

A CIVIL WAR SOLDIER'S DIARY OF DUTCHESS MEN

Former resident made record of his service in the Union Army was member of Col. Ketchum's Regiment

Diaries are always interesting because they deal with people and people make the best news copy. Through the interest and courtesy of Burton G. Coon, the ADVERTISER is able to present its readers the diary of one of Dutchess County's soldiers in the Civil War, Peter W. Funk, once a resident of this community who will be remembered by some of the older resident. In the interesting narrative in which Mr. Funk seems to have accurately and diligently recorded the events of those wartime days, there is much to hold the attention and interest of the reader. Mr. Coon has done a real service in preparing Mr. Funk's diary for publication which the ADVERTISER is privileged to publish. Because of its length publication will be made in serial form, a portion appearing each (month) until completed.

Mr. Funk's (diary) begins with his enlistment in the Union army and he writes as follows:

BY PETER W. FUNK
Co. F. 150th NY Vol.

When this war broke out I was taken with a notion to enlist, and being naturally self-willed, I did enlist on the 28th of August 1862. From that time on, the citizen was lost in the soldier, and I became a tool in the hands of Uncle Sam's officials. After taking the oath of allegiance I was sent to Poughkeepsie, which was then the rendezvous for the 150th Regiment, which was then being formed having for its Colonel, John H. Ketchum of Dover, for Lieutenant Colonel, Charles B. Bartlett, a captain in the regular army and a graduate of West Point, for Major we had A. B. Smith of Poughkeepsie, by the boys called "Able Bodied Smith". They were three fine men and in every way worthy of so high a position, if we except the Lieut. Col. Who was addicted to drinking too much commissary whiskey.

On reaching Poughkeepsie, I was assigned to Co. F. in command of Capt. John L. Green of Rhinebeck, S. Van Rensselaer Cruger was Lieutenant and Polhemus Bowman of Milan, formally peddler of Bowman's salve and balsam was Second Lieutenant. There were four Sergeants and eight Corporals appointed, and ho horrors! I was among the latter. Just imagine my feelings, if you can, being a soldier about a week and having a Corporalship conferred upon me with the privilege of wearing two stripes or chevrons on each arm, and one on each leg. I

tell you I felt gay as they make 'em—bigger than Tom Thumb. We had very good fare while we lay in camp, having little to do, and the change in our living being so different from what we were accustomed to as civilians made me enjoy it exceedingly. But all good time will have to end—so did our, for in the morning of the 11th of October—Oh memorable day! Many a mother's heart was covering with sorrow at the parting of her loving sons who have found a soldier's grave at the hands of the rebels—we were ordered to be ready to leave at night. In the morning the ladies of Poughkeepsie presented us with a set of colors (a flag) which was thankfully received, and an appropriate speech was made by our Colonel, in the behalf of the Regiment. About 4 o'clock in the after the line was formed, and we started for the river where the steamer "Oregon" was laying to carry us to New Jersey. Main Street was one mass of people. Then commenced the first trials of the Regiment. Mothers, wives, fathers, and brothers, running from one end of the line to the other, calling the name of some loved one in the ranks, who not thinking themselves able to bear the parting would try and keep out of the way. The scene as we neared the boat was heart-breaking to an eye witness. What was my thoughts, kind reader: Forgive me for speaking my mind. There were no kind parents there—no tender relatives—no, not one face that I could recognize as that of a known friend to shake me by the hand and wish me a hurried good bye. And I felt glad there was not, as I could not have stood it. But still my heart was at home, looking down on that family group. Each were my thoughts and the next moment I was hurried on the boat, the hawser was cast off, and away we went. A short time and Poughkeepsie with all its auderments was out of sight for many forever. Before morning we were anchored off between New York and New Jersey.

At daybreak we landed at Jersey City, and after getting breakfast we were put on cars, and away went the Iron horse, and the state of New York was soon far behind.

Our first stopping place was in Philadelphia where we arrived in the night. We got our supper at the Cooper Institute, which during the war was turned into a soldiers relief rooms, after which we got on another train and sped on our way, and the next day about noon we brought up at Harve de Grace in Maryland. Here we crossed the Susquehanna River, the cars being run on a boat for that purpose. From here again the Iron horse took us whirling along through the woods and valleys, and the next night we were in Baltimore, at which we were to get our arms. We lay all night on the floor of the depot. This city is one of the largest in the Union and it is to be regretted that so much of it is held by the rebel sympathizers, who but for

40,000 troops laying in and about the city would not have hesitated to raise the rebel standard. It is a very pretty city and has a monument erected to the memory of Washington 175 feet high from the top of which a splendid view of the whole city can be had for miles around. It has one of the finest harbors in America and is surrounded on the water side by Fort McHenry, Fort Federal Hill, and Fort Marshall whose sides are bristling with cannon ready to belch forth a storm of iron and lead upon the city and bay, should the rebels be imprudent enough to advance at that point. The next day, the 15th of October, we fell in line and had our guns issued to us. They were Austrian rifles, and of but little use, being second hand, and many of them out of order, but good enough for drill purposes, after which we commenced our march through the city, and about 1 o'clock p.m. halted about a mile west of the city. Here we got our dinner and then had a half shelter tent given to each man with instructions to make ourselves comfortable for the night. This we did as well as we could be putting two pieces of tent together making one tent 6 feet long by 4 feet high, and open at both ends. This you will say was a hard bed, but let me assure you that after being on the cars two days and nights we slept as comfortable as I ever did at home until about 1 o'clock in the morning, when the rain came down in torrents, and in a short time we were wet to the skin and shivering with the cold. (To be continued.)

CIVIL WAR VET'S DIARY TELLS OF EARLY ARMY DAYS
Rigors of Winter Camp Tried Endurance of Newly Made Soldiers
A night on the Picket Line
Thursday, June 2, 1932

By Peter W. Funk
Co. F, 150th NY Vol.

It stopped raining before daylight, and the sun came out bright and warm as a July morning, which was a welcome sight to us water-soaked Yanks. During the day we drew wall tents and had our camp laid out in order and before night we were as comfortable as a pig in a new pen. Our place of residence was called Camp Millington.

In a few days Camp Millington was the scene of regular drills, regular meals, etc. The 19th we were called into line and ten rounds of cartridges were given to each man. We were then drilled in street firing and were kept on foot till night, when we were dismissed with the order to sleep with our equipment on and our

guns by our side ready to fall in at a minute's notice as an uprising was expected in the city and that probably before morning some of us would be cold and stark in death. But not one face paled with fear, but the compressed lips and nervous movements told plainly that many were anxious to meet the rebel foe and deal out to them their just desserts.

But no such opportunity occurred. The night passed off quietly, and in the morning we learned that it was only a ruse of the officers to try us. The Colonel was much pleased with our behavior. Such is a soldier's life - liable to be called up at any moment to do and die for his country, but a good soldier never murmurs. On the 21st, Company F was sent to the Newton University Hospital in the eastern part of the city to do guard duty. There were about 250 sick and wounded soldiers in it at this time, who had left their homes to fight for their country and who were soon to be sent back to their homes again, cripples for life at the hands of those who were striving to dethrone the best government that ever existed. And how many others are there who will never see home to clasp in their arms their loving ones, who imagined he was leaving them for only a short time. Such scenes and thoughts will make a soldier sell his life as dearly as possible, and use his last strength in hurling death and defiance at his foes.

Our duty at the hospital was easy and very pleasant and time passed rapidly. November 6th we had a light fall of snow. In the afternoon I went to see a lunatic who was brought to the guard house, and two men were detailed to take care of him. I was shocked when I beheld this wreck of a man. He was about 20 years old, light complexion, light blue eyes, light hair and a Roman nose. with all the appearance of a gentle man. But to see him now in his present condition - the rolling of those large eyes, and the piteous walls as you approached would melt your heart with pity. Then, in an instant, as his imagination moved on he would break in the most terrific yells. It was enough to freeze the blood in your veins. Often he would throw himself in the fire, so it kept two men to watch him or else let him destroy himself. Think what a sight for his parents - reason lost forever in Uncle Sam's service! Everything around the hospital passed off quietly and but for deaths occurring so often, reminding us of the fate likely to be ours, we should not have known we were soldiers.

On the 15th one man died and his remains were sent home. Our fare, which for two weeks had been miserable, was inspected by our Colonel. It consisted of bread, beef and coffee for breakfast; dry bread and coffee for dinner; and the same for supper, and it was dealt out to us as if each meal was to be the last. Our Colonel said it was unfit for men to eat, much less for men in the service of the country which had plenty of all kinds. And accordingly we drew our own rations and had a

man detailed to cook for us. much to the chagrin of the hospital commissary. And from that time everything passed off quietly until the 16th when the peace with which we had been surrounded so long was suddenly broken by the appearance of one of the men coming in drunk. Our orderly sergeant was going to put him in the guard house when the private drew his bayonet, threatening to run the Sergeant through if he laid his hands on him; which so exasperated that worthy gentleman that. unable to restrain himself, he rushed down stairs, seized a revolver, and threatened to blow the private's brains out. And it would have ended thus but for the arrival of the private's friends who gave the Sergeant orders to put up his revolver or they would tread him under their feet, which cooled him down somewhat, when one of the Lieutenants came and ordered all parties to their respective quarters, thus bringing the trouble to a close.

The next day, the 17th, our unruly Sergeant was sent to camp and our First Sergeant, Samuel J. Paulding came down in his place, being much loved by the whole company, and a man in every respect worthy of the position he was holding. The 24th we had several boxes sent to the company, and among the number was one for me sent by my parents, filled with delicacies of all kinds which was soon despatched with a will. In the afternoon I went to take a view of Fort Federal Hill, the plan of which was laid by Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and the work done mostly by the Ellsworth Zouaves. It was armed with six mortars and other heavy ordinance and with a regiment of Yanks who were ready to let their pieces belch forth in thundering tones upon the city and bay. And I may safely add that but for these forts and the stout hearts within them, few Union families would have lived in the city in peace.

This fort is about 100 feet higher than the bay upon whose banks it stands, the city being partly on three sides of it and laying much lower than the fort. The banks on the water side is so steep that no mortal man could climb it. while the other sides are protected by a ditch 15 feet wide and 12 feet deep, and two 20-pound Parrot guns are placed in each angle of the fort so as to rake the ditch should any man be foolhardy enough to attempt to scale the works. Altogether it is a work to be loved by its defenders and feared by its foes. At night there arrived about 150 sick and wounded men, Yanks and rebs. They had been sent from Washington, the hospital there being full. The 29th we got orders to report to camp. We were relieved by the 151st N. Y. Vols. Our regiment had been moved to or near Patterson Park and called Camp Belger. In the afternoon we got there and found carpenters at work building barracks for the regiment. The 28th we received 15 turkeys sent to us by John C. Cruger. father of our First Lieutenant, which were sent for a Christmas

dinner but came too late; but they were eaten with a zest that went far to prove that "better late than never" holds good in case of the turkeys.

THE DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
COL. F. 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTSER
THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1932

January 5th I was invited to help eat a turkey from Red Hook my native place, which I enjoyed very much. The 6th, myself and 12 privates and one sergeant were sent to Locust Point near Fort McHenry, to guard a government storehouse and railroad bridge. This was a very pleasant place, the whole harbor being in full view while we could see down the bay as far as the eye could reach. It is the coal market for the whole city. It also has a copper foundry and two iron foundries. The month of January passed off quietly and rapidly. The people were sociable and peaceable.

February 1, 1863, I saw a number of pontoons for the first time. They were boats 30 feet long, 4 ½ feet wide and ½ feet deep. These are anchored about 10 feet apart, and timbers and plank which are always carried along are placed on them making a strong and reliable bridge. The 20th we had a pleasant snow, and I saw the first sleigh we had seen during the winter and it was made of willow and looked more like my mother's wash baskets set on a pair of runners than anything I can compare it to. It is not often that as far south as Baltimore they enjoy sleigh riding, cheered by the music from the throats of a string or two of silver-tongued bells. The 21st the snow which came the day before disappeared before the bright rays of the sun like mist from the hilltops in July. The 22nd was duty celebrated throughout the city. Gen Butler arrived in the morning amid the booming of cannon, the waving of banners and all the demonstrations of joy which a patriot people could think of offering; while all the vessels laying in the harbor with their colors at half mast showed that the memory of the fallen hero, George Washington, still lived in the heart of every true American.

