AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

CAPT. RICHARD W. MUSGROVE

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A TRIBUTE

TO

MAYME

WHO WITH

HEAD, HEART AND HAND

STILL TOILS

FOR THE

OLD HOME AND OFFICE

GENE

FOR ALL THE

MUSGROVES

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

CAPT. RICHARD W. MUSGROVE

PUBLISHED BY
MARY D. MUSGROVE
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While the early portion relates to father's boyhood and to incidents occurring in Bristol in those days, the sketch is devoted largely to events during his term of nearly four years in the Union Army. It was his intention to publish this autobiography during his lifetime, and in the manuscript there are many indications of paragraphs to be rewritten, with additions, and of statements to be verified. Although we have found it impossible to make all the additions which marginal notes indicate, we are endeavoring to publish it as nearly as possible as the author intended.

MARY D. MUSGROVE.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

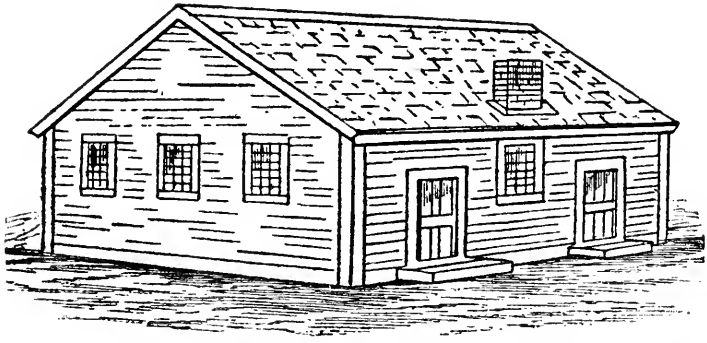
I awoke to the realities of this mundane sphere in Bristol, N. H., on the 21st day of November, 1840. It was not an event of great moment to the world at large but to me it was an event of importance. I am told that my early years gave promise of no remarkable career in any respect and so I hope I have attained the full expectation of my friends.

My recollections cover the time from 1843, when I stood by my mother's knees and listened to a discussion by her and the Rev. Nathaniel W. Aspinwall, about the Millerite craze that was then sweeping over the country, and about its disastrous effects on the churches in Bristol and the community in general. I did not take in the full scope of the discussion, but I clearly discerned that something terrible was abroad in the land, and, indeed, that a calamity had visited Bristol; and the picture then formed on the retina of my memory has remained with all its vivid colors through life.

The chief topic of discussion in those days was the immediate coming of Christ and the end of the world. Large numbers of people completely lost their reasoning powers. They not only believed in the end of the world at a time only a few months in advance, but they contended that a belief in this doctrine was essential to salvation when the end should come. Some went so far as to prepare robes in which to ascend to glory. The chief effect of this craze was to unfit people for the every-day work of life. Business was neglected, crops were left ungathered in the field, and many were brought to suffer for their improvidence. David Trumbull of Hill was one of the leading spirits in the Millerite craze in this section. In the fall of 1843 he had a large field of potatoes that he declined to dig because he should not need them. One day Hezekiah Sargent, a neighbor, asked permission to dig a few. "Yes," said Trumbull, "dig all you wish. I only want a few to last me the short time I shall stay here." Sargent gathered the crop. Time wore on and Trumbull needed more potatoes than he had put into his cellar and called on Sargent to help him out, when Sargent coolly replied he did not know as he had any to spare.

Closely allied with this in point of time is my recollection of town meetings at the old Methodist chapel on the east side of North Main street at the base of Sugar hill. As my home was about midway between the chapel and Central Square, I could but notice the constant stream of humanity that travelled between the chapel and the square on election days, and my curiosity was rewarded with the information that after a ballot was deposited each man made a trip to the square for a drink. At that time liquors were sold in the grocery stores of the town, at the hotel, and in saloons.

I presume it was owing to home influences that I had a veneration for the old chapel and I wondered that so many of the boys delighted to club the old building, that some threw stones at the windows at every opportunity, and that one boy on a Fourth of July, to prove that



Methodist Chapel built in 1814

he could fire a piece of paper through an inch board, drove the wadding of his gun through one of the doors of the chapel.

This chapel under the hill was an ancient relic when I was a boy. I well remember its interior for I attended meetings and lectures there. Between the two doors, next to the front walls, were a few seats elevated above the rest, which accommodated the singers. When the people determined to modernize the chapel by heating it during service, a box stove was located between the front seats and the pulpit in the east end. A plank platform was hung from the ceiling over the singers' seats, and on this the chimney was built. A funnel extended from the stove to the chimney. There was then so little room above the heads of the singers that they had to move about cautiously, else their heads would come in contact with the stove pipe. The chapel had no gallery—there

was no room for one; the pulpit was reached by three or four steps only and there were no box pews, only common slips. The society was too poor to have these things, and so by force of circumstances the chapel was quite modern in some of its features.

When I was a boy the people had not ceased to talk of how Rev. George Storrs had been mobbed within the walls of this chapel because he dared to speak against slavery. Indeed the agitation of the question of slavery, increasing as it was year by year, would not let the recollection of such incidents die out, and what I heard about the doings of the mob made such an impression on my mind that it almost seems to me now that I was an eye witness of it, though it occurred three years before I was born.

After the Methodists ceased to use the chapel on the completion of the new chapel on Spring street in 1839, it was used by the Free Baptists for some years, and for lyceums, lectures, and, till 1853, by the town for town meetings. But the old chapel must go. Rev. Ebenezer Fisk bought it and the material went to help build the Free Baptist church which now stands on Summer street. I watched the tearing down of the venerable and venerated building with much interest. Among the workmen were the Nelson brothers, then in the prime of early manhood and I marveled at the exhibitions of strength as these young giants of the farm put their shoulders to the work. Now where the church once stood is the garden connected with the residence occupied for many years by Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Pray.

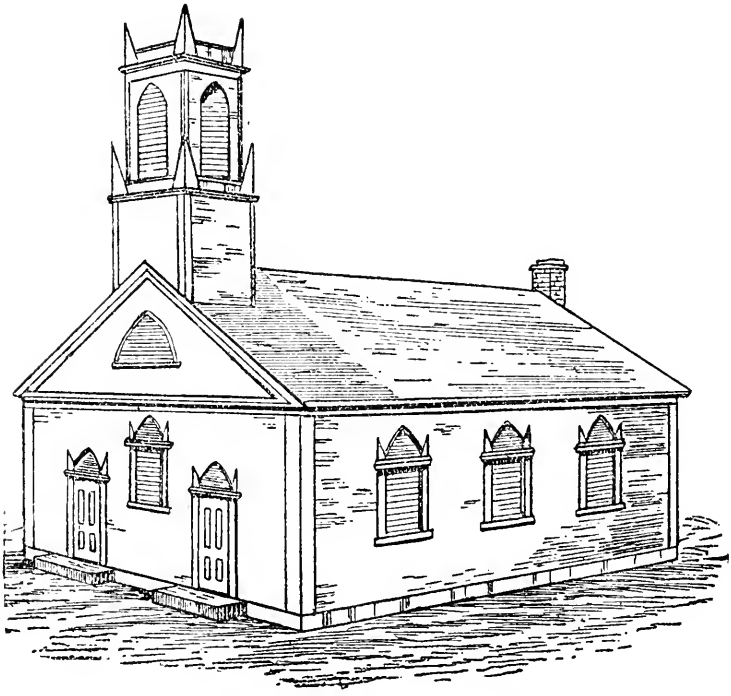
The immense Balm of Gilead tree that stands a few rods south of this site on the same side of the street was set out when I was a boy as I well remember, from the fact that I was given a shaking by the owner one day for presuming to lean against the sapling, and thus endanger its life.

I was a constant attendant at the Methodist chapel on Spring street when a boy. I usually sat on one of the front seats near the door, and in summer time was always barefooted. My view through the open door extended down the Pemigewasset valley, and the beautiful landscape spread out before me is more distinctly remembered now than any sermon of those days. I remember some Sunday school concerts of that period, in one of which twelve men represented Joseph and his brethren. Joseph was put into a pit, only there was no pit and so instead he was placed in the rear part of the stage in full view of the audience, and afterward sold to the Egyptians. At that concert I sang Coronation, and Hon. N. S. Berry, later the honored governor of the state, who presided, accompanied me, singing the base.

At that time a stage was built over the altar extending to the front seats. They were rough joists laid from the altar rail to the front seats,

and on these loose boards were laid, which creaked every time any one passed over them.

The Sunday services of those days were preaching at 10:30; Sunday school at 12 or a little before; preaching at 1 o'clock and prayer-meeting at 5 or later. I was expected to attend all these services and nothing less than a real sickness was sufficient to allow my staying at home. In those days the farmers on the hill farms sent large delegations to all



Methodist Chapel built in 1839

the churches of the village, and the horse-shed meetings during the intermissions were largely attended, when the farmers gave and gathered the news, discussed agriculture and sometimes politics. A family picnic on Sunday on the shore of the lake would have shocked the whole community; and even a day spent resting at the lake instead of at church was rarely known.

Friction matches were first introduced into Bristol at a muster held on what is now the Favor Locke farm in the west part of the town

about 1837. They were made singly, about as thick as a match to-day but wider. On both sides for half an inch from the tip there was phosphorus. The match was lighted by placing it between a piece of sandpaper folded about it and suddenly withdrawing it while pressing the sandpaper against the match in the hand. About 50 of these matches and a piece of sandpaper were put up in a box and sold for 25 cents. Their appearance made quite a sensation and the peddler offering them for sale did a rushing business. Strange as it may seem some did not look with favor on this innovation, and when a boy, even after their usefulness had been proved, I heard some of the old people speak of them as a curse. One of the objections urged against them was that a man could so easily set fire to a building and then make his escape.

Stage Coaches and Taverns

I always took great interest, as did all the boys, in the arrival of the stagecoach, loaded as it generally was with passengers. The driver who could swing his long whip and strike a barking dog with stunning force, sending him howling in another direction, or who could drive with great skill, making a graceful curve to the door of the tavern, was a man that all the boys envied.

