REMINISCENCES OF A BOY IN THE CIVIL WAR

BY

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Printed by the Author for Private Distribution
1915
REMINISCENCES OF A BOY
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PREFACE.

Many years ago, while temporarily confined to the house, I began the work of copying my Civil War letters and a diary that I had kept from October, 1861, to January, 1863.

The old writings were then put away and they remained undisturbed for about forty years, when one of my daughters copied the letters in a book, a difficult task, for many of them were so faded that they could be read only with the aid of a magnifying glass. The work was so well done and the letters so easy of access that I began to take an interest in them, not so much for what they told as for what they did not tell. The diary records merely the number of miles marched. Only the person who had written it, could build a story upon it; lean as it is, however, without its aid this work could not have been written.

I conceived the idea of typewriting and filling in this manuscript, making a continued narrative of the letters and diary.

It was not my original intention to have my work published. I desired only to leave a record for my family after I had passed from this beautiful world; but as the work progressed, and the memory of the camp, the march, the battle, and the hardships incident to a soldier’s life came back, the task became intensely interesting. At times I became so absorbed in the work that I imagined myself again a boy marching along the roads of Virginia, making camp, or being sent by my old comrade, John, to the spring to fill the canteens; but when I stopped writing, the illusion was dispelled, and I found myself many years removed from my boyhood.
This record has been a great undertaking, and I regret that the material could not have been handled by some one better qualified to do it.

I do not expect the general public to be greatly interested in this volume, but it will be of great value to my family and surviving relatives, and to the boys of the Old Twentieth into whose hands it may fall.

As reference, I have used "The Ulster Guard" and the "War of the Rebellion" by the Colonel of my regiment, the late General Theodore B. Gates, and the Ellenville Journal.
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CHAPTER I.

The winter preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, 1860-1861, I was working in the hemlock back woods of Sullivan County, four miles north of Sandburg, hauling bark to the Homowack tannery, twelve miles distant. The equipment consisted of a pair of bob-sleds with a rack twenty feet long so arranged that the load could be bound firmly, a pair of gray horses, and I, as driver, completed the outfit. In case the load upset (a daily occurrence) it could be righted without unloading, by attaching the team.

Beginning the day's work at five in the morning, I fed and harnessed the horses, ate breakfast, and was ready to start at six o'clock. The mornings were dark and cold, the sleighing fine. After reaching the top of the hill and arriving on down grade, I made good time; when cold, I would walk until thoroughly warm, then climb on the load again. The tannery was usually reached at eleven o'clock, when I unloaded, drove to the hotel, fed the horses, ate my dinner, and was ready to return at one o'clock. Reaching the woods at three o'clock on my return from dinner, I loaded the sleigh and drove home ready for an early start the next morning.

My father was overseer of the men in the woods; and on Saturdays, he would accompany me, but instead of leaving the load at Homowack, we drove to the Lurenkill tannery, four miles further east and a half mile from home. Staying over Sunday we started for the woods early Monday morning.

On Mondays, being unable to take a load to the tannery on account of our late arrival in the woods, we employed the time bringing small loads of bark to the top,
of the hill, where we piled it up, and each morning took a portion of it to fill our load.

On account of the distance from home and the severity of the winter, I boarded near my work with a farmer's family by the name of Crawford. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, elderly people, and three grown sons, one of whom was married. We called his wife "Chatty." Mrs. Crawford was in poor health and Chatty took charge of the house. She was a little body, but what she lacked in size, she made up in energy. She was a fine cook and housekeeper. Mrs. Crawford, whom we called "Grandma," occupied a large room on the first floor, in which the old-fashioned fireplace had been allowed to remain. Another boarder with us that winter, was a young man named Foster Seaman, a fine singer. In the evenings, seated before the open fireplace in Grandma's room, he would entertain us for an hour while we were getting thawed out.

Grandma was attended by a gentleman who was known as Dr. May, not an M. D., but healed by the "laying on of hands." Grandma declared that she had received more benefit from his treatment than from all the doctors who had attended her, and they were many. The doctor was a man of considerable ability. He was a musician, teaching both vocal and instrumental. He also lectured and practiced on phrenology. The first time that I heard the song "Dixie," it was sung and played on an old-fashioned melodeon by him. He was very genial, and I spent many pleasant hours in his company.

The winter broke up along in March. The snow disappeared, leaving the roads in very bad condition, and as the old settlers said, "It was neither sleighing nor wheeling." As we still had a few loads to get out in order to complete our contract, I started with the team and wagon to get the first load. All went well at first; but after I had driven about six miles from home, and was within two miles of Homowack, one of the horses was suddenly taken ill. He gave a shiver, and dropped dead in the
road. I took the chain from the wagon, fastened it around his neck, hooked the live horse on the end of it, and dragged the poor creature to the woods. I then harnessed the horse to the wagon, and hauled it to one side of the road out of the way, mounted the horse and rode home. The next morning I borrowed a neighbor’s horse and went back and finished the job.
CHAPTER II.

In the early part of April, I began plowing for oats. While everything was working well on the farm, there was great excitement in the country. The previous December South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi passed ordinances of Secession; Louisiana followed in January and Texas February 1, 1861. President Buchanan was doing almost nothing to protect the interests of the Government.

At that time I was living near the village of Ellenville. The mail arrived about 6 P. M. Just before that hour, there would be a great crowd in front of the Post Office, anxious to get the latest news from the front. It was finally decided that the newspaper mail was too slow. Some of the leading citizens conceived the idea of putting on what was called the "Pony Express," consisting of a relay of fast horses stationed a few miles apart, and ridden by a good horseman. He met the New York train at Middletown, a village on the Erie railroad, twenty-four miles away, got the papers and returned to Ellenville. By that means, we received the papers about ten or eleven in the morning.

President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for three months was issued on the 15th of April, 1861. A few days thereafter a recruiting office was opened in the Terwilliger Hotel. The men and boys from over the whole township, and many from the adjoining towns came to enlist. On the evening of the 23rd, I joined the army. I worked on the farm the next day, and at night, when the day's work was done, I left the plow in furrow, and bade good-bye to farming forever.
I made up my mind then that I did not have brains enough to ever make a successful farmer.

The company in which I enlisted was known as Company "E", and the regiment, the Twentieth New York State Militia, also known as the Ulster Guard. It consisted of the following officers and men:

ROLL OF COMPANY "E."

Light Infantry in the Twentieth Regiment, Eighth Brigade, Third Division of the Militia of the State of New York.

OFFICERS.

Captain—William Lent.
Lieutenants—First, J. A. Blackman; Second, Nicholas Sahm.
Sergeants—First, Edgar T. Dudley; Second, Charles Falenot; Third, D. D. Elting; Fourth, Sanford M. Hyde.
Corporals—First, George Sharpe; Second, W. H. Conklin; Third, Severyn Broadhead; Fourth, J. J. Byers.

PRIVATE.


The morning of April the twenty-fifth, the company of about one hundred men and boys (mostly boys) left Ellenville, bound for Kingston to join the regiment. I think that we had five four-horse teams, also the Ellenville brass band. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd to see us off.

We stopped at Stone Ridge for dinner, which I remember was a good one, arriving in Kingston about six o’clock the same evening. We formed in line and were marched to the armory. There we were divided into squads and sent to various hotels, each hotel taking as many of us as could be accommodated. Before being dismissed, we were ordered to report at the armory the next morning. My company reported as directed, and after roll call, we were marched to the Academy Green, where I received my first lesson in military tactics. Captain George H. Sharpe was the instructor and he proved to be a most capable one. He subsequently became Colonel of the 120th New York Volunteers. He was a brave and capable officer. I shall never forget that first lesson. I little thought at that time that I would spend weeks during the latter part of my service as drill-master myself. I took a great interest in the drills, and enjoyed them much, as I was anxious to learn the duties of a soldier in the shortest possible time. The few days that we were
in Kingston, we drilled constantly, and were rapidly getting out of the awkward squad.

In the meantime, we had not been provided with uniforms. Every man was dressed in the clothes that he wore from home; in fact the regiment was destitute of nearly everything that was needed to fit it for active service.

At that time the directors of the various banks in Kingston, held a meeting, and voted to honor the checks of the Quartermaster to the extent of eight thousand ($8,000) dollars, in order to partly equip the regiment to take the field. Out of that fund, each man was provided with a soft, light colored Kossuth hat, and a leather collar about two inches high. This was the only uniform that we received for many weeks.

On Sunday morning, April the twenty-eighth, we marched from Broadway to Rondout on our way to the front. The following I copy from the Ellenville Journal, which at that time was edited by Mr. Oliver A. Campbell, who subsequently became an officer of my company.

"That day (April twenty-eighth) Kingston witnessed what was conceded to be far the largest gathering ever drawn together in the old town for any purpose, they having come to take leave of their friends, and see the boys off. On Academy Green, the soldiers assembled; the people crowding as close as conditions permitted. Hon. Wm. S. Kenyon presided; there were prayers with an address by Hon. Bruyn Hasbrouck, when the Rev. Mr. Collier introduced the presentation of bibles to the officers and men, giving one to Col. George W. Pratt, who made fitting response, and asked the prayers of the people for all during their absence. A bible was then placed in the hand of each officer and man of the regiment. The volunteers moved to Rondout, and before the sailing of the boat the lower part of the town was thronged. They got off about noon, and reached New York about nine o’clock in the evening."

On our march down the Plank Road (now Broadway)
we were halted for a short time in front of the Catholic Church, where the Rector gave us a short address and his blessing. After embarking and getting well settled on the boat, which was much crowded, rations were distributed, which we greatly enjoyed. As we passed the towns along the Hudson, we got a great reception—flags displayed everywhere, cannon booming, and great enthusiasm. As we passed West Point, the cadets gave us three cheers. There was also a crowd at Mount St. Vincent to cheer us on our way.

We arrived in New York at nine o’clock, and after forming line were marched to Centre Market Armory, where we spent the night and also the next day. On Tuesday morning we were marched to the Park barracks, which occupied the ground in City Hall Park, on which the Post Office now stands.

The barracks was a long wooden building, one story in height, and was used until the end of the war as a temporary resting place for the soldiers who were obliged to remain in the city over night. The Old Twentieth was the first to occupy the barracks; it also had the distinction of being the only militia regiment, outside of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, to be accepted for three months’ service. While we were in the Park barracks we came very near being sent back to Kingston, for Col. Pratt had made requisition on Gov. Morgan for about everything that troops going abroad should have. The Governor found that the requisition, if filled, would cost nearly as much for our three months’ service as it would to equip one of the new two-year regiments. However, the storm blew over, through the influence of the friends of the regiment, and the order was countermanded.

About six o’clock on the evening of Monday, May the sixth, the order to proceed was received, and at once promulgated to the regiment. There was great cheering. The men cheered the Governor, the officers, and about everyone they could think of. We had started for the war, and did not intend to go back if we could help it.
reveille, on Tuesday morning, after a hearty breakfast, the men were ready to start. The order to form line was given at eight o’clock. After inspection by the officers, the line of march was taken up, and the regiment wheeled out of the west gate of the park, and filed down Broadway to Cortland Street ferry.

We boarded cars at Jersey City bound for Annapolis. Through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and even little Delaware, we were treated with great courtesy and consideration. At many stations we were furnished with coffee, lemonade, and sandwiches. Crowds of people welcomed us with cheers and good wishes,—they seemed to be very loyal.

The journey from Jersey City to Perryville was very trying. Our train was an extra, being forced to keep out of the way of the regular trains. We would be side tracked for an hour at a time, and the wait was indeed tedious. We became very impatient at the delay, for at that time we had not learned the lesson of patience, which came to us later when we became real soldiers.

We arrived at Perryville at one o’clock A. M., although the ordinary time from Jersey City was six hours. There was a weary wait of five hours at Perryville for the arrival of the two steamboats to take us to Annapolis. I remember that the morning hours were very chilly, and on the whole it was the most uncomfortable night that I had ever spent. At five o’clock we embarked and proceeded by water to Annapolis.

We were soon on the Chesapeake, and as the warm May sun came out, we forgot the troubles of the night before, and enjoyed the sail of fifty miles very much. After a few hours, we drew up in front of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. Disembarking, we were ordered to occupy certain of the Academy buildings. According to the officers, we were soon in very comfortable quarters; but the men in the ranks had another story to tell about the comfort. The Academy grounds were handsomely laid out and adorned with fine trees. The
view from the grounds is beautiful, with the Severn River on the East and the Chesapeake Bay on the south. I never tired watching the panorama.

We found our quarters, as far as the surroundings were concerned, very comfortable. We also found the room to which my squad had been assigned as pleasant as it could be, from which all the furniture had been removed—not even a chair was left behind. We slept on the bare floor, and it seemed to me it was the hardest floor that I had ever become acquainted with, for we had not received our knapsacks, and had nothing to use as pillows, except blocks of wood or stone. Never having been reduced to the necessity of using wooden pillows, one can imagine how comfortable we were. Another abomination was sleeping in our clothes, which did not tend to induce sleep. We thought it a great hardship at the time, but before our three months period of enlistment had expired, we could sleep anywhere; no plank was too hard to rob us of a night's rest.

We found at Annapolis the Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. S. M. (from Brooklyn), with Col. Smith commanding the post and Gen. B. F. Butler commanding the Department, with headquarters at Baltimore. Col. Smith being the ranking officer, the Twentieth got all the camp cleaning and drudgery, as well as the greater share of guard duty. The work was hard and disagreeable. Between the work and the drills, we had little time to enjoy the scenery.
CHAPTER III.

On the morning of May the eleventh, we received orders to relieve the Fifth N. Y. Volunteers, who were guarding the railroad between Annapolis and Annapolis Junction, a distance of fourteen miles, with headquarters at the Junction. The Annapolis and Elkridge Railroad connects at Annapolis Junction with Washington on the south and Baltimore on the north.

When the order was read we were much pleased, as any order would have been acceptable that would take us from the jurisdiction of Col. Smith and the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn.

At twelve o'clock, we took up the line of march for Annapolis Junction. Ten posts were established along the line of the road. The men were detailed from each company of the regiment, being divided into squads of from ten to fourteen men, stationed two or three miles apart. Our duty was to guard the railroad from attacks of the local Secessionists, and prevent them from destroying the bridges and tearing up the track. Each squad was in charge of a non-commissioned officer. The squad to which I was attached was in charge of Sergeant Falone, who had received military training, I think, in the French army. He was a good drill-master, and very expert in throwing a knife. I have seen him hit a bull’s-eye, located twenty feet away. He had but one eye, and could see more with that one eye than most of us could with two.

I, with my squad, was stationed about six miles east of the Junction. The regiment we had relieved left their quarters standing, and after a thorough cleaning, we found them much more comfortable than the fine building of the U. S. Naval Academy. We found the ground
many times softer to sleep on than a hard wood floor. The duty was not hard. At night we were required to patrol the railroad, traveling in pairs, four men leaving the camp at the same time, two going east, the other two, west. Each pair walked until they met the patrol from the next station, when they retraced their steps, and as soon as they reached camp, fresh men took their places.

We had little to do in the daytime. After drill, the time was our own, and we employed it fishing for bullfrogs. They were plentiful and took the hook readily. It was great sport, catching them with pole, line and fishing-hook to which a piece of red flannel had been attached. The frogs were so greedy that they would often jump a foot out of the water to get the bait. After the catch, we cut off the legs, and after soaking them in salt water, fried them in pork fat. The flesh was white and very tender; I never tasted anything nicer, and they proved a great addition to the army ration.

As the story of the three months’ service is mostly from memory, I find it hard to fix the length of service in the various places to which we were ordered. I think we guarded the railroad for about two weeks, when we were relieved by another regiment, and ordered to return to the regiment at Annapolis Junction. We found the camp pitched on the top of a knoll near the railroad station. The company streets were regularly laid out, and everything about the camp was in perfect order, with a place for everything and everything in its place. The camp had been named Camp Reynolds, in honor of the Hon. Henry H. Reynolds of Kingston, who was a devoted friend of the regiment, and had assisted us greatly both before and after leaving Kingston.

The station of the Baltimore and Washington Railroad was near the camp, and it being a watering station, nearly every train stopped. There were many trains a day, hurrying commissary ordnance stores and soldiers to the front. At this place I met many friends and acquaintances, on their way to Washington, who had enlisted, after I had left home.
Every morning, when not on guard or picket duty, we were required to attend company drill; in the afternoon, battalion drill, each drill lasting two hours. In the evening, at sunset, we had dress parade. Frequently, at night, one or more companies of the regiment would be detailed to search for arms and ammunition, which the Seccessionists had hidden and were awaiting an opportunity to send South. Searching for arms and ammunition at night is not a pleasant pastime, for sometimes we marched ten or twelve miles.

One night my company, in charge of Captain Lent, found a quantity of arms concealed under a haystack, and a drum belonging to the Sixth Massachusetts regiment. The man in whose possession the drum was found was arrested, taken to headquarters, and asked to explain how he came by the drum. It was found that the Sixth Massachusetts had been fired upon by a disloyal mob while marching through the streets of Baltimore on their way to Washington. Several men were killed and a number wounded.

Our camp was surrounded by a line of sentinels, and an outer line of pickets, every precaution having been taken to prevent a surprise.

My turn for guard duty came, I think, once in every three days. The guard was divided into three reliefs: the first relief went on duty at nine A.M., the second at eleven, and the third at one P.M., which gave us two hours on and four hours off. At first I found guard duty very tiresome. It seemed as if two hours was a day long, and at night, especially toward morning, it was very hard to keep awake. I did not dare to sit down, so I kept walking, but in spite of all I could do, I could not keep my eyes open; but, as I kept on my feet, I would soon stumble against something that waked me in a hurry.

The tents in the camp were very comfortable. We had our blankets and plenty of clean straw to sleep on and the food was of good quality and abundant. During our term of service at Camp Reynolds, an uncle by mar-
riage, Joseph Howland, sent me a rubber blanket, which I found invaluable for sleeping and for covering in rainy weather. No matter how wet the ground, no dampness could get through. I carried that blanket through every battle in which I was engaged, up to and including Gettysburg, where it was lost along with all my other possessions.

While we were at Annapolis Junction, the officers of the regiment were making every effort, and using all the influence that they could bring to bear to have the regiment transferred to the Virginia side of the Potomac. It was known that the battle of Bull Run was about to be fought, and we were anxious to take part. Gen. Scott was appealed to, but he declined to issue the order, arguing that the regiment was doing well where it was, and could do the guard duty, which was important, better than a regiment new to the work. In the course of time, the duty we were performing got to be very monotonous. It was very tiresome to see trains passing, filled with soldiers on the way to the front, or trains going north with soldiers who had served their period of enlistment and were returning home.

On the twenty-sixth of June, John Cooper, a private in my company, died of inflammation of the brain. We buried him with military honors in a little oak grove near the railroad. I remember that the burial took place after dark, in the midst of a terrible thunderstorm, such as the South only can produce.

On the twenty-ninth of June, an order was received from Gen. Banks, commanding the department, for the regiment to report to him for duty at Baltimore. On the afternoon of the same day, we boarded the cars at the Junction, to comply with the order. We were delayed on the road, and it was after dark when we arrived at Mont Clair, which is on the west side of Baltimore. The distance from Annapolis Junction to Baltimore was so short that no rations were distributed, and in some way the car that contained the commissary stores had gone astray.
The day had been a hard one, and every one was fagged out and in ill humor. After leaving the cars, we were marched to an open field, where we encamped for the night. In the meantime our stores had arrived, and Commissary Lounsberry was doing his best to distribute the rations to the different companies in their turn, a difficult job, as it was very dark. The Captain of one company insisted that his should be served first, although out of their turn. Col. Pratt finally took a hand in the squabble, and settled the matter in short order, but not until he had ordered Company F under arms. The next morning we were ordered to march through the city to Patterson Park and encamp. The park is magnificently situated on high ground, with a fine view of Fort McHenry, located on a peninsula, at the mouth of the harbor, famous for having sustained a twenty-four hour bombardment by sixteen British ships of war on the thirteenth of September, 1814. Frances Scott Key, then a prisoner on the British ship Mindon, composed the national song known as “The Star Spangled Banner.”

We marched through the city with drums beating and colors flying, much to the disgust of the Secessionists of the city. We named the post Camp Banks, in honor of Gen. N. P. Banks, commander of the Department. While in Camp Banks, we lost another member of our company, a young private named Dubois. Early in July, we received an order to report to Gen. Banks at Fort McHenry. He ordered the regiment to march at five o’clock in the morning, which was Monday. The order also stated that a detail of a hundred men was to be left behind to guard the camp. We moved, as ordered, through a drizzling rain, down Broadway to Bank Street, where we were directed to await orders. In a short time orders came for four companies to march to the Customs House in Lombard Street. Col. Pratt took Companies D, F, H and R, leaving Companies A, B, C, E and G in the street under the command of Lieut.-Col. Gates. Some time during the morning we received orders to take possession
of the Station House on Bank Street, and the Public School building corner of Bank Street and Broadway as quarters. We found them well adapted to our purpose and very comfortable. Broadway in Baltimore is a very wide street and well suited for the drills which we had every day. I recollect that while quartered in the city we had two sham battles between the part of the regiment under the Colonel and the other part under the Lieutenant-Colonel. The first battle was won by the Lieutenant-Colonel and the second by the Colonel. While in Baltimore, we were constantly searching for arms and ammunition. On the 24th of July, we found a quantity of arms and ammunition concealed under a haystack. About the same time Lieutenant J. McEntee of Company H captured two Confederate flags which were about to be shipped South.

In the latter part of July, the regiment returned to Patterson Park, where we were paid off in gold, the first money that I ever received from Uncle Sam. The three months for which we had enlisted had now expired, and many of the men were anxious to return home for family or business reasons; but the setback that the Union Army had at Bull Run made it necessary for the Government to retain our services a little longer for fear of further trouble at Baltimore. At first, as I remember, the whole regiment was not in favor of remaining longer. The men argued that they had made a great sacrifice of their business interests, and their presence was needed at home. Colonel Pratt made a stirring speech, appealing to us as patriots and soldiers to remain until the present danger was over. The question was put to a vote of the regiment, and we decided to remain as long as we were needed. Personally, I was in favor of remaining from the first. While we were stationed in the city the ladies of East Baltimore presented the regiment with a beautiful silk flag. The presentation speech was made by the Hon. Mr. Leary, M. C., and replied to by Colonel Pratt.

While we were in Patterson Park, the boys in camp
amused themselves with bouncing the various members of the company in a blanket. Four or five lusty fellows would take a strong blanket and one of us would be seized, put in the blanket, and tossed five or six feet in the air, and as the victim came down, we caught him and he escaped without injury. It was great fun for everybody, but the one most concerned. I got more than one dose myself, and helped in the fun with many another chap.

Our surgeon, Dr. C, was not what one could call a popular officer. When the men had to see him professionally, he was decidedly gruff. One night, I had a terrible toothache and consulted the doctor. He had little to say but put an old-fashioned turnkey on the tooth and extracted it, coming pretty near breaking the jaw at the same time.

I think it was the last day in Baltimore, and we were having a great deal of fun with the blanket. The Doctor came along and stopped to enjoy the fun. Two or three young fellows were quick to grasp the situation. They ran off and soon returned with a large tent fly strong enough to carry the two hundred pounds, more or less, of the Doctor, who was put in the fly. Then the fun began. How he did take on, threatening us with all sorts of punishment. The more threats he made, the more bouncing he got. As the boys tired, there were plenty more of the young imps to take their places. It was a great blow to the Doctor's vanity, to be handled so roughly by a lot of privates, when he ranked as Major in the Medical Corps. As soon as we were through with him, we let him gently down, and took to our heels, knowing that we could not be identified.
CHAPTER IV.

On Tuesday, July 30th, the order came to return home, and we were soon on the cars heading north. We stopped at a station, which I think, was somewhere in Delaware. I got out on the platform, where the patriotic ladies of the town were feeding the boys with sandwiches, coffee, fruit, and other good things. While I was standing on the platform near the car, one of the boys threw a water jug through the window of the car for me to catch. It came so suddenly and took me so by surprise that it slipped through my hands, and struck a little child on the head. The incident worried me very much at the time, and I have thought of it many times in the last fifty years.

We arrived in New York on Wednesday morning the 31st of July, and marched to the park barracks, where we were mustered out. In New York, we were met by a large number of friends from Ulster County, also the regimental band which accompanied us to Kingston on board the Steamer Manhattan. We arrived in Kingston, Friday morning, August 2d. We were met at Rondout by a large number of enthusiastic citizens from Kingston and vicinity. Every arrangement had been made to welcome us several days in advance of arrival, by a committee appointed for the purpose; and they did their work well. The Regiment was received by Brig. Gen. Sampson and Staff, the Kingston and Rondout Fire Departments, two military companies, and the Junior Zouaves. We were formed in line and marched up the Plank Road (now Broadway) to North Front Street and Wall Street, where we were formed in line right resting on North Front Street. We were exercised in the manual of arms, after which the Hon. T. R. Westbrook, at that time a promi-
nent citizen of Kingston, welcomed us in behalf of the regimental district to which we belonged. At the conclusion of the exercises, we were marched by companies to Academy Green, where a bountiful breakfast had been spread by the ladies of Kingston and vicinity. The ladies personally waited on us and supplied our wants. After the breakfast, we started for our homes. Most of my company went by way of canal from Rondout, but I had an opportunity to go by team, which I preferred, as the canal was very uncertain as to the time of arrival.