The 23rd we were ordered to camp and reached that place before night. The 25th we got orders to be ready to march in ten minutes. In an instant all was commotion. Where are we going? Was asked by a hundred mouths in a breath, but no one knew. We marched down to Lighthood dock where lay the transports crowded with soldiers (prisoners) taken by Rosecrans and were now on their way

to Camp Chase, Ohio. We guarded them to the railroad station and went to camp where we arrived in time for supper. We then lay down to sleep and about 11 o'clock we were again routed out of our tents and went down to the dock again, and lay down in the street, on the stoops and sidewalks till morning, shivering with the cold. At daylight we escorted the rest of the prisoners to the depot and went back to camp tired, hungry and sleepy. But these cravings were satisfied by the next morning and we felt as well as ever—ready for a fight or a foot race.

The 27th was a bright and pleasant day. In the forenoon we had company drill and in the afternoon battalion drill in city. The 28th we were marched in review before Brig. Gen. Henry Briggs, then in command of the middle depot; and afterward we were inspected by him. He was much pleased with our marching and complimented us very highly on the cleanliness of our accoutrements and general appearance. The 29th being warm and pleasant, our captain took the company to the park drill. While there we went to see the feathered tribe in the pond. We saw swans, geese and ducks of all kinds, all of which seemed to be enjoying themselves, while the merry birds in the trees about us were warbling their sweetest songs of praise, proclaiming that spring was at hand. The earth in the park was thickly mixed with ising-glassd glittering in the rays of mid-day sun like so much silver. After a long walk through the woods up and down hill, we returned to camp just in time for dinner which was quickly dispatched. In the evening we had dress parade at 5 p.m.

April 1, 1863. In the morning we got orders to pack up. The different companies were sent to different parts of the city. My company was sent to Camden Street Hospital. I, with three privates, were sent to the Union Relief Rooms whose worth is known to every Union family in the north. How different all was here from the camp. Instead of noise and quarreling, all was peace and quiet; and the way of living was so different from our camp life that it made me feel as if at home. Our food was the best of everything, and all the heart could wish for. I had a great deal to do, but our night's rest was undisturbed, thus making a hard duty light; for a soldier thinks nothing of a hard day's work if he can sleep all night without being called up. One the evening of the 3rd, as I was standing on the platform of the depot as the Washington train came in, I saw several stretchers standing beside the windows, and I knew that more of the rebel riflemen had done their cruel bidding. On one lay a young man wounded in the leg at Murfreesboro, and by his side sat his father who was taking him home. Another was Corp. Joseph G. Elder of the 126th Penn. Vol. Inf. Shot through both thighs with a Mini all. I got him off of the

cars after a long time, but his cries and groans were heart-rending. With the help of one of my guards I carried him to the U. R. Rooms where he stayed till the next morning, when he was sent on his way home feeling much better. The 15th I went to camp and while there some of the men seized two niggers that came into camp. They put a rope around the neck of one and after running him around the camp, was going to hang him when the officers interfered and the police was called to take him away. They then tied the other one to a tree and tried to sell him at auction but as they could find no sale for him they gave him a floggings and let him go. I afterwards learned that they had stolen a revolver from Captain McConnell so that the punishment, though not severe was well deserved. They were not seen in camp after that. The 16th I went to camp sick with a cold. The 18th, feeling much better and the day being warm and pleasant, I and a friend went out of camp on a stroll. Getting tired we sat down under a spreading oak with a small stream running at our feet and making pleasant music to the ear as it coursed its way among the pebbles. The sun was shedding forth its most brilliant rays; the little birds were hopping from limb to limb tuning their voices to the sweetest lays; even the cows grazing on the hillside seemed to be happy. After resting her for some time, and being well satisfied with our ramble, we returned to camp feeling much better.

The 21st I went down to where the company was stationed and saw a man's head opened, who had died of a disease he had had 15 years before, but which had been working in his blood ever since, finally affecting his brain and causing his death. The weather for a few days had been very unpleasant, raining most of the time and there was quite a stream running at the head of Camden Street. It was raining quite fast when a little wench came along but could not get across. Bill DeWitt, who was always full of mischief, picked her up in his arms and getting half way across let her drop in the middle of the stream, screaming with fright. An old nigger being near at hand, drew her out, looking like a drowsed kitten.

On Sunday morning there arrived about 150 rebel prisoners, 32 of whom were Moseby's Gorillas. They were poorly clad, dirty and filthy, and the most desperate lot of men I ever saw. About 20 of them were wounded. During the last three days of 1,500 soldiers, the survivors of the 79th and 13th NY Volunteers, passed through the city on their way home. One day as we were laying around the corners there came a flat car drawn by six horses, and on the car lay the Lincoln gun weighing 44,444 lbs., being the heaviest gun that had ever been cast. It was longer than the car and bigger than a barrel at the breach. It was on the way to Fortress

Monroe. The next day was intensely hot in the forenoon, but towards evening the black clouds commenced traversing the sky; the lightning flashed, the earth shook with the fierceness of the thunder, while the rain descended in torrents. At night we lay down to rest, the most of the company having straw pallets, but I being less fortunate, had to lay on the floor with nothing but a blanket under me, and likely to be called up at any moment. And how often would the overhanging branch of some friendly tree receive a hearty welcome to shelter them from the fury of the raging storm that seemed to threaten to overwhelm them. And yet how deaf are those who sit in their quiet homes rocked in the chair of luxury, to the appeals of the soldier who was gone to battle with relentless foes and has to endure numberless hardships and suffer hunger and fatigue for those very ones who think he leads a life of ease and happiness and needs nothing to make him content with his lot.

April 28th I attended the fireman's parade. The procession was led by our regimental band and in the center was the bands of the 129 NY Volunteers. The engines were in a splendid condition, glittering in the rays of the sun like gold and silver. The police were formed in the line next to the leading band. They then marched through all the main streets of the city and at about 3 p.m. halted in front of Holliday Street Theatre where the bands played a few national airs, and then all dispersed to their homes. The 31st of May the merriment which generally pervaded out camp was broken by the death of Henry Muller of my company, a young German who was much loved by both officers and men, being faithful soldier and pleasant companion in camp or on duty. We escorted his remains to the soldier's cemetery where he lay three days and then was buried with military honors by the side of hundreds of others who have found a resting place there. The 8th of June we were marched to camp to get our new guns. They were Enfield rifles and the best rifles in the field. The 17th we got orders to report to camp. When we got there marching order were awaiting us. We marched till about 9 o'clock at night, when we were turned around and went back to camp where we arrived about 1 o'clock, to the astonishment of the few left behind. We were dismissed with orders to get ready to march at a minute's notice. The next day we went to Fort Marshall where we arrived just night, tired and hungry. The day had been very warm and some of the men had given out. There was not room inside of the fort, so we had to make ourselves comfortable outside in the field. In the morning we were marched inside of the fortress guards where everything was confusion. We stacked arms and tried to reconcile ourselves to our lot, but this would not do, for

the day was uncommonly hot and there was no trees to shield us from the rays of the sun, so we did what good soldiers do—grinned and for it. After a long day, blessed night came to relieve us from the scorching rays of the sun. Again many of us had to sleep out of doors, while those who slept in the barracks had to get up and have a hand to hand fight with the bed bugs who had driven them out of their beds and had surrounded them on all sides, but were finally repulsed after a hard fought battle with severe loss, the black flag being raised. No prisoners were taken and no Yanks were killed, but many a one the next morning showed the wounds of the Invaders had left. We lay there two days and then returned to Camp Belger, being relieved by the 8th NY Artillery. WE were received with three cheers by those who had stayed behind, and from the time the comforts of Camp Belger were the better appreciated, for the last four days had taught us a lesson too plain not to be understood. The Colonel gave us thanks for our behavior which was answered by three ringing cheers the whole length of the line. (To be continued.)

THE DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
COL. F, 150TH MY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTISER
JUNE 16, 1932

June 19th everything was confusion. The rebels had crossed the Potomac, and the M. P's, of the city were going about picking up all the niggers caught in the streets and set them to work barricading the streets and building entrenchments around the city. It was a comical sight to see them work, laughing and singing. It was rather a pleasant contrast to see the street nigger at work by the side of the dandy out of the barber shop, but the M. P's., made no distinction in position—all were compelled to work. Our regiment was detailed to guard them and keep them to work.

June 26, 1863, we got orders about 9 a.m. to be ready to march in fifteen minutes. We marched about four miles and were joined by the 1st Maryland Regiment of the Potomac Home Brigade, and then took up our line of march for Gettysburg. We went 12 miles and then encamped for the night at Elicot's Mills. During the night we had a shower and in the morning we started out of camp wet to the hide, and marched 19 miles and encamped for the night at Poplar Springs. The next day we went the same distance and encamped at Monoxie Bridge where Hooker's army and train had been passing for three days. I had given out about five miles from this place, my feet being so blistered that I could not step without great pain. I got

in camp about two hours after the rest of the regiment. We lay there two days till Hooker's train went past and then we started, bringing up the rear. We marched about two miles and halted for a rest. When the men commenced to empty their knapsacks, blankets, coats, pants and clothing of all kinds were scatted promiscuously along the road. AT night we camped in a piece of woods, and in the morning at 8 o'clock stropped for dinner on the other side. In the morning we marched about three miles when we halted and were ordered to throw our knapsacks down by the side of the road. This we did, and away we went as fast as we could walk. The distant booming of cannon now reached our ears, which sounded nearer and nearer as we approached and told plainly of the harvest death was reaping on that never-to-be-forgotten field of slaughter. About 11 a.m. we reached the field of battle, but being very tired we were taken about to the rear and ordered to rest in a field of rye stubble back of Cemetery Hill.

We lay there about two hours when, overcame, a 12 lb. shell, screeching all kinds of murder as it came. This was the first the regiment ever heard, and to see the dodging and running would have made an old soldier laugh in spite of himself. About sundown we saw an aid coming as fast as his horse could come. He rode up to Gen. Lockwood, who had command of us and instantly we go the order to fall in. We were soon in where the fighting was heaviest. Wounded men were running to the rear would tell us we were being whipped. Others would say, "Give them hell, boys—if you don't they will give you," and so forth. We learned that the rebels were trying to get possession of two guns of which the horses were killed, and they were pressing our men so hard that we could not get them away. We were formed into line of battle with the 1st Maryland Regiment in advance and with three cheers dashed on to the rebel lines, which at the sight of fresh troops fell back in confusion.

Our Lieut. Col. with a detail drew off the two pieces of cannon and we then fell back to our former position, our places being taken by old troops for the night. The ground over which we passed in our advance was strewn with the dead and dying. The scene was heartrending—to see those marble-like faces, and hear the piteous groans and feeble voices that would call, "Do not step on me" or "Help me", as you approached. It was a scene never to be forgotten. We lay down to rest with our guns by our side and about 12 o'clock at night we were brought to our feet by having a volley fired at us, as we thought, and we commenced running for shelter, some leaving their guns and everything. We were soon in line, however, awaiting the attack. We waited a half an hour when the noise died away and we

found that the rebels had made an advance on our picket line, but finding it too strong, fell back. So anyway I lay down again till morning in quiet.

The next morning we were in line again at an early hour when we placed in support of Battery M. 1st NY Artillery. We lay here about an hour while the 1st Maryland Regiment was sent in the woods in front of us where there was a steady roar of musketry, but they soon came running out, every man for himself. They had met the 1st Maryland rebel regiment, and after a hand to hand to hand fight, getting out of ammunition, they had to fall back. They got a new supply and went in again and soon had possession of the rebel works. We were then ordered to take their places, and with a yell we dashed into the breastworks, while shot and shell cut the air all around us. We remained in the works about two hours when another regiment came and took our place while we fell back a short distance. We lay there an hour and went in again and soon had shells flying in our front we ceased firing when about 50 rebels came into our lines. It was at this moment that Lee's Adjutant General rode down on horseback in front of our regiment to stop his men from coming in our lines, and received the dessert of all traitors. The regiment gave him a volley and they both fell, his and the horse.

The next morning it was found he was hit by five balls and his horse by twenty-five. After being in an hour we were relieved and fell back to our old position. We had just lay down when we were opened on by an unseen battery, and trees and rocks found they were objects of affection. One of our batteries got in position and soon silenced the rebels when we fell back to a place of security and rested for the night. But about 10 o'clock the rain came down in torrents and there we lay in an open field without a tent or blanket to shelter us, for they had been left in our knapsacks. Before morning we had to get rails to lay on to keep out of the mud and water. It was at this time that I contracted rheumatism from which I have not been free since. There was little firing in the morning, and about noon we heard that the rebels had left and were on their way to Williamsport. Our loss was 8 killed and 40 wounded. About 3 p.m., we started in pursuit of the retreating rebels. We went 10 miles and camped for the night. The 5th we lay in the woods till noon when we marched till night. The 6th we marched 32 miles, being a forced march and did not get in camp till 11 p.m. The 7th my shoes gave way and I was barefooted. In the morning it rained. At night my company went on picket duty on a range of the Cumberland Mountains. The Colonel in command of the picket (I wish I knew his name so that I might make it known) seeing that some of us were barefooted after going about a mile, sent me and about 11 others to camp,

saying, "He would stand picket in our places if there was not enough men with shoes on". The 8th I rode in the ambulance. They day was pleasant, but the road was very hilly over the mountains and through woods and valleys, making hard marching for men and beast.

