

He turned in thru the barn lot gate and came upon his father just as he finished shutting in the calves, that the cows might go without them to the pasture. Several soldiers had stopped, in passing, and asked for lodgings, in the last few days, with always a negative answer and a hypocritical excuse. Mortimer felt sure that his present visitor came on the same errand and at once began to formulate his negative.

Pretending not to see him, he followed the cows to the lane gate, and took some extra pains to fix the gate pin and lay up an old plow share that must just now be placed on top of the gate-post. Then he ambled off toward the cribs to be sure that the doors were securely bolted, and otherwise use a little time, then, turning stiffly he said: "Howdy!" The soldier had followed him, and now said:

"What would be the chance to stay over night with you?"

"No chance at all, sir; I'm not keeping a tavern!" In his gruffest voice

"Well, I did not suppose you were; but I thought you might let a soldier stay!"

"Soldiers are able to go to the taverns! I do not feel that I am under any obligation to keep them, more than other people!"

"Oh! I do not want you to keep me free; I will gladly pay you. There is a heavy rain cloud coming up and before I can get to the next tavern I will be caught in a storm!"

"Well, my friend, our supper is over and the old woman is not very well, and I guess it will not be convenient!"

"O, sir, as to supper I took my supper at the ferry, and in the morning I can make my own bed, so I will try not to be in the way at all. I hope you will not send me out in this storm! Let me sleep in the barn, anyway; and, if you desire, I will go in the morning to the next village for breakfast."

Remembering that he could shut the barn against all ingress or egress, he decided to permit this, and so said: "Well, hustle in! I've no objections!"

Just then a loud clap of thunder followed so quickly the flash of lightning that they both made out the nearness of the rain. Indeed, the farmer caught a few large drops before he reached the house; and felt rather glad that he had shown this little bit of humanity. Hurrying in he related his adventure to his wife, who asked him who the soldier was.

"Oh! he's a fellow from somewhere down the river. He did not tell me his name. He's rather a sleek-looking chap and very polite."

"Well, why didn't he want to come to the house? Arn't you afraid he means

mischief by asking to sleep in the barn?"

"Oh, no! He's sober, so he won't set the barn afire. The barn is locked so that he can't get out with any of the horses. He did want to sleep in the house; but they are wanting to do that all the time; and I plainly told him I was not keeping a tavern. I told him you wasn't well, and our supper was over; and then he said he had had his supper and he could make his own bed. But I've heard that the soldiers are infested with vermin and I didn't want him in our beds. At last I said plainly it would not be convenient, and then he asked if he couldn't sleep in the barn. As the storm was right here I said he might, and so he was locked in."

Mrs. Windleigh wiped her eyes with her apron, and choked back a sob, none of which escaped Mortimer's observation. He knew she was thinking of her soldier son; but, just as if he'd not thought of it, he asked her what she was crying about.

She answered, visibly struggling with her emotions, "Oh! I was just wondering how is it with Hiram! Where do you suppose he is? Could it be that he could not get to stay with any loyal family on a night like this? I have been thinking all day that he must be discharged and on his way home by this time. What if somebody would refuse him a bed?"

"Don't you fret about that, my dear! He'll not suffer. He will see to it that night catches him in a hotel somewhere, and you'll not catch him walking right out of one in a storm in order to sponge off of some farmer!"

With that the subject was dropped, and the old people retired. But warmly did the mother pray for the stranger, and for her absent son, who she feared might be unhappily situated among the unfriendly people of the South.

The old man soon slept; and, while his droning measures were snored off to his favorite tune the old lady lay awake, thinking, thinking.

In the morning the sky was as bright as if there had never been a deluge, and as Mortimer started for the barn she ventured to say: "Can't you ask the soldier in to breakfast?"

"Well, as you do the cooking, I reckon I can pay the bill!" And he emphasized the concession with a sharp slam of the door. She knew he was vexed, but she knew he would somehow present an invitation; and she heartily wished the soldier would accept.

It was early, and Hiram had been sleeping soundly. In fact, he had made an excellent bed by spreading the buffalo robe he knew so well how to find on some bags of bran conveniently arranged.

The whinnying of the horses and the

bleating of the calves and sheep awakened him. Noting the fact that he was awake, the father saluted him, rather curtly, and told him he guessed the old woman wanted him to eat breakfast at the house. She felt better, anyway.

Hiram accepted, rather warmly the father thought, for a stranger, and he half-way regretted that he had spoken the invitation. He was surprised at the alacrity with which the soldier flew around to assist in the feeding, running up the ladder for hay, slipping back the wooden bolt of the corn-crib door, just as if he had done so before, and in many ways seeming so very handy, that the old man began to form a secret design to solicit him as a cropper.

As they walked up to the house Mortimer said: "Are you a married man?" "No, sir! I was hardly grown when I went into the service."

"You must have been a farmer before you enlisted?"

"Yes, sir! I grew up on a farm"

Just here the two reached the pump and the elder turned over a basin and said: "Help yourself!"

He washed thoroughly, dampened his hair and combed it neatly, and turned to follow his father into the dining-room. Just now Mrs. Windleigh came out for a pitcher of water, and something happened

that surprised a certain old sinner who stood by and witnessed it all.

Without a moment's hesitation she set down the empty pitcher and rushed into the soldier's arms. She kissed him fondly and he kissed her, and salutations fell in between caresses, like these: "Hidy!" "Mother!"—"O, Hidy! The Lord be praised! Mother! Mother! This is heaven for me!"

Mortimer stood by in blank amazement, and when these salutations were over he turned a very red face toward his boy, and choked completely in his effort to explain and apologize. He could do nothing but shake Hiram's hand and look sheepish. Hiram could not but say: "I would not have believed it of you, father! I have never been refused a meal or a night's lodging in all my long Southern experience. Only last night I staid with an out-and-out Confederate, and he insisted on bringing me in his buggy 15 miles on my way. Otherwise I would not have reached home before today noon. I hope and trust that you will never treat another traveler in this way!"

"Well, Son! I can say Amen! to that. I have never felt so mean before, and the balance of my life shall be improved by this lesson. Come now to breakfast and we will try to forget this selfish blunder and make the future better."

"Three Years or During the War," With the Crescent and Star.

By Charles W. McKay, Sergeant Co. C, 154th N. Y., Staples, Minn.

Memory is man's greatest blessing. It is a beautiful instance of the forethought of a beneficent providence that he has enabled man to tear himself from the present and live over again the past. That man is able to put aside contemporary surroundings, and glancing into the mirror of the mind see once more the happiest events of his existence, that walking through the garden of life he may bear with him on his journey the odor of its sweetest, though faded, flowers.

Cheer and comfort it must bring to him who travels in the direction of the setting sun of life. When stopping on the road and looking back, he reckons by the brilliance of its brightest posts the length of his journey. Such is the function of the story I shall try to relate in the following pages. It is nearing a half century since the boys of the North donned the blue and went forth like the knights of old to de-

fend their sacred rights and uphold the starry banner of one undivided country.

"Long years of peace have stilled the battle's thunder:

Wild roses quiver where the fight was won,

And masses of blossoms, lightly blown asunder,

Drop down white petals on the silent gun."

The Spring of 1862 brought the fact clearly to the comprehension of the Federal authorities that the Union force then in the field was entirely too small to accomplish the work before it, and that the rebellion, for which the South had been preparing for years, would require something more than 75,000 three-months' men to accomplish its suppression. The idea which had obtained in the North that it was a

sort of holiday picnic which, as was often said, we would go down some day and "regulate before breakfast," had given place to the fact that it was War, grim visaged War, and nothing less, that confronted us.

In the South it was firmly believed by a large class that one Southern soldier was equal to at least five Yankees, as they called us. The time had come when talk would not do; work was what would count hereafter.

Accordingly "Father Abraham" issued his famous call for "300,000 more," to serve for three years or during the war. Under this call the counties of Cattaraugus and Chautauqua, New York, were to furnish a regiment jointly as their quota, and Jamestown was designated as the rendezvous. The first detachment to reach the appointed rendezvous hailed from Cattaraugus county, the writer being one of the number, about 50 men in all, from the villages of Allegany, Olean, and Portville, and subsequently a part of Co. C, 154th regiment.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of the many incidents of our camp life at the beginning of our soldier days. The second call for 300,000 men came, making 600,000 men wanted, and under this new arrangement the two counties mentioned were to furnish two regiments, and although Cattaraugus men were first on the ground, the fact that Chautauqua county had much the larger population, and being in closer proximity to the camp their regiment was filled up and organized first and started for Washington early in September. They were designated the 112th. After their departure, eight companies from Cattaraugus and two from Chautauqua were organized and formed the 154th.

It is no disparagement to the men who enlisted at other periods to say that the troops who responded to the call for 600,000 more in 1862 enlisted from the purest motives of patriotism; they believed that their country needed their services; they realized that the business they had in hand was no child's play. It was before the days of big bounties. It will be readily admitted that the first call had taken a large element of the idle and surplus of the communities, while the later calls took a large per cent who went mostly for the large bounties.

A large percentage of the 1862 men were farmers, lumbermen, mechanics, businessmen, clerks, and students who went at their country's call from a sense of duty, and many of the regiments recruited at this time became the very flower of the Northern armies.

After about a month spent in learning the school of the soldier, drilling without

arms, the welcome news came ordering us to the front, and the last week in September found us on the way. Many farewells were spoken which proved to be the last on earth. That night brave men and boys kissed their wives and sweethearts goodbye who should never again behold them on this side of the dark river. Mothers clung fondly to sons who in a few short months would be embraced by that other mother—earth—never to return to the scenes of home and the companionship of dear friends.

We reached Elmira early the following morning and received our arms and accoutrements. The guns furnished us were the Enfield rifled musket, with the ordinary bayonet, each man was served with forty rounds of ammunition, then we were marched back to the railroad, but instead of the comfortable upholstered coaches in which we had come thus far, we were loaded on to ordinary box cars of the Northern Central Railroad; cars that had been hastily fitted up for carrying troops. Nothing seemed to daunt the enthusiasm of the boys who good naturedly piled into the freight cars and were again under way.

Next morning we were enjoying the beautiful scenery of the glorious Susquehanna Valley, passing on through Harrisburg into what was then looked upon as a Southern State—Maryland. I do not suppose there were a dozen men in our regiment who had ever been as far south as this before. The quaint villages and old buildings looked strange to our unaccustomed eyes. Baltimore was finally reached, and we marched through the streets from one depot to the other. Remembering what had once before befell a Yankee regiment in this Southern border city, we were ordered to load our muskets before starting on the march. Our precaution proved unnecessary our journey was unmolested, and boarding the cars at the Camden depot, we steamed to the Relav House and thence to the City of Magnificent Distances.

I shall always remember the first view we had of the National Capitol. The fog was quite dense and nothing could be seen of the surrounding country, but looming above the clouds was the great dome of the Capitol building. We could not see the building itself, only the dome standing like a giant sentinel above the mists of earth. To us it seemed like the phantasmagoria of some monster stereopticon thrown on the screen of the heavens. We disembarked from the cars at the old B. & O. depot and marched down Pennsylvania avenue, and out across Long Bridge to the sacred soil of Virginia. We were not accustomed to marching and the first attempt with accoutrements and muskets, from Washington to Arlington Heights, became very ted-

ious. By the time we reached the vicinity of Fort Richardson we thought we had endured hardship enough to put down the rebellion.

Our camp was pitched near the Lee mansion, and here we remained several weeks. After a few days we were furnished with shelter tents; and what a time we had getting them together, and after they were up and we had to get down on all-fours to get into them we called them dog kennels. We came near naming them rightly, for pup tent was the universally adopted title for this canvas house throughout the army.

We were attached to Gen. Casey's provisional brigade, and kept us busy with company drills, regimental drills and brigade reviews. These, with routine guard duty, filled our time until, one bright morning the news came that we were under marching orders, Col. A. D. Rice, who had recruited the regiment, here took his leave from us and it was announced that Patrick H. Jones of Ellicottsville, N. Y., but recently Major the 37th N. Y., had been promoted to the Colonelcy of our regiment; but he did not join us for some months. The command meantime devolving on Lieut.-Col. H. C. Loomis.

Before leaving Arlington Heights I want to say that right here in sight of the National Capital we received about the toughest government rations that it was our fortune to draw at any time during our three years of service. The bacon was alive with maggots and the hard bread full of worms. Being young in the business of war, some of the boys thought it rough fare indeed.

The morning of our departure came and we broke camp and started on our first march as fully equipped soldiers. We were accompanied by the 134th N. Y., which had just come from the counties of Schenectady and Schoharie, commanded by Col. George R. Costar. The first day we made about eight miles. That night it rained, and next morning our tents and blankets were saturated with water, augmenting very materially the load we had to carry on our backs. The second day's march brought us to Fairfax Court House. We went into camp in a strip of woods on the south side of town, and remained several days. Finally we moved camp to an open plain on the north side of the village, where we stopped some time engaged in drilling.

Many of the troops that had served under Banks in the Shenandoah and later under Pope in the second Bull Run campaign were now assembled near Fairfax. What had been the First Corps, Army of Virginia, was now reorganized, and called the Eleventh Corps, Army of the Potomac. Into this corps we were placed, being assigned to the First Brigade of the Second Division.

The brigade now consisted of the 27th and 73d Pa. and the 29th and 154th N. Y., Col. Adolphus Bushbeck, of the 27th Pa., commanded the brigade. The division was commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. Von Steinwehr, and the corps by Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel. Nov. we again received orders to move and marched out through Centerville, crossing Bull Run at the Stone Bridge; leaving Manassas Junction to our left we passed through Haymarket, and camped for the night south of the village. Next day we moved to New Baltimore, and after a day or two went to Thorofare Gap, where we remained for several weeks. At this time the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps formed the reserve Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, and as the main part of that army was now moving to Fredericksburg, under Burnside, we were thrown out to protect Washington and the rear of the army.

The last week in November we marched back to the vicinity of Chantilly, and it was there that I became a full-fledged soldier. As it was a popular saying in the army that a man was not a soldier until he had a crop of graybacks on him or in his clothes. At Chantilly I had been annoyed by an irritation on my body. I did not know what it was, only that it was very uncomfortable. Hearing the boys talking about the army pest, I finally sought a secluded spot and took off my undershirt and proceeded to examine it. Horrors, it was fairly alive, graybacks without number, to say that I was disgusted but mildly expresses it. Capt. Stephen Welsh, who was then a sergeant and one of my tent mates, often told the story about how I looked when I discovered that I was actually lousey.

About Dec. we were again put in motion, this time headed for Fredericksburg. Our continual marching, drilling and picket duty had by this time begun to harden us for the work of an active campaign. On our march we came near having a brush with that noted bush-whacker Mosby, who just before we reached Dumfries had ridden into that place with his command and attacked a long line of sutler's wagons that were moving towards the front without a guard. He quickly took the horses and what supplies he could get away with and cut the spokes of most of the wagons. We were three or four miles away when this occurred, but as soon as it was known our regiment was hurried forward to try and intercept the marauders, but, as they were mounted we did not even get sight of them.

Our Commissary at this early period in his experience was responsible for the fact that on this march we ran out of supplies and actually suffered for the want of rations as much as at any time during our ser-

ade marched to Kelly's Ford, on the upper Rappahannock to support the cavalry, which was to cross the river and make a raid in rear of Lee's army; but high water delayed the execution of the movement, and after two weeks we went back to our old camp. Our stay this time was of short duration; inside of a week we, together with the whole army were again put in motion. The Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth corps marched to Kelly's Ford, and on the evening of April 29, after it had become dark enough to conceal our movements, the 54th N. Y. went forward as skirmishers on the riverbank, and immediately the pontoon train was brought up and four boats launched. Into these we sprang and were quickly ferried to the opposite shore, where we again deployed as skirmishers. There was a cavalry picket of the enemy at this point. They emptied their carbines at us and took a hasty departure.

Our brigade was all brought over and a strong line formed in front. The engineers quickly laid the pontoon bridge, and before daylight the troops were crossing the force. Having been the advance we now took the rear and lay on our arms all day of the 30th, the Fifth and Twelfth Corps passing us. Finally, about night we started, marching direct for Germania Ford, the Rapidan, which we crossed, and marched until about midnight. Then we packed arms and laid down with the blue canopy of heaven over us and mother earth for a bed, too tired to ask where we were. We had heard cannonading at intervals after crossing the Rapidan and knew that the enemy were in front, and that tomorrow we should in all probability meet them face to face.

But we cared little for the morrow, so that we were allowed to sleep now. Morning came clear and warm, and found our position to be about two miles west of the Chancellor House, where Gen. Hooker's headquarters were established. Our corps (the Eleventh) was the extreme right of an entire army.

Gen. Carl Schurz, commanding the Third Division of our Corps, occupied the right flank resting in air, that is, having no protection or support. Next in line came the First Division, commanded by Gen. Mas. Devens, and on their left the First Brigade of the Second Division. Our line was formed directly in rear of the Dowall House, which was Gen. Howard's headquarters, Maj.-Gen. Oliver O. Howard had been assigned to the command of the Eleventh Corps just before the campaign opened, relieving Gen. Franz Sigel, much to the disgust of the German troops. The Second Brigade of our Division was held in reserve in our rear, just north of the plank road, formed in close column. Our

left joined the Third Corps, beyond them was the Twelfth, then the Second under Couch, who had crossed the river at United States Ford. Still farther to the left, and extending to the river below U. S. Ford, was the Fifth Corps.

(Note.—But two divisions of the Second Corps were present at Chancellorsville. Gibbon's Division was at Falmouth, where they crossed and joined Sedgwick, on the 3d of May. The Sixth Corps was operating below Fredericksburg with the First Corps supporting them.)

On this beautiful morning, May 1, 1863, Gen. Hooker surely had cause to congratulate himself. He had taken a very much demoralized and disheartened army, reorganized, and enthused it with new life. He had brought the cavalry from almost nothing to a high state of efficiency. The cumbersome and unwieldy Grand Division formation had been discontinued, and a distinctive badge had been adopted for each corps. This created an "esprit de corps" which was highly beneficial.

The plan of the campaign of Chancellorsville was wisely conceived, and up to the morning of May 1, had been brilliantly executed. The Confederate army of northern Virginia and its able commander had been outwitted. Without hardly firing a gun the Army of the Potomac had been placed in a position to threaten Lee's communications with Richmond, and he was compelled to either retreat or come out from behind his entrenchments and fight on open ground.

On this 1st of May Lee's army was distributed as follows: Jackson's Corps held the extreme right, extending from just below Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, Early held Mayre's Heights, and Anderson's Division of Longstreet's Corps were guarding the upper fords; while Stuart's Cavalry held the extreme left.

Hooker's plan contemplated the prompt movement this morning of all the troops at Chancellorsville to advance by all roads leading to Fredericksburg and gain the high and open ground south of Bank's Ford, throw a pontoon bridge across the river at that point, connect with Gibbon at Falmouth, and thus bring his right and left wings into supporting distance again, as Gen. Doubleday said, it was a brave program.

Now commenced that unaccountable hesitation and vacillation at army headquarters which lost us the battle. The forward movement had hardly commenced when the troops were recalled. Everything was going swimmingly, and there was no reasonable doubt that within two hours the coveted position at Bank's Ford would have been in our possession. But notwithstanding the remonstrances of Couch and others, the orders to return were made im-

perative, and the first grand opportunity of the battle was lost.

Lee was prompt to take advantage of the backward move and to discover that his opponent was not sure of his ground. The enemy moved forward to the attack to develop the Union lines, and the sun sank to rest over the boys in blue standing on the defensive, where so lately they had swept everything before them. During the night Gen. Stuart brought Lee word that the Union right was entirely unprotected, and Jackson, who had arrived with his corps, immediately asked for permission to move with his men to the right and rear of the Union line and compel Hooker to either be crushed between the two wings of the Confederate army or fall back to the river.

It has been said that Lee gave his consent to this move with reluctance. Be that as it may, his consent was no more than given than Jackson's veterans were on the move. The country was thickly covered with second growth pine, underbrush, vines and briars, in some places so dense that foot men could hardly force their way thru. These obstructions proved a great impediment to the movement of some of our troops, and afforded a partial concealment to Jackson's movement, but his column was plainly seen from our front as it passed over a bare ridge about a mile distant.

