wolf, Simon S., First Lieutenant, A, died January 1, 1875; buried at Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.
370. Weaver, James F., Colonel, August 13, 1904, Milesburg, Pennsylvania.
371. Woodling, Philip, Musician, A, died April 9, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
372. Wolf, Charles A., Private, A, died February 9, 1865, Salisbury, North Carolina.
373. Wolf, Henry, Private, A, died near Falmouth, Virginia, May 28, 1863; buried at Rebersburg, Pennsylvania.
374. Wolf, Samuel, Private, A, died at Falmouth, Virginia, February 22, 1863.
375. Watkins, Benjamin F., Private, B, died at Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania.
376. Wolf, Henry, Private, B, died near Stevensburg, Virginia, April 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Culpeper Court House, Virginia, Block 1, Section A, Row 7, Grave 215.
377. Walker, William, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, October 12, 1864; Grave 10797.
378. Walker, Matthias, Private, B, died at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, December 4, 1864.
379. Wertz, Abraham, Corporal, C, died since the War.
380. Williams, Thomas, Private, C, died since the War.
381. Weaver, Henry H., Private, D, died at Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania, 1903.

382. Wagner, John D., Corporal; died at Martha, Centre County, Pennsylvania; buried Williams Cemetery.
383. Williams, George, —, D, Tiffin, Ohio, about 1898.
384. Wolf, Jonathan E., Private, D, died at Falmouth, Virginia, May 12, 1863.
385. Wells, Isaiah L., Corporal, E, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 5, 1864.
386. Wilkins, William B., Corporal, E, died since the War.
387. Weamer, John S., Wagoner, E, died at Cockeysville, Maryland, November 30, 1862.
388. Welch, George D., Private, E, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, February 6, 1865, while a prisoner.
389. Welch, Lewis A., Private, E, died February 19, 1902.
390. Whitacre, Daniel C., Private, E, died July 7, 1863, at General Hospital, Alexandria, Virginia; Burial Records, June 28, 1863; Grave 866.
391. Wilson, William P., Captain, F, Lieutenant Colonel United States Army August 6, 1886.
392. Welch, John, Private, F, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, January 17, 1864, while a prisoner.
393. Watson, Washington, —, F, since the War.
394. Williams, William W., Private, G, died November 11, 1864, of disease; buried at Spring Creek Cemetery.
395. Wingard, William, Private, G, died in Andersonville Prison, Georgia.
396. Wyland, Samuel B., Sergeant, H, died at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; buried there.
397. Ward, William, Sergeant, H, died at Millen, Georgia, December 1, 1864; grave unknown.
398. Whippo, Charles O., Private, H, died — —; buried at Fort Matilda, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
399. Williams, John, Private, H, died at Salisbury, North Carolina, February 15, 1865, while a prisoner; buried there, grave unknown.
400. Watkins, Marcus, Private, I, died Washington, D. C., May 9, 1864; buried Military Asylum Cemetery.
401. White, William, Private, I, died at Falmouth, Virginia, June 14, 1863.
402. Whiteman, F. M., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
403. Willoughby, Elijah, Private, I, died at Andersonville, Georgia, August 4, 1864; Grave 4702.
404. Wilson, Sebastian C., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
405. Wood, William P., Private, I, no data; died since the War.
406. Wasser, Melcher, Private, K, no data; died since the War.
407. Wiant, Henry C., Private, K, no data.

- 408. Wiant, Abraham C., Private, K, no data.
- 409. Woods, John, Private, K, died at Stevensburg, Virginia. March 8, 1864; buried at Culpeper National Cemetery, Block 1, Section A, Row 4, Grave 119.
- 410. Yeager, Samuel, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, February 27, 1865.
- 411. Yocum, Frederick, First Sergeant, C, died at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, since the War.
- 412. Yarlett, George W., Private, G, died at Andersonville Prison, Georgia.
- 413. Young, John T., Private, G, buried at Altoona, Pennsylvania.
- 414. Yager, William, Musician, H, no data.
- 415. Zimmerman, Benjamin, Private, B, died at Andersonville, Georgia, July 29, 1864; Grave 4255.
- 416. Zimmerman, Benjamin, Private, H, buried at Pine Glen, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

ROLL OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE 148TH REGIMENT,
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, SO FAR AS KNOWN,
WITH THEIR PRESENT POST OFFICE ADDRESSES,
SO FAR AS THEY CAN BE ASCERTAINED.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Albert Adams.....	C.....	
Charles Allen.....	B.....	Sauk Centre, Minn.
Henry C. Allen.....	G.....	Altoona, Pa.
Allen S. Ammerman.....	B.....	West Decatur, Pa.
