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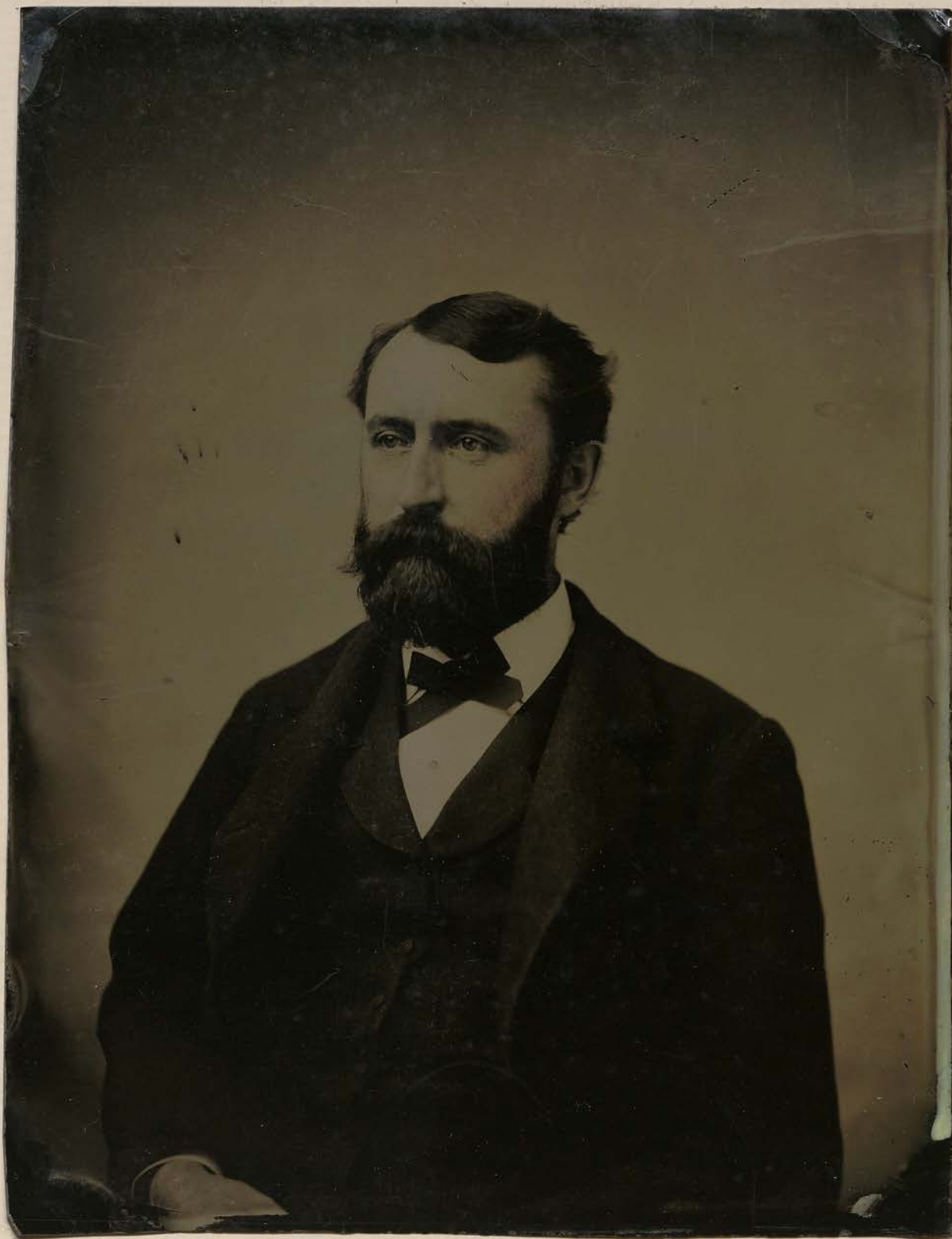
case objects

McNaughton, Peter

Diary and papers of Peter McNaughton:
A Wheatland soldier in the Civil War.
Fitted case includes photograph, medal
and pin, manuscript early 20th century.

DIARY AND PAPERS
OF
PETER MC NAUGHTON





FOREWORD

Peter McNaughton who wrote this interesting Civil War Diary in the form of a letter to his brother, Jamison, was born at Mumford, New York, March 6, 1841, and died in the home in which he was born on November 30, 1922.

He is buried in the McNaughton lot in Mumford Rural Cemetery.

He married Imogene Rider March 26, 1873, and she survived him only a year dying in 1923.

The original American ancestor of Peter was Duncan McNaughton who came to America in 1788 from Perth, Scotland, and settled at Galway, Sarotoga County, New York. Peter McNaughton, the son of Duncan, and the grandfather of the author of this Diary, came with his father from Scotland at the age of twelve. He later married Elisabeth Jamison and lived at Charleston, Fulton County, New York.

In 1817 with six children they moved to Caledonia, New York, where two other children were born. Peter died there January 22, 1834, and his wife on October 23, 1858 aged seventy-nine years. Peter and his wife are buried in the little cemetery back of the stone church at Caledonia, New York.

Daniel C. McNaughton, son of Peter above mentioned and the father of the author, was born at Charleston, Fulton County, New York, February 17, 1808, and apparently came with his father from Fulton County to Caledonia and there married Margaret Blue and of this union twelve children were born, ten

son and two daughters as follows:-

- (1) JOHN B., born February 7, 1840, who became a member of Company F, 108th. N.Y.S. Vols., was wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg on December 18, 1862, and died at Douglass Hospital, Washington, D. C., December 26, 1862.
- (2) PETER, the author.
- (3) WILLIAM C., born April 4, 1844, married Minnie Pope and died at the City of Brooklyn, New York, on May 28, 1879. He was a soldier in the Civil War from Wheatland. (George E. Slocum in his History of Wheatland is apparently in error when he states that he was a sharpshooter and was killed by the explosion of a shell).
- (4) JAMISON to whom Peter writes this diary was born July 11, 1846 and died March 25, 1914. He lived and died at Morganton, North Carolina.
- (5) DUNCAN B., born in the year 1848 and died in the year 1903, commonly called "Dunkie B". His widow, Myrta Bostwick McNaughton, now (1941) lives in Caledonia, New York.
- (6) CHARLES, born July 4, 1852, and died August 4, 1885.

- (7) STUART H., born April 8, 1854; died July 22, 1940.
- (8) DR. GEORGE C. born July 4, 1856 and died unmarried March 17, 1914.
- (9) DR. DANIEL C., dentist, who married Jennie Walker.
- (10) MALCOMB who married Catherine McVean and died at Jersey City, New Jersey.
- (11) ELISA who married Duncan Cameron.
- (12) MARGARET who married Ara Wilkinson, for many years head of the school at Caledonia, New York, and the father of Dr. McNaughton Wilkinson who is now one of the leading physicians of Rochester, New York.

The dates of birth and death of the last four are not available.

Daniel C. McNaughton, the father of these twelve children, died at Mumford, New York, October 7, 1879, and Margaret Blue McNaughton, the mother, born October 11, 1819, died at Mumford, New York, January 16, 1903.

Peter McNaughton, the author, was a cousin of Senator Donald McNaughton who practiced law at Mumford, New York, for many years and who died while representing the State of New York, at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

The forefathers of the author were all furniture makers and carried on the undertaking business as a sideline. Daniel C. McNaughton lived in the little white house at Mumford, New York, on the Mumford-Caledonia Highway, on the east side of the road at the top of the hill about opposite the Baptist Church. His furniture and undertaking business was carried on in the building next south which is now the Grange Hall. His son, Duncan B. McNaughton, carried on the same business in the house next east of the brick schoolhouse in Mumford and his son, Roy, is now an undertaker at Caledonia, New York.

After the war Peter lived in Brooklyn, New York, where he was engaged in the men's clothing business. He then retired and spent his later years and died in his old home at Mumford. In latter years he became very deaf.

Peter's military papers and medals were given to me in 1941 by Roy McNaughton.

I remember him very well and in appearance, dress and carriage he was the most distinguished appearing Civil War veteran whom I ever knew.

The printed excerpts and the photographs which are laid in are taken from a History of the One Hundred Fifty-first Regiment of New York State Volunteers, compiled by Helena Adelaide Howell, printed at Albion, New York, 1911.

Scottsville, New York, January 15, 1942.

Geo. J. Shevington

A CHRONOLOGY OF PETER MC NAUGHTON'S DIARY

- August 31, 1862: Enlisted for three years.
- December 4, 1862: Commissioned Sergeant.
- March 25, 1864: Commissioned First Sergeant.
- July 1, 1864: Discharged in the field in Virginia by reason of special order No. 162, Headquarters 6th Army Corps. (This apparently was to enable him to receive a commission).
- June 20, 1864: Commissioned 1st. Lieutenant, 151st. Regiment of Infantry, N. Y. S. V. (This commission is signed by Horatio Seymour, Governor of the State of New York and John T. Sprague, Adjutant General).
- July 9, 1864: Wounded at the Battle of Monocacy.
- February 16, 1865: Honorably discharged on account of physical disability "from wounds received in action".

February 17, 1906

MC NAUGHTON BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

A letter from Peter McNaughton to his brother,
Jamison McNaughton.

Dear Brother:-

I have written out the data for your genealogy and will send it herewith. You wanted me to make up my autobiography and I am going to do so but it may be I will get disgusted with the record before I finish and burn it up.

The first thing I remember is having a fight with either John or Dan, I am not sure which, but we both wore red flannel frocks and I got licked to a standstill. Some other things I remember that happened about the same time but Mother told me they happened before I was born. One or the other of us must be mistaken, because even with an excellent memory I could hardly be expected to remember an occurrence that happened before I was born.

I went thru all the diseases any child is entitled to except small-pox. I had them so severely

that it would seem that Providence wanted to save me for some good purpose that I was allowed to live. I bear on the back of my hand today a scar from the effects of the canker of scarlet fever getting into a burn causing blood poisoning. Mother said they expected to amputate my hand. When just recovering from measles and on my first day outside some boys came for me to take a ride on a raft in Spring Creek. I didn't even hesitate and it resulted that the raft got stock on a snag and we were obliged to jump in and wade ashore. It was spring time and turned cold. I took a chill that sent me to bed in a dark room for six weeks.

I think I had my share of calamities as a youngster but I never broke any bones. In fact my bones were so limber that they would almost double up without breaking.

When I was thirteen I hired out to Uncle Gilbert Walker to work on his farm. I was given a yoke of oxen and a stone boat for mine and earned a "jawing" every day. One morning after yoking them I made a start but the yoke ring caught on a stump and brought them up so suddenly that they executed the act of turning the yoke. There they stood, the off ox nigh, wrong end forward, and the yoke upside down. The only correct thing in the situation was that they were right end up. I think I was the most astonished urchin in the two Americas.

On Saturday night after supper which was at dark Uncle Gilbert asked me if I would like to go home. I allowed that I would. He said he wanted to send a letter to Father. He kept me standing on one foot and then on the other for about two hours when he handed me the letter and I started. After arriving on the State Road I was fortunate in getting a lift to Caledonia, and arrived before the folks had retired. I handed the letter to Father and he read it thru, then smiled audibly and told me I was discharged. Uncle Gilbert had filled up four pages of old fashioned foolscap in reciting every one of my misdeeds for the entire six weeks I was there. The letter was kept for some time as a curiosity and I was in hopes to find it among Father's papers but I didn't. This discharge was the only place from which I was bounced before filling my contract in my whole life. But this did not end my troubles. After discharging five men and four boys Uncle Gilbert found himself obliged to send for me again, and with the help of his brothers from York, he managed to get his wheat planted. I had the ox team as usual. Uncle Gilbert could stand off forty feet and talk to this ox team and they would do exactly what he told them to. I thought I could manage them in the same way, so when I got to the end of the land where they were stones heaped up to build a wall I commenced to talk to them nicely and tried to get them around. This I had partly succeeded in doing but they had landed on top of the stones. Then they seemed to be imbued with an inspiration that it was the proper time and place to run, and off they went "full skittle" over the stones, leaving splinters, drag

teeth and bolts scattered with impartial generosity over the whole length of the pile, and with nothing but the drag chain and clevis when they arrived at the side of the field. This was the last day of seeding and the others by working late finished in a rain storm. Uncle Gilbert kept me over night and gave me breakfast the next morning, but that was all. He started me for "Slab" before I had a chance to pick my teeth. When he finally settled up I believe he deducted the value of the drag so that the net proceeds of my summers work was very small.

About this time I made a contract with Mrs. Brown to paint a small extension on to her house. I don't remember the price per day nor the time I worked but when I finished she paid me \$12.50 all in silver quarters. I made more in this than in all the time I spent at Uncle Gilbert's. When Robby returned from Michigan, he sent for Philips and had the extension painted again.

Next year in the Fall I engaged with Dunk Anderson to attend separator at threshing. In those days a boy who got this job was "big dog" among his fellows. It was a dirty, greasy, perambulating, and somewhat dirty job, hardly ever more than two days in a place and never any kind of meat to eat except mutton, as it seemed as if when the threshers came every farmer killed a wether. This was good enough, but rather monotonous to have it all the time. I had several narrow escapes, the most interesting happening at Peter Campbell's, on the back road to Caledonia. I was sitting on a bag pile by the granary door when the shaft broke

off close to the gearing. I don't know what impelled me but I jumped just as far as I could. That shaft with the coupling attached rolled over to the pile of bags where I had been sitting and scattered them all over the barn in parts, patches and pieces and all in less than three seconds. If I hadn't jumped just when I did I would have been spread all over the barn in the same time and manner.

One exception to the mutton was when we had a half day's work at a house on Flint Hill, and only had supper. They had somewhere between thirteen and seventeen kinds of cake with tea strong enough to haul a plow, and that was ALL they did have. I had never seen so many kinds of cake in my life.

I went to school during the winter. Don't believe I learned much, but I remember a pitched battle with John McBride. He was clumsy and slow; I was slight and quick and this was one fight in which I came out victorious. The licking we both got afterward was a most interesting part of the episode. Mr. Willey always believed that in a fight between boys both were always wrong and punished accordingly. He took us into the East room and ordered our coats off. I took mine off with alacrity, but John hesitated, and begged, protesting that he was not to blame, but Willey insisted, and when both coats were off he commenced business, with a rawhide riding whip. I knew a trick or two and practised it. I got close to Willey and so close that the blows had about as much effect as if he were using a goose quill, but John backed off so that Willey was obliged to catch his hand and hold him. This

brought him at just the right distance to get the full force of the raw hide so that he was thoroly welted from the back of his neck down to a spot equal to the distance of his legs from the ground up. We returned to the room, I with a bright smile on my face, John in deep distress, sniffing and diffused in tears. I was really sorry for him.

When Spring came I opened up very puny. Dr. Craig decided that I should be put to work on a farm for the summer, so I went to Robby Brown's farm near the Lake road, as far from "Slab" as they could get me. Here I was given a three horse team composed of a vicious old mare, her colt and a lazy old cream plug. While the old mare and colt saw-sawed in motion all day, the cream plug was kept in motion only by welting with the whip all the time. It required skill to wallop the plug without making either the mare or the colt almost jump out of the harness. As a restraining entity that old plug was useful, but for all other purposes he was only fit for the bone yard. Once they all ran together; I was dragging in the hill lot when the drag struck a large flat stone and upturned a hornet's nest. They rose and seemed to strike all three horses at the same time. They all jumped full length, every leap hauling me and the drag after them. I managed to hold on to the reins and keep my head toward the zenith, but I only touched the ground once in a while and then only perceptibly. At the end of the land they ran into a clump of hazels and became stalled, the hazels hiding them so that the hornets went over them and out of sight. I required the balance of the afternoon to straighten out the tangle.

While working on the lower farm during harvest, I had my first experience with the Demon Alcohol. I had been doing a man's work in hauling in wheat on a very hot day, and had become exhausted and told the men I would have to give up. One man suggested a little whiskey. He usually poured out a glass full which he handed to the first man, who drank what he wanted and passed the glass on to the next until it was empty. I hadn't noticed this so when he handed me the glass first I presumed I was expected to drink it all and I did. At dinner the others all seemed to be very happy but everything was opposed to me. I would make a jab at a potato, and was more likely to hit the baby or the coffee pot than the potato. The corner of the house struck me in the face and the two rails of the fence had grown so high that I was obliged to climb over them instead of hopping over as usual. When I got to the barn I involuntarily lay down and went to sleep. In exactly seven seconds Clark woke me up and told me it was time to get my team. I answered, "Why"? It is just after dinner". "Just after dinner," says he, "it is almost three o'clock". So I got busy and never felt better in my life.

During that summer I had only one day off and that was July 4th. I went to Avon on an excursion over the Cohocton R. R., (now a branch of the Erie), which had just been about completed, and this, I think, was the first excursion. They had no coaches and we were obliged to ride on gravel cars trimmed up smartly with evergreen. Nothing happened at Avon and I arrived home in the evening to learn that a man child had

been born in the house. They named him George and he grew up to be a "medicine man" and a good fellow.

I finished with Robby Brown on Saturday, Sept. 16, 1856, and on the same evening engaged with Hyde at \$30.00 per year as clerk. I was so pleased to get a position as clerk in a store that I didn't care anything about the wages, but Hyde paid me every year from a half to more than double more than he had agreed to.

I was employed at Hyde's four years during which time nothing worth mentioning happened. I used to start in at 6:00 a.m. and keep at it until 10 or 12 at night, with three half hours off for meals when were not too busy. I had about the same experience for two years at LeRoy.

The elections in the Fall of 1860 were, I believe, extraordinary. The organizations of Wide Awakes, Little Giants and Know Nothings, with bands of music and political meetings were everywhere. When the War broke out in 1861 a whole company of one hundred men enlisted. I was one of them and I think was elected a non-com. officer, but when our services were offered we were told that the Government had troops enough and our services would not be required, so we disbanded. Meanwhile the Battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost and when they called for more troops our patriotism had dissolved and blown into thin air, and volunteers were hard to get. Quite a number of that first company enlisted afterward. I didn't get my courage up again until August, 1862 and then I enlisted to get Homer Snow into the Army only to

see him get mustered in as a mule driver. Jimmy McLachlin who was one of our trio and enlisted with me could not stand the push and was sent back to the invalid corps to do guard duty about Washington, so that I was the only one to stand up to the racket to the finish.

1862

We went into camp at Lockport about October 1, and there began soldiering. I was elected First Sergeant by the company, but the Capt. repudiated the choice. Then the company repudiated his appointments, and refused to muster in. It looked like a mutiny, but they finally compromised, making me 2nd Sergeant, and putting in a man to whom the Captain had promised a Lieutenantcy, and who had done all his enlisting work, as first sergeant. During all this muddle I was sick of typhoid fever at Cram's Hotel in town. After getting well enough to travel I came home for a couple of weeks and returned in time to be mustered in the U. S. Service with the rest of the company. I was a wreck and should have never been taken but at that time they would take anything that breathed. After being uniformed in dark blue jackets and trousers, (a uniform ridiculed by the boys at first, but later held in great favor) we were moved as far as Elmira, N.Y. Here we remained in mud, mud, nothing but mud for several days until we were armed and equipped. Ever since whenever I think of Elmira the thought is always connected with mud.

We were all glad to be loaded on cars and get started South, to get out of the mud if for nothing else. What impressed me most on our trip to Baltimore was the great big barns and little stone houses on the farms. I thought they were the kind of farmers that made money.

We arrived in Baltimore after dark with no place to go to. We slept during the night on a cobble stone pavement in a freight shed. Next morning we took possession of barracks in Lafayette Park which were fairly comfortable and here we remained six months doing guard duty in the city and drilling in companies and battallions. Our first detail was ridiculous. Company I was ordered out to guard 299 Rebel prisoners across the city. When we got there we found about twenty of the "orneriest" soliders I ever saw. There wasn't one between the ages of sixteen and seventy. The old men were decrepit and the young boys were weaklings. A corporal's guard would have been enough to guard them across the Continent. We had a company of 100 men and were hooted aplenty going across Baltimore.

A good deal of our time while in Baltimore was spent in guarding the West's Bldg. Hospital. It had been a tobacco warehouse, was 500 feet long and 150 feet wide, and filled with sick and wounded soldiers. It seemed as if all the "tough nuts" of the Arm got into the Hospital and stayed there. They would get passes outside, fill up on "pizen", come back at night and concert all kinds of mischief, and carry it out in the most unexpected manner. I remember a little runt who belonged to an Ohio Calvalry Regiment. He was one of the kind that always got it, and nobody knew how or where. One night he came in full up to his ears and tigerish in disposition. The nurse in charge sent for the guard and being on guard duty I responded with a file of men. We chased him from ward to ward and finally lost him; he could

not be found anywhere. Later a nurse sent down word that there was a soldier asleep under one of the cots. This word came from a ward in the loft which was used solely for small pox patients, but I didn't know it at the time. I went up and jabbed him out with a bayonet and managed to get him into the guard house where we bucked and gagged him and supposed we had left him safe for the rest of the night. I don't believe it was more than twenty minutes when I had a call to the guard house, where I found him free and the guard house on fire. He had worked himself free and whittling some shavings off the boards had successfully started the fire with the expectation of getting out, but instead he got well scorched first, then well soaked with dirty bay water. This unstarched him completely. He begged hard to be let out, promising good behavior so long as he was in the hospital. Fearing the consequences of the scorching and soaking, I acquiesced, and we had no more trouble with him that night. Bucking is accomplished by tying the hands, and forcing them down over the knees, after the knees had been brought close up to the chest while sitting on the floor; then placing a stick thru, under the elbows. If the stick is long enough it is usually a sure thing; I never knew how that fellow got out of it.

Once when Company I had been ordered to West's Bldgs. Hospital Capt. Collins ordered me to remain in camp and bring down eight men who were on duty at the barracks. He gave me strict orders not to let them get a drop of whiskey on their way across the city. The men were all "guzzlers" and had just

come off guard for 24 hours, and were wild for a drink. I had a hard stunt but by keeping them in regular marching order I managed to get them thru and into the hospital inclosure before they knew it, and without their getting a drop to "wet their whistle". Of course they were made and raised a tumult. I reported to Capt. Collins and told him that I had arrived with the men and they had not had a drop. He said that wasn't so, the men were all drunk. I repeated that they had not had one drop of whiskey or anything else. He said that wasn't so, he knew better, that they were all drunk and that he would report me to the Colonel and have charges made against me. I saw that argument was useless and expected that when he found out his mistake that would be the end of it; but instead he did report me and make the charges. When he tried to get evidence, he cajoled, promised and threatened every one of those men, yet could not get one of them to say he had had a drink, but everyone positively denied it, so Capt. Collins was obliged to withdraw the charges. This episode was a trial of the first one at Lockport when the non-com. officers were first appointed. He had never forgiven me for being the one who had thwarted his plans at that time and besides he had promised Lieutenantcies to several different ones and the Third Sergeant was one. By having me reduced to the ranks the Third Sergeant would take my place and be in line for promotion. When Collins finally resigned he strongly urged Bogardus to promote the Third Sergeant to First Sergeant over my head, but Bogardus, after getting the sentiment of the Company, refused to do so and gave it to me. Afterward, thru political influence Fay

and Collins got a commission of 2nd. Lieut. for Hutchison, but on account of the depletion of the Regiment he could not muster in on it and did not until I got my commission and we mustered from the same date.