The continued passage of troops over this opening showing a very large body of men going towards Gordonsville and induced the Commanding General to believe that Lee was retreating. Nor was this idea so very unreasonable. The army of the Potomac was threatening his communications, and it would be safer to fall back to a position that he could fortify, covering his base, than to fight in the open country. But Lee and his subordinates were not in a retreating mood. Instead of taking the safe course, they adopted one that under ordinary circumstances should have proved their sure defeat. The word went forth from army headquarters that Lee was retreating, and Hooker's Corp's commanders were justifiable in supposing that the Commanding General knew what he was talking about. This confidence on the part of Gen. Howard in Gen. Hooker's opinion I believe to be the cause of the discomfiture of the Eleventh Corps, because through that Howard failed to make ordinary preparations to meet an attack of which he was repeatedly warned.

Under this impression that Lee's army was in full retreat, Hooker sent Gen. Sickles with a division to attack and if possible capture his trains and artillery. Sickles moved to the attack about 3 p. m., but Jackson detached a brigade and a battery,

posted in a strong position near the "Furnace," to meet this attack, while with the bulk of his men he kept steadily on his way to envelop our right. Sickles meeting with firm resistance, asked for reinforcements, and the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Eleventh Corps was sent. Bear in mind that this was the strongest brigade in the Eleventh Corps in point of numbers and comprised the only reserve force that Howard had.

When the emergency came they were two miles away and there was no preparation whatever for the impending attack on the part of the troops that remained. For the most part they were surprised, and for this we must hold the corps commander responsible, for, notwithstanding his idea that Lee was retreating Hooker had taken the precaution, after riding the lines in the morning, to issue a cautionary order to Howard and Slocum, warning them that they were liable to be attacked on the right flank. The troops were in no way to blame for the rout that followed. No troops on earth, not even Napoleon's old guard could hold their ground when attacked by vastly superior numbers on both flanks and rear.

Jackson's attack came just as we were preparing our supper, and so complete was the surprise in some regiments that the Confederate skirmish line right in their midst was the first intimation they had that the enemy was near. Many broke and ran. What else could they do, except remain and be captured? All the troops that could form line did their duty nobly.

The position of the 154th N. Y. was perhaps a mile from the point first attacked, which gave time to form line of battle, which was done in the little rifle pit we had constructed; but we were compelled to use the pin in the opposite direction from that which we had intended, as the enemy came from the direction that had been our rear. Fortunately the line of retreat of the other two divisions was mostly to the north of the Plank road, and thus did not interfere with our line. When Jackson's advance reached our front they met a well-directed volley, which stopped them, and had Barlow's Brigade been there at that critical moment we should undoubtedly have been able to hold the position. But our small brigade was not strong enough to long withstand Jackson's 20,000 veterans for any length of time. However, we held on until they brought their artillery to bear upon us and their infantry had passed both our flanks.

After receiving orders to retreat we fell back leaving 40 killed and wounded on the field, among the former, being our Adjutant, the gallant Capt. Samuel C. Noyes, who was shot while standing on the breast-

works encouraging the men. Our Colonel, the brave Patrick H. Jones, was wounded and captured. Surely our "baptism of fire" was severe. But the conduct of the regiment was excellent, and when the circumstances are considered, I might truthfully say, brilliant.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, who was an eye witness of the action thus described the fight made by our brigade: "Amid the chaos and confusion of a flying corps one brigade alone stood on the ground and fought until it would have been madness to have staid longer, to them and to them alone belongs the credit of saving the artillery and trains of the corps." Such words from a disinterested observer indicate that Old Cattaraugus need feel no shame for the part played by the "Hardtacks" on the field of Chancellorsville.

We fell back to the low ground just in front of Fairview, a bare elevation about half a mile southwest of the Chancellor House. Here, under the immediate orders of Gen. Howard, we reformed our line and remained in that position until after Jackson was wounded. I well remember how Gen. Sickles, returning from his advanced position and riding ahead of his troops, came to our rear just as we were giving the three times three, after the enemy had been stopped. He said, "Well one, boys; hold them ten minutes more and I will have 10,000 men here who don't know anything but fight."

After being relieved we retired to the extreme left of the whole line and during the following two days of the battle occupied the works, guarding the communications with United States Ford. While lying in this position during Sunday's battle I heard the grimest joke perpetrated that I had ever listened to. Prisoners were passing to the rear almost continuously, the battle was raging at its fiercest, and no battle of the war was more desperate or bloodier than that fearful struggle of Sunday, May 3. Although we were out of range, the deafening thunder of the artillery and the awful roar of the musketry was terrible. A large squad of prisoners were passing, and some of their guard were carrying a stand of rebel colors, the genuine "Stars and Bars." One of our boys who had more talk than sense, yelled out, "Give me that rebel rag. A young boy, not over 19 was among the prisoners. His gray clothes were stained red from a dangerous wound in his body, his cheek pale from the loss of blood, but quick as a flash, as he heard our smart Alex's bandage, stopped, and looking him square in the face, while his own eye lit up with mirth, he said, throwing his thumb over his shoulder towards the line of battle,

"there's lots of them just up yonder; go and get one." The laugh that rang out at this sally, was joined in by both reb. and Fed. To those who have "been there" no explanation is necessary as to all that the young reb's words implied.

Much has been written of the battle of Chancellorsville, and by some the Eleventh Corps has been censured and foully slandered. But this latter mostly by those who had an ax to grind, or else by those who really knew very little about the battle themselves beyond camp rumors. The best general officers on the field, such as Couch, Hunt, and Doubleday, have borne testimony that the men did as well as any troops could have done under the same circumstances. A few quotations are inserted here to show what the history of the event says regarding Bushbeck's Brigade:

OFFICIAL RECORDS, SERIES 1, VOL. 25, PART 1, PAGE 645.

Report of Brig.-Gen. Adolph Von Steinwehr, Commanding Second Division, Eleventh Army Corps.

"Stevens Farm, Va., May 8, 1863.

"General: I have the honor to forward the following report of the part taken by my division in the action of the evening of May 2. On the 30th ultimo we arrived near Dowell's Tavern, about two miles west of the Chancellorsville House. I ordered the First Brigade, Col. A. Bushbeck, to occupy the fields south of the plank road and the Second Brigade, Gen. F. C. Barlow, those north of it. About 4 p. m., May 2, you ordered me to send the Second Brigade, Gen. Francis C. Barlow commanding, to support the right wing of Gen. Sickles's Corps, then engaged with the enemy. The brigade started immediately and, accompanied by yourself and myself, reached the right wing of Gen. Birney's Division in about an hour's time. As no engagement was eminent, I returned to the First Brigade, near Dowell's. Soon I heard firing in that direction, which showed that a strong attack was made upon our corps. When I arrived I found Col. A. Bushbeck, with three regiments of his brigade (the 27th and 73d Pa. and the 154th N. Y.) still occupying the same ground near the Tavern and defending this position with great firmness and gallantry. The fourth regiment (the 29th N. Y.) he had sent to the north side of the road to fill the place lately occupied by the Second Brigade, before its detachment. The attack of the enemy was very powerful. They emerged in close columns from the woods, and had thrown the First and Third Divisions, which retired toward Chancel-

lorsville; into great confusion. Col. Bushbeck succeeded in checking the progress of the enemy, and I directed him to hold his position as long as possible. The men fought with great determination and courage. Soon however, the enemy gained both wings of the brigade, and the unfolding fire which now opened upon this small force, and which killed and wounded nearly one-third of its whole strength, soon forced it to retire. Col. Bushbeck then withdrew his small brigade in perfect order towards the woods, the enemy slowly pressing on. Twice he halted, faced around, and at last reached the rear of Gen. Sickles's position. Here he reformed his brigade in close column, and, you will recollect offered to advance again to a bayonet charge. From this short relation you will see that my Second Brigade was not engaged and that the First Brigade displayed the greatest bravery under very trying circumstances. It numbered about 1,500 muskets and held a position which was originally designed to be held by my whole division. It stood, undismayed by the furious attacks of an enemy flushed with victory, over the two other divisions and was ready to again advance as soon as it was reformed."

The loss of the 154th N. Y. at the battle of Chancellorsville was six men killed, one officer killed, and three officers and 77 men wounded, four officers and 137 men missing; total, 228.

HOOVER'S COMMENTS ON CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Vol. 3, page 221. By Samuel P. Bates, his literary executor.

"In October, 1876, I accompanied General Hooker to the battlefield of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Antietam. Arriving at Dowdall's Tavern, Gen. Hooker pointed out the excellent position here afforded for Howard's Corps to have made a stout defense. 'Bushbeck's Brigade of that Corps,' said he, 'did wonders here, and held the whole impetuous onset of the enemy in check for an hour or more, which gave me an opportunity to bring my reserves into position.'"

The foregoing reports speak for themselves. I would not for a moment speak one word that would detract from the record of any other command; but I do maintain that Bushbeck's Brigade has a record that will compare favorably with any other organization in the Union army, and this statement is borne out by the reports of commanding officers, but for several reasons has never been brought to the attention of the reading public.

The rest of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville was not fatal to the plan of the campaign, and need have had little or no effect on the result of the battle. Jackson was stopped before he reached his objective, which was in reality the road to United States Ford. His command was separated from the balance of the Confederates, and had the First Corps, which joined Hooker's forces at Chancellorsville that night, been thrown into the action early Sunday morning, Jackson's veterans could have been beaten off, if not thoroughly whipped. For some unaccountable reason, however, one of the finest corps of the army, commanded by a very capable general, who was itching to have a hand in the fray, lay right on the left flank of the enemy, without firing a gun, when at any time during that awful Sunday forenoon, there is no shadow of a doubt, in 10 minutes' time after the order had been given for them to move forward, the whole result of the battle would have been changed. But Hooker had been wounded, and none of his subordinates would take the responsibility of assuming command, probably figuring that if they did, and were defeated, they would have to bear the blame for the defeat, whereas if they were victorious, Hooker would get the glory.

Hooker had another opportunity to save the campaign, even after the terrible slaughter of Sunday. Had he heeded Sedgwick's appeal for help and reinforced him with one or two of his corps from Chancellorsville via United States and Bank's Fords, he could have maintained the position held by Sedgwick, and prevented Lee from reoccupying Mary's Heights, which would have given Hooker the prestige of having gained the object of the campaign, in getting Lee out of the strong position behind Fredericksburg. The Army of the Potomac was not whipped, simply outgeneraled. But Lee gained his victory at a fearful cost; Stonewall Jackson, the greatest Confederate general that the war produced, lost his life, and Lee never again won a victory, and might well say that he had lost his right hand.

We recrossed the river, with the balance of the army, at United States Ford, and marched to the vicinity of Stafford Court House, where we camped in an oak grove. Our camp was named in honor of our late adjutant, "Camp Noyes." Here we remained until Lee commenced his movement for the second invasion of the North. Soon after the Confederate army made its appearance in the Shenandoah Valley we marched to Warrenton, thence into the Loudoun Valley, down to the Potomac at the mouth of Goose Creek.

Keeping between Lee and Washington, we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge at Edward's Ferry, and marched to Middletown. The 154th was thrown forward as an advance guard and occupied a position on the top of South Mountain, having a picket post in Turner's Gap, near the spot where Gen. Reno was killed the year before.

Up to this time it had been supposed by the rank and file of the army that the great battle of the campaign would be fought at or near the Antietam battlefield. But while we were at Crampton's Pass the writer was on picket duty in the road leading down towards Funkstown. Just at dusk the clatter of horse's hoofs on the road in front broke the stillness, and a horseman soon rode into view. He was dressed in gray, and riding at a gallop; but as numbers were easy, his advance was awaited without fear. At 15 paces he obeyed the order to halt and dismount, and advancing on foot said that he was a Union scout, and asked to be taken to corps headquarters at once. On the way back to camp he told me that Lee's army was in Pennsylvania, and that a all probability the battle of the campaign would be fought near Carlisle, Pa.

Next day we were started again, leaving Middletown about 4 o'clock P. M., and marched to Fredrick, where we arrived near midnight. We laid down to rest a few hours, but were on the go again before daylight, marching steadily all day until 4 P. M., when we reached Emmitsburg, Md. This was June 30. We bivouacked near the old Convent, and the nuns gave us nice, soft bread and sweet milk as long as their supply lasted.

We little knew that on the morrow we were to behold one of the greatest panoramas ever seen by mortal eyes and partake in the opening of the greatest battle of the war. Next morning we started about 3 o'clock. Fifty men were detailed from our regiment to go on a scout on our left flank, the remainder of the brigade marched with the corps directly towards Gettysburg. A slight mist of rain commenced to fall, which deadened the sounds of the opening battle, which was already on, the first intimation of which we received just after crossing Marsh Creek. As we reached the high ground north of that stream the rattle of musketry, and roar of cannon told us that our long race after the enemy was ended. We pressed forward down the now famous Emmitsburg pike to the vicinity of Codora's house, where we left the road and went across the fields to the cemetery overlooking the town and most of the first day's field. We stacked arms among the old grave-stones and watched with wondering eyes

the scene that presented itself in plain view just across the valley.

The limits of this story will not permit a history of the battle of Gettysburg. I propose merely to tell what I saw myself, with enough historical details to make the narrative intelligible. It is a well-known fact that Buford's Cavalry opened the fight on the morning of July 1, 1863; that the left wing, consisting of the First and Eleventh Corps, under the command of Gen. John F. Reynolds, were marching from Emmitsburg, Md. The head of column of the First Corps reached the field about 10 o'clock and went into action immediately. They were soon followed by the balance of the First Corps and the First and Third Divisions of the Eleventh. The First Corps faced north and were disputing the advance of Hill's Corps of the Confederate army, who were advancing from Cashtown. Ewell's Corps of Lee's army was advancing from Chambersburg and York, and the First and Third Divisions of the Eleventh Corps were sent to meet him, which brought them to the right of the First Corps, with their general line facing east.

It is a fact, too, that at this time neither Lee nor Meade knew the location of his opponent's troops. The men of Lee's army were told that the Army of the Potomac had not crossed the Potomac River, and the only troops that they had to meet was the Home Guards; consequently, Hill's advance were sure of an easy victory when they went into action that July morning. But they were not long in discovering that they were confronted by veterans.

The bloody reception that their advance brigades met made them more cautious, and after the first desperate assault they waited for the arrival of reinforcements, the intervening time being devoted to maneuvering for position and feeling for our lines. Just before 3 o'clock P. M. Hill's and Ewell's Corps (about two-thirds of Lee's entire army), having arrived and got into position, a general advance commenced and one of the most desperate and hotly-contested struggles of the war ensued. The First Corps fought with their usual tenacity and valor, and the First and Third Divisions of the Eleventh Corps made a most gallant fight; particularly was the battle stoutly contested on the extreme right of the Union line, which was held by Ames' Brigade. It was at this point that Gen. Francis C. Barlow, who commanded the First Division, was seriously wounded, and Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson, commanding the brigade battery, was killed.

The death of Lieut. Wilkeson was a most heroic event. He was mounted on

a large, black horse, and had held his battery in a most exposed position, pouring canister and casheot into the ranks of the advancing enemy, until they plainly saw that the only way to break the Union line was to dispose of that battery. Gen. Gordon, who commanded one of the Confederate brigades in that part of the field, and had been watching through his glass the progress of events, saw that the man on the black horse was the inspiration at that point. He ordered his artillery fire to be concentrated on him. Wilkeson was killed, but he died as heroes die.

It now became evident that the Union line would have to be retired to Cemetery Hill, the overwhelming force of Confederates having outflanked the Union line; but with the enemy on three sides it was a question whether a retreat could be made without sacrificing the most of the Union force on the advanced line. Two small brigades were the only reserves, and in taking one of them to cover the retreat, Gen. Howard, who then commanded the field, took desperate chances. But something must be done, and that quickly. In this emergency the First Brigade, Second Division of the Eleventh Corps, were ordered to charge down through the town to the extreme right and hold the division of Gen. Early in check until the troops could be retired and a new line established.

Thus in the fortunes of war it became the duty of Bushbeck's Brigade to go forward to the post of duty when all around was confusion and disaster and many of their comrades-in-arms were seeking safety at the rear. Under such circumstances it requires the steadiness of veterans of unswerving courage to advance and meet the victorious foe. Down through Stratton street, out to Kuhn's brickyard, we went on the double-quick. As soon as we passed the little old Baptist Church the batteries which the enemy had posted on Oak Hill began to play upon us. At Kuhn's house we turned in to the right hand, and passing through a carriage gateway were in the brickyard. Our line was formed in front of the old kilns, and advanced to a rail fence, where we were ordered to kneel and reserve our fire until the enemy were close enough to make our volley effective. The ground in our front was higher than at our position, gently rising until, 40 rods away, it was perhaps 20 feet above us and covered with wheat just ready for the sickle.

I shall always remember how the Confederate line of battle looked as it came into full view and started down towards us. It seemed as though they had a battle flag every few rods, which would indicate that their formation was in solid

column. However, our fire did good execution when we opened, and their line was stopped in our front; but Hay's Brigade, of Early's Division, came up Stratton street to our left and took possession of the gate through which we had entered. We were now ordered to retreat, and most of the boys jumped up and started, but Lieut. Jack Mitchell, who commanded Co. C this day, apparently did not know the condition of affairs in the rear. God bless his brave heart, he had not been looking in that direction; but only seeing that we were doing good service and holding our own in front, he said: "Boys, let's stay right here." I do not think a man in Co. C hesitated; all came back to the fence and commenced to fire again as fast as we could load our muskets. After five or 10 minutes Jack must have seen the hopelessness of his mere handful of men staying there, for he commanded, "Boys, we must get out of here," and we ran back to the old brick kilns about five rods. Here the squad that I was with stopped, and facing around fired another round, and started to go out into the street as we had entered.

In the gateway I saw two horsemen. I ran towards them and found myself in the midst of Co. B, who, with Capt. Poole, were sitting down with their guns on the ground. I thought this a very strange proceeding, but just at that moment Addison Schutt, of my company, who was perhaps two rods ahead of me, reached the two horsemen in the gate. One of them yelled "Throw down your gun; surrender," and "Ad," not complying, he struck him on the head with his sword. It now flashed upon me that the two horsemen were a rebel colonel and adjutant, and behind them in the street was a mass of Confederate troops. At my left side was Albert Hall, of my company. Probably two or three rods to his left was a little stream (Stevens Run). I saw at a glance that just one avenue of escape was open to us. We ran the risk of being shot in the attempt, but I hurriedly said: "Bert, jump into the creek?" This we did, and protecting ourselves as well as possible by the low bank ran to the street. Here, as we left the shallow stream and started up the street, we were in plain view and at pointblank range of the rebels in the street, who immediately commenced to yell "surrender."

Visions of Libbey Prison and fish-oil soup loomed up before us, and we took a fresh start towards a group of blue-coats who were gathered around a brass cannon that had a prolonge attached and was being fired retiring. For a few moments we were between the fire of friend and foe, but we quickly gained the Union

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gun and joined the boys who were firing at our pursuers. I should have said that just before leaving the fence I had been hit on the head by a minie-ball, making a scalp wound, which bled profusely. My hair was quite long, and the blood had soaked my blouse and matted my hair so that by the time we reached Cemetery Hill I was a sorry-looking sight.

A line was formed at the cemetery of very available men and everything done to make the enemy believe that we had strong reserve force. He was either deceived or from some other cause he did not make any further advance that night. I read in their official reports that at this time a report spread through their ranks that a strong Union force was advancing on the York road, which caused them to halt and send a force to meet it. We slept this night among the graves in the cemetery, and after the hardships and excitement of the day our sleep was heavy, notwithstanding the proximity of the enemy.

Just before dark the Twelfth Corps came up, and never did a lovelier sight present itself to us than the headquarters of Geary's Division, with its beautiful white star, and behind it the Baltimore pike full of glistening bayonets. During the night the Second and Third Corps arrived, and took position on our left. The Twelfth Corps had occupied Culp's Hill, on our right. The morning of the second day dawned bright and beautiful. There was no fighting on this day until about 2 o'clock p. m., the forenoon being occupied by both sides in getting troops into position. About 2 p. m. Longstreet, who had moved to the extreme right of the Confederate line, attacked the Third Corps at the Peach Orchard, and from that time until night there was the most desperate and persistent fight on our left around the Devil's Den, the Heat Field, and Little Round Top. The Third Corps were finally driven from each Orchard, and it was with the most difficulty that the Round Tops were held.