R. W. Ammerman.....	B.....	McAllisterville, Pa.
Christopher Armagost....	K.....	Reynoldsville, Pa.
Joseph Arthurs.....	I.....	Sigel, Pa.
William Bailey.....	G.....	Stormstown, Pa.
John F. Baird.....	K.....	Brinkerton, Pa.
George K. Baker.....	G.....	Downs, Kas.
William Baney.....	F.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Constans C. Barger.....	B.....	Roland, Pa.
James Barger.....	B.....	Roland, Pa.
William Barlet.....	K.....	Brinkerton, Pa.
Clarence T. Barr.....	E.....	Kingston, N. M.
Simeon Bathurst.....	F.....	Roland, Pa.
George Baughman.....	E.....	Sprankle Mills, Pa.
Daniel H. Baumgardner..	H.....	Brookville, Pa.
James A. Beaver.....	Field.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Benjamin Beck.....	A.....	Wolf's Store, Pa.

NAME	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
David Behers	F.	Benore, Pa.
Charles Bierly	A.	Rebersburg, Pa.
John W. Biddle	B.	Fleming, Pa.
Solomon Bierly	A.	Seligman, Mo.
George Billet	B.	Lamar, Pa.
George M. Boal	D.	Centre Hall, Pa.
Nathaniel Boob	A.	Mifflinburg, Pa.
Henry A. Bottorf	G.	Downs, Kan.
W. L. Bottorf	G.	Canton, O.
Daniel Bower	A.	Rote, Pa.
Michael Bower	D.	Efingham, Ill.
Adam Boyer	A.	Abilene, Kansas.
Jacob Bracken	H.	Summerhill, Pa.
Jacob Breckbill	A.	Altoona, Pa.
B. D. Brisbin	G.	Centre Hall, Pa.
Austin K. Brower	B.	Watkins, Minn.
Philip B. Brower	B.	Wingate, Pa.
J. Z. Brown	K.	New Bethlehem, Pa.
Nathaniel Brown	D.	Farmers Mills, Pa.
Uriah K. Brown	H.	Johnstown, Pa.
Samuel Bryan	B.	Roland, Pa.
John A. Burehfield	D.	Williamsburg, Pa.
E. J. Burkert	A.	1669 Barry Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Peter Burket	E.	Penfield, Pa.
David Burrell	F.	Spring Mills, Pa.
William Byers	E.	Indiana, Pa.
Hiram Carl	K.	Turbotville, Pa.
Robt. A. Cassidy	Field and Staff.	Canton, O.
Harrison Catts	I.	Clarrington, Pa.
Henry Clingenberger	E.	Indiana, Pa.
William H. Close	H.	Oak Hall Station, Pa.
Lewis Cobbs	I.	Brookville, Pa.
John Coble	C.	Linden Hall, Pa.
John Confer	F.	White Cloud, Kan.
Dennis Conner	K.	Clarion, Pa.
George W. Constable	H.	500 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.
Wallace Coon	I.	Brookville, Pa.
Andrew M. Corbin	C.	Hiram, Pa.
George Corman	A.	Freeport, Ill.
James T. Corman	A.	Rebersburg, Pa.
Abram S. Courson	K.	Curlsville, Pa.
John Craig	C.	Julian, Pa.
David R. Crick	K.	Bennett, Pa.
John A. Crissman	H.	Lock Haven, Pa.
William L. Campbell	H.	Punxsutawney, Pa.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Owen Cullens	K.	Goheenville, Pa.
I. S. Davis	I.	Brookville, Pa.
John Davis	G.	Downs, Kan.
John M. Davis	I.	Brookville, Pa.
Josiah Deihl	K.	Watsonstown, Pa.
A. O. Deininger	A.	Hughesville, Pa.
John W. Demott	I.	Brookville, Pa.
Samuel B. Dennis	D.	Sherman Heights, Tenn.
Jacob Derr	K.	Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.
Wm. C. Devinney	Field and Staff	Wilksburg, Pa.
Leonard W. Divelbiss	D.	Aaronsburg, Pa.
Thomas Divins	K.	Brinkerton, Pa.
Calvin Dixon	I.	Dubois, Pa.
W. H. Domworth	K.	Akron, O., 119 Roswell St.
John Donohoe	K.	Crates, Clarion Co., Pa.
B. F. Dunkle	G.	Lattasburg, O.
George W. Dunkle	F.	Spring Mills, Pa.
Jacob Dunkle	D.	Aaronsburg, Pa.
L. C. Edmonds	D.	Ford City, Pa.
James Ellenberger	C.	Julian, Pa.
Jacob Emerick	A.	Milheim, Pa.