We were at West's Bldgs. at Christmas. The people of Baltimore gave the patients and later the guard a 1862 banquet. I had been informed from home that I had relations by the name of Thompson in Baltimore. As a flier I asked a lady if she knew of any family by that name. She said "Yes, they are here, Mrs. Thompson and her two daughters". She went away and brought Mrs. Thompson and in turn Belle and Libbie. After that the way they piled victuals and drink on those guards would make Meandering Mike envious enough. Not one of us but dreamed black horrors all night.

The Thompsons lived only about a short distance from West's Bldgs. and I had a standing invitation to come in at any time to any meal I wanted. I improved my opportunity and I greatly appreciated getting away from army rations and partaking of first class meals. I used to go over to breakfast and get ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes. Passes were given out to about half a dozen every day, when the boys would wander over the city, viewing its beauties, etc. One day one quota had been to a theater, when on their way to the barracks they were arrested by the Cavalry patrol who were drunk. Our men all had passes and should have been allowed to return unmolested. Next morning a lad named Fuller who was son of the editor of a Baltimore paper and was out scouting for news came and told me that a Sergeant and five men of my company were locked up in the station house and

gave the location. I reported to Capt. Bogardus, and he sent me to see what was up. It was comical to see those six fellows behind the bars and a madder set I never saw. Later one of the patrol had been brought in by the police, being too full to navigate, was placed in the same cell. They hammered, punched and kicked him until the keeper was obliged to remove him to save his life. Well, I got the story and went with it to the Provost Marshal, who sent an officer to investigate and released the men at once.

At another time I came very near getting into a tight place myself. I had engaged Misses Belle and Libbie Thompson for the theater, and had bought the tickets. As I could always get a pass when I wanted it, I was not particular to ask for it when I might have done so, but when I got ready to start the Captain had gone away himself and there was nobody to issue the pass. I hunted thru my old clothes and found an old pass of a month before, badly worn and this was an advantage. I altered the date so clumsily that it really wasn't anything, placed it in my pocket and started off. This was certainly a risky business but I didn't really expect to be asked for a pass and only took this to have in case of an emergency. We took our seats well down in the balcony and were enjoying ourselves when the patrol commenced his rounds. I hadn't been paying any attention to him but think that the ladies, who knew of my dilemma and may have been eying him too closely, nudged me. I said "Don't look at him, look at the play". I escaped him but afterward he caught sight of me, came around and asked for the countersign. Now I could have

had it countersigned by simply asking for it but never thought of it. I hauled out my pass and handed it to him as boldly as though it was a genuine Fifty Dollar Green-back. I would give a dollar to know what he thought. If it had been written in Greek, he could not have taken more time to read it and I don't believe he ever did read it. After awhile, he handed the pass back to me and went away, so we were safe. After he had gone I realized what a hole I had been in. If he had been a surly fellow instead of a white man, he would have arrested me right there and left the ladies to take care of themselves as best they could. Being out on an old pass that I had mutilated was worse than having no pass at all, and such carelessness was absolutely inexcusable in such a particular matter.

While here I heard of brother John being wounded at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and received a telegram from cousin Dan that John was dying at Washington in Douglas Hospital. I tried to get a pass but was refused. Capt. Bogardus came to me and said that he could not advise me but that if he were in my place, he would go to a clerk in the office and borrow a suit of civilian clothes, and go to Washington without a pass. He could not advise this because as a Commander he would be liable. Still if he didn't see me around for a day or two, he wouldn't ask any questions.

I went straight to the clerk and borrowed a suit of clothes and hat. The coat and hat fitted as well as could be expected but the trousers were knee breeches and nothing

else. I had my misgivings about getting thru Washington with that suit but to top off with, Lieut. Smith insisted on my taking a citizens overcoat he had and I was obliged to do so or to offend him. It was cut after the old shanghai style - short vest and long skirt which came down below my trousers. I lugged that coat all around Washington when I was there, but I was very careful not to let anyone see its beauties.

Father must have gone to Washington on the same train that I took but I missed him. He had not heard that John had arrived in Washington so went on to Aqua Creek and hunted thru the mud for two days only to be disappointed. When he got back to the City, we met him. John had died before I got there and cousin Dan had his body embalmed and prepared for shipment, so there was nothing for him to do but return home and me to Baltimore. While we were waiting at the station to take the train, a major stopped me, slapped me on the back and said:-

"You are my prisoner".

Sez I "What for?"

Sez he "You are a soldier".

Sez I "I am not".

Sez he "Then you are a sailor".

Sez I "I am not".

Sez he "Aren't you connected in any way with the Army or Navy of the United States?"

Sez I "No, sir, why?"

Sez he "You are a good looking fellow and I thought you ought to be in the Army".

Did anybody ever tell a more magnificent group of lies than these? I can understand how Cousin Dan could weather it but I couldn't comprehend how Father remained on top of the earth. For my own part, I don't see any harm in a lie, no matter how positive or emphatic, if it does no one any harm. This group certainly did nobody any harm and if I had told the truth, I would have gone into the old Capitol Prison, a filthy hole, and probably stayed there six months.

(Note by P. McN.) I found a letter written by Father while he was on this trip. It indicated that he was completely overwhelmed by the horrors of war, and could hardly compel himself to remain until he had finished his undertaking.

Early in April we were ordered out to Monocacy Bridge. We thought it was only a picnic, so did not take our entire wardrobe, and had no tents so that night we were obliged to sleep entirely out doors. Next day we got shelter tents and moved on to Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. After a few days we moved again over the B & O R. R. and Landed in W. Virginia near Buchanan. Our coming drove away some guerillas but I guess they were not formidable. We remained here several weeks. A detail of my company was guarding a road leading into Buchanan, and I went out to visit them. While there two women, mother and daughter, came in riding astride of an old skate that was almost too feeble to move. Our orders were not to allow any one to pass, so they were halted. She said she had some eggs, and a roll of butter and

was going into Buchanan to get some tea, molasses and tobacco, and didn't want to go back without them. She finally sold us her butter and eggs, and left her daughter as a hostage until she returned. She returned in about an hour, took her daughter with whom we had had a very pleasant visit, and went home rejoicing. I have often thought since that there was a possibility of that woman being a spy.

While here they gave us in rations some extraordinary bacon. It came in clubs, 3 ft. long, and half a yard wide. A piece 1/2 in. thick, and the size of your hand would fry up into a piece as large and thick as a fine tooth comb. Our mess didn't like it and I proposed to trade off a hunk for pies. I saw a decent looking house about a mile up the mountain and started for it. When I had reached it I rapped on the door, and heard a feeble "Come in". I opened the door and asked if they had any pie? "No", "Or eggs?", "No." "Apple butter?" "No, didn't have anything". I had noticed that all, fully half a dozen, of them were in bed. I asked if they were sick? She said, "Yes". I asked "What is the matter"? "SMALL POX". I chucked that hunk of bacon, about ten pounds into the middle of the floor, and started down the mountain on a run at the rate of about a mile a minute. I had been exposed to small pox a number of times. I think it is a little surprising I never took it.

When I got down the mountain I saw a wagon from which they were selling pies. Now if there is anything under the sun that gladdens the soldier's heart it is pie.

He has no rules of propriety or etiquette about it. He just wants pie all the time. Pie and nothing else, morning, noon and night. They used to sell to the soliders what they called "Washington Pie". No one was ever able to discover what were its component parts. Its innards were about the color of plug tobacco. It was sold in chunks two inches square and 1-1/2 ins. deep. One piece would stop the craving of the most intense hunger and satisfy the appetite for a week or more. For these reasons it was very popular. I don't see why the Government doesn't make it up and give it out as regular Army rations. But to return to the man selling pies. I approached and asked for apple pie, but he had none. I then went thru the whole list of all the kinds I had ever heard of with the same result, but he said he had some carrot pie. This was one kind I had never heard of. He twirled it on the ends of his fingers in an interesting manner and informed me that there was no better pie in the world. It had the appearance of pumpkin pie and looked good so I bought it for fifty cents, four times the price usually asked for pie. I carried it to Camp Clark Graves. One of my mess mates wanted to know what the ____ kind of a _____ pie that was. I told him he was ignorant and hadn't been used to eating good pie and didn't know it when he saw it. He thought it might be a good pie for hogs but he didn't want any of it. After we had finished the heavy courses of our evening meal, I cut the pie into four equal sections and passed them around. Clark took one mouthful which he splurged all over Camp, then slammed the balance

against an apple tree where it stuck and may be sticking there yet for all I know. Jimmy McLachlin took a bite from his piece, but had great consideration for my feelings. Altho it caused distressing contortions of the facial muscles and made him look very sorry he said not a word, but quietly laid his piece on a stone, and when he thought I was not looking he deposited his mouthful on the ground. The third section received about the same treatment. When it came my turn, I proposed to show those fellows how to eat pie. I opened my mouth wide and took a bite which might have been one fourth of my quarter section, and made one chew, when my jaws immediately became paralyzed. I really believe that if I had swallowed that stuff I would have had a volcano in my stomach in less than ten seconds. About Buchanan there are a great many springs bubbling up in the most unexpected places, making pools, sometimes ponds, of beautiful, perfectly transparent water, with white pebble bottoms which were very inviting. One very warm morning three of us came to one of these pools and thought everything was favorable for a fine bath. So we stripped and plunged in and then scrambled out again with undignified alacrity. That water was so cold that it sent a million chills right thru our bodies, and we didn't get rid of the kinks for several hours.

1863

After a few days we were again loaded into box cars and started out over the B & O R. R. After making one stop at Martinsburg to fill up and wash we arrived in about a week at Point of Rocks, Md., where we relieved the 5th Maryland

and had a slight encounter in line and a thousand bayonets changed their minds. The left wing to which I belonged boarded the same train to relieve their details up the road as far as Harper's Ferry disembarked at Knoxville or Knowlesville, a very pleasant little place of 100 inhabitants with the B & O R. R. Canal and Potomac River in front and London Heights across the river. Here we were snugly settled and hoped that Uncle Sam would allow us to fill our time on this very spot. Of course this was not very strenuous service but some one had to do it and it might as well be us. We remained here for several weeks when we were turned out in the middle of a very stormy night and marched around to Maryland Heights. Here we were formed into Gen. Motris' Brigade which afterward became 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 3rd Army Corps, and here ended our picnic service.

At this time Lee was on his way to the 1863
Gettysburg Campaign and was expected to cross the Potomac at Point of Rocks, but instead went thru Martinsburg (and incidentally captured the 5th Maryland whom we had relieved) and west of Harper's Ferry. As an attack was expected we built trenches and put out pickets. One night a terrible storm came up. My tent was flooded and I was in another tent playing eucher with one of the boys, when the long roll sounded, and I believe this was the first and last time I ever heard the long roll sounded except for practise by the drum corps at Baltimore. I hurried to my tent, got my equipment and gun, turned the balance of the Company out

and lined them up just back of the trenches which were full of muddy water. The Colonel came along and ordered me to get the men into the trenches. I yelled the order alright, but told the boys in an undertone not to do it, and I guess the few of Co. I boys were the only ones not up to their hips in water and mud. (Note by P. McN. Immediately upon the arrival of Capt. Bogardus I reported the situation. He did not approve of my action, neither did he order the men into the trenches). Meanwhile Maj. Fay had ridden up at breakneck speed and reported to the General that the enemy were upon us in force. The Genl. asked him if they came in wagons. Maj. Fay's head immediately shrunk to its normal size, and he returned to learn what was up before he made any more reports. The firing in front had begun with a few rambling shots but had grown into several heavy volleys, and then ceased entirely. Pretty soon the boys began coming in, exhausted, out of breath and half scared to death. Not one of them could tell what had happened. Some got lost and climbed up the side of the heights and didn't report until after-noon. And there we stood until day light when a detail was sent out to investigate and it was learned that one cavalry vidette, outside of our lines had got lost in the woods and fired his carbine to attract his Comrades who had answered. The pickets, who were not aware of the cavalry fearing an attack, commenced firing their pieces to prove that they were clear. This becoming general the pickets thought they were surrounded and made a rush for camp.

This was a very ridiculous affair and was never

referred to by any of the boys without a snicker, but I think it was a first rate lesson for both officers and men. It taught them to keep their heads level at all times. Never again do I remember of them getting into anything like a panic. Even at Monacacy, where we were driven completely off the field, altho we went with expedition, and some ran, there was nothing like an approach to a panic.

After a few days we left the Heights and camped under them on the Potomac side. While here some of the boys crossed the river in a boat and wandered thru the woods. Here they found a traveling satchel filled with male and female attire, and brought it into camp. It was a great mystery what that was doing over in London Woods. The contents were divided up. As I had been walking on my uppers for some time, I took for my share a pair of ladies kid oxfords, and two pairs of long white stockings. Some other things were quite nice but I really had no use for them at that time. I strutted around camp, feeling like a daisy, until evening when it commenced to rain, and we began to march at the same time. We marched all night and reached the outskirts of Frederick City before daylight and lay down in the mud, too tired to appreciate even white stockings and kid oxfords. At ten o'clock when I turned out I made an examination and found that my white stockings had been worn away up to the ankles, and all that was left of my kid oxfords was the counters and tie strap, and they were saved because they were filled with mud which had been packed as hard as a brick, and they were what I had been lugging

all night. I went into the city to buy something to wear on my feet. In half a dozen stores they simply glanced at my feet and said no. I was about discouraged when I happened to spy a pair of shoes in a shop window which I thought I could wear. I went into the store, told the man and he said "impossible." I pointed them out and he said, "Oh, if you can wear that pair of shoes, I 'll sell them cheap. I've had them in the store more than five years." He got them and they fitted pretty well, only a little tight. He said I might have them for \$5.00. I got the impression from his seeming desire to get rid of old stock he would let me have them for 5¢ but as our ideas of cheapness varied and I had to have the shoes, I plunked down the money and left satisfied if not happy.

Next day was the Fourth of July and we celebrated by marching toward Gettysburg. The mercury stood at 100% 1863 with a bright sun, and not a whiff of air stirring. A large number of the boys were obliged to all out on account of the heat and fatigue. They would lie in the shade of the trees until they recovered and then follow on, hoping to catch up sometime. During the afternoon we encountered a terrific thunder storm. Brilliant lightning, deafening thunder and almost solid sheets of rain while we were marching in mud almost ankle deep. We were almost overwhelmed, yet we kept plodding along and after a while the sun came out as hot and bright as ever. Toward evening we came to a pretty little village located in a beautiful farming country. I think its name was Williamsport. They had been

celebrating the Fourth aplenty, with lots of pretty girls decked out in their holiday attire, and the entire population seemed to be dressed up. After the storm everything looked pretty and clean. The entire panorama was a joy to soldiers who had not been used to that sort of thing for some time. Altho Marylanders they were intensely patriotic. To us they seemed to give up all they had. They made lemonade and sandwiches, and gave us all sort of cakes, cookies and pies. After we got away the place must have been as bare as the cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard when she went to get her bone.

We kept plodding along until I was obliged to fall out myself. This was one of the two times I fell out during my service. I had been wearing my tight new shoes all day and now my feet felt like a double aggravated case of putrid sorethroat. I went into a barn by the side of the road, crawled on the hay mow, pulled off my shoes with great difficulty, lay down and immediately went sound asleep. When I entered the barn it was empty; when I woke the next morning every available spot was occupied by a played-out soldier. The first object of interest for me was my feet which I examined as soon as I could see and found them one solid mass of blisters over the entire surface below the ankles. It was of course impossible for me to get on my shoes. I walked gingerly in bare feet to a mountain stream near by and bathed them until I got rid of the fever in them and then spent the better part of an hour piercing the blisters and bathing my feet to get them reduced to the size of the shoes. I finally got them on and started up the mountain. In a couple of hours I found where the Regiment ought to be but there was merely a trace of it. By noon enough

had come in to form the Regiment and we joined the other regiments of the brigade, which had already arrived and continued our march over the mountain. I saw for the first time the horrors of battle as it appeared fresh from the field. Custer's Division of Cavalry had met and had encounter with the advance force of Lee's Army. There were brought in about 50 of the wounded. These were lying in the shade on the ground. Some had died, some there were who could not live, others were being operated upon by the surgeons and having their wounds dressed. Blood was everywhere. This was just an inkling to us greenhorns of what we were up against.

Right here I want to interpolate an opinion of my own, which of course is of no consequence. The armies had fought a great battle at Gettysburg. Both sides were badly punished but our side had won and was probably in as good if not better condition than the Rebels. They had come as far as Falling Waters on the Potomac, where they expected to cross, but the recent heavy rains had flooded the river and prevented the crossing. Meanwhile Meade's Army came up. I understand that the Generals held a Council of War and a majority asserted that their commands were too badly fatigued to fight so there was no action. The water in the river receded, Lee crossed, and in consequence I believe the War was prolonged at least twenty months. Everything indicated that Lee believed he was cornered. He built formidable looking breastworks and placed two or three hundred dummy cannon, made of logs, to give the impression that he was going to make a stand. I think that if Meade had made

the attack he would have captured Lee's Army and ended the War right there. If he had only done so he would have been a bigger man than "Old" Grant.

Well, Lee escaped, and we marched back to Harper's Ferry, then into Virginia. On July 20 we fought the battle of Wapping Heights. It was a small affair but it was a battle alright. We marched in line thru -a gulch and up a high steep hill covered with boulders, drove the Rebels from behind a thick stone wall and occupied the hill. Here I saw the first men drop in battle; saw a Colonel shot from his horse, and altho we did not suffer to any great extent the Rebels left quite a number of dead behind the stone wall. I account for this from the fact in which I firmly believe, that an army is safer in charging up a hill than on a level or descent, because the troops on an elevation almost invariably aim too high, and shoot over the heads of the assaulting army. From this out I expect to have difficulty in keeping correct run of my movements as we were busy nearly all the time, and I can't place occurrences nor dates, but will tell of incidents as near their proper places as possible. 1863

We were by now irrevocably attached to the Army of the Potomac, and began to adapt ourselves to the situation, and prepare ourselves for arduous service; heretofore we had for most of the time A tents which were quite comfortable, but now we were compelled to be satisfied with small shelter tents, each soldier carrying his own section. Usually four or five congenial ones formed a mess, and apportioned the appurtenances

to be carried, and the work to be done. Rations were uncertain and sometimes short. Some companies detailed two men for cooks. They carried the rations to be cooked and cooked them when wanted. This process during an active campaign is very uncertain and cumbersome, but alright while remaining in camp for any length of time. My mess-mates were Jimmy McLachlin, Clark Graves, Freem and Billy Hall, and when Billy went to Hospital, Sgt. Valentine took his place. During a march when we halted at night we threw off our equipments and each one immediately set out on the work assigned to him. My part was to get water, and Freem Hall to get a rail and it was sure death for either one of us to return empty handed.

I remember once starting out after dark with no indications in any direction of water. After roaming around for nearly an hour I came to a ravine which I thought I could hear the gurgling of water. I couldn't tell how far away it was nor how deep and steep the ravine might be; I could see nothing but a black spot. I made one step, and then for an era I was tumbling, pitching, sliding, rolling, sprawling, scrambling and I guess, swearing. Finally all tangled up with five canteens and straps, cap missing and my attire badly soiled and disagreeably mussed, I landed against a shrub, and stoped going. After I had regained my equilibrium, I sat up and listened and could hear the same tinkling, and knew that I was nere water; after a short search I found a beautiful spring, with most excellent water. I filled my canteens and took a good drink myself. Other soldiers skirting the brink called down and asked

if there was any water there?

I said "Yep".

"Gee, how do we get down?"

"Fall down, as I did."

"How far is it?"

"A thousand feet"

"Oh, H---l."

I had no idea how I was to get up after having made sure of the water, but I must have got up some way as I returned to camp before Freem had shown up with a rail. After we returned with the water and a rail our work was done; Clark had to make the banquet, Bill Hall put up the tent and made the beds. Our meals were nearly always the same while campaigning, and consisted of hard tack, pork and coffee, and were produced in this way. First he put four or five big handfuls of coffee in a large coffee pot, with sufficient water and set it a-cooking; put a slice of pork for each one in the frying pan, and tried out the gravy; picked out the pork with his fingers, and laid the slices on a stone; then placed in the pan a lot of hard tack which had already been broken up and soaked in water and cooked it until it became soft, and a nice brown color. Altogether this made a satisfying meal. Sometimes we had fresh beef while in camp and other dainties, but the above was the mainstay. My part to carry was a small ax, and tho the heaviest, was neat and trim, and I preferred it. Clark being the smallest, to be consistent carried the big coffee pot, and with this strapped on his knapsack he looked like a little

Atlas carrying the World. It made such a hump on his back that it interfered with those following, and brought forth a lot of unprintable language, but the pot stayed.

Early in our campaigning I tried my hand at cooking with a tomato can for a coffee pot and half of a canteen for a frying pan. I had nearly finished the usual menu when a piece of wood turned and unbalanced my coffee. In trying to save it I turned my frying pan and the entire feast was wasted. Capt. Bigardus saw the disaster and laughed in a sneering manner, that made me feel as if he was taking a pill. I told him that anyone that would laugh at that kind of misfortune, he would laugh at his sister if she had the mumps. He said he had a ten dollar Greenback in his pocket, and that if I would cook that meal and eat it without anything happening to either me or the victuals he would give me the Greenback. I set out to earn that "Tenner" but again just about as I had finished the cooking a foot soldier in horse play stumbled on the end of a rail with the same result as before. The Captain laughed again the same kind of a laugh and said that if at any time while the War lasted I would successfully perform that operation the ten dollar Greenback would be mine. From that day until I was shot out I never tried to cook so much as a single bean, and many were the linguistic encounters between Clark Graves and me when I refused to watch his bacon when he was called away for a few minutes. Freem Hall carried the frying pan, and Billy an extra woolen blanket and tent pegs. Usually in pleasant weather we did not put up tents, but slept out in the open air. Beds were made by placing the rubber blanket

on the ground, a woolen blanket for a mattress and one or two blankets over us. When it was cold we would turn in without removing any of our clothing except our shoes. This, of course, was very insanitary, but quite convenient. In the morning we would turn out at daylight, have roll-call, get breakfast (an exact repetition of supper) and very soon be again on the move.