I enjoyed the ride from Kingston to Ellenville very much, arriving home about two o’clock in the morning. All the family had retired, so there was no one to welcome me home, except the family dog, old Jack, who acted as if he were more than delighted to see me again, and I surely was glad to see him. I did not wake any of the family, but spread my blanket on the floor of the porch, and with my knapsack for a pillow, I slept soundly until discovered in the morning. That was the end of my three months army service and while I felt that I had done my best, I was far from being satisfied. My little experience had just whetted my appetite for more.

When the Regiment was disbanded on the second of August, the announcement was made that the date of the payment for our services would be advertised in the county papers. The notice appeared, that the payment was to be made at Kingston, I think, about the last of August. However, father and I drove to the Headquarters of the Regiment where I received the money due me. At that period of the war times were very hard, and most farmers were pressed for ready money and my family was no exception. While there was plenty from the farm to supply the table, there was no money coming in. On our way back from Kingston, father told me that he owed a small mill bill, and it seemed impossible to raise the amount to liquidate it. I suggested that we stop at the mill, where I settled the account, and it has always been a source of great satisfaction to me that I was able to do so.
I stayed at home until about the middle of August, working a little on the farm, and continually thinking about the war. I knew that my father and mother did not favor my reinlistment, although they did not absolutely oppose it.

At that time there was a Camp Meeting being held at Wurtsboro, a small place a few miles from my home. Father and mother, although Baptists in belief usually attended the meetings, and attended that one. Among the speakers was the Rev. Jas. H. Perry, minister in charge of the Hansom Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of the army, and was drumming up recruits for his regiment, the 48th N. Y. Volunteers, a regiment which subsequently did glorious service in defence of the Union. Col. Perry had been educated at West Point, and after a few years service in the army, became a Methodist Minister. At the breaking out of the war, he offered his services to the Government. They were accepted, and he was authorized to raise a regiment of volunteers, in which he was successful.

Father and mother became acquainted with him at the Camp Meeting, and as they knew that I very much desired to return to the Army, they spoke to the Colonel about me, asking him if he could find a place in his regiment for me, as teamster. I presume the reply was a favorable one for in a week, I left home, with my parents’ approval, for New York. How did I love that old town, the city of my birth, the country was all right, but I could not get used to it. On my arrival, I visited relatives and friends, but I was getting very tired of idleness. One day, I became acquainted with a harness maker who was greatly in need of an apprentice. He had a government contract, and offered liberal terms. I decided to try it, but after several days, I left for good. There is not enough fresh air in a harness shop to supply my wants. The next morning I started for Fort Hamilton to look for a teamster’s job, in order to make good, my promise to my par-
ents. On the morning of Sept. 24th, I started from Bedford and Christopher Streets for Fort Hamilton, by the Eighth avenue stage to Hamilton Ferry to Brooklyn, and by horse cars to the Fort, nearly half a day's journey at that time. A distant cousin, Albert Ellison, who had enlisted in the Forty-eighth, gave me most cordial welcome as soon as he saw me, and invited me to share his tent and rations which I gladly accepted. Immediately, after dinner, I had an interview with Col. Perry, who remembered the interview he had with my father at the camp meeting. He told me that there were no vacancies to be filled among the teamsters, but urged me to enlist, telling me that as soon as the front was reached, more teams would be required, and that he would have me appointed to one of the places.

Personally, I did not want to go to war to fight the army mule, the more I knew of him, the less I cared for his company, and I was glad that there was no vacancy for me to fill. I staid in camp that night, but could not make up my mind to enlist, in fact I was homesick for the old Twentieth, and the boys with whom I had served for more than three months. My funds were very low, in fact I did not have enough to pay my return fare to Kingston. I applied to my cousin who very kindly gave me enough to pay my fare by boat to Rondout. I reached New York in time for the night boat, which had a barge in tow. We were just below Newburgh when we ran into a terrific storm of wind and rain. The barge broke loose and went adrift, and a great deal of time was lost before we were on our way again. In the morning, being so much behind schedule time, there was a free breakfast furnished every passenger. That breakfast was certainly a God-send to me, as at that time I was a growing boy, less than a month past 18, and always hungry; besides that I was financially embarrassed, in other words I was dead broke.

I reached the camp of the old Twentieth about 11 o'clock a.m., September 27, 1861. I immediately applied
to Col. Pratt for a position as teamster, and was informed that every vacancy had been filled, but if one should occur, he would see that I was appointed, and he advised me to enlist as a private. I thought it such good advice, that in a very few minutes I had signed the roll, and was assigned to Capt. Peletiah Ward’s Company E., of Ellenville.
CHAPTER V.

A few days after my enlistment, I applied for and received a furlough for a short time, in order to visit my home in Lurenkill, knowing that I should be away for a long time. While at home on that occasion, I was the only member of my family who attended the marriage of my eldest sister. She was married in October, by the Rev. Dr. Bentley, at the parsonage of the Dutch Reformed Church, to Benjamin H. Tyrell. At that visit, I was called upon to act as bearer at the funeral of Elijah Cudney, former schoolmate, who had died of typhoid fever. We buried him in the burying ground of the Broadhead family at Lurenkill.

When my leave expired, I returned to Kingston and was furnished with uniform and equipments. The uniform consisted of two pairs of stockings (socks were not worn in those days), a pair of army shoes with broad soles and low heels, light blue trousers, a short dark blue jacket, unlined in the back. The trousers and jacket were trimmed with white, a white cord on the elgs of the trousers, and a light blue overcoat with cape. There were white trousers for the non-commissioned officers. While in Kingston, mother and father paid me a visit, when mother lined the back of my jacket and padded it well. I had much comfort out of that padding before the winter was over. The weather was cold and we kept large camp fires constantly burning, and although the fires were in the open, it is surprising how much comfort we got from them, but mother could never understand how a fire in the open could be of benefit. The equipments consisted of a rifle with bayonet, weight about fourteen pounds, cartridge box, cap box, haversack large enough to carry three days' rations, and a knapsack which when loaded with
one entire change of underwear, woolen blanket, rubber blankets, et cetera, weighed nearly forty pounds. After a march of an hour I surely felt as if it weighed ton.

The camp was on the parade grounds west of the Plank Road between Kingston and Rondout, and was named Camp Arthur, in honor of Chester B. Arthur, acting Quarter Master General of the State of New York. He subsequently became Collector of Customs of the Port of New York, afterward President of the United States through the death of President Garfield. We had drills every day—Company drill in the morning and Battalion drill in the afternoon, each drill lasting two hours. Dress parade was at sunset. These with a twenty-four hour tour of guard duty once in three days, or oftener, kept us fairly busy. While we were in training a strong guard was maintained around the camp, and we were not supposed to leave without a pass from the commanding officer of the company, but having had three months' previous experience in camp, I found it quite easy to run the guard. I was in Kingston and Rondout many times without permission, and with my usual luck my absence was not discovered. The officers of the regiment were doing their best to offer to the Government, as well drilled and disciplined a regiment as could be furnished by any state in the Union, and subsequent events showed that they succeeded.

The field and staff officers of the regiment were: Col. George W. Pratt, Lieut. Col. Theodore B. Gates, Major Jacob B. Hardenberg, Staff Adjutant John M. Schoonmaker; Captain, Cornelius D. Westbrook; Engineer Lieutenant, John Griffiths; Quartermaster, Selah O. Tuthill, Paymaster, Major Robert Loughran; Surgeon, Capt. Robert K. Tuthill; Assistant Surgeon, Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord, D. D. Chaplain.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E.

Rev. Peletiah Ward, Captain; Albert S. Pease, First Lieutenant; Edgar T. Dudley, Second Lieutenant.
Sergeants—Gilbert D. Cornelius, first; George Brankstone, Melvin Atkins, Hiram H. Terwilliger, Thomas Wallace.

Corporals—Stephen Carney, Oliver A. Campbell, James N. Whelply, Isaac N. Seymour, David H. Welch, James Miller. The list of Corporals is incomplete, two names missing.


Petliiah Ward, our Captain, was a Methodist minister, who had been assigned to the Ellenville M. E. Church in
April, 1861, and enlisted on September 25th of the same year. He was a popular officer, a great smoker and something of an athlete. He used to claim that in wrestling he could throw any man of the company. Elbridge G. Fuller, a business man, was elected First Lieutenant. He asked for a leave of absence long enough to enable him to wind up his affairs, but this was refused by the regimental authorities. In order to protect his personal interests, he resigned, to the regret of the entire company. He was an able, patriotic and popular citizen, rendering very valuable service during the war. Sometimes I think that he did more for the Union than he could have done in the field. Albert S. Pease, of Poughkeepsie, was appointed First Lieutenant on October 25th, but resigned on the 23rd of the following December.

We broke camp on Friday, October 25th. Along the Plank Road, over which we marched, every available inch of standing room was occupied by the friends of the regiment, to bid us farewell, and in many cases it was the last good-bye in this world. At Rondout, we embarked on the steamer "Manhattan" for New York. The boat was very much over-crowded, it being just possible for me to work my way through, and I had to shrink in order to do so. When sleeping time came, every place in the cabins was so crowded, that we could not turn over unless the whole row turned at the same time.

We arrived in New York on Saturday, October 26th, at 4 in the morning, disembarked at 9 A. M., marched to the Park Barracks, where we had dinner. We left the park at 2 p. m., marched down Broadway to Battery place, to Pier one, North River, where we boarded the steamer "John Potter." It seemed to me that the "Potter" was more than twice as large as the "Manhattan," which had brought us from Kingston. We had the entire regiment, about one thousand strong, camp equipage, officers' horses, company camp chests, and in fact everything that was needed for active service in the field; still there was room for another regiment as strong in numbers as were
ours. Our course through the Kill Von Kull to South Amboy, where we arrived at 7 p. m., boarded the cars and were under way at 10 p. m. We arrived in Camden about midnight, crossed the Delaware to Philadelphia, and marched to the Cooper shop for lunch. The Cooper shop was a great institution. It was named after Mr. Cooper, one of the originators of the plan, and entirely supported by voluntary contributions. It was in business until the end of the war, and every soldier whether traveling alone or with his regiment, was hospitably entertained without cost. On one occasion, I had a ten-day furlough, and going North, I stopped at the Cooper shop, and was made to feel as much at home, as if I had been taking food from my father's table. Our Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Van Stanvroom, in a letter to the Kingston Argus, Oct. 30, 1861, writes, "Six tables stretching the whole length of the apartment, and ample enough to enable a whole regiment to stand around them, were loaded with refreshments, furnished by the City of brotherly love, thus proving the name fittingly applied. And such refreshments, excellent bread and delicious butter, superb cold beef and lamb, coffee, tea, pickles of various kinds, urged upon us with a persistent hospitality that seemed to receive rather than to confer a favor."

We boarded the cars about daybreak, and arrived in Baltimore about noon, Sunday, October 27th. We marched through the city, and boarded the cars for Washington, where we arrived at 9 p. m., tired and hungry. We had supper at the Soldiers' Retreat, "salt horse" and very poor coffee. We spent the night at the Soldiers' Rest, and had breakfast at the Soldiers' Retreat, and at 9 a. m., commenced the march through Washington to Kalorama Heights, where we pitched tents, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We named the camp "Ulster," I suppose after our favorite county. From the Ulster Guard in the War of the Rebellion, I quote the following, "Kalorama Heights was not long ago the site of a fashionable residence, and the scene of
many social gatherings of Washington’s elite. The family mansion was large and pleasant and well laid out, with a porter’s lodge and a circuitous drive among the trees from the gate to the house."

Early in November, orders were received assigning the regiment to the Brigade of Gen. Wadsworth, whose headquarters were at Upton’s Hill, a small hamlet eight miles from Washington via the Long or Aqueduct bridge. As we were ordered to cross the Potomac via the Chain Bridge, we made a fifteen mile march, as it was seven miles from our camp to the bridge. Just why we were ordered the long way was never known. It was long after dark when we reached our destination. As we were traveling through an enemy’s country, and great precaution had to be taken to prevent a surprise. On reaching Upton’s Hill, we were met by Gen. Wadsworth in person, who had the foresight to have plenty of hot coffee prepared in anticipation of our arrival, so with the rations we carried we soon had a satisfactory meal.

Gen. Wadsworth was one of the kindest-hearted and most genial men that I have ever met, always looking after the comfort of his men. One terribly stormy night I was on guard in front of his headquarters, being on the first relief I went on at 9 p.m. A few minutes thereafter the General came out and told me to report to the Sergeant of the guard, and tell him that I was relieved by his orders, and that I was to go to my quarters for the night. He remarked that the weather was so cold that it was neither fit for man or beast to be out.

The day after our arrival at Upton’s we began building our winter quarters. We built a pen of logs—log cabin style, about three feet high and the size of the tent, plastering the openings with mud, and putting the tent on top. As it was November, the weather was getting cold, and some means had to be provided to furnish heat. I think it was Captain Westbrook, our regimental Engineer, who conceived the idea of digging a hole in the center of the tent about two feet square, and digging a trench from the
front to the rear for draft and to lead the smoke to the chimney, which we built at the back. As a smoke house, it was a great success, the smoke persisting in staying inside long enough to drive us out. I think that my tentmates and myself must have built and rebuilt that chimney twenty times. We had it perpendicular, we had it at an angle, we had it at two angles, in fact we tried it every way we could think of, but it was a dead failure. Every change seemed to give us less heat and more smoke. O. A. Campbell had his tent a few doors from ours, and had a similar heating plant, which seemed to work well. They had the top of an old stove as a cover, and used it the entire winter. My tentmates and myself purchased a small iron stove, with two lengths of pipe and an elbow. We cut a hole in the logs on the north side, put up the stove, built a fire and soon were as comfortable as could be. We were very proud as it seemed to work perfectly. During the night the wind changed, and as soon as the fire was built, the tent filled with smoke and drove us out. We then cut another hole in the opposite side and moved the stove, a performance that had to be repeated with every change of wind, sometimes twice in a single day. The tents we occupied were the ordinary A tent, and I think they were about seven by nine feet in size, and occupied by six men. We were very much crowded, for four men would have filled the tent comfortably.

Through the generosity of Gen. Wadsworth, every man in the brigade was presented with a pair of warm woolen gloves, also a bed-tick, which we filled with pine boughs, which made a very comfortable bed. We built a platform of poles, and each morning we piled the beds on the platform. At night, the ground was the bedstead. While in camp that winter, there were some amusing incidents. Corporal C. of our company, being a fine penman, was detailed to company headquarters for clerical duty. As he had to take his regular turn at “sentry go” (as the Irish soldier would say), he soon tired of his job, and applied to the Captain for relief, which was refused, and
finally went to the Colonel who had him relieved from guard duty.

In camp, each man of the tent squad had to take his turn bringing wood for the tent fire for the next day. Our supply was brought from a sort of swale in the direction of Bailey's Cross Roads, and in order to reach our camp we had to climb a sharp rise of ground, which with the weight of the wood and the axe, was no easy task. During the time that Corporal C. was doing clerical work, he had to take his regular turn bringing wood for the use of the tent. As the General had a large quantity near our camp, our Corporal conceived the idea of taking his supply from the General's wood-pile. The scheme worked well for a while, but one unfortunate day, he had about all that he could carry, when he met the General. The Corporal made up his mind that being caught and subject to a term in the guard house, it would be much better for him to make a clean breast of the matter and tell the truth. The General asked, "Where do you belong?" "The Twentieth regiment," answered the culprit. "Do you know what I think of your regiment?" asked the General. "You are the worst pack of thieves in the army. Pick up the wood, and go to your quarters, and when you want more wood, you get it from your own wood-pile." Subsequently our Corporal visited the brigade headquarters, when the General, recognizing him, asked if he had come to steal the headquarter building.

That winter the General kept a cow, but as she was giving less milk each day, he ordered our Colonel to furnish a guard for the cow. A few days thereafter, he ordered another guard, so the cow had the honor of being guarded on both sides, but strange to say even with two guards, the cow did not give enough milk for the General's coffee. After the removal of the guards she did much better.

On another occasion, the General asked for two carpenters to do repairs at the headquarter's building. Sergeant T. and another whose name I have forgotten, were detailed for the work, which was in the cellar. They
found a barrel of fine old commissary whiskey. Sergeant T. was not slow in putting a gimlet hole in the barrel, and sent his helper away for a canteen, in the meantime, holding his finger over the hole, when the General appeared. What occurred I never learned, but neither of them was punished.

During the entire month of November, the weather was nearly perfect, just enough chill in the air to make one feel that life was worth living. The roads were hard and dry which made walking over them a pleasure. About two miles from our camp was the village of Falls Church, consisting of a tavern, blacksmith shop, three churches, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Baptist, and perhaps twenty houses. The principal object of interest was the Episcopal Church, for which the place was named. It was said to have been built in the year 1700, with bricks imported from England. Occasionally Gen. Washington worshipped there. Several tablets were set in the walls, the most prominent of them read as follows:

"HENRY FAIRFAX, AN ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, AN UPRIGHT MAGISTRATE, SINCERE CHRISTIAN, DIED IN COMMAND OF THE FAIRFAX VOLUNTEERS, AT SALTILLO, MEXICO, ON THE 14TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1847.

But for his munificence this Church might still have been a ruin."
CHAPTER VI.

The greatest review of the war, excepting the march of the armies past the White House at the end of the Rebellion, was held by Gen. McClellan at Bailey’s Cross Roads, Nov. 20, 1861. There were about 70,000 men in line consisting of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery. It probably surpassed anything of the kind ever held in the United States. Gen. McClellan was attended by President Lincoln, Secretary of State Seward, Secretary of War Cameron and hundreds of people from Washington.

It was there that I first saw the great war President. He was riding an ordinary sized horse, but his legs were so long that he seemed to be sitting on a small pony. He wore a frock coat and a very tall silk hat. His face once seen would be recognized anywhere, a face that was called homely, but it did not seem so to me for there was something about the man that inspired confidence. I felt as if I had known him all my life.

The following copied from a country newspaper, describes Mr. Lincoln perfectly. The name of the author is not given:

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

"Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness heroism. He influenced others without effort—unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his
fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty. He wore no official robes either on his body or on his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags, and race, he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end. He was patient as destiny, whose indecipherable hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face. It is the glory of Lincoln that having almost absolute power he never abused, except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death. Lincoln was the greatest figure of the fierce Civil War. He is the gentlest memory of our world.”

Our Commander, Gen. McClellan, surrounded by a large and brilliant staff was a great show in itself. The General was a young and handsome man only 32 years of age, and the idol of his men. As an organizer and engineer he had few if any equals, for in a few months he had brought forth from an orderly but unorganized mob, an army of 70,000 men well drilled, and disciplined, and ready to take the field at any time and against any odds.

While we were in camp at Upton’s Hill one of the Corporals of my company was caught robbing the mail. He
was tried by Court Martial and sentenced to be dishonorably discharged and drummed out of camp. The day the order went into effect, the prisoner was brought from the guard house, surrounded by a squad of soldiers. His head was shaved, the buttons were cut from his coat, and the coat turned inside out. In the meantime, the regiment was formed for dress parade and the prisoner was then compelled to march the whole length of the regiment, guards with fixed bayonets in front, and the Drum Corps bringing up the rear playing the "Rogues March." He was then returned to the guard house, and the next morning escorted to the outpost of the camp and sent home, the company paying his expenses. It was a scene that I should not like to witness again.

About the last of November, I was taken ill. I ached all over, took to my bed, and had no interest in my food nor anything else. One of my mates, Oscar H. Wager, reported me to the doctor, who sent down the usual treatment, castor oil. Wager did his best for me, but it was impossible for me to swallow the dose. However, when my friend saw how much I opposed the stuff, he promptly swallowed the contents of the bottle himself. That was the time we fooled the doctor. Wager informed me that he had a great liking for castor oil and that he would take care of all the oil the doctor prescribed, and he did. From that day, Oscar and I were close friends. I never saw him after the Battle of Gettysburg. He went home and subsequently accepted a position with John Wana- maker in Philadelphia, which he held until his death some years ago. "Truly the good die young."

About the 1st of December, the doctor called on me, made an examination, and ordered that I be sent to the hospital, as I had typhoid fever in its worst form. The regimental hospital building was an old farm house across the road from our camp. The ward to which I was assigned was in the kitchen, the old-fashioned fireplace was the means of furnishing heat, and it surely was a comfortable place for a sick man. When I was put in the bed
in front of the open fire, Hospital Steward Edwin W. Finch sat at my bedside. He since has told me that I immediately became unconscious and remained in that condition for three days. I remember when I came to myself, Steward Finch was in the same position that he occupied when I lost consciousness, and naturally I thought that I had been brought there the day before. I could not realize that I had been there more than three days.

Comrade Finch was a medical student in 1861. He left his college and enlisted in my company in September of that year, as a private soldier. In a short time he was promoted to the position of Hospital Steward, a position that he was qualified to fill with honor, as he was a natural-born physician. He was my nurse in that old Virginia farm house, and I shall not forget the service nor what he did for me while my life lasts. No mother could have been more devoted than was he. As soon as I became convalescent, I was allowed to sit up for a short time each day. My appetite was poor, there was little temptation to overfeed, as the bill of fare consisted of dry toast without butter, and tea without milk, sugar was allowed, but no soup or meat. As I slowly recovered, I was allowed to go out for exercise one hour each day. I was very weak and did not care much about walking, and I was tired of the hospital.

On Christmas day, I was allowed to go to the camp, but was warned to be back before sunset. The weather that day was perfect, the sun shone bright and warm, and I enjoyed it greatly. After reaching camp, I received a warm reception from the boys, had a square meal, and forgot all about sunset and the doctors; but the first thing I knew a guard was after me and escorted me back to the hospital in disgrace. While out that day, I visited the Sutler and bought a piece of bologna sausage. It must have been in stock a long time, as it was as hard as a piece of bone. When I received my ration of tea and toast, I tried to bite off a piece, but somehow it slipped out of my fingers, fell to the floor and was lost to me for-
ever. I suppose one of the attendants found it, and fed it to the fire, as it was a forbidden luxury.

When my vitality was at its lowest, one of my tent-mates wrote to my father. The following is a copy of one of his letters:

Camp Wadsworth, Upton Hill, Va., Dec. 17, 1861.
Mr. Stephen Vail, Dear Sir:

By request of Enos, I enclose the sum of ten dollars. I hope you will receive it without impediment.

I am also happy to inform you, that as regards his health, it is nearly re-established. He has been permitted by the doctor to take exercise, and he has been around the camp both yesterday and this day. His countenance is much clearer than it has been for some time, but his hearing is not so acute as it has been, however, the doctor has no serious apprehension respecting it.

In a previous note I have given you the address and Enos as well as I would like to hear from you.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WILLIS.

Camp Wadsworth, Co. E., N. Y. S. M.
Upton Hill, Va., New Year's Day.

Mr. Stephen Vail, Sir:

I received yours in due time, acknowledging the receipt of the ten dollars sent by Enos which I enclosed.

I had not however, received yours at the time I had mailed mine, but fortunately, the contents of my note was as appropriate in the main as I could do. I am happy to inform you that Enos is my tentmate once more, and capable of masticating commissary fare once more.

He has not as a matter of course attained his full strength yet, consequently is exempt from duty.

What the denomination, origin or nature of his complaint was I cannot state, though I have asked the doctor and received no definite reply. There is one peculiarity connected with the disease that affects the brain of the
patient. The only impediment now manifest in Enos is a slight aberration of mind, but the doctors regard it as insignificant.

Lorenzo Haley, of Napanoch, too, is gaining strength, but flighty. Physically, they are both all right, as a casual observer can see, but a slight mental defect is apparent in both, without depression of spirit, but on the contrary a buoyancy of disposition. I would not say too much as I consider Enos all right again, but I wish to particularize the subject as you expressed that I should do so.

As regards our habits in camp, let me assure you, Sir, that our mode of living is strictly temperate, if we had the desire (which fortunately, we have not), there are no facilities afforded here for indulgence of any kind, apart from the monotonous duties of camp, and believe me, the majority of this regiment at present exhibit a greater degree of morality than they had for years past.

As regards your humble servant, there are very few in Ellenville or its environs, know what kind of materials I am composed of. Let it suffice Sir, however, as the disinterested friend of your son, that I indulge in no excess whatever, and I trust second to none in this regiment, in the performance of my duty to my adopted country.

I hope Sir, this will find you and family well, and wishing you the compliments of the season,

I am, Sir, Your obedient and humble servant,

WILLIAM WILLIS.

The following letter written in answer to a letter for each of us from my father is interesting:

Ulster Guard, 20th N. Y. S. M.

Camp Wadsworth, Upton Hill, Va., Jan. 18, 1862.
Mr. Stephen Vail, Dear Sir:

Yours have been received in due time, and I am very happy to state that the health of Enos is perfectly re-established. He has been on duty for the last week and I think
he looks clearer and better than he has for the past year. I wish you could see how quick a plate of sausage with other fixin's would disappear by his performance; he is, in short, mentally and physically A number one, and be assured, I am glad the facts warrant me to communicate such intelligence to you.

Please carry my sincere thanks to Mrs. Vail for her kind remembrance of the soldier stranger. The mittens she so kindly sent me, are I consider the best I have seen in the box, as to the socks, there was no regular distribution of these, as we were all supplied previous to the arrival of the Ellenville box, by the Quartermaster, so that men got socks that by right belonged to others, and there were but sixty pairs in all, and you know our company number ninety men. However, Enos and I managed to get a pair each, but they were not labeled as were the mittens. He is highly pleased with his head dress.

I think from all appearances, we shall very soon get the command, "Forward March." The signs of the time indicate it, and also long continuous cannonading toward our outposts: every night some thing sharp and decisive is imminent. I am sorry the weather here is unfavorable for military operations.