Thanks to the forethought and quick action of Gen. G. K. Warren and the inspired valor of Weed's and Vincent's brigades, the Round Tops were saved and the battle of Gettysburg won. I say this wisely, because if the enemy had once established himself on Round Top there could have been but one course open to Gen. Meade, and that would have been immediate retreat to the line where he had originally intended to deliver battle, i. e., the line of Pipe Creek, for from Round Top the enemy would have threatened his communications with Washington and Baltimore and been in position to

destroy his trains and capture his reserve artillery.

Just at dusk a furious attack was made on East Cemetery Hill, a short distance to the right of our brigade. Two brigades of the enemy (Hay's and Hoke's) charged right up the hill to the very muzzles of the guns of Rickett's and Weidrick's batteries, and for a few moments pandemonium reigned; but after a struggle hardly equaled, certainly never excelled, in determined defense and most desperate daring, the famous Louisiana Tigers were repulsed, and, it is said, never again appeared as an organized body. We were scarcely engaged in this encounter, but were drawn up and thrown forward to support the first line.

Later an attack was made on the Twelfth Corps, but the enemy met with little success. Although most of the Twelfth Corps had been sent to reinforce the left, Green's Brigade made a gallant fight, and succeeded in holding the key to the position.

So much has been written of the third day at Gettysburg that it would seem presumptuous for me to attempt a description of that memorable day's operations. Our regiment was not engaged; we were under the artillery fire that preceded Pickett's charge, but did not have any casualties. The morning was quiet; each side was devoting the time to repairing as far as possible the losses they had sustained, getting fresh troops into line where they were apparently most needed and fresh batteries relieving those that had suffered the most.

On the Confederate side Lee's last division arrived during the morning; it was the division of Gen. Longstreet's Corps commanded by Gen. Pickett. The regiments were mostly, if not all, from Virginia, and were considered the very flower of the Army of Northern Virginia. To these veterans Gen. Lee had resolved to intrust the desperate task of endeavoring to win a battle that was already lost; for, aside from their dearly-bought victory on the first day, the Confederates had met with repulse at every point. True, at great loss they had forced the Third Corps back from its advanced position on the second day, but they had failed in securing a foothold on the Round Top, which was their objective. They had been repulsed with almost unprecedented loss in their attack on East Cemetery Hill, as well as at Culp's Hill.

But two courses remained open to Gen. Lee: to either retreat back across the Potomac without further effort, or make one more desperate assault upon the Union lines with the hope of breaking through and thus retrieving the previous disasters.

He chose the latter alternative, and hurled his devoted legions upon perhaps the very strongest part of his adversary's line. Never was charge more grandly made and never more handsomely repulsed. The Southern Confederacy, whose cornerstone was slavery, had reached its "high tide." As those beaten regiments of Pickett fell back, torn and bleeding, "The Southern cause" commenced an ebb tide that went on almost unceasingly until the typical "last ditch" was reached.

Volumes have been written, pro and con, as to whether or not Pickett's repulse should have been followed up by a counter-charge. Had Grant, Sherman, or Thomas, been in command of the Army of the Potomac at that time, there is no doubt that Lee would have found great difficulty in extricating his troops from their perilous position. The opportunity to end the war at one stroke was presented just then, but it required the inspiration of great generalship to seize the chance before it was too late. Gen. Meade took the safe side, and there are many arguments to sustain his action.

On July 4 we fully expected to move forward in pursuit of the beaten foe, but his sharpshooters still held the town, and no movement was made, the day being devoted to burying the dead and caring for the wounded. July 5 we moved down into the village, and bivouacked in the streets all day and night. On the 6th we started, going back by the route we came, and after two days' hard marching we found ourselves again on the summit of South Mountain at Turner's Gap. Here the trains came up and we drew fresh clothing. The next day we moved down towards Funkstown.

A most annoying incident occurred here. We had been so long on the move, with no time to wash our clothes, that most of us had become thickly populated with those little army pests that caused us so much annoyance. So when we got a chance to clean up, at Turner's Gap I drew a full new suit, including shirt, drawers, stockings, pants and blouse, and went to a small creek, and stripping myself, took a good bath and donned my new outfit, congratulating myself that I was again free from the vermin. Imagine my chagrin when, the next day, we were lying at arms in a field near Funkstown, I found one of the largest specimens of the race on my new clothing.

We marched out across Antietam Creek, and found the enemy in position covering Williamsport. We were sent out on the skirmish line, where we remained two days, keeping up a constant skirmish fire during the day time. It was expected that we would attack in force,

but Gen. Meade seemed to have great respect for his opponent; at least, he hesitated until Lee was safe across the Potomac with his whole force. Then we marched out through Hagerstown towards the river, but when it was found that the bird had flown we were turned back. At Hagerstown the gallant Jack Mitchell, who had commanded my company, and been captured at Gettysburg, came back to us, having made his escape during a night march.

Before we get further away from Gettysburg I will relate one or two incidents of that great struggle. After the army had left the dead body of a Union soldier was found near Stevens Run, just off Stratton street. There was nothing on his person to indicate who he was or to what regiment he had belonged, except that clasped in one hand was a picture of three children, and on them his last gaze had been fastened as his soul had departed to God. He was buried on a lot of Judge Russell's, near where he was found. The incident awoke the sympathies of Dr. J. Francis Bourne, of Philadelphia, who borrowed the picture and had thousands of copies struck and widely circulated. A copy reaching Cattaraugus county, N. Y., was recognized as the children of Orderly-Serg't Amos Humiston, of Co. C, 154th N. Y. The remains of Serg't Humiston were finally buried in grave No. 14, row B, of the N. Y. section in the National Cemetery. The fund created by the sale of the photographs formed the nucleus for the Soldiers' Orphan Home, for some years at Gettysburg, and the Humiston children were brought there and educated, the mother for a time being matron of the institution. The Philadelphia branch of the Sanitary Commission offered a prize for the best poem upon this touching incident. The award was made to James G. Clark, of Dansville, N. Y., for the following thrilling lines:

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The Summer's sun was high,
When freedom met her traitorous foe
Beneath a Northern sky.
Among the heroes of the North
Who swelled that grand array,
Who came like mountain eagles forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,
A sire of children three,
And gazed within a little frame,
Their pictured forms to see;
And blame him not if in the strife
"He breathed a soldier's prayer:
"Oh, Father, guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Thus in the fortunes of war it became the duty of Bushbeck's Brigade to go forward to the post of duty when all around was confusion and disaster and many of their comrades-in-arms were seeking safety at the rear. Under such circumstances it requires the steadiness of veterans of unswerving courage to advance and meet the victorious foe. Down through Stratton street, out to Kuhn's brickyard, we went on the double-quick. As soon as we passed the little old Baptist Church the batteries which the enemy had posted on Oak Hill began to play upon us. At Kuhn's house we turned in to the right hand, and passing through a carriage gateway were in the brickyard. Our line was formed in front of the old kilns, and advanced to a rail fence, where we were ordered to kneel and reserve our fire until the enemy were close enough to make our volley effective. The ground in our front was higher than at our position, gently rising until, 40 rods away, it was perhaps 20 feet above us and covered with wheat just ready for the sickle.

I shall always remember how the Confederate line of battle looked as it came into full view and started down towards us. It seemed as though they had a battle flag every few rods, which would indicate that their formation was in solid

column. However, our fire did good execution when we opened, and their line was stopped in our front; but Hay's Brigade, of Early's Division, came up Stratton street to our left and took possession of the gate through which we had entered. We were now ordered to retreat, and most of the boys jumped up and started, but Lieut. Jack Mitchell, who commanded Co. C this day, apparently did not know the condition of affairs in the rear. God bless his brave heart, he had not been looking in that direction; but only seeing that we were doing good service and holding our own in front, he said: "Boys, let's stay right here." I do not think a man in Co. C hesitated; all came back to the fence and commenced to fire again as fast as we could load our muskets. After five or 10 minutes Jack must have seen the hopelessness of his mere handful of men staying there, for he commanded, "Boys, we must get out of here," and we ran back to the old brick kilns about five rods. Here the squad that I was with stopped, and facing around fired another round, and started to go out into the street as we had entered.

In the gateway I saw two horsemen. I ran towards them and found myself in the midst of Co. B, who, with Capt. Poole, were sitting down with their guns on the ground. I thought this a very strange proceeding, but just at that moment Addison Schutt, of my company, who was perhaps two rods ahead of me, reached the two horsemen in the gate. One of them yelled "Throw down your gun; surrender," and "Ad," not complying, he struck him on the head with his sword. It now flashed upon me that the two horsemen were a rebel colonel and adjutant, and behind them in the street was a mass of Confederate troops. At my left side was Albert Hall, of my company. Probably two or three rods to his left was a little stream (Stevens Run). I saw at a glance that just one avenue of escape was open to us. We ran the risk of being shot in the attempt, but I hurriedly said: "Bert, jump into the creek?" This we did, and protecting ourselves as well as possible by the low bank ran to the street. Here, as we left the shallow stream and started up the street, we were in plain view and at pointblank range of the rebels in the street, who immediately commenced to yell "surrender."

Visions of Libbey Prison and fish-oil soup loomed up before us, and we took a fresh start towards a group of blue-coats who were gathered around a brass cannon that had a prolonge attached and was being fired retiring. For a few moments we were between the fire of friend and foe, but we quickly gained the Union

MCK

gun and joined the boys who were firing at our pursuers. I should have said that just before leaving the fence I had been hit on the head by a minie-ball, making a scalp wound, which bled profusely. My hair was quite long, and the blood had soaked my blouse and matted my hair so that by the time we reached Cemetery Hill I was a sorry-looking sight.

A line was formed at the cemetery of every available man and everything done to make the enemy believe that we had a strong reserve force. He was either deceived or from some other cause he did not make any further advance that night. I find in their official reports that at this time a report spread through their ranks that a strong Union force was advancing on the York road, which caused them to halt and send a force to meet it. We slept this night among the graves in the old cemetery, and after the hardships and excitement of the day our sleep was heavy, notwithstanding the proximity of the enemy.

Just before dark the Twelfth Corps came up, and never did a lovelier sight present itself to us than the headquarters flag of Geary's Division, with its beautiful white star, and behind it the Baltimore pike full of glistening bayonets. During the night the Second and Third Corps arrived, and took position on our left. The Twelfth Corps had occupied Culp's Hill, on our right.

FE Early in the morning of July 1, a detachment of one hundred men, under Capt. Warner, of Company C, was out on a reconnoissance, and soon after the main body of the regiment marched with the corps towards Gettysburg, leaving knapsacks and baggage at Emmetsburg. On the way, Gen. Howard received an order from Gen. Reynolds, directing him to press forward with all possible speed to his assistance, as the rebel corps of Gen. A. P. Hill was approaching on the Cashtown road, and was being only partially checked by the cavalry of Buford. In consequence of this order, the corps was put to the utmost speed which it was possible to sustain,—the 15th, as well as other regiments, moving over a considerable portion of the distance at the double-quick. Arrived at Gettysburg, Howard assumed the command made vacant by the death of Reynolds, who had fallen almost at the commencement of his engagement with Hill. To relieve the troops already engaged, and hard pressed, the 11th Corps hurried forward through and beyond the town. Advancing too vigorously and too far, a portion of the command (the 15th and 13th New York, and 27th Pennsylvania) was flanked by a rebel division, by which the greater part of this regiment, as well as of the 13th, were either killed, wounded, or captured. The 15th had gone in about 350 strong, of whom only three officers and fifteen men escaped, though a number who had been scattered in the fight afterwards reported.

↑ From "History of 154th Regt N.Y."

Franklin Ellis, Ed.

Philadelphia, 1879

(The History of the 154th Regt in this book is based on an officer's diary.)

← From "Three Years or
During the War with
the Crescent and Star,"
by Sgt. Charles McKay,
Company C.
The National Tribune Scrapbook
Washington, D.C.
Courtesy of the
Henry E. Huntington
Library + Art Museum
San Marino, Calif.

un and joined the boys who were firing at our pursuers. I should have said that just before leaving the fence I had been hit on the head by a minie-ball, making a scalp wound, which bled profusely. My hair was quite long, and the blood had soaked my blouse and matted my hair so that by the time we reached Cemetery Hill I was a sorry-looking sight.

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Thanks to the forethought and quick action of Gen. G. K. Warren and the intrepid valor of Weed's and Vincent's Brigades, the Round Tops were saved and the battle of Gettysburg won. I say this advisedly, because if the enemy had once established himself on Round Top there would have been but one course open to Gen. Meade, and that would have been an immediate retreat to the line where he had originally intended to deliver battle, viz., the line of Pipe Creek, for from Round Top the enemy would have threatened his communications with Washington and Baltimore and been in position to

destroy his trains and capture his reserve artillery.

Just at dusk a furious attack was made on East Cemetery Hill, a short distance to the right of our brigade. Two brigades of the enemy (Hay's and Hoke's) charged right up the hill to the very muzzles of the guns of Rickett's and Weidrick's batteries, and for a few moments pandemonium reigned; but after a struggle hardly equaled, certainly never excelled, in determined defense and most desperate daring, the famous Louisiana Tigers were repulsed, and, it is said, never again appeared as an organized body. We were scarcely engaged in this encounter, but were drawn up and thrown forward to support the first line.

Later an attack was made on the Twelfth Corps, but the enemy met with little success. Although most of the Twelfth Corps had been sent to reinforce the left, Green's Brigade made a gallant fight, and succeeded in holding the key to the position.

So much has been written of the third day at Gettysburg that it would seem presumptuous for me to attempt a description of that memorable day's operations. Our regiment was not engaged; we were under the artillery fire that preceded Pickett's charge, but did not have any casualties. The morning was quiet; each side was devoting the time to repairing as far as possible the losses they had sustained, getting fresh troops into line where they were apparently most needed and fresh batteries relieving those that had suffered the most.

On the Confederate side Lee's last division arrived during the morning; it was the division of Gen. Longstreet's Corps commanded by Gen. Pickett. The regiments were mostly, if not all, from Virginia, and were considered the very flower of the Army of Northern Virginia. To these veterans Gen. Lee had resolved to intrust the desperate task of endeavoring to win a battle that was already lost; for, aside from their dearly-bought victory on the first day, the Confederates had met with repulse at every point. True, at great loss they had forced the Third Corps back from its advanced position on the second day, but they had failed in securing a foothold on the Round Top, which was their objective. They had been repulsed with almost unprecedented loss in their attack on East Cemetery Hill, as well as at Culp's Hill.

But two courses remained open to Gen. Lee: to either retreat back across the Potomac without further effort, or make one more desperate assault upon the Union lines with the hope of breaking through and thus retrieving the previous disasters.

He chose the latter alternative, and hurled his devoted legions upon perhaps the very strongest part of his adversary's line. Never was charge more grandly made and never more handsomely repulsed. The Southern Confederacy, whose cornerstone was slavery, had reached its "high tide." As those beaten regiments of Pickett fell back, torn and bleeding, "The Southern cause" commenced an ebb tide that went on almost unceasingly until the typical "last ditch" was reached.

Volumes have been written, pro and con, as to whether or not Pickett's repulse should have been followed up by a counter-charge. Had Grant, Sherman, or Thomas, been in command of the Army of the Potomac at that time, there is no doubt that Lee would have found great difficulty in extricating his troops from their perilous position. The opportunity to end the war at one stroke was presented just then, but it required the inspiration of great generalship to seize the chance before it was too late. Gen. Meade took the safe side, and there are many arguments to sustain his action.

On July 4 we fully expected to move forward in pursuit of the beaten foe, but his sharpshooters still held the town, and no movement was made, the day being devoted to burying the dead and caring for the wounded. July 5 we moved down into the village, and bivouacked in the streets all day and night. On the 6th we started, going back by the route we came, and after two days' hard marching we found ourselves again on the summit of South Mountain at Turner's Gap. Here the trains came up and we drew fresh clothing. The next day we moved down towards Funkstown.

A most annoying incident occurred here. We had been so long on the move, with no time to wash our clothes, that most of us had become thickly populated with those little army pests that caused us so much annoyance. So when we got a chance to clean up, at Turner's Gap I drew a full new suit, including shirt, drawers, stockings, pants and blouse, and went to a small creek, and stripping myself, took a good bath and donned my new outfit, congratulating myself that I was again free from the vermin. Imagine my chagrin when, the next day, we were lying at arms in a field near Funkstown, I found one of the largest specimens of the race on my new clothing.

We marched out across Antietam Creek, and found the enemy in position covering Williamsport. We were sent out on the skirmish line, where we remained two days, keeping up a constant skirmish fire during the day time. It was expected that we would attack in force,

but Gen. Meade seemed to have great respect for his opponent; at least, he hesitated until Lee was safe across the Potomac with his whole force. Then we marched out through Hagerstown towards the river, but when it was found that the bird had flown we were turned back. At Hagerstown the gallant Jack Mitchell, who had commanded my company, and been captured at Gettysburg, came back to us, having made his escape during a night march.

Before we get further away from Gettysburg I will relate one or two incidents of that great struggle. After the army had left the dead body of a Union soldier was found near Stevens Run, just off Stratton street. There was nothing on his person to indicate who he was or to what regiment he had belonged, except that clasped in one hand was a picture of three children, and on them his last gaze had been fastened as his soul had departed to God. He was buried on a lot of Judge Russell's, near where he was found. The incident awoke the sympathies of Dr. J. Francis Bournes, of Philadelphia, who borrowed the picture and had thousands of copies struck and widely circulated. A copy reaching Cataugus county, N. Y., was recognized as the children of Orderly-Serg't Amos Humiston, of Co. C, 154th N. Y. The remains of Serg't Humiston were finally buried in grave No. 14, row B, of the N. Y. section in the National Cemetery. The fund created by the sale of the photographs formed the nucleus for the Soldiers' Orphan Home, for some years at Gettysburg, and the Humiston children were brought there and educated, the mother for a time being matron of the institution. The Philadelphia branch of the Sanitary Commission offered a prize for the best poem upon this touching incident. The award was made to James G. Clark, of Dansville, N. Y., for the following thrilling lines:

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The Summer's sun was high,
When freedom met her traitorous foe
Beneath a Northern sky.
Among the heroes of the North
Who swelled that grand array,
Who came like mountain eagles forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,
A sire of children three,
And gazed within a little frame,
Their pictured forms to see;
And blame him not if in the strife
"He breathed a soldier's prayer:
"Oh, Father, guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburg
When morning shown again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain;
Our legion quelled the awful flood
Of shot and steel and shell,
While banners marked with ball and blood
Around them rose and fell;
And none more nobly won the name
Of champion of the free
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer:
"Oh, Father, guard the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburg
The full moon slowly rose,
She looked and saw ten thousand brows
All pale in death's repose;
And down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream,
Our fallen comrade lay;
His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three
Sweet stars that rose in memory's skies
To light him o'er death's sea.
Then honored be the soldier's life.
And hallowed be his prayer:
"Oh, Father, guard the soldier's wife,
And for his orphans care."

It will be seen that Serg't Humiston was a member of my company. He had left his family in rather straitened circumstances, but his act of affection in taking a dying look at the pictured forms of his loved ones struck a chord of sympathy throughout the country and provided bounteously for his whole family. One of the boys graduated from Princeton College and the other graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Another incident of the first day at Gettysburg that has gained world wide notoriety was the action of John Burns, said to be the only citizen who took a hand in the fight. It is told that he offered his services to some of the regiments of Stone's Brigade of the First Corps, and with his old squirrel rifle was doing good work until wounded. The event or action has been immortalized by Bret Harte in his famous poem.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

(By Bret Harte.)

"Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well,
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down

When the rebels rode thru' his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townfolk ran away.
That was in July, '63,
The very day that Gen. Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,

Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned and matter of fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

"And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

"Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country-folk called
'swaller.'

A WOMAN KILLED.