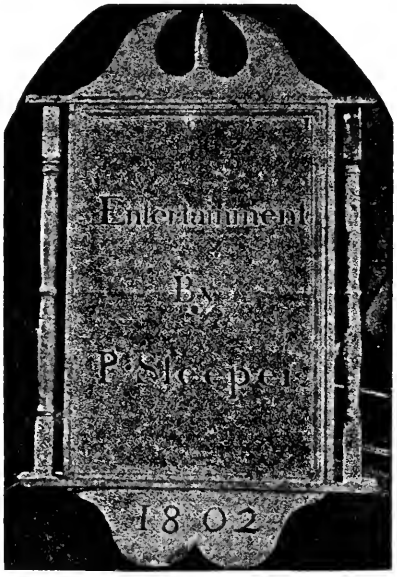
The daily arrival of the stagecoach was a great event. It brought the mails, consisting of a few letters and a very few weekly papers, and, what was of greater consequence, all the current news of the day. Bristol had its unemployed and leisure class then as now, and all these were at the tavern when the stage arrived. The stage was here but half an hour or so, but the crowd lingered long after its departure and enlarged on the bits of news dropped hurriedly by the driver and the chance passengers. On the arrival of the coach, the driver and passengers filed into the tavern, took a drink of grog, then took seats at the dining tables and helped themselves to the food in waiting. During the noon hour the horses were changed and then the coach proceeded on its way.

Commencing in July, 1821, a stagecoach passed through Bristol twice a week on its way from Haverhill to Concord. This left Sinclair's tavern in Haverhill on Mondays and Fridays at 4 o'clock a. m., and arrived at Wilson Stickney's in Concord about 5 in the afternoon. On its return, it left Concord on Tuesdays and Saturdays at about the same hour for Haverhill, where it connected with stages for the northern part of Vermont and Canada.

In 1833, Bristol had three mails from the south and the same number from the north each week. Up to 1835 two horses were

sufficient for all the travel, but this year four horses were attached to each stagecoach, and the coach made daily trips and so continued till the advent of the railroad in 1848.

These were the days that the writer remembers. They were considered great days for Bristol, and they were. Sometimes two and even three coaches were required to accommodate all the travel. Those coaches going south usually stopped at Prescott's tavern on the east side of South Main street for dinner, while those going north, arriving before the dinner hour, proceeded to Hoyt's tavern in Bridgewater, now Elm Lawn, where dinner was served. Prescott's hotel or tavern, as it was then called, was in its day the chief hotel of the village when



Tavern Sign of Peter Sleeper, who opened the first tavern in Bristol Village, near the junction of High and Cross Streets

the village boasted of three or four. It was sometimes called the Washington tavern from the fact that on the tavern sign that swung from an arm of a post on the southwest corner was painted a crude picture of Washington. In December, 1849, this tavern was destroyed by fire and was not rebuilt.

The business brought to the taverns by the stagecoaches constituted but a small part of the business at the taverns. In those days every farmer raised large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, made maple sugar, butter and cheese and other articles, for the market, and about the only market was Boston. Consequently in the fall of the year the roads were fairly choked with the cattle and sheep driven to market, and in the winter every farmer made a trip to Boston to dispose of the surplus products of the farm. The team almost universally used was the pung, or pod, drawn by two horses. In this was loaded the poultry, butter and cheese, maple sugar, dried apples; yarn, socks, and mittens, spun and knit by the thrifty housewife; sheep's pelts, furs as the product of the hunt, and many other articles. Almost invariably the load was topped off with one or more dressed hogs exposed to the weather. A goodly number of neighbors often made these trips together, and when sleighing was good a vast number of teams were on the road at the same time. All these brought business to the tavern keepers, for when night came all must find a place to sleep and sometimes 75 men or more passed the night at Prescott's tavern, alone. And the tavern keepers grew rich for those days on a large number of small fees. Ten cents was the common charge for the privilege of sleeping on the barroom floor or the hay loft, while a larger fee was received from those who occupied the few beds that the taverns afforded. And more than this was the income that the landlord derived from the sale of grog. A man could eat on his trip the frozen food brought from home, but he needed his grog several times a day, and this he must buy of the landlord.

The Railroad

Then came the railroad, and while that was building we crossed the falls, before the bridges were constructed, on planks placed from stone to stone. Some of the older boys assisted me at such times, and upon reaching the south bank, after looking into the rapidly flowing stream from our frail foot bridge, we took a long breath of relief. We watched the tearing down and removal of the boarding-house in front of the three-story mill, now a one-story pulp mill, to make way for the road to the station, and listened with horror to the detailed account of the death of the two Irishmen blown up by the premature explosion of powder in the hardpan just north of the engine house.

The three-story woolen mill alluded to above was built in 1836. The present pulp mill shows the ground size of the structure. The road to this mill was down the south bank of the river from Prescott's tavern, or more strictly speaking, from the south end of the carriage

house connected with the tavern, from about where now stands the two-story wooden building north of the road that leads to the crutch factory, then a grist mill. Thence the road proceeded down the stream over the land now occupied by H. H. Hutchinson's saw mill.

The woolen mill was three stories high, with a double deck attic and basement, after the style of those days. It had projecting entries in the top of which was located a large wheel provided with pulley blocks by which heavy articles were raised to the several floors. The roof was surmounted with a belfry in which hung the bell that now does service at the engine house. A boarding-house stood in front, where now is the highway to the railroad station. This mill was operated about a year by the Bristol Manufacturing company, in the manufacture of cassimeres. The supply of wool was purchased at home, but cotton and other supplies were brought by teams from Boston. This company failed, and Henry Kidder and Levi Bartlett operated the mill later, but in all only about five years, after which it stood idle for many years.

The mill at the depot being unoccupied became as much a target for the boys as the old chapel on the turnpike. The lights of glass that escaped the stones thrown by the youngsters were very few. They there put into practice the precept taught at school, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The boys roamed at will through the spacious rooms from the top attic to the basement, and even into the wheelpit, and into the old overshot wheel itself, where a dozen boys would climb on the inside to near the top. The wheel would commence to turn and give the boys a ride till the center of gravity was again at the bottom. The press-boards left in the old mill supplied the people of the town for years with "pasteboard" from which to make fans, and some of the boys ventured out upon the roof perilously near the eaves high above the seething waters, and there gathered in some of the lead on the roof for their bullet moulds.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL AND WORK

The old red schoolhouse on Lake street was the only one in this village when it went up in smoke one night in the fall of 1848. Here scholars of all ages were gathered together, and all kinds of books were used and all kinds of teachers ruled, some with the rod of iron. Reuben Rollins ruled here, as well as elsewhere where he taught, with the rod, but did not always come off victorious. There were several young men in the school nearly as heavy as he, and on one occasion, when he attempted to chastise one with a rod, he was leveled to the floor with a stick of wood. Others came to the assistance of the scholar, while the teacher fought his battle alone. When the teacher had sufficiently recovered to appear in court a few days later, there was a trial at the Prescott tavern, but only one scholar of the three or four wanted appeared; the rest had gone west to grow up with the country, and all became prominent railroad men.

From the ashes of one schoolhouse arose three—one on the site of the old; one on Summer street, later the residence of R. S. Danforth, and one between South Main and High streets, now the home of Benjamin C. Gray. If some of the unruly kind went west, others grew to take their places when other teachers took the place of Rollins, and so when S. S. Preston taught on Summer street, he, like Rollins, had trouble if not of the same kind. An overheated schoolroom always gave this poor man the nosebleed, and so some of the scholars delighted to crowd the stoves with wood during the noon hour, with the sure effect of having an exhibition in the afternoon. For a meager compensation this poor man worked hard seven days in the week. He taught school five days and a half, and the rest of the time he was scouring the woods for good stout withes to use on his scholars. On one occasion one of the older boys drew on the wall of the schoolroom the picture of a man having the nosebleed and wrote under it the name, "Old Preston." When Preston entered the room and saw the fine work of the artist, his wrath was excited. He went at once to the vacant second entry, where he stored his withes, and selected his best—one more than ten feet long. This he drew over the hot coals

and then called in the scholars—for, strange as it may seem, not a scholar was in the room when he entered. He brought the offender into the floor, removed his coat and vest and applied the rod, gradually walking up to his victim as he used up the withe. This the culprit endured without flinching, but a few days later when he again stood in the floor for another breach of the rules and was ordered to hold out his hand for a ferruling, he refused, and the master promptly struck him on the side of his head with the ferrule, laying him senseless on the floor. Such scenes as these would not be tolerated in any school to-day, but they then only afforded food for gossip.

The young folks of this village fifty or sixty years ago, like those of to-day, delighted in taking part in theatricals. The hall where these entertainments were usually held was in the attic of White's block which at that time had a pitched roof. The hall was small, lighted by two windows in the west gable end and poorly ventilated. I remember attending there a representation of scenes from the life of William Tell, when the apple was shot from the head of the son by the said William. Moody O. Edgerly was William Tell, and Fred H. Bartlett the son. Others, I think, were William C. Lovejoy, M. W. White, Charles R Currier, and Charles Chase. The gay uniforms and costumes were simply entrancing. The hall was densely packed, and the orchestra found it impossible to keep their violins at the proper pitch in the varying temperature. To admit a breath of fresh air the windows in the west end, all there were, would be raised and as often as this was done some of the strings of the violins would snap, which did not add to the quality of the music.

At another time a traveling showman gave an entertainment here with a magic lantern. This lantern was the predecessor of the modern stereopticon, and was thought to be a great affair. The young folks roared at the man in bed asleep who swallowed rat after rat as they walked into his mouth. The proprietor of this show was Wm. Bebee Lightning, an Englishman, a local preacher, who had formerly deserted from the British army. He was entertained at my father's home, and as my father, when a boy, was a deserter* from the British navy, two congenial spirits met. I listened with great interest to recitals of their experience in the British service and shuddered as they talked of the "floggings" they had witnessed, then common in that service as a form of discipline.

White's hall was the headquarters of the Sons of Temperance. They sought to interest the boys in the subject of temperance and had meetings for their special benefit, but unfortunately the janitor

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* See chapter at the end.

of the hall was austere and severe in dealing with the boys and did more to drive them from the hall than the most attractive program did to hold them. I remember one occasion when a goodly number of boys had gathered early, one cut up a prank that set all the rest laughing, and the janitor bore down on them so hard that the boys vacated the hall in a body, and when the speaker arrived, he found only empty seats.

This same man, a trustee of the Methodist church, was delegated by the official board of the church to stop the playing of ball in front of the church on Spring street. The next day the boys while playing "three-year-old-cat" were visited by this official, who took down the names of all engaged in the play and then threatened dire punishment on any who ventured to play there again. He stopped the game but secured the ill will of the boys, which was not necessary.