The mud is so very deep, I think it would be impossible for artillery to maneuver, in fact a march of a dozen miles through such mud would use up infantry, but a soldier has no choice, it is only for him to obey—if the heavens pour pitchforks, and I almost believe that the realization of such a phenomenon for marching toward Secessiondom would be more desirable with our fellows than our present inactivity. I don't censure our military authorities nor the Government for this suspense; they must and do know best. I believe at the proper time, and not before, let crokers and barroom politicians spout as they may, they will strike a blow that will completely annihilate treason. I believe the modus operandi of our Government with a view to that desirable end is splendidly managed, and what a curse it would be to stimulate
premature action and thereby sustain a reverse similar to Bull Run.

I know it is a furnace of affliction to taxpayers, but they must exercise a little of that spirit which was exercised by Job of old, and let them remember that their Country, is worth making a sacrifice for, and let it be hoped there will be no necessity for another.

Let it now be seen who are the devoted patriots, who are the axe-grinders and pipe-layers. Our company has not lost a man yet by death, and if you could see us on parade, you would say to judge from our rugged appearance that we fared sumptuously every day. I would have it understood that Uncle Sam does his duty by his boys.

Again, Sir, thanking you and your good lady for the kindness I have experienced at your hands, I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM WILLIS.
CHAPTER VII.

In 1861, poor Willis, an Irish gentleman, was a man of about 35 years of age, well built and fine looking, a harness-maker by trade, well educated and of more than average ability. He was a loyal friend and a good soldier, but like many men of his temperament, he had a failing, being what was called a "periodical." He would abstain from liquor for months at a time, then suddenly, he would break out. Under the influence of liquor, he was a raving maniac, without the slightest idea of what he was saying or doing. While we were in Baltimore in July, 1861, he had an outbreak, becoming so violent that he had to be put in close confinement. I never saw him in that condition again. At Camp Wadsworth, he was one of my tentmates, and I declare that he indulged in no excesses of any kind; he was always cheerful, a fine entertainer, and a loyal comrade. He inconvenienced himself many times to do me a favor. Sometime after we left Upton's Hill, Willis was detached for recruiting service, and went home to Ellenville, and while there, he was overtaken by one of his periodicals (when they were due, he was powerless to help himself) and while irresponsible from drink he cut the throat of a woman to whom it was reported, he was engaged to be married. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to die. In 1865, I called on him while he was confined in the Ulster County Jail in Kingston, and had a long conversation with him. He spoke very freely of the crime, and told me that he had not the slightest recollection of what happened that day; and I believed him, as I know how irresponsible he was when under the influence of liquor. While he was in the Kingston jail, he made a drawing of the Wiltwyck Hose Co.'s
Carrage. The carriage was brought in front of one of the large windows, and it was from there that he did the work. It was artistically and beautifully done. On my visit to him, he presented me with a photograph of the drawing. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. At first, he was sent to Sing Sing prison, where in 1867, my wife and I paid him a visit. The interview on that occasion was not satisfactory as it had to be held in the presence of the prison officials. I never saw him again. Some years later, he was transferred to Dannemora, where he died. From all accounts, he was a model prisoner and made no trouble. He was popular with the prison officials and the prisoners.

About the second week in January, 1862, we had a change in the weather; first, about three inches of snow fell, followed by rain, and for thirty-two days in succession, there was not a day that it did not rain. It seemed as if the windows of heaven were open for good. The mud was deep and sticky. The army bakery which supplied us with bread was just below our camp, located on the top of a knoll. One morning a four-mule team hitched to an army wagon filled with bread, when about half way up the hill, got stuck in the mud. After many attempts to move the load, another team of four mules was hitched on, but they also failed. Finally, a part of the load was taken off, and another trial given with no better success, then all the load was taken off, but the eight mules could not move the empty wagon. The soldiers had to lift it out with levers, before it could be moved. For sticking quality, I do not think there is any mud that can beat that of Virginia. Everything about the camp was as dreary and miserable as could be; drills and dress parade had to be abandoned for a time, as it was nearly impossible for troops to maneuver in that mud. Outside of our regular tour of picket and guard duty, we had nothing to do. In those dreary days, Willis was the life of our tent, with his funny stories and Irish songs, and occasionally a recitation from Dickens, of whom he like myself was an admirer.
Some time in February, we were supplied with what was called shelter tents. They were squares of un-bleached twilled muslin, six feet by six feet in size with a row of buttons and button holes about four inches apart on three sides. The bottom had four larger holes for holding the pegs. We were also supplied with pegs, two uprights and a ridge pole, the poles being jointed together like a fishing rod in order that they could be packed in small space. Each man received one section of tent and one pole, as the tents were designed to shelter three men. For more than two years, winter and summer, it was the only roof that I slept under, and it was surprising how comfortable they were when properly put up.

As soon as the weather became settled and the roads in passable condition, Gen. Wadsworth ordered the whole brigade, consisting of about four thousand men, on what might be called a tent drill. We were in heavy marching order, knapsacks with blanket, and section of tent, in fact, we were equipped as if we were leaving Camp Wadsworth for good. We were marched to a large field some distance from the camp, drawn up in line, and ordered to camp. The first company marched off and took position, the second company did likewise, and occupied a position about fifty feet behind the first company, and so on until the whole brigade was in place, when we broke ranks, and started putting up the tents. In less than half an hour we had a city of four thousand inhabitants.

Under date of February 7th, in a letter to my brother, I wrote that we had just returned from a forty-eight hour tour of picket duty, and that we had had a good time. At that particular time, everything along the Potomac was more quiet than usual, consequently, we enjoyed ourselves much. In that tour of duty, we captured three rebel officers who were turned over to the cavalry to be taken to Washington. Our Captain, Rev. Peletiah Ward, was a great lover of innocent fun, and he would play tricks on any of us if a laugh could be raised. We had a private in our company, whom I will call A. F.; he
was a German, and easily excited. While we were on picket duty on that occasion, the Captain pinned a piece of paper to the coat of A. F., and set fire to it. It was extinguished before any damage was done, but A. F. was greatly excited. How he did swear, but fortunately his swearing was done in German. His favorite cuss words were ‘‘donner wetter.’’

Early in March we had orders to be ready to march in one hour. We began to pack, but before we had finished, the order was countermanded, which was a great disappointment to us. We were weary of inactivity, and began to feel that if the war was to be ended, we should begin to get busy. The weather at that time was very cold and windy. One night nearly all the tents were blown down, but we did not suffer much from cold, for wind and cold were far preferable to the rain and mud that we had been having for so many weeks.

On Monday morning, March 10th, we were in line at 6 a. m., and soon the command, ‘‘Forward March’’ was given. It was a beautiful morning, cool and sunshiny, with the roads in fairly good condition, and everybody happy and in good spirits. The line of march was South through the little village of Falls Church, to Fairfax Court House, our objective point being Centerville, about seventeen miles from our camp. During the winter, we had accumulated a great deal of clothing, blankets, et cetera, which were impossible for us to take on our march. The surplus was packed up and left behind, but many of the boys took very much more than they could carry for any considerable distance. As for myself, I discarded everything that I could do without. I took one complete change of underwear, rubber blanket, section of tent, and with rifle, haversack, three days’ rations and canteen, I had a load that I could and did carry without great distress. After we had marched a few miles, many of the men began to throw away what they could best do without. First, they began on small articles, like stockings, but as we marched on, the load seemed to get heavier
with every mile; then they began on the heavier part of the load, until finally, they let the knapsack go, and what they had left, was about what I started with. The road over which we marched was strewn with underwear, knapsacks, overcoats, and, in fact, everything that a soldier needed in active service, except the rifle and ammunition.

We reached Fairfax Court House about noon and stopped long enough to make coffee and get something to eat, then started for Centerville, but after a few miles we were ordered to encamp. We soon had the tents up and the camp fires going, and supper out of the way, when those not on duty were glad to get under the shelter of the muslin. I think none of us were troubled with insomnia that night.

The following morning, Sergeant T. of our company shot a pig. The owner made a great row about it, but our Sergeant said nothing, but proceeded to skin the animal, cut it up and distribute it to the company. For some reason, salt was very scarce. I ate some of the pork without salt, and from that day to this, I cannot eat a meal in comfort without a dish of salt in front of me.

On March 12th, we had a brigade drill at Centerville, and on the 14th, a detachment of 222 officers and men, all under command of Capt. J. R. Tappan, paid a visit to the Bull Run Battle Field, which was about ten miles from our camp, reaching the field about 6 p. m. Before we were dismissed, we were told to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and to assemble at the sound of the bugle. We scattered over the field, and it was a horrible sight. Many of the bodies had earth piled on them where they lay without a grave being dug, and as soon as the rain came, the dirt was washed off and left the bones without covering. Small bones and occasionally a skull was scattered over the ground, which some of the boys took away as souvenirs. As the sun went down, and it began to get dark, I found myself in
the company of twenty or thirty others who were looking around for lodgings for the night. We found a large, unoccupied house nearby, and soon took possession. The owners had evidently left in a great hurry for the house was furnished. We found a barrel of flour, then built a fire in the fireplace, and soon had a batch of bread baking which we enjoyed.

We had men enough in our squad so that no man was obliged to do guard duty more than one hour during the night. I was lucky, my turn came early in the evening, and as soon as I was through, I fixed up a bed and was soon asleep. About two o'clock, I was called and found a terrible storm raging, fierce wind and heavy rain. An officer had arrived from camp with an order to Capt. Tappan to get his men together, and return at once, as the brigade was under marching orders, and they were only waiting for our return. Our men were scattered all over the field, sleeping in rebel huts which had sheltered the enemy during the winter. Some of the men, like ourselves, were quartered in houses. The bugler sounded the reveille, but the noise of the storm was so great that he could be heard only a short distance. Those who were near, responded at once, and started to search for the men. As soon as the first lot was located, the searchers increased rapidly. I think it was about one hour before sunrise when we got all of the men together and started North, as we supposed. After tramping about for an hour over stumps, rocks, and through mud, ankle deep, we found ourselves very near the place from which we had started. As daylight appeared, we made a new start. The rain fell in torrents.

When we reached Bull Run, we found a river so deep that we had to lift our cartridge boxes to our shoulders to keep them out of the water. When we crossed the stream the night before, it was only a small one, and easily fordable. We reached the camp about ten A. M., and found the regiment in line ready to start. We stopped long enough for our detachment to breakfast, and com-
menced the march, bound for Alexandria, seventeen miles away. It seemed to be a forced march as we stopped only ten minutes for rest. We were wet to the skin, the mud was ankle deep, our stomachs and haversacks were empty. It certainly was a hard day. We reached Three Mile Run, two miles south of Alexandria, late in the afternoon, and found the stream so much swollen by the storm that it could not be forded. We got some rails and timbers together, and built a bridge. As soon as the first company attempted to cross, the bridge went down the stream, but no lives were lost, only a few knapsacks and muskets. Except for that mishap, I don’t know how much farther we would have been required to march that day. We were ordered to encamp, but there was no choice of position, as the whole country was a swamp. The place selected was a grove, the ground was low and swampy. We erected the tents and tore down a rail fence, using the rails to keep us up out of the water. We had a hard time getting fires started, but we persevered and finally succeeded. Many of the men stood around the fires all night, drying their clothes and blankets, but I needed rest, having marched thirty miles without food, except breakfast, and little of that. I did not propose to stay up all night and fight both hunger and fatigue. I had my own blanket, which, of course, was wet, and I borrowed three more, retired to my tent, took off my shoes, and slept soundly until the Drum Corps sounded the reveille in the morning. When I got up, there was enough steam from my wet clothing and blankets to fill the tent, so that I could hardly see across it.

About eight o’clock on that Sunday morning we received orders to march to our old camp at Upton’s Hill. The march was a very hard one for me, for I was so stiff and sore I could hardly move, but after marching a few miles I was all right. We reached Upton’s Hill, as near as I can remember, about noon, had dinner, which was the first meal since leaving Fairfax on Saturday morning. We found everything at Camp Wadsworth exactly as we
had left it, with all our personal belongings intact. For three days we enjoyed the hospitalities of Upton’s Hill, such as they were, hard tack, pork, bean soup, coffee, guard duty, drill, et cetera.

On March 19th. we were again ordered to Alexandria. When we reached Bailey’s Cross Roads, two miles from Upton’s Hill, we were ordered to encamp and await orders. It seemed a strange move, as we were in plain sight of our old camp, and it was supposed that we would be sent somewhere down the Potomac. At that time the Army of the Potomac was being transferred to Fortress Monroe. It was a great and costly undertaking, requiring thirty days’ time and millions of dollars. In the meantime, we were patiently waiting our turn, the time being employed in the usual duties of camp drill, dress parade, guard duty, et cetera.

On March 19th we were again ordered to Alexandria. (Uncle Jimmy) was about this time appointed Military Governor of the District of Columbia. We regretted much to part with him, and the regret was not all on our side. He was succeeded by Gen. M. R. Patrick. Gen. Patrick was a regular army officer, a graduate of West Point. He had been in service in Mexico, and, I think, in the West, fighting Indians. He was a strict disciplinarian, though not a martinet. He required implicit obedience, always insisting that his rank should be honored by his inferiors. In a letter to my father, at the time of his appointment to the command of our brigade, I wrote, “He is both feared and hated.” At first, we thought him a tyrant; but as we became better acquainted, and he showed his ability as a fighter, he became one of the most popular brigade commanders in our division. He had no use for skulkers, and when caught, it went hard with them. He never asked his men to go where he feared to lead. He was religious, and in camp, he had prayers every night at brigade headquarters to which every officer in the brigade was invited. On Sundays, we had service for the whole brigade, when all four chaplains were present, as
well as every man in the brigade who was not on other duty. The General was an entertaining speaker, and, as a rule, talked to us at every meeting. He was also very fond of music, calling for the best singers when his favorite "Old Hundred" was invariably sung. After the boys had sung it once, he would say, "Very good, but it does not quite suit me, try it again."
CHAPTER VIII.

Our Division Commander, Gen. McDowell, had been relieved of the command of our Division, and promoted to the command of the 1st Corps, to which the Twentieth belonged. The 1st Corps consisted of three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals King, McColl and Franklin. We were in King’s division and Patrick’s brigade. The other regiments of the brigade were 21st N. Y. Vols., 23rd N. Y. Vols. and 35th N. Y. Vols., all from the western part of the State of New York.

April fourth we broke camp at six P. M. and marched to Annandale, a distance of nine miles, arriving there between nine and ten o’clock the same evening. The next morning we were in the ranks early and marched all day, stopping only a few minutes for rest. At noon, we stopped half an hour for dinner at our old camp between Fairfax Court House and Centerville. The march lasted three days, and was a very hard one, for the roads were very rough and muddy, the bridges over the streams were all gone, and we had to ford them. Sometimes, the water was up to our waists.

The third day after leaving Bailey’s, we reached Bristoe Station, tired and miserable enough. We fixed up a camp as well as we could, and those not on guard were sleeping as only tired and healthy men can sleep. During the night, a terrible storm set in, snow, hail, and rain. The tents were little better than sieves and it seemed as if the camp was one boiling spring. In many places, springs of water bubbled up in the tents, driving out the occupants, and the smoke from the campfires settled over the camp and nearly suffocated us. We were fairly eating smoke, and were blind from its effects. The storm lasted
for the better part of three days, then the sun came out bright and warm and we soon forgot our troubles. As some compensation for our sufferings on that occasion, we lived on the fat of the land—turkeys, chickens, pigs, lamb, honey, and once in a while a ham, which we foraged from the rebel sympathizers in the vicinity. They had everything hidden, but the colored brother showed us the way, and we were not backward in helping ourselves. We had some good foragers in our company, but I give no names. Wednesday, April 16th, about noon, we left Bristol Station, marched nine miles, and camped in a piece of woods near Catlett Station, remaining there until the following Friday morning, when we started at five o'clock and marched until nine that night, having covered thirty miles. The weather was very warm, and the knapsacks and accoutrements seemed to get heavier with every mile. Toward night, it began to rain, and when we went into camp, we were so tired that we spent little time getting up the tents and cooking supper. Early the next morning we were in line, and began the last lap of our journey, fourteen miles, bound for Fredricksburg.

When we reached the Rappahannock, we found that the bridges had been burned by the retreating rebels. We were ordered to encamp. The place selected was back of the village of Falmouth, on the north side of the river. Falmouth, at that time, was an insignificant village on low ground. Behind the village the hills were high, and it was there that we had our camp. It was a very pleasant place to stay while waiting the arrival of the "Pontoons" by which we expected to cross the river. Fredricksburg is one of the oldest cities in the United States. Before the war, it did a large export business, shipping, yearly, several million of dollars worth of grain and tobacco. At that time, it was connected with Falmouth by three bridges, one for railroad, and two for teams and foot passengers. The place was famous for having been the birthplace of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington. An unfinished monument to her memory could be seen from
our camp on Stafford Heights. At that time, there were
great numbers of contrabands arriving every day. They
had been deserted by their masters, and they struck out
for the nearest Federal camp. They came in all kinds
of conveyances—a cow and a mule would frequently be
seen hitched to a cart which contained the entire wealth
of the family. There were old men and women, middle
aged, and some very young. They were of all colors, very
dark, light, and almost white. The able-bodied men were
given employment by the government, and the aged men,
women, and children were sent to Washington.

On the fifth of May, the Pontoon Bridge across the Rap-
pahannock was completed, and three companies of the
20th, two companies of the 23rd, and one company of the
35th, crossed the river, and took possession of the city.
We met no opposition. For some reason, the enemy had
left, evidently, in great haste, as a large quantity of stores
fell into our hands. On May tenth, the balance of the bri-
gade crossed the river, and we encamped along what is
known as the Telegraph Road. A line of sentinels was
established around the entire city to prevent communica-
tion with the South. On May 23rd, Pres. Lincoln paid us
a visit and witnessed a review of the troops. On May
25th, in the afternoon, the entire First Division broke
camp and started for Richmond over the Telegraph Road.
Our officers did not seem to be in a hurry, as every two
or three miles we were allowed to rest. When we
reached Massaponix Creek, six miles from Fredricksburg,
we were ordered to camp, where we remained for more
than two days. There was no sign of an enemy. On May
28th, we again started north. This time, it was a forced
march. The weather was very warm and uncomfortable.

Along toward night, I began to suffer from thirst; my
canteen was empty, and I was watching every opportunity
to refill it. As we marched along, I kept a sharp eye out
for a well or a stream, but luck was against me. Finally,
we passed a house, standing near the road. The well was
outside of the fence and was surrounded by a great num-

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ber of soldiers. They had drawn the well nearly dry. Every time the bucket went down, it came up about one-third full of red, muddy water, which the soldiers almost fought over. I felt so much in need of water, that I made up my mind that I could not march another mile without it. I watched my chance, and dropped out of the ranks, when the officers were not looking. I stood around a short time, and soon saw that I would have to wait for some time for a drink. Having my mind set on the drink, I resolved to go no further until I got it. I soon found that it would be a long wait, and thought it foolish to stand on my feet waiting, as every regiment that passed contributed to swell the waiting crowd.

In that part of Virginia, thick hedges lined the roads, and alongside of the hedge in a field was a ditch, which was dry at that season of the year. I looked over the hedge and thought, "Oh, what a bed for a tired soldier, filled with growing grass, soft as a feather bed." I went over the hedge intending to rest just long enough to get a turn at the well, and thought that as long as I was resting, I might as well rest comfortably, so I unrolled the blankets, put the rubber on the ground and the woollen over me, and my knapsack under my head.

I must have fallen asleep instantly, as I knew no more until after sunrise the next morning. I raised up cautiously, and looked around. There was not a person in sight. I packed up my blankets and began to realize that I was in the country of the enemy, and likely to spend some months in a rebel prison, but capture or no capture, I took a very great chance for a drink of plain water, and I resolved that I would try the quality, which I did. I then started down the road, and reached the camp of my own regiment just as the Drum Corps was calling breakfast. On that occasion, I did not have to have an interview with the Captain, as I had not been missed except by my tent mates, and I knew that they would not give me away.

On May 29th, we again crossed the river, bound for Catlett Station, the place we had left one month previ-
ously. The reason for this march was that the rebels had made a raid in the Shenandoah Valley, and we had been sent to reinforce Gen. Banks, who was at Front Royal, and in case he was defeated, Washington would be in danger. The march was a forced one, and the weather was very warm and sultry, with rain. It seemed as if we had a furnace under us and a hot vapor bath overhead. We arrived at Catlett May 31st, and left June 2nd, marched seven miles and went into camp. The following morning we went to a small place called Hay Market, which is on the Manassas Gap Railroad. We camped two miles from that place. While on that march, the food was unsatisfactory; we had only hard tack and coffee, and not always enough of that. For some reason, our supplies did not reach us. On June 12th, we were at a place called Mill Creek, which is between Catlett Station and Fredricksburg. We were there waiting orders. At that place we had the best water that we had found in Virginia. We also had plenty to eat, and fresh bread for the second time in three months. After leaving Mill Creek, we were marching and countermarching,—ordered to one place one day; and before we reached there, the orders would be countermanded. Finally we received orders to proceed to Fredricksburg, which we reached about the first of July. Since leaving there the last of May, we had marched over one hundred miles under very trying conditions, the weather was very damp, sultry and warm. On that march, the best horses gave out, showing that human beings can survive where brute strength fails.

We went into camp on the north side of the river. It was a very pleasant place. The country around was beautiful, and at that season of the year the blackberries and cherries were abundant. It seemed to be a cherry country. Even in the woods, we found trees heavily laden with the fruit. Our camp was named Camp Rufus King, in honor of our Division Commander. Since we had left Upton’s Hill, we had learned something about hut building from the best of teachers, Experience. The climate
of Virginia is subject to severe thunder storms with heavy rain. A tent built on the ground, unless well ditched, would be flooded in a very short space of time. In building our tent at Camp Rufus, we cut four crochets about five feet long, which we drove into the ground, one at each corner. We put two stout poles across, and then laid smaller poles which formed the floor. These we covered with pine boughs. Blankets spread over the boughs made as fine and comfortable a bed as could be desired. The tent was built on the top of a platform and securely fastened. We cared little how hard it rained, as we were beyond reach of the flood.

We celebrated the Fourth of July in a very enjoyable way. In the morning, there were speeches by Gen. Patrick, Capt. Ward, Col. Pratt and others. In the afternoon, we had a greased pole, sack race, a greased pig, and various other amusements. The pole was a straight pine which had been made as smooth as possible. On the top of the pole was a belt containing ten dollars which was to be the property of the first man to reach it. Before a trial was allowed, the pole was thoroughly greased. The first candidate went up smiling and confident. When up about ten feet he slid to the ground. Before another was allowed to try, the pole was again well greased. A man would be about to reach for the prize, and down he would go. It was great fun for the spectators.

We had a private in the regiment, who was called “Jersey.” His real name I have forgotten, if I ever knew. Jersey was an incorrigible of the worst kind. He knew no fear. Orders were given, and rules made, only to be violated at the first opportunity, and in consequence his principal place of residence was the guard house. Sometimes he would be compelled to march up and down, accompanied by a guard. His punishment was to carry a knapsack filled with stones. He seemed to enjoy it as he was always laughing and cracking jokes. If the sentence was a light one, he would say, “Me fitin’ weight is four stone tin,” or if for a graver offence his fighting weight would be six
stone ten, meaning that he was carrying forty or sixty pounds. At other times, he would be dressed in a wooden overcoat, which was an empty barrel without a head with a hole cut in the bottom large enough to admit his head and holes cut in the sides for his arms. When the culprit had it on, it was a comical sight, and he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did. When we first reached Fredericksburg, Gen. Patrick issued an order forbidding any member of his command crossing the river except on his order. That was enough for Jersey. As soon as we halted, he and another of his kind secured a boat, rowed across the river, captured the rebel pickets with their arms, and brought them prisoners to the headquarters of Gen. Patrick. Now, the General was a disciplinarian of the strictest kind. When he gave an order, it was to be obeyed to the letter; if it was not obeyed, the punishment was sure, swift, and severe. Therefore when Jersey and his fellow insurgent brought in the prisoners, they were immediately placed under arrest. As we had no guard house at that time, they were tied to trees, a sign was placed over their heads to tell the passer-by of the grave offence of which they had been guilty.

Returning to the Fourth of July celebration, Jersey, as usual, was in disgrace and in the guard house. He had been kept informed by the guard of the failure to reach the belt, and he sent word to Col. Pratt asking permission to be released long enough for him to try for the prize. As all the officers were in good humor that day, permission was granted. Jersey went up the pole without a slip, and to the surprise of all, brought down the prize. I heard that the Colonel was so pleased that he forgave his past transgressions and restored him to duty.

The last of the sports was a race for a greased pig. I think the pig weighed from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five pounds. It had previously been shaved to the skin from snout to tail, and just before he was released he was thoroughly greased. The rule was that he could only be caught by the tail. It was a great sight to see a
whole brigade, nearly four thousand men, chasing one little lone pig. After many escapes, he was caught at last, and the captor was awarded the pig. The closing event of the day was dress parade, conducted entirely by privates and non-commissioned officers. Corp. Oliver A. Campbell of my company, acted as Colonel, and our regular Colonel could not have done better. His charge to the acting officers could not be excelled by any Colonel in the brigade.
CHAPTER IX.