Sometimes rations would be scarce. I remember once the difficulty of dividing up three hard tack among five of us so that each should get exactly three-fifths of a piece. We were particular as it was all we had, and there was a hard day's march ahead of us.

After the battle of Wapping Heights we moved as far as Fairfax Court House, where we remained thru August and September. Why we made so long a halt I never knew, but I think it was the most disagreeable time I spent in the Army. We were camped on a rough, rocky plain, (called Route's Hill, but I never observed the hill) with hardly a tree in sight and water very scarce and of poor quality. The weather was hot and the camp was sickly. We lost two men in my company of typhoid dysentery and twenty or thirty from the Regiment. When we finally got a move on us we all rejoiced as we didn't believe we could have any hardships worse than that camp. The only amusing thing about it was the hornets which came in swarms to partake of sugar, etc. At first we tried to drive them away, but their name was Legion and we were obliged to acknowledge defeat. Finally we became so familiar that we would eat out of the same dish with perfect amity.

1863

I notice on the official list of engagements two fords, McLean's and Kilby's. I only remember one and don't know which it was, but think it was McLean's Ford. A detail of the Johnnies were guarding the ford, and were occupying four or five small stone houses on the opposite bank which I suppose had been slave quarters. One brigade of our Regiment had been placed on the side of a bluff to support a battery placed higher up. The Johnnies were firing from the houses which had thick walls and were a good protection. Their army was encamped in the woods, about half a mile away where we could not see them, but guessed they were there. Now, if their General failed to see our battery being placed on the bluff he was simply stupid; if he did see it and sent out a brigade of infantry to rescue those guarding the ford he was simply foolhardy. A brigade came out in full view in double quick time and in perfect order. They certainly displayed most excellent drill and discipline, and what followed was a pity. When the brigade had come out into full view our battery opened up. Six pieces throwing twelve pound shells, both on the troops and the houses. It seems as if it was not more than ten minutes before that brigade was all cut to pieces, and the houses crumbling. The houses poked out their occupants who joined the remnant of the brigade and ran back to the cover of the woods as fast as their legs would carry them. After giving the woods a good shelling we crossed over and reconnoitered their abandoned camp. They evidently had expected to make their winter quarters here. They had built first class shacks out of split chestnut logs which were better than anything I ever saw within our lines. They may have been officers' quarters,

as there were not many of them, but they had only been a short time finished. Of course Meade's whole Army was in the vicinity but I could not see them and I only describe what I saw going on from my own viewpoint.

After a few days our Regiment was placed on detached special duty. Just what that special duty was I never found out. We went into camp near a brick church situated in a beautiful chestnut grove. As we were told that we should remain here for the Winter we commenced building winter quarters. We felled chestnut trees and split them up and razed the brick church to the ground, utilizing the brick for fire places and every part of it for something. But like a thousand other occasions we were doomed to disappointment. Lee tried a flank movement and had got well around our right flank before being discovered and it required quick work on Meade's part to parallel him. To do this it required about thirty hours steady marching, including one entire night, but we succeeded, and when he found he was headed off, Lee skedaddled to the other side of the Rapidan.

I presume the battle of Cutlett's Station was fought at this time. It was a small affair and I have no recollection of it. The movement reached as far back as Manassas. After manoeuvring all day we camped at night on a rocky hill where feather bed ground to lie on was scarce. Our commissary had failed to connect so that we were obliged to go to bed without either dinner or supper. During the night we had a very severe storm and hurricane wind. Clark and I had bundled

under two pieces of shelter tent stretched over our rifles. This had blown down without disturbing us in the least. Early in the morning rations had been given out but we were not in it. When they were about ready to march we were missed, especially as I was the one to assemble the company. Some one remarked that there was a shelter tent the other side of a large boulder but no one in it. When they examined it Clark and I were found fast asleep. We were hustled out with no time for breakfast and nothing to eat anyway. The boys divided up with us and for breakfast that morning we had to be satisfied with a couple of hard tack and a slice of raw salt pork. I never should have believed that I could swallow such a menu, but we were so hungry we not only ate it but relished it. We were glad when noon time arrived and gave us a chance for a square meal.

A queer thing happened at this last camp. The Regiment had arrived late at night, and seemed to be detached, presumably as an outpost since I could see no other troops. In the morning there was a single Rebel cavalryman stationed as a vidette at the foot of the hill not three hundred yards away. Our fire would have reached him without the least difficulty. He had probably been there all night and knew we were there but still stuck to his post. The only reason I can comprehend for not firing at him or capturing him was that it would be a cowardly thing to do. There were a thousand of us and only one of him. After a while, probably receiving a signal he galloped away quickly. That fellow either had great

nerve in staying in that place as long as he did or else he didn't know anything.

We leisurely marched South again, arriving after several days a place between Brandy Station and Culpepper where we were told once more to prepare our winter quarters, but this was an illusion as usual. The most interesting thing that happened about this time was getting acquainted with persimmons, a kind of prune. These persimmons are quite beautiful to look upon early in the season, but they are a twenty fold delusion and a snare, puckering the mouth and twisting the tongue into a corkscrew, until they have had two or three good frosts when they become as sweet as honey and a delicious fruit to eat. Fruit being almost an unknown quantity in the Army these persimmons were greatly appreciated and much sought after. We frequently would fill up choking full on them.

Late in November Genl. Meade undertook to give Gen. Lee a surprise. We broke camp and crossed the Rapidan. 1863
Gen. French was in command of our Third Corps. I understood that his orders were not under any circumstances to bring on an engagement, but to advance cautiously and at any apprehension of the enemy to halt, but instead, a little after noon we got into a stiff fight which was kept up for an hour or more when the Rebels withdrew. Altho we had been in a number of small engagements this was the first time we had faced the music in regular line of battle. Our casualties were quite heavy, our Company losing two or three killed and several wounded. We remained in our places steadily until the finish and only one or two were missing. Billy Hall was in my mess and I always loved

him; he was jolly, good-natured, strong as an ox, so obliging that he would rather do everybody else's work than see them do it, and he never shirked his duty but once and this was the time. In looking over the Company after the battle I missed Billy. I asked for him and was told that he had been wounded and gone to the rear, and I so reported to the Captain, but in a little while he appeared. In talking he always talked on the end of his tongue, never sounding "c" or "g", but instead, "t" or "d". I asked him where he was wounded. He said he was not wounded at all, but had gone back with one of "Company A's men", who was wounded in the leg. I told him that he had nothing to do with Co. A's men; Co. 'A' could take care of their own men; that I had reported him to the Capt. as being wounded and would have to change my report. I took him to the Capt. to whom he told the same story. "Now, Billy, " says the Capt. "your story is altogether too flimsy. You never could have found one of Co. 'A's' men until you were a long way from your proper place. In fact, Billy, you got scared and ran. Isn't that so? "Yes, by Dod, Taptain, dat's so. I staid as long as I tould, and den turned and steddaddled, but, by Dod, Taptain, I promise never to do it adain", and he never did. From that time there was nota braver nor more reliable soldier in the Army.

I was greatly surprised at my own sensations in this first hard battle. When I was a youngster in poring over pictures of battles I never couldcomprehend how men could stand up and fire right into each other's faces without turning tail and running away from each other as fast as they

could, and I really expected that such would be my action under the same circumstances. I remember a chill or thrill or a sharp trembling pass over me which immediately passed away. If this was fear it didn't last long and afterward during the battle I was as level headed as I ever was in my life. I listened for the roar of battle I had heard about. The rattle of musketry sounded like the rattle of a great many bunches of firecrackers set off at one time on the Fourth of July, only louder and more intense. After a little while I heard shrieking sounds that mystified me until I presumed they were shells crashing thru the woods. The Captain was the only commissioned officer with the Company at the time so I was kept busy, seeing that the men were kept in place, and did not fire steadily. Usually the men don't know whether they hit any one or not, and don't want to know. But once a fool-hardy Rebel came out in the open, jumped on a log and commenced taking aim. He was exactly opposite me, my rifle was ready, and instinctively I brought it up quick, aimed and fired. The men dropped before firing. I don't know whether I killed him as a hundred other men had seen him and probably some fired. I really believed I did and it was a nightmare to me for a long time. One man killed here, Henry Chapman, was shot thru the head and was so near me that he fell against me when he dropped.

That night we didn't get settled down to supper until after dark and it was very dark. There is an animal the name of which I do not know; it is about the size of an exaggerated match or diminutive lead pencil, with three long

jointed legs on each side, no head to speak of, and no tail worth noticing. It is green during the summer and turns to a quiet brown in the fall. We were all hungry and so was the Captain. He finished his repast, and was partaking of a large cup of very strong coffee when he noticed something foreign in it. He made an examination by the light of the camp fire and found one of the above animals in it cooked to the queen's taste. I am not sure that this is really bad food, but the Captain certainly did not like it. He was so disgusted that he emitted his entire supper and ate no more that night.

Next day turned very cold. There was occasional firing all along the line in manoeuvring to get position, but no general action. The night following was the coldest I experienced during the war. We did not put up any tents. I made my bed on one flat rail in the middle and a three cornered rail each side, to keep from rolling down hill. I turned in early and immediately went to sleep, never awakening until morning. After I had got the kinks out of my limbs and began to move around I found my canteen frozen solid and the ice on Mine Run was so thick that we had to chop thru with an ax to get water. If anyone was frozen to death I didn't hear of it but it is strange if now one was.

It was now evident that Meade's surprise was made a complete failure by the action the first day at Mine Run, and the main thing now was to get back where we started from. Our Army made feints all day and at dusk started on the retreat. We marched all night and made thirty three miles before we got our breakfast, and made a very successful retreat. Old Currier,

a member of Co. 'A' had been detailed as carrier at Div. Headquarters. He was furnished with a wagon, helper, tent, team of horses, and blacksmithing outfit. To this paraphernalia he had attached a cow (which had come into his possession by some honest(?) means) which he considered a great acquisition. During this retreat the cow was crushed between an army wagon and a gun carriage and had to be killed. In the morning before crossing the Rapidan he discovered a cow in a back yard and proposed to possess it, without asking any questions. While tying a rope around her horns two women came out and plead so hard and so tearfully that he, being a very tender hearted man, relinquished the cow and returned to his outfit without it. Here the boys made so much fun of him that he proposed to return and get that cow at all hazards. So he went back to the house and the cow was nowhere to be seen. Thinking that some other "Yank" had got it he went in to condole with the women and at the same time abuse the measly "Yank" who had got the cow, but right in the middle of one of his most fervid sentences the cow bawled. They had tied it in the open room behind the curtained bed; the cow probably feeling strange simply expressed her thought in her own way. Currier said that it was too much for him; he would rather have been kicked around camp every day for a week than to have taken that cow from those women. 1863

After this fiasco we returned to our old camp, and really went into winter quarters. We built log shacks, four or five feet under the eaves with our shelter tents stretched over a ridge pole at the apex and the gables

covered with the same useful material. The front end was used one half as fireplace and the other half as entrance over which was hung a rubber blanket. At the rear were built two bunks the width of the shack and about two feet wide (three feet), into each of which two of us jammed and slept as comfortable as possible. Here we had rather easy times, doing only picket police and fatigue duty. Some of the men were working on the road all the time. Shortly they began giving furloughs and I was one of the first, if not the first, to secure a ten day furlough. I find a record among my old papers that it was granted the 18th day of December, 1863, and that I was allowed four days subsistence of hard tack, pork and coffee. I presume that after the four days had passed I was expected to subsist on the country as I passed thru. I arrived home in due time. When I enlisted I was nothing but a shoe string with a complexion like the beautiful snow. When I returned I was so stalwart, rough rugged and also dirty that even my old chums did not recognize me. I also had a most extraordinary moustache. Every available whisker that could by any degree of honesty be brought to do duty in the moustache was there. It certainly was of magnificent proportions and a joy to me but by the same token it was a great fright to others. Mother and sister Libbie exhausted their vocabulary trying to get me to reduce it, but failed. Then Father did the trick in ten words. He said "Oh, let him wear it, it makes him feel brave." I withdrew and when I next appeared that moustache was reduced to respectable proportions. I spent my time in hilarity and

and visiting. The only particular I remember was taking a horrible cold by sleeping on feather beds, and only got rid of it when I returned to camp life. I was delayed between Washington and the Army by the idiotic management of the Military R. R., arrived at Brandy Sta. in the middle of a stormy night. As the roads were knee deep in mud and the night pitch dark it was impossible to go any farther, so I bunked in with Clark Graves who had been detailed as a clerk in the Commissary Department. He also gave me a good breakfast and started me off early for camp. I was heavily loaded with two satchels, carrying a lot of stuff for the boys from their friends and it was hard plodding thru the mud. I did not arrive in camp until after the company report had gone in to the Adjutant, and I was reported as absent without leave. The possibilities were that I might have charges preferred against me, court martialed and reduced to the ranks. As soon as Capt. Bogardus saw me he ordered me to rush to the Adjutant to get the morning report - I knew what was up and moved with alacrity. After a short argument with the Adjutant he gave me the report and the Captain recorded me as present, and thus avoided all trouble. This action was not regular but was occasional in the Volunteer Army.

During the Winter passes were given to visit other friends in different Regiments of the Army. My friends were principally in the Eighth Cavalry and the Sharpshooters, and we did a good deal of visiting back and forth. We would entertain our visitors by dividing up whatever we had to eat, and when possible filling them up with "Commissary". Now

Now the "Commissary" was an article of rations; it came in liquid form and was delivered to us in canteens; there was not much nutriment in it but it had great potency in making one feel happy and contented, hence its great popularity in the Army. It was not issued in all Brigades, the Brigade Commissary controlling its use, but our Brigade was favored. We usually had enough for our own but when we had visitors would often run out, whereupon we went to a commissioned officer for an order to replenish our stock.

One day I had visitors from both Cavalry and Sharpshooters, six in all, and being in need of additional stores I went to the Captain and asked for an order for two canteens. He said the order was very strict not to give an order for more than one canteen at a time. Altho Capt. Bogardus was a tee-totaller himself he was not a fanatic, and was not unaccomodating. I told him I had six husky visitors besides my own mess, ten in all and one canteen would hardly raise a thrill. He asked me how I made a 4.I- showed him; he asked me if I could not make a 4 by making the straight line first; I said of course. "Well," he said, and sat down and wrote an order for (1) canteen, but when the Commissary Sergeant scrutinized it this is what it looked like - (4) -, and four canteens was the yield of the order. The result was that my visitors became so happy and contented that two of them delighted me by remaining all night and until the next afternoon, when they invited me to return with them. So I got permission and the Captain's pack mule and we started off. As the Cavalry steeds were spirited and the mule was reluctant it was hard to keep on speaking terms with each other. We managed

to get beyond Culpepper in close proximity when two other cavalrymen rode up and challenged my companions to a race. They accepted and presently I was left completely out of sight. I followed for a while thinking they would return and pick me up, but as I saw nothing of them I got disgusted and turned my mule for my own camp. I learned afterward that they had returned and inquired of every man they met if anything had been seen of a Nazarine riding on a mule. Some answered that they had seen an aggregating having that appearance, yet they roder the whole length of the pike without catching sight of me once. I omit the names of these two short sighted stupid entities out of pure consideration for their feelings. They were twice as much to blame as I was because there were two of them and only one of me and they ought to have seen me.

On my return I got to a bridge on a road leading out of Culpepper; it was after dark and they had placed a guard there. I was challenged to dismount and give the countersign. When I was in proper position, I told him that I carried my countersign in my canteen and that he would have to pull it out himself. This he did with great difficulty with his mouth and it took a long time but finally when he had succeeded he said it was alright and I passed on. I came to a fork in the road and was doubtful which to take. The mule selected one route and if I had deferred to his judgment, it would have been alright, but I thought I ought to know better than a mule and took the other. It was growing darker and darker and I was more and more tired, and nearly asleep when "HALT"

ran out thru the still night air like an earthquake, but it was I that quaked. I answered the challenge in the same manner and with the same result as before. The sentinel then asked me what the game was. I told him all and he said if I had kept on that road long enough I should have got into Richmond ahead of the Army. I returned to the fork, and took the other road, arrived in camp and turned in some time before morning. When I turned out for reveille I was as fresh as a kitten but that mule stood on four handspikes and could neither go nor come.

Some time during the previous year the Colonel had made application for a Captain, 1st Lieutenant and ten orderly Sergeants to go home on the recruiting service. He did not expect to have the application granted and had forgotten all about it. Yet that application, after going the entire rounds of the official red tape, had come back approved. As the order named the First Sergeants, I was included, altho I had just been back home a short time before ; I was perfectly willing to give some one else the chance but was told that it could not be done as it was an official order. We were obliged to carry our entire outfit including arms. We arrived in Washington and waited a day for transportation, and this we were obliged to do at the end of each line of railroad, so that we had a day or two in Washington, New York, Albany, Elmira, Rochester and Lockport. This was a real picnic but so expensive that we all arrived home penniless. It would have been a good deal cheaper for us to have paid our own fare and come thru straight. This excursion was a howling success as an outing for

a lot of fellows who were greatly in need of a change of air, but as a recruiting trip it was almost an entire failure. I believe I was the only sergeant that enlisted a man; if there were any others I have forgotten it. My recruit, poor fellow, was killed in the first battle we got into. We had the same experience getting back to the Army only we returned via Northern Central thru Pennsylvania and stopped in Baltimore for a day or two. We returned to our Regiment after an absence of six or seven weeks, very much improved in health and spirit, especially in spirit. While I was away there was a recruit mustered into the company. His name was Jacques Griswold; he was connected in some way with the N. Y. Mercury, was a friend or acquaintance of the Morris family and after enlisting had reported to Genl. Morris, expecting to be taken on his staff, but instead the General sent him over to us to get used to War. To show what a poor idea he had of the service it was only necessary to examine his luggage. He carried an immense valise, as large as a small trunk and in it he had packed a splendid wardrobe consisting of fine flannel and linen shirts, silk underwear, dazzling scarves, white leather gloves, a big pair of cavalry boots and a heavy pair of calf brogans and a pair of patent leather gaiters. This was not all but it will give an idea of what that fellow thought was necessary for a private soldier to carry in the Army of the Potomac just before the Wilderness Campaign. He also had a magnificent meerschaum pipe that would weigh about a pound. When we got ready to march the stuff he laid out for himself to carry would crush

a mule. I compelled him to throw out down to a reasonable quantity and told him he wouldn't carry that an hour, and he did not. At noon he had nothing left but half of a woolen blanket. He told me that he had made arrangements to have his valise carried in Brigade Headquarter's wagons, but those mule drivers were wearing silk underwear for a while and I don't think he ever received it any more. He was wounded in the third day of the Battle of the Wilderness, and so our two recruits only lasted two days after the fighting began.

About May 1st we broke up our winter quarters and started south. Grant had taken charge of the entire Armies of the U. S. and was present with the Army of the Potomac. The old Third Corps had been disbanded and our Division became Third Division, Sixty Army Corps. We were on the move quite early, the day was hot, the boys soft, and the pace 'right smart'. After a march of two hours, when we halted, the boys shed their knapsacks and began to throw away superfluous luggage, and this was kept up all day so that by night I think it was possible to walk on abandoned property consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, shoes, love letters, Bibles, pipes and everything else that human beings are inclined to store up. As I said before our New York City recruit who had started out with a knapsack about the size of a Saratoga trunk now had only a half of a woolen blanket to swear by and at.

1864

We arrived at the Rapidan that night and crossed early the next morning. Almost immediately the fighting began. I believe our Regiment was on the extreme left flank. We lined

up with the Cavalry pickets and had nothing more than skirmishes all day. I learned that the Eighth Cavalry was nearby, and I went down the line to see them. The only one I could find that I knew was Jim Trainor with whom I had quite a visit. He cautioned me not to remain long as the bullets were whistling around every little while. I told him that I guessed it was as safe as the place I had left. I returned to my company and had been there only a few minutes when one of my Company who had been on the same mission as myself came and told me that the cavalryman with whom I had been talking was shot and killed only a moment after I left him. On our side at least in my Regiment it was not customary to shoot a guard if he was simply standing on post. If they were advancing that was a different matter. The first day in the Wilderness passed with us manoeuvring and skirmishing as above without any severe fighting excepting artillery fire which was going on all the time. Toward evening our line was stretched across the pike, and in plain view of a battery placed some distance in front of us. They commenced throwing six pound solid shot in our direction but they would hardly reach, striking the ground a short distance away and rolling in. Several soldiers amused themselves by getting the range of the balls as they rolled in, spreading their legs, making an arch thru which the balls would roll, doing no harm to anyone. This they reckoned great sport but one who had played this trick several times did it as usual once too often; as he was in position the rolling ball struck a small stone firmly embedded in the pike, glanced up-

ward just high enough to strike him fairly in the chest. Altho the ball was nearly spent it was coming fast enough and was heavy enough to knock the life out of him. So he didn't do any moresoldiering or anything else in this world but get buried. This incident ended the foolishness for the present. I don't remember how we spent the night but I think it was lurid enough.

On the second day we had it a great deal harder and more of it altho we did not make an assault. The musketry firing was continuous and shelling almost incessant. A shell burst in front of me in such close proximity that it was almost starting. It burst far enough away, however, to spread sufficiently to pass around me doing no more damage than to tear off the left sleeve and right skirt of my coat, slightly bruising my arm. Others were not so fortunate; Capt. Billings on my right was killed as also was young Crocker on my left. This Crocker was my only recruit, the one who had been enlisted by me while home on recruiting service. He was a husky young fellow and brave to the ends of his toe nails. These were his first two days under fire, but he never flinched once, but acted as thou he had been doing this sort of thing all his life. It goes without saying that I greatly regretted his death.

A very funny incident happened here. While we were firing briskly a Brigadier General came out of the woods in front of us. He was dismounted, disordered and seemed to be greatly excited. He ordered us to retreat, retreat as fast as possible, or we should be captured. As we did not recognize him

and knew that he had no authority over us we did not heed him and he went to the rear thru our ranks. Now it seems to me that someone in authority should have worked the third degree on him for a little while to learn who he was and where he came from. Spies play all sorts of tricks and this man may have been one of them. It seemed strange enough to see a Brigadier General without any aids or attendants, all alone by himself, and giving orders to a strange Brigade to retreat.