The 9th we came in front of the rebel works 10 miles from Williamsport. We lay in line of battle all day, but there was no fighting, though we could see their pickets. The 10th we threw up breastworks and cut down trees in our front so as to give the artillery fair range. The 11th we lay in the breastworks all day with the expectation of receiving a message from our rebel foes, but none came. They seemed to be well pleased with their lot. The 12th in the morning we advanced our pickets and found the rebs had given us the slip. Lee had crossed the Potomac and was out of harm's way. We lay till 9 o'clock at night when we started after them. It was very dark, and the recent rains had made it very muddy. I and my bunk-mates, Richard Lown and Peter Stickle, went about 300 yards when we fell out of the ranks and lay down under a chestnut tree till morning. At daylight, we started on our way and found the road lined with stragglers like ourselves. We went about three miles when we met the head of the column coming back. They had marched till 12 o'clock when they lay down till morning and then came back. So we saved a long tramp for nothing. At 2 p.m. we passed through Sharpsburg and at night encamped at Berlin. The 16th we reached Harper's Ferry; we lay there the 17th, and on the 18th we crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, the railroad bridge having been there was burned by the rebels. The river at this place was very shallow with a rocky bed, the rocks in many places sticking some way out of the water. The water was very muddy and ran very fast. The 19th I was taken sick and was sent to an ambulance, but the train being vull I had to get along the best I could. The country through which we passed was very hilly. For two days now I was without rations and had to live on what I could get, or beg from the citizens. I saw the rear of the column as they passed through Whitesides, and throwing away my gun and accoutrements I pressed on after it passing through Thoroughfare Gap. I gave 10 cents for two hardtack and a half and about 10 o'clock at night I reached the regiment, who looked upon me as one risen from the dead. They gave me something to eat and drink and I felt like a new man.

The 26th of July we marched till Callet's Station and the next day stopped at Warrenton Junction, where we lay for three days, and then were compelled to move on account of the water which was so scarce that we had to dig holes for it, and then it was so tainted the iron ore that we could not use it. So on the first of

August we marched to the Rappahanock and encamped for the night on the north bank. On the 2nd, we crossed to the other side and lay on the hot burning sand all day and night. The next afternoon we recrossed the river and went in camp. Canonadding was heard in the distance. The 4th we had a thunder shower which lasted till night. The 6th my company went on picket along the bank of the river for 24 hours when we were relieved by another company. The next night we had another shower but it lasted by a short time. The condition of the regiment when we arrived at this place was deplorable. More than half the men were in the hospital and half the others were sick. Scarce enough left to do duty.

The 8th my company was sent on picket again. I was Corporal of the first relief and was posted in front of the ford known as Kelly's Ford. The 24 hours passed off quietly and the next morning we were relieved. The rest of the day was spent putting up our tents which had been issued during the day before. We also drew two days' rations of soft bread, the first we had seen since leaving Baltimore. The 9th our regiment was called into line. We stacked arms and were ordered to keep on our accoutrements and not to leave camp on any condition, but to be ready to march at a minute's notice to the support of the picket in case of attack. The rebels had posted men along the river bank on the other side in our front. The next day another regiment took our place and I went to see a battalion drill of some old troops, and in the afternoon we had a regimental drill, it being the first time we had been on parade in five weeks. The 11th our company was sent to picket, but as I was not wanted, I stayed in camp.

The next day we were called into line and paid two

month's pay, and it was a great relief to us. The sutler's tent was soon crowded with eager buyers and before night every man had a share of the kick-knacks kept there. The men could be seen going with their arms full in every direction. The 14th I went on picket and in the distance the rebel cavalry could be seen going in all directions. They relieved their pickets in front of us at night, but as they were quiet and seemed quite at ease, they were not disturbed. Still they would not hold any conversation with us, who several times tried to draw them out, but it was in vain, they paid no attention to what we said. We remained on picket 24 hours when we were relieved as before, and the rest of the day was spent in idleness. The 16th there was a court martial held and Albert Jones of the 145th NY Volunteers was sentenced to be shot for desertion on the 21st, but this was afterward postponed. For nearly a week we had very pleasant weather, but on the 25th it commenced to

rain and blow a perfect hurricane. Then tents were flying in every direction and some were kept in their places only by the men sitting inside and holding them down. The sutler's and quartermaster's tents were blown down and their valuables scattered in every direction. It lasted by a short time and before night every tent was in its place. (To be continued)

THE DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
COL. F 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTISER
THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1932

The next day we moved our camp about a mile further from the river. The 30th we were mustered for pay. At night my company received orders to pack up and we were marched to the brigade headquarters and we were sent from there to the ford to lay as a support for the picket in case the rebel's should attempt to cross in the night in which case they would have met with a warm reception. But no rebs came and in the morning we were drawn up under cover of the woods out of the rebels sight, but close enough that we could see their every movement. At night we were relieved and went to camp. On Sunday morning we held a meeting in the woods led by a gentleman from Poughkeepsie, Uncle John Vassar.

October 15, 1863 the execution of Albert Jones, 145th NY Volunteers, took place, a scene that I shall never forget, the sun came out bright and warm shedding its brightest rays. At half past one our division (the first) was marched out into an open field and formed into three sides of a hollow square, the grave being at one end. At 2 p.m. the procession came in sight. In front marched the brigade band playing the death march. Next came 12 riflemen with bayonets fixed. Next came the prisoner walking by the side of the chaplain and surgeon of his regiment. Next came four men bearing his coffin, and then four riflemen bringing up the rear and forming one of the saddest processions I ever saw. The prisoner's step was undaunted, walking with his head up, looking around upon the ranks as he marched down to the grave. The coffin was set over the grave. He was then placed on the coffin, his eyes were bandaged, his sentence read, and at a given signal four rifles belched forth their contents and his soul was launched into eternity. We were then marched on each side of the coffin to look at the corpse as he lay with his breast exposed, showing the four holes made by rifle balls. We then marched back to camp. This was the first man shot for desertion in our division.

The 23rd, I received a box from home with a pair of boots in and some luxuries in the eating line. The 24th we started for Brandy Station and at night got on the cars and passed thru Washington and Alexandria and took supper the next day at Martinsburg, which consisted of coffee, boiled port and soft bread, a luxury for us Yanks. The next day we stopped at Xenia, Ohio, where we were visited by a perfect avalanche of eatables. Men, women, and children were crowding each other about, striving to get his or her basket empty first. We next stopped at Dayton, Ohio, where we got supper. This is the birthplace of Vollandigham, the traitor.

The next day we crossed the Ohio River and took supper in Louisville, Kentucky. We then went on stopping at several places and reaching Nashville Tenn., at night. This was the dirtiest looking city we had yet passed through. We then went on and the next time we stopped we got off at Stevenson, Alabama, 40 miles from Chattanooga where Hooker's army was then lying and had been since the battle at place. This had made seven days we had been on the cars. The next morning we drew three days' rations consisting of cheese, smoked horse beef, coffee and hard tack and pork. We lay there three days and then got on the cars and went back to Deckit Station, Tenn., a stopping place among the rocks and hills of Tennessee, but it was part of the Union and must be held, although I would not give \$10 for 10 square miles of it. We lay there two days. The second day I was on picket, and about 11 o'clock at night we were called in and went to the depot and got on the cars and went within seven miles of Wartrace. Here we found the railroad bridge had been torn up by the rebels and we had to get off and march to the latter named place where we went into a fort and lay there three days and then marched down to Tullahoma, a distance of 17 miles and went in camp for one week. One night at 12 o'clock we received orders to be ready to march at daylight. At 3 o'clock we got breakfast and at an early hour we were on the road and about 3 p.m. we got breakfast and at an early hour we were on the road and about 3 p.m. we got down as far as Deckit Station, when it commenced raining so we went into camp till the next morning. We went as far as Stevenson, Ala., where Gen. Geary with his division of White Stars went down to Lookout Valley in our place and arrived there in time to take part in the battle of Lookout Mountain. We recrossed the Cumberland Mountains by the same route we had taken on our way down and after three days' hard marching, arrived at our old camp at Tullahoma and slept that night in our old quarters.

Our stay there was short however, for the next morning our regiment was sent along the railroad to be stationed at different points to guard the track and telegraph line. My company was sent to Normandy to guard the depot while four companies were stationed at a bridge $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile below us. There was a large cooper shop standing right beside the track and this was given to my company with orders to convert it into quarters, and in two days the old cooper shop made a very novel looking barracks. Bunks were constructed on each side with plenty of wood—for rail fences were handy—we were very comfortable.

November 1st came on Sunday. The sun shone bright and warm, the men were sitting about in groups, some reading, some writing, and a few others were playing cards. The 2nd was a very pleasant day and about 10 a.m. I and a friend went out chestnutting but the squirrels had been ahead of us and we went home tired and hungry. We dined on hard tack. The afternoon we spent in idleness. The 3rd I was detailed in the morning to go on guard at the commissary depot, which was being fast supplied with rations of all kinds. The night was quite cold so that we kept fire all night. In the morning myself and detail were relieved by a new detail and we returned to camp. About 7 a.m. a squad of men were sent out in the country with four wagons to forage, and at night returned with grain and straw for the mules, and poultry and other fresh meats, so that the whole company lived good for a few days. The 5th nothing took place worthy of record except the usual guard mount. I was detailed with two men to patrol the railroad track for three miles. In the afternoon the regiment had dress parade for the first time since leaving Virginia. The 6th there was considerable excitement, in the company. We drew a large quantity of bacon which our cook was in the habit of boiling and save a great deal of dissatisfaction among the men. So I was chosen as leader and took the names of all in favor of doing their own cooking. I then carried it to the Captain, stating the case to him. He was much displeased, but after some hard swearing he yielded the point to us. So the rations were given to us and we forthwith commenced to cook every man for himself.

The 7th was a very warm and pleasant day. The 8th was Sunday and 8 a.m. we had inspection, superintended by our Colonel. After inspection I was detailed with three men to guard the commissary department for 24 hours when I was relieved by another corporal. The 9th, in the morning, it was very cold, but we had plenty of wood and kept warm. In the afternoon we went fishing but the wind was too high and we went back to camp as we had left it, without any fish. The next morning we tried it again, but with no luck, except that I lost my pocketbook with some

daguerreotypes in which I had brought from home, and which I considered a great loss. In the afternoon we killed two leaves for the regiment. At 5 p.m. we had a parade. At 8 p.m., we had roll call and at 9 p.m. I went to bed.

The 11th, the 10 o'clock train brought four deserters from our regiment. One was Robert Wagner of our company, who had been absent about eight months. 12th I patrolled the track. In the afternoon the deserters were sent to Tullahoma to the headquarters of the brigade for court martial. The 13th I did the same duty as the day before, going down the tracks at 10 a.m. and at 10 o'clock in the night I went again. It was so dark that we took a lantern with us to see our way. The 14th in the morning, I was relieved by Sergeant Duell and the rest of the day was spent in cleaning our guns and accoutrements for the Sunday inspection. In the afternoon we received a carload of rations from Nashville. The 15th we drew six days' rations of hard tack and bacon, and four days' rations of flour, being the first we had drawn in the service. Being lame with a boil on one of my legs I was excused from duty. The 16th in the morning all the men were employed in throwing up intrenchments about the quarters, and five men were detailed to build a fireplace and chimney. The 17th I was given charge of four men that had been put in the guard house for going asleep on post. We went to the woods to drag logs down the mountainside to the road and at night I went on guard at the Colonel's headquarters.

The 18th we commenced to build a stockade near our quarters, while some were sent to the woods to cut timber. In the afternoon all work was stopped by the arrival of the long looked for paymaster. The 19th, we were employed at the breastworks as on the day before. There came summons into camp saying that Wheeler's cavalry were but a few miles away, and it was uncertain where he would strike. Col. Ketcham superintended the work. The 20th we were called into line and received two months' pay and then went to work on the stockade. At 11 a.m. it commenced raining so we were obliged to quiet work. The 21st it was very unpleasant, raining most of the time. Toward night, however, it cleared off and there were signs of fair weather ahead. On Sunday, the 22nd, we had services in a dwelling house near the Colonel's quarters and I was detailed to go on picket for 24 hours. The 23rd we were relieved and I was sent after a man who had been outside of the lines and came back drunk. In the afternoon two trains ran into each other but did not hurt anyone. The regiment was called out to help the trains on the track.