John M. English	F.	Driftwood, Pa.
Sylvester A. English	F.	Benezette, Pa.
John Fackender	K.	Reidsburg, Pa.
Geo. A. Fairlamb	Field and Staff	Bellefonte, Pa.
Daniel Farley	H.	Houtzdale, Pa.
George W. Farnsler	H.	Port Matilda, Pa.
Edward Faul	K.	Sellersville, Pa.
J. B. Ferguson	K.	138 S. 12th St., Lincoln, Neb.
Henry Fishel	B.	State College, Pa.
Nelson Flack	H.	Bellefonte, Pa.
John A. Fleck	H.	Bellefonte, Pa.
Henry Fleisher	G.	Huston, Pa.
J. J. Fleming	D.	Connellsville, Pa.
David F. Fortney	D.	Bellefonte, Pa.
Henry B. Fox	K.	New Bethlehem, Pa.
Jacob Fox	K.	Pennsburg, Pa.
Michael Fox	F.	Belleville, Pa.
Jacob Frantz	H.	Port Matilda, Pa.
John Freeze	H.	Milesburg, Pa.
Harmon Friday	E.	Tyrone, Pa.
Levi H. Fullmer	A.	Rebersburg, Pa.
Martin C. Funk	C.	Port Matilda, Pa.
Llewellyn Fulton	C.	Osceola Mills, Pa.
Robert Fulton	H.	Huntingdon, Pa.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
W. H. Fulton.....	G.....	Dakota, Ill.
Amos Garbrick.....	C.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
W. H. Garbrick.....	G.....	Tyrone, Pa.
William Garis.....	F.....	Williamsport, Pa.
Charles Garrett.....	H.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Thomas Garrett.....	E.....	Dorrance, Kan.
Thomas J. Gates.....	G.....	Mill Creek, Pa.
Christopher Gearhart....	I.....	Troutville, Pa.
William Gemmill.....	D.....	Allenwood, Pa.
James F. George.....	K.....	Brookville, Pa.
Samuel R. Gettig.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
John Gilbert.....	G.....	
Manasses Gilbert.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
Moses Gilbert.....	A.....	Wolf's Store, Pa.
George Goodman.....	E.....	Tyrone, Pa.
Robert Grater.....	C.....	7411 Susquehanna St., Pitts- burg, Pa.
I. J. Grenoble.....	I.....	Gettysburg, Pa.
Adam Grim.....	A.....	Smithfield, Mo.
John Grim.....	A.....	Smithfield, Mo.
Henry Grim.....	D.....	
George Groft.....	E.....	Indiana, Pa.
John W. Haffly.....	A.....	Aaronsburg, Pa.
George P. Hall.....	B.....	Fleming, Pa.
Joseph E. Hall.....	Field and Staff.	Clatskanie, Ore.
William M. Hallowell....	E.....	Julesburg, Col.
Dr. A. T. Hamilton....	Staff.....	Lewistown, Pa.
Johnson Hamilton.....	E.....	Luthersburg, Pa.
Joseph Hamm.....	K.....	Curlsville, Pa.
William M. Hanly.....	A.....	Mahalasville, Morgan Co., Ind.
John H. Harpster.....	G.....	Rajahmundry, India.
Joseph Harpster.....	G.....	Port Matilda, Pa.
Wm P. Harpster.....	Field and Staff.	Houtzdale, Pa.
S. W. Harrington.....	K.....	Kearney, Wyo.
George W. Harris.....	B.....	Runville, Pa.
David Harshberger.....	D.....	Hublersburg, Pa.
Jonas Harshberger.....	C.....	Scalp Level, Pa.
Daniel H. Harter.....	D.....	Rittman, O.
John Hartman.....	E.....	Hawthorn, Pa.
Jacob S. Haugh.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
Christ Havener.....	F.....	Clinton Co., Pa.
Henry Heaton.....	F.....	Yarnell, Pa.
W. F. Heberling.....	D.....	Benore, Pa.
David N. Henry.....	E.....	Hamilton, Pa.
Daniel M. Hersh.....	K.....	421 S. 19th St., Philadelphia.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
George Hessert.....	K.....	Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
Henry Hilligas.....	K.....	Quakertown, Pa.
David M. Hillis.....	I.....	Reynoldsville, Pa.
Jonathan Hoffner.....	G.....	Cornprobst Mills, Pa.
J. B. Holloway.....	D.....	Burbank, O.
W. P. Holloway.....	D.....	Orangeville, Ill.
Robert Hudson.....	H.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Robert Huey.....	K.....	Star City, Ind.
Wm. C. Huey.....	C.....	North Warren, Pa.