On the night of the second day of the Wilderness we were placed on the skirmish line with the whole left wing ^{May} of the Regiment, and those varmints never gave us a chance to ¹⁸⁶⁴ doze all night. Next morning was very hot and we had a hot time all day, with several volleys almost equal to line firing. A number were wounded, among them our high toned New York City recruit who was so badly wounded that he went to hospital and we saw him no more. I also received two wounds in this skirmish, once early in the day in my right fore finger by a shot which also carried out the nipple cover to my rifle. Later in the day, and just before we expected to be relieved, Capt. Bogardus, who as Senior Captain was in command of the five companies of our Regiment, ordered me to report to the General and say that the detail was not strong enough safely to hold the line. This word was sent that the General might increase the relieving detail if he felt so inclined. Just as I turned to go back to the firing line I heard a whistle close to my head but felt nothing and paid no attention to it. When I was crossing the rifle pits a couple of soldiers came to help me over. I told

them I guessed I could get over that runt of defense without any help. They asked me if I was badly wounded. I said that I wasn't wounded at all. They told me I was bleeding like a stuck pig. I asked where. They answered on the side of the head. I put my hand up and found my face, neck, shirt collar and coat collar completely saturated with the "ruby". It must have looked horrible but I was hurt almost not at all. The button on my cap had been shot away and a little artery in the very tip of the ear had been fractured. This is what caused the abundant flow of blood. When I reached the General I had difficulty in delivering my report. He wouldn't listen to me and ordered me to the hospital at once. I told him that I wasn't hurt, and gave him Capt. Bogardus' message. He told me to return and tell Bogardus that he would have no relief; that he would have to remain on the line until midnight when he must march out by the left flank and follow the Army which was already on the move. When I gave this order to Capt. Bogardus he didn't utter one single swear word, because he never did a thing like that, but I believe his thoughts would have made a blue flame.

There was not much firing after dark. We remained until 12 o'clock, then filed out into the pike and tried to overtake the Corps. This was a difficult task as the road was filled with artillery and wagon trains which were continually getting into a tangle and delaying everything. We would march a few steps and then halt repeating this until day. Altho we were on our feet all night, I don't believe we made two

miles. When we halted we would immediately rest our rifles and go to sleep. Once a six mule team attached to an army wagon got mad and ran away; They made as much noise as an earthquake; we awoke suddenly and thought the whole Rebel Army was upon us. The team got stalled in a ditch and we proceeded with our leisurely walk. We came up to our Division some time late next day and were lined up about Spottsylvania Court House.

Our Regiment was placed in the point of a forest jutting out into an open field on quite an elevation. On the opposite side of the field in a woods skirting it the Confederate skirmishers were placed, and were quite out of sight. The left wing of the Regiment had been in action and marching without a moment of rest thruout two whole days and nights, and the greater part of another day as well, and when we joined our right wing we were so thoroly exhausted that we sank where we stood and went immediately to sleep. After dark Major Fay who was in command of the Regiment at the time ordered Capt. Bogardus to take the left wing out again and place them on the skirmish line across the open field in front of our line. Capt. Bogardus who was stupid from exhaustion and just awakened from a sound sleep did not seem to comprehend the situation. He assembled the wing, marched them out and placed them, but kept getting mad and madder all the time. After he had placed his men and left instructions with the company commanders to see to it that they made sufficient rifle pits to protect them during the next day he went back to the Regimental Headquarters and reported to Maj. Fay that the left wing was not

fit for skirmish duty as they had already been up two nights and it was impossible to keep the men awake. Major Fay refused relief. The Captain said he would report to the General. The Major told him that if he made that report he would be put under arrest and courtmartialed. "Alright", said the Captain, "arrest and courtmartial, I'm going to make that report". The Major probably realized that he had made a mistake and didn't want the action to come before the General, so he called the Captain back and told him that if he would place the right wing he would order them out. Thus we were relieved after about two hours which were spent trying to build little rifle pits as a slight protection. The Captain being the only commissioned officer with the Company at the time, the command of Co. I fell to me while he was away. I needed a pit as much as any of us but it took all my time to keep the boys awake, which could only be done by continuous agitation so that when the relief came I had a hole about big enough to hold a cat.

The pits were made by loosening the earth with our bayonets and lifting it out with our hands, piling it on a log, heap of stones or part of a hardtack box, hoping that by morning we might have a hole deep enough to cover most of our bodies. While going over the line with one of our boys, Nick Darrow, he told me that he had a hole deep enough, but it was awful cold. Upon examination he found that he had dug into a beautiful spring and was sitting in it. We meandered back to the main line, and at the command, Halt, we dropped without even removing our traps and were all soon soundasleep. At this point there was placed a battery of six pieces. The apex of the hill was a sightly place and we

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could view the country all around where there were no hills or woods. To this spot came Genl. Sedgwick, commander of the Corps, to inspect the locality. He had barely come to a halt when he was hit by a bullet fired by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. This was a great loss to us for he was held in the highest regard, and had the complete confidence of every officer and enlisted man in the Corps. Only a moment later, Genl. Morris, hearing of the incident, rode up and was himself wounded by another shot from the same marksman, but he still lives (1906) and I believe resides in New York City. May 9, 1863

Next morning I was up early and went up to look over the battery. I was told to keep shady as that was a dangerous corner; I noticed the Captain of the battery searching with his glass. Pretty soon he yelled "DROP". As we all knew what that meant we dropped instanter and in whizzed a bullet that did no harm. The Captain ordered a piece loaded which he sighted himself, and when fired we watched the shot. It cut off the top of a tree about half or three quarters of a mile away, and with it down came the sharpshooter. This ended sharpshooting at this place. That sharpshooter was certainly a fine shot but I think every one will allow that the Captain was his superior by a large majority. During the stay we were moved to a point opposite to what has become known as the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. We were not engaged during the night but there bullets aplenty that kept up an unpleasant concert all night. One of the boys had spent a couple of hours in making a comfortable bed out of pine needles;

when all was prepared and he had just remarked that he was going to have one good night's rest anyway a bullet chirrupped in and went thru his hand. He went to the hospital. I was sorry for him but his misfortune added to my comfort as I occupied his bed that night.

The next day was, I believe, the most horrible of the whole War. I have forgotten which Corps was in the first line of assault, but the Sixth Corps was held in reserve to assault if the first line failed. As the first line did not fail we did not suffer greatly. After the assault was successfully completed we went over the ground. On the day before a Rebel battery had been abandoned between the lines as all the horses had been shot. On this battery a brigade from each side had fired continuously during the night to prevent it being removed by either side. In the morning there was not a splinter of the woodwork of that battery larger than a darning needle. The horses were filled choked full of bullets, as were also the men who had fallen about it. To burn them it was necessary to dig a trench alongside and push them into these shallow graves with a shovel, as they could not be lifted. The Confederates had built splendid breastworks at this place. It seemed as if from the bottom of the ditch to the parapet was fully twenty feet. We climbed to the parapet and inside, about four feet below was an earth platform about four feet wide upon which I presume the firing line stood; back of this was a trench six feet wide and three feet deep intended for their wounded and the reserves loading pieces. This trench was filled with dead, wounded and dying.

Some that were under and whose hands were raised would move their fingers to let others know they were still alive, so they could get them out. Nearby was an emergency hospital where surgeons without coats or vests, and in their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders were working like Trojans. I saw a pile of arms and legs as big as a hay cock, and in many cases they were so hurried they did not stop even to remove the shoes; shoes and everything went with the foot. The Rebels retired from their second line of works also and it was reported that they had retreated to Richmond. We found out to a certainty afterward that this was not so. There was a good deal more fighting around Spottsylvania when we again moved south by the left flank.

Engagements between the two armies between Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor were of almost daily occurrence, but no very heavy battles. Altho there are several battles mentioned in the lists, I do not know where they draw the line. The weather most of the time was very hot. The Rebels had in a great many places set the woods on fire so that we were obliged to march for hours at a time thru hot ashes, smoke and dust until we were almost suffocated, roasted and turned into "niggers". Rations were uncertain and the sutler nowhere. One day the Company found itself entirely out of tobacco. This was a distressing occurrence indeed, and a great deprivation. It was reported that tobacco was being sold from an army wagon about a mile from us and I proposed to have some of it. This was the second time in my service that I fell out of ranks. After a long hunt thru dust smoke and ashes I found the wagon but the

driver said he was sold out. I expressed my doubts very strongly and insisted on having a portion. Finally he said that I might have an eighth of a plug that he had saved for himself for \$3.00 if I wanted it. This was two ounces, same size piece that we get nowadays for a nickel. I reached my Company about dark and they all pounced upon me and wanted to know where I had been. I said my feet were sore and I had to take a rest. This statement was not accepted and they surmised in such vociferous language that I had tobacco that I was obliged to own up. I would not trust any of them with the plug in his hands, but whittled off a fair sized quid for each, and managed to make it reach the end of the Company and that was all.

We ate whenever we had a chance and whatever we could get, but our meals were usually the same, morning, noon and night, every day in the week, pork hardtack and coffee. On June 1st we arrived at Cold Harbor. Our lines were quickly formed and commenced the assault about four o'clock in the afternoon. In front of the Sixth Corps was a dense, wet, muddy swamp, thru which we charged. We waded in mud and water up to our waists, so that we were obliged to raise our cartridge boxes to "keep our powder dry". This circumstance, tho as great disadvantage in our movements was a great safeguard to our lives and limbs; only one man in my Company was hit and he received a slight wound on the very top of his head. This supports my before-mentioned theory that it is a good deal better to charge up hill than down. I believe the Sixth Corps was the only section to vault the breastworks and make captures. The field was about 1200 prisoners and six pieces of artillery.

The battery was fought over all night, taken and retaken several times, but finally saved to our side. While we were crossing the breastworks a Rebel who had surrendered picked up a gun and was aiming at the First Sergeant of Co. "C"; somebody called out "Look out orderly". He swung around firing his piece in the same movement and sent that reprobate to 'Kingdom Come', before he had a chance to pull the trigger. We were so near to Richmond at this time that they could reach us with mortars. These shells made a sound to which we were not accustomed, entirely different from the shrieking of battery shells. They made a waving shriek as if they were taking a spiral course. They struck mostly in the swamp back of us where they made a great splash but did no damage. If any thing would make one quake it would be one of these mortar shells coursing thru the air in close proximity. We remained here three days continuously under fire. On the second day Lt. B. F. Goodspeed with four men either volunteered or were ordered to go out in front of our line and rescue a wounded staff officer. I am not sure, but I think that the officer was dead, especially as he could hardly have lived there since the day before, but at any rate not one of the detail returned alive. If the officer were really dead volunteering to go for the body was foolhardy or an order sending the detail out was reprehensible to say the least.

During the third day the Confederate commander sent a flag of truce, and requested the privilege of burying their dead, which was granted. So all firing ceased and the two Armies fraternised freely and our boys swapped their surplus

coffee for the surplus tobacco of the Rebels, and had a good time until exactly four o'clock when a cannon boomed and those two Armies separated like two men, each going toward their own lines as fast as their legs could carry them. This was a most remarkable sight and an entirely new one to me. Next day we marched southward again and the entire Army crossed the James to Bermuda Hundreds. Our Brigade was the rear guard and did not cross the river until all the artillery, wagon trains, ambulance trains, and everything appertaining to the Army had crossed excepting a detail of the Engineer Corps which remained to remove the pontoons while we supported them from the opposite bank. When this was accomplished our duty was done and we set out to find our proper place in the Army which we did after considerable difficulty. During the afternoon we were resting on heights at Bermuda Hundreds in plain view of the Rebel breastworks, three quarters of a mile away when they began throwing solid six pounders at us the same as the first day in the Wilderness, likewise with the same results. But here we could see the puff of the cannon when it was fired and likewise presently hear the report. We would watch the ball as it left the cannon, see it describe a high arc thru the air and come down and strike the earth some distance in front of us, and roll in, or nearly in, to where we were resting. None of us tried the trick of letting the ball roll between our legs which would have been very dangerous here as the ground was very rough, but we could dodge them if we saw them coming nearly in our direction. We enjoyed this sport for a couple of hours and I think they must have thrown as many as fifty balls. Before we found our right

place in the Army we got mixed up with Genl. Butler's troops and were under his command. Genl. Gilmore was the Engineer at this point and he had built magnificent breastworks all along the line, strong enough to withstand almost any artillery fire; also bomb proof quarters for the officers and men to sleep in. Everything was in good shape for a successful defense. The Confederates almost never made any assaults; their policy, as was right, was defense, and they always made a mistake when they deviated from this course. The Johnnies had also built splendid breastworks opposite and we had viewed them with dismay while here and were greatly surprised one night when Genl. Butler ordered out our Brigade with some of his own troops to make an assault. Our advance was over devious paths thru impediments made from fallen trees and shrubs by pointing the ends of the limbs, stringing wires and utilizing everything that would impede our progress in an assault. We were lined up in front of all this ready for the assault. It was reported that Genl. Butler had sent word to Grant advising him of his action and Genl. Grant returned an imperative order to withdraw those troops and do it quick, so this action was simply a little necessary exercise for us. I have often *June 17, 1864,* wondered what would have happened to that thin line that night if we had really made the assault. Next day, Genl. Grant and Genl. Butler rode along our line without any attendants excepting an orderly. We were crouching behind our heavy breastworks while they were mounted and must have been in full view of the enemy. Shells were coming in quite frequently. The unconcern of Grant was remarkable. Butler appeared to be very anxious, but remained

in his saddle. Presently a shell screeched in only a few feet in front which had evidently been aimed at them. It sank into one of the bomb proofs nearby without exploding. Genl. Grant never cocked an ear but asked if it was simply a snow ball.

Finally we found our home in the Sixth Corps and occupied it, greatly pleased to get away from our late surroundings. We were now in front of Petersburg in that long never-ending siege. Our Corps took an excursion down to the Weldon R. R. to destroy it and incidentally had several sharp engagements. We were gone for several days and then returned to Petersburg. We heard plenty of music, both musketry and artillery firing, but this had become so usual that they were no novelty and we wanted a change; we had been living on pork, hardtack and coffee all summer, but now our menu was enlarged by the addition of vegetables, fruit and canned goods. I think it was on July Fourth we were served with a ration of onions, one large Bermuda onion apiece. You may talk about pineapple, oranges or pippins, or even strawberries, peaches or plums; nothing in this world ever tasted so good to anybody as did these onions to us on that day. It was comical to see one take a large Bermuda onion and eat it as he would an apple, with a smirk instead of a grimace, and regardless of his eyes.

If any one thinks that in a siege we have nothing to do but lie around and smoke he needs to forget it. We were kept busy all the time. The regular picket and skirmish lines were kept up and besides there was an enormous amount of fatigue duty to be performed, such as building and strengthening earthworks and forts, trying to make safe and comfortable habita-

tions and even digging wells, the water of which was sometimes very good, but often brackish. I don't remember any running water near where we were placed. Wells were made by digging a hole until water was reached and then piling one empty barrel on top of another until the surface was reached, afterward filling in around the barrels. I understand that the first driven wells were here invented and put into operation.

On July 5th I received my commission as 1st Lieutenant; it came to me as a great surprise as I had made no application for it and had no idea that I was slated for promotion. I felt highly flattered and greatly pleased, not only because the pay was quadrupled, and the duties lightened, but because it gave me a chance for more decent living and was considered more honorable. Yet it was my opinion then and is now that the 1st Sergeant came next to the Captain in responsibility and popularity. I was assigned to 'Co. H'. This I greatly regretted and would a good deal rather have staid in Co. 'I'. The 1st Sergeant of Co. 'H' was mustered in with that rank at Lockport and in going into his Company over him I felt like an interloper. Yet I did not get very far into it. I had been mustered out of Co. 'I' as a 1st Sergeant, but as the 1st Lieutenant of Co. 'H', whose place I was to take, was out on picket duty and did not return until we were on the march to be mustered out I could not be mustered in. Only a day or two was all that I expected to be hung up, but it so happened that I was not mustered in for about six months.

We were delighted to learn that we were to return to Maryland. All three Regiments of our Brigade had been

stationed in Maryland during the early part of their service and were greatly attached to the locality. For the most part when we had traversed the country it was picturesque, the air salubrious and all the girls beautiful. On our march to City Point where we embarked on a steamer Clark Graves procured by some manner of means a sword and belt and gave them to me. Of these I stood sadly in need as I turned in my former equipment and needed something to make me look like a soldier, or rather an officer. We embarked shortly before dark and moved down the river. This was a new kind of marching for us and we rather preferred it to the kind to which we had been accustomed for the past three months. We had become adepts in making comfortable beds in all sorts of unpromising places, and were particular in selecting the most comfortable spots. There was little choice here; it was either on deck or down in the hold. The officers occupied the cabins and ordinarily I should have been entitled to one but my anomalous standing prevented me from taking advantage of it, and I should rather have been with Co. 'I' anyway. Clark Graves and I selected a gang plank which lay with a slight incline thru toward a gangway, and was wide enough for both of us. This bed was not comfortable. The motion of the boat kept joggling the gang plank and preventing sound sleep in my case. Finally, half awake, I got up and went forward to the chains, and finding an unoccupied place, lay down and went fast asleep, never awakening until after daylight, when nearly all of the others had turned out. I found the Company greatly excited. When I came up several cried out, "Here's the orderly", "Where is Clark?" I said that I had left him during the night, and had slept in the bow of the boat, and had left him on the gang plank.

"Haven't you seen him?" They said no, that they believed he had rolled off the gang plank, and they had thought that I had rolled off with him. We made a thoro search but he was nowhere to be found. He had been joggled down by the teetering of the gang plank and finally dropped off. When his body was found its appearance indicated that he had been struck by the paddles of the wheel and instantly killed. A badge showed where he belonged and gave his name so that very soon we heard to a certainty of his fate. The report stated that altho he wore a U. S. uniform, and his badge indicated that he was a Union soldier, they found on him a Rebel belt. The belt belonged to me. When I enlisted, Mrs. Daniel McLachlin made me promise to send her a relic from some battle field. She wanted it to be something that she could keep and that I could guarantee to be authentic. I took this belt from a dead Rebel at Spottsylvania and carried it until Clark said he would carry it for me. I got another from the battle field of Monocacy which I gave to her, and this was the end of poor Clark Grave's. I reckon he was the smallest soldier in the Army, being only five feet two inches in height, which was two inches under regulation height. When mustered in at Lockport the mustering officer remarked that they did not accept boys. Clark said he was man enough to have a wife and a five year old kid. The mustering officer was assured that altho Clark was small he had more in him than some men twice his size, and finally admitted him. He always refused any kind of a non-commissioned office, preferring to be a high private and nothing else. Altho small he always made himself felt. He was possessed of an extensive vocabulary, and always expressed himself forcibly

in the most picturesque manner. He was a loyal friend, and agreeable comrade, an unselfish messmate, and his individuality would put "ginger" in the whole Regiment. After his death a man named Rosenberg (the pious member who was always giving out tracts, but who had such an unsavory reputation that the boys watched their belongings very closely when he was around) wrote a letter home stating that Clark was drunk when he rolled off the boat. If this were true it was a very unnecessary and un-Christian report to make, but it was false and thus was a mean, unpardonable, atrocious slander against the dead who could not defend himself. I was in a position to know and I assert positively that Clark Graves was sober when he turned in that night. We never lost a man in Co. 'I' that was missed more than Clark Graves.

It was some time in the forenoon that we rounded Fortress Monroe and came into the Chesapeake, up which we had a beautiful sail, arriving at Baltimore toward evening. We had all supposed when we arrived at Baltimore that we should have a chance to run about a bit and see some of our old friends, but we were horribly mistaken. The officers had strict orders to keep the men close and not allow one to get away from the ranks for a minute. We were hustled on cars immediately and shipped to Monocacy Bridge where we were disembarked in a locality where we felt very much at home. I believe that night we marched thru Frederick City and formed a line about a half mile beyond merely as a feint, after dark marching back again to Monocacy. Near the bridge was quite a high hill, such as are known as "round tops" about there. It was covered with woods, brush, deadwood and boulders, around and around which we marched

all night, with instructions to make as much noise with our canteens, arms and voices as possible. We only had one Brigade present, and this was done to give the impression that we had a large force. I think it had the desired effect, but we were the most completely exhausted bunch of soldiers next morning that ever carried a knapsack. I believe we had breakfast, but do not remember anything about it.

We were manoeuvred some and finally halted in the valley beside the river. The skirmishers were very near us on the opposite bank and bullets frequently dropped among us. We could see no more inviting situation so we staid where we were. A member of Co. 'H' (The Co. to which I had been assigned), a robust, stalwart, handsome, young fellow, a blonde with an abundance of curly flaxen hair, brilliant blue eyes, transparent white skin and pink cheeks, really a joy to look upon, accumulated an inspiration that this was a propitious time to take a shave. So he took his razor out of his knapsack, stropped it on his belt, fixed his bayonet to his rifle and rammed it into the ground for a rest to his small round pocket mirror, made a sufficient lather from ordinary yellow soap and gave his handsome face a thoro scraping. When he had finished to his satisfaction he remarked, "If I cross the lines today I will go with a clean face anyway". At that moment a skirmisher's ball struck him squarely in the forehead and killed him instantly. He had crossed the lines and taken his clean face with him.

We were not formed into line of battle

until afternoon. Our operations of the night before had probably given the enemy the impression that we had a large force in the vicinity and induced them to act with caution. We made a short thin line across an open field, with no protection on either flank excepting a strong battery placed at one end of the bridge. The bridge was finally burned by our troops to prevent the Rebels crossing. The river is a rough torrential stream, so they were afraid to cross in front, and were obliged to go some distance down to find a place shallow and smooth enough to ford. They came out of the woods, Jackson's old division, and marched down the hill in splendid order, and when near enough firing commenced. They stood in line, making no attempt to assault. It seems to me that the firing was kept up for two hours without either side moving an inch. Then an aide-de-camp rode up and ordered us to retreat as fast as possible. It seems that they had got troops around on our left flank and were preparing to gobble us all, so we retreated and this was the first time I was ever in full retreat under fire. (I always believed that if I ever got caught in this dilemma I should be shot, and I was.) The battery, a home Co. of Militia from Baltimore was lost. I had it from one of the Rebels that they had done some very effective service, and he was surprised to find that it was a Militia battery. *July 9, 1864* While on the retreat, Col. Emerson's handkerchief dropped; he told me afterward it was shot out of his pocket. I picked it up and in handing it to him received a shot in my left arm which felt like a blow from a heavy cane. When I found that it would not respond to my desires I recognized that I was badly wounded

and got one of the boys to tie it up with a silk handkerchief which I gave him. I kept with the troops until we came to a stone mill nearby, where I sat down on the flume and bathed my arm. Presently the Rebels came up; one came around the corner of the mill and spying me leveled his piece at me. I raised my hand and told him I was wounded, when he lowered it and rushed on for other game. I also received a wound in my right arm during the day "unbeknownst" to myself at the time. Altho not of much account it got very painful before healing. It was in my right forearm, a flesh wound that just grazed the bone, and this is what made it so sore and so long in healing. I always forget about it.