Career of John S. Emmons

In 1848 the career of John S. Emmons threw this section into great excitement and sense of insecurity. John S. Emmons was the son of Aaron Emmons, a poor but hardworking, honest man, who resided on Spring street, where later was erected the Methodist church. At one time he carried on the business of a clothier, where now is the grist mill of C. N Merrill & Son on Central street, where he had a carding machine which carded the wool into rolls for the women to spin. He also had a fulling mill to finish the cloth after it had been woven at their homes, and several looms where weaving was done, an entering wedge of an industry that was to drive the weaving of all cloth from the home to the mill. Mr. Emmons later lived in the Kelley tavern house, later known as the Fisk house and now owned by Dr. J. W. Coolidge, at the corner of Central square and Summer street, and here he resided in 1848. In 1843 the son, John S., forged the name of his uncle, John Emmons, of Alexandria, to a note of $100. He was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Jeremiah H. Prescott, and in the evening of the same day went with the sheriff to his home to obtain additional clothing. While there he was allowed to visit a chamber unattended, from whence he promptly took to the woods by way of an open window. In May following he was again arrested and lodged in the jail at Haverhill. From this institution he soon after escaped and went to Massachusetts, where he pursued a career of crime, and served short terms of imprisonment in Lowell and Cambridge. In 1848, he returned to the scenes of his boyhood and was the terror of this whole section for months. He lived in the woods and at night made

visits to the stores and cellars of this village and appropriated whatever he desired to supply his larder, besides milking cows in the pasture and taking produce from the gardens. Locks and bars were insufficient to keep him out, and hardly a day passed that did not add to the tales of his depredations and the excitement of the people. We well remember how carefully every door and window was barred at night and how often our sleep was disturbed with dreams of the desperado. His boldness was proverbial. On one occasion the merchants of the village agreed to spend the night in their stores and watch for Emmons. At that time J. N. Darling had a clothing store, where now is Fowler's drug store, and Joseph Rollins a grocery store, next on the north. Soon after nine o'clock, Mr. Rollins saw a man at work on the shutters of Darling's store, and thinking it was Mr. Darling closing up for the night he walked along and attempted conversation, when John S. Emmons hastily left and disappeared over the bridge.

That summer the village school which I attended was in a hall in the second story of what is now a double tenement house at the corner of South Main and Beech streets. I well remember how the scholars were thrown into great excitement early one afternoon by carriages dashing past filled with armed men. Other armed men crossed the bridge on foot and made their way into the fields toward the woods in the west. It seemed that Emmons had made his appearance in the open at the base of Round Top, and this fact coming to the knowledge of the sheriff, he promptly appropriated the arms of the militia company in this village, and every man fit for duty as he appeared in Central Square was commanded in the name of the state to take a musket and become one of a sheriff's posse for the capture of the outlaw. Those in teams were dispatchd to Smith's river and stationed along the road on the north bank of that stream, while those on foot were to follow him from the north. In fact he was surrounded and his capture was thought to be sure. Emmons saw his pursuers after him and made his way to the south, keeping a safe distance ahead but occasionally sitting down to rest and watch his pursuers. Finally he reached Smith's river and made a break for the high bridge over that stream, where a guard of two men had been posted. These two men saw Emmons approaching and promptly took refuge under the bridge, while the fugitive crossed the bridge unmolested and disappeared in the woods on the side of Periwig mountain. The pursuit was called off, and the sheriff's posse returned to town.

Only a short time after this Josiah S. Ingalls, who was one of the sheriff's posse and a former schoolmate of Emmons, was working alone one evening in the cabinet shop of Washington Ingalls, which

stood where is now the planing mill of B. L. & Albro Wells, when in walked Emmons. He took a seat as if entirely at ease and for an hour talked of village affairs, of his old schoolmates and of his escapades. He said he was back in Bristol village on the evening of the day he was pursued and laughed over the sudden disappearance of the guard at the high bridge. This interview over, he coolly turned the collar of his coat over his face and walked out into the darkness.

Soon after this, Emmons was arrested in Keene for some crime committed in that section and was sentenced to the New Hampshire state prison for five years and ten days from April 4, 1851. After having served this term he again made his way to Massachusetts, where he continued his career of crime, and report said that he died in the Massachusetts state prison at Charlestown

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In 1850 there were many small manufacturing industries in this village. On the south side of the river there were the grist mill operated by Trueworthy G. Currier, and the saw mill operated when there was sufficient water. On the north side were the tannery of Warren White, the Ingalls wheelwright shop and Abbott Lovejoy's edge tool manufactory, with a little mill for grinding black lead in the rear. Where is now the grist mill on Central street was a clothing mill, and where is now the shoe shop was the planing mill of House & Locke. On the river bank on the east corner of what is now the library lot were the potash works of Ichabod C. Bartlett, where large quantities of ashes were purchased, the lye extracted, boiled down and sent to market in a solid state. Near "Brown's bridge" on Pleasant street was Brown's tannery, then going to decay. Here Mr. Brown had operated a tannery for many years, ground his bark by wind power and done all the rest of the work by hand. On Lake street, near the junction of Willow, Joshua Kendall had erected a saw mill, and to this place Mr. Brown removed, converting the saw mill into a tannery. Adjoining was the pill-box shop of Tucker & Weymouth, where vast quantities of wooden pill-boxes were turned out. Later, a satinet factory occupied the site of the present pulp mill on Willow street. At North Bristol the saw mills, grist mill, cabinet-shops and woolen mill made a busy community that rivaled Bristol village. Another busy mart of manufacture and trade was at Moore's mill and still another at the foot of the mountain, now known as South Bristol.

A business that contributed to the general prosperity of the place was the shoe-shop of Warren White in the second story of White's block. Here a dozen men were sometimes employed making boots and shoes for the wholesale trade. Among the workmen was a Mr.

Webster, a deaf mute. He was a fine workman but irascible and sensitive, and he therefore placed his bench in a corner as far as possible from the other workmen. The rats, in their fancy for paste, were a constant annoyance. One morning a dead rat was taken from a trap by one of the workmen and then placed on Webster's bench as though in the act of eating paste. A few minutes later Webster walked in; he saw the rat, and fire flashed from his eye. Catching up the iron poker, he approached his bench stealthily and then dealt a blow that sent the rat and the paste pot flying in a thousand pieces about the room, and brought out shouts of laughter from the other workmen, and a pantomime of wrath from Webster.

Here, too, Samuel Heath, another workman, was the victim of his fellow workmen. Kerosene oil, at $1.25 per gallon, was then making its first appearance, and Mr. White had secured some with the necessary lamps for the accommodation of his help. Mr. Heath purchased a lamp and enough oil to fill it, and after viewing the clear fine light with much satisfaction, he set the lamp one side till he should finish his work for the day. In the meantime someone substituted water for the oil, and when Mr. Heath reached his home and attempted to show his people the beauties of the new light, his efforts were a dismal failure.

In those days Washington Ingalls had a cabinet shop where is now the planing mill of B. L. Wells & Co. When a death occurred in the community, day or night, this man hastened to his shop and made to order a pine coffin of suitable size, which was given a coating of stain in great haste that it might be dry in season for use. The coffin containing the dead was carried to the grave on a bier over which was spread a pall. The first proposition to have a hearse made was the occasion of a warm discussion at town meeting. Col. Sam. T. W. Sleeper was the chief speaker against the measure, while it was advocated by Abbott Lovejoy. Sleeper argued that an ox sled or cart was good enough to carry him to the grave, to which Lovejoy retorted that he quite agreed with him on that point, but that decent people wanted to be carried to the grave in a decent conveyance.

I well remember a discussion that occurred in town meeting over a motion that the town erect a marble slab to mark the last resting place of a Revolutionary hero, Tom Fuller. "Col." Tom, as he was familiarly called, had made an honorable record in the Revolutionary war, serving several terms, and at the close of the war settled on New Chester mountain in what was then New Chester, now Bristol. He was poor and for fear that he would become a public charge the authorities, after the custom of those days, warned him to leave town,

and thus prevented his gaining a legal residence. He married a woman 24 years his senior. She was a superior weaver, always industrious; the colonel was good natured, a great wag and to his last days delighted in playing jokes on his neighbors. He contributed to the expenses of the household his pension of $8 per month and occasionally a dollar earned by peddling. He died in 1819, at the age of 73 years, and tender hands bore all that was mortal of the old hero from his humble cabin on the west side of the old road over the mountain to the little burying ground on the east side. The discussion spoken of above occurred thirty-five years after his decease. Some opposed the motion to erect the tablet at his grave solely on the ground that "Col" Tom was intemperate. But the motion prevailed and the marble slab was erected and now stands at his grave, and on it we read that his widow died Dec. 13, 1824, aged 103 years.

Speaking of Tom Fuller's wife recalls a story I heard from the lips of those advanced in life when I was young. Rev. Enoch Whipple, who was installed pastor of the First Congregational church in Alexandria in 1785, and Dr. Timothy Kelley, a Revolutionary soldier and the first practicing physician in Bristol village, were warm friends and did some evangelistic work in this town before there was a religious organization within its limits. In those days nearly everybody believed in a literal hell presided over by a personal devil, and so did these two good men. One day they made a call on Mrs. Fuller, who was, as usual, at work at the loom. Mrs. Fuller was evidently embarrassed by the presence of her distinguished callers. She did not invite them into the parlor for she had none, and so she continued to ply the shuttle while they talked. The conversation soon took a religious turn and the doctor said, "Are you a Christian, Mrs. Fuller?" Mrs. Fuller gave an extra snap to her shuttle and replied, "I dunno. I dunno." "Well! you want to be a Christian, don't you, Mrs. Fuller?" "I dunno. I dunno." "Don't you want to go to Heaven when you die, Mrs. Fuller?" "I dunno. I dunno." To every question the same answer was made and the embarrassed woman sent the shuttle a little more spitefully on its course. Finally the doctor lost his patience and rising from his chair said, "Well! go to hell and be damned if you want to. I don't care."

At 14 years of age I commenced to work in the paper-mill of Dow & Mason at $8 per month. I paid my mother $1.50 per week for board and thus had $2 per month left with which to clothe myself. Winters I attended school. Two years later I went to Franklin Falls and worked in the stone hosiery mill there. Though the wages were small I managed to support myself and save a few dollars with which I hoped some day to attend the seminary at Sanbornton Bridge, now

Tilton. I remember that one Sunday, with the thoughts of school in my mind, I walked to Sanbornton Bridge to look at the school buildings. I had pictured in my mind an elegant set of buildings, and when I came to see the small edifice then standing on the Northfield side of the river, my admiration fell several degrees, but not my desire to enter its halls as a pupil. I strolled through the village, and, while gazing at the river from the bridge, the Rev. Silas Quimby, on his way to preach in the old Methodist church on the Northfield side, invited me to go to church with him, and so I had a seat in the minister's pew and remember to this day the fine singing I heard but can recall nothing of the sermon. My visit to the town that day only strengthened my desire to attend school there.