Sometime previous to our arrival at Fredericksburg, our First Lieutenant, Pease, resigned, and an election to fill the vacancy was ordered. The candidates were First Sergeant, Gilbert D. Cornelius, and Second Lieutenant, Edgar T. Dudley. Cornelius won the election, and Dudley resigned. Sergeant Major Vankleek was appointed Second Lieutenant and, and Sergeant Brankstone was appointed First Sergeant. The appointment of Vankleek was not satisfactory to the members of the company. They had nothing against him, but they thought they should choose their own officers. I do not think that Vankleek enjoyed the position, as he resigned it on the second day of August, 1862. First Lieutenant Cornelius had become very popular. While at Camp Rufus King, the company presented him with an expensive pipe.

In my company, was Private Eburn F. Haight, a former neighbor and schoolmate. I think, it was on the last few miles of the march to Fredericksburg that he had been ailing for some days, when one night I missed him, and after erecting the tent, I walked back over the road, where about two miles from camp, I found him. He had crawled under the bushes by the roadside, and lain down to die. After some persuasion, I got him on his feet, led him into camp, made him a cup of tea, and reported him to the Doctor. The next morning he was sent to the hospital, somewhere near Washington, having developed typhoid fever. Although he recovered, his hearing was nearly destroyed.

At Camp Rufus King, Doubleday’s brigade was added to our Division, which then comprised the brigades of Generals Patrick, Hatch, Gibbons, and Doubleday. At
this Camp (Rufus King) we were getting plenty of drill from seven to nine in the morning, dress parade at six P. M. and another brigade drill which lasted until eight o'clock, and sometimes a little longer. Gen. Patrick seemed to be determined to fit us for hard service in the shortest possible time. My memory goes back to Camp Rufus King, and I often think of the long summer days. We had just enough and not too much to do. I recall the noon-day nap of a couple of hours; at night from taps to reveille, I slept as only a growing boy, who lived in the open air, can sleep.

On Monday, July 28th, we crossed the river to Fredricksburg, and were assigned to picket duty. One wing of our regiment was stationed on the left, and the other wing on the right of the City. The 21st regiment was stationed back of the City, the 23rd in the City, and the 35th was held in reserve. The other brigades of the Division did not cross the river at that time. While on that duty, we went swimming in the river every day, and enjoyed it greatly. At first, we went unattended, but one unfortunate day, one of the boys of the 35th was taken with a cramp and drowned. He had been in the water over an hour. After that, we were always in command of a commissioned officer, whose duty it was to see that we came out in a reasonable time. Our camp on the south side was called "Camp Cook." From that place, in a letter home, I wrote, "It seems to me that the town of Warwarsing was very slow in sending recruits, and every able bodied man should come forward at once and fill up the regiment." In a previous letter, I wrote, "I suppose you have learned through the papers that General Pope has been appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, which gives us great satisfaction, as this brigade has little confidence in Gen. McDowell." Now, fifty-two years after those letters were written, I offer a humble apology for both times I was wrong. The town of Warwarsing was doing itself proud in furnishing recruits in defense of the Union. It was filling the ranks
of the 56th, the 120th, the 156th, as well as our own regiment. As for Gen. McDowell, I now believe he was one of our ablest Generals. As to his loyalty, there can be no question. It was he who planned the first battle of Bull Run, where he was the commanding officer, and it is conceded by high military authority that it was one of the best planned battles of the war; but unfortunately, he commanded green troops with inexperienced officers. Today, I believe with Professor Hosmer, who in his History of the War, says, "He was one of our ablest Generals, and at the same time, the most unlucky." In temperament and disposition, he was entirely unlike McClellan, Patrick and Wadsworth:—he did not seem to have that quality that inspires confidence; but he was fair. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, when asked about the officers and men he had commanded at the Battle of Bull Run, he said, "They were good men." He showed a disposition to take all the blame for the loss of the battle upon himself.

On Saturday, August 9th, we started south to join the army of Gen. Pope at Cedar Mountain. That day, we marched nine miles, Sunday, sixteen miles, and Monday, eight miles in the morning. At six o'clock in the evening of the same day we marched ten miles and went into camp near Cedar Mountain. I recollect that march as if it had occurred yesterday. Strict orders had been issued to commanding officers to keep every man in the ranks as straggling would not be tolerated. When about five miles from our destination, my old enemy, thirst, got a strong hold on me, and as usual, found me with an empty canteen. It was after dark when I spied a well in the rear of a house. I dropped out, but unfortunately, Capt. Ward saw me, and called me back, but I kept right on, pretending not to hear. He ran after me. I took one side of the house, and he the other, meeting at the well, and I had to go without the drink. He marched me back to my place in the ranks, and a little later came to me and apologized, saying he was sorry, and that he was suf-

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failing from thirst himself, but that the orders were so strict, he dared not disobey. I thought then that he need not have seen me. If he had just turned his head the other way, I would have had plenty of water for him as well as myself. How well I recall that night. We put up no tents, but slept in the open, as we expected to go into battle the next morning. I passed an uncomfortable night for I was thirsty, and had the dread of the next day. Up to that time we had not had an opportunity to meet the enemy in battle; but when the sun arose the next morning there was no enemy in sight. My anxiety the night before had been for nothing, which is usually the case—it does not pay to worry.

On August 16th, we moved camp to the foot of Cedar Mountain, and on the 18th, we packed up and lay on our arms all night. On the morning of the 19th, we started on what is known as “Pope’s Retreat.” We passed through Culpepper Court House, and camped three miles south of the Rappahannock. It was a long and hard march from early morning until ten o’clock at night without rest. My record says that “we lay on our arms” which means that the knapsacks were not unpacked and no tents put up; in fact the men simply dropped in their tracks along the road just as they halted. On August 20th, we crossed the Rappahannock once more, rested for a short time, and that same day moved farther north. On August 21st, we were at Norman’s Ford, where I had my first taste of real war. We had a sharp fight which lasted all day.

The Twentieth had been assigned to support Capt. Reynolds Battery L, 1st N. Y. Artillery. In supporting a battery, the supporting troops take position behind the battery, and for safety, usually lie on the ground. In case of a charge by the enemy’s infantry, a battery of artillery is about helpless, unless well supported. In case of a raid by the enemy, it is the business of the supporting regiment to drive them back with ball and bayonet. In the beginning of that fight, the shot and shell coming
our way in such a reckless manner, was very terrifying. It must be remembered that Norman's Ford was our first battle. At first, we hugged mother earth very closely, but after a short time, we sat up, and finally, walked around, acting as if we had always been used to being under fire. In that battle, none of our men were killed, but I think there were eight or ten wounded. Our small casualty was due to the fact that most of the shot was aimed too high and passed over our heads. Our battery did much better as we drove the rebels from five different positions, and followed them up; but, finally, just at night, we were forced to retreat. On August 23rd, we marched to Warrenton through a heavy rainstorm, and that night we bivouaced in the streets of that town, having marched twelve miles. On Tuesday, August 26th, we broke camp at 6 A. M., leaving our knapsacks behind, and marched to White Sulphur Springs, several miles north of Warrenton.

White Sulphur Springs was at that time, and is now, a fashionable summer resort. There was a fine hotel and a number of cottages, with grounds finely laid out. We halted there a short time, tasted the water of the springs, which is strongly impregnated with sulphur, and is clear and sparkling. The Doctor advised taking the water in moderation, advice which he need not have given me, as one swallow was enough. We broke open the ice-house, and indulged in the luxury of ice-water.

As we passed through the place, a battery posted near, opened upon us, accompanied by a brisk musketry fire. We formed in line of battle, and soon forced the enemy to retreat. Later in the day, we were ordered to move across an open field which exposed us to the fire of a rebel battery that was so posted that we had to pass under its guns to reach our position. The regiment moved by wings, formed in double file, so that the enemy would have a very narrow target. We moved so rapidly that we reached our position without loss. The rest of the day was spent in skirmishing, only a few men being wounded. We re-
mained in that position that night. The next morning we found that the enemy had left during the night, and we were ordered to proceed to Warrenton where we stayed just long enough to get something to eat, and then moved on. At that place the knapsacks were loaded on a wagon, and we were in light marching order, carrying only musket, cartridge-box, haversack (which had not been filled in nearly two weeks), and blankets. We took the road leading to Manassas Junction, marched until twelve o’clock that night, started again at daylight, and marched until four o’clock in the afternoon. We rested about one hour, and then moved on. We had not gone far when our advance guard was fired on. Our brigade being the rear guard, we were placed in reserve. The rest of the Division went into action and had a severe battle with considerable loss. That battle is known as the battle of Gainsville.

At twelve o’clock, midnight, we were ordered on picket duty. My post was in an open grove, with here and there a stump. I was so tired and worn out for the want of sleep and food, that I could scarcely stand. I did not dare to sit down or walk about, it was just stand still with eyes and ears open. About ten feet from where I stood, was what afterward proved to be a stump, but in the darkness it appeared to move. I turned my head for a second, watching it more closely, and it was some time before I was satisfied that it was only a stump. We were on picket that night for about three hours, and up to that time, I had never spent a more uncomfortable three hours in my life. Our line of march led to Manassas. During that march, at every obstruction in the road which caused us to halt, each man dropped in the road, and instantly fell asleep. It took considerable urging on the part of the officers to get us moving again.

From the time we left Cedar Mountain, we received no Government rations, but lived on the country through which we passed. It was at the time of the year when corn was large enough to eat, as were the potatoes; but
the only means of cooking was to roast the corn and potatoes in the camp fire. The result of that kind of living was that we were hungry all of the time. My greatest trouble was the want of bread, for all the corn I could eat, did not satisfy me. Our company bore up finely, there being few or no complaints. We knew that the Government had provided for us; but the Confederate, Gen. Jackson had captured and destroyed our train load of supplies. We arrived at Manassas a little after sunrise, Aug. 29th. We were allowed to sleep until one o'clock, when we were ordered to the front, our company being deployed as skirmishers. In passing through a field, we saw a number of dead soldiers whose bodies were much bloated and discolored, showing that they had been killed at least twenty-four hours before. It was not a pleasant sight, but we were destined to see much worse in the next few weeks. We arrived on the battlefield about five P. M., when Gen. Patrick made a speech, telling us that the greatest honor that could be paid to volunteer soldiers was the privilege of fighting with the soldiers of the regular army. He praised our marching and fighting qualities, and mentioned the fact that no rations had been issued, but that he had heard that some commissary stores had arrived, and if anything was to be had, we should get our share. The General had been a regular army officer for many years, and could not help being more or less prejudiced in favor of regular troops.
CHAPTER X.

The night of Aug. 29th our position was on ground high enough to enable us to see the thousands of soldiers taking position for the coming battle. It was a sight that I never had seen before, and one to be remembered. I had seen a larger army about to pass in review, but never one getting into position for a real battle. It was fought that same night, the brunt of which was borne by Hatch’s brigade of our Division. Our loss was seven thousand killed and wounded, but our regiment suffered little. We lay on our arms that night just in front of the enemy. On the morning of the 30th, we moved to the rear, and made a breakfast of what we had on hand. I recall that the officers were worse off than we were, as far as food was concerned, in fact, they had nothing; but each of us contributed to the officers’ mess.

About two P. M., we were ordered to the front, and immediately attacked the enemy, who were waiting for us. They were behind a railroad embankment, which made a perfect breastwork. As we came within range, they poured a whole battery of grape and cannister into our brigade. It came so suddenly that we broke, but soon rallied, and put up a good fight, but being greatly outnumbered, we were forced to retreat. As soon as the order was received, we fell back, and, somehow, I, with many others got separated from the regiment. Lieut. Col. Gates and Lieut. Cornelius (Cornelius and I were the last of the 20th to leave the field), and a number of others were in the company, also two or three hundreds of soldiers from other regiments. We were like sheep without a shepherd. Col. Gates, being the ranking officer, immediately organized a provisional regiment, recording our
names, company and regiment. We left the field in good order, and finally rejoined the regiments to which we belonged. Our regiment met with a very heavy loss. Col. Pratt and Capt. Ward were mortally wounded, Capt. Ward dying three days after the battle, and Col. Pratt soon after. When the Color Sergeant was shot down, Capt. Ward picked up the colors; when he went down, they were recovered by private, Ned. Beckett of Co. F, who was promoted to the position of Color Sergeant, and under whom I had the honor to serve as an aide for many months. My own company suffered severely. Miles Anderson and Adam Bishop were left dead on the field. Hiram H. Terwilliger was wounded in nine different places; in fact, when he was brought to the field hospital, the surgeon remarked to Hospital Steward Benson that he was beyond help. He poured out morphine without measuring it and told Benson to give it to him, remarking that if his wounds did not kill him the dose would. He is on record in the Medical Department at Washington as one of the remarkable cases of recovery after desperate injuries. At this writing, July, 1914, he is still living. My own company lost fourteen men killed and wounded. How I escaped is a mystery, as men were falling all around me.

Sunday, Aug. 31 was a sultry, rainy day. The men were taking a much needed rest; the officers were busy getting supplies and ammunition together, in anticipation of battles to come. Monday, Sept. 1st, we marched to Fairfax Court House in the morning, changed our position two or three times in the afternoon, and started for Centreville. After going three miles, we returned by another road, and were ordered to report to Gen. Hooker, who ordered us to occupy an open grove beyond which the enemy was strongly posted. As we entered the woods, the bulk of the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, in order to conceal our weakness from the enemy. The firing from the rebels was sharp and constant. We sought shelter behind the trees which were large enough to pro-
tect us. In trying to fire my rifle, it did not work. I put on a fresh cap, and as soon as it was exploded, wet powder of the consistency of putty flowed out of the nipple, in fact, the gun was useless. We had had so much marching in the rain that the cartridge was completely saturated. I got out the tools which each of us carried, unscrewed the nipple, drew out the ball, cleaned out the barrel, and was ready for business. In the meantime, the battle was raging, but, as usual, the bullets passed me, and either hit the tree, or went over my head.

As soon as I was ready, I drew the ram-rod, and placed my cap on the end of it to draw the fire of the rebel sharpshooter who was watching me. My opportunity came as soon as I drew his fire, which I took advantage of to the best of my ability. When the order came to retreat, I, being far to the front, was almost the last man to leave the field. As I stepped from behind the tree which had partially sheltered me, a rebel soldier standing about fifty feet from me, raised his gun and took aim; but I was quicker than he. When I fired he fell, and I lost no time getting back to my company followed by a volley from the enemy. The soldier whom I shot was a tall handsome young man, I should say about my age (19). He was dressed in a fine Confederate uniform, and evidently was of good family, and I sincerely hope that I did not kill or permanently injure him, but I can surely say that I shot at least one of the rebels. That battle was known as the Battle of Chantilly, where Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed.

On Tuesday, Sept. 2nd, we marched two miles south of Upton’s Hill, and camped for the night. Wednesday morning, we finished the march, and took possession of our winter quarters on Upton’s Hill. It was like getting home after a long journey. The quarters which we left the previous March were then too small, now we found them too large, on account of our heavy loss in the campaign just ended. There were two hundred and three names missing at roll-call. Killed or wounded was writ-
ten on the roll opposite their names. We occupied our old camp only one night, and then moved across the road and put up shelter tents. While in that camp some of the members of the 120th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers paid us a visit. They informed us that their regiment was encamped near the Chain Bridge about four miles from our camp. Nearly the entire regiment was recruited in Ulster County, and Ellenville furnished one Company. My brother, Theron, whom I had not seen in several years was a Sergeant in the Ellenville company. I asked and received permission to pay him a visit with the privilege of staying all night. I was acquainted with many of the members of the regiment, was well received, and fed with the best army rations the camp afforded. Besides myself, J. E. Scott ("Scotty") and Jas Pierce, who subsequently became our drum-major, were visitors. Scotty entertained our hosts with the story of our adventures since leaving home the previous October. He told of the hardships of a soldier’s life and the battles we had fought. It was a long story greatly exaggerated, and told as only Scotty could tell it. He enlarged on the nearness of the enemy. He said we were likely to be attacked at any time, and advised that the men sleep with their rifles beside them, and not to remove their shoes, so as to be ready for instant service.

The following morning, which was Sunday, Sept. 7th, I started for our camp. Before parting from my brother, he gave me some money, also a box of three dozen papers of tobacco. It made me feel wealthy, as we had received no pay in nearly six months. On the other hand, the men of the 120th, had received a bounty, while we who had seen hard service for nearly a year, had received nothing. I reached our camp about nine A. M., and but for a few indisposed men, found a deserted village. The regiment had marched at two o’clock that morning. I was told by the men still remaining in camp that the regiment would return in a day or two; but they could give me no information as to their destination. I stayed in camp that night, and the next day which was my nineteenth birthday.
The Aqueduct Bridge which crosses the Potomac at Georgetown, is about five miles from Upton’s Hill. I left camp early Tuesday morning, determined to find the regiment. I was much disturbed as to how I could cross the Potomac. I knew that all the bridges crossing the river were strongly guarded, and I had a deadly fear of being sent to the stragglers camp which was not very far from the bridge. When coming in sight of the river, and thinking of some plan to cross, I met a soldier. I told him my trouble, and he advised seeing Gen. Morell who was in command of the bridge and approaches. The General’s headquarters were on a hill overlooking the river and surrounding country. The grounds were terraced from the road and handsomely layed out. As I approached the house, I saw the General walking up and down the porch. I saluted, and told my story in a few words, asking him for a pass to enable me to rejoin my regiment. He evidently believed me, for my request was granted at once.

I lost little time in getting across the bridge to Georgetown. The first thing I did was to find a bakery where I bought two loaves of bread. That night, I reached Rockville, Md., ten miles from Georgetown, found some water, ate my bread, went under a haystack for the night, and slept soundly until sunrise. I knew that I was more than two days behind the army, and it was necessary for me to keep moving. At noon, the second day, I finished the last of my bread, so that night I had no supper. I found a haystack for the night, and the want of supper did not prevent me from getting a full night’s sleep.

Somewhere on my travels, I found an old copy of the “New York Ledger.” It was a great find. Each day at noon I found a shady place, rested for a couple of hours during the hottest part of the day, and had my Ledger for company. I had money, but could buy nothing, every place seemed to be deserted, as was usually the case when a large army was in the vicinity. On Thursday morning, the third day since leaving the camp, I found the place where the rations had been issued, and also found nearly

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half of a box of hard-tack. I took all that I could carry, and regretted that I could not take them all. That day I was in no danger of starving. There is an old saying that "A stern chase is a long chase," and I found the saying too true. I was in no way discouraged, as I knew that I was traveling faster than the army, but I was getting lonesome. The afternoon of the fourth day, I reached the top of a high hill, and some distance away I saw two soldiers going up another hill, one of whom was carrying a long-handled frying pan, the other, had what looked like a skillet. They must have been nearly half a mile in front of me, but I knew them. They were two notorious stragglers, and belonged to my company. I made haste, and in the course of an hour overtook them. They were well supplied with coffee and other rations. I requested them to go to a brook which flowed through the hills and make a fire. In the meantime, I went to the nearest house and secured a large loaf of homemade bread, a quart of milk, and a lot of tomatoes.

I well remember the price, one old fashioned Spanish shilling, which I considered a great bargain. That meal by the brookside was the first square meal that I had eaten since I left the camp of the 120th. I enjoyed it very much. As soon as supper was over, I urged my comrades to show the way to the regiment. I knew it could not be far from where we then were, for we were off the road the army had marched over, then, too, the chronic straggler is rarely more than a few miles away from his base. I felt that it was useless for me to look for the regiment alone, as it was then nearly dark, and I would probably wander around all night. However, my urging did no good, they refused to go into camp that night. We found a barn, and slept in the hay. Just before daybreak, very much against my protest, they robbed a hen-roost, and were then ready to leave. We stopped near a spring, cooked coffee, and reached camp about nine o'clock in the morning, Sept. 13th.

The brigade was encamped about two miles from
Frederick City, Md. I immediately reported my arrival to Lieut. Cornelius, who was in command of the company. He asked me if I had had breakfast. Replying that I had, he said that my absence was excusable, as it was beyond my control. I do not recollect that anything was done with the stragglers at that time; but after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, in which they were missing, they were court martialed. I was called as a witness for the prosecution. My testimony was of little value, as I was with them only one night. Subsequently, the eldest of the pair deserted, and the younger was killed at Gettysburg, which battle was his first engagement. We broke camp, Sunday morning, Sept. 14th, at three A. M., passed through Frederick City, which, by the way, is a beautiful town, with handsome surroundings. After passing the city, I noticed Gen. Howard busily engaged closing up the ranks of the different brigades, and driving in the stragglers. The habitual straggler is always a coward, and sometimes a thief.

South Mountain is about one thousand feet high wooded to the top, beyond it are open fields. We reached the foot of the mountain late in the afternoon, built fires, and had our supper. As soon as we were through, we were ordered to dislodge the enemy who was on the top of the mountain. Patrick's brigade was deployed as skirmishers, preceding the main body, supported by the twentieth. In the meantime the rebels, protected by a stone fence, were firing in our direction, with little damage to us, for about all their shot went over our heads, and hit the trees. We, on the lower ground did much better, as we aimed lower, so that a large percentage of our shot took effect. When we reached the top of the mountain, we were ordered to charge the fence, and drive out the enemy. This we did with small loss to ourselves. For more than an hour, the rebels fought with great bravery. They charged the fence again, and again, only to be driven back with great loss. They finally retreated, leaving their dead unburied. That night was very cold on the moun-
tain. Overcoats and blankets had been left at the foot. However, I had my rubber blanket which was a large one. I spread it on the ground, put one half over, and the other half under me, but there was no warmth in it. While I was fairly comfortable where I was covered, the ground was so cold that I could not sleep. I got up, and walked a while, then tried again to sleep, but it was of no use, so I had to give it up. Fires could not be built, on account of the nearness of the enemy.

The battle of South Mountain was one of the best fought battles of the war. It was an open stand up fight. No strategy, and little maneuvering—boldness and superior marksmanship won the battle. At sunrise, I with others, went over the fence, directly in front of where we were stationed before. The dead were lying in winrows, showing that the fire from our regiment had been very accurate and destructive. The morning of the fifteenth was clear and cool. We moved down the mountain, and had breakfast by the roadside.

The enemy had disappeared, and, probably, was some distance in advance. That night, we camped two miles beyond Boonsborough, and went to bed without supper. The next morning, we were in the ranks at six o’clock, and with the rest of the brigade, faced toward the enemy. Our position was changed three or four times during the day, always skirmishing with the rebels. At that time, we were in the corps of Gen. Hancock. He was mounted on a white horse, and could be followed by the eye, as far as one could see. In the afternoon, we forded the creek, and for the distance of a mile, marched under a galling fire of shot and shell. At dusk, we entered a piece of woods, and stood in the ranks. First one would sit down, and then another, until the whole line was down, and soon the men were asleep. Then came the familiar order, “Fall in.” After standing a while, down we went again, only to have the order repeated. It was a hard night. Gen. Patrick was keeping us company. He and his staff spent the night just opposite my company, a few feet away.
CHAPTER XI.

At sunrise, on the morning of September 17th, the battle of Antietam began. The rebels began to shell the woods in which we lay, and soon got the range so accurately, that the shells were bursting over our regiment. We were lying on the ground, when a shell burst over the regiment and wounded six men of my company. The six men were all in a row, I being the seventh man. Lieut. Campbell, whose position was next to mine was severely wounded by a fragment of a shell. The last I saw of him, he was being carried from the field, bleeding from the mouth.

About that time, we were ordered to support Capt. Campbell's battery "B," which consisted of two sections. On reaching the battery, we found it to be located between a barn and a large haystack, and in front was a field of growing corn, taller than a man. The left wing of the regiment (to which my company belonged), under command of Lieut. Colonel Hardenberg, was ordered to take possession of a lane that ran toward the river and to the left of the battery. When we reached our station, we took shelter behind a rail fence, and held the position until the enemy was reinforced, when we rejoined the regiment. In front, the cornfield, completely concealed the movements of the enemy, until they moved toward us. I was in a position where I could see the advance of the rebels. In their gray uniforms, at a distance, they looked like a flock of sheep. As they drew nearer, Capt. Campbell allowed them to get within fifty feet, when he gave the order to fire. The guns which had been double shotted with grape and cannister tore great gaps in their ranks, which they closed up, coming steadily forward. In the
meantime, the Twentieth was delivering volleys into their thinned ranks, as fast as they could load. As they neared the battery, we met them with the bayonet, and soon had them on the run. We followed them across the field, when their reserves came to the rescue, and we were obliged to retire behind our guns. In the course of an hour, the enemy having been reorganized and reinforced, came back, determined to capture the battery that had cost so many lives. As they drew near to us, coming through the corn, the gunners fired. The slaughter was awful. They tried again, unsuccessfully; but our regiment had to drive them off with the bayonet. The bravery of the enemy won our admiration.

The ammunition of our regiment had all been expended so that we were reduced to the necessity of getting supplies from the dead and wounded. The officers helped us a great deal. We were finally relieved by the Irish brigade. Among the regiments, composing that brigade, was one that had just arrived from home. At the first fire, a panic seized them, they broke and started for the rear. Our regiment was deployed, and formed a line, having orders to stop every soldier. We finally got them back in line, and as soon as they faced the foe, they fought like seasoned veterans. It is a peculiarity of human nature that every soldier has a dread of going into battle, but at the first fire, he loses all sense of fear, as long as he faces the enemy, but let him turn around, the chances are that a panic will seize him, and before he knows it, he will be running for his life.