I saw Lieut. Hutchinson, my old rival, now in Co. "C" trying to run up a steep hill in the woods. I called to him to go to the left but if he heard me he paid no attention, as he kept on and that was the last ever heard or seen of him. I saw Sgt. Billy Allen, now of the Ambulance Corps, with Charley Forbes, Nick Darrow and John Shumway carrying off Capt. Bogardus who appeared to have been wounded. They did not get very far with him as pretty soon I saw all four come in under guard as prisoners. Only Sgt. Allen ever returned; the others died in prison. Capt. Bogardus described this episode to me. He said when the Rebels came up they took his watch which he had carried all thru the War, and which he was so anxious to keep that he offered them \$20.00 to return it. They said, "Let's have your twenty dollars." He handed it out and they concluded to keep all, and they did. The Capt. said that if his leg had not been so

sore he would have kicked himself for miles. My comrade had tied the handkerchief so tightly on my arm that it was hurting me. I asked a Johnny to loosen it a little. He agreed and untying the knot unwound it and shook it out, remarking that it was a pretty good handkerchief, then put it in his pocket and walked away. This handkerchief was one that Mrs. McLachlin had given me; it was a yard square and as thick as cardboard, an old fashioned bandanna, that would have lasted to the end if I had been allowed to carry it. Another asked me if I had a pocket knife or a pocket book. I answered the last question only, and in the negative, as I carried my money in a wad, thus saving my belongings. A young fellow belonging to a No. Carolina Regiment was more kind; he asked me if he might be allowed to make me a cup of coffee. I had my haversack and cup and assented. He went away and in a short time brought me back a fine cup of strong coffee, so we had a square meal of coffee and hardtack together. He ripped up my sleeve and got another bandage of some kind and bound up my wound again. I felt so grateful I gave him a silver pen and pencil holder as a memento.

I had the extreme felicity of holding a short conversation with Genl. Early when he rode up. He asked me what troops were in the fight. I told him the 6th Corps. "Well," he said, "they weren't all in the fight," I said no but they were in the vicinity. Early turned and remarked to his staff, "By G-d, gentlemen, we have licked the 6th Corps today." I presume he got the same information from others and thoroly believed that

the 6th Corps was nearby, and this prevented a quick assault upon Washington, thereby saving it. They did not march away until the evening of the next day; meanwhile the balance of the 6th Corps and the whole 19th Corps had arrived at Washington and entirely thwarted any plans Early may have made. Sometime after the War I was talking with an ex-Confederate in New York. He had been a staff officer to Genl. Early in this battle. I asked him why Early did not move on to Washington that night after the battle of Monocacy. He answered that Early had got so full on the spoils of Frederick City that he could not move anything, not even himself.

I remained by the mill the balance of the afternoon and during the night and conversed with a number of the Confederates, both enlisted men and officers. I got into a quarrel with one of them over the price of gold in N. Y. He asserted that it was selling at \$5.00. I said that it was not selling at half that price so abruptly that he reckoned I had given him the lie and proposed to punch my head off but he restrained himself. Without exception I found the officers very courteous in their address. Once I had the temerity to ask one whom I heard the others calling "Doc" if I could have attention to my arm. He answered that he was not a surgeon, that "Doc" was simply a nick-name, but that their surgeons were attending to their own wounded and as soon as they had finished they would attend to us. Their surgeons, however, only attended to their slightly wounded that they took away with them, and left their severely wounded for the surgeons from our hospitals

to take care of after they left. The wounded from both armies were continually being brought in to this place so that by dark their number was more than one hundred. The place had the usual appearance of a temporary hospital after a battle. They were wounded in all manner of ways possible, from rifle shots. There were no shell wounds as none had been fired by the enemy and our little battery had sent their shot mostly across the river. The night was an unusually long one, and horrible, but it seems more horrible to me now than it did then. I slept some but was awake more. Some of the men went daft; they sang ribald songs and dirges, preached, prayed and swore; it was like the tumult of an insane asylum. Towards morning they quieted down, some in death, some in sleep and others may have come to their senses. Next morning quite a number of women came around, most of them to help make the wounded more comfortable. A very large majority of the people of Maryland were loyal but there were exceptions. One skate-formed, lantern-jawed woman was fiercely bitter. She delighted emitting a tirade at every soldier that could not move, expressing her joy at their misfortunes, saying it served them right for coming South to fight for the "nigger". She came where I was and looked at me but turned and went away. I do not know if I could have coped with her, but I should have tried hard. The sun was getting high and hot. I saw a shed nearby, which I thought might make a decent shelter. On reaching it I discovered it to be a saw mill, open on all sides, but with a roof sufficient for shade. Here I made a

very comfortable couch on one of the beams of the carrier and remained all this day and night and next day until toward evening. I do not remember whether I had anything to eat or drink during these two days but it is quite possible I was not very particular. The battle took place on Saturday July 9th, 1864. Genl. Early's Army remained until Sunday evening when surgeons from Frederick City at once came in to take care of the wounded. They were busy all day Monday and did not have to hunt for cases. When every other unfortunate had been removed Dr. Durot happened to spy me in this old aw mill; only for his sagacity I might be there now. He came up, examined my arm and whistled. He called to the driver of an old express wagon and I was helped in and laid on the bottom. I found it impossible to lie there and was assisted up to sit at the end of the wagon with my legs dangling down. Altho I carried my wounded arm firmly in my right hand and the road was a smooth one there was jar enough to make it a very uncomfortable ride.

Fortunately I was placed in Dr. Durot's ward, for which I was every afterward thankful. I was directed to a bed and sat down on the edge of it cogitating. Three young ladies came to me and asked if there was anything they could do for me. I said I did not think there was unless they were able to remove my wrecked arm. They said they could not do that but they would bring Dr. Durot as soon as possible. "But wouldn't I like a glass of spirits?" Strange as it may seem I had never given this idea a thought, but immediately recognized the fact that a glass of whiskey was the one thing on earth

that I wanted at that moment, and said so. One of the young ladies ran away and returned presently with a glass of whiskey which was really two drinks and only one time. I enveloped these with expedition and gusto, the effect of which was to bring me to the realization that I had just escaped going silly. I think in a very short time I should have been singing songs and preaching as the others did at the mill. Presently Dr. Durot came, examined the wound, had it washed and dressed, but said it was too late to operate that night.

This battle of Monocacy was, to me, the most interesting occurrence during my experience in the War and for several reasons. We were delighted to get away from Petersburg, not so much on account of the danger as for its hot, uncomfortable, insanitary condition, the abundance of dust and dirt and the great scarcity of water. We were also greatly delighted at going to Maryland where we expected to meet nothing more than a small raiding force which we would quickly disperse and then take our ease and comfort for a time. Then there was my own queer position of being a soldier, and yet no soldier at all, who should not have been in the fight, which afterward gave me a great deal of trouble. Then, too, being lying among the quick and the dead for two whole days, and associating and conversing with the enemy and talking with their commander, one of the most prominent Generals on their side. These and a lot more make the occurrences at that time remain in my memory with vivid clearness. Altho for a time while lying in that saw mill I must have been stupid enough.

The three young ladies who addressed me upon my arrival at the hospital were Miss Laura Schley, a cousin of the illustrious Admiral, and her cousins, the Misses Shriver, daughters of Genl. Shriver of our Army. Genl. Shriver shortly afterward removed his family to Baltimore for safety so I only saw his daughters a few times, but Miss Schley was a daily visitor during the time I remained. She would bring me dainties, fruit and even wine, so that I had a good supply of these things all the time. One day she was greatly shocked at noticing that I was eating my food from a knife. I assured her that it was impossible for me to raise my food with any kind of certainty with a two tined fork while lying on my back. She said she would fix that; she would bring me a four tined silver fork next day. I objected, saying it would never be returned from the kitchen after one using, but she brought it and I had the pleasure of eating one meal with a four tined fork and that was all. Once Dr. Dunot asked me to request some of my lady friends to bring any old sheets or any thing they had that would do for bandages as they were almost entirely out. I mentioned this to her and she surprised me by bringing what seemed to be the entire wash for the week.

On Tuesday evening they took me to the operating room where I went in the full expectation of being winged before returning. I was chloroformed and when I returned to my senses I found the arm was still hanging on. I expressed my disapprobation vehemently and did not want any more fooling. Dr. Dunot, who was present, explained in a very kindly manner, that in a consultation they had concluded the arm could be saved, but that it was too much inflamed just then for a

successful operation, and that they would wait until next day when they hoped it would be in better condition. His manner was so kind and considerate that it made me very much ashamed of my outburst. Next evening I was again taken to the operating room where they completed the work. Altho mine was what the doctors termed a beautiful wound difficulties arose continually. The stump was so short that they could not fasten a splint to a stick and hold the ends of bone firmly together. They strung it to a sort of gallows erected over my bed, and changed the style of splint several times, but to no avail. The upper stump came only two or three inches from the shoulder and was very contrary. Finally they buried it in a plaster of paris splint that was a load but it was effectual. Several pieces of foreign matter left in the wound made abscesses from which were extracted pieces of bone, cloth and bullet. It became an ordinary occurrence for the doctor to come around draw his dagger and open me up. I was greatly horrified one day to find a big fat maggot feasting about my wound. I thought I was going to rot right there. When I spoke to Dr. Dunot about it he said, "Yes, maggots are good for wounds, they keep them clean." After this I cherished them, and kept one nice large fat one for a pet. I believe I was on my back for about two months. One day we had one of those terrible electric storms which seemed to be quite common about here. It was accompanied with a hurricane wind as usual. The thunders were having a roaring time, and the lightning flashed a brilliant display. We did not pay much attention to the storm until we heard several loud cracks in the barrack building, then everyone got very busy and hustled

out in the pouring rain as quickly as their legs could carry them, some on one leg and others on two. Altho exciting and pitiful, it was also rather comical to see the cripples on a run for safety. All moved out but me and I simply could not. I was flat on my back and strung up on my gallows so I could not get away. The Sister of Charity nurse showed more nerve than all the male nurses in a bunch. She told the Chief Nurse and another to come back and carry me out; they hesitated but she told them that if they did not come back and carry me out she would report them to the Chief Surgeon and have them sent back to their regiments at once. This was a socker, and they gingerly loosened up my gallows and carried me out in the rain with the rest. By this time the roof had blown about half off the building and the rain had been pouring in on me fully as much as if outside. We were placed in another ward for the day, until our own roof was repaired.

This Sister of Charity, whose name was Sister Ambrosia, came from a convent near Hagerstown and was certainly a very competent nurse, and of sterling character. She was held in the very highest regard by everyone on the ward. The Chief Nurse whom she ordered back, altho her superior, was the meanest kind of a reprobate. Articles and money had been missed quite frequently by the patients and no trace of them could be found. One day a young man haddied. He was from New York City; a bullet had passed thru his wrist and entered his chest and altho searched for thoroly by the surgeons could not be found. As the nurse was bathing him one day he felt a lump under the left shoulder blade and reported it to the doctor; the latter, being satisfied that this

was the bullet, he told him if he could stand a little cutting he would take it out. He said to go ahead. The doctor told him to lie on his face but he said he did not want to lie down for a little job like that, and insisted on standing up. So the doctor made a deep impression under the shoulder blade, pushed in his forceps and hauled out the bullet. All the fellow said was that he was not so tough as he had supposed. As he had got rid of the bullet he considered himself entitled to a furlough. The doctor said he could have one pretty soon. I do not think the doctor expected him to live. He finally contracted pneumonia and died. His mother had come on a short time before and wanted to take his body home. This nurse had always been in the habit of rushing around with a paper to get contributions and did so in this case. Next morning the mother came in to bid us goodbye. I asked her how much she received and she said \$18.00. I was surprised and made an investigation after reporting it to some others, and altho we did not get all the items we found that more than \$40.00 had been subscribed. When Dr. Durnot came in we told him of it. He did not wait but rushed out and found the woman and got her testimony, made charges and had that nurse in the cooler in less than half an hour. He was made to disgorge this loot, was court-martialed, found guilty and was sentenced to carry a placard both front and back with THIEF printed on it, marched thru every ward with fife and drum playing the Rogue's March and sent to his regiment.

A young fellow, a rebel, on the next cot to me received a slight wound in the fleshy part of the shoulder, hardly

enough to take him out of his regiment, but he got the impression that he was going to die. Dr. Dunot told him that his wound was only a scratch; that there was no necessity for his dying, but that if he kept in that state of mind he would die and nothing could save him. He persisted and succeeded. I woke up one morning and found him a "goner". That cot next to mine was a "hoodoo". It seems to me as if fully a dozen men died on it, nearly always during the night. I would go to sleep at night and wake up to find it empty. Many amusing occurrences were going on all the time, such as races between two or more cripples on crutches and scraps between men in the same condition, but there was very little intoxication.

Very soon after arriving I heard that Capt. Bogardus was in another ward. I had supposed that he had been sent to Annapolis. His wife called on me frequently and he came as soon as he could get out on crutches. He had been shot thru the hip, the bullet going between the artery and the bone, a very close shave. He left the hospital long before me. After having my arm placed in a plaster cast I was able to get around some and went down town quite frequently. I remained here until just before election when I went home with a good many others to vote. I had already sent an Army Vote to LeRoy which I supposed was my proper place to vote, but on arriving home I was told that I ought to have sent it to Mumford as my parents lived there. To make sure I voted in Mumford, but I am not sure that my vote was not also counted in LeRoy, and my own opinion is that LeRoy was the proper place for recording my vote. On my

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way home I stopped in Baltimore for a day or two to visit Mr. Thompson's family. While I was still in the hospital and Early was still in Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson drove out to see me. This was a dangerous undertaking as the railroad was not running and the country was full of raiders. They must have had an exciting trip; he told me afterward that he had killed his horse, for which I was very sorry and felt that I owed him something. My leave was for thirty days. I went to Dr. Townsend and when it was about up got a further certificate that I was not fit for travel for another thirty days, and just afterward met Maj. Fay in LeRoy, who told me that if I wanted to muster in, I had better hurry back as they were going to consolidate the Regiment, and after which it would be impossible for me to muster. I had now overstaid my first leave two or three days, and when I applied to the Provost-Marshal at Avon for transportation he proposed to arrest me instead, because my certificate state that I would be unfit for travel in thirty days and here I was applying for transportation in three days. I told him I was unfit to travel and would show him my arm to prove it, but that it was necessary for me to return to the Army to muster in to save about six months' pay. He finally gave me the transportation and I proceeded. Usually officers did not impede a soldier that was all shot to pieces.

I arrived in Frederick City in due time and got permission to go to the front to muster in, and that day got as far as Harper's Ferry. It was cold and wet and dark when I arrived. I just missed the last train for Winchester so would have to re-

main all night. I looked around for quarters and it was no easy matter. The mud was knee deep; it was dark as pitch and raining hard. After plodding around for a long time some one told me that there was a hotel upon the hill, and pointed to a light. I climbed out through the mud almost tired out; rapped and receiving no response opened the door and walked in. There was a single candle on the small case of the hall window, but no one in sight. I rapped on another door and tried to open it without result. Seeing a light in the upper hall I climbed the stairs and rapped on the door, and heard a gruff voice ask "What do you want?" I said a bed. "Well", said he, "Why don't you come in and take it?" It being a man's voice I was encouraged to open the door and take a peep. There were two men on the table in the center, two women bundled up in a corner and a half dozen others scattered around on the floor. The situation convinced me that if I wanted a bed I should have to take it right there or go without, so I found sufficient space and lay down. I think I had some kind of a bundle or satchel which I used as a pillow, but I had nothing either over or under me. Others came in and about twelve o'clock there was quite a rumpus. A man came in and awakened everybody he was so loud in his demands for a bed. He routed out two men in the next hall room and offered them twenty dollars for the room. They told him if he did not get away from there and let them sleep they would blow his head off. He again came into the room where I was and routed up the two men on the table and after some haggling paid them five dollars apiece to give it up; then he brought in his wife and they turned in, he remarking that

this was a pretty tough bridle couch; they had just been married that afternoon in Baltimore.

I was one of the first to turn out next morning as I was anxious not to miss another train. They had no schedule on that military railroad but ran as they pleased. I came down, washed myself from a tin basin by the well, went into the dining room, and sat down at a nice clean well laid table, and told a little negro girl who came in to bring me some breakfast. She came back shortly with a plate of splendid, nicely cooked ham and eggs, a large cup of most excellent coffee, and two large beautiful hot rolls. I know I had no supper the night before and am not sure whether I had any dinner. I was dead sure that I was hungry then and I was surprised almost out of my senses to get such a fine-lay out in this very unexpected place. It was worth to me then about a hundred dollars to satisfy hunger for time past as well as for time to come. Well I ate the breakfast and felt happy and contented. I called the little negro girl and asked for my bill. She said she did not know "nuffin" about it. I told her to hunt up her mistress as I was in a hurry to catch a train. She repeated her previous statement and that was all I could get from her. I could not wait as I expected to return in a couple of days and concluded to "beat" the hotel for the time being and settle up when I came back. I never returned so that bill stands to the present day. I was lucky in catching the train just as it was going to move. As far as that train is concerned, I should have been luckier if I had missed it, but if

I had never got to Winchester it would have been bad luck for me indeed as I never should have been mustered in and should have lost six months' pay.

The train was a very composition consisting of all kinds of cars with one rickety, ram shackle old immigrant passenger car without any heat. In this were seated a diverse assortment of human nature, consisting of about a dozen men and two women. As was to be expected the women were the most comfortable in the bunch. They carried a heavy load of freight, big traveling bags, smaller bags, and a lot of extra wraps. They were probably on their way to visit some loved ones in the army, maybe for the last time, and incidentally to fill them up on delectable home made dainties. They would reach down frequently into the midst of their pile and bring out something that would add to their comfort or well being either inside or out, now a large fat doughnut or a section of mince pie, then a bottle of cold coffee, or a muffin. If anything was needed it was sure to be found somewhere. The men were different. They had nothing about them that was not in plain sight, excepting one or two of them who had the wisdom to provide themselves with a "pocket pistol" filled with liquid stimulants. I especially remember two of this bunch; one was an Irishman from New York City, who said he was a democrat, a Tammany Democrat, and all that that implies. We had a generous supply of liquid refreshments. He was pugnacious, considered himself very wise, and was continually proposing profound questions, orating, etc. He made the statement that the United States had never produced but one statesman and imperiously ordered us to name him. We mentioned every one we had ever heard of from

Hamilton to Lincoln, but we were called a lot of ignorant asses. He said the only statesman we had ever produced was Charles O'Connor and he did not believe we should ever have nother. He was very amusing the first day but the second when his 'bracer' was no more, he was simply unbearable. He wanted to eat everybody up and the others had difficulty in restraining themselves from giving him a sound thrashing. We had spent the night in cold, hunger and impatience. In the morning we had been away twenty four hours from all kinds of sustenance and were certainly worn out, mad and hungry. We were fortunate to have in our party one experienced campaigner who did not believe in going without food while there was any in the world. He was a resourceful, strong, bright young soldier belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment and was returning from a furlough. While we were waiting at a switch he went down the line and found a car which he believed held settlers' goods. He went to another car loaded with government supplies and got an ax, came back, got two or three men from our car, went down to the settlers' car, knocked off the locks, opened the door, climbed in, and threw out all sorts of eatables, bread, pies, cakes, cookies, canned goods, and two or three boxes of bottled ale, all of which was carried back to our car. We thought we had enough to last us to our destination but found we had to make another raid as we did not get to Winchester until the next morning. These rations freshened us all up so that we were in good spirits all day. The troops were continually passing us from the valley to Petersburg but I saw none I knew. This road had been used and torn up alternately by both armies a dozen times; it was strewn on both sides

the whole distance with wrecked engines, cars and debris of all kinds, and was so rough that it made us shiver to ride over it. We spent the second night more comfortably than the first and arrived in Winchester the next morning after spending two full days on thirty miles of road. In Winchester I hunted up Tom Tucker of Co. 'I' who had been detailed as a teamster and was quite a character in one respect:- he was the champion kleptomaniac of the army. At Lockport he went into a saloon, rolled out a barrel of ale, and rolled it around the corner into an alley way; went back into a hardware store, and returned with a dipper and hatchet at the same price. He knocked out the head of the barrel and filled out a score of soldiers so heavily that in carrying it back to camp they became exhausted and were obliged to rest in a shelter especially prepared for them during the whole of the next day. In Baltimore he came into possession of a whole keg of fine stub and twist plug chewing tobacco. We supplied his mess and others until spring. In the field after a severe campaign he was stationed as sentinel at the colonel's tent, and noticed he was putting in a lot of good things that made his mouth water. After he was relieved he made a long detour to the rear of the tent and when the coast was clear raised the end and drew out a box of ale, a whole boiled ham and some pies, which the colonel had just bought from the settler. Of course the colonel missed it at once and made a search of the Regiment, but not a scrap could be found. He stole his wife, a very pretty girl, daughter of a well-to-do farmer and was obliged to enlist to save himself from being shot by his father-in-law, he disdained small things. When I found Tom and told him what I wanted he expressed

himself in the most lurid language common to a soldier that I could not go an inch. I told him I was going the whole distance if I had to walk on my ears. "Well," he said, "You are welcome to a seat on my wagon, but the road is only a line of boulders, and if you drop before getting there you will have to without a decent burial, as there isn't space enough to dig a hole, and besides I won't have any time." I climbed up to the driver's seat (he rode the high pole mule, and drove with a jerk rein) and presently the train of about fifty wagons started. The road was fairly good for about two or three miles, but then we came to a space that was not guarded over which the train had to be moved at full speed. The gad was laid on freely, the mules jumping their full length at every leap. The road was what Tom said it was, simply a line of boulders. The wheels would bump on one of these and tho I was holding on as well as I could with one hand I would rise proportionately higher, and come down with a thump that would shock my whole system. This continued for about five miles and at the end I felt like a macerated beef steak.