Thomas J. Huffman.....	K.....	440 R. R. St., Bloomsburg, Pa.
Enoch Hugg.....	B.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Francis J. Hunter.....	H.....	Axemann, Pa.
James Huston.....	B.....	Tyrone, Pa.
Lewis W. Ingram.....	Field and Staff..	Oregon City, Ore.
W. A. Ishler.....	G.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
John Jackson.....	C.....	Tyrone, Pa.
W. A. Jacobs.....	F.....	Snow Shoe, Pa.
Jacob H. Jamison.....	E.....	Big Run, Pa.
Tillman Jarrett.....	H.....	Three Rivers, Mich.
D. J. Johnson.....	A.....	Easton, Pa.
John L. Johnston.....	A.....	Union League, Philadelphia.
J. C. Johnstonbaugh.....	C.....	703 Talbet Ave., Braddock, Pa.
Thomas Johnstonbaugh.....	G.....	Clearfield, Pa.
George T. Jones.....	H.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Jared I. Jones.....	A.....	Hiawatha, Kan.
J. C. P. Jones.....	B.....	Curwensville, Pa.
James O. Jordan.....	F.....	Driftwood, Pa.
William Keeler.....	B.....	Roland, Pa.
J. W. Kennedy.....	A.....	Lake City, Minn. (Enlisted under name "John Strong.")
E. D. Kern.....	D.....	Catawissa, Pa.
David L. Kerr.....	D.....	Centre Hall, Pa.
Evans Keyes.....	K.....	Rimerton, Pa.
A. J. Kifer.....	K.....	Reidsburg, Pa.
Aaron Klinefelter.....	A.....	Altoona, Pa.
Anthony Knoppf.....	G.....	Oak Hall Station, Pa.
James Knox.....	C.....	Fillmore, Pa.
George Koon.....	G.....	Pleasant Gap, Pa.
W. B. Krape.....	D.....	Burnham, Mifflin Co., Pa.
Enos S. Krauss.....	K.....	E. Greenville, Pa.
J. Luther Kreamer.....	D.....	Woodward, Pa.
Jesse Kreamer.....	A.....	Millheim, Pa.
David A. Krotzer.....	K.....	Chicora, Pa.
Luther D. Kurtz.....	D.....	Mifflinburg, Pa.
Michael Lamy.....	A.....	Millheim, Pa.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Geo. W. Lanich.....	A.....	Dublin, Ind.
John W. Latimore.....	K.....	New Bethlehem, Pa.
Charles M. Law.....	E.....	Markton, P. O., Pa.
D. C. Law.....	E.....	Lyons, Iowa.
Joseph Lee.....	C.....	Irvona, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Isa P. Leightley.....	F.....	Yeagertown, Pa.
Geo. W. Leitzell.....	A.....	Altamont, Ill.
Wm. H. Lightner.....	F.....	Petersburg, Pa.
Fred Limbert.....	A.....	Aaronsburg, Pa.
John Lingle.....	F.....	Poe Mills, Pa.
Wm. M. Lohr.....	B.....	Cove, Md.
Harrison Long.....	K.....	Coats Grove, Mich.
Jesse Long.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
Wm. Long.....	D.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
Albert Lord.....	F.....	Cameron, Pa.
John M. Love.....	I.....	Callensburg, Pa.
Christian Lowry.....	C.....	Buffalo Run, Pa.
J. D. Lucas.....	F.....	Howard, Minn.
John G. Lucas.....	B.....	Sauk Centre, Minn.
Wm. Lucas.....	F.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Thos. R. Luckhart.....	E.....	Plumville, Pa.
Jacob L. Lynn.....	D.....	Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Reuben B. Lyle.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
Ephraim Lytle.....	C.....	Benore, Pa.
Samuel Lytle.....	G.....	State College, Pa.
Martin H. Mackey.....	F.....	Altoona, Pa.
Wm. J. Mackey.....	F.....	Altoona, Pa.
P. M. Magee.....	K.....	Care Tidewater Oil Co., Bay- onne, N. J.
Lyman E. Mapes.....	I.....	Howe, Pa.
John Martz.....	G.....	Centre Hall, Pa.
Frank G. Mattern.....	D.....	Milesburg, Pa.
James I. Mayes.....	C.....	Kansas City, Mo., or Kan.
John D. Meekans.....	E.....	Cookport, Pa.
Leonard Messimer.....	D.....	Penn Hall, Pa.
Henry Meyer.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
Joseph K. Meyer.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
Thomas P. Meyer.....	A.....	Lock Haven, Pa.
Andrew J. Miller.....	K.....	New Bethlehem, Pa.