After we were relieved, we moved back out of range, and rested a short time, when Col. Gates called for volunteers to go between the lines and bring off the wounded of our regiment. I, with many others, volunteered. Among the rest was Lieut. Swarthout of Co. H. We went in between the lines, and of course, between two fires, and succeeded in getting all the wounded of the regiment we could find. Lieut. Swarthout and I came off the field together. He turned his head to speak to me, and dropped
dead at my feet, shot in the head by a musket ball. While we were supporting the battery, a musket ball struck the stock of my rifle, tore off a splinter which struck me on the chin, causing it to bleed freely, and I still carry a small scar as a memento of the battle. We expected that the battle would be renewed on the eighteenth, but not a movement was made. We just rested. We expected a hard fight on the nineteenth, but during the night of the eighteenth, Gen. Lee and what was left of his army crossed the Potomac, and escaped to the Virginia side of the river. The Twentieth went into the battle with 134 men and officers, and lost 49 killed and wounded,—over 34 per cent. of the entire regiment.

Capt. Cornelius had a peculiar experience. He was standing near one of the large guns, when the order was given to fire. The concussion was so great that he fell to the ground unconscious. We all thought that he was killed. He was taken from the field on a stretcher, and it was some time before he was able to resume his duties. Gen. McClellan’s report of the battle shows that the Union Army lost 12,469, of whom 2,010 were killed; 9,416 wounded and 1,043 missing. After the retreat of Gen. Lee’s army, I walked down the lane and found it impossible to get through without stepping over the Union and Confederate dead. The lane was a veritable slaughter pen. So strongly are the events of that battle impressed upon my mind, that I seem to remember everything that occurred that day. I recall a habit of Col. Hardenberg, who when he had a difficult duty to perform, would crowd the ends of his whiskers into his mouth, which greatly amused the boys. It seems that I can see him now.

We made a camp near the battle-field, and a number of men from each regiment in the brigade was detailed each day to bury the dead, of which Union and Confederate, there were about 5,000. Long trenches about six feet wide, and four feet deep were dug. The soldiers were wrapped in their blankets, layed in rows, and a marker
was placed at the head of each body. Before the burial, the clothing and effects of the dead were thoroughly searched, and if anything was found whereby the body could be identified, his name, company, and regiment were placed on the marker. If his home address was found, his people were communicated with by the Chaplain. All valuables were turned over to the Colonel to be held for a claimant. The Union and Confederate dead were buried in trenches, and the dead of the enemy were treated as tenderly as our own.

The Sunday following the battle, we had inspection, and when the inspecting officer came to me, he inquired about my rifle, which was in bad shape, as far as looks were concerned, but still serviceable. He was amused when I told him what had happened, and remarked that I had had a narrow escape. After inspection we had brigade service, that is, the entire brigade was present and all the Chaplains. After the sermons, Gen. Patrick spoke. He talked of the various battles in which we had been engaged since he took command of the brigade. He said that we had never failed in doing our duty. He spoke of Antietam, and was enthusiastic because the brigade had captured five rebel flags, one for each regiment of the brigade, and one for the battery that we had supported. Just before the close of the service, the General called for the best singers. As they stepped to the front, he requested them to sing his favorite, "Old Hundred." The boys sang it well, but the General said, "Very good, you can do better than that, try it again." They sang it three times before he was satisfied. He never seemed to tire of that old hymn.

On September 29th, we moved camp to higher ground, where we stayed for nearly a month. I think that it was called Camp Barnett. It was a pleasant place, and we enjoyed a well earned rest. At that camp, we drew our rations, and cooked them ourselves. The coffee was boiled in a tin cup that held a quart. The coffee was put in first, and the cup nearly filled with cold water. A long stick
was put through the handle of the cup and held over the fire until the coffee boiled. In building fires, we used fence-rails, if any could be had, and built the fire the whole length of the rail. At meal time, the men could be seen squatting on the ground, as close together as they could get, each holding his cup over the fire, patiently waiting for his coffee to boil. One fine evening, our old German friend, F, (already mentioned), had made his coffee and set it on the ground. He turned around to get something from his haversack when something happened that he did not see. He ate supper, and drank his coffee, and at the bottom of the cup, he found a piece of a hair comb. He danced around like a crazy man. How he did swear. It was laughable. "F" accused Scotty, who was standing near, and who was the only man with a straight face. He looked as solemn as an owl. Forty-five years after the above incident, Drum Major Pierce and I paid a visit to Scotty. He was relating the story to us, when he said, "What do you think? ‘F’ accused me." I said, "Be careful, Scotty, there was a witness to that transaction." Scotty was a great joker, and if there was a doubt about the perpetrator of a trick of any kind, Scotty was always accused.

One morning, as I came out of my tent, I was told by Scotty that I was to be made Second Lieutenant of my company; and he was quite disgruntled because I would not believe him. I ate my breakfast, and was enjoying a smoke, when I received an order from Col. Gates to report to him at headquarters. In entering the headquarter tent, I saluted the Colonel. He bade me, "Good morning," and asked how I would like to become Second Lieutenant. At first, I was so surprised that I hesitated to reply, but finally told him that I was very young, and that I was satisfied where I was, and would be pleased if he would allow me to remain in the ranks. He urged me to accept his offer, telling me that I would surely regret it if I did not accept. I have regretted, but in justification of my course, I will say that a boy of eighteen, will do that
which he would not do at twenty-eight. On my refusal to accept a commission, the Colonel said that he wanted to do something for me, and that he would appoint me a Color Corporal, and that if I did not like the position, I could go back in the ranks. At dress parade that night, the order was read, and from that day, I served with the Color Guard, as long as I was a member of the regiment.

The position of Color Corporal is considered one of honor, also one of great danger, for the enemy always concentrate their fire on the colors. Before we left Kingston, one Corporal was selected from each company for the Color Guard, and there was some wire pulling among the Corporals seeking the place of honor; but when the fighting began, and the Color Guard had many vacancies through losses in battle, I never heard of any one offering his services for the position. In the first day’s battle of Gettysburg, Corporal Ovendorf and I were the only guards on duty with the colors. The disadvantage of serving with the colors is the danger. The advantages were in camp, we did not have to do guard or picket duty, or attend roll call or company drill. We turned out only for battalion drill and dress parade. Altogether we did not do more than three hours’ duty a day.

About the same time that I was promoted, private John Ovendorf of Company “H” was selected for the same position. John was about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Germany. He was of medium height, well built and muscular, neither stout nor thin. He was of a hopeful and even disposition, not at all quarrelsome, but quick to resent an insult. A pleasant German face, and a somewhat prominent nose, is about as good a description of my old friend as I can give. I found him one of God’s noblemen. We tented, ate, and slept together. He was clean in person and in character, a good cook, and very neat in his house-keeping. On the long marches, he insisted, against my protest, on carrying two-thirds of the load. When the weather grew cold, we had four sections of tent, two for the roof, and a section for each end.
He always insisted on taking three pieces of the tent, besides the greater portion of the plunder. When we reached the end of our march for the day, I would offer to help him get up the tent and make camp, but he would not allow me to help, telling me that I was only a boy, and to lie down and rest myself. That, of course, I would not do. He would then send me with the empty canteens for water. When I returned with the water, the tent would be up, a fire built, the pork prepared for cooking, and soon the coffee boiling. I never tasted a better meal than our hard-tack, pork and coffee, cooked in a tin cup over an open camp-fire. In camp, on one occasion, John was passing through the company street, when he met a newly appointed Second Lieutenant. John saluted as he passed him, but the officer failed to return the compliment. Under his breath, John said, "I will never salute you again." The officer heard him, and called him a vile name. John’s fist shot out, hit the officer on the head, and knocked him down. At first, I thought he was killed, and for fear of being called as a witness, I took to my heels. However, nothing was ever done about the matter. John had ample justification for what he had done. If he had been placed on trial, and the facts were known to the Judge Advocate, he would have been acquitted and the officer punished.

John never learned to speak the English language correctly. Some years after the war, what was left of the regiment, went to Gettysburg to dedicate the regimental monument. When we reached Lancaster, Pa., some boys came through the car selling pretzels. I said, "John, will you have some pretzels?" "No," he replied, "a piece of bread mit a piece of ham and a glass of beer by it, is good enough for me. I never was no hand for dainties." When we reached Gettysburg that night, he and I found accommodations by ourselves, and ate alone. At the supper table, he fixed my plate, and waited on me as he used to do, when we were in the army years before. The lady of the house could not understand the relationship that
existed between us. John said, ‘‘Madam, you mustn’t mind dot. I was a daddy by dot boy more as twenty years ago, already.’’ Before we went out, we were shown two ad-
joining rooms, and were told that the doors would not be locked, and we could come in at any time without disturb-
ing the family. John asked, ‘‘For vat is two rooms?’’
‘‘Why,’’ the lady replied, ‘‘There are two of you.’’ ‘‘Two
of us,’’ exclaimed John indignantly, ‘‘Madam, I sleep by
that boy more as a thousand times already, I was a daddy
by that boy, he sleeps by me.’’ And I did.

On September 20th, an order by Col. Gates was read
at dress parade, announcing the death of Col. Pratt, at
Albany, N. Y., who died on the eleventh of September
from wounds received at the Battle of Bull Run, August
30th. Col. Pratt was a much loved and popular officer.
He had the best of life before him, being only thirty-two
years of age, and the only son of a wealthy father. He
had a splendid home on the banks of the Hudson, and a
wife and one child. He sacrificed all for his country. If
he could have lived, he would have made a mark for him-
self, for he was a born soldier. His father, Col. Zadock
Pratt, was well known before the war as a tanner and
dairyman. He frequently visited the regiment, and was
very generous. He often sent us gifts of butter and to-
bacco, when every man in the regiment was remembered.

Lieutenant Col. Gates, was promoted to be Colonel,
and Major Hardenburg, Lieutenant Colonel, and I think
Captain Tappan was made Major. Captain Ward, of our
company, died in the hospital in Alexandria, Va., a few
days after the Battle of Bull Run. His body was sent to
New York, where the funeral services were held in a
Methodist church in that city. My mother was present
at the services, and in speaking of the matter, later, she
said that when the body was brought home, they found
several hard-tack in his pocket, and at the funeral, the
hard-tack was on the top of the casket. They were the
very hard-tack, that we, the non-commissioned officers
and privates contributed the morning of the battle.
First Lieutenant G. D. Cornelius was promoted to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. Ward. On October 3rd, we were reviewed by the President, and considering what we had been through, we made a fine showing.
CHAPTER XII.

General Patrick, having been appointed Provost Marshall General of the Army of the Potomac, issued the following order.

Headquarters, Third Brigade, First Division,
First Army Corps,
Camp Barnett, October 7, 1862.

The Brigadier General Commanding, having been assigned to duty at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac by General Orders, No. 161, hereby relinquishes to Colonel Rodgers of the Twenty-first New York Volunteers, the command of the brigade that he received from him seven months ago.

Only seven months ago; yet the ties that bind those who, like ourselves, who have followed the same standard through so many battles, and gathered around it with their ranks thinned, but unbroken, when the combat was over—such ties cannot be broken by the order that relieves your General from command.

That he must continue to take the liveliest interest in the welfare of a brigade that has never failed in the hour of peril, whether in daylight or darkness, to honor his every command, no one can doubt; and he trusts that both officers and men will touch lightly upon his faults, in the full conviction that, as their commander, he has endeavored to discharge his duties to them, to his country and his God.

He leaves you with the fervent wishes for your prosperity, and the earnest hope that an honorable peace may soon be won, so that we may once more return to our loved homes by the broad rivers and lakes of the Empire State.
BY ORDER OF GEN. PATRICK.

It was not my original intention to copy the above order, but the relationship between the General and the Brigade was so close, and the language of the order is so splendid, that I could not resist the temptation to make it a part of my reminiscences. The General had every confidence in us, and the feeling was fully reciprocated on our part toward him.

I never read any work on the Civil War which mentioned anything about the Fife and Drum Corps. The Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps, constitute an important part of the army. James Pierce, late principal musician of the Twentieth, has kindly given me information that will be of interest. When we left Kingston, the more prominent members of the Fife and Drum Corps, were—Major Hart, drum instructor; James Pierce, Joe Scheppmoss, Ethelbert L. Billings, J. Emory Scott and perhaps sixteen or eighteen others. The Buglers were—Sam Mullin, Pat Smith, and Bob McCormack. At Upton’s Hill, John O. Nelson of the Twenty-first N. Y. Volunteers, was appointed Drum Major. Immediately after the Battle of Antietam, the position of Drum Major was abolished and all the Drum Majors were discharged. It was soon evident, that without a head, the musical part of the regiment would be about useless. Then, Drummer, Jas. Pierce, was appointed Principal Musician, and Scotty was appointed Fife Major. He subsequently became bandleader of the regiment. The duties of the Principal Musician were to see that all the calls were played at the proper time, make requisition for drum supplies, put in drum heads, and see that the instruments for which he was responsible, were kept in order.

At sunrise, each morning, the calls were played in the following order: Drummers, reveille, breakfast, doctors, guard mount, dinner, supper, tattoo, and taps. In addition, there were calls for drill, and the whole corps turned out for dress parade. The members of the corps were instructed in caring for the wounded, and first aid to the in-
jured. It was their duty to follow the regiment on the battle-field, and carry the wounded from the field to the regimental hospital. After the battles, many times they acted as nurses.

Of all the musicians, I knew Scotty best. He was an original genius, and I doubt if there was an officer in the brigade who did not know and like him—always full of fun, and ready to play a joke on any of us. On a long march, he would start the singing with "John Brown’s Body," or with "We Are Coming Father Abraham Three Hundred Thousand More." Soon, the whole brigade would take it up. On Pope’s retreat, he and Corporal O. A. Campbell were the funmakers, and they were great factors in keeping up the spirits of the men under trying conditions.

At seven A. M., on October 20, we left camp, passed through Bakersville, and camped just beyond, where we remained until the twenty-sixth. At eight P. M., on that day, we started to march through a fierce rain-storm. After we had marched one mile and a half, we were compelled to camp on account of the darkness. On October 30th, we crossed the Potomac at Berlin, on the pontoon bridge. Every day, we had short marches; the longest did not exceed fifteen miles, and John had his hands full, building quarters every night. The weather was getting cold, and the tent had to be built well in order to keep us warm enough to sleep. We spread one rubber blanket on the ground, and the other we doubled over our feet to protect them from the wind, the two woolen blankets covered us. With the ends of the tents closed, the weather would have to be very cold to keep us awake.

Before leaving camp at Sharpsburg, a part of the regiment was provided with new clothing, but there was not enough to supply us all. The requisition for John and I had not been filled, and we were in a bad way. Our uniforms were ragged and dirty, and the only shirt I owned was on my back. When it was washed, I went without it until it was dry. Our only means of washing was in a
running brook. We were supplied with soap, but it was hard to get the garment clean.

At that time, I do not think there was a man in the whole Division who was not lousy. As we marched those cool November days for warmth, the lice would gather under the belt and under the straps of the knap-sack. It was misery. At every stopping place, it was a common sight for practically the whole regiment to have their shirts off, turned inside out, cracking the lice. Under the conditions in which we were then living, it was impossible to get rid of them. We tried mercurial ointment, or anguintum as it was called in those days, but they seemed to thrive on it. When I was reduced to one shirt, I put it in a running brook, put a weight on it to keep it under water, and left it there all night. The pests refused to drown. As soon as the shirt was dry, they were as lively as ever and more hungry.

On that march, Nov., 1862, on a cold, frosty night, we had fixed up a tent with a fire-place. It was very comfortable, but I could not sleep on account of the vermin. It seemed as if they were sucking my life blood. I got up, took the shirt off, turned it inside out, and threw it outside of the tent. The next morning the shirt was covered with white frost. As soon as it was brought near the fire, the lice were still on deck. While I was feeding an army of vermin, my own appetite increased amazingly. The Government was a liberal provider, but at that time, after I had eaten my allowance, I was compelled to buy extra hard-tack from the Commissary. On one occasion, Captain Cornelius jokingly remarked that he had a very lousy company. At the time the remark was made, the Captain wore a fine, new woolen shirt. Scotty, who was near, heard the remark, and offered to bet the Captain a dollar against the shirt he had on, that he (the Captain) was as lousy as we were, and offered to prove it. The Captain consented. Whereupon, Scotty inserted his thumb and forefinger under the neck-band of the Captain’s shirt, and pulled out a big gray one. The Captain
was surprised, for he had worn the shirt for the first time that morning. Captain Cornelius was a good sport and Scotty got the shirt.

While marching through one of the streets of Warrenton, November the sixth, we passed the open door of a tailor shop, where I saw a new Confederate uniform lying on the counter. It was appropriated by one of the boys of my company. On that day, Sunday, November the sixth, we made a fifteen mile march, when the whole Army of the Potomac was paraded in order that Gen. McClellan might see us together for the last time. Gen. McClellan had been relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, by order of the President, General Burnside being selected to succeed him. While we were in line, General McClellan and staff rode the whole length of it, and received a very enthusiastic reception from the army which he had created and brought to a high state of efficiency. No matter what faults he may have had, he was very popular. We had perfect confidence in him as a leader, and parted from him with regret. The following day, his farewell address was read to every regiment in the Army of the Potomac.

From November the seventh, until December eleventh, we were moving slowly towards Fredricksburg. A part of the time, we were guarding wagon trains, which greatly delayed us. The roads were heavy from recent snow and rain storms. The weather was cold and uncomfortable. Fortunately, my foot-wear was good, and I had an overcoat. It was my practice to throw away my overcoat in the spring, as soon as the weather grew warm. In the fall, as the weather began to grow cool, I would find one on the march, or on the battlefield. In all my service, I purchased but one, that was before we left Kingston. Monday, December 8th, we were in front of Fredricksburg, where we went into camp, near our old camp, Rufus King. We remained there until the tenth, when we moved about one mile, and made a new camp. There, John received an entire new outfit, which greatly improved his
appearance. That night the weather was very cold and everything was freezing hard. We slept in the open air. After we had fixed the bed with overcoats and rubber blankets, and were comfortably settled, I noticed that John was edging away from me. I asked, "What is the matter?" "I was afraid you was lousy," he replied, "I would sooner fight mit der rebels as mit der lice. Mine new clothes will all be spoiled."

First Sergeant Brankstone had been promoted to First Lieutenant, and Abram Merrit to Second Lieutenant (the position that had been offered to me) and Isaiah Decker was promoted to First Sergeant. These promotions gave great satisfaction to the whole company, for they were all fit men, and had had as much experience as any of us. Subsequently, Lieutenant Merrit became Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of New York.

On December 12 we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge below the city, and as soon as we were on the south side, we were met with a heavy artillery fire, but we soon moved out of range. That night, I had the honor of sleeping with our new Lieutenant, Merrit, by his invitation. For some satisfactory reason, which I do not recall, John quartered with his company, and I, with mine. We did not tent together again until the beginning of the Gettysburg campaign. The night of the twelfth, our shake-down was in a field that had raised a crop of corn the summer before. The ground was frozen hard on the surface, but as soon as the sun came out, it thawed rapidly, which soon turned it into a bed of mud.

Saturday, December 13th, we formed line of battle at daylight, and did some hard fighting. Nearly all of the time we were under a heavy fire of artillery. The guns were only five or six hundred yards in our front, and we were greatly annoyed by the rebel sharpshooters, whose aim was sharp and deadly. We were not allowed to build fires, or even to strike a match to light a pipe, for the smoke from a pipe was sufficient to draw the fire of some
observing sharpshooter, although he could not see the smoker. Our rations consisted of raw salt pork and hard-tack. It was a real hardship in that winter weather to be deprived of the hot coffee.

Lieutenant Brankstone was a great smoker, and missed his pipe so much, I thought that unless he had a smoke, he would be unfit for duty. Going down into a ravine after water, I stumbled across a place where a match could be lighted without exposure to rebel bullets. Lieutenant Brankstone was not slow in availing himself of the information which I gave him about the place.

First Sergeant Decker came very near being killed or captured while he was doing picket duty. His post was a short distance in advance of the line. When the company was relieved, he seemed to be overlooked. He was lying on the ground, with his knapsack placed in a position to protect his head from a stray bullet. He overheard two rebels planning his capture. From their conversation, he learned that his company had been relieved, and it would be easy for them to get in the rear of him, and cut off his retreat. Decker lost no time in backing up, keeping his knapsack between his head and the enemy. He had nearly reached our line, when the rebels discovered that the knapsack was moving. They fired, the ball struck the knapsack, and the bullet was found imbedded in a plug of tobacco inside. Before they could fire again, he was in our lines and out of range. His life was saved at that time only to be lost seven months later at Gettysburg.

Our position at Fredricksburg was a very uncomfortable one, in an open field. The enemy was much better situated, for they were fighting on ground of their own choosing. They were so strongly posted, that we found it impossible to dislodge them without great loss, which would amount to slaughter. My own regiment was lying on the ground, every man with his knapsack placed in front of his head as a shield. As soon as a head was shown above the ground, a shot would come from the lines of the enemy and generally hit the mark. On September 15th, at noon,
George P. Sanders, of my company, and I were eating lunch, and incautiously we raised up. He was mortally wounded by a bullet from the enemy. As soon as he was struck, he jumped up and exclaimed, "I'm shot, I'm shot!" He was removed to the hospital and died soon afterward.

A person would naturally suppose that scenes like this would have a depressing effect upon us, but it did not seem to. We took it philosophically. It was the fortune of war, and while we missed the dead, we felt that it was of no use to mourn, for our turn was likely to come at any time.

Monday, December 15th, our lines were being gradually contracted, and there was more or less fighting during the day. In the evening, it was more quiet, the firing became spasmodic; sometimes it would cease altogether.

I think it was about ten P. M. when a ration of whiskey was issued to every man in the brigade. I gave my share to my immediate superior, Color Sergeant Beckett. Shortly after the whiskey was disposed of, we were ordered to fall in, and were forbidden to talk or make unnecessary noise, we took the road to the river, crossed on a pontoon bridge covered with straw in order to conceal our movements from the enemy, and reached the north side about eleven-thirty P. M. Before daylight, the entire army was on the north side of the Rappahannock and the bridges removed; we could not hide the fact that we had suffered a defeat, and we knew that we had left hundreds of brave men on the wrong side of the river, who were killed, wounded and missing. We marched some distance back from the river, but did not put up our tents. I forgot who was my bunkie that night, but I know that Sergeant Beckett wanted me to bunk with him, which I did not want to do. We could hear him calling for the "Little Corporal," which was a nickname he had bestowed upon me when I first joined the Color Guard, the name being given to me on account of my youth. Sergeant Beckett was forty-three, John was thirty-six, and the Color Sergeant,
who carried the state color, was crowding forty, while I was only nineteen. My comrade and I selected a place under a large tree, but before we were asleep, it began to rain. We put one of the rubber blankets over us, and lay still. The storm kept increasing, and finally the water began to run under us, and we were forced to get up. The following day, we moved back from the river, and constructed a new camp. I think it was at this place that my father paid me a visit.

My brother, Sergeant Theron Vail, of the 120th N. Y. Volunteers, was very ill with typhoid fever. By permission of Col. Gates, who, since I had refused the Lieutenancy, had shown me many favors, I was allowed to visit my brother every day. On one of my visits, the Doctor told me that I had better send for my father. I saw the patient. He was unconscious; I could not see him breathe. I did not believe that he could live the day out. I immediately telegraphed home. At that time, father was interested in the contract to truck and ship all the commissary, quartermaster, and ordinance stores from New York to the front. He had a pass over every railroad in the loyal states. On the occasion of his visit to the front, he was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Richard Palmer. When they arrived in Washington, they went to the War Department for a pass to go inside our lines. My father’s request was granted at once, but Mr. Palmer was refused, and he had to remain in Washington.

As soon as father arrived in camp, he took up his quarters with me. My tent mate generously gave up his place, and went elsewhere for the time. Father ate soldiers’ rations, and slept as soldiers sleep. The bed was composed of small poles laid lengthwise on the ground, and covered with pine boughs with a rubber blanket over them. It was a pretty hard bed for a person who had been used to sleeping on feathers, and the discomfort of sleeping in his clothes did not tend to induce slumber. That first night, father was very restless. He was continually turning over and changing position. I was much disturbed,
but I could not help laughing to myself. The next morn-
ing I showed him our bath, which was a brook of running
water, lined on both sides with soldiers making their
morning toilet. He asked me what we did when we had
no brook. In that case, we took turns pouring water from
a canteen. It made a very satisfactory substitute for a
wash basin. At breakfast call, I secured a double ration
of fat boiled pork, hard-tack and a tin cup of coffee, which
he ate without comment. As near as I can recollect, he
stayed three days. I took him to the banks of the Rappa-
hannock, where he could see the rebel soldiers drilling on
the south side. We could hear the music distinctly.

Father was much impressed with the liberality of the
Government in furnishing food; he was also distressed by
the waste. He saw rice and beans scattered over the
ground, and remarked that we were wasting enough food
to supply another good-sized army.

By brother passed the crisis, and was well on the road
to recovery, when father took his leave. He seemed to be
pleased with his visit, and I wager that he was glad to see
a feather bed again. If he did not take some army lice
with him, it was a miracle; but if he did I was never in-
formed.

On December 23rd we moved to Hall’s Landing, where
we built winter quarters. We had just completed the
quarters when we received orders to move one-half mile
north and occupy the rebel huts which had been vacated
by the enemy. We had been detailed to do fatigue duty
—that is, to load and unload vessels supplying the army
with provisions and forage. The work was hard, but the
boys liked it better than continually marching and chang-
ing camp every day. By virtue of my position, I did not
work, for the whole Color Guard was exempt. On De-
cember 30 we were in camp at Platt’s Landing. I had
little to do, and time went rather slow. Reading matter
was scarce. A book or newspaper went the rounds until
it was worn out.