The 24th we worked on the stockade and in the afternoon it rained so we quit for the day. The 25th we went to work in the morning as soon as the frost was off the timber. We worked all day making dine headway. The 26th we finished the stockade and in the afternoon our sutler who had arrived the day before with a a stock of goods from Nashville, opened his shop and in a short time a crowd was going to and from his stand which continued till roll call, which took place at 8 p.m. And thought lager beer was the strongest drink sold, not a few found that it made drunk come. The 27th we received a dispatch stating that the rebels were near, so our pickets were strengthened and advanced one mile from camp. There were two boxes of ammunition taken into the stockade and wood to keep a fire lit within. The 28th everything passed off quietly. I was detailed to go on picket. At night we were relieved and went to camp. The 29th we worked all day digging a trench around the stockade. There were rumors all day long that the rebels were near, but no rebels came. The 30th I was sent on guard at the Colonel's quarters. Every man was on guard and there was little sleep during the night. December 1st, the first day of winter came in bright and warm. During the day four train loads of rebel prisoners came in on their way to Camp Chase, Ohio, to await their exchange. About 11 o'clock at night there was an alarm fired down at the ford, and there was a rush made for the stockade. My bunkey stumbled over me, waking me up, and learning what was up, I seized my gun and without stopping to put on coat, cap or shoes, I made for the stockade, where most of the men then were. I found many there like myself, half dressed and all waiting with anxiety and not a little fear to hear the rebs come in. But all was hushed in silence and the Colonel sent a detail to find out the cause and found that the officer of the picket had shot a dog that had come at him as he was making the round of the picket line. So we returned to out beds and slept the rest of the night in peace. (To be continued)

DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
CO. F. 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTISER
THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1932

The 2nd, in the morning, I was detailed the railroad track for three miles. I patrolled it three times during the day and fater partaking of a hearty supper, went

to bed without waiting for roll call. One the morning of the 3rd a train passed thru with rebels taken prisoner at Lookout Mountain. Some of them were resident of this place and left letters with us for their wives and families who were living near us. One car was filled with those who had deserted and come into our lines, and were not treated as prisoners of war. The 4th was a very pleasant day and as the stockade was now done, we had very easy times. In the afternoon there passed two more trains with rebs in. They were fine looking men. One of them, a young man, was a resident of New Jersey previous to his entering the rebel service. He was bitter in his conversation against the Yanks.

The 5th was rainy and cold. I was sent with three men on picket, while the rest of the men prepared for brigade inspection to take place the next day. The 6th the regiment was inspected by Gen. Ruger and in the afternoon I was relieved from picket and returned to camp. The 7th was a very cold day. We were visited by General Slocum who complimented us on our general appearance. The 8th was a cold and rainy day. In the afternoon, Corporal Sheak got drunk and in the next four hours I had to go down the track in his place and after coming back, without having time to get supper, was sent on the picket in the woods for 24 hours. The night was cold but we soon had a warm fire and we passed the night quite comfortably. The 9th passed off without anything taking place worthy of notice. The 10th I was sent on picket with three men along the railroad. The night was pleasant and the morning came bright and warm and the 24 hours wiled away in talk. At night we had our pipes to smoke as we sat the fire. Although smoking is considered a bad habit, it was one of the greatest comforts that we soldiers were allowed to enjoy. The 12th I was on guard at the guard house in which were six white men and two niggers supposed to be guerillas. The night was rainy and quite cold. The 13th in the morning, the six whites were released with a severe tongue lecture from the Colonel, and returned home with light hearts, glad to escape with so light a punishment.

The 14th being rainy, was spent indoors as best we could. Some were writing, some reading, while not a few spent most of their time playing cards, which had become a favorite way of passing away the time. Often when on a march and when tired we would get the command to rest, some fellow would pull out a pack of cards and the next thing would be, "Come Bill, or John, let's have a game." And in five minutes they would be busily engaged in seven up, eurche, 45, or some other game. The 15th, at 10 a.m. I was sent on picket in the woods. Everything was quiet, though there were rumors of rebs being near and we were ordered to keep a

sharp lookout, which we did, but no rebs came to dim our eyesight with fright or send us yelling to quarters with their mine balls whistling past us as we went. The 16th the sun rose bright and warm. At 11 a.m. I was relieved by a new detail and we went back to camp tired and hungry and sleepy, for I had not slept during the night and had had nothing to eat for 16 hours. In the afternoon it commenced to rain and continued thru the night.

The 17th, contrary to my wishes, I was again sent on picket, for be it understood that a private or non-commissioned has no will of his own but to do as he is told. The night was cold and rainy but we soon had a good fire blazing and felt quite at our ease. The 18th at 10 a.m. we heard three volleys fired and when we returned to camp we heard that one of our soldiers had departed this world. His remains were sent home on the cars, after having all due honors paid him as a soldier. The 19th I woke up in the morning with a severe headache and bad cold which increased so much that the next day I was unable to sleep at all. The 20th it was my turn to go on picket, but being sick I was excused from duty. In the afternoon we heard a funeral sermon preached by our Chaplain, E. Bartlett, and the soldier was then buried in the midst of a grove in sight of the railroad bridge below Normandy, where was lying one other soldier at the time. The 21st, feeling somewhat better, I was sent on picket. The 22nd I was relieved and spent the rest of the day idleness. The next day was spent like the previous one, in idleness. The 24th I was sent with seven more about a mile from camp to relieve Company G's men and bout two hours after we got there the regular detail arrived and we returned to camp. At night I attended a dance given by James Moore, a citizen and resident of Normandy. He was a Union man and had a large number of young ladies there who were very friendly and nothing loathe to dance with us blue Yankees. We kept it up till about 3 o'clock in the morning when we skedaddled for our quarters much pleased with our night's sport.

The 25th, being Christmas, I was sent on picket and saw two wild hogs, caught them, they weighed about 550 lbs. In the morning the hounds chased a large gray rabbit into a hollow tree and I got an axe and cut him out so we had a rabbit dinner for Christmas. It rained all night but we managed to keep dry with our rubber ponchos. The 26th at 10 a.m. we were relieved and returned to camp and regaled ourselves with warm biscuits and hot coffee. It stopped raining about noon and the afternoon was warm and pleasant. The 27th I was sent to patrol the railroad track a distance of three miles. I returned at 6 and about 4 a.m. I went again. The 28th in the morning about 8 o'clock the picket fired an alarm and we were ordered to get

ready for action, but it turned to be a false alarm. The next day I was taken with a severe cold and was obliged to stay in my quarters and pass a sleeping night. The 31st it commenced raining very hard in the morning and I was detailed for picket. The regiment was mustered for pay. I then repaired to my post in the woods. Our wood was getting scarce and at night it commenced to blow a perfect gale and got so cold that the rain and hail froze on our clothes and we had to stand so close to the fire as to scorch our hands and face and still we could not keep warm. It was the coldest night we ever saw in the service and one that will be long remembered by those who stood on picket in the wilds of Tennessee. (To be continued)

DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
CO. F, 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTISER
THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1932

January 1st, 1864, came in cold and wet but cleared off toward night. Some of the men were very lively, having plenty of smuggled whiskey for which some of them paid as high as \$2 a pint. The 2nd we had church services in our quarters by the regimental chaplain. At night I was put on guard at the guard house. The 3rd in the morning I was relieved as there was no guard on during the day. The 4th the sun rose bright and clear though the day was very cold, but with a warm fire and plenty to eat and drink we felt as comfortable as if at home; except that we missed the pleasant faces and pleasant smiles of the friends and loved ones left far behind. For be it known that a good soldier makes his home wherever he stops for the night. Nothing occurred during the day of importance. The 6th at night I was again put on guard. During the day there arrived 80 men from the 145th Regiment NY Volunteers that had been disbanded, their officers having been discharged from the service and the regiment was divided up and put into other NY regiments. Two of these men were put in my company and the rest in the other nine companies.

The 7th we had a light fall of snow but it did not last long. The 8th it snowed most of the day and the night was very cold but we were comfortable as we kept a fire in the quarters all night. The 9th in the morning I got up with such a cold that I could not speak a loud word. When the sick call was beat I went and got some medicine, but it did me no good and when night came I was no better though otherwise I felt quite well. I made the third one thus attacked with a cold that had lost their voices.

The 10th the Sabbath sun rose high and warm. At 2 o'clock p.m. our chaplain preached to us in our quarters. At night I went on guard at the Colonel's headquarters until 5 o'clock in the morning. The 11th we had a skirmish drill in the morning, it being the first one of the kind we had had in a long time. I kept my bed most of the time, being still unable to speak above a whisper. The next day most of the companies met near our quarters and had battalion drill. The 13th the day was cold and very muddy and unpleasant. The different companies had company drill. The 14th was a very pleasant day and there were great preparations being made as there was a general inspection to take place the next day. The 10 a.m. train ran over a large hog in front of our quarters cutting it in two. And I had a piece of it for my dinner, which was the first fresh pork we had had in some time. At 3 p.m., the next day the inspection took place on the parade ground. The men and accoutrements looked very neat and the inspector, Captain Thorn, the brigade inspector, was much pleased with our appearance. The 16th in the morning there were three men put in the guard house and I was put on guard over them. IN the afternoon we received a large mail and I got a letter saying my sister was married the day before Christmas. The 17th we had church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon our chaplain preached a funeral sermon for a child that had died near us. The 18th I was again put on guard. During the day three of my company and three teams went to Tullahoma, distant 7 miles, after rations, and returned at night well laden with the soldier's indispensable coffee, hard tack and salt pork. The 19th three companies of the 13th NJ Volunteers were joined by three companies from our regiment and Col. Ketcham taking command, the whole were sent to Lincoln County to collect a tax laid by Gen. Slocum for the murder of two artillerymen by guerillas in said county. The 20th the day was very warm and pleasant, though it was heavy traveling, the roads being very muddy. We drew ten days' rations of all kinds so that peace and plenty reigned in our camp. All was quiet during the next day and following day and night.

The 23rd was a pleasant as a spring day. I was again on guard at the guard house. About 8 p.m. three rebel deserters came in our lines. They were young men belonging to the 5th Arkansas regiment and were now on their way home. They stayed in the guard house during the night and in the morning went on their way with the first train up.

January 25, 1864. The weather continued very fine and I and some others ran part of the day with our bare feet. Two of the men got fighting but were parted without anyone being hurt. The 26th it was too warm to do anything so we lay around in our quarters of under the shade trees. AT night I went on guard at the guard house. The 27th was very warm and quiet, nothing taking place worthy of notice. I was still unable to speak a loud word. The 29th I felt quite well except I couldn't say what I wanted to, so I got a job to drive a six-mule team that was drawing wood for the Colonel. This was awkward work at first, driving six mules with one rein but in a short time I could handle them as I pleased. So when night came I felt proud of my day's work. The 30th was all bustle, cleaning and polishing belts, guns and accoutrements for inspection on Sunday.

January 31st, 1864. Sunday morning came and with it the last sun destined to rise in the month. The day was a pleasant one, and after the usual Sunday morning inspection, the chaplain of the regiment opened a Sunday school for the benefit of the children living in the vicinity. Some of the soldiers joined it and all combined we had a large school. Many of the children's parents came also and seemed much pleased with the services. In the afternoon we had services in the chaplain's quarters for the benefit of the regiment. There was a large number of male citizens present and not a few ladies. The sermon was a stirring one and one that created a sensation among the citizens, and I think that not a few felt the power of his words. The rebels were not spared, yet he spoke in a manner which could not help but impress his hearers with the truth. One man, Mr. Barnes, left the room.

February 1, 1864 came in bright and warm. After breakfast I was sent with four men as a guard for a wagon to Tullahoma after clothing. A great many of the citizens were plowing for oats. The plow with one horse, their plow now being as heavy as one of our corn plows. We got back at night and after partaking of some hot coffee and hard tack and pork we retired for the night, as we were tired, having walked a distance of 14 miles. The 2nd at 10 a.m. we non-coms and commissioned had a bayonet drill by our Lieut. Col. and in the afternoon we had battalion drill for the whole regiment. The 3rd was spent as the day before. The 4th I was put on guard at the guard house and there was a citizen confined for being a horse thief, but as there could be no proof found to convict him, the Colonel let him go. The 5th in the afternoon we had a short drill. In the afternoon we had dress parade. The 6th came and went as usual. The 7th was Sunday and the usual Sunday morning inspection took place. We then had drill for half an hour, then got dinner and in the afternoon we had church in the old cooper shop near our quarters. In the

evening our Major and his wife who had been home on a furlough, came back and received a hearty welcome.