I went to Capt. Kimball who was commanding the Regiment and told him what I wanted. He said I might as well go home and repeated Maj. Fay's remarks made before I started, but that there was no harm in seeing Maj. Smith, the mustering officer at Division Headquarters. I trudged about a mile and found him about to go out on an impromptu

race with some other officers. He said there was no use but I plead so eloquently and so forcibly with him that he finally told his clerk to make out the papers and he would sign them when he got back. I waited for about two hours. When he returned he was in an exceedingly enviable mood but had forgotten all about our previous conversation so that I had to go over the whole matter again, and I guess I improved on it a bit. He signed the musters and told me to keep one and to go and give one to Capt. Kimball, turn and leave without giving one word of explanation. This I did and so was mustered in but had a lot of trouble afterward explaining to the Departments at Washington how it was that my name did not appear on the rolls of the 151st. Regiment from July to December, but I always received my full pay and emoluments.

I visited with Co. 'C' that night, but did not go near Co. 'H' as I did not expect to have any more use for them nor they for me. I had one more day of army life in the same old way with the boys. Next morning the 6th Corps was ordered to move back again to the Army of the Potomac. They had sent six months in squelching Early and for the most part had enjoyed it. They were loaded on trains at Winchester and moved out toward evening. I had expected to get off at Monocacy and go on to Frederick City, but after my experiences for the past week I was so fatigued that I felt as if I was nothing but a wet rag. I went to sleep very soon and do not remember anything until we arrived in Washington next morning. Here I left the Regiment and after partaking of a fine breakfast of beefsteak and onions which satisfied perfectly I reported

to the Surgeon General and was sent to the Annapolis General Hospital for officers. My arm had not been dressed since leaving Frederick City five days before, and it felt as if it had been on an extended debauch. It was still encased in the plaster splint which could not be removed, and it was never removed until it crumbled and fell off of its own accord some months afterward. I remained here all winter and my arm didn't make much improvement. I didn't like the place, and don't think it was anything like as well managed as the Hospital at Frederick City, and I did not come under the care of as good surgeons. Dr. Dr. Wier and Dr. Dunot were both perfect gentlemen and very skillful surgeons. Dr. Wier has since become very prominent as a surgeon in New York City.

We passed our time in the hospital by playing cards and chess. Our principal game at cards was muggins and as played here with six around the table was a very exciting game. Every player was kept strictly down to the first point of every rule and the least infraction was punished by the usual penalty so that every one was on the qui-vive every second. We would get up from the game as tired as if we had been plowing with a three horse team. If the afternoons were pleasant, we would take a walk about the town and look at things. There wasn't much to see although it was an historic old town and I guess older than Baltimore. Not many incidents happened worth noting.

There seemed to be a larger degree of disloyalty here than in any place I had been in Maryland. Whole rows of houses shut up tight so that the soldiers couldn't even look at them. A church that had been built largely by the contributions

of the soldiers located about here and in vicinity compelled the soldiers to sit up in the top gallery with the colored people. They made a complaint but there was no remedy. This winter was the coldest for a great many years so that the river Severn was frozen solid and made first rate skating. This was a very unusual thing in this locality and was very much enjoyed by those who could skate of whom I was one.

Colonel Bogardus (He had just been promoted) came out to Annapolis to see me and learn if I was able to go back and take the position of adjutant of the regiment. I regretted very much that I was not able, as I reckoned this a very nice position and should have liked to be in at the finish. I was here when the exchange of prisoners took place late in the winter. There had been considerable of controversy over the treatment of prisoners North and South, and the Southerners make the statement that there were a larger number of deaths among their soldiers North than among ours South. I do not know anything about the facts in the matter but I had a chance here to make comparisons at close range between the two classes as they passed almost side by side. The Confederates were clean, robust, healthy-looking and seemed able as soon as they reached home to return to their ranks at once. Our men coming back from the South were ragged, almost naked, dirty, emaciated almost to skeletons, weakly and sickly. Nearly all had to be sent to hospitals and do not believe one in a hundred ever returned to his regiment.

I experienced a streak of luck while I was at Annapolis, and as it was about the only streak in that line that ever came to me, I feel like recording it. On Christmas

a party of us went down town hunting for fun. We entered a cafe where the proprietor informed us that he was stuck with two turkeys and a pair of ducks that he would like to raffle off. We all took chances which resulted in my winning the first turkey. Now I had about as much use for a turkey as I had for a pickaninny, yet I took a chance on the next turkey, won that, also as well as the pair of ducks. I was loaded for sure with an amplitude of useless but valuable property. Outsiders having come they proposed that I should put them up myself. This I did and won them all a second time. Then I gave them all away to some of the others who looked as if they needed them, but they, wishing to recoup their losses put them up themselves, when, strange as it may seem, I won them all a third time. I found myself not only with a pocket full ofducats but also the foundation of a big Christmas dinner in my hands. Nobody wanted to take any more chances with me in the game, so I proposed to carry them over the hospital and put them in the general stock, the result of which would probably have been that the officers in charge would have had a bang up dinner while I should not have had even a drumstick. On our way back, Lt. VanScoy (Van Schaick?) who of our party met a captain of his regiment who had lost an arm in the war and was now here in the oyster business, and we informed him of our dilemma. He answered that he was just out for a turkey, that if we would give him the birds he would get up a good dinner the next day and our party might join his family in eating it. We accepted his invitation joyfully. He was living in a large, old fashioned, colonial house with the family to whom it belonged, a widow and two daughters, who also joined us

Special Orders, }
No. 47. }

War Department,

Adjutant General's Office,
Washington, Feby 16th, 1865.

"EXTRACT."

Par. 19. Upon the report of a Board of Officers convened by Special Orders, No. 294, July 3, 1863, from this Office, the following named officer is HONORABLY DISCHARGED from the military service of the United States, on account of physical disability, from wounds received in action with condition that he shall receive no final payments until he satisfies the Pay Department that he is not indebted to the Government.

1st Lieut Peter McNaughton 151 nyork Vols.

By order of the Secretary of War:

(Signed)

D. D. Townsends

Assistant Adjutant General

I certify, That the above is a true copy, and that I have this day paid the above-named discharged officer \$ 114 ²⁹
in full from Feby 1st, 1865, to Feby 18th, 1865.

Wm B. Rochester

Paymaster U. S. Vols.

Washington, Feby 22^d, 1865.

so that we had a party of about fifteen. The dinner was served at four o'clock. We were all promptly on hand, partook of an excellent meal, and spent a very enjoyable evening, returning to the hospital at mid night, full, happy and contented. This ended my streak of good luck.

In February they began sending all the able bodied officers back to the Army and discharging all cured or incurable cripples to make room for the large expected influx of disabled from Grant's army when he should begin operations in the Spring. My arm seemed to have improved not one bit in these three months. When the doctor asked me if I wanted a discharge I told him that I should not object to getting away from Annapolis, but that I did not think I was in fit condition for discharge. I also hinted very strongly that I did not think I had been receiving proper treatment. These remarks were very impolitic and instead of prolonging my stay hastened my discharge which I got on the seventeenth of February. I was not very sorry as I was sick of the place, the treatment and the whole business. I am certain that I should have been in a great deal better condition if I had remained at Frederick City. I spent three or four days in Washington in settling up and getting paid off, thus ending entirely my War experiences.

I was at home when the news of Lee's surrender came. I had seen plenty of excitement during the past three years, but I never saw such a tumult as occurred after the receipt of this news. Every one abandoned his vocation, and celebrated vociferously to the full extent of his strength. Some who were teetotallers and had been straightlaced all their lives got full as goats the same as the less particular. It required a week or two for them to settle

I was also here when the news came of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Grandmother Blue who was at our home at the time got down on her knees, and prayed long and fervently. I scoffed at the report but later learned it to be only too true. The whole community was in intense gloom, emphatically the reverse of its feelings only a short time before upon the news of the surrender of Lee. This crime certainly created a hostile feeling toward the South which had not existed before and took a long time to eradicate.

I idled all summer except during the month of June when I took the State Census for the 2nd District of Wheatland. This occupation I enjoyed greatly; I was acquainted at about every place I called and had a real visit every time. When I arrived at a house at noon I was invariably asked to join in dinner. There were plenty of amusing incidents. I was calling at one place where a little bit of a mother gave me the data and had written down Thomas aged six months. Thinking I had finished, I was closing my pad when she told me there was another, so I opened up, wrote down Richard, six months, and again quit, when she said there was still another, Nicholas, six months. Then I did close, got up and viewed the tots with a great deal of interest, as I supposed I was viewing triplets for the first time. I afterward learned that this was a mistake as a neighbor had left her baby here when she went to town, and this woman had supposed, after the fashion in Ireland she was obliged to name every person in the house. One mother told me that she had another but that it had died "aborning". I think I gave currency to this phrase as I had never heard it

before and it had become quite common since.

In September, altho my wound was still open, on the solicitation of brother Dan I went to New York to try for a situation. There had been a great scarcity of help in the city, but since the hordes from the armies had returned there was a lot that could not be accommodated, so that instead of getting a job at once as I had expected I was there six months before I got any kind of a grip. My first employment was as time keeper in a boiler factory, a place noisier than a whole brigade of artillery. My hours commenced early and lasted late. It was a cold, dirty place. I only lasted here two weeks. I then got a situation as assistant bookkeeper and later went into the Gents' Furnishing business on my own hook, which was a thirty year's struggle for a competency, but I ended among the ninety-seven per cent unsuccessful ones. I had enough to eat, good shelter, and sufficient raiment most of the time so suppose I ought to be satisfied.

After arriving in New York I had considerable trouble with my arm. It kept discharging all kinds of foreign matter, but principally pieces of bone which would decay and fall off, and finally come out; one piece bothered me a long time; the point stuck out of the wound, but pull as I might, it would not come through. I got mad one day, gave it a terrible yank and brought it out. It was shaped like a fish hook with the barb playing against the rim of the wound all around. I was with Dan at this time and we were boarding with Mrs. Jennie Day, so I was among friends. Dan had a good position and braced me up, or I guess I should have gone to the Island.

It was finally concluded that the arm needed another operation. I selected Dr. Weir not comprehending that he was entirely a different proposition practicing in New York from what he was in charge of a hospital in the Army. There all services came free gratis, but here he was high priced. I heard that for the same kind of an operation he usually collected five hundred dollars. He only charged me seventy five. I understood that he administered to me the largest dose of chloroform he had ever given at one time. The operation lasted several hours, they made a deep long incision, turned the ends of the bone wrong side out, and broke all the decayed bone off with a mallet and chisel, he stating that he did not believe the bone would unite, but that a cartilage would form to connect the two ends, and this really did happen. It healed up in a few days and I believed I was cured if not repaired, but it broke out again and continued to discharge for ten years. One day in the spring of 1876 while at horse play with a burly three hundred pounder, he struck me a fierce blow on my crippled arm - then he almost collapsed. I told him he had not hurt me much and paid no attention to it. My arm commenced to swell and raise such a disturbance that I went again to Dr. Weir. He sent me back to poultice it for a week or so until the inflammation disappeared, and come again. I succeeded in reducing the inflammation in about ten days. Then he probed it and said he could feel something foreign different from bone, but did not know what it was. He said if I could stand a little cutting he would try to find it with his forceps; I told him to go ahead so I had the arm opened up again with the result that he brought out a large piece of bullet which

I still possess. (This piece of bullet had been loosened from the hollow of the bone by the blow of my friend.) My wound now healed up entirely and has never discharged since; a strong cartilage formed giving me a joint in the middle upper arm instead of at the elbow which has always been stiff. When I underwent the operation at the Day's Dan wrote home that he believed if I was to have my head taken off I would quietly submit to its removal with a cross cut saw without saying a word.

The two ends of the bone never united but the cartilage grew very strong so that I could carry about as heavy a load on that side as on the other. The elbow was perfectly stiff for years but gradually limbered up allowing quite a little movement at the present time. I became very expert in the use of one hand and with a little assistance which I got from my crippled wing could accomplish almost as much as others. I kept books in a larger grocery business with only a little difficulty and after going into the men's furnishing business could sell goods and do up packages as well as any one around. As an adjunct to my other line I engaged in the manufacture of custom shirts, learned to do the cutting myself and finally invented a system of my own which I believe was superior to any extant. My injury was always reckoned by the government as a total disability of the arm and I have always received a pension for that grade.

My different arms often attract attention on the street; people would stop and look and I suppose would wonder

how I happened to have such a long arm on one side and such a short one on the other. I always have great fun in selling my discarded coats to old clothes buyers. They would come back next day and call me rascal, thief and fraud. One said the right sleeve was too long; I told him to cut it off, but he said the other was too short; I told him to put what he cut off from one on to the other that would make a good average.

There is an old saying that "there is no great loss without some gain"; while my arm is perfectly useless for a great many purposes, I find it very useful and convenient to scratch my back. I can double it up back of my neck and scratch way down over my shoulders with great comfort and satisfaction.

I was struck in reading over some of my old war letters (of which I find only a few) by the entire absence of anything that had an appearance of discontent or dissatisfactions with my situation or condition. While I would often ridicule my food and manner of living there was no carping. The soldiers (in the late Spanish War) actually found fault because they were served with hash. Now what wouldn't I have given in my war days for a plate of real good hash. One of the things that I greatly admired Mark Hanna for was that he full appreciated and greatly enjoyed eating hash and that he had it so well made at his table that the outsiders scrambled for a chance to get a portion.

Also the perfect indifference to the exciting occurrences that were continually happened. They were scantily mentioned or simply referred to at that time, but would have made a stick-

ful of news outside of the army! Altho we were not in immediate danger all the time we were liable to be placed in that situation at any moment, and it might be expected that we would besolemn and glum all the time, but it is my opinion that our friends at home worried a thousand times more than we did. Even up to the firing line soldiers would be jolly and jibing each other and often keep it up after they got busy. Hank Gray at Locust Grove, our first real hard battle, rested his piece on the ground, took out his tobacco box and asked me if it was contrary to army regulations to take a chew of tobacco on the firing line. And Andrew Hagge, a German in my company, when turning around at Monocacy was asked if he was hit. "Naw". "Hurt much?" "Naw". And sank down and died where he had stood. He had always believed that he was entirely in the hands of Providence and if it was his fate to be killed he could not help it and was not going to bother himself about it. I had always had an impression that I was going to be shot in the left leg and was surprised every time that I had been under fire that I did not get my dose. Once I dreamed that I had been shot dead. I dreamed that I was standing in line when a Rebel came in front of me and aimed directly at my head. I could not move a hair; he fired and I dropped; I found myself hovering in the air looking down on my miserable carcass. I saw my comrades give me a glance and remark that the Orderly had "bit the dust" at last, and that was all the attention they paid to me. As for myself, I was surprised to learn what an easy thing it was to die. I thought

that if people only knew how easy it was they would not make half the fuss they usually do when quitting this mundane sphere. I think I must have eaten two meals of hard tack, pork and coffee the night previous instead of one, and I think such like indiscretions were the cause of all the presentiments we heard so much about.

After I had left the Regiment, or rather after they had left me, at Monocacy they were engaged in about the same number of battles as while I was with them. After turning Early back from Washington the 6th and 19th Corps were placed under command of General Phil Sheridan, and with him went through the exciting campaign in the Shenandoah Valley driving Early out entirely and laying the whole Valley in complete waste. Some say they even burned up the stone walls. This was done on the principle that everything that would be a benefit to the enemy ought to be destroyed and the Shenandoah Valley was the granary of the Confederacy. After this work was done they were again joined to the Army of the Potomac and took part in all the engagements under Grant up to and including the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. The Regiment was not discharged until about September 1, 1865, and had served the full space of three years. The entire muster of officers and men including recruits was 1500, and the number mustered out with the Regiment was 306. This shows pretty hard service but there were regiments that had it worse than ours.

Lt. Allen tells me that the very last shot he heard fired in the Army killed a man called Pete Walkley of our Company who was a recruit after I left and I did not know him. This may not have been the last shot, but it was the last he heard and

occurred just as the flag of truce appeared. I did not believe I ever regretted having been in the army. Such an experience has certainly been unusual to most people in this country up to that time, and my experience was complete up to 'kicking the bucket'. I enlisted as a private, was warranted as Sergeant and 1st Sergeant, commissioned as 1st Lieutenant and received a Brevent Commission as Captain; I went thru a siege of typhoid fever at Lockport which was followed by a long attack of dyspepsia at Baltimore; after getting away from Baltimore and out into the field I was always in good health; I was never troubled with that miserable chronic diarrhea that carried away so many of our soldiers, and which was the primary cause of brother Will's death. I got strong and rugged and was always able to do my share without a flinch.

I know of but very few of the members of my Company who are still living. Capt. Bogardus, I believe, is still living at Paxton, Ill., has been for a number of terms State Senator and may be yet for all I know. I have met him and his family a number of times since the war, and he always appeared clever, jolly and optimistic as ever. When the Spanish War broke out he proposed to go again; at that time he did not look his age by several years, but looked as if he were still fit for a soldier. Patsy McCarrick is the only one I have met lately. He is in LeRoy, entirely and permanently crippled with rheumatism and has to be carried and wheeled about. There are two or three others about LeRoy but I have never met them, and there are also a few about Pavilion. Freem and Billy Hall, two of my mess mates, are out on the Pacific Coast and I received a letter

a few years ago from Freem. He said he was in good health but was taking things easy. I used to meet Adj. Jewell (who was afterward Colonel of the 44th New York) quite frequently in New York. 'Twas he who facilitated my commission as Brevet Captain. Lt. Allen was the only one of my Company I ever met there, but I met one or two from other Companies.

I attended one Regimental reunion at Batavia in August, 1904, and there met quite a number I had not seen since the War. Among them was Homer Snow, fat and jolly, who had stumped Jimmy McLachlin and me to enlist; Henry Stanley, one of two brothers who retained their gentlemanly bearing all thru the struggle and afterward; Arthur Brown who was a mere boy when he enlisted, and still retained a youthful appearance. He was well to do, but had an invalid wife who had been an invalid for years. This so discouraged him that last year (1903) I regret to say he committed suicide. Capt. Collins who organized our Company and was my old time opponent was also there, but as he has since died I shall say nothing against him.

I think I have written everything of my war experience that would be of any interest to anybody, and a good deal that will be of no interest at all, but, as you said, it was better to write too much than not enough. I have followed your instructions. I started in to write fifty pages but have reached, with the interpolations, three times that number. This may be like the Indian Chief, who, when asked how much whiskey was just enough for an Indian, answered, that "too

much was just enough". If there is anything in it you do not like cut it out.

Very truly yours,

P. McNaughton.

Note:

I notice by the memoirs on record of the 151st. Regimental Assn. that Capt. C. C. Billings died in 1878. I had always believed that he was killed in the Wilderness, but he may have been only very badly wounded there and afterwards saved.

WRB/4;c:
RMcN

THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE



151st
REGIMENT OF New York Volunteers

(To all who shall see these presents, greeting:))

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Peter McNaughton

I do hereby appoint him 1st Sergeant in Company I of the 151st Regiment of N. Y. Vol

Inf. in the service of the UNITED STATES, to rank as such from the 1st day of March, one thousand eight hundred and Sixty Four. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of 1st Sergeant, by doing and performing all manner of things thereto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Non Commissioned Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as 1st Sergeant. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or other Superior Officers and Non Commissioned Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Warrant to continue in force during the pleasure of the Commanding Officer of the Regiment for the time being.

Given under my hand at the Head Quarters of the Regiment, at In the field, this Twenty Fifth day of March in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty Four.

By the Commanding Officer.

H. P. Sanders

1st Lieut & Acting

Adjutant of the Regiment.

Thos M. Fay

Lieut Col

Commanding the Regiment

March

1864

To all whom it may Concern.



Know ye, That Peter M. Naughton a
Sergeant of Captain Charles Bogardus
Company, (C.) 151 Regiment of New York Infy
VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the thirty first day of August
one thousand eight hundred and sixty two to serve three years or
during the war, is hereby **Discharged** from the service of the United States,
this first day of July, 1864, at In the field
by reason of Special order No 162 1st Infantry
(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)*

Said Sergt Peter M. Naughton was born in Mansfield Co
in the State of New York, is 21 years of age,
5 feet 9 1/2 inches high, fair complexion, dark eyes,
dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a clerk

Given at In the Full Va. this first day of
July 1864.

* This sentence will be erased should there be anything
in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier
rendering him unfit for the Army

Wm. C. C. C.
Colonel 151st Reg't.
Commanding the Reg't.

OATH OF IDENTITY.

of the town of _____
County of _____ in the State of _____

On this _____ day of _____ in the year
one thousand eight hundred and sixty _____ personally appeared
before me, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for the county
and _____ above mentioned, _____
who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the
identical _____ who was
a _____ in the company commanded by
Captain _____ in the regiment
_____ commanded by _____;
that he enlisted on the _____ day of _____
for the term of _____ and was discharged
at _____ on the _____ day
of _____ by reason of _____

Sworn and subscribed to before me the day and year above written.

I certify that _____ before
whom the above affidavit purports to have been made, is a Justice of
the Peace duly authorized to administer oaths, and that the above is
his signature.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my

official seal, this _____ day of _____
L. S. in the year _____
at _____ in the State of _____

Clerk of the _____

Aug. 4-1864

To be discharged

By Command of
Major Guil Wright
Calwell
Maj & adajid

13
J. B. Wright
J. B. Wright
J. B. Wright



21
70

18700

no 42772

UNITED STATES AMERICA

DEPARTMENT

of the INTERIOR



Engraved and Printed at the

Bureau Engraving & Printing

BUREAU OF PENSIONS

Former payments covering any portion of the same time to be deducted.

It is hereby certified That in conformity with the laws of the United States Peter M. Naughton who was a 1st Lieutenant Co. H. 150th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry is entitled to a pension at the rate of Forty six dollars per month, to commence on the second day of March one thousand nine hundred and three. This pension being for: Gunshot wound of left arm resulting in total disability of same.



Given at the Department of the Interior this Twenty first day of April one thousand nine hundred and three and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty seventh.

Ethan A. Hitchcock.

Secretary of the Interior.

Countersigned:

C. F. Ware

Commissioner of Pensions.



TAPS.

3-1609

Department of the Interior

BUREAU OF PENSIONS,

If not called for in 15 days, return to
THE COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C



MAIL
EARLY
FOR
CHRISTMAS



PETER MCNAUGHTON

MUMFORD N Y

42772

ACT MAY

FINANCE-*GROUP 2*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Bureau of Pensions,
Washington, D.C.

Under Act of Congress approved by the President May 1, 1920,
your pension from that date is increased to \$ 65- per month.
THIS SLIP SHOULD BE SECURELY ATTACHED TO YOUR PENSION CERTIFICATE.