After a visit from the paymaster, there was a great
deal of gambling. The game was "Bluff" (now called poker). Some days a few of the gamblers would have all the money, and the next day they would not have enough to buy a postage stamp. With some of the men, the craze was so strong, that on the battlefield, while waiting orders, they would have a game of "Bluff." On one occasion, I saw four soldiers seated on the ground, with a knapsack in front of them, on which the stakes were placed. They were enjoying the game when a spent solid shot struck the knapsack, tossed it in the air, and scattered the cards and money on the ground. It was a close call. However, no one was hurt, and in less than five minutes they continued the game as if nothing had happened.
CHAPTER XIII.

On January 7th we, with the other regiments of the brigade, were transferred to the Provost Guard, commanded by our former Commander, Gen. Patrick. We were known as Patrick's Independent Brigade. Our duties were to guard the railroad and depot of supplies, take charge of military prisoners, and sometimes conduct railroad trains. But those duties did not exempt us from doing our share of fighting. Every time there was a great battle, we were put in action.

On January 10th we started at eight A. M., on the steamboat Rockland, for Aquia Creek, arriving at that place at ten o'clock the same morning. We were ordered to guard the Potomac and Richmond Railroad. Guard posts were established from Aquia Creek to Potomac River Station, with the headquarters of the regiment at Brooks Station. The station to which I was attached was in command of First Sergeant Isaiah Decker, with whom I tented. The railroad had to be patrolled both night and day, and in order to make it easy for all, Decker and I, although exempt, did "sentry go," the same as the private soldiers.

Near the railroad was a wagon road over which the beef cattle for the use of the army at Fredericksburg, were driven. Near our station there was a turn in the road with woods on one side, and a farm road through the woods to an open field. One day, a large number of cattle were being driven past the farm road, when a fine young steer escaped and ran through the woods to an open field. No attempt was made to recapture the animal. The following day Decker shot him and divided the meat with all the boys. Our share was a fine prime rib roast, which I roasted by hanging it before the open fire, with a mess pan under it to
catch the dripping. I constantly basted it. It was a long job, but it was worth the trouble.

We had a soldier in our squad, whom I will call "B." We had received a visit from the pay-master, and as we had some shopping to do, "B" and I started one pleasant afternoon for Aquia Creek, which was about three miles from our camp, over the railroad ties. Between the camp and the Creek was a long and high railroad trestle. When we reached that part of the road, I started over the ties, and missed my friend. I looked back, and saw him on his hands and knees crawling over the trestle. He was afraid to stand for fear of falling. We arrived at the Creek in good time, and "B" left me. When he returned in an hour, he was very drunk. He would run for a rod, and then fall down. He had what was called a "running drunk." I was very anxious as to how I was to get him over the trestle, but I had no need to be troubled, for as soon as he came to the beginning of the trestle, he started on a run, and never made a misstep until he was about six feet beyond, when he fell to the ground, but he gave me an awful scare.

The shack, which Decker and I shared, was very pleasant, and I have cheerful recollections of the weeks that we spent together. We little thought at that time, that he would be killed a few months later.

On January 21st we marched to Aquia Creek, and the next day one company of the regiment was detailed to do patrol duty from Aquia Creek to Potomac Creek. A Sergeant and ten men were at Liverpool Point, Md., opposite Aquia Creek. The balance of the regiment was doing guard duty at the landing. On February 10th we moved camp to a hill about one-half mile from the landing. It was a splendid site for a camp. The ground was high, and we had wood for the fires and good water. At first, the whole company was quartered in one large Sibley tent. A Sibley tent is circular in shape with a single pole, which is supported by an iron tripod placed in the center. The sides are pegged to the ground, which holds the tent firmly.
A fire may be built under the tripod, from which a chain is suspended for cooking purposes. There is an opening at the top for ventilation, and the escape of smoke. The top is also provided with a hood, which can be opened or closed by means of a rope. A Sibley in winter is draughty and uncomfortable, and the smoke does not always rise to the top. Our company tent had a platform three feet high, built around the sides, on which we slept. I tried it for one night, and nearly froze. I spent the most of that night walking about to keep my blood in circulation.

The next morning I had a talk with Ethelbert L. Billings, one of the musicians. His experience the night before had been the same as mine, so we agreed to build a shack of some kind, so that we would not have to walk at night in order to keep from freezing. We selected a spot on the brow of the hill, from which we had a fine view of the Potomac and the surrounding country. With pick and shovel we dug down about five feet. At first, the digging was very hard, but after we cut through six inches of frost, we made rapid progress. In digging, we left a platform of earth, three feet high, and five feet wide, for the bed. We lined the inside with logs, and carried them up above the surface of the ground. On one side we left an opening for the fireplace, which was constructed by digging an arch-shaped hole in the bank and another hole on top for a chimney. We laid sods around this hole about three feet high and placed a barrel without a head or bottom on top of the sod. The chimney was then complete. We had eight sections of tent—four for the roof and four for the ends, which gave us a room about eight and one-half by twelve feet. For the bed, I found a large sugar hogshead. We put two poles on the shelf of earth, laid the staves across, and nailed them fast. We put on plenty of pine boughs, covered them with the rubber blankets, and we had the most comfortable quarters we had occupied since leaving home.

The first night we built a fire, and in the morning we found a great hole where the fireplace had been. In build-
ing, we did not allow for the frozen ground, and the con-
sequences was that as soon as the heat drew out the frost,
the whole fireplace collapsed, but the damage was easily
repaired. We obtained some iron hoops from the Quar-
ter-master, bent them to the proper size, laid them across
the top, and filled in with clay. As soon as the repairs
were completed, we built a fire, which worked perfectly.
Indeed, we occupied that shack for nearly three months,
and we never wanted for warmth in any kind of weather.
The soil in that part of Virginia is perfectly adapted for
that kind of fireplace, for it burned hard. The longer it
was used, the harder it became. One day I was looking
around the place where the Quarter-master kept his lum-
ber and forage. I saw some long two-inch planks, and the
best of it was, there was no sentry on duty. I told Bil-
lings of my discovery, and that night, after dark, we lifted
one of the planks. It was very heavy, but we finally got it
in front of the tent, where we cut it into lengths to fit the
floor, which it exactly covered. The fireplace was so near
to the bed that I could light it without getting up, which I
found a great advantage when the weather was cold.

We had received an entire new outfit of clothing, and
were entirely free from lice for the first time in many
months. I burned my old clothing and I was never trou-
bled with vermin again. At that time, we were drawing
our rations raw and cooking them ourselves. A part of
the bread ration was exchanged for flour, of which we
tried to make pan-cakes, but for want of yeast, they were
not a success, but our appetites were so good, that noth-
ing was wasted.

The Quarter-master and commissary stores were landed
at Aquia Creek, a half mile from camp, over the railroad
tracks. A part of the way, we had to walk over a trestle.
A detail from each company of the regiment was made
every day for guard duty at the Creek. About the mid-
dle of February, we had a severe snow-storm. That day
I was down by the Creek, and saw by friend, "B," guard-
ing the commissary store, which contained many barrels
of whiskey (commonly called commissary). "B" seemed to be all right, but that night, or rather, at two o'clock the next morning, he came to our tent, and awakened me. I asked him why he was not on his post. He said that he had had enough of guard duty, and would do no more. I then discovered that he was very drunk. Subsequently I learned that on account of the weather, the commissary clerk had taken pity on him, and filled him up before he was aware of the damage he was doing. As I got up, "B" rolled in my place on the bed, and was asleep before I was dressed. I moved very lively over the tracks to the commissary store, where I found his gun leaning against the building. I shouldered it, and began to pace the beat, but in about fifteen minutes the relief came. I marched to the guard house, stacked arms, and instead of going into the house, I went to the camp. As soon as I arrived I made a strong brine of salt and water and dosed my friend "B" until he vomited freely. Soon he was in condition for duty. He went back to his post, and no person except Billings and myself was the wiser for his having wandered from the straight and narrow path. The Sergeant of the guard had not missed him, for as luck was on my side, I reached his post before his absence was discovered. Had the facts been known, Billings and I would have had something very unpleasant coming to us for not reporting the case, instead of covering it up. Before this story is finished, there will be more about "B," but nothing to his discredit, for he proved himself to be pure gold.

As I recollect, it was the twenty-first of February when the boys of my company came together and decided they could not properly celebrate the birthday of the "Father of Our Country" unless they had two gallons of commissary. The price of the "Joyful" was a dollar and a quarter per gallon. It could be bought only on an order signed by the commanding officer of the company, and countersigned by the Colonel. The Captain signed the order as soon as it was presented, but the Colonel refused. When the order came back, unsigned, the boys were very
blue until one of them thought of me. They all knew that I stood well with Colonel Gates, and asked me to try. At first I refused, but they begged so hard, that finally I consented. At first the Colonel refused, saying that the order had been there before and his reason for refusing was that the men would get drunk and be unfit for duty the next day. I was pleased, and told the Colonel that I had no personal interest in the matter, but only came to him to please the boys. As I was leaving, he called me back, saying that he would sign the order on one condition, and that was that I, myself, should serve the whiskey. If I had known what was coming, I would have taken the order back, unsigned. When I returned with the order, there was great rejoicing. I told them of the conditions. They were not thinking of conditions, but of getting the jug filled in the shortest possible time. There were many volunteers to carry the jug, but one of the boys and I took charge of that. On our return, I made every man fall in line. As they came to the door of my tent I gave each one a small cup full; indeed, the cup was so small that it was two o'clock the next morning before the jug was empty. Every man was sober and on duty the next day. That was the first and last time that any person could get me to have anything to do with whiskey orders.

On the twenty-eighth of January Gen. Burnside was relieved at his own request, and Gen. Joe. Hooker was appointed to command the army. Our defeat at Fredricksburg did not tend to increase the efficiency of the troops. In many commands, discipline was at the lowest and desertions were frequent. It seemed to be easy to get away, our regiment losing quite a number. That winter there were three thousand officers and nearly ninety-two thousand soldiers reported absent from their regiments. General Order No. 162 placed all of the absentees in the attitude of deserters, which was unjust, for many of them were dead or in rebel prisons. Lieutenant Campbell, of my company, was one of the unfortunates.
At the time the order was issued, he was in a hospital in Harrisburg, Pa., recovering from a severe wound received at Antietam. For many years he has been trying to have his record corrected, and he has not yet been successful.

I was trying to get a furlough, but did not succeed. There were too many applications before mine. I had been away from home more than two years, and I wanted to see the folks. When I left home, my sister Jessie and my brother Frank were very young, and I had almost forgotten how they looked. My brother, Sergeant Vail of the 120th, visited me occasionally and usually stayed over night, which broke the monotony of camp life in a measure.
CHAPTER XIV.

In February we were presented by the ladies of Saugerties with a new State Color, to replace our old one, which was torn by shot from the enemy in the numerous battles that it had been through. The new flag had the names of all the battles in which the regiment had been engaged up to that time. The letters were worked on both sides, on blue ground with yellow silk. It was a costly and beautiful piece of work and the gift was much appreciated by the regiment. After the war, the flag was presented to the State, and it is now in the old Senate House, at Kingston, N. Y., where it can be seen.

In March I received a box from home. It had been on the road over a month, but the contents were in good condition. Among other things, was about ten pounds of tobacco, which I divided with the entire company. It was thankfully received, for at that time, the weed was scarce, as was money.

The regiment, at this time, was very small. From January first to the last of March, one hundred and twenty members had been discharged for disability, and an order was issued to consolidate the smaller regiments. I feared that the Twentieth would lose its identity; but we were not disturbed. In case we had been consolidated, I should probably have been mustered out of service, unless I could have been assigned to the colors, as I was not willing to do duty as one of the company Corporals. I did not want to be discharged, as I had become attached to the service, and hoped that I would remain with the regiment until the close of the war.

From the time that the Twentieth had been assigned to the provost guard, we had to be very careful of our per-
sonal appearance. We did not dare to go under inspection unless we were scrupulously clean, with shoes blackened and rifle free from dirt and rust. The knapsack had to be opened and their contents inspected; under clothing had to be clean and in good order, or a sharp reprimand would remind the culprit of the sin of having soiled linen.

At the request of the folks at home, I paid a faker a dollar to take my tin-type. When I saw it, if I had not known, I would not have been able to recognize it. However, I sent it home, and when I had completed my term of service, it was returned to me. When I married, I have a suspicion that my wife conveniently lost it, for fear that some of our children would be frightened if told that it was the picture of their father.

On April 29th we moved camp and resumed our old occupation, guarding the railroad from Brooks Station to Aquia Creek, the headquarters of the regiment being at Brooks Station. The duty was light, only four hours on and twenty hours off. The squad to which I was attached was camped about half way between Aquia Creek and Brooks Station. The country was very barren; nothing seemed to grow but scrub pines and bull frogs, of which there were a great multitude. At night, they made so much noise, we could not sleep. While at this place, one of a drove of cattle escaped and ran to the edge of the woods. As soon as Captain Cornelius discovered it, he sent one of his men to shoot the "critter," and later, he sent more of his men to skin the animal and cut up the meat. After the job was finished, the drover came back, and ordered the men away. They reported to the Captain, who ordered the men back to bring the meat to his quarters. The drover followed, and made a great row, threatening to make a report of the matter. In the meantime, Col. Gates rode up. The Captain told him what had occurred and also said that his company was very much in need of fresh meat. The Colonel ordered that one-quarter of the carcass be sent to his quarters, one-
quarter to Co. B, and we were to keep the balance. The entire transaction was somewhat "shady," but in those days hungry men did not consider the rights of the owner. We only saw one side—our need.

During the early part of the war there were many applicants for commissions in the volunteer regiments. Politicians used every influence that they could bring to bear on the Governor for places for their political favorites. Often, they were successful. Some of the regiments in the Army of the Potomac had officers appointed from civil life. There were many men in the ranks who had been months in the service and who were qualified to fill the vacancies. That method was tried in the Twentieth, but did not succeed. Our regiment belonged to the Militia of the State of New York, and under the law, we were allowed to choose our company officers by election. My company had a vacancy; an election was ordered, when one of our number was chosen to fill the place. A few days afterward, a man in the uniform of a Lieutenant, and bearing a commission from the Governor, reported to Col. Pratt for assignment. The Colonel informed him that the vacancy had been filled, according to law, and advised that he had better return.

Meanwhile, our company became very much excited. Corp. Campbell wrote large signs and nailed them to trees. They read:

Sacred to the Memory of Co. E, 20th N. Y. S. M.,
Who Departed This Life..................1862.

The men of the company built a coffin of cracker boxes. We made a dummy of straw and old clothes, laid the corpse carefully in. We paraded around the camp, and after a suitable funeral, we buried it with military honors. Our new would-be Lieutenant departed the next day, never to return.

On May 15 the headquarters of the regiment were moved from Brooks Station to Falmouth, opposite Fredricksburg, where we were assigned to guard duty. The following day Captain Cornelius resigned, to the regret of
the entire company. He had been appointed immediately after the death of Capt. Ward, taking rank from Sept. 10, 1862. All officers commissioned after that date were junior to him. In April a mustering officer came to the camp to muster the officers of the regiment. He mustered them in the order in which they had been appointed. Capt. Cornelius was called and asked for his commission. He told the officer that he had sent his papers home for safe keeping. The officer told him that the papers would have to be shown before he could be mustered. Our Captain sent for his papers, and when he received them, it was some days before he could find an officer to muster him. He was told that he would have to take rank from the date of muster, instead of the date of appointment. In that case, he would be junior to several officers whose appointment were subsequent to his. He would not accept the condition and resigned. Subsequently, he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps as a private, and at the expiration of his four years’ term, he had been promoted through every grade up to First Sergeant, which was the highest non-commissioned rank. By his resignation, the regiment lost the services of a valuable officer.

On May 30th we were at Bell Plain, Va., which was the only place that vessels were allowed to land sutlers stores. Our duty was to protect them from raids by our own soldiers, for nobody loved the sutler. My personal dislike was so strong that I never dealt with him except for cash. The sutler gave credit, up to one-third of the monthly pay, which was all the Government would allow. Frequently there were six months between payments, and some of the men had a two months’ sutler bill to pay. The sutler had to trust the honor of the men, as the Government was not responsible. The pay was never withheld on account of a sutler’s bill. It will be seen that the risk of the business was very great, for the sutler’s customers were liable to be killed or discharged at any time. The landing facilities at Bell Plain were very inadequate. Vessels had to lie in the stream so long, waiting for a
berth, that nearly all the perishable goods spoiled before they could be landed. Hundreds of packages of apples, oranges, lemons and bananas had to be thrown overboard, causing great loss.

On June 4 all the companies of the regiment were mustered at Aquia Creek, it being the first time that we had been together in many months. My old friend, John Ovendorf, and I took our proper place with the colors, and were surely glad to get together again. We lived as formerly, John doing the house work. The following day we went back to Brooks Station, having been sent there to picket and superintend the removal of Government property.

On June 16th we marched at four P. M. to Aquia Creek and boarded the steamboat "Hero" for Alexandria, where we landed at six A. M. on the 17th. We had breakfast at the Soldiers' Rest, marched just outside of the city, and rested until five P. M., when we marched through Alexandria, over the Long Bridge, through Washington to the Soldiers' Home, where we remained during the night. At five, the next morning, we were in line passing through Washington into the open country. The day was very warm, and one of the most uncomfortable that we had experienced. The road was dry and dusty, and the humidity great. John, as usual, was marching beside me, the perspiration streaming down our faces and into our eyes, so that we were nearly blind. Every few minutes we would wring our handkerchiefs and try to dry them, but they were in such constant use, it was impossible. The march was so uncomfortable, that at times I was inclined to get impatient, but John could give Job lessons in patience. He would say to me, "Never mind, boy, we will soon be there," although neither of us knew where we were going nor the distance. We bivouacked at seven that night near the Great Falls of the Potomac, having marched sixteen miles.

On June 19 we started at five A. M., marched to the Great Falls of the Potomac, and from there to the Chesa-
peake and Ohio Canal, where, in the afternoon, we boarded a canal boat whose motive power was a pair of mules. The boat was light, but large enough to accommodate the entire regiment. It was comfortable and very much better than marching. We were traveling very much faster than we could walk. All went well until we came to a lock, where we found that a log had been jammed in the wicket of one of the gates, so that the water flowed through and the lock could not be filled. In our regiment there were many men who had followed the canal, so we had plenty of volunteers to clear the wicket. It was done by two or three of our men going overboard and removing the log, which allowed the wicket to close, and the lock to fill.

That night we camped at Seneca, Md., and the next morning marched south to the mouth of the Monocacy river to guard the aqueduct which carries the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal over that stream. At three P. M. on June 22nd we marched for Edwards Ferry, arriving at nine P. M. We stayed at this place five days, doing guard and picket duty. Cherries were abundant and ripe in the vicinity of our camp, and we surely found them a great addition to our regular bill of fare. A short time previous to our arrival in Maryland we had been supplied with new uniforms. The jacket allotted to me was large enough for two boys of my size. Fortunately, it was unlined in the back, so I took it apart, cut it to fit, making a very creditable job of it. On June 29th we were relieved by the 110th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and ordered to join Gen. Reynolds’ First Corps. We marched on the morning of June 30 at four A. M., twelve miles to Emmetsburg, where we were assigned to Doubleday’s Third Division, and to the First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Paul, who lost both eyes at the Battle of Gettysburg, commanding the brigade.

On the night before the Battle of Gettysburg we were encamped a few miles south of the village, but there were no signs of the enemy.
CHAPTER XV.

The morning of the first of July dawned warm and pleasant, and after breakfast John suggested that it was a fine day for washing. We walked to a stream a few rods from camp, placed our clothes in the water, getting them thoroughly wet, when the bugle sounded the assembly. We were in a bad fix for a march. We wrung the clothes as dry as possible, hurried to the camp, packed the knapsacks and started. John and I fixed bayonets and hung out our wash to dry. Thus decorated, we were a fine looking pair. The march to the battlefield, which proved to be the last march for many of our bravest and best, was a forced and uncomfortable one, as the weather was very warm. We marched for an hour when we were ordered to halt, load, and fix bayonets. Then we knew that the enemy was near. As near as I can recollect, we went into action about noon on July the first. I recollect crossing Willoughby Run, when John remarked that he was thirsty, and his canteen was empty. I immediately offered mine, which contained only a few drops.

We were ordered forward amidst the heavy firing from an unseen foe. As we reached the top of the knoll in front of the Lutheran Seminary, the Confederates were in sight, fighting their best. Color Sergeant, Ned Beckett, ordered the colors five paces in front of the battle line. We responded with alacrity, for by that time our fighting blood was up and we were insensible to danger. I had loaded and fired four rounds, and was ramming the fifth home, when suddenly I was thrown to the ground. I felt a terrible pain in my back, as if I had been hit with a club. I stood upon my feet and attempted to finish loading my rifle, but soon found that I was unable to stand. I stood
upon my feet again, and started for the rear. As long as I faced the enemy, I felt no fear, but as soon as I turned my back, I was almost seized with panic. I ran as fast as I could until I reached a stone wall, and climbed over it. After resting a while, I made up my mind that I was not hurt badly enough to prevent me from rejoining my regiment. In trying to climb over the wall, I discovered that I was bleeding freely and growing very weak. I managed to crawl to the end of Chambersburg Street, nearest the battlefield. A house was standing near the street with a picket fence in front, to which I clung, being too weak to stand without support.

An alley ran alongside of the house, and from where I stood I could see a soldier drawing water from the well. In front of the house stood a fully equipped cavalry horse which belonged to the soldier. In a short time, he came to me with water, and announced his intention of taking me to the hospital. I protested on the ground that I was unable to walk, or even mount the horse, whereupon he lifted me into the saddle as if I were a small child. We started for the hospital up Chambersburg Street. He walked on the left side, leading the horse and holding me in place. Soon we reached Christ Lutheran Church. He left me for a short time, in order to make a place for me, giving me strict orders to hold firmly to the saddle, for I was growing very pale. In a few minutes he returned with the news that I had been refused admittance on the ground that I was not a member of the 11th Corps, and that he had been directed to take me to the Catholic Church which was in charge of the Medical Staff of the First Corps to which I belonged. I was growing weaker with increasing pain, and I felt indignant at what I considered unfair treatment. However, we started for the Catholic Church, and as soon as we reached the square, we met the enemy, who had forced our army back; as they advanced they fired through the street. Under such conditions, my cavalry friend beat a retreat back to the Lutheran Church. He lifted me from the horse, carried me inside, set me in
an empty pew and bade me good-bye. I never knew who
the good Samaritan was.

The church was nearly filled with wounded soldiers;
boys, like myself, predominating. The pew in front of
me was occupied by a wounded Confederate officer. While
waiting my turn, he asked to what corps I belonged.
When I told him, he said that when the battle began, his
side thought that they were fighting Pennsylvania Mili-
tia; but when our small force put up such a stubborn
fight, they knew that they were fighting veterans. The
Surgeons were working from the front to the rear of the
church, taking each pew in turn. When the Surgeon
reached me he saw the Corps badge on my cap, passed on
and took the next patient. I made a vigorous protest, but
was told that as I was not a member of the 11th Corps I
could not be treated there, but would have to go to the
Catholic Church. After a short argument and on the
advice of the Confederate, he consented to treat my case.
The Surgeon made an examination, and found a jagged
hole in my left side which was bleeding freely, and also
a slight swelling on my back, which took him some time
to find. During the examination, I stood with one hand
on the front and the other on the pew in back of me.
In that position he made an incision with the knife, and it
was only after the third cut that he succeeded in extract-
ing the bullet. It was a great surprise to me when he
dropped the ball on the seat behind me, for I had an idea
that I had been struck with a fragment of a shell. Water
was poured through the wound, wet lint placed over each
hole secured by surgeon’s plaster; a bandage around my
body completed the treatment.

As soon as the Surgeon had finished, I lay down on the
bare seat, which in my weakened condition was very un-
comfortable. I tried to sleep, but was too cold. It was
not that I was suffering so much, but was restless and
missed my blanket,—all my belongings having been lost
in the fight. I sat up for a while, and saw a knapsack with
blanket lying in the aisle. The longer I looked at it, the
more I determined to have it, so I managed to crawl within reach of the prize, take hold of the strap and drag it to the pew. It took only a short time to unroll the blanket, place one part under and the other over me, and with the knapsack for a pillow, I was soon asleep.

The morning of July the second dawned bright and warm, but the church was damp and cold, and I longed to be in the sunshine. Two Confederates approached me, and I asked them to assist me to go out doors, which they kindly did. As we passed the last pew, I saw John sitting down, looking very disconsolate, and wearing but one boot. He had been wounded by a musket ball through the thigh, a few minutes after I had left the field. After my Confederate friends had placed me in a nice sunny corner, they assisted John out into the sunshine. As we were talking of the battle and the prospect of breakfast, our Adjutant Lieut., John M. Schoonmaker, came to us and asked if we had been to breakfast. Replying that we had not, he emptied his haversack, which contained just two hard-tack, one for each of us, which was the the first that we had eaten since the morning of the first. The Adjutant told us that all the wounded of the regiment were in the Catholic Church, and he would send the Surgeon to us to remove us to that place.

A short time previous to the battle, John had purchased a pair of new boots and a watch. When the Doctor arrived, he asked John to allow him to take the boot and watch, explaining that if John took them, he would be sure to have them taken from him. The Doctor, being an officer, could safeguard them, but John declared that he was able to care for them himself. We started, John on a stretcher, and I, with assistance, walking. All went well until we reached the square, where a brigade of rebels had stacked arms. One of the men approached us and ordered the party to halt. He took John’s boot from the stretcher, kicked off his old shoe, and put on the boot, saying, “Yank, that’s a bully fit, let’s try the other.” Straightway, he pulled the boot from the foot of my German friend and
placed it on his own foot. He then took the watch and ordered us to depart. Poor old John—he never forgot nor forgave that insult.