Jennie Wade was the only one of the gentler sex known to have been killed during the battle of Gettysburg. Her home was just in front of the position occupied by the Eleventh Corps, on the second day, between the contending lines. She was employed in making bread for the boys in blue, when a stray bullet from the enemy's skirmish line killed her instantly. Through the efforts of the Woman's Relief Corps of Iowa a beautiful monument has been erected to her memory in the National Cemetery near the spot where her young life was so suddenly ended.

The great struggle called the battle of Gettysburg consisted, in fact, of six battles or desperate encounters, each of which in itself rose almost to the dignity of a great battle. They were: 1, the battle of the first day, north of the town; 2, the battle of the second day, on the west; 3, the battle of East Cemetery Hill, at dusk of the second day; 4, the battle of Culp's Hill; 5, the great cavalry battle of the third day, south of town; and Pickett's Charge.

Volumes have been written, and many more could be, of the incidents of this great struggle. There are many accounts of personal bravery with which I have become acquainted in my study of the subject, that I would very much like to relate, but space will not permit.

The best authorities give the losses of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg, by day, as follows:

	Killed.	Wound- ed.	Miss- ing.	Total.
1st day...	847	3,989	3,566	8,402
2d day ...	1,825	8,528	1,277	11,630
3d day ...	483	2,012	522	3,017
Totals ...	3,155	14,529	5,365	23,049

The losses of the Eleventh Corps were as follows:
369 killed; 1,922 wounded; 1,530 missing; 3,821 total.

The casualties in the Second Division, Eleventh Corps, were:
107 killed; 507 wounded; 332 missing; 946 total.

In the First Brigade, to which my regiment was attached:
56 killed; 228 wounded; 313 missing; 597 total.

This shows that the Eleventh Corps had considerable share in the battle. I also want to give the losses in eight of the regiments of that corps—134th N. Y.: 42 killed; 149 wounded. 157th N. Y.: 27 killed; 164 wounded. 119th N. Y.: 11 killed; 70 wounded. 107th Ohio: 23 killed; 111 wounded. 153d Pa.: 23 killed; 142 wounded. 17th Conn.: 20 killed; 81

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat.
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For 40 years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the 'quiltings' long ago.

"Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,

Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,

With scraps of a slang repertoire:
'How are you, White Hat?' 'Put her thru'!

'Your head's level!' and 'Bully for you!'
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,

And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,

And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

"'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand

Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown

Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Thru' the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,

In the antique vestments and long white hair,

The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar.
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,

That day was their oriflamme of war.

"So raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,

Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

"That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!"

ounded. 73d Ohio: 21 killed; 120 wounded. 26th Wisconsin: 26 killed; 129 wounded.

As I am a native of the Empire State, and served in a New York regiment, I may be excused in incidentally giving the following statistics:

The number of Union troops present at Gettysburg was 85,000. New York troops in the field 27,000, or almost one-third of the entire Union army. The total casualties were 23,049, of which New York organizations sustained 6,816, or more than one-fourth.

It may be interesting to state that the loss of the Confederates in this battle was 6,422, of which 2,592 were killed, 12,700 wounded and 5,150 captured. The loss in Pettett's Division was 232 killed, 1,157 wounded, 1,499 captured; total, 2,888.

I will now proceed with the account of some of the experiences of my own regiment. When it was discovered that Lee had escaped across the river at Williamsport, we turned back, and crossed at Point of Rocks, following him by leisurely marches and keeping Washington covered. It was the evening of the second day's march after we had crossed into Virginia, and we had bivouacked for the night, and was cooking my coffee, that Lieut. Crosby, our Regiment Adjutant, came and squatted down by my side at the campfire and said, "Charley, do you want to go home?" I supposed that he was joking, and immediately answered: "Home? Home is a tough proposition compared to this place." He then said that it was no joke; that a detail of three commissioned and six non-commissioned officers were to be sent home on recruiting service, and I was one of those selected. As this detail came entirely unsuspected by me, I have always taken it as a sort of acknowledgment that my services up to date had been satisfactory.

We continued on our way following Lee up through Loudon Valley, and I heard no more of the detail for about two weeks, until we reached the vicinity of New Baltimore, Va. Next morning after our arrival, Alex Bird, Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, pulled me out of my tent bright and early, saying, "get out and pack your knapsack." Well, it did not take long to make my toilet and report at regimental headquarters. There I found the detail to consist of Lieut. Col. D. A. Allen, Adjutant Alonzo Crosby, Ser.-Maj. Alex Bird, and privates Frank Phillips, Co. D; Frank Hostetter, Co. B; Charles Merkt, Co. H; Addison Schutt, and C. W. McKay, Co. C. We marched to Corps Railroad Headquarters, where we joined similar details from the other N. Y. regiments in our corps. We then marched to Gaines-

ville, the nearest railroad station, were loaded on to flat cars and taken to Washington. From there we went to Elmira, N. Y., where we remained about eight months, doing duty as Recruiting Sergeants and acting as officers of the guard in charge of the camps of the drafted men, and making trips with squads of recruits to the front.

We had many experiences with bounty-jumpers that would be interesting, but I have space to relate only one incident. Adjutant Scott and myself were at Barracks No. 1, commanded by Col. Shaw. There were several hundred drafted men, bounty-jumpers, etc., there. Each barrack was in charge of two old soldiers. The camp guard was furnished by a regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, stationed at Barrack No. 3. They sent us a detail every morning, and one of us old men from the front acted as officer of the guard. There was a sentry box at the main entrance to the grounds, where the officer of the guard was supposed to stay and examine passes and have oversight of the men on duty.

The day on which the incident happened it was my turn on duty. There had been a number of desertions, some by running the guard, and we had strict orders to maintain the integrity of the guard line. This morning as I went on duty the Officer of the Day gave me strict instructions not to allow anyone to pass the guard. The men were ordered to halt anyone trying to pass the guard line, and if they did not obey the command to halt, to fire. Things had gotten to such a pass that an example had to be made to teach the tough element that orders must be obeyed at all hazards.

I had not been long at my post in the sentry box when I heard the sentinel on the post to my right give the challenge "Halt," quickly followed by a repetition, and then the third time and louder, "Halt," and next the discharge of his musket. I stepped out of the box and saw a man lying across the guard line. I ran up to him and turned him over and as I done so, his lower jaw dropped down. He was dead. By this time the men had begun to gather from the barracks, and I heard mutterings of vengeance. I relieved the man who had fired the shot, and told him to go to Barrack No. 3, which was nearly two miles away, as quickly as he could. I then turned out the guard that was not on post.

By this time the parade ground was full of the desperate characters that composed our camp, and the majority of them were armed with revolvers. As I had surmised, their first demand was for the man who had fired the shot. I told them that he

had gone. Just then the Officer of the Day came and ordered them all to their quarters. They were very hostile, and for a few moments it looked as though the 500 or 600 recruits would overrun the 50 or 60 guards, but by keeping up a bold front we finally succeeded in forcing them back to their quarters and restoring order. The Officer of the Day, and Col. Shaw, commandant of the post, complimented me highly for my promptness and forethought in getting the guard out of the way. But I am leaving the regiment too long to talk about myself.

I will now go back to the time of our departure for the State. Lee had retired behind the Rapahannock, and the Army of the Potomac moved up to the north bank of that stream and went into camp. The Eleventh Corps was strung out along the Orange & Alexandria Railroad to protect that line of communication from the incursions of Mosby or other forces of the enemy that might be hovering near.

Meantime events were happening in far-distant fields that were to bear an important part in the fortunes of the 154th N. Y. The Army of the Cumberland, under Gen. Rosecrans, was operating in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Tenn. His opponent, Bragg, had been reinforced by Longstreet's Corps from Lee's army, and on September 19-21, at Chickamauga, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Rosecrans was badly worsted in fact, had it not been for the noble stand made by Thomas and his men the army of the Cumberland would have been destroyed. As it was, they were forced back into Chattanooga, and Bragg immediately commenced to invest the place by taking possession of Lookout Mountain and the valley of the same name. He had possession of Rosecrans' line of supplies, so that instead of bringing the food, clothing and ammunition for the men and the forage for the animals of the Cumberland Army up from Bridgeport, Ala., a distance of 18 or 20 miles, they all had to be hauled around through the mountains over rough and dangerous roads a distance of nearly 80 miles. Even this route was subjected to incursions from Bragg's cavalry.

Under these circumstances immediate relief was demanded for the beleaguered troops. Rosecrans was relieved by Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, the Department on the Cumberland and that of the Tennessee were consolidated under the name of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and Gen. U. S. Grant was placed in command of the whole district. Sherman, with the Army of the Tennessee at Vicksburg, was ordered to reinforce Thomas and the Second and Third Divisions of the Eleventh, and First and Second Divisions of the

Twelfth Corps, Army of the Potomac, were placed under Gen. Hooker and ordered to Bridgeport, Ala. The First Division, Eleventh Corps, was sent to Charleston Harbor, S. C., and we never saw them again.

It was a great undertaking to transport four divisions of troops and their artillery and equipment from the banks of the Potomac to the banks of the Tennessee, but it was successfully done. Thus the fortunes of the 154 N. Y. were cast with the Western army, there to remain until the end of the war, to achieve grander laurels and a name in history second to none. On Oct. 21 we crossed the river and occupied Shell Mound, a small station on the railroad six miles out. The engineers were busily engaged repairing the railroad bridge, which had been destroyed by the enemy. Steinwehr's Division led the advance. On the evening of Oct. 27 we occupied Whiteside's. Next morning pushed forward, Bushbeck's Brigade leading, preceded by a company of cavalry acting as scouts.

About one mile south of Wauhatchie we found that we were looking for the enemy. They were concealed in a thick growth of underbrush. The 134th was deployed as skirmishers with the 154th as support. A brisk skirmish ensued, but as our boys warmed up to the work they went forward with a rush and the rebs gave way. Our regiment had six men wounded. We continued to move forward.

Lookout Mountain towered above us on the right. Just after passing Wauhatchie the Confederate artillery on the top of the mountain began to shell us, but their missiles passed over, doing very little damage and not impeding our advance. As we near the river we came in sight of Hazen's Bridge of the Army of the Cumberland. They had crossed at Brown's Ferry to co-operate with our movement. They welcomed us with cheers and cried out, "Hurrah! hurrah! You have opened up our cracker line." We went into camp, but were aroused about midnight by the sounds of artillery and heavy musketry-firing from the direction from which we had come.

We were aware that Gen. Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps was following our movement as guard for the wagon train. They had camped that night at Wauhatchie, and Longstreet looking down from the summit of the mountain had conceived the idea of swooping down and gobbling up the wagon train parked there. He accordingly sent Stevens' Brigade down to accomplish the feat. But he had reckoned without counting his host.

The men who had beaten back Ewell's

Veterans at Gettysburg were not to be driven off so easily, and Stevens went back a little faster than he came, without a single wagon; but the engagement was hot while it lasted. Near its close a large number of mules from the train became loose and stampeded, and in their flight made directly towards the rebel lines. The Johnnies in the darkness, mistaking it for a cavalry charge, took to their heels.

During this battle of Wauhatchie, Capt. Geary, a son of the General, was killed. Steinwehr's Division was started to Geary's support, but the enemy being found in possession of two low hills to your left, orders were sent to drive them off. Our Second Brigade, under Orlando Smith, was sent to perform that duty, and nobly did they do it. Forming their line of battle, they moved forward at the double-quick with guns at right shoulder shift. Sweeping the skirmishers from the first knoll, they found that the enemy had a strong position on the second hill with breastworks and barricades, but the line swept on, and in less time almost than it takes to tell it they had cleared those works and driven the rebs across Lookout Creek. For this night's work Gen. Geo. H. Thomas issued the following commendatory order:

Headquarters, Army of the Cumberland,
Oct. 30, 1863.

To Gen. Joseph Hooker:

I most heartily congratulate you and the troops under your command at the brilliant success you gained over your old adversary (Longstreet) on the night of the 28th ultimo. The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep hill, over 200 feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's Division of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war.

(Signed) GEO. H. THOMAS,
Major-General Commanding.

"CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE."

On the night of Oct. 28, 1863, when Gen. Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps repulsed the attacking forces of Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tenn., a number of mules, affrighted by the noise of battle, dashed into the ranks of Hampton's Legion, causing much dismay, and compelling many of them to fall back, under a supposed charge of cavalry. Capt. Thomas H. Elliott, of Gen. Geary's staff, gives the following rendition of the incident, which is a clever parody of

Tennyson's famous poem, "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Half a mile, half a mile
Half a mile onward,
Right towards the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.
"Forward, the Mule Brigade,"
"Charge for the Rebs," they neighed;
Straight for the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred!

"Forward, the Mule Brigade."
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
All their ropes sundered;
Their's not to make reply;
Their's not to reason why;
Their's but to make them fly.
On to the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred!

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, brayed and thundered,
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops
Stormed the two hundred!

Wild all their eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scattering the chivalry there,
While all the world wondered.
Not a mule back bestraddled,
Yet how they all skedaddled;
Fled every Georgian.
Unsabered, unsaddled,
Scattered and sundered,
How they were routed there
By the two hundred!

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, brayed and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head,
Full many a hero fled,
Fain in the last ditch dead,
Back from an "ass's jaw"
All that was left of them,
Left by the two hundred!

When can their glory fade?
O' the wild charge they made,
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Mule Brigade,
Long-eared two hundred.

Thus it will be seen that the Eleventh Corps' introductory work in the West was of the most brilliant character. But if we study the records carefully, we shall find that this was only preliminary to more glorious deeds, and that this corps, which

had most unjustly been maligned and made the scapegoat to bear the sins of others, was yet to win a name and fame second to none in the annals of our Civil War.

After the events last recorded we settled down to a short rest, the time being devoted to getting the Army of the Cumberland supplied with the necessaries for which they had so long suffered. Gen. Grant was also awaiting the arrival of Gen. Sherman with the Army of the Tennessee, and was perfecting his plans for that masterly campaign which resulted in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the most dramatic and successful series of movements performed by any army in the war in the same length of time. Nor was the element of historic interest lacking to make these battles brilliant and their story captivating. The ground over which the Army of the Cumberland made its world-famous charge up Missionary Ridge was indeed historic.

This world of ours is one of change and contrast. History is but a record of the contrasts that appear in the affairs of men. The sky above our heads, with its ever-shifting panorama of cloud and storm and sunshine, the seasons in their endless run, with summer's heat and winter's cold, and the all-pervading life of spring or the autumn's death do not show greater contrasts than does human history. The battlefields of one generation become the scenes of the greatest triumphs of the arts of peace of the next generation.

Where pagan Rome built her temples and her palaces from which she ruled the temporal world now stand the temples and palaces of modern Rome from which she rules the—spiritual world. The armed hosts that emerged from the gates of ancient Rome, carrying her standards and with them war and subjugation to surrounding nations, is succeeded by that other host bearing the standard of the Cross proclaiming to the nations, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The Christian missionaries of one generation consecrated by their labors and their lives the battlefields upon which the armies of the next fought the decisive battles that determine the fate of nations and empires. This was true of the battlefields of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. In the year 1815 the American Board of Home and Foreign Missions determined to make an effort to evangelize the Cherokee and neighboring tribes of Indians then occupying the country between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River. It was estimated that there were 100,000 Indians east of the Mississippi River, 75,000 of whom belonged

to the Cherokees, Chickesaws, Choctaws and Creeks. The Mission to the Cherokees was confined to the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, a young missionary fresh from Andover College. In the fall of 1816 he started out on his mission, and crossing the mountains of Tennessee he met the assembled chiefs at the base of Lookout Mountain, upon the banks of the Tennessee River. It was then, as it is now, one of the loveliest spots upon our continent.

The Tennessee River, a rapid and impetuous stream, bursting from its mountain sources in the Allegheny and Blue Ridge ranges, traverses a beautiful valley several miles in width, till it dashes itself against the rocky base of old Lookout, standing high above his fellows, a very sentinel, at the western gate to this charming valley. Along the northern side of this valley runs a steep and rocky mountain range, once the prolongation of the Lookout range, but now severed from it by the river at its base. This ridge, with its steep and rocky sides bare of all vegetation, except here and there a stunted growth of laurel and evergreen, presents a strong contrast to the ridge on the other side of the valley, with its side covered with the luxuriant vegetation of that southern clime.

Standing upon the summit of Lookout Mountain, a view of unusual grandeur and beauty meets the eye. At your feet are the converging lines of three great States—Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, while way off to the north and northeast the mountain ranges of Kentucky, Virginia and North Carolina are distinctly outlined against the sky, range after range, as far as the eye can reach, presenting a scene of grandeur unexcelled upon this continent, while beneath you lie the beautiful river and valley. Upon Chickamauga Creek, at the eastern end of this valley, and along the ridge that hems it in on the south, the mission was established; it was named Branard, from a celebrated missionary of that name.

Dwellings, schools and churches were built, and the mission entered at once upon a career of success and prosperity. Mr. Kingsbury was followed by Mr. Hull and Mr. Williams and their wives, and they by others, and it became a compound of mission, boarding school and agricultural college. As soon as the schools were opened more scholars applied than could be received. A church society was organized, that soon attained a membership of 600. Farms were opened along the ridge, which then became known as "Missionary Ridge."

Such was the effect of the labors of these missionaries that at the end of three years the National Council of the Indians

ered the observance of the Sabbath throughout the entire tribe, established regular courts of justice, converted itself to a legislative body, and appointed a committee to draft a constitution. A member of the tribe, without the assistance or knowledge of the missionaries, invented an alphabet, by which the language could be written, and in three or four years one-half of the tribe could read and write. Peace, prosperity and content were everywhere. The hills and valleys of Tennessee and Georgia echoed with the songs of praise and thanksgiving of a nation as it emerged from its long night of barbarism and entered the dawn of a new and better life.

The sounds of joy and happiness in the valleys below were caught up and flung from hill to hill, until the rocky summit of Lookout, 2,000 feet above the sea level, echoed back the glad peons of joy. Never did nation enter upon its new life with greater enthusiasm or with better prospects of an enduring prosperity. But when this scene of peace and quiet contentment was closing the great tide of modern civilization, bearing upon its inland wave the hideous form of human slavery and its consorts, intemperance and crime.

We blush to read the truth of the history that followed. The Cherokee nation, resting upon a smothered volcano. The State of Georgia demanded that these Indians should be removed and their lands added. To this end deputation after deputation visited Washington. For a time the General Government resisted their demands. In behalf of the Indians missionaries pleaded treaty obligations, their education, and their dawning civilization. But in vain the State of Georgia, taking the matter into her own hands, overriding all laws, disregarding all treaties and obligations, held most sacred between man and man, surveyed the lands, at the point of the bayonet drove the Indians and missionaries from their lands, homes out beyond the Mississippi river.

For five weary months they journeyed, dejected and broken-hearted. At last, when they arrived at their destination, their track was marked by 4,000 graves, a quarter of their entire number. These are the dark facts of history. And when we consider these acts and remember that the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine," we cannot wonder that a later generation saw an avenging army sweep across the State of Georgia, laying her towns and villages in waste and causing her Legislature and her Executive to flee before it. The missionary and his Indian ward, having

been driven from their homes, over this once peaceful river, mountain, hill and valley, ring down the curtain, for half a century, and when it again rises, behold the change.

We find our nation grown to manhood, and in the throes of a great civil war, and slavery holding in its relentless grasp 4,000,000 of the human race. Here are the same river, mountain, hill and valley, but all else has changed. Taking your stand again on the summit of Lookout Mountain, a sight meets your eye impressive enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. Along the ridge from north to south and across the mountain's brow, surmounted by a strange and hostile flag, are bristling parapets and frowning batteries, manned by 40,000 men arrayed for deadly conflict with 60,000 other men drawn up in solid phalanx upon the plain below, over whom floats the flag the missionaries knew. Instead of songs of praise and happiness, as of yore, the hills and valleys resound with the crash of musketry and the thunders of artillery, the fields and the little hamlet of the missionaries are plowed with plunging shot of contending armies.

Missionary Ridge, at whose base were the homes of the missionaries and along whose sides were their fields; the great slope of Lookout, from whose summit the Indian gazed in wonder and admiration. It is now the battlefield upon which two great armies are fighting one of the greatest battles of modern times.