David L. Miller.....	D.....	Pine Grove Mills, Pa.
David W. Miller.....	G.....	Pine Grove Mills, Pa.
Geo. W. Miller.....	K.....	Fairmont, Clarion Co., Pa.
Henry Miller.....	A.....	Millheim, Pa.
Herman K. Miller.....	H.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Joseph Milligan.....	K.....	Brinkerton, Pa.

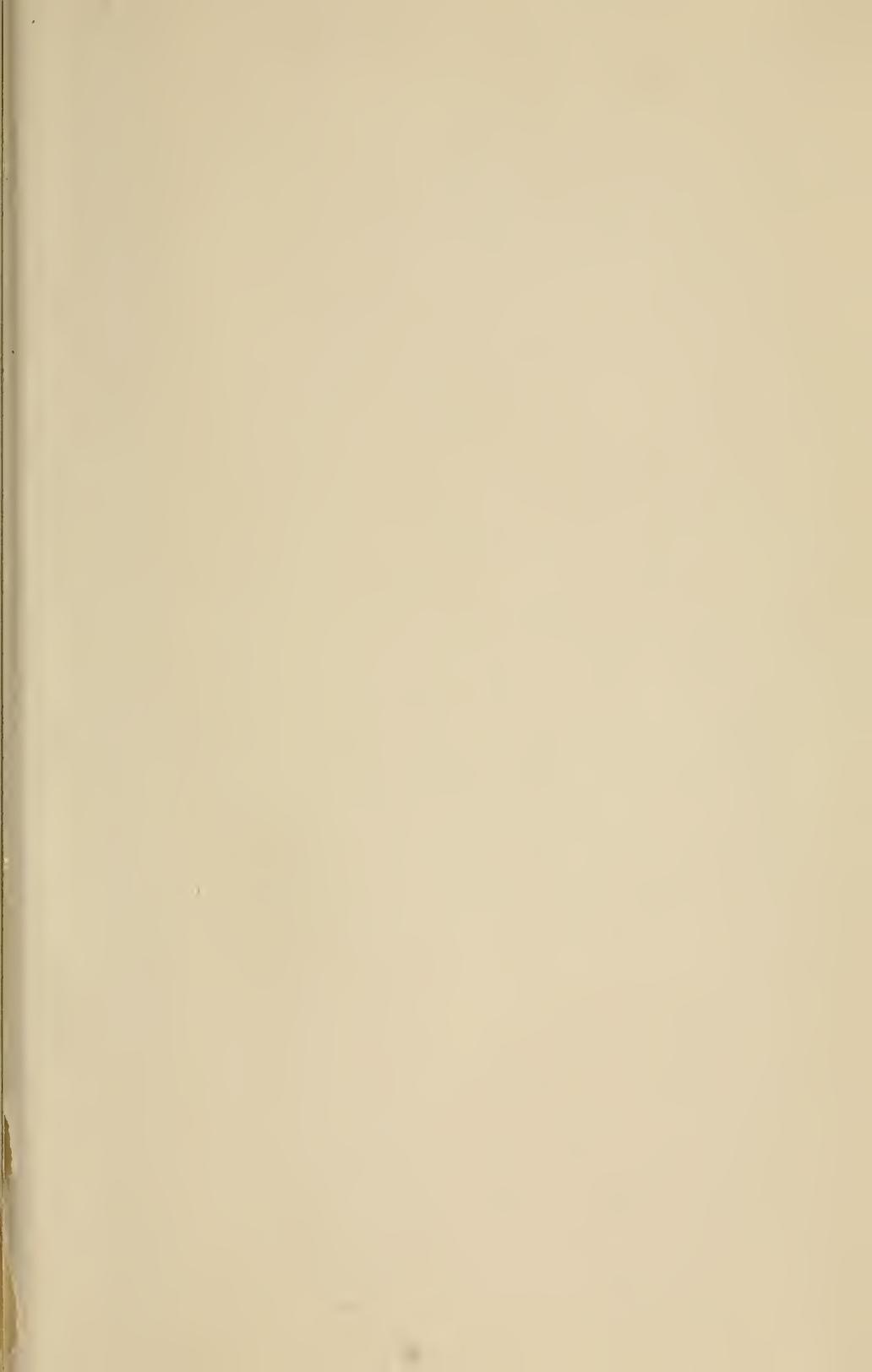
NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
John Milliron.....	E.....	Richardsville, Pa.
John Mills.....	F.....	Roland, Pa.
Samuel R. Mitchell.....	B.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Joseph Mock.....	A.....	Lock Haven, Pa.
Morris Mock.....	A.....	Lock Haven, Pa.