Twenty years after the war, he and I were on the same spot, which he instantly recognized; surely his blood was up when he said, "If I had him here to-night, I'd make hash of him!" It was a subject to be avoided in his presence.

When we reached the Catholic Church, John and I occupied the same pew, John occupying the seat while my berth was under him on the floor. Our quarters were as comfortable as could be expected. Our old friend "B," whom I had befriended at Aquia Creek, came and asked us what we would like to have for breakfast. At first I thought he was fooling, but ordered a quart of milk. In the course of an hour he brought the milk, but where he obtained it, was always a mystery, for the town was swarming with rebels and every cow must have been seized by them.

For some months previous to the battle "B" had been driving one of the regimental ambulances, and at that time he was a prisoner, as we were. Somehow a quantity of soda-crackers had been obtained, and "B" had been detailed to distribute them. At first he gave each man three, and when he had made the rounds he started again, but somehow, each time he came to our pew he left a double portion. We were getting so many crackers that we had to call a halt, but John and I thoroughly enjoyed that breakfast of crackers and milk, while others had to be content with crackers and water.

Meanwhile, the second day's fight was on and the battle was raging. The basement of the church was being used as an operating room, there being a continuous procession of ambulances and stretchers bringing in the wounded. The Surgeons, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, were much overworked. It was wonderful to see how quickly they could amputate a leg or an arm, and how skillfully they put in the stitches and dressed the wound.
Several times during the second and third day's fight, General Lee visited the church, for he was using the steeple as an observatory.

On the morning of the third day, the fighting continued until eleven o'clock, and then for two hours we could not hear a gun fired. At one o'clock one gun from the lines of the enemy was heard, then it seemed as if the world was coming to an end—one hundred and forty guns let loose at once. That was the beginning of the famous Pickett charge, which failed, and the beginning of the end of the Rebellion. That night the Rebels retreated, but before they left, they visited every hospital within their lines and took every man prisoner who was able to walk. When they paid us a visit I was sleeping. John received the visitors and told them that I was not to be disturbed for I was dying.

Shortly after noon of Saturday, July the fourth, I with many others, leaving John behind, were put in ambulances and taken about four miles from Gettysburg to a farm, on which was a large Dutch barn with a wide barn door, low sides, and a long sloping roof. The floor was covered with hay, arranged in rows so that the surgeons and nurses could work with freedom. Shortly after we were settled for the night, the Doctor visited every patient, and after a short examination, prescribed for every one needing attention, then departed for the night. On the morning of the fifth of July, the women of the vicinity paid us a visit, bringing large baskets of food. They inquired for Pennsylvania soldiers, to whom the food was given. I have thought little of the people of Adams County since that time.

When a man was about to die, he was removed from the barn, placed in a shady corner where a nurse was detailed to keep off the flies. Before his breath left the body, a grave was dug, and as soon as life was extinct, he was wrapped in his blanket, lowered into the grave, three volleys fired over his remains and the grave filled. On the night of the fourth the man next to me died; his body
was immediately removed. Quick work was necessary at that time to protect the living, for the weather was very hot. The next morning (Monday) I hobbled to the road in front of the barn, and while sitting on a stone, wondering how I was to get home, two gentlemen drove up in a buggy. They stopped and asked me about the battle, where I was wounded and whether I used tobacco. Replying that I did, but had had none for nearly a week, one of the gentlemen reached under the seat, bringing out a pound plug, which he presented to me. He told me that he was a member of the Sanitary Commission, and that he was in the field to see what soldiers needed. He also told me that the Commission was doing all in its power to supply our wants. I thanked him for his kindness to me, and he drove away.

I was growing very uneasy. My wound had not been dressed since the ball was extracted, and I was not gaining. I would not call the attention of the Doctor to my case for they had more than they could do, and there were many who needed attention more than I. It would have taken more nerve than I possessed to ask for relief. I sorely missed John and I was thinking of home, and the more I thought, the more eager I was to start. I fully realized the magnitude of the undertaking for a person in my condition, but my mind was made up, and not subject to change, so on Thursday, July the ninth, I started without saying a word to a person. Soon I reached a piece of woods, where I cut a cane, which proved of great assistance, but I had a hard day of it, for it took me ten hours to travel four miles to the railway station. At the station, I found a train of freight cars about to start for the north, the inside and the tops of the cars being loaded with wounded soldiers. As I limped along looking for an opportunity to board the train, I heard my name called. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw John perched upon the top of the car, which was already crowded. He asked me where I was going, and I replied that I was going home. He wanted to know if I intended to walk, and when I an-
swered that I would not walk if I had an opportunity to ride, he said, "You can ride mit mir." Whereupon, he called a couple of husky men of his acquaintance, who lifted me to the roof of the car. It was indeed a painful lift to me.

In about an hour the train started, and as it gained speed, the overcrowded roof of the car began to bend, which greatly alarmed us all. We set up a yell in order to attract the attention of the engineer, but it was some time before we could make him understand what we wanted. The train was stopped and the load more evenly distributed, then we proceeded. John and I were lying on our faces holding fast to the foot-board, which ran the whole length of the car. The single track road was rough, and every jolt was misery. Our train was an extra, and every train from the north had the right of way, being filled with doctors, nurses, and supplies hurrying to the battlefield to relieve the thousands of wounded. Our train was sidetracked several times during the night, sometimes being detained for more than an hour. Besides the delays, we suffered greatly from the jolting, and also from the dew, which fell like rain and was very cold. At sunrise on Friday, we arrived in Baltimore, where there was a large crowd to meet us, the ladies (bless them) predominating. Each carried a large basket of food, also many gallons of coffee, which was urged upon all with the persistent hospitality so characteristic of Southern women.

We were taken to a hospital in Baltimore, where I was given a much-needed bath, clean second-hand underclothing, which was supplied by the U. S. Sanitary Commission. My wound was dressed for the first time since the first—nine days; but germs had not then been invented. That afternoon we started for Philadelphia, arriving about six o'clock. The train was made up of freight cars, which had been fitted with wooden seats without backs. These seats were far from comfortable, but much more so than lying on the car roof clinging to the foot-board. We stopped a short time in Wilmington, Del., where the
people gave us a warm welcome and supplied us with so much to eat that we were unable to use it all. When we left the train at Philadelphia we were taken to the Citizens' Volunteer Hospital, where we stayed overnight, and the next morning we were taken to the U. S. General Hospital, Turner's Lane.
CHAPTER XVI.

In the battle of the first day at Gettysburg, the Twentieth and the 151st Pennsylvania Vols. were formed in a Demi-Brigade under command of Col. Gates, who was charged with the duty of protecting the left flank of the 1st Corps. They held the position several hours against a heavy force until outflanked by a whole brigade, and were then forced to retire, doing so without disorder. They fell back to a new position on Seminary Ridge, and at that time it looked like a forlorn hope, but they stood their ground and checked the advance of the enemy (although greatly outnumbered) and covered the retreat of the entire First Corps, thereby averting a great disaster. Too much praise cannot be given to Col. Gates for sound military judgment, and the masterly manner in which he handled a grave situation. Great credit is also due to the gallant officers and men of both regiments, who faced almost certain death, but never gave way.

Col. Gates, a conspicuous object, riding through the thickest of the fight, dressed in his full uniform, was in no way injured, although his horse was shot five times. More than one-half of the regiment was lost in the three days’ fight. My own Co. ‘‘E’’ suffered severely, as the following list will show:

Killed were: First Lieutenant George W. Brankstone, who commanded the company; First Sergt. Isaiah Decker; Privates Alexander Tice and Leonard Van Gorder. Wounded were: Second Lieut. Abram Merritt and the following non-commissioned officers and privates: Henry Irwin, Sergt. Dewitt, Lewis Snyder, John Johnson, Lorenzo B. Healy, Samuel Norfolk, Wm. S. VanKeuren, Enos B. Vail, Louis Champagne, Stephen L. Carney, Jesse
Kidney, George Babcock. The missing were: Wm. Kidney, John Dunn (should be Donovan), Jacob Pfister, Wm. Sparks and Jefferson Wait. The other companies of the regiment suffered heavy loss, the total killed, wounded and missing was one hundred and eighty-five. When our company went into battle on the first day we had twenty-three men under Lieut. Brankstone. The last day of the fight the company was composed of four men under the command of Lieut. Merritt, Lieut. Brankstone having been killed the first day.

Alexander Tice, a close friend of mine, had never been in battle in which the regiment had been engaged, for he always happened to be on detached service and so had escaped. Just before the battle of the first day began, he said to me, "You know that I have never been in battle, and I have a presentiment that I am going to be killed." I laughed at his fears, and pointed to the fact that I had been in every engagement and was still alive, but I could not reassure him. Almost at the beginning of the fight, we were greatly annoyed by a company of sharpshooters who had taken possession of a house in front of us and were killing and wounding many of our men. Their fire was very destructive among the gunners of Cooper's Battery, which we were supporting. The gunners were picked off so fast that some of our men had to assist them to work the guns. The last time I saw Jersey he was swabbing out one of the guns of Cooper's Battery. Volunteers were called for to dislodge the enemy; Tice and many others responded, and when a short distance from the house, Tice was instantly killed. Feeling as he did, that his last day had come, he voluntarily went forward to certain death, which required a vast amount of courage. His family and his native town have every reason to be proud that they are in any way related to him. His body lies in the National Cemetery, among the honored dead. I think that the wounds that put the entire Color Guard out of the fight came from that building.

Sergeant Beckett, who carried the national color, lost
the fingers from one of his hands, and John and I were soon on the ground to take his place. The eagle was shot from the top of the flag-staff which Beckett carried. It was found on the field, and subsequently recovered. This all occurred within twenty minutes of the beginning of the battle. At the end of the three days' fight our flag had sixty-five bullet holes through it. To my great regret, the Battle of Gettysburg ended my connection with the Old 20th. When Gen. Patrick first assumed command of our Brigade, he caused a bodyguard to be appointed, whose duty it was to attend him personally. John Donovan and Antone Burkhardt, from my company, were appointed, both of whom were first-class men. I only knew Burkhardt in a general way, but Donovan was my intimate friend. He was about thirty years of age, of Irish birth, and like all the good Irish, proud of it. He was six feet tall, straight as an Indian, and we called him the cleanest man in the regiment. In this year of our Lord, 1914, at the age of eighty-three, he is a handsome man, and looks much younger than he is. He is now known as "The Grand Old Man of the Regiment." By obedience to orders and strict attention to duty, he soon won the confidence of Gen. Patrick—a confidence that was never betrayed. The following reminiscences were contributed by him:

Sometime after Gettysburg, the headquarters of the regiment was at Culpepper Court House, and the General's guard was charged with the duty of conducting and guarding the train from Culpepper to Washington, making the round trip once in two days. The train was made up of passenger and freight cars, the last car being reserved exclusively for officers. The car was in charge of Donovan, whose station was on the rear platform. By order of the Captain in charge of the train, the car door was kept locked until nine o'clock A. M., the key being in charge of Donovan.

One fine morning a Major General in full uniform boarded the train. Ignoring the sentinel, he tried the
door, and finding it locked, condescended to ask why the door was locked and who had the key? Donovan replied that he had the key, whereupon the Major General ordered the door unlocked. Donovan then told him that he could take orders only from his Captain. Asking where the Captain was, the lordly General was obliged to bring him to Donovan before the door was opened. Had he treated Donovan as a superior should treat an inferior, he would have been saved time and inconvenience. General Grant’s treatment of his inferiors is indeed a contrast to the treatment of the Major General. On one of the trips to Washington, Gen. Grant was a passenger. Just before the train started, a private soldier entered the officers’ car. It was Donovan’s duty to see that no person other than commissioned officers rode in that car. Donovan told the soldier that he would have to go into another car. General Grant heard the conversation, and said, “Let him alone, Sentinel, he looks tired.” So the private soldier had the honor of riding to Washington with the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

On one occasion, a Major occupied the last seat of the officers’ car, and after the train was well under way he came to the platform and asked Donovan if he ever drank, and Donovan replied that he never had a chance. Then the officer said, “You stand between me and the door, so that those inside will not see me while I take a drink.” Donovan did as requested, and when the officer had drunk his fill, he offered to exchange places while Donovan partook of the refreshment; but Donovan told him he never drank while on duty. Thereupon the officer insisted upon giving Donovan the flask. When asked what he was going to do for another drink, he replied, “Oh, I have plenty more, I never run short!”

The part of the train consisting of freight cars was in charge of the U. S. Regular Soldiers. As the train lay over in Washington every other night, the regulars bought cheap whiskey and smuggled it to Culpepper, where they sold it to the camps for five dollars a bottle. Great care
had to be taken, as the stuff was contraband, and if discovered, the punishment would be sure and swift. Our old friend Scotty got wind of what was going on, and it gave him an idea of getting a little easy money, and at the same time helping the cause of temperance. He collected a few empty whiskey bottles, filled them with water, and corked them tightly. He procured a bottle of real whiskey as a sample, and soon disposed of his entire stock at the regular price of five dollars per bottle. He warned his customers not to open the bottles until they got into camp, for they were being watched. That transaction helped to break up the traffic.

When in camp the bodyguard did sentry duty at General Patrick's headquarters. His tent was post No. 1. The General was so strict that all the boys fought shy of that post, and the consequence was that Donovan was on post No. 1 almost continuously. The General kept two horses—one was a little roan which he always rode in battle, the other was a coal black, named Snow Ball. The hostler and personal attendant was a man named Murphy, who had been a soldier in the regular army, and after his discharge had taken service with Gen. Patrick, who, by the way, would not tolerate drinking or bad language. One morning when Murphy was cleaning Snow Ball, he swore at the beast. The General heard him, and went after him with a horsewhip. Murphy was very fond of "Commissary," and on one occasion when the General found him very much under the weather, he refused to give him any money, knowing that he had no family. Murphy finally hit upon a scheme which he thought would succeed. He told Donovan that he was going to strike the General for forty dollars, and that he was going to tell him that he wished to send it to his sister. When Murphy asked for the money, the General requested the address of the sister, telling Murphy that he, himself, would forward the money to her. Poor Murphy, he was no match for the General. He afterward told Donovan that he would not give his sister forty cents. Patrick issued an order that
no officer below the rank of General should be admitted to his tent. Donovan was on duty when our own Colonel attempted to enter. Even he was refused admission until the General came out and ordered that he be admitted.

At this point, I will go back to the time which we spent in the Turner's Lane Hospital. We found the hospital an ideal place, everything neat and in perfect order. The grounds were large and well laid out in grass plots and flowers, and there were many fine trees under which were seats, where on pleasant days the convalescents spent most of their time. The hospital wards were long wooden buildings, the interiors of which were not plastered, but were frequently whitewashed. The cots were placed in rows, one on each side, with a passageway between. Each ward was in charge of a ward-master, and the nurses were subordinate to him.

Each morning our wounds were thoroughly cleansed and dressed; later on, the Doctor came, examined us, and if medicine was required, wrote a prescription, which was sent to the hospital steward to be filled. Later, a messenger brought the medicine and the prescription, the latter being placed over the cot of the patient for the information of the ward-master and the nurse. The cots were covered with white cotton counterpanes, and everyone who was physically able had to make his own bed. The counterpanes were enough longer than the cots to enable us to fold them at the foot in such a way that they appeared to be perfectly square, and the cots had to be uniform.

John and I occupied adjoining cots, his being number 14 and mine number 16. At first, we had a lot of trouble to dress the foot of the bed, and often we had to remake it two or three times before the Ward-Master was satisfied. By constant practice we soon became more or less expert. We were allowed two days' liberty each week; more, if we could furnish a good reason. At first, two days a week was more than John and I could use, on account of our inability to walk any distance, but later on we spent many pleasant hours in the City of Brotherly Love.
The food at the hospital was much better than Government rations. We had oatmeal and milk, beef, mutton, fish, good bread and butter, a variety of vegetables, and, as a rule, pudding every day. On Sundays we had an extra dinner with ice-cream and pie. A volunteer committee of ladies visited the hospital every day, their purpose being to look after the food of the patients who were desperately ill or wounded and had no appetite. The ladies made suggestions and offered all sorts of delicacies, which they furnished themselves. Many a poor fellow has them to thank for a speedy return to health. The men seemed happy and contented. They were cheerful and joked about their injuries. One patient had lost both eyes, and on pleasant days he was led to a seat under one of the trees, where he would whistle and sing as if he had a chance of recovery, although he knew that he would never see the light again. Those who had lost a leg would sometimes run a race for the amusement of the company.

About the middle of July I read of the Draft Riots and of the rioters visiting my father’s place of business in State Street; at first I was greatly alarmed, but afterward learned that they had done no harm. In the meantime John and I were rapidly recovering. My wound was healing from within, and I suffered no pain except when walking, and I was enjoying a life of ease, a good bed, plenty to eat and nothing to do.

The Medical Director was soon to visit us, and every man who was able was made “Knight of the Whitewash Brush.” John and I were detailed for the work, but we refused on the ground that we were non-commissioned officers, and the regulations provided that we could only be detailed to take charge of the men doing the work. We were offered extra passes if we would take the position, but as there was not a five-cent “shin-plaster” between us, the passes would be of no use to us. From that time, the Doctor had no use for either of us and refused to give us passes.

We had received no pay for six months, but the pay-
master was expected every day. John and I agreed that as soon as we were paid, we would take the first train for New York, and on my arrival at my home, I was to report my whereabouts to Col. Gates, and ask permission to rejoin the regiment. We were not willing to trust the hospital authorities on account of the newly-formed Invalid Corps, of which we both had a deadly fear.

The paymaster came; we received our six months’ pay, and were planning to leave the next morning. We did not know that orders then had been issued to refuse passes to both of us, and when I asked for an explanation, I received no satisfaction. We had money, but could buy nothing; but the worst disappointment of all was that we could not get home. Later on, we had a visit from the Medical Director, who examined me thoroughly, and asked me many questions. When he had finished, he told the hospital Doctor that I must be kept in the hospital for some time before I would be fit for duty.

On August 17th John had entirely recovered from his injury, and on August 25 my wound had closed for good, and since we had both been wounded on the first of July, I considered this a very short time. We were gaining all the time, but every change of the weather affected us, and we were unable to move about without pain for many months. In my own case, I have never fully recovered. I have never been as well physically as before the injury. A short time after I became a patient in the hospital, the attending physician asked me for the bullet which had caused my injury. I thoughtlessly gave it to him.

The following from the Ellenville Journal of July 24, 1913, tells the story:

ENOS GETS THE BULLET.

"Many readers of the Journal who number Enos B. Vail as their friend and acquaintance (as well perhaps as some who have not his acquaintance) will be interested in the following correspondence. Especially should it
interest the boys of the "Old Twentieth," and the living members of Co. "E," with whom he is proud to have served in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, up to and including Gettysburg."

The Director, U. M. Medical Museum,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:—At the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, I was wounded in the left side by a partially spent bullet, which lodged just under the spine on the right side.

The bullet was removed by one of the surgeons working in an improvised hospital in the basement of the Lutheran Church. Subsequently I was removed to the Turner’s Lane Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., some time in July.

While there the surgeon who attended me asked for the ball which had been removed from my body, telling me that the Medical Department had requested that the surgeons in the various hospitals send us as many souvenirs of that kind as they could get. When I was asked, I gave up my precious bullet willingly, as being less than twenty years of age at that time I cared little about it; but now, as I am nearing the 70th milestone, with a wife and grown family, I would very much like to regain possession of it.

At the time that I parted with the ball I was assured by the surgeon who received it from me that my name would be attached, and a record kept, so that it could be identified at any time.

The bullet is a Minnie, with a cavity in the large end, in which was fitted a wooden plug with a hole in the center.

Now, as that old relic is of no use to the Government, and of little interest except to my family and myself, is there any way in which I can regain possession?

Yours respectfully,

ENOS B. VAIL,
(Late Color Corporal, 80th Reg. N. Y. Volunteers, 20th Reg. N. Y. S. M.)
ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL,

Washington, D. C., July 16, 1913.

Mr. Enos B. Vail,
460 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 12, requesting that the bullet donated by you to the Army Medical Museum, be returned. Under separate cover it has been mailed to you just as it has been on exhibition since the Civil War.

These old bullets are a matter of great historical interest to us in the Army; perhaps you have not appreciated it, but in the education of Army Officers and Army Surgeons, such exhibits as this are necessary to show the progress in the development of small arms in military surgery, and we appreciate very much the privilege of exhibiting this specimen in our collection all these years, and I beg to inform you that should you ever feel that the bullet could be returned to the place it once occupied in the Museum, that it will be greatly appreciated, as it is of great interest and use to us as I have already stated.

Very respectfully,

F. T. RUSSELL,
Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army.
CHAPTER XVII.

On September 17th, the first anniversary of the Battle of Antietam, we were ordered to pack our few belongings and be ready to start for Camp Distribution. We boarded the cars about one P. M. and arrived in camp the same evening. The camp was near Alexandria, Va. It was a disagreeable place, as the quarters were poor and very damp, and after one day there our wounds gave us great trouble, and threatened to break out afresh. Happily, we were soon removed to Camp Convalescent, which we found much more comfortable, and the surroundings more pleasant. After a week in camp we were examined by two Boards of Surgeons; the first examination was on Saturday, and the second on Monday, when both John and I were recommended for service in the Invalid Corps. We made a vigorous protest. I told the Doctor that we either wanted a discharge or to be sent to our regiment. He answered me by saying that the Government was in great need of men, and that we were just as able to man the forts around Washington and do duty in the city as men who were physically sound, and our training and experience in the field had fitted us for that duty, which was important; in fact, much more so than inexperienced soldiers.

There were one hundred men being discharged from Camp Convalescent each week, and three times that number transferred to the Invalid Corps. Many were transferred who should have been sent back to the field, and many discharged who went home, and after a few weeks' reinstated and received large bounties. To my mind, the whole camp was run by favoritism.

On October the fourth, I, with many others, was sent to Washington and assigned to the 97th Co. Invalid Corps.
To our mutual regret, John was left behind, but we both expected that he would follow in a few days; but it was some weeks before we saw each other again. We went into camp on Meridan Hill, and were assigned to guard duty, which was severe, for we were on duty every other day, and except on rare occasions, there was more work than we had while at the front. In consequence of the severe duty, my wound was making a great deal of trouble for me. I interviewed the Doctor, but received no relief. He told me that he could do nothing as I would have to outgrow the trouble. On our first day at Meridan Hill we had a severe storm, when our tent blew down. We found some men to help us (a difficult task on account of the strong wind) and just as we had erected the tent, the pole broke, and we had to give it up for the night. Some of the others and I took shelter in the guard tent; but as soon as we were comfortably fixed this tent blew down, and we lay under the canvas until morning.

A day or so after a company of the Twentieth brought a squad of prisoners to Washington with the news that not more than one-third of the men who were wounded at Gettysburg had returned to the regiment. I interviewed the officer in charge, and begged him to allow me to return to the regiment with him. He bade me show my wound, which was in bad shape, the left hip much swollen and inflamed. He said that he would have to reject me for the regiment was doing a great deal of marching, and I would soon be left behind. I knew the officer was right, but that did not prevent me from being very much disappointed. I disliked the Invalid Corps, and was disgusted with the service. In a short time I discovered that a considerable percentage of the officers and men were apparently able, and should be doing duty with their regiments at the front. I also discovered that many of the men had never been in battle, but all had been in the hospital, and it was a short step from there to the Invalid Corps.

We wore a distinctive uniform, jacket, trousers, and overcoat, all of one color, light blue. We were not thought
well of by our comrades at the front, who were doing the fighting. They surmised that we had tried to get transferred in order to keep out of danger. In many cases, their surmises were right. Our First, or Orderly Sergeant had not seen his regiment in seventeen months, and he was incompetent for the position he held. It will be remembered that I lived with our own Orderly, Isaiah Decker, for some months, and as I was exempt from guard duty, I employed my time doing work for him; after a while, I knew the duties of First Sergeant as well as he.

On October the eleventh, we moved to Martindale Barracks, which were situated just behind the White House, but in plain sight of it. We could see the President each morning pacing the porch, which seemed to be his daily habit. The Barracks were long wooden buildings, two stories high, the lower floor being used for the kitchen, dining and wash rooms. The dormitory was on the upper floor, which was fitted up with what was called “standees.” They were in two rows, extending the whole length of the room, with a wide passage way in the center. Each standee accommodated six men, for they were built in three tiers, two men to a tier or berth. The place was heated by two large stoves in which we burned cord wood which did not have to be cut. The place was kept as clean as possible. The floor was holystoned twice each week, the bunks were frequently taken apart and scrubbed, and the beds and blankets aired every day when the weather permitted.

The great drawback was the bed bugs, the whole place was alive with them. Winter and summer they gave us no rest. It was impossible to get rid of them, for the barracks were unplastered and they had breeding places that were inaccessible. At night they would crawl on the bottom of the bunk above and drop in our faces. We tried sleeping in the passageway but they followed us there, and in the summer we tried sleeping in the park attached to the barracks, and for a night or two we had peace, but they finally found us. Since coming to the barracks our
duties were much lighter. We were on patrol duty and my turn came around about once in three of four days. As the duty was in the city great care had to be taken of our personal appearance. We were required to wear spotlessly white gloves and buttons and brasses had to be cleaned so they could almost be used for mirrors.