Begging indulgence for this historical digression I will now resume my narrative of contemporaneous events. At length that gallant commander, who stands second to none for masterly soldiership, that man who in later campaigns and with a more extended command enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence and love of his soldiers, Gen. William T. Sherman, arrived at the head of one of the grandest bodies of troops the war produced, "The Army of the Tennessee."

Previous to the arrival of Hooker's troops, the Army of the Cumberland and of the Tennessee had had no Corps Badge. The story of the way in which the badge of the Fifteenth Corps was chosen is amusing; it has often been told, but will bear repeating here. As the Fifteenth Corps was passing the camps of Hooker's men in Lookout Valley, an Irishman of one of the western regiments, seeing the Star and Crescent badges on the caps of the Potomac men, asked "Phat's that yee's have on your caps?" They replied, "That's our corps badge." And asked, "Haven't you a corps badge." To this Pat replied, striking his cartridge box, "The filling of that and 20 in the pocket is the

badge of the Fifteenth Corps." Gen. John A. Logan, the commander of the corps, hearing the story, ordered that the badge of his corps should be a cartridge box, over which was printed the legend "Forty rounds." I might as well say right here that the badge of the Sixteenth Corps was an arrow, and that of the Fourteenth Corps an acorn.

Sherman crossed the river at Brown's Ferry, and keeping his movement hid among the hills, marched up the river to a point opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, about three miles above Chattanooga. Here he laid a pontoon bridge and crossed again to the south side of the Tennessee River to attack Bragg's right flank. Meantime, Hooker was to attack the Confederate left on Lookout Mountain. Grant's plan of battle seems to have been to attack both flanks with vigor, gaining as much advantage as possible, and when the attention of his adversary was directed to the threatened points to hurl the army of the Cumberland upon his weakened center. This program was virtually carried out.

On the morning of November 24 Hooker, in command of Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps, Osterhaus's Division, of the Fifteenth Corps, which had been prevented from joining Sherman on account of the high water in the river breaking the bridge, and a part of Cruft's Division of the Fourth Corps moved out before it was fairly day, and attacked the point of Lookout Mountain. This action proved to be one of the most brilliant in history, and is known as "The Battle Above the Clouds." The story has been told so often it is not my intention to repeat it here. After an all-day's fight Hooker's men held the side of the mountain up to the palisades at nightfall. The smoke of battle had united with the thick clouds of the mountain and settled over friend and foe, so that at daylight next morning nothing was to be seen of the contending forces; but as the sun ascended the heavens, the clouds cleared, and at last the grim peak of the mountain came into view of the vast army stretched out in the valley watching, and on the extreme summit of Pulpit Rock was seen the Star Spangled Banner. It was the regimental colors of the 15th Ky., of Cruft's Division. Geary had done the principal fighting the day before, but Cruft's Division had been moved forward during the night to relieve them and thus they had the honor of displaying the Old Flag on Lookout.

At the risk of being considered over poetical, I must introduce here a descriptive ballad that was written by a soldier, giving an almost complete story of this battle and its surroundings. It has been

pronounced by competent critics to be one of the best ballads of its kind in the language, and can be found nowhere else. I introduce it here as a souvenir of the battle. Indeed, no story of the battle of Lookout Mountain would be complete without it.

THE RIGHT FLANK AT LOOKOUT.

Chattanooga sent northward a cry of distress,
The men of the Cumberland, famished and gaunt,
Worn with vigils—and fighting, and tattooed in dress;
Manned their guns in the trenches—in peril and want
For the foe closely pressed them in hostile array,
And his guns shrieked and thundered in demonlike glee,
While old Lookout's rock front, lined with soldiers in gray,
Cast its shadow of death o'er the blue Tennessee.

But on wings of the lightning that cry for help ran
To Sherman, to Meade, and from Captain to man,
And from Vicksburg marched Sherman's long columns in blue,
And grim Hooker's corps from the swift Rapidan
Came with bread for the famished and lead for the foe,
Gleamed Wauhatchie's sweet vale with their bayonets bright,
Torn and bleeding—the ferry guard reeled at their blow,
And dismayed, up the mountainside fled in affright.

But the Bar flag still flaunted on Lookout's high peak
In defiance, above the bright stripes in the Vale,
And the iron shell hurling with insolent shriek
Marred the great antlered oaks in that beautiful dale.
In the night lines of watchfires on Lookout's side
Gleamed like comets bespangling the eastern sky,
While the shouts from the heights in derision defied
The threatened assault for the mastery.

Through the fog shroud
No bugle call echoed that morn from the camp in the vale
Or the mount's rocky side, but swift messengers—mounted

in silence to ride through darkness and thickets
 and stubble of corn to the camps where waiting
 battalions heard and fell into ranks,
 and the strapping of knapsacks and loading of guns
 spoke of marching and battle at dawn of the light.

Now like a giant snake nearing its expectant prey,
 fast asleep in their huts on the mountain's brow,
 and no echo or sound does their peril betray.
 Forward the right flank, but fire not a gun,
 Double-quick, double-quick, now, on the run.
 Gibraltar is ours if we first reach the top,
 a year more of war, if they force us to stop.
 Forward, your comrades still famish for bread,
 Forward, for Knoxville still trembles with dread.

Up over brushwood, rock, and ravine,
 routing the pickets from camp fire and screen,
 Hindered by laurel bush, cane-break and log,
 Still firing no shot but through the dense fog,
 Breathless but desperate, upwards they climb,
 For victory hinges on moments of time.

Onward like bloodhounds freed from the leash,
 Though the quick bullets thud in the quivering flesh,
 Still upward they climb, till a glint of the sun
 bathes with glory the flags on a battlefield won,
 And the Cumberland Army, in breathless suspense,
 Heard the battle's fierce roar in that fog cloud dense.

Now clearer, now fainter, now falter, now stop,
 Repulsed, or held Hooker in triumph on top?

Weak yet with fasting, but with eyes flashing fight,
 They watched long in vain that grim mist-mantled light,
 Till a rift in the cloud showed the mountain top crag,

And like Constantine's cross in the sky gleamed a flag—
 But which? Oh! the shout that along that line flew,
 As it showed first the stripes, then the star-spangled blue.

'Twas a tale of sweet love that torn banner there told,
 Like the star in the East in Bethlehem old.

'Twas an emblem of hope to that suffering host,
 Like the star in the North to the mariner lost.

'Twas a symbol of power as upheld on the heights.
 It unfurled its silk folds in the sight of six States.

A forerunner of vengeance to enemies all,
 Like the writing of old on the King's palace wall.

And from that day to this—that dear flag of the free—

To the walls of Atlanta and thence to the sea,

To the fields where surrendered the columns of Lee,

Ever fluttered in triumph!
 May God in His might ever keep the old Flag

In the pathway of right.

On the morning of November 25 Sherman resumed his attack on the rebel right. The Eleventh Corps was moved through Chattanooga with orders to open up a line of communication between the army of the Cumberland and that of the Tennessee, on the south side of the river. Gen. Howard took three regiments of Bushbeck's Brigade and started out to make a reconnoissance towards Sherman's position. The three regiments were the 73d Pa., 134th and 154th N. Y. No opposition was met with and Howard met Gen. Sherman just as he was crossing the river, and leaving the three regiments, went back after the remainder of the corps. These three regiments were temporarily assigned to Gen. Hugh Ewing's Division of the Fifteenth Corps, and with those troops did good service in the attack on Mission Ridge at the Tunnel, or what is now called Sherman Heights." The following extract, taken from Gen. Sherman's report of this battle, to be found in the first volume of his Memoirs, is sufficient evidence of how well they did their duty. And if this were all they had in history to prove that they were soldiers tried and true, this one mention by such a man as Gen. Sherman might well be looked upon as something to be proud of.

Vol. 1, page 375: "At the moment of crossing the bridge Gen. Howard appeared, having come with three regiments from Chattanooga, along the east bank of the Tennessee, connecting my new position with that of the main army at Chattanooga. He left the three regiments attached temporarily to Gen. Ewing's right and returned to his own corps at Chattanooga.

#51
 Page 383: "The brigade of Col. Bushbeck, belonging to the Eleventh Corps, which was the first to come out of Chattanooga to my flank, fought at the Tunnel Hill in connection with Gen. Ewing's Division, and displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness, following the enemy almost to the tunnel gorge, and lost many valuable lives."

What better record could troops have? The history of Mission Ridge is familiar to school children, who know how at the critical moment the glorious old Army of the Cumberland moved forward and broke Bragg's Center and swept the Confederate army from Mission Ridge in hopeless rout.

Just previous to these operations Longstreet's Corps had been detached from Bragg's army, and was now besieging Burnside, who commanded the Union forces at Knoxville. Burnside had been making urgent appeals for help and now that Bragg was routed it was a part of Grant's plan to start Granger's Corps immediately to the relief of Knoxville. But for some cause Granger was slow in getting started, and Gen. Grant asked Sherman to go instead. The Eleventh Corps started on this mission on November 27, and although they had left their tents standing in Lookout Valley and come out with three days' rations in light marching order, they started to the assistance of their comrades in Knoxville without a murmur. After a week's hard marching and much labor in rebuilding bridges the rescuing column reached Loudon to find that Longstreet, being apprised of their approach, had raised the siege and gone off towards Lynchburg. After three days' rest the Eleventh Corps was started on its return to Chattanooga; and now came one of the most trying experiences that can befall a soldier. Few of the men had overcoats, rations were very short, no tents, cold December weather, many of the 154th had no extra shoes and their old ones gave out, and some literally left their blood on the frozen ground at every footstep. They remembered Washington's army at Valley Forge, and took courage. As all things must have an end, this tedious march was ended by the arrival at the old camp in Lookout Valley. To make amends as far as possible, the corps was given a long rest, for it was not until the following Spring that this army was called into active duty again. As we look back to that Spring of 1864 and remember the events of that time, and consider the changes and reorganizations that took place then, how surprisingly full of meaning are those changes now in the light of what they brought forth.

Gen. U. S. Grant was called to Washington to assume command of all the Un-

ion armies, and the Military Division of the Mississippi was turned over to Gen. W. T. Sherman. This was the beginning of the end. The world has never seen two grander soldiers than Grant and Sherman, and coupled with their astonishing ability as commanders was that more wonderful fidelity of each to the other that made them almost invincible and their combined services of inestimable value to their country.

Among other changes that took place at this time, one that had a direct bearing on the history of the 154th N. Y., was the discontinuance of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and the consolidation of the troops that had formerly made up those two organizations into one corps, to be known to history and fame as the Twentieth Corps, commanded by gallant Joe Hooker. In this corps there were three Divisions, each of three brigades, and the old Bushbeck Brigade became the Second Brigade of the Second Division, with the addition of three regiments, which made our brigade about as strong in numbers as the whole of Steinwehr's Division had been in the old corps. Col. A. Bushbeck retained command of the brigade, which now consisted of the 27th, 73d and 109th Pa., 119th, 134th and 154th N. Y., and the 33d N. J. Our Corps' Badge was now a white five pointed star.

Gen. John W. Geary commanded the division. The General was a man of large stature, fine black eyes, very robust physique, and when mounted upon his horse was a figure of commanding presence. He was a strict disciplinarian, withal a warm-hearted, emotional man, and although some of his men feared him, they all respected him. We sometimes thought he was making our path wearisome by strict discipline, yet he made his division the crack one of Sherman's army.

The Twentieth Corps was composed of four divisions, the First, with Red Star badge, under Brig. Gen. A. S. Williams, of Michigan; the Second, ours, with White Star, under Gen. Geary; the Third under Maj. Gen. Daniel Butterfield, of New York, and the Fourth; but the latter was never with us in one campaign.

To resume our narrative, Early in March Gen. Grant ordered all detached men to their commands, and this brought the writer back to the old regiment. We found them in Lookout Valley getting ready for the opening of that campaign that was to prove the last for some of our brave boys. It opened on May 4. It was a grand sight to see that magnificent army as it started out on a march which, for four months, was a series of almost unbroken victories, beginning with Rocky Face Ridge and ending with the capture

Atlanta, the Gate City of the South. The Twentieth Corps marched across Chattanooga Valley, via Ringgold, crossed Taylor's Ridge, and on the evening of May 7 bivouacked not far from LaFayette. Up to this time we had not seen any signs of the enemy in our front, but during the last two days heavy musketry firing could be heard on the mountain to our left. May 8 was on Sunday. It was the most beautiful morning; the sun arose with all the splendor of that southern clime; the birds sang in the emerald-leaved trees—indeed, all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the advent of spring. It was a morning to make man remember the goodness of his Maker, and turn his heart with loving kindness to his fellow-man.

It was after 8 o'clock before we commenced our advance, our brigade in the lead, and the 119th N. Y. ahead as skirmishers. Progress was slow, and after going a mile or so we came to a forks of the road. Here the 119th took the right, and this brought the 154th as the leading regiment on the left hand road. The presence of civilian guides with Gen. Geary's staff and the cautious manner of our approach, gave us to understand that we were expected to encounter the enemy at any moment. Nor were we left long in doubt. We presently emerged into a cleared space and met a cavalry picket. They emptied their carbines at us, and rode off for the mountain as fast as possible. The brigade was formed in line of battle in the open ground. Gen. Geary then rode out in front and made us a little speech. He said that he wanted us to take possession of the mountain; that it was occupied by a couple of regiments of Arkansas cavalry, and closed by saying: "If you take the hill it will be a feather in your cap."

We started forward, little dreaming that we who had faced Jackson at Chancellorsville and stood the shock of Ewell's assault at Gettysburg, upon this rocky and precipitous mountain were to be called upon to perform deeds of valor which should be recorded as unexcelled in the annals of war; that here in the mountain of Georgia, in a comparatively unimportant skirmish, the 154th was to be called upon to sacrifice more lives than in any other engagement of her history. But such proved to be the fact. We took into this action about 240 men—Col. Allen, who commanded the regiment, says 233. Our loss was 8 killed, 46 wounded, and 14 taken prisoners; total, 68, or about 30 per cent. of our number.

The accompanying extracts from the official reports of both the Union and Confederate commanders, carefully studied, will prove sufficient evidence that the old

Cattaraugus regiment covered itself with glory at Dug Gap, Ga., on Sunday, May 8, 1864.

I was on the skirmish line, and my tent-mate, Dan W. Wright, was with me. After toiling up the mountain with occasional halts, to rest and rectify the lines, without seeing or hearing the foe, Dan became disgusted, and said to me: "I'll bet there ain't a reb in five miles of here." Somehow I did not share his opinion, and said, "Wait a few moments." Sure enough, inside of five minutes we came in sight of the crest, which was crowned with a palisade of rock from eight to twenty feet high. At the first glance I did not see exactly what was on the rocks, but some way it looked as though there was something there out of the common, but I could not tell just what it was. Suddenly I saw a bare head raised, and like a flash the whole picture was plain to me. What had appeared strange to me was the gleaming gun-barrels towards us. Almost immediately they opened fire. Hot? I should say so. When I was a young boy I had sometimes wished that I was a big man, but today I was too big. My desire now was that I might be smaller, indeed it would have been a matter of congratulation to me could I have been about the size of the black ants that were crawling around the roots of the tree behind which I took refuge for a moment. Putting all jokes aside, if I could have kept out of the fight with honor I should have done so.

Duty called us to the front, and I am convinced that no one went nearer the summit and came back than Dan and I. After we fell back about a third of the way down the mountain we discovered that Geo. Greek, a corporal of my company, and one of the regimental color-guard, was lying out in front wounded so as to be unable to walk. Steve Welch, a sergeant of my company, and myself went back and brought him off on a piece of tent. As soon as the Johnnies saw what we were doing they ceased firing. We turned poor George over to the stretcher-carriers and he was taken to Chattanooga, where he died from his wounds soon after. I am now going to let the reports of our opponents tell the story of the fight.

The 9th Ky. (Confederate) Cav., commanded by Col. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, was doing the picket duty in our front, and were the first troops of the enemy we met.

Following will be found his account of the action also extracts from the account given by Gen. J. E. Johnston, the commander of the rebel army. From

these it will be seen that the original force at Dug Gap was reinforced first by Grigsby's and then by Granbury's Brigades, and that the attack was so spirited that Gens. Hardee and Cleburne both came to the threatened point personally to encourage the men.

"THE OPENING OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN." See Card #55

From the Century Magazine for April, 1888, page 958, New Series, Series, Vol. 13th. By Col. Wm. C. P. Breckenridge.

"It so happened that the brigade of Kentucky cavalry was present at Dug Gap and Snake Creek Gap, and the regiment which I commanded (the 9th Ky. Cav.) was in front of both places; and it may not be improper to put on record an account of those affairs. Dug Gap is less than four miles southwest from Dalton and on the main road from Dalton to LaFayette, and perhaps six miles from Mill Creek Gap and Snake Creek Gap, some eighteen miles south from Mill Creek Gap. With these gaps fortified the left flank and rear of that army were absolutely safe; for while the Rock Face and Chattooga Ridges protected our flanks thru these gaps we had access to attack the flank of the enemy if he attempted to make a march so far to the left and rear as to threaten our communications south of the Oostenaula or Coosa. These gaps were capable of easy and impregnable fortification. Dug Gap was a mere road cut out of the mountainside and really needed no breastworks, for the natural palisades and contour of the mountain rendered easy its defense by resolute men. On May 5, when the campaign opened, Dug Gap was guarded by a small command of Arkansas troops, under Col. Williamson, numbering perhaps 250. Gen. Sherman had a superb army, admirably equipped, abundantly supplied and excellently led. It knew how to fight and was willing to fight. On May 7 our cavalry was driven thru Mill Creek Gap. On that night, after we had gone into camp, Col. Grigsby, who commanded the Kentucky Brigade, was ordered to send a regiment to the front of Dug Gap, to guard the approaches to it. In obedience to that order the 9th Ky. Cav. passed over Rocky Face Ridge, and near to midnight bivouacked on Mill Creek about a mile from and in front of Dug Gap. Heavy pickets were thrown out on all the roads leading down the valley. By daylight it was discovered that very large bodies of troops were moving down the valley by all roads leading to the south. McPherson had marched from Chattanooga to Rossville, and thence west of Chickamauga Mountain to Shipp's Gap

and to Villanow, where the road forks—one branch leading down the east foot of Taylor's Ridge, the other leading across towards Rocky Face; this road again forks, one leading thru Dug Gap, the other down the valley to Snake Creek Gap. Until McPherson reached Villanow it was impossible to tell what his further course would be, and until the head of his column turned towards Snake Creek Gap his destination was uncertain. His march was concealed by Hooker's Corps of the Army of the Cumberland.

"The plan was for Hooker to seize Dug Gap and push forward sufficiently to protect the flank of McPherson and strike the flank of Johnston if he turned on McPherson. The possession of Dug Gap by Hooker not only rendered Dalton untenable, but made a retreat from Dalton by the line of the railroad extremely hazardous, and it completely protected McPherson from attack on his left flank. With Hooker descending from Rocky Face on our left flank and rear, McPherson holding Resaca, Thomas with the corps of Howard and Palmer pushing to Dalton and Schofield to his left, our army would have been in a perilous position. The march of Hooker and McPherson was discovered early on the morning of May 8 by the scouts of the 9th Ky. Cav. and timely information given that at least an attack on Dug Gap was certain, and that heavy columns on the march were too strong and their movements guarded by forces too large to be either resisted or developed by the detachments sent out by the 9th Ky. On this information the remainder of Grigsby's Brigade was ordered to Dug Gap and reached there none too soon. All possible delay to the march of Hooker's Corps was made, but about 2 p. m. Geary's Division of that corps drove the 9th Ky. across the creek and slowly up the mountainside until the regiment fell back in its proper position in the Gap, where it found the brigade drawn up in mere skirmish line along the edge of the mountainside. As one-fourth of cavalry soldiers held the horses, I presume that we had about 800 of our brigade in the fight, and 250 of the Arkansas troops; and this handful of men held that gap until night-fall, repelling every assault. After night-fall Granbury's Texas Brigade relieved us, but the assault was over. Hooker had failed in his part of the mission, and that flank of our army was safe.