The 8th was a very pleasant day. At 10 a.m., we non-commissioned officers had bayonet drill and then lay still till parade and at 6 p.m. I went on guard at the Colonel's quarters. The 9th there was great preparation made for an inspection by our Brigadier General Ruger. The 10th was a pleasant one for the inspection, but no general came. In the afternoon we had a game of baseball. At 8 p.m. I was sent to patrol the track. The 11th at 10 a.m. I went down the track and just as we got back the General attended by his staff, rode up to the Colonel's quarters. After taking dinner with him we were ordered into line and at 2 p.m., the inspection took place. Everything was in order and men never looked better. It lasted but a short time and the Colonel thanked us for our good behavior and appearance. We learned at night that two of our men that went with the expedition to Green Co. were shot and robbed by the guerillas when within seven miles of Tullahoma and only a mile from the main body. The 12th the Colonel with the two dead bodies arrived. They started in pursuit of the guerillas and came upon them in the woods counting their ill-gotten gains. Our men fired on them and one man was wounded. They fled leaving two horses in our possession, one of them being the Lieut. Colonel's horse that had been rode by John Odell of my company, who was one of the murdered men. The other was George Loveless of Co. 1, both married men, leaving large families behind them. Their bodies were laying in honor the next day when a grave was dug for both.

The 14th it rained quite hard. Our chaplain went around and gave us some books and papers and in the afternoon at 2 o'clock the funeral sermon was preached for the two men. They were then carried to the little grove before mentioned attended by the whole regiment. They were buried with military honors, having three volleys fired over their remains. After being lowered into their graves the band discourse appropriate music and more than one eye was wet with tears and more than one heart vowed vengeance on the rebels. (To be continued)

DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
CO. F, 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK ADVERTISER
THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1932

February 16th, 1864. Our hearts were made glad by the arrival of the paymaster. In the afternoon two prisoners arrived, named Potter and Smith of the 145th NY Volunteers, who were to be drummed out of camp for stealing. The 17th was a very cold and unpleasant day. In the forenoon we received two months' pay. I bought me a watch, for it was something I needed. After parade the two prisoners were brought out and a placard was put on the breast of each with the word THIEF on in large letters. Six men with bayonets in front and six behind and two drummers, made up the procession. At a given word the Rogues' March was struck up by the drummers and they were marched up and down through the camp and then were put back in the guard house till the 8 p.m. train came along when they were put on and sent to the military prison at Nashville to serve the rest of their time at hard labor. The 18th was pleasant but rather cold. The sutler was taking in money as fast as he could wish. The Lieut. Colonel's wife and Mrs. John L. Green arrived on the afternoon train and received a heartfelt welcome by their husbands.

The 19th our teams went to Tullahoma after rations. In the forenoon we had bayonet drill and in the afternoon we had battalion drill without arms. And at 5 p.m. we had dress parade. The teams got back at night and the next day they went again after clothing. The next day being Sunday we had inspection and after it held services in the Captain's quarters. It was well attended by a great many citizens. The 22nd I was very unwell and was excused from all duty. The rest of the company had two drills during the day and dress parade at 5 p.m. Nothing of importance took place the next day.

February 24, 1864 was a very pleasant day. Some of the men were detailed to tear down the chimney out of our shanty for a purpose of building an oven to bake bread for the regiment, as we had drawn flour. The 25th was very unpleasant being cold and rainy. And we had to cook out of doors as we could not have fire in our quarters. The 26th was very pleasant and the oven progressed finely. There was company drill in the forenoon and battalion drill in the afternoon. About 10 o'clock at night the regiment was drawn into line out of bed in a hurry by a false alarm. The 27th though still unable to speak a loud word, I was sent on picket for

24 hours. The night was rainy and cold. The 28th there was grand mount at 9 a.m. after which we were relieved. In the forenoon we had Sunday school and in the afternoon we had services in the old cooper shop. The 29th being the last day of the month, and two month's pay being due, we were mustered in for pay, and the rest of the day was spent in cleaning up the quarters and cleaning up our arms and accoutrements, as it was too rainy to drill or work outside of the shanty. At night the leading men of the regiment met and formed a debating society.

March 1st, 1864. The month came in wet and cold and as we were unable to drill we passed the time in singing, reading, playing cards and various other ways. The 2nd the storm ceased and the sun came out bright and warm and I with four men was sent on picket duty. During the day a great many peddlers came into the lines with butter, eggs, and pies and cakes of which we bought some but they were so tasteless that a person had to be hungry to eat them. As I intend to tell the whole truth in this little volume, I must not forget to say that I was very much smitten with one of the peddlers that came in with eggs and maple sugar. She was a young lady dressed in a yellow plaid dress with southern shaker bonnet of very prepossessing appearance, and I was anxious to form an acquaintance, so much so that the gentle being I had left behind was for a moment forgotten. But it was only an instant, for oh horrors, she chewed snuff and what was worse, after inquiring her name, which was Martha Arington, I found that she had a husband in the rebel army and that she was making a living selling knick-knacks to the Federal soldiers.

The 4th was a very pleasant day and at 11 a.m., the non-coms had bayonet drill for one hour. In the afternoon train there arrived several families with their duds, going north. They were ragged and dirty and seemed destitute. March 5th I was again put on picket with six men on the Tullahoma pike. The post was a pleasant one and the day's duty promised to be an easy one. In the afternoon the hounds ran a rabbit in a hole in the rocks near us and as we could not get him out another way, we put a wormer on a ram rod and after repeated efforts succeeded in drawing him out of the hole, having screwed it into his hind leg. We had pulled the skin entirely off of him except his legs, but strange to say he would have run if he had been loose. In the afternoon it commenced raining and rained most of the night.

The 7th, I and Lou Moore, a friend of mine, went fishing, but meeting with poor luck we returned to camp minus fish. March 8th, I was sent down the track and at night returned to find myself superseded in a promotion to Sergeantry, and I

tendered my resignation as Corporal, which was not accepted. But at dress parade, I found myself reduced by orders of Capt. Green with whom I had had some high words, and for this reason was reduced. This made 28 months I had been Corporal, and now I was once more a private and from that time I and all commissioned officers were enemies. The 9th there was a ball at Tullahoma, and Capt. Green and wife, and Lieut. Col. Bartlett and wife, and some other officers attended it and did not return until the next night. The 19th in the morning, I with four others were sent with a wagon to Tullahoma after rations. In crossing a stream we came near drowning one of our mules. The roads were very bad and it was dress parade when we got back.

March 13th, 1864. The day was a cold one and in the morning there came some carpenters to tear down the building we were quartered in to put a roof on the stockade, in which they put up bunks. And we were ordered to make ourselves comfortable in it if we could, which kept us busy for several days. The 16th was a very cold day and little was done except to sit by the fire and keep ourselves warm. In the afternoon the news reached us that the guerillas had made a dash on the road below us, tearing up some of the track, running a train off, killing three niggers and after robbing all the men in the train left for parts unknown. The 17th was not as cold and we went down the track and tore an old box car to pieces to get boards to finish our bunks. At night we were ordered to sleep with our arms by our sides and our clothes and accoutrements on, as two rebel cavalymen were seen outside of the picket line.

March 19th. The day was very pleasant and most of the day was spent in playing cards and ball and other games of amusement until time for dress parade in the evening. The 20th I went down to the bridge to do guard duty in the palace of Joh Caine who had been appointed Corporal in my stead. In the afternoon we drew rations and the cook gave us all a dinner in common. The 21st the baker made his first batch of bread and met with good luck. I went on post as a private at half past ten a.m. and stood until 12 a.m. At 5 p.m. we had parade and at 9 p.m. I went on post and stood until 12 p.m. and then lay down and slept until late in the morning. The 22nd, the day was warm and pleasant, but toward night the wind commenced blowing and by dark it was blowing a perfect gale, but our tents were snug and warm and with cheerful hearts we lay down to sleep the storm away.

March 23rd, 1864. The day was like the previous one but the night was not as cold. On the arrival of the 9 p.m. mail train we were happily surprised to see our Colonel

and his wife get off and he was at once greeted with cheers by those who saw him alight, as always he had a cordial shake of the hand and a pleasant word for each one.

The 24th at dress parade our Colonel took command, while the happy smile and pleasant faves of the men, as they obeyed each order, showed that as their leader he had the good will of them all. At night the band turned out and serenaded him and Mrs. Ketcham until a late hour.

The 25th the day was a very pleasant one. The sun shone bright and warm as a mid-summer day, while the merry songsters sending forth their sweet songs of praise gave a thrill as pure to the soldiers as a summer shower which was always welcome to us in the warm climate of the south.

The 26th was a cold and blustery day with a little rain at night. The 27th there was the usual guard mount and the rest of the day we spent in cleaning our guns and accoutrements for the inspection to take place on the morrow. The 28th was one of the warmest days of the season. In the morning we had church, Squire Hoffman's, in the garret of his cooper shop, and at night there was a meeting held in the cave which I have before spoken of. There was quite a gathering and the cave which was but a small one in the first department was well filled. The 29th was rainy, and at night it came down in earnest. The rain and hail threatened to come through our tents, while the thunder and lightning was terrific. March 30th the sun came out bright and warm while everything seemed to be freshened by the late shower. The roads were very muddy, thus making it bad walking, of which we had a great deal to do.

The 31st, the last day of the month, was cold and rainy most of the time, thus making it very unpleasant for us soldiers who were compelled to lay in our tents from morning till night. The night was one of unusual darkness, not being able to see your hands before your face; so the first of April came in wet and slippery as an eel with a black face and a wet dress.

April 1st, 1864. The day was wet and cold. The roads were almost impassable. In the morning the usual guard mount took place and rest of the day spent in idleness until time for parade in the evening. April 2nd, the sun came out with all the prospects for a fair day, and we were ordered to prepare for inspection in the afternoon, but about noon it commenced raining again, so it was put off till the next day. April 3rd, the day was spent in making ourselves comfortable, the inspection being put off till the next Sunday morning. In the afternoon I went

fishing and met with unusual good luck, catching five very large horned ace. April 4th, we had a guard mount in the morning and at 10 a.m. we were drawn up into line and each company was separately inspected by our Colonel attended by the Major and other staff officers. April 5th, the day was delightful in the morning. Each man drew a load of soft bread which was the first we had had in a long time, but it did not last long. Mine did not last two meals, but we lived in hope of getting some more on the morrow. However, we were doomed to disappointment, for our baker could not get hops or yeast and we were compelled to come down to our old fare, hard tack or flapjacks, both of which seemed worse than ever since we had once tasted of some wheat bread.

April 7th, 1864. The weather was changeable during the day, part of it being rainy and unpleasant. There was no drill and the day passed away before the shades of night without anything taking place worthy of notice. The 8th, unlike the preceding one was very pleasant. In the morning there arrived a company of engineers and commenced building a block house at the water tank before spoken of, and another company started a stockade near the bridge just south of our quarters. The 9th the stockade was in fine progress when two of the engineers were taken sick with the black measles and at nightfall one of the yielded his soul to his Maker. The other's life was also despaired of.

April 10th, Mr. Pinkhorn of Co. B., an artist, was killed by the falling of a tree while sketching in the woods. He was buried at Tullahoma. April 11th, the remains of the engineer was buried by a detail from our regiment with military honors. In the afternoon we had services in Squire Hoffman's shop which was well attended.

April 13th the other engineer gave up the ghost. The stockade was finished during the day. One of the men was badly injured by the falling of a timber. The night was dark and rainy. I stood on guard from 9 a.m. to 12 a.m. April 14th the day was very warm and after parade just as the sun was sinking below western horizon we laid the cold corpse of the engineer beside the companion in arms who had gone before him. May his ashes rest in peace. The 15th after parade, which took place at 1 p.m., we had company drill till 6 p.m. by order of John H. Ketcham, Colonel commanding. April 16th was a fine day. There was no drill, so in the afternoon the company had a game of baseball and after parade we drew clothing. The night was bright and cold but Co. F. was in snug quarters and cared not. April 17th the

engineers having done all they could, left for Duck River Bridge, where they were to build another stockade.