On the Farm

The summer of 1856, I worked on the Whittemore farm in Bridgewater. I had heard so much about the healthfulness of life and labor on the farm that I fancied one season there would develop the muscle and make sure the health of a person for a lifetime, but experience taught me that even with pure air to breathe one has a limit to his endurance and that the best environments are not sufficient to protect one who goes beyond the limit of his strength. In my case, the advantages of the farm were more than counterbalanced by more hours of hard work than I was equal to. I now look back on those months of incessant grind with almost a shudder and wonder that I did not collapse under the strain. No ten-hour law or custom regulated the labor on the farm in those days. Up in the morning with the sun, there were milking the cows, feeding the hogs and doing the chores, or an hour's work in the cornfield or hayfield before breakfast. Breakfast over, the only rest of the day came, for the good man of the house had family prayers, and the reading of the Bible and prayers occupied full fifteen minutes. In planting, hoeing or mowing I had tools as heavy as a man's and I was expected to keep up with the rest. Darkness usually came ere the milking and chores were completed, and I retired, too tired to enjoy peaceful rest, but all too soon I was shaken by a firm hand and told by a half-pitying voice that it was time to get up. I remember one day's experience in particular. After breakfast I went with the man of the house on to the road to work, where I earned my employer a man's wages. We ate our dinner from the pail, by the wayside, but we were at work for the town, so a whole hour was devoted to dinner or rest, and discussing the attack of Brooks on Chas. Sumner in the U. S. Senate which had just occurred. The work was new, and I went "home" that night particularly tired. Darkness came as usual ere the work was done, and I gladly entered the house, thinking that my work

was over for the day. A tallow candle was burning on the table, which gave just about enough light so that one could walk across the floor without treading on the cat. Near the door sat the grandmother churning, using an old fashioned, tall, round churn with a dasher and handle which was worked up and down. I had hardly taken a seat when the grandmother, with a sigh, ceased to work, and said, "Perhaps Richard will help us a little." Well, Richard helped a little, and his "little" consisted in churning till the cream was turned into butter, and no one thought he could be tired. At least no one offered to help him.

In March, 1857, my brother William was employed by a Mr. Greenleaf to go to Watertown, Mass., and put in operation there some knitting machinery. He took with him a half dozen hands who had had experience in the knitting mill at Franklin and I, as one, went with him to operate the knitters. The great financial crisis of that year closed this business in August, and I returned home and soon after again found myself at work on Bridgewater Point, this time for Peter Whittemore on his farm, where I remained some three months. In November, Mr. Greenleaf resumed business in Franklin, my brother William again in charge, and my brother Abbott and I worked for him and boarded at Moses Burbank's. My sister Sara was, at this time, a student at Sanbornton Bridge, and during the winter Abbott and I visited her occasionally.

Work again failed, or Mr. Greenleaf did, in the early months of 1858, and, taking what few dollars I had accumulated during the year, I started for school at Sanbornton Bridge. My sister Sara and I boarded ourselves and, with some assistance from home in the line of pastry for the table, we managed to live on a very small sum per week. The few dollars I took with me were made to extend during the term by earnings—sawing wood, building fires, and doing such odd jobs as I was able to obtain. The summer found me again at work in the paper mill and the following winter again at school, under the same circumstances. The expenditure of every cent was carefully considered before an investment was made even for the necessaries of life. At the close of one term I found myself unexpectedly with nearly two dollars left, after paying all expenses, whereas I did not expect to have more than enough to pay my fare home. I was so much elated at my unexpected affluence that I at once indulged in an oyster supper and in other ways celebrated, so that I reduced my surplus nearly one half. The last day of the term brought my mother and Mrs. J. Darling to Sanbornton. One of the first questions Mrs. Darling asked me was if I had paid to the person she named the two dollars she gave me the last time I was at home. With that question the truth flashed upon me. I had been carrying $2 that did not belong to me and had even spent more than half of it and then had no means to make restitution. I

acknowledged my predicament, and the good woman, with a laugh, told me not to worry about it and that she would be entirely satisfied if I repaid her at my convenience. This debt I discharged with the first money I earned after my defalcation.

Between the time of my first visit to Sanbornton Bridge and my enrollment as a student, the first seminary building erected on the Northfield side had given way to a large modern brick building of three stories, having a main building and two wings, so that my school days there commenced in the new building. Compared with the present Tilton Seminary buildings, the new building lacked many of the modern comforts and conveniences. Then it satisfied all the requirements of the day and was a great blessing to all who attended.

Aside from the hard work that straitened circumstances required, my school days did not differ materially from those of the average student. I entered into all branches of school life with a desire to reap the greatest possible benefit and so, whether I worked or studied or played, whether in the recitation room or at the meetings of the U. P. society, the ultimate result to be attained was the leading incentive for action. There were no spare moments; all were utilized. And, indeed, they had to count, for with the hours devoted to work I had to be very diligent indeed to keep up in my studies with my schoolmates who were more fortunate financially, and, as I thought, keener in intellect than I.

CHAPTER III

PREPARING FOR WAR

I continued to attend school winters and work summers till the close of the spring term of 1862. My purpose was to fit for college at this institution and then enter Middletown, or some other college. Although the difficulties in the way were great, no other thought than that I should succeed entered my mind for a moment. During these years the American people were being prepared for the great national struggle that was looming in awful proportions from the south. I little realized then that the humble part I was to play in the great struggle would turn the whole current of my life and blast my ambition, but such was the case.

The discussion of the great crime of slavery entered into every phase of society life, and interest increased with the passing years. The debates in Congress, platform and pulpit efforts, and the press of the day kept the public conscience at fever heat. In our society meetings at the seminary some phase of national affairs was each week discussed, and extracts from the orations of the great masters were no longer used for declamations, but extracts from Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Charles Sumner on the great crime of slavery.

The excitement of the political campaign of 1860 can hardly be conceived of at the present day, and the months following the election of Abraham Lincoln brought only gloom and apprehension, as preparations for the great struggle went on. Application to study under such circumstances was well nigh impossible.

One by one the southern states passed ordinances of secession. The first of February, 1861, the papers announced the withdrawal of Texas from the Union, when a young man by the name of Middleton, who was a student at Tilton from that state, announced that he was then a resident of a foreign nation. This called forth indignant retorts from myself and others that were not complimentary to him or his state, whereupon he attempted to draw a revolver. This action caused such a demonstration among the boys present that he was soon convinced that the wisest course for him was to keep his revolver in his pocket.

When on the 12th day of April, 1861, the fact that Sumter had been fired upon was flashed over the wires, the North rose as one man. The people gave themselves over to demonstrations of patriotism. Mass meetings were held, martial music was heard in every town, and recruiting for the army went on faster than the volunteers could be organized. At Tilton a mass meeting was held in Seminary hall; the Franklin Band furnished music, and many patriotic addresses were made. With few exceptions the people were a unit in favor of forcibly preventing any state from withdrawing from the Union, and yet underneath all the excitement and enthusiasm deep gloom rested on the people, as they saw preparations for war going on. But few caught more than a glimpse of the immensity of the struggle ahead. One public man, thought to be more extravagant than any other, was quoted as saying that the Union was worth the expenditure of 50,000 lives. The sentiment was quoted by the daily press in display type; by some to show how the judgment of a great man could be warped in times of great excitement, and by others to show the value of the Union. But more than 8 times 50,000 men were sacrificed to prevent the disintegration of the nation. Little did the vision of even the most farseeing grasp the immensity of the sacrifice required.

The Big Fire

The summer of 1861 found me again at work in the paper mill on Willow Street. As the Fourth of July approached some of the boys suggested the hanging of Jeff Davis in effigy on the Fourth, as a diversion. Accordingly an image was made and duly hung on the flag staff in Central Square on the evening of July third. This image was clothed, including boots, with clothes left by workmen at the paper mill. At three o'clock the next morning commenced the greatest conflagration in the history of Bristol. The entire west side of Central Square was swept away. As the fire lit up the square, there hung the effigy of Jeff Davis; and the clothes and boots he wore, all covered with lime, plainly disclosed where this man had been put together. This fact, under ordinary circumstances, would not have occasioned any regrets, but now the authors did not enjoy their identity being known, because the fire had not half finished its work ere the boys were accused of being the cause of it all, and Jeff Davis told who some of the boys were. Gossip was wild for a few days and there was talk of a town meeting to see what could be done with the boys, and it was charged in the leading state paper published in Concord that the fire was caused by a fireball being thrown by a boy through a window into one of the buildings. There was no truth in this account of the origin of the fire, but, of course, the story told by the boys was not, for a long time, believed. I

was one of the boys interested and was on the street that night and knew that no glass was broken, unless it was the glass of the wine-bibbers in the basement, where the fire originated, near the southeast corner of the present Rollins block. There was some good reason to believe that dissipation by men in the basement named was the cause of the conflagration, but this was never known.

At this fire the present hand engine of the fire department was used for the first time in Bristol. It had been purchased only a few months before, largely through the efforts of Capt. Geo. W. Dow, and, for want of a better place, it was housed in Capt. Dow's carriage house on Union street, which was connected with his residence at the corner of Lake and Union streets. At this fire it did good service in saving adjoining property, especially the stable in the rear of the buildings burned.

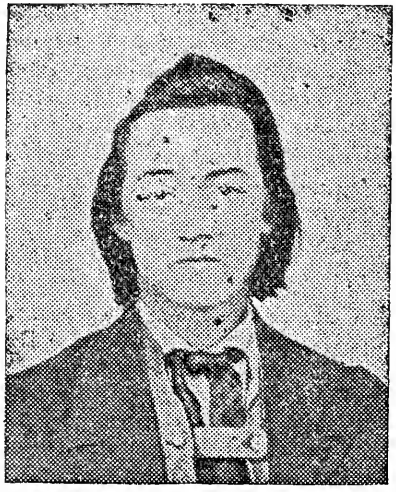
The growth of Bristol village spoiled much good coasting ground. In 1862 the only building west of South Main and High streets was the one on Beech street built, and occupied then, by D. P. Prescott, and this street was laid out only to his residence. This spring the snow was very deep, covering the walls and fences, and so continued till the latter part of March, or first of April. The warm days and cold nights made a crust so hard that oxen and even four-horse coaches could drive in safety over it. Each morning the crust from the base of Round Top, or New Chester mountain, was alive with men and women, boys and girls, enjoying the exhilirating sport of sliding. Some of the boys, experts in handling their sleds, after riding from Round Top to Prescott's, would strike into the highway at good speed and continue their course through Central Square to the depot. No such crust sliding has since been known in Bristol.