"The importance of holding that gap was so manifest that Gen. Hardee and Gen. Cleburne, with their staffs, galloped to the scene to encourage us by their presence and to aid Col. Grigsby by their suggestions; and though the fight was

made under their eye, that command needed no encouragement, and its officers and men knew that they were holding one of the doors to Dalton. I hold in my hand the official report of Gen. Geary, by whom the attack was made, and on the whole it is a fair and soldierly report. But he is mistaken in his belief that we had two lines of entrenchments, or that we were ever driven from our first position. Our loss was very small—in killed and wounded not a score. He reports that he made that attack with two brigades of infantry and two batteries, being an aggregate of perhaps 4,500 men, or about four to one, besides the batteries. Assault after assault was made from 3 o'clock until after dark, and each assault repulsed with loss. At first, in a mere spirit of exuberant fun, some of the men rolled stones down the mountainside; but when the effect was noticed they were directed to use these means as part of our defense; great stones were rolled down on the supporting lines on the mountainside or at its foot; and as these boulders would go leaping down, crashing, breaking off limbs, crushing, breaking down saplings, we fancied we could see the effect of the unexpected missiles. It also proved a valuable resource to us, for our ammunition would have given out, and was about exhausted when the attack ceased. Gen. Geary reports an aggregate loss of 357 officers and men, of whom some 50 were the adventurous advance, who actually reached the crest, only to be made prisoners."

OPPOSING SHERMAN'S ADVANCE TO ATLANTA.

From the Century Magazine for August, 1887, page 585. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

"During the day (May 7) our cavalry was driven thru the Gap (Mill Creek) and from the ground west of Rocky Face Ridge. Grigsby's Brigade was placed near Dug Gap the remainder in front of our night. About 4 o'clock of the 8th, Geary's Division of Hooker's Corps attacked two regiments of Reynolds's Arkansas Brigades, guarding Dug Gap. They were soon joined by Grigsby's Brigade on foot. The increased sound of musketry indicated so sharp a conflict that Lieut.-Gen. Hardee was requested to send Granbury's Texan Brigade to the help of our people and to take command there himself. These accessions soon decided the contest and the enemy was driven down the hill."

OFFICIAL RECORDS, "WAR OF THE REBELLION," SERIES I, VOL. 38, PART 2.

Report of Col. Adolphus Bushbeck, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Twentieth Corps.

"Near Resaca, Ga. May 14, 1864.

"Captain: I have the honor to report that my command broke camp in Lookout Valley May 4 and marched at about 4 p. m. May 8 broke camp at about 11 o'clock a. m. and pursuant to orders moved in the direction of Mill Creek Gap. (This is an error; Mill Creek Gap was six miles to our left. It should read Dug Gap.) The 33d N. J. being on picket, received orders to follow the division. The brigade moved about a mile in column, the 119th N. Y. as advance guard, when, coming to a fork in the road, the 154th N. Y. and the 73d Pa., moved on the road to the left, the 119th N. Y. and the 134th N. Y. and the 27th Pa. taking the road to the right, each column throwing out skirmishers well in advance. Proceeded about three-quarters of a mile to a place where the roads formed a junction near the open ground across which the road runs leading to the Gap. At this point they were formed in line of battle in the following order: 134th N. Y. on the right, 73d Pa. on the left, 27th Pa. and 154th N. Y. on the right and left center, 119th N. Y. deployed as skirmishers covering the front of brigade the first brigade following at supporting distance. The line then advanced in the direction of the Gap (the 73d Pa. moving on the roads a cheval) over very difficult ground, much obstructed by fences, a heavy underbrush, and the creek running at the base of the mountain. The ascent of the mountain was found very steep and arduous, requiring frequent halts to rest the men during the advance. The skirmish line of the 119th N. Y. was strengthened by detachments from each regiment. The enemy retiring until the line had reached to within 300 or 400 yards of the palisades of rock which form the ridge. Here the fire became general, engaging the whole line, the troops steadily advancing until the nature of the ground affording superior facilities for the ascent upon the extreme of the line, the regiments diverged slightly to the right and left. The 154th N. Y. and the 134th N. Y. shortly charged up the palisades and succeeded in planting their colors on the crest of the mountain; but few only could climb at a time, and the enemy massing their force at the several points of attack soon dislodged the brave heroes who had actually gained the very summit. The side of the mountain being so precipitous, it was impossible to reform there, and the 154th N. Y., 73d Pa. and 27th Pa.

were obliged to retire some distance from the ground held by them previous to the charge. The casualties in the 154th N. Y. were eight enlisted men killed, two commissioned officers and 44 men wounded, 14 men missing; total, 68."

Official Records, Series I, Vol. 38, Part 2, page 245.

"Headquarters, 154th N. Y., near Dug Gap, May 9, 1864.

"Colonel: I have the honor to submit the following report of my command during the engagement which took place at Dug Gap yesterday. The regiment formed in line of battle at the foot of the mountain, with the 134th N. Y. and 27th Pa. on our right and the 73d Pa. on our left, and advanced up the mountain on the right of the road leading thru Dug Gap. When we had reached a point half way up the mountain the regiments on our right became separated, which occasioned the necessity of extending our line to the right, which greatly weakened it. We advanced steadily up the mountain and gained a position under the ledge of rocks at the crest. Here we halted a few moments for rest, before making a charge upon the strong position in our front, and were constantly exposed to a severe enfilading fire from a position the enemy held on our right flank. I immediately ordered a bayonet charge, which was executed with the greatest heroism, and our colors were planted for an instant on the crest; but the superior strength of the enemy as regards position and numbers, both in front and on our right flank, rendered the greatest valor unavailing, and we were compelled to fall back with heavy loss. During the march previous to reaching the foot of the mountain three companies had been detached as skirmishers and were not with the command at the time of the assault upon the crest of the mountain, and escaped with slight loss. Our loss, confined almost exclusively to the remaining seven companies, consisting of about 135 men, was eight killed, 42 wounded and 14 missing. I cannot too highly commend the bravery displayed by both officers and men. During the action Col. Jones was disabled, whence the command and duty of making this report devolves upon me.—Respectfully, D. B. Allen, Lieutenant-Colonel, 154th N. Y., commanding regiment.

"To Col. A. Bushbeck, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Twentieth Corps.

Official Records, Series I, Vol. 38, Part 2, Page 246.

"Headquarters 154th N. Y., Atlanta Ga., Sept. 8, 1864.

"Colonel: In obedience to orders I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the regiment now under

my command in the various movements of the Army of Georgia from May 4 to Sept. 2, 1864.

"May 4—broke camp at 4 p. m., crossed the northeast slope of Lookout Mountain and encamped in the valley of Chattanooga Creek. Regiment under command of Col. P. H. Jones. May 8, at 11 a. m., received orders to fall in at once. After proceeding about four miles, we emerged from the woods in front of Dug Gap. Co. G, of the 154th, was detached to reinforce the skirmish line. We crossed open fields which were intersected by several fences and a considerable creek, and over two ranges of foothills, and found ourselves at the base of the main hill before we met with any resistance. Here, however, we were met by a brisk fire from the enemy, who, firing from behind rocks which crowned the summit of the ridge, could without exposing themselves deliberately pick off our men as they toiled up the almost-inaccessible side of the hill. The 154th N. Y., with the 73d Pa. on their left moved straight up the hill unchecked by the fearful shower of balls to which they were exposed. At length they reached the foot of the palisades which crowned the summit, and under their partial cover halted to rest a moment ere they attempted the fearful exploit of mounting to the summit. The 27th Pa. and 134th N. Y. on our right had obliqued to the right, keeping partially covered by a false ridge which ran obliquely up the mountain, and a wide space was thus opened on our right and we were subjected to a flank fire which was much more deadly than that in front. At length the order was given to charge the precipice in our front, and most of our men succeeded in gaining a footing upon the top of the cliff. Our colors were firmly planted upon the summit when the colorbearer was shot thru the head and instantly killed. Two others shared the same fate as they attempted to seize the sacred emblem. The third was more fortunate, and saved the colors. Our occupation of the crest was but momentary. Seeing the hopelessness (with the force that was there) of holding the position, Col. Jones ordered a retreat, and the regiment fell back to the foot of the hill, having suffered a loss of eight men killed, 42 wounded and six missing. After getting our men together again and helping off as far as we could our wounded, we reformed our lines and remained on the side of the mountain until after dark, when in obedience to orders from Col. Bushbeck we withdrew.

"May 15, did not have to move until about 10 a. m., when we marched to our right a short distance, then formed a line of battle and advanced to drive the enemy

from a range of hills in our front. In this we were successful, the enemy retiring before us until nearly night, when they made a stand behind a strong line of works upon a hill higher than the rest. Our loss this day was four men wounded. May 16, the enemy having evacuated their works during the night, we were early on the march in pursuit, crossed the railroad and moved to the left of Resaca, crossed the north branch of the Oostenaula River by wading, and about 3 p. m. halted near the south branch of the same stream. Lieut.-Col. Allen, having been taken sick this day, the command of the regiment devolved on me. Here I, with nearly my whole force, was detailed to go up the river to Fields's Ferry, some three or four miles, and bring down two ferryboats for the purpose of constructing a bridge for the passage of the troops and trains. On arriving at the ferry it was found to be above a very high dam, and it was agreed that it could not be gotten over with safety to the boats. I was therefore directed by Col. Asmussen to remain with my detachment and superintend the transportation of such troops and trains as he might send to this ferry. In obedience to this order I remained at the ferry thru the night. May 17 was relieved at 6 a. m. and started to join the brigade, which had crossed below, arrived at camp at 10:30 a. m. and at 1 p. m. fell in and marched to Calhoun, where we bivouacked for the night. May 18, marched early and encamped near the village of Adairsville. May 19 the regiment was detailed to guard the ammunition train, which remained here nearly all day. Starting out just about sunset, about 10 p. m. parked about one mile from Cassville, and the regiment bivouacked near by and one mile from the brigade; remained here until the morning of May 23 when we left camp at 3:30 a. m. and joined the brigade, which was to march at 4, but did not leave camp until 6; passed thru Cassville and Cass Station and directed our course toward the Etowah River. We crossed on a pontoon bridge and bivouacked near its southern bank. May 24 marched at 6 a. m. May 25 marched at 6:45 a. m.; crossed Pumpkin Vine Creek at 10 a. m.; about 12 m. came to a halt, as our advance had encountered the enemy.

"Regimental loss from May 15 to June 2, two officers and 10 men wounded. In the two days' fighting in front of Pine Knob, June 15 and 16, the regiment lost four men killed and two officers and 19 men wounded. From June 16 to June 30 we lost one man killed and several wounded. On July 5 we reached Nickajack Creek and camped, where we remained until July 17; moved camp twice during the time, but nothing of importance oc-

curred. On the 17th broke camp and crossed the Chattahoochee River at Pace's Ferry on a pontoon bridge. July 18 crossed Nancy's Creek and advanced about one mile by the flank, then formed line of battle facing the south. July 19 marched in the direction of Peach Tree Creek. July 20 the 154th was in the second line, the 134th being on our right in same line. When the battle commenced these two regiments were moved forward to the support of the first line. Regimental loss this day one man killed, one officer and four men wounded. Sept. 2, marched at 12 o'clock, noon, from Pace's Ferry into the city of Atlanta. Reached the city about dark, and bivouacked near the City Hall.

L. D. Warner, Major, commanding 154th N. Y."

We did not break the enemy's line at Dup Gap, but the 154th won a lasting name in the corps as stayers, and their already-high reputation as true soldiers ever after shone with a more resplendent glory. If we did not do all that Gen. Geary desired, we at least made so strong a demonstration that Johnston's attention was attracted from Snake Creek Gap, a dozen miles farther down the Valley, and Kilpatrick's cavalry, supported by the Third Brigade of our division, took possession of it, and before Johnston was aware of his danger the Army of the Tennessee, which had been moving to our right, slipped thru Snake Creek Gap and were threatening Resaca, which was the Confederate base—and on the only railroad he had to the rear. This move compelled Johnston to abandon his strong position around Dalton and fall back behind the Oostenaula at Resaca.

The Federal army was not slow to follow, and by Thursday, the 13th, again confronted him in his new position. Friday commenced the battle of Resaca, not as famous as some, but nevertheless it was one of the most stubbornly-contested struggles of the war. Gen. Jeff C. Davis, with his Fourth Corps, stood the brunt of the work on the 14th. Early in the day the Twentieth Corps passed thru Snake Creek Gap, and took position in rear of the Fourteenth Corps to act as support to them or to be sent to any part of the field should occasion require. Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, had followed the retreating enemy down the railroad from Dalton, and now formed the extreme Union left. About 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon Johnston threw a heavy force, consisting of Hood's Division, to his right and attacked Howard with great fury. The battle waged for two hours with varying fortunes, but after a most desperate and determined stand Howard was forced back.

Gen. Sherman's headquarters had been

with us all the afternoon and I had got down just as near to the position he occupied as I could and not run the risk of being sent away. It was an inspiring and thrilling scene. Officers and Orderlies were riding hither and thither, some in gay uniforms, others bespattered with mud; the roar of battle just over there, and right here was focussed the power of the Union army—from this one man came the word that moved 100,000 men. But altho he showed signs of care and thoughtful responsibility, it was plain to be seen that he was master of the situation, and every one of his men, from his corps commanders to the humblest subordinate, had the utmost confidence in his ability to lead them to victory. Never in any army was the commander more fully the idol of his men than was Gen. Sherman.

Along towards evening, when the musketry in front of the Fourth Corps was drifting backwards, showing that the enemy was gaining ground, Sherman sent for Hooker and directed him to move his corps to the left and drive Johnston back at all hazards. In a few moments bugles were sounding the "Fall in," and we started, marching until midnight. We lay down in line and slept until daylight. I awoke quite early, and everything was very quiet. I lay there in my blankets, wondering what the day was to bring forth, my meditations disturbed only by the occasional braying of the army mule, which, like the poor, we had always with us. Suddenly, away off to the right, came the deep thunder of one single piece of artillery. Immediately the fields were alive with mounted orderlies and dashing staff officers. Bugles sounded commands, and the scene that was lately so quiet had become one of great activity. Soon the troops were formed in line, battery after battery moved into position, ambulances were drawn up in rear of the lines, and all preparations indicated that some event of moment was at hand.

As we stood, waiting, our brigade commander rode out in front and said loud enough for all to hear: Col. Jones, prepare your men for action. As we had never in our experience heard such a command before we naturally looked at each other and wondered what was coming. All were convinced that some desperate move was to be made. Nor were we far wrong, for pretty soon we moved to the right a short distance, then to the front again. When we came to the front we could see our division formation. The whole division was massed in solid column, one regiment front. We were near the last, and could thus see the lines ahead of us. There were 21 lines of battle, one behind the other.

It was a noble sight to see those regiments moving forward. Presently the enemy's cannon opened on the advance. We have to cross wagon roads, and 40 rods beyond rose quite a little hill, the summit crowned with a battery. To the left as we crossed this road was another battery posted so as to sweep the point where we crossed. We now discovered the cause of our solid formation. One regiment at a time was rushed across the open and exposed point, and as soon as they were across they formed with brigade front; that is, in three lines of battle only. Then commenced the famous charge of the Twentieth Corps at the battle of Resaca. We were in the second line at first, but the Third Division which was the first line, obliqued to the left and uncovered our line.

At this moment a command rang out loud and clear: "Second Brigade, prepare for a charge—Forward, double-quick!" Away we went, caseshot and minie balls flying thick and fast around and above us. I distinctly remember, as we were standing in line at this point, a caseshot exploded just in front and over our line. It seems now as though I can hear how vicious it sounded. A small piece of it struck Carl Zimmerman, of my company, just at my right, cutting a deep gash in his wrist. We moved forward about 10 rods, and then the order came to lie down. We then heard this order given back a few rods to the rear: "Col. Bandy's Brigade, prepare for a charge." In a few moments they came forward, but stopped when they reached our position, and they did not at any time pass our line.

Just before night we were sent a little to the right and then to the front and advanced close up to the battery, where we were furnished with picks and shovels and set to work digging a trench into the guns. Meantime part of the command were formed just in front of us as skirmishers. There was some firing, which would die away to an occasional shot, and again grew to brisk fire. After we had been working perhaps two hours there suddenly arose in our immediate front the sounds of the most desperate fighting. The roar of musketry was continuous, and the artillery commenced throwing shells over our heads. Suddenly the line in front came back on the run, and most of the boys that were working followed them to the foot of the hill. The guns were finally dragged out of the works and brought down the hill. When examined they were found to be double-shotted with grape and canister, showing that the enemy must have been pretty close pressed when they abandoned them, else they would have discharged them before leaving. These four guns were the

only pieces that Sherman captured from Joe Johnston during the entire Atlanta campaign. They were turned in and re-cepted for to the Second Division of the Twentieth Corps, but the Third Division made the great charge that resulted in their capture.

I do not suppose that one out of 20 of the readers of The National Tribune know anything about the great charge of Gen. Butterfield's Division at Resaca, or, indeed, that Resaca was anything more than a severe skirmish. Other events crowding so closely at the time obscured this brilliant action, and it has been passed by almost unnoticed except by the actual participants. My readers will, no doubt, be surprised to know that on Sunday, May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga., Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Third Division of the Twentieth Corps, supported by the Second Division, charged the Confederate lines, and sustained a greater loss than did Pickett's Division in its famous charge on the Union lines at Gettysburg; but such is the fact. The Blue Star Division lost in killed 600; wounded, 2,147. The Confederate loss was 300 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 captured and the four guns of the Cherokee (Georgia) Battery. Johnston's army retreated during the night, leaving the field and his desperately wounded in our hands.

As soon as it was fairly light next morning we had orders to follow, and away we went. Just back of the Confederate position was the railroad, and after crossing that we came to their filled hospital. Their dead lay where they had fallen, and they were numerous. At the hospital it was a pitiable sight to see the poor fellows in all stages of suffering. We marched steadily all day. About 5 o'clock p. m. we came to the south branch of the Oostaula River. The 154th N. Y., now commanded by Maj. L. D. Warner, was ordered to march up the river about four miles, to Fields's Ferry, and bring down two ferryboats to aid in constructing a bridge for the passage of troops. At Fields we found that the boats were above a high dam and it was decided that they could not be got over with safety. Maj. Warner was then ordered to remain and superintend the crossing of what troops would be sent to that point.

We remained at the Ferry until next morning, when we were relieved and crossed the river to rejoin the brigade, which had crossed below, at Bryant's Ferry. We reached the brigade camp about 11 a. m. and at 1 p. m. marched to Calhoun, where we bivouacked for the night. Next day, May 18, we marched to Adairsville. May 19 the 154th was detailed to guard the ammunition train and we remained in camp nearly all day. From about sunset we

marched until 10 p. m., when the train was parked about a mile from Cassville and the regiment bivouacked about one mile from the brigade. We remained here until the morning of May 23, when we started at 3:30 a. m. to join the brigade, which was to march at 4 a. m., but did not leave camp until 6 o'clock. We passed thru Cassville and marched to the Etowah River, which we crossed, and bivouacked near the southern bank. May 24 we marched at 6 a. m. May 25 we started at 6:30 a. m., crossing Pumpkin Vine creek at 10 a. m., and halted, as the advance had encountered the enemy. The 154th was first formed en masse on the left of the road, then deployed facing to the left, and ordered to erect barricades. Just before sunset the line of the brigade was formed facing south, the 154th to the left, and with its right resting on the road, the 33d N. J. on our left and the 109th Pa. on our right. In this formation we advanced nearly two miles, driving the enemy steadily before us until darkness put an end to the conflict, and our troops all laid down upon their arms, ready to repel any attack that might be made.

During the night the enemy built a strong line of works some 200 yards in front of our position. At daylight of the 26th we were directed to erect works to protect our front, and worked hard all day. On the 27th we remained in the same position as the day before, which was the extreme left of the Twentieth Corps, the Fourth Corps being on our immediate left. There was heavy skirmishing all day. Our artillery was in position, and opened fire on the enemy. On May 28 the enemy opened with artillery, which, however, did little damage. We remained in line here until nearly night, when the regiment was moved to the right, and nearly all detailed to carry timber to build an advanced line of works, which labor was continued throughout the night. On May 29 the 154th N. Y. was relieved at daylight, and at once went to work and erected a barricade in front of their own position, where they remained throughout the day. On May 30 the 154th relieved the 134th N. Y. in the front, and threw out skirmishers. At dark Maj. Warner directed the skirmishers to dig pits, to cover themselves from the enemy's fire. He also ordered the boys not to fire unless they saw something to fire at, and the result was the most quiet night since reaching the position. On May 31 we were relieved by the 33d N. J., and fell back to the position previously occupied by that regiment in rear of brigade headquarters.