PETER McNAUGHTON
MUMFORD N Y
42772 CIV WAR

Secretary of the Interior.

Commissioner of Pensions.

M F 105

Herewith is transmitted an order for increase of pension,
issued in your favor.

No one is recognized as attorney in this case, and you should
not pay any fee yourself to any person for services as agent or attorney
in the prosecution of this claim.

Commissioner of Pensions.

DDJ

Group 2 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. ACT OF MAY 1, 1920
Inv. Ctf. 42.772 Bureau of Pensions. Washington, D. C. Nov. 12, 1920
Pensioner Peter McNaughton

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED that in conformity with the laws of the
United States the pension in the above-described case is increased
to \$ 72. per month, commencing October 17, 1920

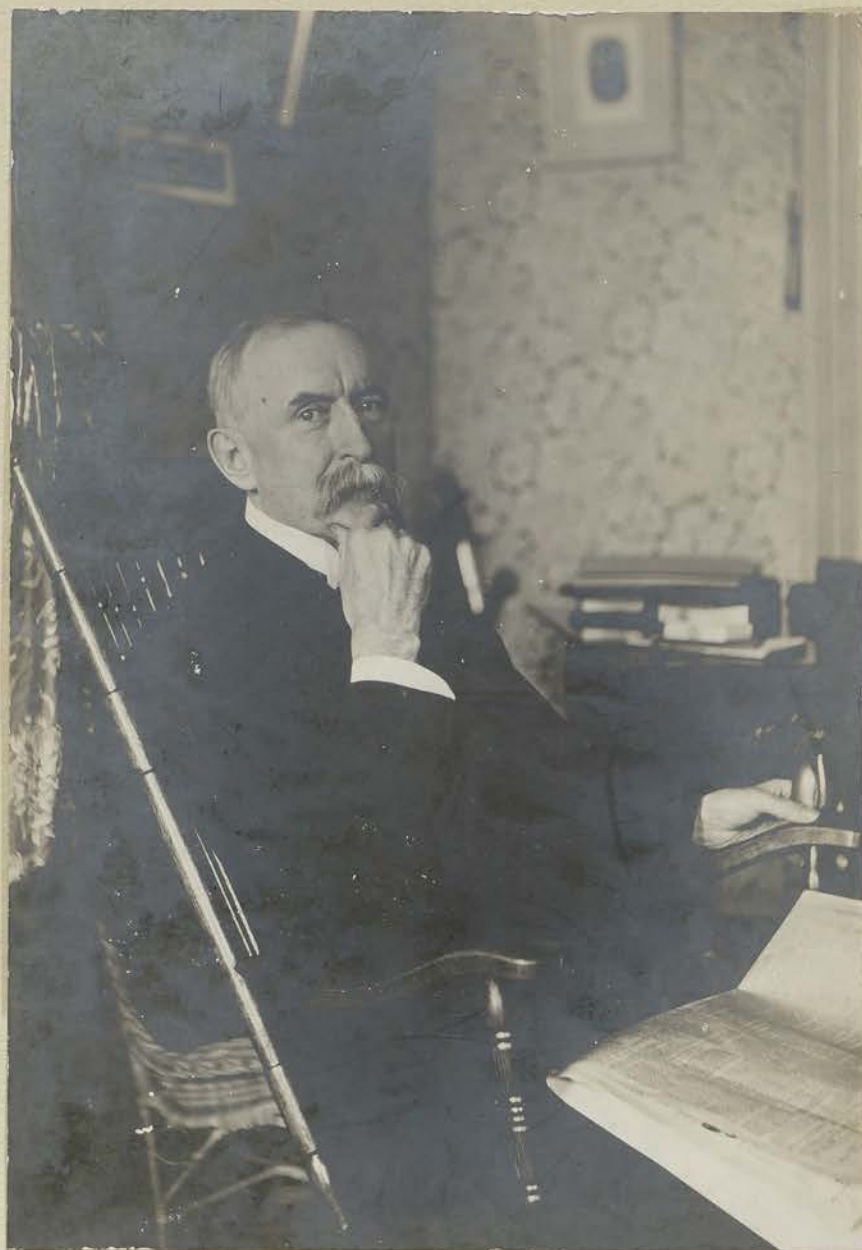
Former payments covering any portion of the same time to be
deducted. Reissue from General Law.

Commissioner of Pensions. *es*

Secretary of the Interior.



Peter
McNaughton Folio



John McNaughton



Peter McNaughton



Back Row

- ① Dr. Stuart M^{rs} Naughton
- ② Isobel Walker M^{rs} Naughton (wife of Dr. Stuart)
- 3 Arie Wilkinson
- 4 Malcolm M^{rs} Naughton
- 5 Catherine M^{rs} Dean M^{rs} Naughton (wife of Malcolm)

Front row

- ① Myra Bastwick M^{rs} Naughton
(widow of Duncan B. M^{rs} Naughton
and mother of Roy M^{rs} Naughton)
- ② Margaret M^{rs} Naughton Wilkinson
(Sister of Peter M^{rs} Naughton and wife
of Arie Wilkinson)
- 3 Peter M^{rs} Naughton
- 4 Imogene Rider M^{rs} Naughton
(wife of Peter M^{rs} Naughton)

H^d Q^{rs} Sixth Army Corps
August 4th 1864

Special Order
No 162

(Extract)

V. 1st Sergt Peter M Naughton Co I
151st N.Y. Vol is honorably discharged the Military
Service of the United States to enable him to
receive promotion



By Command of
Maj Genl Wright.

(Sd) L. A. Whittier
Majrd A. A. A. Genl

H^d Q^{rs} 3rd Div 6th A.C.
August 4th 1864

Official

(Sd) Andrew J. Smith
Captrd A. A. A. Genl

H^d Q^{rs} 1st Brig 3rd Div 6th A.C.
August 4th 1864

Official

L. M. Bartruff
Lieutrd A. A. A. Genl

H^d Q^{rs} 151st N.Y. Vol
1st Brig 3rd Div 6th A.C.
August 4th 1864

Official

Hubert Williams
Lieutrd A. Adjt.

MUSTER-IN ROLL

OF

1st Lt. Peter W. Naughton
151' New York City

Rec'd A. G. O., 186 .

MUSTER-IN ROLL of 1st Lt. John W. Naughton in the 151st Regiment, (Brigade,) of New York Volunteers,
commanded by Colonel Wm Emerson, called into the service of the United States, by The President, from
the 22nd day of October, 1862, (date of ~~the~~ muster,) for the term of Three Years unless sooner discharged.

Number of each grade.	NAMES. PRESENT AND ABSENT. (Privates in alphabetical order.)	RANK.	AGE.	JOINED FOR DUTY AND ENROLLED.				TRAVELING.		VALUATION, IN DOLLARS, OF—		WHERE ENROLLED by the Officers of the U. S., under the act approved March 3, 1863, known as the Enrollment Act.*		REMARKS.
				When.	Where.	By whom enrolled.	Period.	To place of rendez- vous, No. of miles.	From place of discharge home, No. of miles.	Horses.	Horse equipm'ts.	In what State.	Number of the Enrollment District.	
1	Peter McNaughton	1 st Lt.	23	1864 July 1 st	Pittsburg Va	Capt. A. J. Smith	3 yrs							Appointed 1 st Lt. July 1864 vice Sanders promoted This muster to date from July 1 st 1864

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That this Muster Roll exhibits the true state of only
recorder of the above
mustered Officer for the period herein
mentioned; that each man answers to his own proper name in person; and that
the remarks set opposite the name of each officer and soldier are accurate and
just.

Samuel A. Kimball
Capt. Comdg. 157th N.Y.M.

DATE: July 1 1891
STATION: Peterburg Va

WE CERTIFY, ON OATH, That the figures opposite the names on this Roll, for valuation of horses and horse equipments, represent and show the true cash value of the horses and equipments of the men, respectively, at the place of enrollment, according to our honest, impartial judgment.

Sworn to and subscribed before

DATE: _____ Mustering Officer.
STATION: _____

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined The officer whose name
is borne on this Roll horse and equipment, and have accepted
him into the service of the United States for the term of
Three years from this
day of July, 1864.

13th Div. U.S.A.

DATE: July 12th 1864
STATION: Petersburg Va.

(A. G. O. No. 21—First.)

DIRECTIONS TO MUSTERING OFFICER.

*1st. All officers mustering troops into the service of the U. S. will take special care to see that opposite every name, whether Officer or Soldier, are entered the State and the No. of the Enrollment District in which he was enrolled under the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1863, (known as the Enrollment Act,) by the Enrolling Officers of the United States.

2d. The Mustering Officer will see that *four* copies of this Roll are made, three of which he will retain; the fourth will be retained by the *Company Commander*, or, in case of Field and Staff, and officers and men mustered into service separately or in squads, by the *Senior Officer*. *Non-commissioned*, or the *Private standing first on the list of persons so mustered in*, to be handed by him to the person who musters them or him at his next muster, that the new Muster Rolls may be properly made out. The Mustering Officer will dispose of the three copies retained by him as follows: He will send one to the Adjutant General of the Army, one to the Paymaster General of the Army, and one to the Adjutant General of the State to which the troops belong. These will be sent as soon as possible after the muster-in.

Funeral Rites For Dr. McNaughton Wedn'y Eve July 25, 1940

Funeral services were held for Dr. Stuart H. MacNaughton, 86, at his home in East avenue, this village, yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. Donald C. MacLeod officiating. Death occurred early Monday evening after an illness of exactly three months. Interment was in Mumford Rural Cemetery.

Stuart H. MacNaughton was born April 9, 1854, to Daniel C. and Margaret Brew MacNaughton of Mumford. One of twelve children, he outlived his nine brothers and two sisters. In 1870, he left his home in Mumford and went to Jersey City, N. J., to study dentistry with his brother, Daniel C. MacNaughton. Although he worked for a few years with his brother, he built up an active practice in New York City, which he maintained for nearly fifty years. Rockefeller Center was built on the site of his office. While in New York he was a member of the Athletic Club and the New York State Dentistry Society.

Around 1887 he married Miss Isabel Walker of Caledonia, the ceremony taking place in the house in which he lived in East avenue. During Mrs. MacNaughton's lifetime they travelled extensively, having made three trips to Europe. Mrs. MacNaughton died in 1929.

In 1923 Dr. MacNaughton gave up his practice in New York City and came to Caledonia to live. Miss Louise MacNaughton, a niece, said that he never regretted giving up his practice to come here to live.

While living in Caledonia he was a member of the United Presbyterian Church. He served as treasurer for some time and was a member of the board of trustees.

Dr. MacNaughton was well-known and loved by everyone in the community. He loved children and always had them around him. His greatest hobby was gardening, and especially the culture of roses. Up until his last illness he was never known to have been sick. He was always very active and never missed going downtown once a day winter and summer.

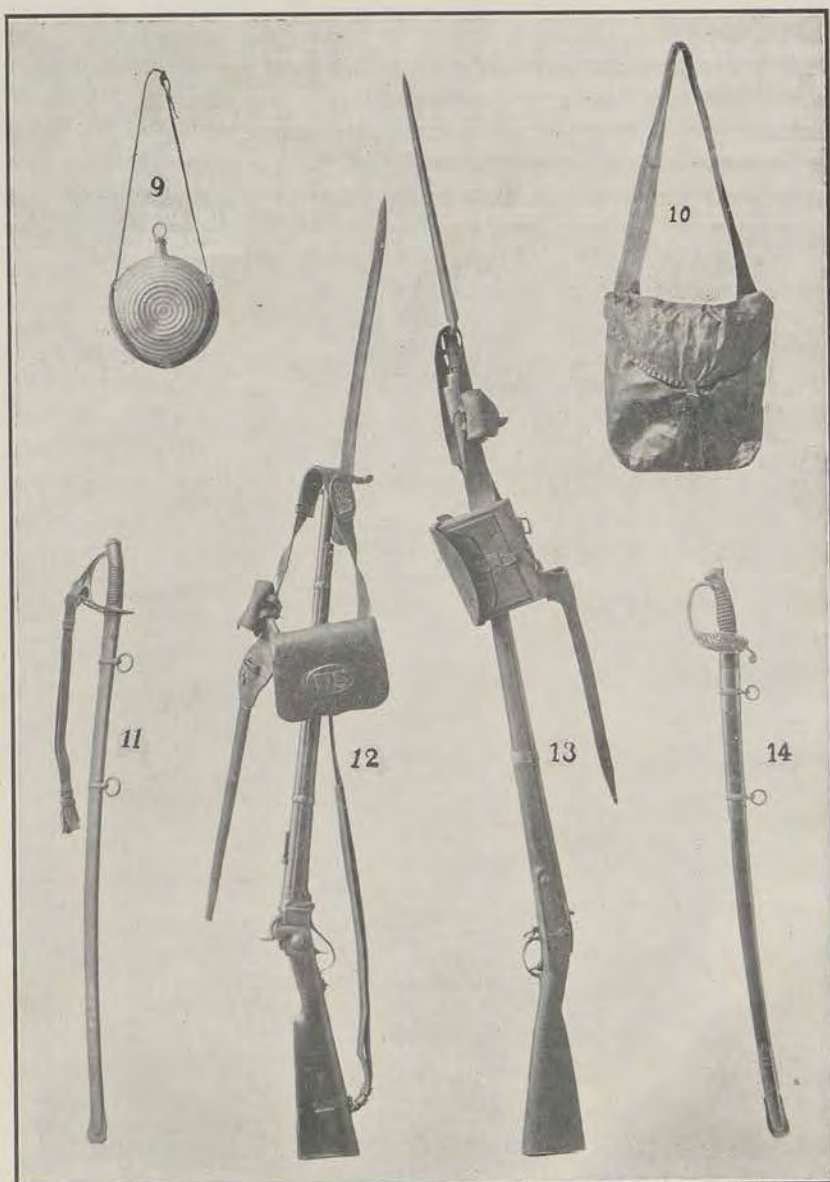
Besides one nephew, Roy B. MacNaughton, and three nieces, Mrs. Peter MacPherson and Mrs. Fayette W. Van Zile, all of Caledonia, and Miss Louise MacNaughton of Jersey City, he leaves several other nieces and nephews and grandnephews and nieces.

Out-of-town relatives who attended the funeral included Charles and William Wilkinson of Rochester, and Miss Louise MacNaughton of Jersey City.



LA FAYETTE SQUARE BARRACKS, BALTIMORE, MD.

Comfortable quarters of the 151st Regiment, during the Winter of 1862-3.



ACCOUNTREMENTS RELICS

9. Canteen; 10. Haversack; 11. Sword used through the field service of the regiment; 12. Sharps breech-loading rifle, Individual property of Co. A men; 13. Enfield rifle, used by all Companies, except Co. A; 14. Dress Sword.

7 Inglecotes Peter M^cNaughton

He lived in White House at East Side
of the Road in Malmford where the
Children of Bruce & Anna
Nicholas now live (1960)
J.J.S



ASSOCIATION OF 151ST REGIMENT
At its Reunion in Albion, N. Y., 1908.

THE SECOND YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT IN COMPANY I.

By Elwin A. Scutt.

Company I, was made up of squads of enlisted men from different parts of Genesee Co. principally from Batavia, LeRoy and Pine Hill, Le Roy furnishing the greater number.

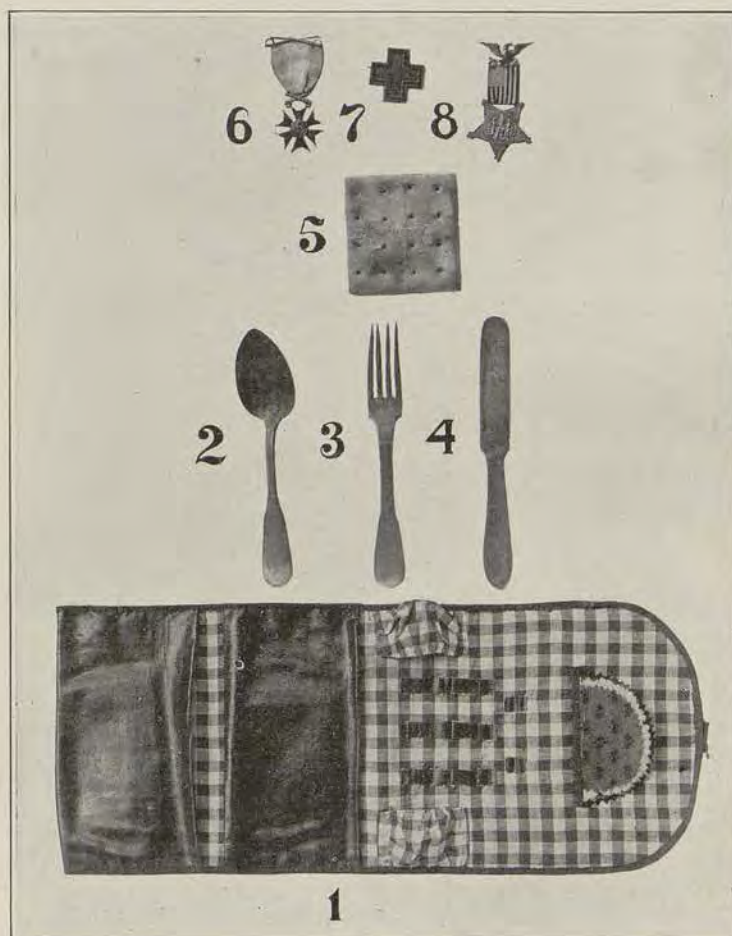
The company when finally mustered, numbered about seventy men. The writer was one of the Batavia boys, and enlisted at Batavia one Sunday afternoon, at the age of sixteen, the youngest soldier in the company, (Richard Foreman Co. D, was his junior) and was also the smallest, being but five feet, three inches tall, and weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. At one time during our first campaign, after three weeks sickness, during which I did not leave the company, my weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds. When on a march in West Virginia, with ten days rations, forty pounds of ammunition, over-coat, blanket, tent and other accoutrements, the load I carried was a little more than half my weight. While in Baltimore, company I, was detailed to guard West Warehouse hospital near the docks on the Chesapeake Bay, where the boys had a good time and where we frequently feasted on both raw and steamed oysters which were bought very cheap at a cannery.

I had the distinction of being the first in the company to be wounded, at the battle of Mine Run. One of the Stanley boys of Le Roy assisted me to get off the battle field, and it was thirty hours before my wound received any attention. That ended my connection with the Company I, as after three months in hospital at Alexandria, I was discharged from the service. I later enlisted in another regiment, and the last time I saw my old company I boys, was in December, 1864, near Petersburg, and learned that there were only eight of them fit for duty.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS WHO WERE ASSIGNED TO THE
REGIMENT DURING ITS SERVICE.

Furnished by E. E. Russell.

- One Colonel—William Emerson.
- Three Lieutenant Colonels—E. A. Bowen, T. M. Fay, Chas. Bogardus.
- Two Majors—Thos. M. Fay, J. A. Jewell.
- Three Adjutants—George Tall, James A. Jewell, E. E. Russell.
- Two Quartermasters—J. K. McDonald, C. A. King.
- Two Surgeons—A. M. Leonard, J. R. Cotes.
- Five Assistant Surgeons—J. R. Cotes, D. W. Onderdonk, Geo. Steinert, Geo. Dougherty, D. S. McLachlin.
- Two Chaplains—E. M. Buck, L. T. Foote.
- Seven Sergeant-Majors—F. R. Derrick, H. Whitmore, C. Matison, P. Messeroll, N. Peck, C. Powell, H. C. Willard.
- One Quartermaster Sergeant—Charles W. Wall.
- Two Commissary Sergeants—C. A. King, P. P. Jackson.
- One Hospital Steward—C. A. Carpenter.
- Twenty-two Captains—H. Bowen, Jr., F. W. Coleman, J. S. McManis, G. S. Hutchinson, P. Imo, L. D. Wilson, G. Potter, C. P. Clark, A. G. Collins, B. Wiles, B. F. Miller, H. Kimball, J. A. Wolcott, B. Goodspeed, I. Hallock, H. Sanders, H. Williams, G. J. Oaks, C. C. Billings, S. S. Wilcox, C. Bogardus, J. C. Schoen.
- Thirty First Lieutenants—Ch. Bogardus, Jas. Lount, B. Goodspeed, I. Hallock, J. C. Schoen, A. B. Beals, E. Hart, S. S. Wilcox, W. H. Anderson, H. Kimball, A. A. Waring, J. G. Sheppard, B. B. Tanner, E. E. Russell, N. Peck, Wm. Rowley, J. L. Carrier, J. A. Hutchinson, P. McNaughton, P. Meseroll, Geo. J. Oaks, B. Miller, Sam. Tent, C. C. Billings, H. Sanders, J. A. Wolcott, H. Williams, Wm. Gritman, F. R. Derrick, H. G. Jackson.



BADGES AND RELICS

6, Society of the Army of Potomac badge; 7, Sixth Army Corps badge; 8, Grand Army of the Republic badge; 5, Hard tack sent from Bealton Station, 1863; 2, 3, 4, Spoon, fork and knife, used through the entire service of the 151st; 1, Housewife.

Twenty-three Second Lieutenants—D. W. Arnold, J. A. Hutchinson, A. A. Waring, B. B. Tanner, Chas. Gill, J. G. Sheppard, H. Sanders, H. Williams, Geo. J. Oaks, E. Hiller, J. A. Wolcott, B. Miller, L. T. Foote, C. C. Billings, J. Otto, T. VanWagoner, F. Leopold, S. J. Smith, W. C. Allen, C. J. Carlin, Edwin Acker, J. R. Calan, Sidney O. Weston.

The following named officers were assigned to the companies and served therein:

Co. A.—Captains, H. Bowen, Jr., B. F. Miller; 1st Lieuts., C. Bogardus, J. G. Shepard, B. B. Tanner, A. A. Waring; 2d Lieuts., J. A. Hutchinson, A. A. Waring, B. B. Tanner, D. Arnold.

Co. B.—Capts., F. W. Coleman, H. Kimball; 1st Lieuts., E. E. Russell, Wm. Rowley; 2d Lieuts., J. G. Sheppard, Chas. Gill, F. R. Derrick.

Co. C.—Capt., J. H. McManis, J. A. Wolcott; 1st Lieuts., B. Goodspeed, J. A. Hutchinson, J. L. Carrier; 2d Lieuts., Frank Leopold, H. P. Sanders.

Co. D.—Capts., G. S. Hutchinson, B. Goodspeed, H. P. Sanders, H. Williams; 1st Lieuts., I. Hallock, Geo. J. Oaks, P. McNaughton, P. Meseroll; 2d Lieuts., H. Williams, W. C. Allen.