On the second day of July, 1862, President Lincoln issued a call for 300,000 men. There was no telegraph line to Bristol in those days, and the news reached the people through the daily press at 5 p. m. on the third. I well remember the impression it produced. People were just beginning to realize that all the resources of the government would be needed to crush the rebellion, and were preparing to nerve themselves for the sacrifice. At that time I worked at the paper mill of Dow & Mason on Willow street from 12 m. to 12 p. m, and I well remember that the first man I met on my way to the mill that afternoon after supper was Capt. Daniel S Mason. His salutation was "Well! Richard, what would you give if you were out of it?" My reply was, "I would not give anything." I mention this, not to show any exceptional patriotism on my part, but to show a common feeling that animated all or nearly all the young men at that time. Those who sought to evade the responsibilities of the hour by going to Canada were few indeed com-

pared with the many who were ready to respond to the call of the government when duty seemed to demand it.

On the 21st of July, my brother Abbott, who was at work in a hosiery mill at Cohoes, N. Y., enlisted in Co. H, 115th Regt. N. Y. Vols., and came home to spend a few days on a furlough. These were the last days he spent at home. It was well that the curtain concealing the future was not lifted, or else more than a shadow would have rested on the family circle during the brief time he spent at home with us.

On the 4th of August, Bristol held a special town meeting and voted to pay all who should enlist on the quota of the town, before the 20th of that month, the sum of $200.



Abbott Clark Musgrove

An incident of this meeting is well remembered. There were a few in town who were bitterly opposed to the war. Among these, one of the most rabid was Abbott Lovejoy. He was opposed to paying any bounty, and when Judge O. F. Fowler moved that the sum of $100 be paid to each man who should volunteer on the quota of Bristol, Mr. Lovejoy promptly moved to amend by making the amount $200. He thought to prevent any action by presenting a bone of contention. He then took his hat and started for home with the remark, "There now, fight over it." But he misjudged the spirit of the meeting, and before he reached the street the amendment was adopted; and so Bristol paid $200 to its volunteers under the calls of the president that year.

At that time Col. George W. Stevens and Col. Thomas J. Whipple, both of Laconia, were agitating the raising of a regiment from Belknap county and neighboring towns. A meeting in the interest of the movement was held at Laconia, July 25, and other places at a subsequent date, and excitement ran high. The advantages of belonging to a regiment, the companies of which would be composed of men from adjoining neighborhoods, appealed strongly to the people of this section, and large numbers signified their intentions of enlisting. Arrangements were made with the state authorities to allow the men to select their own officers.

Under this arrangement enlistment papers were sent out from the statehouse on Tuesday, Aug. 12, and on Saturday, Aug. 16, Gov. Berry was notified by Col. Stevens that a full regiment had been enlisted. This fact gave rise to the claim that the 12th Regt. was raised in three days. It cannot be denied, however, that nearly all of these men had, during the ten days previous, signed a paper agreeing to enlist as soon as the opportunity presented, and so affixed their names to enlistment papers as soon as they arrived. Thus the enlistments took place, or most of them, in three days.

I well remember the circumstances of deciding to join my fortunes with the many others from Bristol, who were proposing to enlist. In Central Square one day, I met Alonzo W. Jewett. We sat down on the grass outside the fence in front of the residence of Hon. Samuel K. Mason, where now stands the bank block, and for half an hour discussed the subject in all its bearings. Our decision was to enlist. We shook hands and parted, and Aug. 12, within an hour after the enlistment papers reached Bristol, we affixed our names and became recruits for the United States army.

Within the three days named Blake Fowler enlisted 71 men, chiefly from Bristol, Alexandria, and Danbury, who became a part of Co. C, 12th Regt., of which company Mr. Fowler was chosen captain. David E. Everett enlisted, chiefly from Bristol, Bridgewater and Hebron, 43 men, who became a part of Co. D, and he was made the first lieutenant of that company. The total number that Bristol furnished for the 12th Regt. was forty.

I cast my lot with the recruits of David E. Everett. These were merged with others enlisted in Hill by Bradbury M. Morrill, and a larger number enlisted in Sanbornton by J. Ware Butterfield, a young lawyer at Sanbornton Bridge, and these constituted Co. D. A meeting for the election of officers of Co. D was held in the old chapel at Piper's mill in Sanbornton a few days after our enlistment, but there is no fact or record that enables me to give the exact date. At this meeting Mr. Butterfield was elected captain; Mr. Everett, first-lieutenant; Mr.

Morrill, the second-lieutenant; Alonzo W. Jewett, first-sergeant, while I was chosen third corporal.

Among my associates or acquaintances who enlisted at the same time that I did, were Alonzo W. Jewett, Henry and Uriah Kidder, the three Nelson brothers, Dan, Major and Albert; Dr. H. B. Fowler, who served as surgeon of the regiment; his father, Blake Fowler, who was elected captain of Co. C; David E. Everett, who served as first lieutenant of Co. D; Charles S. Brown, who was a fellow-workman at the paper mill; Charles W. Cheney and Gustavus Emmons, killed at Chancellorsville; Geo. C. Currier and Amos Damon, who enlisted as musicians; Frank Darling; Henry Drake, wounded at Chancellorsville, and his brother, Chas. N. Drake, who was shot through the body and lost a leg at Gettysburg; Moses Dustin, Robert Easter, and Wm. P. Harlow, who died of disease; Adna Hall and Oliver P. Hall; Levi B. Laney, who was several times wounded; Thos. E. Osgood, wounded at Chancellorsville; and Henry A. Randolph, Timothy Tilton, Louis Rowe, and others not recalled The case of Louis Rowe deserves special mention from the fact that, being an alien, he was not subject to a draft and declined a good offer to remain at home and go as a substitute for one subject to the draft if he should be called.

From the commencement of the war the ladies of Bristol often met as a soldiers' aid society, and prepared lint, made "housewives," and performed such other work as they could to aid those in the field. After the enlistments spoken of above they worked with renewed diligence, realizing that the future would bring a larger demand for the work of their hands.

During August, after our enlistment, there was little to do, and the time was passed visiting friends, making preparations for our trip south, and in occasional meetings at Sanbornton Bridge and elsewhere of those who composed Co. D. About the first of September we rendezvoused at Sanbornton Bridge for drill, and on the 4th of that month took the train there for Concord. From the station we marched to the old fairground, where each man was furnished with a blanket, and then each company was assigned one of the barracks erected for our reception. These barracks were each provided with fifty bunks giving accommodations for two men each, two bunks to a section, one above another. Louis Rowe and I shared one bunk. The cooking was done over an open fire a little way off, and there was a small cook house where the food was protected from the weather.

That first night in camp was a memorable one. Leaving the environments of home had a sobering effect on all, and that there were many sad hearts there cannot be denied. Many spent the evening around the campfire singing and in other ways trying to keep up their spirits, and as the hours passed this was changed to a prayermeeting led

by Rev. Asa Witham, a Free Baptist local preacher of Co. D. Some, true to other instincts, sought relief in strong drink.

Adversity and a hard experience drive some men to seek relief in strong drink, while it makes others more religious. So in the army, men who never drank before became intemperate, while others became men of prayer.

Many in the company were greatly annoyed by the actions of some when under the influence of liquor. The one giving the greatest offense in Company D was Warren S. Cooper. He had seen active service and showed such proficiency in drill and in the manual of arms that he had been elected sergeant. For a sergeant to act thus was considered by many as particularly scandalous, and finally I was one of a self constituted committee that waited on the company officers and asked that he be dismissed from the company. We were told that he was too good a soldier to be thrown overboard, but if he continued to offend after being mustered or reaching the seat of war, he would be disciplined. This reasoning satisfied the committee, but the interview had hardly terminated when an officer arrived in camp who arrested Cooper as a deserter from the navy, and we saw no more of the drunken sergeant.

On Friday, Sept. 5, after our arrival in Concord, Co. D marched to the city, and in the statehouse yard was mustered into the service of the United States. It was an impressively solemn occasion. The company stood in the north side of the yard facing south and with uplifted hands swore to defend the flag of the Union and to obey all lawful orders of our superior officers. Every man seemed to realize the full import of that oath. They thought, also, they had some conception of the work before them, but, alas, they had not.

This ceremony over, we were informed we could have a furlough and go to our homes and remain there till Monday. This offer all accepted with pleasure. On Wednesday following we drew our uniforms and a few days later, our arms. Another furlough of two days was granted the next Saturday, and, indeed, it was very easy to obtain a leave of absence during the first three weeks in camp. Then as the day of our departure from the state drew near, the grip of military discipline was tightened.

On the 11th I went to Franklin, from camp, with Capt. Butterfield, Lieut. Everett, A. W. Jewett and one or two others, and was initiated into the mysteries of Free Masonry. This work was done by the officers of Meridian Lodge at a special meeting that afternoon and the afternoon of the following day. As may be supposed, no time was spent in lectures or in examination of the candidates as to their proficiency as they progressed.

On the 20th of August a meeting was held at Laconia by the line officers of the regiment for the election of field officers. Col. Thos. J.

Whipple was elected colonel; Geo. W. Stevens, lieutenant-colonel; and Dr. George Montgomery, assistant surgeon. None of these men were commissioned for the places to which they were elected. Col. Whipple was a brilliant lawyer and a capable and fearless soldier. He had served in the Mexican war; as lieut.-colonel of the 1st Regt., N. H. Vols., and as colonel of the 4th Regt., in the Civil war; but his personal habits had resulted in his retirement from the service in March previous, and therefore Gov. Berry declined to commission him. This gave great offense to a majority of the men of the regiment, especially to those from Laconia and vicinity, and resulted in a bitter controversy that came near making serious trouble in the regiment. This was stayed only through the advice of cool heads, including Col. Whipple himself. As it was, the governor suffered some indignity from the men, and day and night the cry of Whipple! Whipple! rang from all parts of the encampment, and the men were not reconciled to the man appointed to command them till after the battle of Fredericksburg. Then, without sufficient reason, there was a sudden change and Col. Potter was ever after the idol of his regiment.

Capt. John H. Potter of the Regular army was commissioned as colonel, and John F. Marsh, as lieutenant-colonel, while Dr. John H. Sanborn was commissioned as assistant surgeon, in place of Dr. Montgomery. The others elected at this meeting and commissioned were Dr. H. B. Fowler of Bristol as surgeon, and Rev. Thomas L. Ambrose, chaplain.

Life in camp at Concord was filled with squad, company and battalion drills, dress parades, guard mountings and various other duties, all intended to prepare the men for active service. Sept. 23, the routine of camp duties was varied by the arrival of a large delegation of the friends of Companies D and C from Bristol and other places. A sword was presented to Dr. H. B. Fowler and another to Lieut. D. E. Everett, while a suit of clothes was given Capt. Blake Fowler.