On June 1, at 9 a. m., 50 men were

detailed to cut material for abatis. At 12 m. we were relieved by troops from the Fifteenth Corps and moved to the left. After marching about 6 miles we bivouacked for the night, and the 154th was detailed to picket the division front. The loss in the 154th since May 15 was two officers and 10 men wounded. On June 2, at 11 a. m., orders came to withdraw the pickets and rejoin the brigade. We marched about four miles and encamped, remaining until June 6, when we started at 5:30 a. m., the 154th leading the division; advanced some four miles, and took position facing south, and at once proceeded to fortify, the Second Brigade in one line, the 119th N. Y. on the right, and the 73d Pa. on the left of the 154th. We remained here until the 14th without anything of importance happening. On June 14, about 11 a. m., we were ordered to fall in for picket. Marched out the Ackworth road about one mile, and had just got the pickets posted, when orders came to return to camp at once. Then the brigade moved out on the Marietta road some two miles and bivouacked near Pine Knob, which was occupied by the enemy.

On June 15 marched about 11 a. m. to the left of the position which the enemy had evacuated the night before. After moving about one mile by the flank the brigade was formed in line of battle, and the 154th was deployed as skirmishers to cover the front. We advanced about half a mile, and reaching the crest of a high hill were met by a heavy fire from the enemy's skirmishers, securely posted behind a strong line of detached pits a couple of hundred yards in front. Our boys each sprang to a tree and actively returned the fire. In advancing up the hill our line of skirmishers became separated from the Third Brigade, which was on our left, and the First, which was on our right, had crowded too far to the left. The 154th was now ordered to move to the left by the flank, and being within easy range of the enemy it was a perilous move to make. The order was carried out with the loss of several men.

After keeping up a brisk fire upon the enemy for about an hour they were driven from their defenses and our boys at once, with loud cheers, commenced the pursuit, which was kept up a mile or so, when we were brought to a halt by a heavy fire from a strong line of works with abatis and heavy slashing in front, and where the enemy were in force. Such was the ardor and enthusiasm of our men, however, that many of them penetrated the slashing to the very foot of the abatis, from whence after dark they withdrew. Our lines following

closely behind the skirmishers soon formed in front of the works, and a heavy fire was kept up far into the night. Many of the 154th got so close to the enemy's rifle-pit in the first onset that it was with difficulty they could extricate themselves without being killed or captured. As fast as they could be got in they were formed in rear of the first line, where the regiment rested until near midnight, when we were ordered to the right to fill a space to the left of the First Brigade. Here we worked hard erecting breastworks until after daylight of the 16th, and then were marched back to our original position, where we remained during the day without defense to protect us from the bullets of the enemy. At dark we were ordered to the right to relieve the 73d Pa., and worked nearly the whole night building breastworks to protect us. The boys on the skirmish line were instructed by Maj. Warner to dig pits to protect themselves from the enemy's fire, as we were in a very much exposed position. The loss in the 154th, during these two days was 4 men killed and 2 officers and 19 men wounded.

On June 17 the enemy evacuated his position during the night and we were early on the move. We crossed the deserted works, and after moving by the flank a mile or so again found ourselves close to the enemy, who held a fortified position on a range of hills in our front. Here we formed for battle, the brigade in two lines, the 154th on the right of the second line. In this order we advanced about a mile, most of the distance thru a dense jungle. After emerging from this into an open field the brigade was placed in position in single line and at dark erected breastworks in front of the entire line, which occupied almost the whole night. We remained in this position during the day and night of June 18.

On June 19, the enemy having again fallen back, we moved in pursuit, but at a slow rate, owing to the frightful condition of the roads. Advanced about two miles and again took position, the 154th in support of our batteries. Spent the night in intrenching and slashing. June 20 we relieved the Third Brigade about 12 m. They had been on our right. At 7 a. m. June 21, we were relieved by troops of the Fourth Corps, and we moved still farther to the right and again erected work to cover our front. On June 22, about noon, we left our works and advanced nearly a mile thru a strip of woods in front to the edge of a field. On the opposite side the enemy appeared to be in force. Here we threw up another line of works, and our boys did considerable skirmishing in front, and all were under arms until midnight,

in anticipation of an attack. Remained here until the 27th, with almost constant skirmishing.

On June 27 the brigade moved soon after daylight to the left, in front of the position of the First and Third Brigades, and then advanced about three-quarters of a mile, the 154th on the right of the line. We advanced so far before the order to halt was given that the right of the line was exposed to a flank fire from the enemy's skirmishers, which rendered it necessary to change front to rear on the left. As soon as the regiment was in position they threw up breastworks to cover their front, which, from the proximity to the enemy, was much exposed to their fire. Remained here until the evening of the 30th. Loss since the 16th one man killed and several wounded.

On June 30 at dark we were relieved by troops of the Fourteenth Corps and moved to the rear and then to the right and relieved a portion of the Twenty-third Corps. This movement occupied nearly the whole night, and it was 3 a. m. of July 1 when we got into position, which was in the second line and on the right of the Powder Springs road. At daylight of July 1 the 154th was ordered out to the front line to fill a gap, and remained there until 3 p. m., when they were relieved by the Third Brigade and we rejoined the Brigade in the second line. Just before night the Second Brigade was moved to the right to fill the gap between the Third Brigade and the Twenty-third Corps. We repaired our works and remained here during the 2d. On July 3, the enemy having again abandoned their works, we were early on the advance in the direction of the river. After marching five or six miles we again found the enemy in position, and we took position in an open field in their front, the Second Brigade in the front line. We remained here over the 4th with nothing unusual, except constant skirmishing. On July 5 the enemy having once more cleared the way, we advanced over their deserted works and marched to within two miles of the Chattahoochee River and encamped near Nickajack Creek. On July 6 we moved to the left, in the afternoon, crossed the creek, went into camp and were given to understand that we might remain some days. On July 7 we moved camp to the front nearly a mile, and remained until July 17, with no other duties than ordinary picket and camp routine. This was a great rest after the constant activity and peril of two months.

On July 17 we broke camp at 4 p. m. and crossed the Chattahoochee at Pace's Ferry, and about midnight camped on the eastern bank. On July 18, at 10 a. m., the brigade crossed Nancy's Creek, ad-

vanced by the flank about half a mile, and then formed in line of battle, facing south. Then we advanced nearly two miles thru a dense forest. The 154th on the left on the brigade line and connecting on our left with the Third Division. Near sundown we took position and proceeded to fortify, and worked about half the night, but to no purpose, as it proved. Next day, July 19, we marched to Peach Tree Creek and crossed late in the afternoon and took position on a hill in the front, which we proceeded to fortify. The 154th was now in reserve. On July 20 we moved at 7 a. m., marched about half a mile to the front and rested two hours. Then advanced in line to the foot of an eminence, on which our first line was posted with artillery support. The Second Brigade was in reserve in two lines, the 154th in the second line and on the left of the 134th N. Y. The 33d N. J. formed the right of the first line of the brigade. The 33d N. J. being ordered to the front, the 134th and the 154th formed the only support to the front line, which was posted on top of the hill without intrenchments.

When the firing commenced these two regiments advanced up the hill to the support of the first line, obliquing to the right. The men were here ordered to lie down. In a few moments the enemy attacked in strong force, both in front and flank, our right flank being exposed on account of the First Division not having got into position. Both lines were thrown into confusion and fell back to the foot of the hill, but finally the First Division coming up the lines were reformed and we proceeded to fortify our position, where we remained until the morning of the 22d. Our loss this day was one man killed and one officer and four men wounded and one man missing. On the morning of July 22 the enemy having retired, we were early on the move and advanced and took position in front of the defenses proper of the city of Atlanta, behind which the enemy had retired. Here we commenced to intrench our entire front, and cut down timber which might shelter the enemy in an attack upon us. We remained here until July 26 when we moved to a new line of works which had been in course of construction for several days, about 400 yards in front of our former position. We remained here about 30 days, with almost daily skirmishing. On Aug. 25 the 109th Pa., on our left, was detailed to accompany the pioneer train, and the 154th extended their tents so as to hide from the enemy the change that had been made. After dark the whole line packed up and left at 9 p. m., and marching back to Pace's Ferry, arriving there about daylight next morning. Heavy details of men

from the regiment worked with axes slashing along the road in front of the position of the Third Brigade. In the afternoon we moved to the right and took position on a sharp knoll, the regiment forming the left of the brigade. We built a strong line of works in our front and established our camp in the rear. We remained here until noon of the 29th, working all of the time, strengthening breastworks, cutting slashings in front of works, and fixing up camp. At noon on the 29th we were ordered to strike tents and move to the left to relieve a portion of the First Brigade, moved to the designated position and at once proceeded to intrench, lay out camp, etc. Remained there until Sept. 2, when at noon orders came to pack up at once and join the brigade, which was to march to Atlanta. On reaching the brigade, then on the main road from the Ferry, we were directed to march in rear of the artillery.

In this order we entered the city of Atlanta and bivouacked just after dark near the City Hall. A reconnoitering force consisting of the 111th Pa., 60th N. Y., and 102d N. Y., of the Third Brigade of our Division, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Walker, of the 111th Pa., were the first troops to enter Atlanta, and the flags of the 111th Pa. and the 60th N. Y. were hoisted over the City Hall. They entered the city about noon, but the first organized command to enter the fallen city was the Second Brigade, Second Division, Twentieth Corps, under Col. Geo. W. Mindil, of the 33d N. J. This brigade entered the city at 6:30 p. m., with colors flying and drums beating, and bivouacked for the night in Peters street, and pickets were thrown out on all streets leading south and southwest. Next morning we moved out, and occupied the old rebel fortifications on the Flat Shoal road, by order of Maj.-Gen. H. W. Slocum. We remained here until our camp was located about one mile from the city on the McDonough road, near a red-brick residence which was occupied as brigade headquarters. Thus ended a campaign of four months' duration of almost constant marching, fighting, intrenching and incessant labor and hardship. A continuous advance into the enemy's country of 140 miles, over rugged mountains, thru rocky glens, impeded by broad rivers, dense jungles, and ever facing an alert and active foe. A glorious campaign ending in complete victory.

During the siege of Atlanta, or rather just at the commencement of the investment, on July 22d, Gen. McPherson, the gallant commander of the Army of the Tennessee, was killed and Gen. O. O. Howard succeeded him in command. This was the culmination of what Gen. Hooker

considered a series of personal affronts, and he asked to be relieved of his command. Gen. H. W. Slocum succeeded him in command of the Twentieth Corps. The soldiers parted with Fighting Joe with sincere regret. They had served under him in the Army of the Potomac and had come with him to the southwest, and shared with him the glory of having their flags in the van on every battlefield from Lookout Mountain to Atlanta, the Key City of the South. The men took it as a hardship to be deprived of their commander, who had so long been their pride and boast; but the true soldier knows nothing but obedience to orders. We could therefore only bid our own "Joe Hooker" a hearty good-by and Godspeed, and turn our faces once more towards the foe.

We had a fine time during our occupation of Atlanta; rations were plenty and the monotony of picket duty was relieved by an occasional excursion into the country after forage for the animals. Our brigade went out to Flat Rock twice, and each time, besides filling the wagons with forage, got large supplies of sweet potatoes, flour and hams for our own use. One day our brigade was loaded on to the cars and taken out to "East Point" to protect the pioneers who were taking up railroad iron to repair the track towards Chattanooga. The 154th was put on the skirmish line. About half a mile in front of us, on a slight "rise" of ground in the timber, was an old line of rebel breastworks. Maj. Warner thought that a lurking foe might be hidden in that direction, so he sent Dan Wright and myself as a videt to watch the surrounding country. From the vantageground of the old rebel fort we saw a mounted videt of the enemy riding towards our position. Dan wanted to shoot him, but it looked to me like cold-blooded murder, and I persuaded him to hold his fire. I had a scheme to crawl out and capture him alive, but he rode away before we got near enough to act.

About the middle of July the Confederate authorities had become dissatisfied with Gen. J. E. Johnston's policy of falling back from what they had considered impregnable positions, and he was relieved by Gen. John E. Hood. Soon after the occupation of Atlanta by Sherman the rebel papers were teeming with talk about their having W. T. S. just where they wanted him. They said he was so far away from his base of supplies that his army would be annihilated before he could get to a place of safety. To carry out this idea, Hood gathered all his available force and commenced a movement threatening the Western and Atlantic Railroad, in Sherman's rear. Hood was

a fighter from "way back," as the boys say, but he had reckoned "without his host" in this instance, for he was now trying to checkmate the ablest man in genuine generalship that the war produced. As soon as it became evident that Hood was moving his whole army to our rear, Gen. Sherman, leaving the Twentieth Corps in charge of Atlanta, took the balance of his force and started after him. Hood sent a division under French to capture Allatoona, a station on the railroad where we had a large amount of supplies. The small Union force there were reinforced by a detachment from Rome, and under the gallant Corse they made a defense which electrified the world. How Sherman signaled from Kennesaw, "Hold the fort; I am coming," and the wounded Corse's brave reply, "I'm minus several front teeth, but we will hold them until"—well, a time so far distant that Hood would not be a factor in it. This story in song has circled the globe.

As soon as Sherman became convinced that Hood intended an invasion of Tennessee he detached the Fourth Corps and the Twenty-third Corps, commonly known as the "Army of the Ohio," and placing them under Gen. George H. Thomas, sent him to confront Hood, while he himself took the balance of his force and returned to Atlanta. There he organized his force as follows: The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps were designated the Right Wing, under Gen. O. O. Howard, while the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps composed the Left Wing, under Gen. H. W. Slocum, (Gen. A. S. Williams, of the First Division, was now assigned to the command of the Twentieth Corps,) and a Cavalry Corps, under the command of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, composing in all an army of 60,000 men, of whom Gen. Grant said were as good soldiers as ever trod the earth. This army now commenced a campaign that was to become one of the greatest in history. I am not going to attempt to write the story of "Sherman's March to the Sea." Its daring conception, brilliant execution and triumphant finale are too well known. The 154th N. Y. marched with its corps. Our route was along the railroad leading to Augusta. We passed Stone Mountain, and camped for the night near the village of Madison. The railroad was destroyed as we went along. This destruction we completed up to the Oconee River, when we turned to the right and headed straight for Milledgeville, the State Capital, which we occupied without opposition on Nov. 23. Here we rested one day.

The State troops that had occupied Milledgeville withdrew when they knew that Sherman was coming their way. We found in the State House some of the

direful implements with which these homeguard heroes proposed to slaughter us. They consisted of homemade sharp-edged cutlasses, about two feet long, with common leather scabbard and belt. I carried one of these until the end of the war, using it as a hatchet. It was one of the handiest implements for cutting tent poles, etc., and although not quite as sanguinary as its makers intended, it was very useful—many a fat chicken it beheaded. From Milledgeville we moved direct for Millen. The enemy endeavored to get troops enough together to stop us. But their efforts were vain, we met and vanquished them regularly. Having the fullest confidence in our commander, we were now inspired with the utmost confidence in ourselves, and looked with almost disdain upon any force that the Confederacy could bring against us. Hardee and Wheeler were at Millen, but on our approach Hardee fell back towards Savannah, and Wheeler fled to Augusta, after getting a severe drubbing from Kilpatrick. We now headed towards Savannah. As we drew near the coast the country became sandy and barren, and our foragers could not procure the delicacies to which we had been accustomed for the past month.

By the time that we drew up before the defense of Savannah, rations were very scarce, except rice, and that was plentiful and easily procurable. Our position in front of Savannah was the extreme left of the Union line, on the bank of the Savannah River. About three miles from the city the enemy had a fort in our immediate front. The first day we reached this position, Dec. 10, two rebel transports conveyed by a gunboat came down the river. Our boys ran a couple of field batteries to the river bank, and when the boats came in sight opened on them. The gunboat and one transport turned and ran back upstream, but the first boat was too close to escape, and the occupants ran her into the opposite shore; but before they had all escaped, some of our daring Yankee boys jumped into open skiffs and rowed across and were climbing aboard of her before the crew had all left on the other side. She was found to be loaded with meal, flour and bacon for Gen. Hardee's forces.

The Confederates fitted up an old ferry-boat with cotton-bales and mounted a heavy gun on her. Every day when the tide was high they would run her up nearly opposite our position and drop big shells behind our rifle-pits. At the same time the fort would open up, and for a while we had nothing else to do but hug mother earth in the most sheltered spot we could find. As we had no heavy artillery, our commanding officer did not

think it advisable to waste ammunition on them. But it had become monotonous. One day as they were giving us our usual dose the commander of Knapp's Battery asked Gen. Geary's permission to open on them with his Napoleons. It was given, and he ran two guns out and opened. The second shot went thru the boat's wheel, and the way she turned and scooted downstream was a caution. That boat never troubled us again.

Communication was opened with the Union fleet after the capture of Fort McAllister. Supplies of food and ammunition being now sure, preparations were made to assault the works. But Hardee made up his mind that discretion was the better part of valor, and, so, during the night of Dec. 21, he made off in the direction of Charleston, S. C. Next morning at crack of day our brigade marched into the fair city of Savannah. After drawing up in solid column on Bull Street Square Gen. Geary made us a speech, and we marched to the city parade grounds. During the next month we were the provost-guard of the city.

Savannah was not the final destination of Sherman's army. About Jan. 25, 1865, a division of the Nineteenth Corps came from near Charleston and relieved us, and Sherman's army was again on the move. Our route was up the river for 35 miles to Two Sisters Ferry, where we crossed into South Carolina. We marched to Blackville and thence headed for Columbia. Wheeler's Cavalry was in our front, and at the crossing of every stream they would attempt to delay us by a display of force. At the South Edisto they had artillery in position, and as we had to build a bridge under fire they delayed us several hours. It was here that Old Joe, one of the division sharpshooters, was killed by a piece of shell. When the condition of things was such as to allow us to get at them the rebel stay in our front was extremely limited.

It was the rainy season, and we were compelled to build a large amount of corduroy road, which necessarily made our progress slow. The Right Wing occupied Columbia while we crossed the river some miles up stream, and did not get a view of South Carolina's Capital. Winnsboro was the next point we struck. When we left some of the stone hitching-posts in front of the fine residences were ornamented with railroad iron twisted around them in all manner of shapes. From there we marched direct to Cheraw, where we rested two days, March 4 and 5. Here I visited the cemetery where rest the remains of Gen. Marion, the Swamp Fox of Revolutionary fame. Near his grave I saw a gravestone with the following inscription:

"My name, my country, what are they to thee?

What whether high or low my pedigree;
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men.
Perhaps I fell below them all; what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a
tomb;
Thou knowest its use, it hides, no matter
whom."

On March 6 we crossed the great Peedee River at Cheraw and marched direct towards Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear River. Jeff Davis had again called Gen. Joseph Johnston to command the troops opposing Sherman's advance, and he had succeeded in gathering an army variously estimated at from 30,000 to 40,000 men. We reached Fayetteville, March 11, without any serious opposition, expecting that Johnston would dispute our further progress there but he contented himself with destroying the fine bridge, which compelled our people to lay a pontoon bridge. At this time the Davis Government was frantically asking Johnston to hold Sherman in check until it could collect men. Johnston is said to have replied that he could not hold Sherman's foragers, let alone his army. We rested at Fayetteville three days. A dispatch boat had come up the river from Wilmington, so that Gen. Sherman was in communication with Gen. Schofield, who was operating from Newbern and with the Government at Washington. On March 15 we again started for Goldsboro, N. C. The advance had quite a battle at Averysboro on the 16th, but we kept moving.