About this time the company held an election for treasurer of the company fund. The contestants were Sergeants Robinson, Edwards and myself. Edwards withdrew, and Robinson won the election by two votes. About the first of October the Invalid Corps was reorganized, formed into regiments, and the name changed to the Veteran Reserve Corps, a name that was much more popular with us than the old one. I was assigned to Capt. Dolan's Company C, First Regiment, and John was assigned to the second regiment. About the same time we were removed to a camp on Carroll Hill near the Capitol. Our shelter was detached wooden shanties, each of which was designed to shelter twelve men. The interiors were fitted with standees, the same as the barracks, with a stove in the center for heat.

The cook for our company was a Frenchman, and, like all French cooks, took pride in his work. On fresh meat days, instead of boiled beef, we frequently had beefsteak for breakfast and roast beef for dinner. The supper was light, bread and coffee. Although our cook was a good one, he himself was very untidy and the cook house was dirty.

I found Capt. Dolan to be a gentleman from a Massachusetts regiment, a good soldier who proved to be the best friend I had in the regiment. Early in October he was detailed to do duty at the headquarters of the United States Secret Service. A few days after his appointment the Captain sent for me, and I found him on the top floor of a large mansion situated in the down town section of the city. At that time there were many prisoners arriving in Washington every day, they being criminals who had committed offences against the United States. There
were many bounty jumpers and deserters, some of whom were desperate characters, but all had bad records. When reporting to the Captain he informed me that he had detailed me to take charge of the prisoners and guard them to the military prison in Georgetown. There were six men under me and each morning at nine o’clock we were required to report to the Captain to receive our orders for the day. Some days there would be one hundred or more prisoners, on other days there were only a few, and occasionally there were none at all.

When delivered to me, I counted the prisoners, then signed a receipt, and when they were delivered to the officer at the Castle (as we called the prison) in Georgetown I was given a receipt which I turned over to Capt. Dolan. Many of the bounty jumpers had plenty of money. One night I had charge of a number of them when one of the men offered me four hundred dollars if I would just turn my head long enough for him to escape, but I could not be bribed. If there were many prisoners we handcuffed them to a long chain, the prisoners marching in two ranks with the chain between them. Three guards were on each side of the line, and I, who had charge, marched in the rear where I could see the prisoners as well as my own men. I never lost a prisoner.

The Captain and I had a great liking for each other and sometimes when I reported to him in the morning he would keep me for an hour talking about various things. One morning I told him of the effort I had made to obtain a furlough. When I asked him to help me he laughed and said that he supposed that I wanted to go home to vote, for it was then near election time and every soldier who could be spared was allowed to go home for the purpose of casting his vote, for the administration greatly desired an expression of approval from the people. The Captain well knew when he spoke of my going home to vote that I was only twenty years of age.

When reporting for duty the next morning the Captain handed me a ten days’ furlough and an order for my pay.
I left that night on the six o’clock train, arriving in Philadelphia about midnight. I went to the Cooper Shop where I was served with a fine meal. When the train left Philadelphia I spread my blanket on the floor between two seats and lay down, placed my knapsack under my head and slept until the train arrived in Jersey City. My visit home was a very pleasant one, but all too short. On the expiration of my leave I returned to the regiment, and was assigned to duty under Captain Dolan. My position was a very agreeable one as the duty was light. The Captain trusted me fully, he being the only superior to whom I had to report. The men under me, as well as myself, slept and received our rations from the camp, but no officer of the company had authority over us. At meal times the company formed in double file, each man with a plate and cup. When the man at the head of the line reached the cook-house, he received his allowance, and without waiting for the others went back to his quarters. If any man wanted more to eat he returned to the cook-house and, as a rule, had the privilege of helping himself.

One unfortunate day (for the cook) we had bean soup, salt pork and bread for dinner; one of the men went to the cook for a second ration. He was told to help himself. He put the long handled dipper into the soup remarking that he liked his soup thick. He began to stir it when he announced that he had struck a prize, and bringing the dipper to the surface, he disclosed a stocking. It was supposed that the cook had an enemy who thought to do him an injury by putting the stocking in the soup. I ate no soup that day.

On reporting to the Captain the following morning, he asked me many questions about the company, whether we were well fed, and if the food was properly cooked and enough of it. I related the incident of the stocking, thinking that he would take it as a good joke, but instead, he put the entire blame on the cook. His face flushed up, and really I think I never saw a more angry man. The next day he went to the camp, sent the cook back to the
ranks, ordered the cook-house thoroughly cleaned, and selected a new cook.

The shanties occupied by us were built on posts about two feet high, leaving a space under the floor. In one of the floor boards was a large knot hole, and the boys got the habit of throwing pork rinds and bits of bread into the hole, and we soon had a colony of rats. When the lights were turned out, they came into the room and ran over the sleepers. Then the fun began, boots, canteens or anything movable within reach was thrown in the direction of the running rats who were rarely hit, but often the men were struck instead. Finally, one of the men fixed a board, attaching a string which he tied to his bunk so that when the rats came in he pulled the board over the hole so there was no way for them to escape. Then we lighted the candles and the slaughter began. In a short time we cleaned them out for good.

In addition to the duty of guarding prisoners I, with a strong guard, was required to attend the masked ball given every Monday night by the women of shady reputation. The ball was held in the City Assembly Rooms which stood on the ground now occupied by the Washington City Post Office. The ballroom was a large one on the second floor, with a bar in the rear where all kinds of drinks were dispensed at a price. Capt. Dolan was the officer in charge, and at midnight he ordered the proprietor to furnish the guard with a lunch which was usually a good one.

The guard was stationed at the ball for the purpose of keeping order, for usually toward morning the so-called "Ladies" and their escorts became very drunk, and some of the gentler sex had to be carried down stairs, where we placed them in carriages and sent them home. Often they had a fight, in which case we soon ejected them. The men, when starting a row were used very roughly, frequently being thrown down the stairs. We never had any trouble to keep order. On the night of Dec. 31st, I was on duty at the ball. There were all kinds of cos-
tumes, women dressed in men’s clothing, and men dressed as women, Indians, Chinese, harlequins, and about everything except the U. S. uniform. All the dancers were masked, and surely it was a great show, not a woman of good character in all the crowd. The ball lasted all night for us, but after midnight the crowd thinned rapidly, for some of the dancers became too intoxicated to stand. Through that ball, I lost the only opportunity I ever had of shaking the hand of the Great War President, Mr. Lincoln, for having been up all night I slept until the reception was over.

I well recall the month of January, 1864. During a part of the month the weather was so warm that summer clothing could be worn with comfort, it being more like the month of June in the North. At this time we had a great deal of trouble with the mails. Some of my letters did not reach home until nearly a month after they were mailed, and we had the same trouble with the mail from the north. My old friend, John Ovendorf, and I had become separated. His regiment was doing another kind of duty some distance from our camp. To say that I missed him is a mild statement. It was about four months since we parted, when one day I met him on Pennsylvania Avenue. His first question was, “Have you any money?” I replied, “Not a cent.” “Come mit mir,” he said, “I yust got six months pay.” We went into a nearby store, and he took an old leather pocketbook from his pocket, laid it on the counter and told me to help myself, an invitation which I at once accepted. Two or three months after that he came to our barracks, looking the picture of misery. He said that he had been granted a ten days’ furlough, but could get no money. I was without funds so I could give him no help.

There was no trouble about getting to New York, for the Government furnished transportation, but as John’s home was in Saugerties, it required money to get up the river. I told him to go back to camp and pack, and that I could arrange it so that he could get all the money he
needed after reaching New York. While he was gone I wrote a letter to my father requesting that he let John have what money he wanted, and send some one to the train with him, for he was entirely unacquainted with the city. I drew a rough map showing Cortland Street Ferry, at which place he would land, and of West, Washington and Greenwich Street, and cautioned him that when he reached Greenwich Street to keep going north until he reached Jane Street, where he was to present my letter. John was a good soldier, and followed instructions to the letter, so had no trouble to find the place. When my letter was read, both father and mother insisted that he stay with them that night. John consented and entertained them with the story of our adventures in the army, told only as John could tell in his broken English. He had a good memory, was a good talker, and was never at a loss for a word, but sometimes he got his English more or less twisted. On his return from his home, my people had the pleasure of entertaining him for another night, and against my father’s protest he paid the money he had borrowed. On his return he came to see me, and told me of the reception my people had given him, and said that they made him feel as much at home as he did when we were in the field tenting together.

I found that doing duty in Washington caused my personal expenses to more than double. White gloves had to be worn every day when on duty, then there were blacking and brushes to buy, material for cleaning the rifle and brasses provided, and there was always a bill to pay the tailor, named Wagg, who was a member of our company. Wagg was a thrifty lad, always busy when off duty, and I think that his earnings and soldier’s pay more than equaled the pay of our Captain. Our new uniforms never fitted, so they had to be made over which cost $3.50 or $4.00, which made business for Wagg. During that winter of 1864, Congress passed a law increasing the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates. Under the new law, Sergeants were raised to $20.00, Cor-
porals to $18.00, and privates to $16.00, but with an increase of five dollars per month, on account of the increased expense, I was not as well off financially as when I was in the field.
CHAPTER XVIII.

Early in April we moved to Rush Barracks which was large enough to house the whole regiment, and near enough to the White House for the President and his family to be near neighbors. My bunk-mate and bedfellow was Private Alfred Bellard, who had been wounded in one of the battles fought by the Army of the Potomac, and like myself had been rejected for duty in the field. Bellard was a little older than I, had belonged to the Third New Jersey Volunteers, and his home was in what was then called Hudson City, now Jersey City Heights. Before the war he had worked with his father, James Bellard, who was a copper plate engraver. The young man was quite a clever pen artist, and many hours of his spare time were spent in making drawings, some of which greatly amused the company. Naturally, Bellard and I became very intimate. He was a fine fellow, but having been born in England, he inherited all the bulldog stubbornness of his countrymen; while I liked him much, and respected him, he never was the same to me as the man who was a "Daddy by me", old John.

Captain Dolan was relieved from duty at Secret Service Headquarters, and resumed command of the company. This threw me out of my easy position of taking prisoners to Georgetown. From the breaking out of the Civil War, Washington had been under martial law, and the only authority was military. Our company was assigned to patrol duty, each patrol being comprised of twelve men, one Sergeant who was in charge, and one Corporal. One patrol went on duty in the forenoon and the same night, and the next day, in the afternoon only. Every other day we did two hours of duty, and as each tour
lasted three hours, with constant marching, I found the work very hard on account of my wound which was very painful. The duty of the patrol was to examine the passes of all the soldiers found in the city. We had supervision over all disorderly houses which were visited three times daily. There was a guard placed at the entrance of every theatre in the city to see that every officer and soldier had a right to be abroad; even residents, if out after a certain hour at night, were stopped and made to give an account of themselves.

The regulations in regard to the sale of liquor to soldiers were very strict. It was absolutely forbidden to give or sell liquor to soldiers under any circumstances. The penalty for the violation of the regulation was loss of license, a heavy fine, and sometimes imprisonment. Notwithstanding the risk, my whole company and I knew of a few places where a soldier could buy drink in moderation, if properly introduced. I remember one very warm day Captain Dolan was drilling the whole company out in the city. After the drill, he marched the company to a fine cafe, ordered one-half of the company to stack arms on the sidewalk, took them inside, and invited them to order anything they wished. When they had finished, the other half of the company went in and enjoyed the hospitality of the Captain.

When on theatre duty as soon as the performance commenced, the guard went inside to see the play, and were always given good seats. As every one knows, Mr. Lincoln was very fond of the theatre, and frequently attended when I was on duty. Many times a week, when we were on patrol duty, we met him in the street walking along the same as the most obscure citizen and apparently unattended.

When making arrests the prisoners were taken to what was known as the Central Guard House, which was presided over by an officer whose official title was Judge Advocate. The Guard House was a busy place, sometimes we arrested seventy-five persons in a single tour
of duty. The Guard House was fitted with cells, one or more of which was used as a shower. There were hydrants with those attached in the shower cells, and a stand built above the floor for the manipulator of the hose. When a drunk was brought in, he was taken before the Judge and asked where he got the liquor. If the prisoner was too intoxicated to reply, he was placed in a cell to get sober. Next morning he was brought before the Judge, and the question repeated. Usually his reply was that he did not know or that he did not want to tell. The Judge then ordered the shower. In the shower room, he was stripped, and the water turned on. The man who handled the hose followed him with the stream, escape was impossible; no matter how fast the culprit ran, the water ran so much faster. There were few men who could stand the torture more than a few minutes. Some of the prisoners, when they faced the Judge a second time repented their promise made in the shower room, to tell all they knew, whereupon they were taken back for another shower, but it did not take long for them to change their minds when the cold water struck them.

The drunks seemed to be very loyal to the men who had sold them the liquor. Some of them would stand severe punishment before they would inform on the liquor dealer.

The soldier who handled the hose, called by us "Geneseo", was a member of my company. He was a wild character, and had little of the milk of human kindness in his composition. If a prisoner was sent to him for the second shower, he would call an imaginary person to put on ten pounds more pressure, which terrified the prisoner so much that he frequently confessed.

Occasionally I met some of the boys of the old Twentieth; one day when on patrol, I met Col. Gates who shook hands with me, but as I was on duty, I had little time to visit. As I greatly disliked the V. R. C. and the duty, the meeting of members of my old regiment increased my discontent; to further add to my disgust with
the service, Capt. Dolan was transferred to Fort Wood, and I felt that I had lost the best friend that I had in the regiment. I never saw him but once after he left us, and that was on the 17th of March, 1865, after we had both been discharged from the service. On that occasion, I had a very pleasant visit with him while we watched the St. Patrick’s Day Parade marching down Broadway. Capt. Dolan was succeeded by Capt. Henibal D. Norton who was also from Massachusetts. I found him to be a good officer and a gentleman.

Early in March we were offered four hundred dollars to reenlist in the same company and regiment in which we were serving. I told the recruiting officer that if eight thousand dollars was offered I would want time to think it over, and afterward informed him that I was willing to reenlist in my old regiment without bounty. One man in the company named Gallagher reenlisted and received a furlough for thirty-five days. As he had to pass through New York, he called on my people, and on his return, he called again, when mother sent me a package which I greatly appreciated.

About the first of July I received a second furlough of ten days, at the expiration of which I found that the regiment had been ordered to the front to repel a threatened attack by the rebels. It was nothing serious, but it gave Washington a great scare. On reaching the barracks, I found it too late to join the regiment that night, but the next morning I crossed the Potomac and found the regiment encamped at Arlington, living in shelter tents which seemed like old times at the front. We stayed in camp only a day or two after I joined them, for many of the men were moon blind caused by sleeping in the open air under the rays of a full moon. For two or three days these men were totally blind, but soon recovered.

In August a part of the old Twentieth was doing duty at Gen. Grant’s Headquarters at City Point, Va., and a part of my old company “E” was guarding a powder boat anchored in the James River. During the time that the rebels were in possession of the James River, they
caused torpedoes to be planted in order to prevent the passage of Federal gunboats up the river; but as soon as the river was in possession of Union forces, it was cleaned out; but, evidently all the torpedoes were not found, for without warning, the powder boat blew up and it is my recollection that every man doing duty on the boat was killed. Of my own company, Ephraim Dewitt, Sylvester Turner and Wm. S. VanKeuren lost their lives. They were all my personal friends, especially VanKeuren, with whom I had tented both in the three months’ and the three years’ service.

Among my friends in the first regiment was a member of my company named Spencer J. Tuthill, a cooper by trade, whose home was in the applegrowing section of Western New York. Tuthill was a fine mechanic, and something of an artist in carving. He expended his ingenuity carving beef bones and his work seemed to be perfect. He carved the figure of a woman on the outside of a finger ring; it was perfectly formed and extended all the way around the ring. He conceived the idea of an improved water wheel. His idea was to build the wheel inside of a barrel shaped case, the flow of the water causing the wheel to turn, thus furnishing power with the least percentage of friction. He constructed a small model, and was much pleased with it, when I suggested that we had better look through the Patent Office to try to find something similar. After a long search, we found a model of which his was almost a duplicate. It was the principle of the Turbine which is in common use now.

As the summer of ’64 grew old, I began to count the days to the time when I would be released from the Veteran Reserve Corps, which I cordially disliked, and from which I did not want to be discharged. I wanted my discharge from the old Twentieth, and I expected to get it. The last of August the regiment was ordered to Albany, N. Y. On our arrival we went into camp on the west bank of the Hudson, between Albany and Troy, opposite the bar in the river. Nearly every morning, the Troy boat
went aground and had to wait for the tide before she could proceed. Our camp was constructed of shelter tents; although it was September the nights were cold, and we suffered severely. At this camp the regiment was divided, two companies were sent to Kingston, N. Y., and two companies to Poughkeepsie. It was supposed that they were sent to enforce a draft which was called at that time.

Capt. Norton appointed me drill-master, a position greatly to my liking. I drilled the recruits twice a day, two hours in the morning, and two hours in the afternoon, and it was only a few days before the men were out of the Awkward Squad. Capt. Norton was a generous man. He complimented me on the efficiency my recruits showed in the short time that they had been under instruction. I told the Captain all of the credit did not belong to me, for the recruits were an intelligent body of American boys, who obeyed orders, took interest in the drills, and were not afraid to ask for information. A few days before my discharge I went to Albany without permission. While I was walking about enjoying the sights of the capitol I met the patrol and lacking a pass was arrested, taken back to camp and lodged in the guard house. I sent for Capt. Norton who ordered my release. In all my service that was the only time I was arrested and then I was a prisoner for only fifteen minutes. That afternoon I drilled my squad as usual.

As the expiration of my service drew near I wrote to Adjutant Schoonmaker, of the old Twentieth, requesting him to issue me a discharge from that regiment, and to send it to my home in New York. He replied that the law did not permit two discharges to the same person for one term of service. I was very much disappointed, but when I received my discharge from Capt. Norton, he wrote across the margin, “Transferred from the 20th Regt. N. Y. S. M.” At last the long looked for day arrived when I was to part with my friends in the regiment and again become a private citizen.
On Sept. 24th, I called on the Captain and told him that my time had expired. He was under the impression that I still had some weeks to serve, but upon looking up my record, he found that I was right. He told me that I was excused from duty, and that there was a bounty of $1,100 offered for reenlistment for one year in the regiment in which I was serving. I told him that money could not tempt me to reenlist in the Veteran Reserve Corps, but that I was willing to go into the field with my old regiment without bounty. He said that on account of my wound no surgeon would pass me, and I knew that he was right. Bellard had been discharged in August by reason of expiration of service, and on Sept. 25th he arrived in our camp and we had the pleasure of entertaining him until the 27th, when I, having been mustered out, received my pay and discharge. I settled my bill of $2.37 with the sutler, which was the only account I ever had with him, bade goodbye to the boys and started for home. Bellard accompanied me. We took the Albany night boat and when bed time came, were offered a stateroom, which we declined. Instead we spread the blankets on the floor of the salon and slept soundly until the boat was fast to her pier in New York. On my arrival home, the first thing to do was to provide myself citizen’s clothing of which I was entirely destitute. At that time, a person could not go into a store and get a complete outfit as can be done now. Outside clothing, shirts, boots, and in fact every personal effect had to be made to order, which in my case took about three weeks. The day that I received my clothing I put off my uniform forever, and began to unlearn what I had acquired in the thirty-nine months since I had left home. At the time of my discharge I thought little of my work for the Union, but as the years went by and I talked with other veterans, we began to appreciate the priceless service that the boys of ’61-’65 had rendered.

The war for the Union was fought by boys as the following will show: 2,334,481 soldiers were boys under
nineteen years of age; over 800,000 were under eighteen years of age; 144,000 were sixteen years of age, and boys 15, 14, 13, 12 and 11, with twenty-five boys under ten years of age served the Union Army, the total enlistments being 2,859,122.

During the winter of '64-'65 I attended a business college for I realized that I needed education to fit me for citizenship. I, like the other millions of boys, lost my chance by enlisting. In the spring of that year I entered into partnership with my father, although the partnership was an equal one, I found that there was one habit acquired in the army that I could not forget and that was the habit of obedience. When father gave an order or made a request I obeyed instantly and without question.

In November, 1867, I married a Long Island girl. We were married at Patchogue, L. I., a town famous for the intelligence, virtue and beauty of its women.

The old Twentieth is still my love among military associations and we still retain our organization. Every year since our return from the war we have held an annual reunion and banquet, an event my wife and I look forward to with pleasant anticipation. I should feel, if I were to miss one of the reunions, that a year had been taken from my life. Each year we have a most enjoyable time, renewing old friendships and talking over the incidents of camp and battlefield long past. There are few of the boys now living who went out in 1861, and the last of our reunions is in sight.

For fifteen years after the close of the war, I heard nothing of my old friend, Ovendorf. As I recollect it was in 1880 that I paid him a visit. He was living on a farm near the village of West Saugerties. My guide told me to take a path which led through the woods, and when I reached the top of a knoll I would see a light which would be the place I was seeking. I saw the light and followed the path which led to the house. The window curtain was raised and John and his wife, whom I had never seen, were eating supper. I knocked at the door and Mrs. Ovendorf answered. I asked if this was where Mr.
Ovendorf lived, but before she could answer, John came to the door, and said that he had recognized my voice. He introduced me to his wife, told her to clear the table, remarking that there was nothing in the place good enough for me. I protested, but it did no good. I saw that John had aged very much since our last meeting in 1864. He looked old and was very gray. He told me that he had been ill with pneumonia, which accounted for his loss of flesh. The following day he took me to the flag-stone quarries in which he was interested. On our return we found relatives invited to dinner in order to meet me. The dinner was a great success. Mrs. Ovendorf had killed a turkey and proved herself to be a great cook. From the time of my visit we never entirely lost sight of each other. We met at the reunions and communicated by letter. A few years after my visit his wife died and he went to live with Peter A. Rightmeyer, his wife’s brother. There were children in the family of whom John was very fond. The last two or three years of his life he was in poor health and at times confined to his bed. The family could not have been more devoted if he had been of their own blood.

In 1901, having no word for some time, my wife and I visited him, and being invited to dinner, we gladly accepted. We found the old man feeble, but in good spirits and anxious to attend the reunion which was to take place at Kingston the next day. It had been arranged for his brother-in-law to accompany him and they were to be our guests at the banquet. Reunion day was very stormy; however, they started, but the storm increased so that they were obliged to return. As I recollect it was in the following November that he died, and I did not have the melancholy satisfaction of attending the funeral. I was notified by the family, but the telegram was delayed and I could not reach there in time. He was a grand old man; but for him I would not be in the physical condition I am at this time. He bore the burden and would not allow me to overtax my strength when I was a growing boy. I owe very much to Color Corporal John Ovendorf.
CHAPTER XIX.

I have had very little communication with my comrades of the Veteran Corps since I parted with them in 1864. Frequently I met Bellard until his death which occurred about ten years ago. For a year or two after my return from the war I corresponded with Tuttle. He was an intelligent man and his letters were entertaining. I have had no word from him in forty-eight years. My old friend, and in fact, everybody’s friend, James Emory Scott (Scotty), died about three years ago and was borne to his grave by the comrades with whom he served and loved so well.

On Oct. 25, 1911, the Twentieth celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its departure for the war at Kingston, N. Y., where we received a royal welcome. The Fire Department, the Twentieth separate company N. G. S. N. Y. (successor to the Twentieth Regiment), the various lodges and societies turned out to do us honor.

The parade was headed by a band in which our former Drum Major, Pierce, played the identical drum behind which we had marched so many weary miles during the war. The line of march was over the same ground that the regiment had gone fifty years before. On our way to the river the high hills on each side of the road between Kingston and Boudout were banked with school children who sang patriotic songs as we marched past. In order to rehearse our departure as nearly as possible, a steamboat had been provided on which we embarked, and after a short sail, landed at another pier. In the evening a meeting was held in the State Armory. The Armory is a large building and every seat was occupied. The veterans had reserved seats on the platform and we greatly enjoyed the speeches and music.
The following year, 1912, the reunion was held at Ellenville. The veterans and their families were the guests of a committee of ladies who had entire charge of the affair. I think that every automobile owner in the town gave the use of his machine to meet the guests from abroad. After a ride through the beautiful village, the meeting was called to order on the porch of the Wayside Inn, the proprietor, Mr. Krause, generously giving us the free use of the entire first floor of the hotel. At the conclusion of the regimental business, we were entertained at a banquet which was served at the Mitchell House. Not only were the veterans of the old Twentieth and their families entertained, but every Civil War Veteran in the town was invited, no guest being allowed to pay. Fire Chief Litchrod had the date of the annual inspection of the Fire Department put forward so that the guests could witness the parade and note the efficiency of the Ellenville Fire Brigade. We spent a most enjoyable day. The entertainment was a costly one, the money being contributed by the patriotic citizens. The Ladies’ Committee showed great ability in the management of the entire affair. There was not a single break, and one would imagine that the programme had been rehearsed. Ellenville has not forgotten its old time patriotism.

It was my privilege, in company with Comrade Edmondson, late Color Sergeant of the 13th Regt. N. J. Volunteers, to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, which took place July first to July fourth, 1913. In consequence of the congestion on the Pennsylvania R. R., we missed our connection in Philadelphia, but got a train to Lancaster, Pa., where we had to wait three hours. After lunch we visited the Soldiers’ Monument and other points of interest in the town. We found the citizens very friendly and hospitable. We reached Hanover, Pa., sixteen miles from Gettysburg about seven-thirty P. M.—too late to reach our destination that night.

We secured rooms in the Central Hotel and after we