On the 24th came friends from Sanbornton, who presented tokens of regard to the officers and men from that section. On this occasion a dinner was served by the visitors and speeches made. One man said that all the offices of the towns and state would be at the disposal of those who returned from the war. His remarks were somewhat prophetic, for he himself got left soon after the war when running for an office against a veteran.

Off to War

On Thursday, Sept. 25, an order was issued stating that the regiment would start for the seat of war Saturday morning, Sept. 27, at 7 o'clock.

Then came preparations for the march. No more furloughs were to be issued and but few passes from camp, but the number of visitors increased rapidly and the camp was crowded with those interested in the welfare of loved ones in the regiment. There was but little sleep for any one the last night in camp. Some spent the time in noisy demonstrations, some spent hours in writing good-bye letters to friends, and all devoted much time to packing their knapsacks to the utmost capacity. The art of getting along with little had not then been learned. As it was, much had to be left behind and this furnished food for bonfires kept burning all through the night. The last evening Louis Rowe and I went to the city and called on friends and bore back to camp from them a good stock of edibles for our coming trip. These friends were strangers, who had invited us to their homes that evening. They took our names that they might keep track of us at the front. At the depot on our departure I was presented with a box by Miss Hobbs, a teacher at the seminary at Sanbornton Bridge, and Miss Lucy A. Way, a niece of Bishop Baker and a recent graduate there. On opening the box on the train it was found to contain with other things, fruit, a looking-glass and comb and two letters. The comb was carried in my pocket all through the war and for 35 years after the war and then was given a place among other war relics in my cabinet. The letters contained words of cheer and appreciation, and in my journal of that day I find recorded these words, "How it does lighten the burdens of life to know we have friends who appreciate our motives and sympathize with us."

The march to the depot that Saturday morning was the first in heavy marching order. With gun and accoutrements, knapsack, haversack and canteen, each man carried about sixty pounds, and from that time the work of lightening the load commenced, and was continued till many disposed of the knapsack entirely and simply carried the blanket in a roll over the shoulder.

A thousand men in ranks make a great showing, and the 12th regiment extended, marching by platoons, almost from the covered bridge to the railroad station. Thousands of people lined the sidewalks, cheered, and waved handkerchiefs and flags, as the soldier boys marched along. At the station there were many sad scenes of parting between the soldiers and aged parents, wives, sisters and other friends. On this occasion the cars were crowded. Two men with all their belongings were crowded into each seat, all in marked contrast to the room given the volunteers in the Spanish war later.

With a train of twenty passenger cars, the regiment moved from Concord for the South. Its passage was a continuous ovation. All along the route crowds had gathered to see us pass, and saluted us with cheers and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs. At Worcester, the regiment left the train and marched to the park, where long tables were loaded with a substantial meal, of which the boys partook with great enjoyment. Norwich, Conn., was reached at dusk, where the regiment embarked on the steamer, "City of New York," and arrived at Jersey City at 2 a. m. Sunday morning. Here my brothers, John and William, met me, and, as the train that was to bear us south was not ready till 9 a. m., we had quite a visit.

We arrived at Philadelphia at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, where we disembarked to march from one depot to another. A most agreeable surprise awaited us there. We marched to "Coopers Volunteers' Refreshment Saloon." Here were conveniences for all to have a generous wash, and then take seats at tables loaded with the best of the markets, including luscious peaches and pears from the orchards of that section. The hour was that for the closing of the afternoon services, and apparently all the churches emptied their congregations en masse where the soldiers from New Hampshire were to be seen. This hearty meal and the royal greetings extended by the people brightened the faces and lightened the hearts of all the boys; and, for me, has afforded a bright theme for thought in all the years that have since come and gone.

The latter part of the afternoon the train pulled out of Philadelphia, and at 3:30 the next morning we were in Baltimore. While waiting a few miles outside of Baltimore, another train passed, from which stalutes were fired at our train, and, as a result, Darius Robinson, of Meredith of Co. I, who was standing in the door of one of the cars, fell dead. A lieutenant, Henry Ashbey, of the 84th N. Y. Vols., was arrested on arrival at the Relay House, but he proved his innocence by the fact that the fatal bullet would not fit his revolver. The guilty party escaped arrest and whether the shot was actually fired by a rebel sympathizer, as generally supposed, or as a salute, was never known.

All day Monday we waited in Baltimore for a train to take us to Washington. At this time the peach crop of Maryland was being marketed, and the boys marvelled at the immense amount of peaches that were in the markets, even in great piles on tables or in bins in the middle of the streets. There was but little evidence of disloyalty to be seen in Baltimore because the city was completely under military control, but one private of the regular army moved among the boys, and expressed his opinion in most emphatic and bitter words that the government was seeking to liberate the slaves by the war.

The ride from Baltimore to Washington during Monday night was one of the memorable events in the history of the regiment. The entire regiment, officers and men, were loaded into freight cars. The night was warm and the men not located near the doors soon began to pant for breath. "There is plenty of air outside, let's get some," said one; and the butts of muskets began to play. The same impulse moved the men in every car to action at the same time, and all along the train the bombardment continued, and pieces of the boarding on the sides of the cars were constantly flying into space until ventilation was ample. The regiment left its mark on that train; and if it was ever afterward used for the transportation of troops, it was in better condition for that purpose than when the 12th Regt. took possession of it.

The boys looked forward to their arrival in Washington with interest, expecting something of the same reception accorded them in Philadelphia, but they were sorely disappointed. No words of greeting or demonstration of gladness were accorded the regiment, and this had a depressing effect upon the boys. Some accounted for this from the fact that so many regiments were constantly coming that this could not well be done, while others retorted that at Philadelphia the more the better; the people found a way to welcome all. Washington, however, was as cold as Baltimore, and what added to the disappointment was the fact that the regiment was marched to the "Soldiers' Rest," or "Soldiers' Retreat," for breakfast. The place was untidy, the meat (boiled pork) was poorly cooked, the coffee weak and greasy. The treat at Philadelphia was the only warm food the men had tasted since leaving Concord, and the disappointment at Washington was long remembered by the men.

Then came the march of seven miles across Long Bridge to Arlington Heights. The fierce rays of the Virginia sun in September beat without pity upon men unaccustomed to marching, struggling along under a heavy load. The march, though short compared with many taken later, was one of the hardest in the experience of the regiment. Arriving at our destination the regiment went into camp.

On Tuesday, Oct. 7, we moved camp about three miles to near Fort Corcoran, now Fort Meigs, on Arlington Heights, but further up the river. Here we had an opportunity to bathe in the Potomac.

On Thursday following, we marched to Washington, about eight miles, and exchanged our old arms for new Springfield muskets, carrying a large ball and three buckshot. Our route was over Long Bridge to the city, and back through Georgetown.

Letters about this time informed me that the 115th Regt., N. Y. Vols., in which was my brother Abbott, was at Harpers Ferry at the time of its surrender by Gen. Miles, that they were paroled and were then in Chicago.

CHAPTER IV

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

But little time was given in camp for reflection or brooding over the situation. There was something to do nearly every hour in the day, from reveille, at 5 o'clock a. m., to taps at 9:30 o'clock in the evening. There was breakfast call at 6; call for policing the grounds; sick call, at 6:45; squad drill 7 to 8; guard mount at 8; company or battalion drill 9 to 11 or thereabouts; dinner call, inspection of quarters, regimental drills in the afternoon, dress parade and supper calls; schools for officers in the evening. The evenings were at the disposal of the men, and there were usually some religious services or a social meeting in the open air. On Sunday morning there was always inspection, and then usually a sermon by the chaplain. One evening, soon after our arrival in Virginia, the Masons of the regiment went outside the camp lines and spent an hour under the blue arch of Heaven in consultation as to the best methods to assist each other in time of trouble. I was one of the party and I found later that the members of the fraternity were of great assistance to each other in many ways. The leader of this party was Capt. John H. Durgin. A few months later, when left for dead on the battlefield at Chancellorsville, his life was saved by brother Masons of the Confederate army. He was shot through the body and left for dead on the field. Our forces fell back, and the ground where we fought was occupied by the enemy. While still unconscious it was discovered by Confederate Masons that he was a Mason, and assistance was rendered him. He survived, was paroled with others and sent into the Union lines. He recovered and lived many years.

About this time one of my company was outside the regimental lines practicing with his gun, as he claimed, when one of his fingers was blown off by a premature discharge of his gun. There was a difference of opinion as to whether, or not, this was really an accident, but the man secured his discharge thereby, a few weeks later.

On the 10th came orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. The notice to move did not come, and we remained in camp that night. That was fortunate for, during the night, we had our first experience with a Virginia rain storm. The rain fell in torrents, and those who did not have proper ditches around their tents suffered

much in consequence. The rain continued during the next day, and we remained in camp waiting for orders to move, and continued to wait for a week.

In camp here we had A tents. I had for tent mates Louis Rowe and the three Nelson brothers, Major, Dan and Albert. These men were farmers, handy with the axe, and they laid a floor in our tent. This was made of round wood cut in the woods near by and split, the flat half being at the top. Though rough, this floor was a great improvement over the bare earth.

We now had shelter tents issued to us. These consisted of pieces of cotton cloth about five feet square, each piece being provided with buttons and button holes. Each man had one. Two pieces buttoned together formed the two sides of a roof, and sheltered two men; a third piece closed one end, and a fourth the other end, and so sheltered four men. In stormy weather, four to a tent was a common arrangement, though four had to lie snug together to have the cloth cover all. The addition of two other pieces doubled the length of the tent, but only added two more to its occupants. In this way the tent could be extended any length desired, but as all the occupants had to crawl in from one end or the other, tent companies of more than six were unusual.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, we heard the first shot fired in actual warfare. Some rebel cavalry made a reconnaissance near our lines and were shelled, when they hastily departed without returning the fire.

At three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, Oct. 17, the long expected reveille sounded, and the order to march was again issued, and this time the line of march was taken for Washington, where we arrived at 7 a. m. Previous to our departure it had rained, and the roads were muddy, and the mud of Virginia is something fearful. In traveling, one sinks to the bottom of the mud, and it is only with great difficulty that the foot is removed for a forward step, and then large masses adhere to the feet, making traveling extremely difficult and tiresome.

About noon the regiment boarded a train of freight cars at Washington and we were soon in motion. We passed through Beltsville and White Oak Bottom to Annapolis Junction, where we took the rails of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and proceeded west to Knoxville, Md. This crooked road and its deep cuts through ledges and the high hills that towered above the track were the marvel of all and showed the boys there were hills outside of New Hampshire. I lay dawn on the bottom of the freight car and with my knapsack for a pillow got some much needed sleep. Knoxville was reached soon after midnight. Here the regiment finished the night in bivouac, its first experience in sleeping on the ground without shelter.