April 18th, the forenoon was pleasant but the afternoon was rainy. There was no drill or parade. The night was clear, the moon shining bright. April 19th, the weather cleared off and the sun came out bright and warm. About 10 a.m. a detail was made out of several companies and the men were set to work banking up the stockade as high as the portholes. At night a company of men arrived from Shelbyville, where they had been doing guard duty. April 20th, Co. B. was sent on detail to Manchester a bodyguard to a surveyor. In the afternoon we played a game of baseball against the headquarters guard and beat them, 45 to 37. April 21st, 1864, the day was pleasant but the night stormy. Co. B. arrived from Manchester.

April 22nd about no one there arrived a regiment of western troops, Ohio men, as they said, to take our places. AT 3 p.m. we went on parade under a set of new colors, the old ones being sent home much shattered and unserviceable. April 23rd, I was sick at night, but in the morning I went on guard. April 24th, nothing took place worthy of notice. April 25th, the day was warm and pleasant. At 5 p.m. we had dress parade and we received orders to be ready to march the next morning at 8 a.m. April 26th at daybreak in the morning the picket was called into line and took up its line o march which was destined to be a trying one before it again got a chance to rest, as you will see. We went as far as Tullahoma, 7 miles from Normandy, were our division was to meet preparatory to starting on a regular campaign. I with nine other men were left to guard some baggage and did not reach camp till night. April 27th was a very warm day, but the camp was pleasantly situated near a large stream of water, in which the men were bathing at all hours of the day. April 28th we left Tullahoma and marched as far as Deckit Station, a distance of 14 miles. I was sent on picket at night. About 10 o'clock an alarm was fired and in an instant the fires were put out and we were lying in wait for the bushwhackers but none came. The day had been intensely hot and many of the men fell out of the ranks, some of them not getting in till after dark.

April 29th, we took up our line of march at 8 a.m. and marched up the Cumberland Mountains and camped at University Place. While we were pitching tents two of Co. F's men got quarreling and the result was that one knocked the other down, who not feeling like resenting the blow, the fun was at an end. During the night it rained very hard. April 30th we did not start till half past one and then went as far

as Sweetwater Valley and pitched tents for the night. At 5 p.m. we were mustered in for four month's pay. At noon the next day we reached Bridgeport when we halted for dinner and drew three days' rations. The place was filled with supplies for the army of all kinds. In the afternoon we marched six miles to Shell Mound and encamped for the night. The railroad bridge at this place is 200 feet high.

May 2nd we struck tents at 9 a.m. and at 1 p.m. reached Whitesides and went into camp. At this place there was a cave called Nigger Jack's Cave. There was a large spring in it some ways back from the mouth of the cave, the stream leading out from the mouth of the cave being deep enough for a small boat to sail on it. It derived its name from a slave who ran away from his master, and being pursued, ran into the cave and was never more seen. They followed him as far as they dared to and gave up the search. It is supposed that there is a deep pit in it into which he probably fell thus breaking the chains of slavery forever.

May 3rd, we left Whitesides at 7:30 a.m. and at noon reached Lookout Station and took our dinner in Lookout Valley. In the afternoon we went as far as Chattanooga and encamped at the foot of Lookout Mountain, distance marched during the day being 12 miles.

May 4, 1864, we drew rations in the morning and at 8:30 took our line of march and took our dinner on the battlefield of Chattanooga. The bones of our fellow heroes lay bleaching in the mid-day sun, while the shivered trees and shot and shell laying round conveyed some idea of the sad havoc of that day. We encamped that night on the same field. May 5th the line was formed at half past 6. My company was detailed to guard the wagon train. We encamped at the foot of Taylor's Ridge. May 6th we lay in camp all day. The next day we left camp at 5 o'clock in the morning and took our dinner in Dogwood Hollow. At night I went on picket and found two double-barreled guns loaded with buck and ball, laying side of a log, supposed to belong to bushwhackers.

May 8th, 1864. The day was very warm. I was relieved from picket at 11 a.m. and returned to camp where the rest of the day was spent in idleness. There were rumors of the rebel's being ahead of us in force, but none came near to disturb our peace.

May 9th, in the morning, there was cannonading heard in the distance and we were drawn into line of battle and lay under arms for two hours expecting an attack. Then we were dismissed with orders not to leave camp as there was a heavy fight expected to come off near us. In the afternoon about 40 wounded of Gen. Geary's

division went past us on their way to the rear. These were the first men wounded in the Atlanta Campaign. This fight was at Buzzard's Roost, a cone-shaped mountain which the rebels had fortified and from which Geary was foolish enough to try to drive them in a direct assault, but which failed. May 10th we lay in camp all day and at 10 o'clock in the night got orders to pack up. At 12 o'clock we started and marched till noon the next day, taking dinner at New Creek Gap, thus flanking the rebels from Buzzard's Roost, and our cavalry was pressing them hard through the Gap.

We camped in the Gap at night during which we had a very heavy thunder shower. The distance marched through the day was 20 miles. May 11th two wounded rebels were brought in. About 10 o'clock, Joe Hooker with Dan Sickles and his staff passed along the line. They were greeted with cheers, Gen. Joe waving his hat in response.

May 12th, three wounded were brought in. Cannon were booming all day long. May 13th, at daybreak we fell into line and marched to the front being on the reserve. General Kilpatrick was wounded and sent to the rear, a sore loss to the cavalry corps. May 14th we lay on the reserve till 3 p.m. The fighting was desperate along the whole line. At this time we received orders to go to the extreme left at the double quick. The rebs were driving our boys in confusion. Everything was in the cannon, when Joe Hooker rode among the Battery men telling them to hang to their guns. By this time we were in line and with a yell we dashed on to the rebel's pouring death into their faces, and scattering them in wild dismay. Night closed over the scene and thus ended the first day's fight at Resaca.

May 15th, in the morning, we took position of a hill which we were ordered to hold at all hazards. Everything was quiet on our front. No signs of danger were to be seen. Our Colonel, more wise, however, ordered us to put up breastworks. This we did, but did not expect to use them. But we were disappointed, for we had them scarcely done when the rebs came out of the woods, their colors flying, marching in compact columns. On they came within 250 yards when the order to fire rang out and the next instant deadly missiles were tearing their way through their ranks, strewing the ground with dead and dying. The fight lasted on our front about two hours. Our Adjutant, S. V. R. Cruger was wounded, shot through one lung, also several men. The rebs were driven in confusion from the field. Night coming on they withdrew, thus leaving us in possession of the most desperately fought battlefield of the war. In the morning we crossed the Ocanula, a branch of

the Coosa River. We marched 12 miles and camped for the night. Much tobacco was found hid in the woods, being a welcome sight to many of the boys. The houses on our way were all deserted.

May 17th, in the morning, we drew rations and at 8 a.m., we took up the line of march, camping at 4 p.m. for the night. May 18th, in the morning, at 8 o'clock the order to "fall in" rang out along the line and in a short time the column was in motion. The day was very warm. We marched till 10 at night and camped near Kingston, the rebels being three miles in advance, the distance marched during the day being 25 miles. May 19th, the night has passed without an alarm and we lay in camp till noon when we struck tents and the column was soon in motion. We marched about 5 miles when we came upon the rebels. The engagements was short and decisive, the rebels leaving two guns in our possession. We built breastworks of rails and lay in them during the night. This engagement took place about half a mile north of Cassville, Ga.

May 20th, in the morning, the cavalry and western troops started in pursuit of the rebels, while we lay in camp around the village, having received orders to rest for three days. The village was a pleasant one, mostly wooden house, within two miles of the railroad. On our approach the residents fled in terror from the Yanks headed by Sherman, whose very name was a dread to them. Many of the houses were pillaged in a short time, some of the soldiers going so far as to set them on fire and ravaging things indiscriminately where there could be no hope of gain or any good derived therefrom, while it would only cause suffering among the women and little ones who would return to their homes after we were gone and find them destitute of the many comforts they had left behind. But be it said in honor of Gen. Slocum that he soon put a stop to such acts and every man entering the village was under the same restraint on pain of being court martialed. We drew five days' rations here and on the 22nd we received orders to march the next day.

May 23rd, 1864 we were aroused by the sound of the bugles at 3 a.m. and at 4 a.m., we were on the road. We marched till 1 p.m. The rebels were two hours ahead of us and had burned the bridge, thus compelling us to wait till pontoons could be laid. The day was very warm and many fell out. I was taken with sunstroke and but for timely help would not now be writing a record of these striving times, which caused foreign nations to look in wonder at the power and strength of American arms. The distance traveled that day was 15 miles.

May 24th, 1864. Fight at Dallas, Ga. WE were marching along slowly when we saw an orderly going for the head of the column on a keen run. We were soon faced about and then commenced one of those exciting marches which tries a man to his utmost. For more than five miles this was kept up, when we came in sight of Geary's batteries of the 2nd Division planted behind earthworks ready for use, but we did not stop here. Forming in line of battle without time for rest, thru underbrush that was almost impassable, running over our skirmishers who were not able to keep out of the way, in a short time the breastworks were in sight, and we were saluted by a volley of shot and shell that seemed as if the demons of the infernal regions had broke loose. We kept on to within 30 yards of those works when we opened fire on them. We kept it up till after dark when we were relieved by the 1st Brigade, and we fell back, having sustained a loss of six killed and 36 wounded, mostly by grape and shell. The loss in our company was one killed and two wounded. AT this time I was alarmed for once when the order to fall back was given I was a little in advance of the line and did not see them change places with the line that came to relieve us, and kept on firing, when I was saluted with these words: "What the hell are you doing in front of the line? Come back here." Hearing that it was a strange voice, I inquired for my regiment, the 150th, and to my consternation, all I could find out was that I had been relieved and was back somewhere. So I started for the rear meeting Gen. Knipe in a linen coat with a drawn sword in his hand, who soon stopped me, but upon learning the facts, kindly told me where the regiment was, which I soon found in a very sudden way. Catching my foot against a tree that had fallen down, I pitched foremost and fell on some men who proved to be my own company. They had given me up for killed and I felt better than if I could that might have been sent home. During the night we built a line of breastworks.

May 26th, in the morning, we drew rations and a new supply of ammunition, and lay on the reserve with orders to be ready at a minute's warning. The cannons were booming the whole day long, while occasionally there would be a discharge of musketry that would bring us all to our feet, as either one side of the other would make a demonstration to learn the other's position.

May 27th we still lay on the reserve. The fighting on our front was stubborn. May 28th we, the 20th Corps, was ordered to the left flank. The rebs advanced on our works in a charge but were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving their dead and wounded laying between their works and ours, beyond the reach of aid from either

side. What these poor fellows suffered while laying under a scorching sun is not to be imagined or described.

May 29th there was very warm fighting on our right. A great many prisoners went past us to the rear, reporting their loss to be severe. May 30th there was little fighting during the day and the men were glad to have a few hours of rest. But the rebs were not idle. They were laying plans for a more desperate move and about midnight the storm burst upon us in one of the most determined attacks that we were ever called upon to repel. The attack was made along our entire line, but our brave boys were not to be surprised, but were soon pouring death into their ranks, and with such rapidity and so unerringly as to cover the ground with their dead and dying. They made three desperate charges on McPherson's corps, but were repulsed each time. So they fell back leaving us masters of the field.

May 31st, they still kept up a firing along the line. The boys were quietly sleeping on the ground covered by the shade of the friendly trees. They had no sleep the night before and were glad to get a few hours' rest before they again went into battle.

June 1st, 1864. There was heavy cannonading on the left. We advanced our front five miles without meeting much resistance and stopped for the night. June 2nd, in the morning, we drew rations and at 4 p.m. we took up the line of march. We went but a short distance and then lay down to rest in close column by divisions, right in front. At night we moved into breastworks where we lay two days. Our skirmishers were keeping up a fire with the rebs all the time. June 5th we marched a short distance and encamped for the night. The rebels leaving our front during the night, the next day we pursued them until 4 p.m. and went into camp. From this time till June 22nd was but a series of marches, counter-marches, skirmishes, etc.

DAIRY OF PETER W. FUNK
CO. F, 150TH NY VOL.
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June 22nd we marched a short distance in the morning. The rebel pickets falling back under the fire of our skirmishers, we were finally halted and ordered to make a breastworks of a rail fence in our front. This we had scarcely finished when out of the woods opposite us came our skirmishers, helter skelter, and behind them in solid column came the rebels yelling as though all the demons of the infernal

regions were let loose upon us. Our case looked hopeless. Here we were with but a single line, both flanks exposed, while as far as we could see to the right and the left, the foe was advancing as in our front, in massed formation. We only grasped our pieces with more determination and let them come to within 50 yards of us when we opened such a fire on them as they never before faced. They tried in vain to gain our works, and in vain too many of them tried to gain the woods in their rear. The mass of them lay down in the ravine, where they lay until after dark when they withdrew. We could hear the wagons coming to receive the dead and wounded, and to hear the piteous cries of the latter was heartrending. They were busy till it was getting too light for safety, when they withdrew but for the friendly ravine, few of the rebels would have been left to tell the tale of their defeat. Our loss was but small, but among them was Lieutenant Henry Gridley of Co. A., shot through the heart. He was a young man of fine qualities and loved by all who knew him.