H. H. Montgomery.....	H.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Alfred C. Moore.....	B.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
Joseph Moorehead.....	E.....	Atwood, Pa.
Wm. S. Mortimer.....	K.....	Lamartine, Pa.
J. H. Moyer.....	G.....	Hiawatha, Kan.
Joseph W. Muffly.....	Staff.....	Des Moines, Iowa.
Adams T. Murphy.....	G.....	Grampian, Pa.
Samuel D. Musser	Field and Staff.	Seranton, Pa.
John H. Myers.....	K.....	Bear Lake, Mich.
Thomas W. Myton.....	H.....	Huntingdon, Pa.
Thomas McBath.....	C.....	Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa.
James E. McCartney.....	B.....	National Soldiers' Home, Va.
David W. McClure.....	K.....	Baldwin, Pa.
David McCool.....	G.....	Downs, Kan.
Jones McCormick.....	K.....	Limestone, Pa.
David Melhatten.....	G.....	Sligo, Pa.
Thomas McElwee.....	F.....	Plumville, Pa.
B. F. McGiffen.....	I.....	Topeka, Kan.
Wm. McKinney.....	H.....	Snow Shoe, Pa.
James F. McNoldy.....	K.....	711 Sixth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Geo. H. Neiman.....	H.....	Fleming, Pa.
Henry S. Nolder.....	F.....	Petersburg, Pa.
Jas. P. Odenkirk	Field and Staff.	Warrensburg, Mo.
Nelson P. O'Conner.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
Samuel H. Orris.....	H.....	Milesburg, Pa.
Lemuel H. Osman.....	C.....	State College, Pa.
Wm. Otto.....	A.....	Cochranton, Pa.
Jas. J. Patterson.....	G.....	Shaver, Boone Co., Ark.
R. H. Patterson.....	G.....	Peru Mills, Pa.
A. S. Paul.....	C.....	North Yakima, Wash.
Edward Paul.....	K.....	Sellersville, Pa.
Wm. B. Peters.....	B.....	Burtrum, Minn.
Allison Pilson.....	E.....	Macedonia, Ill.
William Pittman.....	G.....	Mercersburg, Pa.
David Polliard.....	K.....	Rimersburg, Pa.
Edward H. Poorman.....	B.....	Snow Shoe, Pa.
James Poorman.....	B.....	Linden Hall, Pa.
Geo. G. Pottsgrove.....	C.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Geo. W. Printner.....	K.....	Martin's Ferry, O.