Co. E.—Capts., Peter Imo, Geo. J. Oaks; 1st Lieuts., Geo. J. Oaks, B. Miller, Sam Tent, John Schoen; 2d Lieuts., Geo. J. Oaks, J. Otto, Ed. Hiller.

Co. F.—Capts., F. L. Wilson, A. B. Beals, J. A. Wolcott; 1st Lieuts., A. B. Beals, B. F. Miller; 2d Lieuts., J. A. Wolcott, Wm. Rowley.

Co. G.—Capts., A. G. Potter, H. Kimball; 1st Lieuts., Wm. Rowley; 2d Lieuts., B. F. Miller.

Co. H.—Capts., C. P. Clark, C. C. Billings, S. S. Wilcox, B. Goodspeed; 1st Lieuts., S. S. Wilcox, C. C. Billings, H. P. Sanders, J. A. Wolcott; 2d Lieuts., L. T. Foote, J. A. Wolcott.

Co. I.—Capts., A. G. Collins, C. Bogardus, I. Hallock, Jno. C. Schoen; 1st Lieuts., W. H. Anderson, J. A. Wolcott; 2d Lieuts., C. C. Billings, S. D. Smith, W. C. Allen, J. A. Hutchinson.

Co. K.—Capts., B. F. Wiles; 1st Lieuts., H. Kimball, H. Williams, P. Meseroll; 2d Lieuts., T. VanWagoner, C. J. Carlin.

ENCOMIUM OF THE PRESS.

The following is from a letter published in The Rochester Union, June 28, 1865, addressed to the editor, G. G. Cooper, from a friend at the front:

"Few, if any, regiments have seen harder and more severe service than the 151st New York Volunteers. Composed almost wholly of young and gallant men who went forth when the storm was raging fiercest, and the waves of rebellion and disunion rolled the highest, the regiment has been pressed to the front of the line and stationed in the thickest of the fight. It became a part of the Sixth Corps—'the gallant Sixth;' and its history stands forth in bright and dazzling letters upon the page that bears the record of the noble deeds of that immortal organization.

"Following and sometimes leading the bloody trail of war through 'The Wilderness' and, in rapid strokes for freedom, pressing 'on to Richmond;' first to mount the rebel strongholds at Cold Harbor, and first on many hard fought fields; battling with vastly superior numbers at Monocacy, and in hot pursuit of the retreating invaders through Maryland and up 'the valley;' storming the works at Petersburg, and, with Sheridan, scattering to the four winds of heaven, the 'flower of southern chivalry,' the 151st has valiantly sustained its reputation. In the highest niche of fame it has placed a glorious record, while above it, in letters of light and gold, shines the inscription—the sentiment of a grateful people: 'Well done noble 151st' "

OFFICERS, AND REGISTER OF COMPANY I.

<i>Captain,</i> ALBERT G. COLLINS.	<i>Corporals,</i> EDWIN L. BISHOP, ETHAN T. BRADLEY, CHARLES A. BURNHAM, CHARLES COLE, AMOS B. CURRIER, JAMES McLACHLEN, CALEB H. VALENTINE, LEWIS S. DAVIS.
<i>First Lieutenant,</i> WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.	
<i>Second Lieutenant,</i> CORNELIUS C. BILLINGS.	
<i>Sergeants,</i> SILAS D. SMITH, WILLIAM C. ALLEN, CHARLES H. HYDE, PETER McNAUGHTON, JOHN M. HUTCHINSON.	<i>Musician,</i> HENRY G. CHAMBERLIN.

ALLEN, WILLIAM C.—Age, 21 years. Enrolled, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as sergeant, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered in as second lieutenant, February 18, 1865; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

Commissioned second lieutenant, February 18, 1865, with rank from January 22, 1865, original.

ANDERSON, WILLIAM H.—Age, 32 years. Enrolled, September 22, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three years; mustered in as first lieutenant, Co. I October 22, 1862; discharged for disability, January 13, 1864.

Commissioned first lieutenant, November, 10, 1862, with rank from October 22, 1862, original.

BAKER, EDWARD.—Age, 44 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action and paroled, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, May 22, 1865, at Tilton Hospital, Washington, D. C.

BARIGHT, FRANKLIN.—Age,—years. Enlisted, August 31, 1862, at Elba, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal, March 1, 1863; dis-

charged for disability, January 19, 1864, at Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.; also borne as Samuel F.

BARNETT, DEWITT C.—Age, 33 years. Enlisted, August 25, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; killed in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.

BILLINGS, CORNELIUS C.—Age, 25 years. Enlisted, September 22, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three years; mustered in as second lieutenant, Co. I, October 22, 1862; as first lieutenant, Co. H, January 26, 1863; as captain, January 27, 1864; killed in action, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.

Commissioned second lieutenant, November 10, 1862, with rank from October 22, 1862, original; first lieutenant, January 7, 1863, with rank from December 3, 1862, vice S. S. Wilcox promoted; captain, January 16, 1864, with rank from November 27, 1863, vice S. S. Wilcox killed in action.

BISHOP, EDWIN L.—Age, 22 years. Enlisted, August 21, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted sergeant, February 1, 1863; wounded in action, no date; discharged, December 21, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

BISHOP, HENRY A.—Born February 27, 1842, at LeRoy, N. Y.; son of Oshea Eliza Bishop; enlisted August 25, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C. Married 1873, to Abby Paul; has two sons, and one daughter. He has resided in Batavia, but is now in LeRoy, N. Y., a carriage painter by occupation.

BISHOP, THEODORE D.—Age, 43 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded and captured in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; paroled, February 21, 1865, at Aiken's Landing, Va.; discharged, August 17, 1865, at Rochester, N. Y.

BRADLEY, ETHAN T.—Age, 24 years. Enlisted, August 19, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted sergeant, March 1, 1863; wounded in action, November 27, 1863, at Mine Run, Va.; discharged for disability, September 24, 1864, at Second Division Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

BROWN, ARTHUR.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, September 22, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

BRYAN, OWEN.—Age, 33 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted sergeant, September 24, 1864; wounded in action, no date; discharged on consolidation, December 21, 1864.

BURBRIDGE, JOHN.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, no date; discharged for disability, February 13, 1864, at Third Division Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

BURNHAM, CHARLES A.—Age, 27 years. Enlisted, August 26, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

CHAMBERLIN, HENRY G.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as musician, Co. I, October 22, 1862, transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

CHAPMAN, CHARLES H.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured and paroled, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged for disability, May 31, 1865, at hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

CHAPMAN, HENRY.—Age, 30 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; killed in action, November 27, 1863, at Locust Grove, Va.; also borne as William H.

CHURCH, LEONARD C.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; discharged for disability, June 22, 1864, at Buffalo, N. Y.

CHURCH, SIMEON H.—Age, 44 years. Enlisted, August 26, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Eighteenth Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, October 17, 1864; discharged, August 11, 1865, at Albany, N. Y.

CLARK, JAMES.—Age, 21 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862; at Ridgeway, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, no date; died of diphtheria November 18, 1864, at St. John's hospital, Annapolis, Md.

CLARK, JOHN.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal, January 30, 1864; discharged on consolidation, December 21, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

COLE, CHARLES.—Age, 33 years. Enlisted, September 5, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; discharged for disability, March 24, 1864, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

COLLINS, ALBERT G.—Age, 34 years. Enrolled, September 22, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three years; mustered in as captain, Co. I, October 22, 1862; discharged, December 13, 1862.

Commissioned captain, November 10, 1862, with rank from October 22, 1862, original.

CORNELL, ISAAC.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, September 6, 1862, at Medina, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, no date; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

CROCKER, WILLIAM.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, at Batavia, to serve three years; and mustered in as private, Co. I, March 28, 1864; killed in action, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.

CURRIER, AMOS B.—Age, 38 years. Enlisted, August 25, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

DARROW, NICHOLAS.—Age, 21 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; died of cordetis, November 9, 1864, at Danville, Va., a prisoner of war.

DAVIS, LEWIS S.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; promoted sergeant, March 1, 1865; wounded in action, April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged, June 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

DEWEY, DAVID.—Age, 25 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

DONOHUE, JOHN.—Age, 44 years. Enlisted, September 9, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, June 13, 1865, at Baltimore, Md.

DUKE JOHN.—Age, 23 years. Enlisted, August 25, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. K, Third Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, September 12, 1863; discharged, July 5, 1865, at Hartford, Conn.

EMMONS, A. W.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, September 6,

1862, at Elba, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, May 3, 1865, at hospital, Washington, D. C.

EN EARL, JR., HENRY.—Age, 44 years. Enlisted, Sept. 13, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal, prior to February 28, 1863; wounded in action, November 27, 1863, at Mine Run, Va.; discharged for disability, August 23, 1864, at Augur Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

EN EARL, MALCOM.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862; at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

FORBES, CHARLES.—Age, 37 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action, May 7, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.; died of disease, May 15, 1864, at Robinson's Tavern, Va., a prisoner of war.

GRAVES, ADAM CLARK.—Age, 29 years. Enlisted, August 29, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; drowned, July 6, 1864, enroute to Baltimore, Md.

GRAVES, GEORGE C.—Age, 30 years. Enlisted, August 21, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; discharged for disability, January 12, 1864, at hospital, Bedloe's Island, New York.

GRAY, HENRY W.—Age, 36 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; promoted corporal, May 30, 1865; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

GRISWOLD, JOHN G.—Age, 21 years. Enlisted, March 23, 1864, at New York city, to serve three years; mustered in as pri-

vate, Co. I, March 28, 1864; wounded in action, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; absent, wounded, at muster-out of company.

HAAGA, ANDREW.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, Oct. 22, 1862; killed in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.

HALL, FREEMAN.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted corporal, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; promoted sergeant, March 7, 1865; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

HALL, WILLIAM M.—Age, 20 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

HALLORAN, MAURICE.—Age, 30 years. Enlisted, September 7, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

HAUS, PRINTIS.—Age, 39 years. Enlisted, September 6, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, June 19, 1865, at Frederick, Md.

HURST, GEORGE.—Age, 25 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.; supposed to have died some time in May, 1864, a prisoner of war.

HUTCHINSON, JOHN M.—Age, 24 years. Enrolled, August 19, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as sergeant, Co. I, October 22, 1862; as second lieutenant, Co. A, January 12, 1864; as first lieutenant, Co. C, July 1, 1864; killed in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.

Commissioned second lieutenant, September 14, 1863, with rank from September 8, 1863, vice S. D. Smith resigned; first lieutenant, June 20, 1864, with rank from May 6, 1864, vice H. Williams, promoted.

KIDD, ALEXANDER.—Age, 37 years. Enlisted, September 19, 1862, at Lockport, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, June 15, 1865, at Whitehall Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

KING, MELVIN N.—Age, 30 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; paroled, February 22, 1865, at Aiken's Landing, Va.; discharged, August 18, 1865, at Rochester, N. Y.

KINNE, ALBERT.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; died of chronic diarrhea, January 6, 1864, at regimental hospital, Brandy Station, Va.

KINNE, HARRISON.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; died of consumption and heart disease, February 15, 1865, at LeRoy, N. Y.

McCARRICK, BARNEY.—Age, 43 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; to One Hundred and Nineteenth Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, January 19, 1865; discharged, July 27, 1865, at Annapolis, Md.

McCARRICK, PATRICK.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as musician, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. E, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

McLACHLEN, JAMES.—Age, 25 years. Enlisted, August 31, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Twelfth Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged, June 30, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

McNAUGHTON, PETER.—Age, 21 years. Enrolled, August 31, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as sergeant, Co. I October 22, 1862; promoted first sergeant, no date; mustered in as first lieutenant, July 1, 1864; wounded in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; discharged for disability from wounds, February 16, 1865.

Commissioned first lieutenant, June 20, 1864, with rank from June 3, 1864, vice G. J. Oakes promoted.

McPHILLIPS, JAMES.—Age, 40 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; to Co. A, Fourteenth Infantry, Veteran Reserve Corps, January 10, 1865; discharged, June 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

McWETHEY, SIDNEY.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 22, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

MILLER, JOHN.—Age, 42 years. Enlisted, August 25, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

MORRISON, DAVID.—Age, 26 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

MURDOCK, JOHN.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 28, 1862, at Elba, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, May 7, 1864, at the Wil-

derness, Va.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged, May 19, 1865, at McClellan Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

MURPHY, JOHN.—Age, 36 years. Enlisted, August 29, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; to Third Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, no date; discharged for disability, May 29, 1865, at Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.

O'CONNOR, ARTHUR.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded and captured in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; paroled, February 22, 1865, at Aiken's Landing, Va.; discharged, August 18, 1865, at Rochester, N. Y.

O'DAY, MICHAEL.—Age, 31 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

ROGERS, GEORGE.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; died of typhoid fever, August 18, 1863, at Regimental Hospital, Roulty Hill, Va.

ROSENBERG, NICHOLAS J.—Age, 44 years. Enlisted, September 6, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

SCUTT, ELWIN A.—Born March 16, 1846, in Wales, Erie Co. N. Y.; son of Henry and Louisa Joslyn Scutt; raised on a farm; enlisted, August 31, 1862, at Batavia, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, November 27, 1863, at Mine Run, Va.; removed to Mansion House Hospital Alexandria, Va., where he was discharged for

disability, February 24, 1864; re-enlisted August 27, 1864; assigned to 64th N. Y. Veteran Volunteers, and served till close of war. Married 1872, to Mary J. Perry; a son, and a daughter living; has resided in Illinois, Iowa, Wyoming, Nebraska, and last thirty-six years in Michigan; engaged as mechanic, farmer, agent, state departmental clerk, bookkeeper; has held offices of Justice of the Peace, and Notary Public in Lansing, Mich., where he now resides.

Was on guard at "Old Capitol Prison" while Mrs. Surratt and her daughter were imprisoned there, after the assassination of President Lincoln.

SEELY, DEWITT.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 30, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; discharged for disability, January 27, 1864, at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va.

SHERMAN, JEROME N. B.—Age, 28 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years, mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

SHUMWAY, JOHN W.—Age, 20 years. Enlisted, August 26, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; captured in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.; died of chronic diarrhea, December 5, 1864, at Danville, Va., a prisoner of war.

SMITH, SILAS D.—Age, 30 years. Enlisted, August 31, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as first sergeant, Co. I, October 22, 1862; as second lieutenant, February 28, 1863; discharged, August 18, 1863.

Commissioned second lieutenant, January 7, 1863, with rank from December 3, 1862, vice C. C. Billings, promoted.

SNOW, HOMER.—Age, 32 years. Enlisted, August 31 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; appointed wagoner, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

STANLEY, CHARLES J.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 26, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

STANLEY, LUTHER B.—Age, 21 years. Enlisted, August 26, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, C. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

TUCKER, THOMAS.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, September 3, 1862, at Elba, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

TYLER, ANSON L.—Age, 45 years. Enlisted, August 23, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Thirty-ninth Company, Second Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, January 28, 1864; discharged, June 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

VALENTINE, CALEB H.—Age, 26 years. Enlisted, 28, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as corporal, Co. I, October 22, 1862; promoted sergeant, January 30, 1864; wounded in action, no date; discharged on consolidation, December 21, 1864, in the field, Va.

WALKLEY, ANDREW.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, September 1, 1864, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, September 3, 1864; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; killed in action, April 6, 1865, at Sailor's Creek, Va.

WALKLEY, WILLIAM H.—Age, 22 years. Enlisted, August 29, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; wounded in action, April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged, July 5, 1865, at Whitehall Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

WARNER, STEPHEN.—Age, 32 years. Enlisted, August 8, 1862, at Ridgeway, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, December 21, 1864; discharged for disability, April 13, 1865, at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Wounded at Mine Run.

WATSON, RICHARD.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 31, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; died of congestion of the lungs, March 29, 1863, at Baltimore, Md.

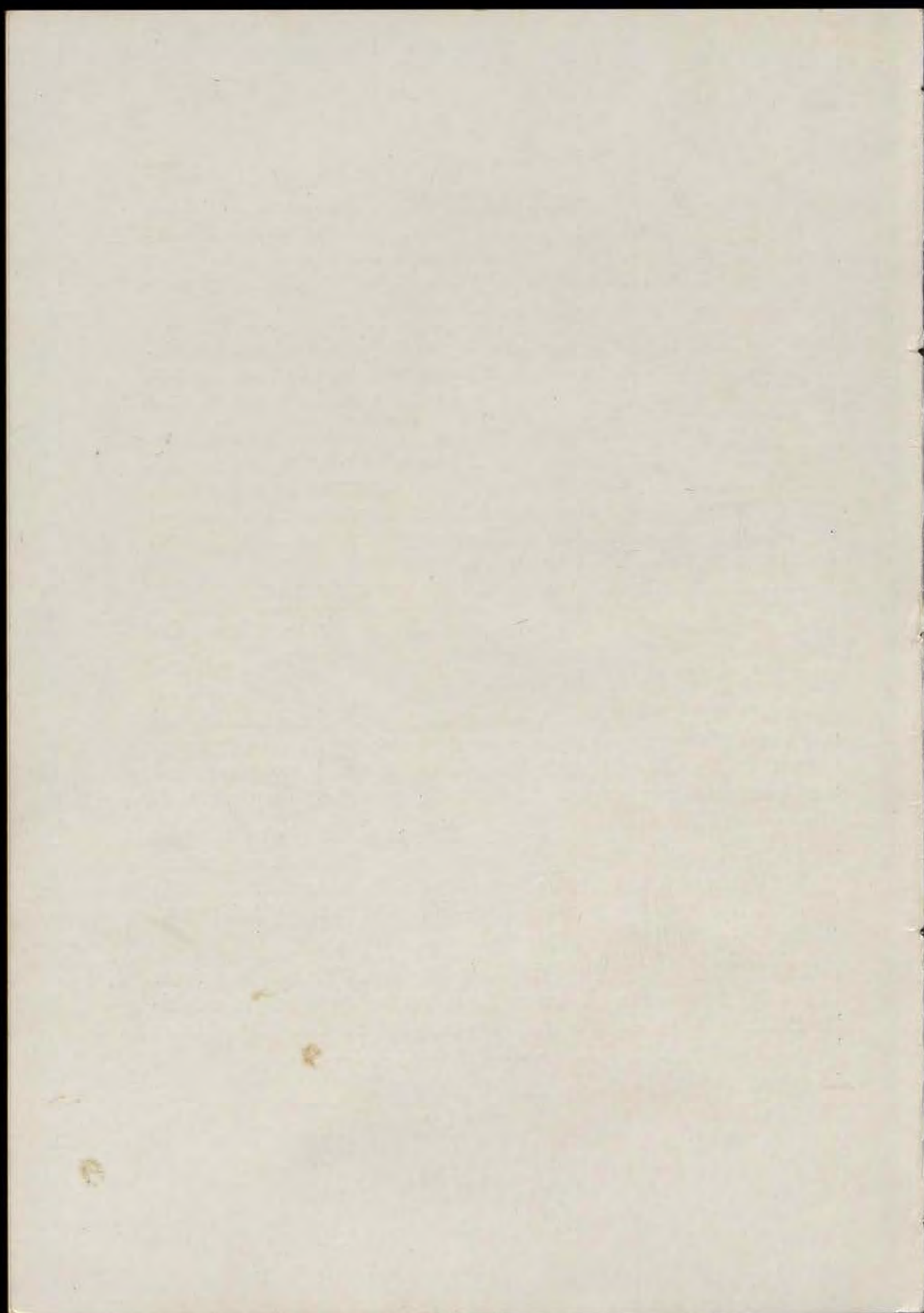
WEST SOLOMON J.—Age, 33 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at Pavilion, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; wounded in action, no date; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; discharged for disability, May 4, 1865, at hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEELER, JOHN A.—Age, 18 years. Enlisted, August 12, 1862, at Gaines, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, no date; killed in action July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.

WHIPPLE, JOHN G. D.—Age, 21 years. Enlisted, August 9, 1862, at Ridgeway, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, no date; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

WILLIAMS, CHARLES.—Age, 22 years. Enlisted, August 27, 1862, at LeRoy, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. D, December 21, 1864; mustered out with company, June 26, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

WOODHULL, GILBERT.—Age, 19 years. Enlisted, August 12, 1862, at Clarendon, to serve three years; mustered in as private, Co. I, October 22, 1862; transferred to Co. A, no date; killed in action, July 9, 1864, at Monocacy, Md.



121 North Fitzhugh St.,
Rochester, N. Y.
Dec. 14, 1941.

George J. Skivington,
Rochester, N. Y.,

Dear Sir:-

I received your letter yesterday. I will try and give you an outline on the information you wish.

Duncan McNaughton original American ancestor of the Peter McNaughton, the Civil War Veteran came to America in 1788 from Perth, Scotland. He settled at Galway, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

Peter McNaughton a son who came with him, age 12 at the time later married Elisabeth Jamison and lived at Charleston, Fulton Co., N. Y. In 1817 with six children they moved to Caledonia, N. Y. Two other children were born in Caledonia.

Daniel C. McNaughton a son of Peter married Margaret Blue. They had twelve children, ten sons and two daughters. The family lived in the little house at the top of the hill across from the Mumford Baptist Church, the building south which is now a Grange Hall was their shop. Daniel had three sons in the Civil War, Peter, John and William. John was killed in the Battle of Fredericksburg, Peter lost the use of one arm in the Battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg). I have no record of William's war record.

Peter son of Daniel was born Mar. 6, 1841. He married Imogene Rider Mar. 26, 1873. He died Nov. 30, 1922. He was buried in Mumford Rural Cemetery. He enlisted at Pavilion, N. Y. Aug. 31, 1862 in Capt. Bogardus Company, 151 N. Y. Volunteer Infantry.

Senator McNaughton was a first cousin of Peter, not a nephew. I have in my possession a bundle of letters written by Peter when in the war. Many are written in pencil and on what paper he could find and at present some cannot be deciphered. Among the letters are some from the Senator written from the battle front and from Washington. The letters by the Senator show that he was more than a politician.

The forefathers of Peter were all furniture makers and the undertaking business was part of the vocation in those times. Peter's brother Duncan and his son Roy afterwards kept up the undertaking business. Much of the antique furniture around Caledonia was made by these McNaughtons but very little is now identified.

After the war Peter lived in Brooklyn where he was engaged in the mens clothing business, he at one time run a store of his own. He was always handicapped by his useless arm. In later years he became very deaf and spent his last years at his birthplace in Mumford.

Any further information I am able to give I will gladly do so.

Very sincerely yours,

Chas. Wilkinson