June 23rd we lay in the breastworks all day expecting an attack, but the day before had given them such a decided dread of the Yankees that they were prudent enough not to come. Their pickets, however, kept up an incessant fire upon our men and succeeded in killing one man, John Hart of Co. A., who was washing his shirt, little thinking that death was so near to him.

June 24th we lay in the in the breastworks and had several men wounded by the rebel sharpshooters, this being one year since leaving Baltimore. June 25th we marched about 1 ½ miles and lay in the woods till the next day. June 26th we advanced to Gen. Geary's support, who with his division made a charge on the rebel works and succeeded in gaining a new position. June 27th, nothing took place worthy of mention. The day was pleasant.

June 28th, 1864. There was some cannonading through the day, which was a very warm one and about 10 o'clock at night there was very heavy musketry on our right which brought us all to our feet and in line of battle, but the firing soon ceased and we lay down again undisturbed till morning. June 29th, the day was very warm and at 1 o'clock at night there broke loose a thunder of musketry, the rebels undertaking to break thru the 4th Corps, but they were repulsed with great loss. We were drawn up in line of battle behind our breastworks, expecting it would be a general attack, but no rebels coming, we resumed our position on the breast of Mother Earth. June 30th, the day was a pleasant day. In the morning we

were mustered for 6 months pay, and in the afternoon there being no firing, we laid our camp out in company streets.

July 1, 1864. We spent the day in pulling up our tents and in policing the street. July 2nd, I and five others from my company were sent on picket. There was little firing through the day, but some heavy shelling at night. In the morning the Johnnies had left our front. July 3rd, at daylight, we started in pursuit and at 10 a.m. we pickets took our dinner in the Marietta College yard. Thus had fallen Kennesaw Mountain and Marietta, one of the stronghold of the Confederacy, a pure prey to Yankee pluck and tenacity of purpose. We marched till within two miles of the river and camped for the night. Hundreds of prisoners came in during the day and night.

July 4th we lay in camp most of the day. In the afternoon we marched a short distance and went in camp for the night, during which a great many deserters came in, all telling us of the complete dismay of the rebel army.

July 5th. 1864. We arrived within a short distance of the Chattahoochie River, the rebels trying to cross but were stopped by our near approach. There was heavy cannonading on our right and left but little on our front.

July 6th, we were called in line at half past two in the morning, but did not march till noon, when we marched four miles to the left and relieved the 14th Corps. July 10th we lay in camp, the day being warm, and men were detailed for building sinks and policing the camp. July 11th was spent like the previous one, the day being very warm. July 12th we were ordered to march and at 3 a.m. we crossed the Chattahoochie River and were then 7 miles from Atlanta, the rebels stronghold. July 13th we had just finished breakfast when we received a dispatch saying the rebel General Cheatam with 3,000 men were taken while crossing the river by the 23rd Corps.

July 16th, 1864. I was detailed to go on picket. The rebels being on one side of the river and we on the other. They were very friendly, and in the afternoon some of our boys swam across the river to the rebel side and bartered with them, giving coffee for tobacco, and at night they came over and traded with us. We tried to persuade some of them not to go back, but it was of no avail. They would say they had sided with the rebels and would stand by them to the last.

July 17th we were ordered into line for inspection but instead of inspection we started on the march, crossing the river on pontoons and camped three miles on the

other side. This stream is about fifty yards wide with a swift current and the water is very muddy.

July 18th we lay in camp all day. All was quiet in our front, but there was heavy fighting on our right. July 19th we marched till near the rebel lines, but under cover of the woods.

July 20th. Battle of Peachtree Creek. The rebels, commanded by Gen. Hood, shelled our battalion in the morning. But some of our guns getting in position, the rebels were soon silenced, but it lasted but a short time. The army was soon in line of battle and the rebel lines advanced on us and the battle commenced. It was one of those fair field fights which have in but few cases been equaled in the rebellion, where neither side had breastworks and where none but the most determined could stand and bear up against the human avalanche that was coming on, seeming determined to overwhelm everything in its path. But when they came near enough, the word, "Fire" rang out clear and distinct and from the ranks that before had stood like marble statues, burst forth a fire of lead and iron that nothing could withstand. The rebel lines faltered, then came on again with cries and yells that were enough to terrify the evil one himself, but it was of no avail. They tried in vain to reach our lines. Till sundown did we and they confront each other, dealing death as fast as human power would permit, while the ground was being covered with the dead and dying. At last after the most determined efforts, they were compelled to fall back, leaving us, Sherman's Yanks, once more victors of the field. They made three separate charges on the 14th Corps, but were repulsed each time. This was the first day's fight of the Peachtree Creek battle. The rebel loss was 8,000. Our loss was 5,000. The next day all was quiet. The rebels left their first line of works and advanced and took possession of them.

July 22nd the rebels came out in force trying to break through our corps and thus cut Sherman's army in two, but the 20th Corps was not to be driven. They held their position against overwhelming numbers, and after trying till they saw it was in vain, they fell back to the last line of works around Atlanta. Our loss was heavy, but it would have been considered light but for the loss of gallant Gen. McPherson who was shot by a rebel sharpshooter while taking observations through his field glass in the early part of the fight. The rebel loss was estimated at 6,000, ours at 4,000 killed and wounded. In this fight, while laying on the ground having no works to shelter us, a ball passed over one fellow's boot and struck a three-inch maple sapling laying in front of me, thus stopping the ball which otherwise would

have scattered by brains as I lay, and I would not have been here to write this simple history, but would have been molding beneath the traitor's soil by the side of thousands of our brave boys who fell that day in maintaining the government. I was sent on picket after dark. Some of our pickets were driven in by the rebels, but they were soon sent back by our artillery.

July 23rd. There was heavy cannonading during the day with but little musketry. At night we were relieved and took our supper in the breastworks, consisting of hard tack and coffee. From that day the fall of Atlanta was certain and the siege commenced. July 28th. Up to this time everything was quiet with the exception of occasional bursts of musketry and the firing of the sharpshooters who would pick off our men if they dared to show themselves outside of the breastworks. In the morning I was detailed to go on picket and in the afternoon we were ordered to advance and take the rebel picket line. The move was a desperate one, enough to appall the stoutest heart, but we advanced without a waver, though sure that some of must fall, as the distance between the two lines was not over 25 yards and the rebels had head the order as plain as we. They lay still till we advanced within a few paces when they opened a withering fire upon us, sending us back faster than we came up, but strange to say, not a man was hurt, although the balls ploughed the ground as we went down the hill. The next morning the picket lines advanced again, not a loud word being spoken, and took the whole rebel picket line, finding many of the rebels asleep and were thus taken by surprise. One hundred and sixty were taken by our regiment, ne man refusing to surrender was bayoneted by one of our men, and afterward died of gangrene. The rebels soon opened with their artillery, our battalion sending a fierce reply. Several of our men were wounded, among them John Edward Pultz, who was hit by a rifle ball in his thigh. He was sent to the hospital and finally died. He was a member of our company and much loved by all who knew him, a thorough soldier and gentleman. The breastworks in which we were was exposed too much so we were ordered to start one in our front. They started in the night and the next morning we moved in the new works. There was a continual fire kept up by the rebel pickets with an outburst of artillery.

August 1st. The day was very warm and the rebels kept us in our works most of the time by their incessant fire of shot and shell. August 2nd, in the morning, the 13th New Jersey advanced and burnt two dwelling houses held by the rebel sharpshooters. They then fell back with the loss of one man and a gain of 20 prisoners taken about the houses.

August 26th. From the 2nd up to this time there was but a series of duels between the two lines. There was not a moment, day or night that a man was in safety. At night the order came to pack up. The 20th Corps was to fall back to the Chattahoochie for what purpose it was not known by us. The confidence of the men in Gen. Sherman was for a short time wavering. Loud were the complaints of the men. The idea of retreating was to us a thing not to be thought of. We who had never turned our backs to the foe could not bear it. But as soon, however, as the reason for the move was explained it was all right and "Billy T" was voted a smarter man than ever. Our Corps lay in a semi-circle around the railroad bridge across the Chattahoochie with both flanks resting on the bank of the river. The position was a strong one.

August 27th, we threw up breastworks and prepared to receive the Johnnies should they be impudent enough to follow us. The next day being Sunday we had inspection in the morning and in the afternoon church in the open air for the first in a long time. The scene was an impressive one to see the bareheaded preacher expounding the gospel to those weary soldiers who until the day before had been engaged in dealing death to hundreds and sending them into presence of the Holy Being of whom they were now being taught.

August 29th. Fatigue duty commenced, digging sinks and erecting a basis for them in front of the works. August 30th, a detail was sent to reconnoiter and finding the rebels entrenched in our old works, came back with the loss of one man wounded in the leg. August 31st, at 3 o'clock in the morning my company was sent out. We advanced in sight of their picket line when we fell back capturing one of their scouts and losing one man who went down to a little stream in the woods after water and was taken by some rebels lying in wait for anyone who should come near them.

September 1st. Another squad went out, but meeting with rebel cavalry were compelled to fall back. At night we were brought out of our tents by hearing heavy explosives resembling artillery, but which proved to be the ammunition set on fire by Gen Hood, who, finding himself cut off by Gen. Sherman, must fight to get away. The 2nd we sent out a detail who entered the city without opposition. About 2 p.m. the corps took up its line of march and with light hearts at 9 in the evening passed through the rebel city (Atlanta) and encamped on the north side of the city occupying the rebels' former works. The feeling of us soldiers cannot be imagined. The idea that the city that had withstood for six weeks all that could be brought

against it, should fall as in a moment, and now lay at our mercy, was hardly thought to be true.

September 4th. In the morning after breakfast we moved farther to the left and pitched tents till further orders should set us on foot again. We then learned that 80 cars loaded with ammunition were destroyed by the rebels, causing the noise we had heard before entering the city.

September 5, 1864. At 8 a.m. I went on picket 1 ½ miles from camp. The day was intensely warm but we were in the deep shade of the forest and therefore had it very nice to those laying in camp under the torturing heat of the southern sun. AT 10 a.m. the next morning we were relieved by another detail and we returned to camp. An order had been issued by Ge. Sherman saying that we would lay there and rest for some time. He also issued a proclamation of thanks to us, which did us more real good than if we had extra rations for three days minus the hard tack and salt junk. So we started to put up our tents in company street, digging sink and turnpiking the streets and making a parade grounds. Thus several days were spend during which we had several company drills and evening parade. During this time I was taken sick, but on the 16th I was called out to drill much against my will.

September 17th. Al was commotion in camp. All were getting ready for a review. Guns that had been covered with rust for weeks were made to shine like silver dollars.

Sept. 18th. This being the day for the review was a stormy one, but the order had been issued and must be carried out. So at 8 a.m. the whole division was formed into line and marched about two miles from camp, and amid the pelting rain we were reviewed by Gen. A. S. Williams and then dispersed for camp, where we arrived in double quick time, looking the picture of drowning humanity. The rest of the day was spent in drying our clothes and trying to make ourselves look like soldiers.

Sept. 19th. I was detailed for picket but having the cleanest gun and accoutrements, I was chose Colonel's orderly. During the day the regiment raised a flagpole after which the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the top amid the cheers of a thousand men who were ready to do and die to the last man before it should be polluted by the touch of a rebel.

Sept 20th. The sun rose bright and clear and the day proved to be a fair one. In the morning at 8 o'clock my brigade was marched to the review ground before

mentioned where we found the rest of the division. We were quickly formed into line and then noticed Gen. Slocum and staff standing in the distance. The colors were flying and at the sound of the bugle the brass bands were put in motion. The music being appropriate made it quite cheering to the men and officers. After passing in review before the General twice, the column halted and after a short rest, being headed by Gen. Slocum, the division marched through the principal streets of Atlanta, and passing Gen. Sherman's headquarters we had the satisfaction of seeing the hero himself and receiving a polite bow from him in response to the three cheers we gave him as our leader. In passing thru one street we saw a large building with this sign on—"Slaves bought and sold here"—which the men saluted with three groans as a token of their esteem. Then we were dismissed to go to camp, well satisfied with our tramp, though very tired. During the night we were visited by a very severe rain storm, which made it very unpleasant out of doors for several days.