John Pugh.....	D.....	Grey Eagle, Todd Co., Minn.

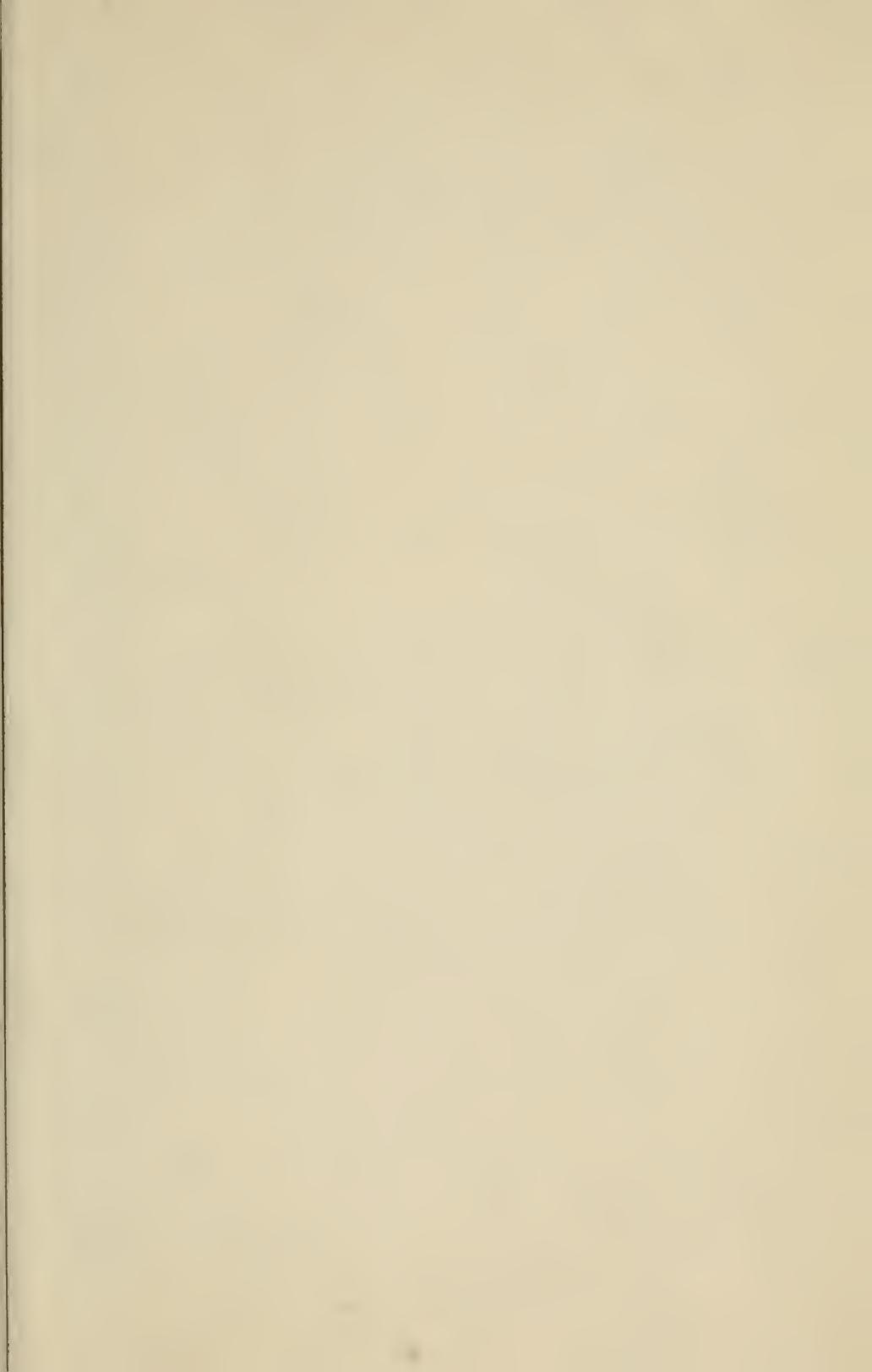
NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Thomas Quick	B	Runville, Pa.
Reuben Quillman	K	East Texas, Pa.
Chas. A. Ramsey	Field and Staff	Hillsboro, Ill.
Samuel Ransom	I	Fisher, Pa.
Geo. W. Reedy	K	Redeleffy, Pa.
John W. Reichart	K	Challenge, Pa.
Samuel T. Reel	G	Tyrone, Pa.
Geo. M. Reeser	D	Windber, Pa.
Henry Reybuck	E	Sprinkle Mills, Pa.
A. A. Rhinehart	D	Irving, Ill.
Hardman Richards	H	Dubois, Pa.
Vincent Richards	E	Brookville, Pa.
Matthias Rider	G	Gatesburg, Pa.
Joseph Risinger	E	Indiana, Pa.
Andrew B. Roan	B	West Decatur, Pa.
David Ross	C	Buffalo Run, Pa.
Wm. D. Ross	D	500 N. 6th St., Kansas City, Kan.
David Rossman	A	Pleasant Gap, Pa.
John C. Rote	D	Axemann, Pa.
Daniel Royer	G	Valley Falls, Kan.
Thomas E. Royer	A	Rebersburg, Pa.
Jacob B. Rumbaugh	I	Chicora, Pa.
T. C. Rumberger	C	Philipsburg, Pa.
Oscar L. Runk	H	Philipsburg, Pa.
C. D. Runkle	D	Centre Hall, Pa.
Darius L. Sanders	H	Renova, Pa.
Edwin Searson	B	Grand Island, Neb.
James C. Sellers	G	Sawpit, Col.
L. W. Shafer	K	Allentown, Pa.
John B. Shall	E	Dayton, Pa.
Jacob Shank	H	Mount Eagle, Pa.
Samuel Shilling	E	Ringgold, Pa.
David W. Shivery	C	State College, Pa.
James P. Shoop	G	Canton, O.
Wm. H. Shultz	H	Milesburg, Pa.
Thos. Singleton	G	Kittanning Point, Pa.
A. C. Sloan	K	193 Larabee St., Portland, O
S. H. Sloan	K	Ashland, O.
Alfred Smith	H	Milesburg, Pa.
Daniel W. Smith	E	Johnsonburg, Pa.
J. W. Smith	I	Knoxdale, Pa.
Levi C. Smith	E	Brookville, Pa.
Martin Smith	K	Hazelridge, Tenn.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Ithiel B. Snyder.....	G.....	———, Kansas.
Richard Snyder.....	I.....	Corsica, Pa.
Henry Sowers.....	C.....	State College, Pa.
John C. Sowers.....	C.....	State College, Pa.
Simon M. Spangler.....	A.....	Newton, Kan.