Knoxville was a station on the B. & O. railroad, about three miles from Harpers Ferry.. It had a few dwellings and a church, on the hillside, under which was a schoolroom. No services were held in the church the Sunday morning we were there, but every seat in the schoolroom and many in the church were occupied by the boys writing letters home. Later in the day one fellow, who had rolled off the top of a freight car the night before while asleep and was supposed to have been killed, came into camp, growling because he had been left to walk so many miles.

During the day many amused themselves trying to pitch their shelter tents on poles cut near by, but towards night the order to fall in was given, so tents already pitched were struck, and the line of march taken up, and we moved some three miles to the east side of South mountain, near Petersville. From this mountain was named the recent battle in which the Union forces were victorious. There we remained till the evening of October 24.

On the 23d, Lieut. E. T. Case, Abram Brown, and A. E. Huntoon, all of the 9th Regt., visited me. They were fellow students at Sanbornton Bridge. The two latter graduated there in 1862, and Case and I were expecting to graduate there in June, 1863. This was the understanding when we last separated, but instead we meet in Virginia and all are in the army.

Here we learned of the death of Wm. P. Harlow of Bristol. He was taken from our camp on Arlington Heights to the hospital at Washington, sick with brain fever, and died the night after his arrival. His was the first death in Co. C.

At 10 o'clock, on the morning of Oct. 24, we marched to Berlin, Md., five miles, arriving about midnight, where we bivouacked till morning. The night was cold, and the men suffered much. Just before starting on this march a member of Co. I died, and his remains were hastily buried in a shallow grave by the roadside, wrapped in his blanket. This seemed shocking to our sensibilities, but it was only another lesson in the hardening process that was going on. But for these preparatory scenes, the hard work before us could not have been performed.

On the 27th of October we crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge and were again on the sacred soil of Virginia. During our march of three miles the rain fell copiously and the tramp of the army soon churned the soil into deep mud, and we welcomed an order to go into camp, though on the steep hillside. We were encamped near the bridge, evidently as guard, and here we remained till the army passed. We left behind, at Berlin, our 1st-sergt., A. W. Jewett, sick. He received a furlough home and did not rejoin us for some months.

We were now in Hillsboro county, Va., (now Loudon County). The plantation houses, widely separated, showed marks of prosperity,

and the blight of an army had not till now fallen on this section. Since leaving Concord not a pound of fresh meat had been issued to the 12th regiment, and some whose consciences trouble them a little at the thought of foraging used this fact to justify the act. Others had no qualms of conscience to silence, and so all, as far as practicable, went in for some of the delicacies the section afforded, notwithstanding the fact that stringent orders had been issued from army headquarters against foraging, and that those caught in the act were threatened with hard work on fortifications then being constructed. To our camp a hive of honey was brought one night, turkeys that unwisely defied the soldier with a gobble, did so no more, sweet potatoes started from the ground wherever found, and sheep and cattle came to an untimely end.

An amusing prank was here played by Co. D men on men of Co. C. One night a squad from Co. C had captured a fat steer and were busily dressing it when they were discovered by a squad from Co. D, also in quest of fresh meat. Hastily taking in the situation, Co. D men went back to camp, got their muskets, placed themselves under the leadership of one of their number and returned. By this time the work of dressing the steer was nearly completed. Looking up, those at work saw in the starlight a party of armed men descending upon them, whom they doubted not were the patrol scouring the country for just such offenders as they were, and they instantly sought safety in flight, leaving every pound of meat behind. This meat, Co. D bore triumphantly into camp, and in the morning generously presented a portion to their friends in Co. C who had dressed the creature.

Louis Rowe, the Nelson brothers, and I went, one day, a mile or so from camp and found, not far from a house, a fine calf, which was promptly dispatched. I was stationed behind a tree to watch, while the others worked with dispatch under the shadow of a rail fence, to dress it. The work was about half completed when I saw a negro approaching. Knowing we had nothing to fear from him I tried to motion my party to that effect, but they were so busy they neither saw nor heard me, but when they heard the approaching footsteps they were seized with a sudden fear, hastily placed a small portion of meat in their haversacks and started for camp on the run. There was nothing for me to do under the circumstances but to follow, so I also secured a piece of meat and tried to overtake my comrades, but the distance to camp was nearly covered ere I accomplished this and informed them of the cause of their fright, so they did not return for what was left.

That there was cause for nervousness when on such expeditions may be seen from the fact that a dozen of the 12th Regt. boys in one squad were arrested one day by the provost guard and taken to division headquarters. This arrest did not please Lieut. Col. Marsh of the 12th, and he at once mounted his horse, took a detail of 20 men and started

out to see what he could do at foraging. Soon after, finding a flock of sheep, he commanded his men to fire, but the only effect the firing had was to put the sheep to flight. Fortunately they took refuge in a corner of the field where the men, after laying down their arms, surrounded them and captured a dozen which they bore to camp.

A Live Watermelon

The Twelfth Regiment history tells the following story: "It was just about dark enough to see but not be seen, and the melon patch was but a few rods in front of our line, as carefully located by one of Company F boys before night. So he quickly but noiselessly creeps over the breastwork, and crawling along on all fours, soon finds himself among the vines, where he feels and squints for the luscious fruit. But finding only some small green specimens left, he ventures a little farther out, but still finding none worthy of capture, and not wishing to return to be laughed at for so much danger and pains with nothing to show for it all, he concludes, after holding a council of war with himself, that he will reinforce with new courage, crawl beyond the middle line and prove

'That he, alone, is sure of luck
Who shows himself most full of pluck.'

Scarcely has he commenced to put this resolution into motion when, as if already proving the truth of the couplet, he espies dimly through the darkness, but a few feet ahead of him, a large melon. But now he halts, stretches and flattens like a toad, for he thinks he hears the click of a gun lock. In breathless silence he lies and listens, and gazes into the darkness. He hears nothing now but the beating of his own heart, and sees nothing but a dark spot on the ground, which he now fully believes must be nothing more or less than a big watermelon. What else can it be? No longer willing to borrow fears of his imagination he draws himself up into creeping posture again, and commences to advance; when, all at once, out of a vedette hole (that our young hero had mistaken for the big melon) springs a full grown and well armed Johnny reb, exclaiming: 'Now I've got ye, you d--n Yank,' as he thought he had, and was intending, doubtless, to take him prisoner, but the game was too quick for him and he only had the satisfaction of sending a bullet after the retreating form of the melon hunter, who, having thus opened the ball of a regular fusillade for some distance up and down the lines, contented himself to remain quiet behind the works the rest of the night, wondering how one poor soldier could be the innocent cause of so much trouble, and congratulating himself in being able to balance the account so far in his favor; for if his pluck did not get him the melon, it was certainly his good luck that the melon did not get him."

At this time the army was moving south and the long expected advance on Richmond had once more commenced. Here we saw Gen. McClellan and Gen. Burnside, as they passed us riding to the front. This was the first time we had seen our commander-in-chief or Burnside, and so all hats came off and all joined in a hearty hurrah, to which the generals replied by uncovering, a formality not repeated at subsequent meetings. That very day orders were issued at Washington for the removal of McClellan and the promotion of Gen. Burnside to be commander of the army of the Potomac.

After two or three days in camp on the south bank of the Potomac, while the army was passing, the 12th regiment fell in the rear of the army and moved two miles to Lovettsville, and the following day, ten miles to Hillsboro, which place we reached Thursday, Oct. 31. There we remained till Sunday, when the march south was resumed. During the following week we marched about 50 miles, Each day firing was heard a few miles south of us, a constant reminder of the work we had in hand. Our march took us by easy stages to Snicker's Gap, thence to Orleans.

One night on this trip our regiment was on picket. This service brought extra duty but with it additional opportunity, for the picket line was remote from the main line of travel and here the country had been foraged less. Among the luxuries of the picket line was a fricasseed chicken, when I officiated as cook. These were palmy days for the forager.

Waterloo was a village of a dozen negro huts or shanties and the remains of a woolen mill—about the only one seen by us south of the Potomac. Here we remained four days.

Since leaving Arlington Heights no mail had been received by the regiment from New Hampshire and the boys were becoming impatient for news from home. Capt. Butterfield had a brother-in-law for clerk by the name of Geo. Pecker, and some one conceived the idea of sending him to New Hampshire for news. The idea was quickly acted on. Each man of Co. D contributed 62 cents, and he promptly started to bear tidings of the boys to their friends and bring tidings from them to us. He made the trip, delivered his mail, talked with our friends in their homes and answered many anxious questions that could not be answered by mail, and returned. The trip was well worth what it cost, for the next day after he left, the accumulated mail of four weeks was received and all came in for a share. This mail brought the intelligence that Comrade Robert Easter, who was sent to Washington sick when we left Arlington Heights, had died of typhoid fever there.

Sunday, Nov. 16, we marched ten miles to Warrenton. On arriving in camp the sick were removed from the ambulances and placed in a large tent erected for their reception. Here several died within

a few hours of their arrival. Among the number was Edward Pratt of Co. C. It had been intended to send him and others to some hospital to the rear, from our last camp, but for some reason this was not done and the sick were loaded into ambulances and brought along. Comrade Pratt was suffering from a high fever, and the ride to Warrenton was more than he could endure. He walked from the ambulance to the hospital tent and soon after breathed his last. I was with him when he died.

Had these men been afforded the comforts of home their lives might have been spared. But this was impossible. Riding in ambulances over rough roads or over the fields afforded hardly a moment of quiet or rest, and the roadside must occasionally be visited, efforts which required strength far beyond what the sick men had. No wonder such often succumbed as soon as, like Pratt, one found himself no longer obliged to nerve himself to meet the necessities of the hour.

We were informed that the remains of those dying here were to be sent north, but after we had started on the march the next morning I learned that all had been buried. Obtaining permission, Louis Rowe and I returned to the scene of our encampment and marked Pratt's grave by nailing to a near-by tree a piece of a hardtack box on which we wrote his name, company and regiment, and also his residence—all we could do for our deceased comrade. Comrade Pratt was from Hebron, and a brother of Mrs. Wm. A. Berry. The remains were later removed to his native town.

Warrenton was the first town of considerable size within the enemy's line that we had visited, and the secession spirit was very manifest. In the town but few people were seen, and the heavy wooden shutters with which most of the houses were provided were tightly drawn and the doors locked. Just outside the town, near where we encamped the night of our arrival, was a plantation house. As we passed it the next morning the owner was walking the front porch in dressing gown and slippers, with marks of scorn and contempt on every line of his features, as he saw his fences down, his fields and even his front lawn deeply cut up with the wheels of the artillery and baggage trains.