September 22nd, Michael Burns of Company K, formerly of the 145th NY was buried after a short illness and the next day Thomas Madden of Company H was laid beside his brother soldier to rest before the resurrection. At noon we received 170 recruits for our regiment. Seven of them came for my company, the rest for different parts of the regiment. The rest of the month was spent like the forepart, in drilling, parades, reviews, etc., and keeping the camp and ourselves in order.

October 4th, we broke camp and marched to the north part of the city and occupied the rebel's former works. We were ordered to lay out company streets again as we would probably lay there some time. And by night we had comfortable quarters again.

Oct. 5th, in the morning, I was detailed to go on fatigue duty, as we were building a line of works around the city on the south and west. The next morning I was to go on picket, but was chosen Colonel's orderly. The day proved to be a rainy one. The next day was quite cold. At night cannon shots were heard in the distance.

Oct. 8th, I was sent to work at the forts. The day was very cold and the night was so severe that I had to get up and build a fire to keep from freezing and found that most of the others were doing the same. Such is a soldier's life. Is it one to be envied? I think not. Everything passed off quietly till the 29th of this month. (Oct. 1), when it was rumored by scouts that the rebel Gen Hood had crossed the Chattahoochee and gone to our rear, which we soon found to be true, as he was cutting off our communications, after which Gen Thomas was dispatched with

three corps to arrest his movements, which we did not thank him (Hood) for, as it was the means of having our ration cut down to two-thirds.

All kinds of stories were in circulation as to what the next move would be. Some predicted a retreat, as it was thought impossible to hold Atlanta with Hood in our rear. Orders had been issued for calling in all troops that had been stationed outside the city. Our surplus baggage was sent to the rear. And then came orders as I was sitting in church on Sunday for all soldiers to report to their respective camps. We were sent to work tearing up the railroad track for several miles to the rear. The rails were heated and bent so they could not be made use of again. The city itself was set on fire in different places by some persons anxious to have a bonfire. This had been strictly forbidden in the general orders, and Gen. Slocum offered a large reward for the apprehension of any person setting buildings on fire, but no one was caught, and on the 13th (of November) the morning we left, at least one-third of the city was in flames. And after we had marched 10 miles or more, on looking back, a dark column of smoke was constantly rising like a funeral pall, and so great heart of the Southern States, Georgie, South Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee, was on a level with the ground, while naught was left but the smoking ruins to tell the traveler the traveler who passed that way how great a change it had undergone. It was like a tale of the past that once had been but was no more. (To be continued)

DIARY OF PETER W. FUNK
CO. F, 150TH NY VOL.
RED HOOK AFVERTISER
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Oct 4th, 1864. From this time we pursued our way on to the sea-coast without meeting any obstacles till the 9th of December, when we arrived in front of a small fort situated right across our road. It had a rice swamp on one side and an almost impassable swamp of underbrush on the other. My brigade then commanded by Col. Carmen of the 13th NJ Vol. was ordered to form into line of battle across the rice field. This we did, but soon found that the rebels were letting water on us, and that it was rising so fast that being short of stature, I was obliged at one time to swim or sink, while the rebels were giving us full supply of shot and shell. But luckily no one was hurt and in a few minutes the fort was ours with two prisoners, and we learned that it had been garrisoned by 80 men with two pieces of artillery.

These were afterward taken by the 14th Corps. We then proceeded on our way and the next day at 2 p.m. we were arrested by the works around Savannah, and we settled ourselves around them. On the left bank of the Savannah River there was an impassable swamp between our regiment and them, our right resting on the main road leading into the city, which the rebels had guarded by bomb-proof earth works. It was while laying around this place that we first felt the pangs of hunger. Our rations were mere nothing, so that we were glad to pick up the corn left laying by the mules and horses. After laying here three days we went into Ark Island in the Savannah River, by some called Hutchinson Island, and driving the rebels off we commenced to gather rice to eat, with which the island was covered at the time, having just been cut. This we had to pound out of the hulls with clubs and then cook it without any salt or anything to scarce get enough out of the hulls to make two good meals a day. The consequence of this was that a good many got the scurvy, and I was one of its victims, though I did not leave the regiment or miss any duty. On the 20th of December our gallant Colonel, John H. Ketcham, came back to the regiment. The men received him with all the rejoicing possible except cheering, which would have brought us some visitors not so welcome as the colonel; for about three times a day the rebel's ironclad of floating battery, would come up and make fun of us by throwing 64 pound shells at us, and so disturb the peace of the regiment.

The next day we crossed the South Carolina side of the river and threw up works, when over came a 60 pound shell bursting in a building near us and one piece struck Private William Palmatier of Company C. taking off one of his legs, and causing his death in less than an hour. The next day the 21st, while we were engaged with the rebels and our Colonel was giving orders, he received a rifle ball in his thigh that unfitted him for the field, but in credit to him be it said that he would not leave but continued to give order until his men urged him to leave, when six men carried him off and never again did he get back to assume command of the boys who idolized him, as he was unable to ride in a saddle. So the command devolved on Major A. G. Smith, while the Colonel was promoted to Brevet Brigadier General, for his gallant conduct. Then tendering his resignation, it was received, and he returned to his home and the loved ones he had left behind to fill his post as Congressmen, to which he had been elected by his friends at home as one worthy of their highest trust, feeling confident that one who had behaved so nobly in the field, who had led their best sons, would not betray any trust put in his hands. At night we withdrew our troops and learned that the rebels were leaving

the city, which news seemed too good to be true. But the next day Gen. Geary finding the rebels gone in his front, advanced his troops to the city where a surrender was made by the Mayor. Thus fell Savannah on the 22nd of December and Sherman had fulfilled his promise to his men that he would find them a new and lasting base, and also presenting the Republic with a New Year's gift that could not be too highly prized. It was another of the rebels' great heartstrings cut, another blow given that could not be recovered. We put up as comfortable quarters as we could, and sat down to enjoy a season of rest. Our New Year's Day was so different from those we had been used to seeing that but for the occasional, "Wish you a Happy New Year", uttered by different ones, we would scarce have known that another year was gone.

We lay there till the 17th of January, in the morning, when we were called into line and started for the river where a pontoon bridge was laid and we crossed into South Carolina. The commenced one of the most wearisome marches of the war, marching through trackless swamps and wading streams for long distances' often having to help pull out the wagons when the worn out mules could not pull the out of the mud' and often having to build corduroy roads for miles so that so that we could get along; bridging streams that we could not wade; without regular rations, depending on the foragers who were to gather enough from the country to feed us; sometime having plenty and often a scarcity, we plodded on thru the mud, mire and water, passing through numerous little villages of which the following are the largest and from most of which places we would have to drive bands of rebel cavalry, Robertsville, Blackville, Winsboro, Chesterfield, C. H. Cherau, and Social Circle. At this place we took dinner and rested a short time. Some of our sick were left at this place. The citizens were social and pleasant, but true to the South. Even the ladies, with a few of whom I had quite a talk, were not slow to assert their rights and denounce us Yankees as imps of the evil one himself, though they were happily surprised that we did not kill and burn, or had no horns, as they had been led to think. Traveling in four columns meeting with little opposition, the country was swept for a breadth of 60 miles of everything that afforded subsistence of any kind. Animals of all kinds were taken off and killed, thus leaving the inhabitants without any means of living. Thus was South Carolina made a hell on earth. It's capital, even Columbus, where the first ordinance of secession was passed, was burned to the ground, was made to bear the burden of the scourge that they had thereby brought into the land. While it may seem cruel to wage war with fire and sword, who will say that South Carolina did not deserve all that she got, and more.

On March 15th, 1865, we had marched through the rain most of the day and went in camp at night tired and wet to the hide. We put up our tents and had our fire blazing and began to think ourselves quite comfortable when the shrill notes of our brigade and division bugles broke the stillness of the camp and the cry of “the 150th fall in” brought tents down quicker than they went up. We marched eight miles through the mud that was almost impassable, going up to our bodies in many places, and came up to Gen. Kilpatrick’s line of cavalry in breastworks and we learned that they had fought off the rebels all day and were scarcely able to hold their own and we had been sent to reinforce them. They were fatigued and we took their places while they fell back to catch a few hours rest. Everything was quiet in the morning and we hoped that the rebels had left, but we were bitterly disappointed. Before it was light we were ordered into line of battle. The skirmishers advanced, we followed close at their heels. They had not gone more than 50 yards before they were saluted by a volley from the rebel picket, and we heard the balls whistling their deaths song as they hummed by us. Our men returned the fire with good effect, the two sides gaining and losing ground, as one side or the other would make a desperate rush and then receiving a deadly volley would fall back a short distance while the other would quickly advance a few paces. Thus was the fight continued the whole day till sundown when the rest of our corps coming up we were relieved. The fight had been one of the most desperate of the war, fought by nothing but skirmish lines, but the loss was heavy on both sides, Kilpatrick’s cavalry behaved like veterans and fought with dogged determination, while he himself was all life, riding along the line, giving orders with decided coolness, regardless of the balls that went tearing their way through the air around him. Night coming on, the firing ceased and in a short time all was quiet. The next morning found the rebels on the road and we after them. This was at or near Fayetteville and on the 19th in the afternoon, we met them again at Bentonville, where we lay three days, but having no engagement after the first day, which was a desperate one, and but for the timely arrival of the 20th Corps, might have been disastrous one of the 4th and 14th Corps, as the rebels had taken them in front and on the flank., and the men gave way and the line would have been open but for Slocum’s fighters who came up at this moment and hastily forming poured in a volley which sent the rebels back dismayed. Lieut. David B. Sleight was killed in this battle, leading his company in, as one may say the last firth of the war.

After this we proceeded to Goldsboro where we went into quarters and lay there some time and then moved to Raleigh. Among the troops taking part in this movement was the 128th NY, enlisted from Dutchess and Columbia Counties, who had come to guard the city in our rear, Raleigh, the capital, fell with scarcely a struggle and we marched through it in triumph, and camped on the southeast. While laying there we were called into line and the order was read saying that Lee and his whole army had surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant, and the Sherman was trying to reason with Joe Johnston and get him to do the same thing. Then the death of our martyr President Lincoln, was reported but could not be believed, though later we were obliged to acknowledge it. The officers wore badges of mourning while the paled cheek and sad low voices of the men as if fearing to disturb the dead, were true signs of the love that the brave boys bore him. But Lee's surrender for a moment swept away the remembrance of the foul deed all was wildest joy, yelling and tossing their caps in the air, turning somersaults, etc., and everything else that could be done to show their joyous feeling. After a few days of counseling Joe Johnston finding that resistance was in vain, and that the further effusion of blood was but disgracing themselves in the estimation of all people, agreed to accept the terms offered Gen. Sherman, and thus was the Confederacy forever dissolved and the Union declared one and inseparable. The next day the Yankee army started on its homeward march for Washington, passing through the rebel capital, Richmond, passing by Libby Prison, a large brick building with iron grates instead of glass for lights, on the bank of the river with a small yard looking more like a hog yard than a place where human beings were kept. But they were now reaping the fruits of their own labor, for Grant had it now filled with rebels.

We marched in company front up the main street which was quite filthy, but they were fast getting it in order. The stoops and piazzas were filled with officers and ladies who were sitting or standing by their sides, gazing at us Yanks with scorn or ridicule to think that they had been obliged to yield to such as a looking set as we were. The day was very warm and the men suffered a great deal marching over the pavements. We proceeded on our way till we arrived in Alexandria, making a march of about 300 miles in less than three weeks.

We lay here for a few days (in Washington) where the whole army passed in review before the President and his cabinet, and other high officials, up Pennsylvania Avenue, thru the main streets of the city and then camped on the north side where we lay until mustered out. We were finally put on the cars and

sent humming on our way to Jersey City where we crossed over to New York City and passed one night of horrors in the Battery Barracks and then were led on board the “Oregon”, the same boat that had taken us away from home, and at 10 p.m. we arrived at Poughkeepsie.

What my feeling or the feelings of the men in general were as we once more placed our feet on terra firma on our native county and felt ourselves once more at home is not to be imagined or described. The street was crowded with our friends who joyfully took us by the hand to welcome us home. After a heartfelt interchange of greetings the crowd dispersed and we were disbanded to go where we would. Many went home that Saturday night, but I passed two days and a night in the Soldier’s Rest till Monday. After a splendid reception given by the ladies of Poughkeepsie, we, on the 8th of June, 1865, received out discharges and pay and were citizens once more, which position I am now filling as best I can.

PETER W. FUNK
CO. F, 150TH REGIMENT, NY VOL
2ND BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION
20TH CORPS, GEN SHERMAN, COMMAND’S