Chas. F. Speaker.....	D.....	426 Park Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
D. S. Specht.....	F.....	110 Spruce St. Lewistown, Pa.
J. C. Speedy.....	E.....	Indiana, Pa.
P. D. Sprankle.....	E.....	Silver Plume, Col.
Samuel Stair.....	F.....	Newport, Pa.
Lewis R. Stahlman.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
J. P. Starliper.....	G.....	Fort London, Pa.
Wm. V. Starliper.....	G.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
G. W. Steffey.....	F.....	———, Michigan.
David Steiner.....	H.....	Buffalo Run, Pa.
Geo. Stone.....	B.....	309 Pine St., Johnstown, Pa.
John M. Stout.....	K.....	Pennsburg, Pa.
David Stover.....	G.....	Lincoln Centre, Kan.
Elias Stover.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
John Y. Stover.....	D.....	Wolf's Store, Pa.
Thaddeus D. Stover.....	D.....	Smullton, Pa.
Samuel Strayer.....	A.....	Shickley, Neb.
John W. Stringfellow.....	F.....	Peale, Pa.
John W. Stuart.....	G.....	State College, Pa.
Jacob W. Sunday.....	B.....	Pennsylvania Furnace, Pa.
Daniel R. Sutter.....	E.....	Lovington, Ill.
John F. Sutton.....	E.....	
Edward Swab.....	F.....	Mt. Eagle, Pa.
Christian Swartz.....	C.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Geo. Sweeney.....	D.....	Centre Hall, Pa.
Shelum Swineford.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
J. H. Switzer.....	K.....	Emerick, Madison Co., Neb.
Eli P. Tate.....	C.....	Yeagertown, Pa.
Thos. T. Taylor.....	B.....	Altoona, Pa.
Wm. L. Taylor.....	G.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
Jas. A. Thompson.....	G.....	Stormstown, Pa.
Robert A. Travis.....	E.....	Tarentum, Pa.
Zach. Truckenmiller.....	C.....	Zion, Pa.
John G. Uzzle.....	H.....	Snow Shoe, Pa.
Johiel Vastbinder.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
Simon Vonada.....	D.....	Lewisburg, Pa.
James W. Van Valin.....	B.....	Hiawatha, Kan.
Oliver W. Van Valin.....	B.....	Johnsonburg, Pa.

NAME.	COMPANY.	P. O. ADDRESS.
R. M. Wadding.....	I.....	Brookville, Pa.
Ira Walker.....	A.....	Orangeville, Ill.
Philip Walker.....	H.....	Snow Shoe, Pa.
Ezra B. Walter.....	C.....	Hillsdale, Kan.
G. G. Walters.....	K.....	266 Park Ave. E., Pittsburg, Pa.
David H. Wance.....	D.....	Philipsburg, Pa.
Jas. K. P. Ward.....	C.....	Washington, Pa.
John Ward.....	K.....	5140 Butler St., Pittsburg, Pa.
David H Weaver.....	D.....	Pine Grove Mills, Pa.
Daniel Weaver.....	A.....	Wolf's Store, Pa.
W E Weckerly.....	K.....	2000 G Ave., Kearney, Neb.
James F. Weidener.....	K.....	Bethlehem, Pa.
William Weight.....	A.....	Rebersburg, Pa.
James K. Wells.....	E.....	Plumville, Pa.
Thos. G. Weirick.....	A.....	Bureau of Public Printing, Washington, D. C.
Chas. W. Weiser.....	A.....	Burbank, O.
Henry W. Wentzell.....	K.....	Ridgway, Pa.
Andrew L. Whitehill....	C.....	Lemont, Pa.
Geo. F. Wiant.....	K.....	Piолlett, Pa.
Geo. A. Wilson.....	H.....	118 Beaver Ave., Johnstown, Pa.
Robt. H. Wilson.....	K.....	Wardner, Idaho.
Uriah Wilson.....	K.....	New Bethlehem, Pa.
Solomon Wise.....	A.....	
David D. Woods.....	K.....	Sandy Ridge, Pa.
Lebbaeus B. Woods.....	K.....	Surprise, Neb.
D. W. Woodring.....	H.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
Wm. H. Wortz.....	B.....	Ehrenfeld, Cambria Co., Pa.
Wm. Wyant.....	K.....	Clarion, Pa.
Miles Wynkoop.....	E.....	Vail, Pa.
H. H. Yarnell.....	G.....	Connellsville, Pa.
Joseph Yettters.....	C.....	Hannibal, Mo.
David H. Young.....	D.....	Aitch, Pa.
John B. Zeigler.....	A.....	Swengle, Pa.
Geo. Zulinger.....	F.....	Chambersburg, Pa.

Total, 407.





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