On the 19th, near Bentonville, Johnston struck the Fourteenth Corps with a very heavy force. The attack being rather unexpected, and upon the flank, the men were thrown into some confusion, and driven back on to the First Division Corps. Most of Sherman's army was brought into position and quite heavy fighting took place on the 20th and 21st, but Johnston skipped out before the morning of the 22d. This engagement is known to history as the battle of Bentonville, but in the Twentieth Corps we always called it "Acorn Run"—the badge of the Fourteenth Corps was an "acorn." Our division was not engaged, as we were guarding the wagon trains, and kept on our march for Goldsboro, which we reached on the 22d. Here we met Gen. Schofield's column. The whole army now came up and went into camp, and we commenced to reit for the next, and what proved to be the last, act in the great drama. We remained here about two weeks.

Early in April we again started northward. We occupied Raleigh, the Capital of the Old North State, about the 15th. Here another rest was taken. We now

received the news of the fall of Richmond, of the surrender of Lee's army and also of the tragic death of President Lincoln. This last event cast a shadow over the whole army. While we all rejoiced that the war was drawing rapidly to a close, we were saddened by the thought that the great and good man who had guided the destinies of the Nation thru four years of deadly peril could not have been permitted to see the full dawn of peace.

Johnston's army had not yet surrendered, and we were put under marching orders. The details of foragers were ordered to start out and mount themselves in the country. The writer, with 11 companions, started out on the 20th. It was expected that the whole army would march next morning. We proceeded 10 or 12 miles outside of our lines, and just before dark reached a nice plantation, where we decided to remain over night. It was here that I experienced a most thrilling episode. There were plenty of ducks, sweet potatoes and flour at this place, and we decided to have the colored girls cook us a good supper, which they very cheerfully did, but it was not ready until long after dark. The house and outbuildings were situated in a thick clump of bushes about a fourth of a mile from the main road. It happened that this night was about as dark as the regulation Egyptian darkness, and we were in the enemy's country. When supper was announced we concluded it would not be safe to sit down without some kind of a picket. As all were hungry, we took the only grown colored man found around the place, and putting a loaded musket in his hands, posted him about halfway down the lane leading up from the main road, with strict orders to fire if any force should make its appearance. Thus protected we set down to do justice to the good things, but we had hardly commenced before "bang" went the musket of our videt. We all jumped up with one accord and rushed outside to find out the cause of the alarm and heard the well-known sound of mounted men coming up the lane at a gallop.

The inky darkness prevented us from seeing who or how many there were coming, but from the situation it seemed probable that it was a scouting party of rebel cavalry. We each sprang behind a tree, and as the cavalcade rode into the grove one of our patry ordered them to halt, which they quickly did. "Who comes here?" "Friends," was the reply. "Friends to whom?" we asked. Now was the crucial moment, and a stillness fell upon all so dense that you could distinctly hear from each tree the ominous "click, click," as each of our boys cocked

his musket. After waiting long enough to give them time, our spokesman said again, "Friends to whom?" and added "Answer, or we fire."

The leader's words rang out in reply with more expressive than elegant language: "Friends to the Union." The tension was immediately relaxed, and we found them to be a Sergeant and six men of the 4th Mich. Cav. who had been out on a scout, and were returning to the Union lines. We soon had them in helping us eat the warm supper. I have always had a great admiration for that Sergeant, for, under the circumstances, it was fair for them to presume that they had run into an outpost of the enemy, and after hearing the click of our muskets it required courage to decide upon his answer. Next day a mounted Orderly came out and notified us that the orders to march were countermanded and we returned to camp.

Johnston surrendered on April 24. The event was celebrated in our camp in a memorable manner. The news reached us after dark. The writer had turned in for the night, when Serg't-Maj. Alex. Bird came tearing down the company street and pulled me out of my tent, yelling like mad, "Johnston has surrendered!" The camp was soon in an uproar. Brig-Gen. Patrick H. Jones sent his compliments to his old regiment, with the glad tidings, accompanied by a sample of the Commissary Department. Every officer who could be gotten hold of was brought forward and made to mount a stump, and each gave the boys a speech. The hit of the evening was made by Maj. W. S. Cameron, who said, among other things, that the war was over and we were going home to our wives, our sisters and our sweethearts to enjoy that felicity we had been denied for three long years. After keeping up the jubilee until after midnight, we finally sought our not altogether downy couches to dream of home and the saved Union.

After a few days we commenced the homeward journey on foot, marching direct for Richmond. A race was inaugurated between the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, and the way they rushed us thru to the city on the James was the cause of much profanity. Many were overcome and had to fall out, and I have heard it asserted that some died from the effects of that march. If such was the case, the officers who were responsible should have been punished for their foolhardiness. We marched thru Richmond with drums beating and colors flying. As we passed the residence of Gen. R. E. Lee we gave the marching salute. We passed out towards Spotsylvania, and camped for the night in a pine woods

about five miles from Richmond. I never in my life experienced a more terrific thunder storm than the one that visited us that night. Next day we passed thru the village of Asksland. Some of our boys who had been captured at Chancellorsville remembered the place very well, for as they were passing thru it as prisoners the women came out and called them names. It was with some satisfaction that we marched thru the place as victors. Our march from Richmond to Washington was more leisurely. We crossed the four rivers—the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny, which further down unite and form the Mattapony. Our course took us via Spotsylvania, the scene of the struggle at the Bloody Angle. We also went thru Chancellorsville, where we stopped for dinner and had a chance to view the spot where we received our "baptism of fire" two years before. We crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, where we had made the road down the bluff just previous to the "Burnside-stuck-in-the-Mud" campaign.

We reached the vicinity of Alexandria May 20. The Grand Review of all the troops by the President and representatives of all the civilized nations of the globe was ordered to take place before the mustering-out process began. The Army of the Potomac was reviewed May 23 and Sherman's Army next day. Thousands of citizens had rushed to Washington from all over the country to see the last grand pageant of the war. The city was in gala dress with flags, music and flowers everywhere. Our division commander, Gen. John W. Geary, went over to the city and bought every man in his command a pair of regulation white gloves. We brushed up our clothing as well as possible and cleaned our arms and accouterments, so that we were in quite a presentable shape. The fame of "Sherman's Bummers" had gone before us, and there was much curiosity to see the men who cut the Confederacy in twain. Gen. Grant, in speaking of our part of the Review, said: "Sherman's Army, by reason of their long marches, were not as well dressed as the Army of the Potomac, but their marching could not be excelled; they had the appearance of men who had been thoroughly drilled to endure hardships, either by long and continuous marches or thru exposure to any climate, without the ordinary shelter of a camp."

The "Washington Chronicle" next morning gave a minute description of the parade by Corps, Divisions, Brigades and Regiments. This is what they said of us: "Now came Gen. Mower, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps. This was Joe Hooker's Old Corps, and considered the

crack corps of Sherman's Army." After describing the First Division by regiments, it continued: "Here came Brevet Maj-Gen. John W. Geary at the head of the Second or "White Star" Division. This was the crack division of the corps. Their almost-perfect marching and fine soldierly bearing met with frequent plaudits along the line of march."

After passing in review we marched out near the famous old village of Bladensburg, Md., and went into camp to remain until our muster-out papers were completed. While in this camp we were visited by Gov. R. E. Fenton, of New York, who presented our regiment with a new State flag. I can say in all truth that the proudest moment of my life was when, by direction of Col. Warner, I stepped out before the regimental line and received the flag as the Sergeant who was to carry it.

On June 10 we marched into Washington and boarded the cars for Elmira, where we arrived safely June 12. We went out south of town near the same spot where three years before we had received our muskets and went into camp. The change in our appearance was marked. In 1862 our long line contained 940 men dressed in new uniforms and bright trappings and flying gay flags. Now, in 1865, how different the appearance of the same regiment. Less than 300 now answered to roll call. Our uniforms were faded and worn, flag soiled and bullettorn; the men mostly young, with faces guiltless of hair, tanned by Southern suns; officers dressed almost the same as the privates, with here and there a rusty shoulder-strap to indicate the rank. My story is nearly told. We were soon paid off and given our discharge papers. Then we separated to return to our homes and take up the duties of peaceful life which had been laid aside at our country's call.

Cattaraugus County may well feel a pride in her sons that represented her in the 154th. The regiment was always at the post of duty and did manfully every duty assigned to it. Many of its exploits were brilliant, notably its gallant stand at Chancellorsville, when old veterans were seeking the rear. Gen. Hooker and all authorities on that battle agree that Busbeck's Brigade made a splendid fight and saved the artillery and trains of the Corps, besides delaying the enemy so as to give our side a chance to form and resist the assault and thus save the army. Again, at Gettysburg, on the first day, ours was the always-difficult task of meeting a victorious foe. Our brigade was thrown in to save the army. Again, at Mission Ridge, where Gen. Sherman says it fought with "a determination amounting almost to rashness." And again, at Dug

Gap, Ga., where it lost 68 men out of 135, or 50 per cent of its numbers, in its brave charge upon the enemy's stronghold.

It is a history of which its friends may well be proud. I do not pretend that I have written a full history of its service, nor have I done the subject justice so far as I have gone. There were many brave and worthy officers and men that I should have been glad to mention personally. But I have written without access to the regimental rolls, and much of my story is from memory, which, after a quarter of a century, would scarcely be expected to retain more than the salient points.

Alonzo Crosby, our brave and gallant Adjutant, was shot in the breast at Pine Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864, receiving a wound from which he died at Nashville, about two months later. Lewis Bishop, our first Color Sergeant, was killed at Chancellorsville, and his brother, George, who succeeded him as Color Sergeant, was killed at Dug Gap. I regret that I am unable to give a complete list of the killed and wounded. Being located far from my native State, I have not had access to the records.

And now, old comrades and friends, farewell. If this memory of the old "Hardtack Regiment" shall afford you one iota of the pleasure in perusal that it has your old comrade in preparation, I shall be amply repaid. It has indeed been a labor of love.

A FEW CONCLUDING THOUGHTS.

In conclusion let me say that after more than 40 years of study, during which I have traveled over 10,000 miles, revisiting the scenes of my own service in the army, and expended more than \$1,000 in traveling expenses, I have decided to my satisfaction that the history of the civil war can never be correctly transmitted to future generations except as a mere outline and quite imperfect at that. It is so easy to make mistakes and be deceived by false information. Although histories of the war and of different battles and campaigns have been written by the thousands, yet the true story in detail has never been told and never can be.

Strange things have crept into some of the stories; for instance, that of Keenan's charge at Chancellorsville, as told in Gen. Pleasanton's account of the repulse of Jackson. The facts are that no such event occurred or could occur. The 8th Pa. Cav. was commanded by Col. Pen-nock Huey, and he was present for duty and in command of the regiment when Gen. Howard asked for a regiment of cavalry to scout on his right flank. The order was given to Col. Huey to take his regiment and report to Gen. Howard. There was no firing and no idea that the

enemy were in the immediate vicinity. In marching across the country from Hazel Grove to the Dowdall House, the head of column ran into the Confederates. Maj. Keenan, who was in command of the leading squadron and charged the enemy in gallant style, lost his life as a brave man, and is entitled to all honor for his soldierly action; but the story as told by Gen. Pleasanton was a myth, and has been proven such by scores of actual participants, both Union and Confederate.

The same may be said of the so-called fearful defense of Hazel Grove, wherein it is claimed that the aforesaid charge was made to hold the enemy in check until artillery could be gotten into position to stop the enemy. The truth is, that Hazel Grove was a half mile out of the track of Jackson's attack, and the only Confederate troops ever sent against it was the 21st Ga., sent out as flankers. They were commanded that night by Maj. Boston, from Resaca, Ga., with whom I have talked this matter over personally since the war. Again, a division commander of the Third Corps appeared before the Committee on the Conduct of the War and testified that his men charged into the woods in front of Jackson's advance and stopped the enemy at the point of the bayonet. It has been proven beyond a doubt that there was no Confederate troops within half a mile of this division on the night of May 2, 1863.

I am giving no hearsay talk, nor can I wish to detract in any manner from the well-earned glory of any of the troops of the Army of the Potomac. To anyone who is enough interested to become fully informed on the true history of this battle I commend the reading of Dr. and Comrade Hamlin's true story of Chancellorsville. There are many other incidents of this same battle; for instance, Sickles's men, in returning from the Furnace after dark, through the woods, ran on to troops, in breastworks and charged them, supposing that it was Jackson's force. After several volleys had been exchanged and men killed and wounded on both sides it was discovered that the troops in the rifle-pits were Kane's Brigade of the Twelfth Corps. Again, how many comrades know that Gen. Tremaine actually marched his brigade out of the line of battle and out of action, Sunday, May 3, without orders to do so, and was subsequently dismissed from the service for it?

Regardless of the fact that Gen. Sherman was idolized by his men there was one act for which we never forgave him; namely, his refusal to put Gen. John A. Logan in command of the Army of the Tennessee, after July 22, 1864, when he had earned that distinction under the most trying circumstances. On the 22d of

July, 1864, when Hood attacked our right in front of Atlanta, Gen. McPherson was killed, the lines broken and the DeGress Battery captured. Gen. Logan rode down the line, took the colors of one of the Illinois regiments, led the troops that recaptured the battery, reformed our lines and saved the day. Regardless of his brave deed because he was not a Regular Army officer, but a volunteer, Gen. Sherman saw fit to put another over him which action I have always considered a great injustice. I never pass that magnificent statue on Michigan avenue, Chicago, which represents Gen. Logan at the moment he picked up that flag, without feeling the blood tingle in my veins at the thought of his gallant deed.

Much has been written about the staying qualities of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia; their bravery and soldierly vaunted to the skies. This talk has been so persistent and unchallenged that many accept as a fact the idea that the Confederate infantry was incomparable. This idea is entirely erroneous and not borne out by the facts. Good soldiers are made by good and capable officers and by successful campaigns, which give the individual soldier confidence in his leader, and thereby confidence in himself. It must be admitted that up to the Spring of 1864 the Army of the Potomac had been outgeneraled. No man had led it who was master of the situation. Of what grand material must it not have been composed when, after all the defeats and the stupendous blundering of its leaders, it could be held together, and at last led to victory.

As to the bravery of the contending forces there was no difference. I challenge anyone to name any battle where the contending forces in actual contact were equal or nearly so, that the boys in blue were not victorious, and as to brilliant and successful charges upon the enemy in his chosen positions, where can be found anything to equal that magnificent assault of the Fourteenth Corps at Missionary Ridge; of Hooker's men at Lookout Mountain; of Butterfield's men at Resaca; or the capture of Fort Fisher; or the repeated assaults in the face of defeat of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, and, finally the grand charge of the Sixth Corps when they captured Marye's Heights, May 3, 1863.

There are an hundred other places where the Union soldiers, regardless of the position of the enemy, the number of his batteries or the weight of his musketry fire, swept over his parapets and drove him in confusion and utter rout. It is absurd to contend that grander soldiers ever trod the earth than those that Grant and Sherman and Thomas led. Closely al-

lied with the above is the idea, accepted by many, that R. E. Lee was the greatest General the war produced, and that he was simply beaten by overwhelming numbers. Gen. Lee was fortunate in having the inner side of the circle and operating in a country where every man woman and child was his scout and friendly ally. He never ventured outside of that charming circle without laying himself liable to disastrous defeat.

In his first invasion of the country north of the Potomac River, had the Army of the Potomac been commanded by a General of ability and reasonable activity, the Army of Northern Virginia would have never again appeared in sufficient numbers to have been a menace to its erstwhile adversary. Again, on his second invasion, the different corps of his army, scattered as they were, should have been beaten in detail. Suppose, for a moment, that a General with confidence in himself had been on the spot the first day at Gettysburg would the Twelfth Corps have remained in bivouac at Two Taverns, in sight of the battle, for hours, when a forward movement on their part on Ewell's exposed left flank would have relieved the overwhelming pressure on the First and Eleventh Corps and changed the history of the campaign. Lee was the luckiest man that ever commanded an army. For two years of active campaigning he was never opposed by a General who had the qualities of a commanding officer on a large scale; or if such a one was in command he was so hampered by the authorities at Washington, or betrayed by the jealousies of other officers, that he was not able to handle his troops with that promptness which spelled success.

There has always been a more or less earnest dispute as to the merits of the troops composing the Western Army and those of the Army of the Potomac. Men of the latter have sometimes been wont to belittle the achievements of their brothers in the Western Department and claim that they in the West did not have to contend with Generals like Lee or soldiers such as he led. The successes of our troops in the West may have given some color to this argument. But when Longstreet took his corps to the West and it is admitted that his corps was as good as the best of Lee's army, they found at Chickamauga and at Knoxville an enemy worthy of their steel, and they were unable to accomplish anything of note. With all their vaunted dash and bravery and the advantage of vastly superior numbers, they were unable to budge the Rock of Chickamauga and the handful of heroes that surrounded him. It would have settled some questions that will always remain subjects of conjecture had

the fortunes of war placed Lee and his vaunted Army of Northern Virginia face to face with the Army of the West, commanded by George H. Thomas.

Now a word as to Fox's "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments." There is an old saying that figures will not lie. This is undoubtedly true in simple arithmetic, but when it comes to statistics one can prove any old proposition with figures. That a regiment lost so many men in killed and wounded shows that it was under fire, but it does not prove that it was in the most hazardous or trying position. Some regiments did not get any recruits until the fighting was all over, and then they were filled up by hundreds of men who were counted against their record in the percentages, when as a matter of fact the figures should be made on the basis of the number of men they had when the losses occurred. I make the assertion that there can be no fair way of

figuring this matter out except upon the basis of the numbers of men actually carried into action. The declaration "This is one of the fighting regiments" is misleading and an injustice to hundreds of other regiments often in more trying just as determined and important part in the suppression of the rebellion as these others. The reading public, not having time to stop and figure out what Col. Fox means, takes the statement as it reads, "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments." This carries with it the conclusion that the rest were not real fighting men, or at least were second-class. You may argue how you will, you cannot get around this presumption. Such talk is unjust and does not smack of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. It is high time that all true comrades of the Grand Army put a stop to such twaddle, which does not work for the good of the Order.

The First to Enter Columbia.

By John S. Howard, Co. G, 16th Wis., Hastings, Minn.

The question is raised now and then as to who were the first Union men in the city of Columbia, S. C. I think "Sherman's Bummers" were the first in the city. Our regiment had 60 men, under a Captain, detailed for the purpose of foraging. We were allowed to capture horses and mount ourselves. On Feb. 17, 1865, we came to the last river to be crossed before entering Columbia—I think it was Broad River—about 9 or 10 o'clock a. m. pontoons were arriving and pontooniers were preparing to lay the bridge. In a few minutes Gen. Sherman rode up with his staff. They dismounted and sat down on a log. The General took a rebel paper from his pocket and began reading aloud. We all gathered around to hear the news from the rebels. Presently we were all startled by a yell from some of the men, who said that a white flag was flying from the city. Gen. Sherman took out his field glasses, and as he looked remarked that he had not supposed they would give up so easily. By that time the pontoons were extended enough so that we could get across on foot. Part of our boys staid with the horses and the rest of us started for Columbia, which was about two miles away. I think it must have been about 11 o'clock when we reached the main street of the city and saw Wade Hampton's cavalry getting out of the other end of it as fast as they could. I saw no bluecoats ahead of us. Of course there might have been some, in some other

part of the city; but I don't think they had got that far, as the rebel cavalry was in possession of that part of the city at that time. As for the fire? There was a big smoke rising down near where we saw the rebel cavalry. The wind was blowing a gale, perhaps 40 miles an hour, and carried the fire right up the main street into the heart of the city. I think the only organized troops in the city at that time were "Sherman's Bummers," and I was a member of the gang. I have no notes or memoranda of the incident, but the memory of it will always stay with me. Apropos of this I'd like to tell you a story that Gen. Kilpatrick used to tell of "Sherman's Bummers," which he considered a good joke on himself. Gen. Sherman was obliged to get his army across a river that was much swollen by heavy rains, and as he feared his pontoons would not reach across the river he sent orders to Gen. Kilpatrick to take a division of his cavalry and capture a bridge that was a few miles further up, and keep the rebels from burning it, so he could get his army across. Kilpatrick's cavalry made a forced march to the locality and when within about a mile of the bridge they heard firing, and the General spurred up his horse and rode ahead. When he got there one of "Sherman's Bummers"—an Irishman—stuck his head out from behind a tree and yelled: "We've got the bridge! Come on, 'Kil, and help us hold it!"