At Warrenton I received a call from A. P. Tasker, who was a teacher of music at Tilton, and Mr. French, a former student there. Both were now in the service.

We now experienced a succession of rainy days. The roads and fields over which we marched were badly cut up, the supply trains were a long distance in the rear, and the army was decidedly short of rations. The wet earth was soft but unhealthy for beds, and various expedients were necessary, to keep our bodies from the wet ground. At one place poles and bushes were cut, and at another two immense stacks of straw and one of hay disappeared as if by magic.

On the 19th, while on the march near Hartwood, our regiment was for the first time drawn up in line of battle to repel an expected attack. But no attack came, and, after being under arms for a couple of hours, we resumed our march. This little incident brought out the real stuff of which some of the men were composed. Most were ready to commence the real work of service as became men, while some trembled with fear. Especially noticeable among the latter was one of the officers, whose blanched face indicated that he was hardly a man to lead a charge.

Near Fredericksburg

Sunday evening, Nov. 23, 1862, we reached a point about four miles east of Falmouth, which lies on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. We were near the railroad that runs from Falmouth to Aquia Creek, where, as events proved, we were to remain for the winter.

For some days previous to reaching Falmouth, the army was extremely short of rations, causing much suffering. This was occasioned by the bad condition of the roads in our rear or to the change of base of supplies from our rear to Aquia Creek, or both combined. Many a man made a day's march on a single hardtack. Individual foraging was out of the question in so large an army constantly on the move, but the commissary department gathered in for the use of the army what the country afforded, which was but little compared with the demand. One evening I and several of my tent's crew, by tramping two or three miles to where cattle had been slaughtered, secured the head of a steer just butchered. We took turns on duty that night, keeping it boiling, and when morning came were surprised and rejoiced at the large amount of meat that we secured from the bones. I started out with plenty of rations for the day. A few hours later, while resting by the roadside, I noticed one of my comrades, Hiram Philbrick, looking exceedingly haggard and dejected, and said to him, "What is the matter, Hiram? Are you sick?" "No, but I have not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday morning." Our haversack was instantly opened, and we gave the poor fellow a meal, which lasted in memory a long time, for as we have met at reunions and at other times in later years, he has never failed to allude to the food we furnished him that day.

Another incident, showing human nature in the army as well as elsewhere, might be mentioned. While on the march, all luxuries secured by foraging were shared with the officers. On arriving at Falmouth I was suffering slightly from jaundice and longed for something to eat besides my daily rations. I could think of nothing at the commissary, where supplies were sold the officers, that would fit my case

better than dried apple, and so I applied to an officer, to whose mess I had contributed, to give me an order for the same, offering to pay for it, of course. He replied he would be glad to give orders, but he was afraid if he did he would not be able to get supplies for his own mess as he needed.

We passed some days near Falmouth in the open, south of the railroad, but soon moved to the north side of the track into a growth of pine, where the trees on the average were about a foot in diameter. As showing the rapid growth of the pine in Virginia, it may be stated the rows were plainly visible where corn had grown when this land was cultivated.

The trees were rapidly felled for firewood and for building winter quarters. Before many weeks had passed, every tree had fallen and then the stumps and finally the roots gave way to the soldiers' axes for fuel.

Quite comfortable quarters were here erected by the men. The company streets, about forty feet wide, were laid out parallel with each other, and the tents were on both sides of the street facing inward. The tents were about eight feet long by six wide. Walls about three feet high were built of logs, and on these were pitched the shelter tents. Four men to a tent furnished four pieces of shelter tent cloth, which, buttoned together, made the roof. The ends above the logs were closed with a rubber blanket, pieces of hardtack boxes or by other devices. On one side or end was a fireplace, the chimney built of wood and daubed with clay to prevent its being destroyed by fire. Two bunks in one end, one above the other, occupied about one-half the space, leaving the other half for a living room. The New Hampshire boys were skilful in the use of the ax, and their quarters were among the best in the army.

Soon after arriving at Falmouth, we learned that Capt. J. Ware Butterfield, of my company, Co. D, Capt. Blake Fowler, Dr. Fowler and his son, Geo. H. Fowler, who was acting as his servant, had been captured at Warrenton. They had remained there after the army left on account of sickness and were all promptly captured by the enemy. Capt. Fowler and Dr. Fowler rejoined the regiment some months later, and with them came Sergt. Jewett, who was left behind at Berlin. Capt. Butterfield was a very capable officer, but he never rejoined his company, and this act of his occasioned some bitterness towards him, and some recalled a report, at the time of his enlistment, that he had made a remark that he did not intend to see any fighting. In March, following, an order from the War Department was read on dress parade, announcing that he was dismissed from the service for absence without leave. This order was subsequently rescinded, and he stands on the rolls today as discharged, Nov. 17, 1862.

Thursday, Nov. 26, was Thanksgiving in New Hampshire. We in the army had plenty of hardtack and beans to sustain the inner man, but the thoughts of all were turned to home. At the time of the usual afternoon regimental drill Lieut. Col. Marsh marched the regiment to the drill ground as usual, but instead of a drill he formed the men en masse and addressed them, and then called for three cheers for home. These were given with a will, and the regiment was marched back to the encampment, where three cheers were given for Col. Marsh.

Later in the day the remains of Benjamin Weeks of Co. D were buried. He had died the night before and his was the first death in camp of a member of my company. His death made quite an impression on the men. According to military usage, when a private is buried, the order of march is, first the privates, then corporals, sergeants, and, last, the commissioned officers of the company, the whole under the command of a corporal. As corporal I officiated on this occasion. In the absence of a coffin, Weeks' body was placed to rest on a bed of evergreen, and evergreen was his covering before the cold earth filled the grave. Chaplain Ambrose offered prayer and made remarks appropriate to the occasion.

One of my duties as corporal was to take turns with the other corporals and sergeants in drawing rations. It was not long before the boys discovered that they fared better when the rations were drawn by me than when the others did the work. An explanation was found in the fact that each day, when my turn came, I took the morning report giving the number of men present, and figured from that just what rations we were entitled to, and I insisted on having this from the commissary sergeant. On one occasion the commissary sergeant gave me a less quantity of sugar than I claimed, and refused to make good the shortage. Taking along one man of my detail as a witness I carried the sugar to the division commissary, had it weighed and got a certificate of the amount. With this I appeared at the colonel's quarters and stated my case, with the result that the commissary sergeant was promptly reprimanded. He made good the shortage, and never attempted to give me short weight again. This led to my being detailed to attend to the drawing of all rations for the company. To compensate me for this extra work I was excused from all guard duty thereafter. I mention this here not because I desire to make prominent a disposition to stand up for my rights, but because this fact saved me many a night of exposure on guard. During all my term of service guard duty was almost unknown to me.

CHAPTER V

DEFEAT AT FREDERICKSBURG

So the days passed and the rainy season of the year had arrived. The belief that there would be no winter campaign gained credence, and we settled down to the every-day life of the soldier, as though we knew we were to remain in our camp during the remainder of the winter. But this was not to be. On Wednesday, Dec. 10th, orders were received to be ready to march with four days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition and to leave our knapsacks and all extra clothing in our quarters.

This indicated business, and the boys shuddered as much at the thoughts of exposures that might come as at the prospect of a battle, for the weather was severe, and the nights cold.

This order to leave a part of our clothing in camp, or at a designated place, which was given several times later, was a mystery to all. When troops leave a given locality they are never sure of returning unless the commanding general was sure of being defeated and therefore obliged to return.

The next morning at 5 o'clock we were ordered to prepare to march, and we hastily donned our overcoats and slung our arms and equipments and placed our blankets in rolls to throw over our shoulders. While these preparations were being made, firing from the direction of Fredericksburg was distinctly heard, vivid reminders of the work ahead. We remained ready to fall in till 11 o'clock, when the orders finally came to move, and we commenced our march to the music of the booming guns. After marching two or three miles we halted, and there remained the rest of the day. From our position, the view was an inspiring one. The plain between us and Fredericksburg was covered with the army of the Potomac in battle array. The engineer corps was endeavoring to lay pontoons on the river, and the artillery on the high ground opposite the city kept up a constant cannonade all day long on the city to protect the men at their work. For hours the roar of artillery shook the earth under our feet, though we were a mile or more from the scene. We bivouacked for the night near the 9th Regt., N. H. Vols., and that evening there was a reunion of a party of former Tilton students in that regiment and those from the same school in the 12th,

of whom I was one. Home, the seminary and the coming battle were the topics of conversation, and all were hopeful of the result of the coming conflict. One of the number, Lieutenant Case, was sick with a fever, and took no part in the coming action. Another, Appleton Huntoon, treated the party to fried potatoes, and a great luxury they were.

On Friday morning, Dec. 12, we resumed the march towards Fredericksburg and halted on the bluffs opposite the city near the Lacey house. Six pontoons spanned the Rappahannock, three some distance below the city, and three between the city and the bluffs, where we were. West of the city, on St. Marye's heights, the enemy was strongly entrenched. General Franklin had crossed south of the city and had already engaged the enemy, and General Sumner's forces had crossed on the bridges opposite the Lacey house, and occupied the city. Soon after noon Colonel Potter received orders for the 12th regiment to cross the river on the north bridge. In marching to this bridge, just as the regiment appeared on the bluff, it came within range of the batteries on St. Marye's heights, and three shells in rapid succession were thrown at us. The first went over our heads, the second fell short, but the third struck in Cos. B and K, and eight men fell. Col. Potter gave the command, "Right oblique, double quick march!" and the regiment rapidly swung to the left into a ravine out of sight of the rebel gunners. Of the eight referred to above, two died of their wounds a day or two later. Just before this, where we were resting near the Lacey house, workmen had been at work probably for weeks preparing wood for the army, and there were immense piles there. One man had left a small axe, without any helve, and it occurred to me that that would be a fine thing to use in camp, so into my haversack it went along with my food. When the shells made their visit into our ranks and the run commenced for the ravine, this axe suddenly grew heavy. Indeed it seemed to weigh a ton, and I acted on the impulse of the moment and let it go.

So many troops crowded the bridge that the 12th regiment remained on the east bank of the river till nightfall, when it marched back nearly a mile and there bivouacked on the soft, wet, cold ground, and we passed a most uncomfortable night.

During this night eleven men of the 12th regiment deserted. Among the number was Jed Hubbard of Bristol. a member of Co. C, serving on the quota of New Hampton. A comrade of his had recently received a pair of new boots from home, and that evening all were bemoaning the want of wood with which to build a fire, when Jed said to his comrade, "You lend me your boots and I will get some wood if I have to go to New Hampshire for it." The boots were loaned,

and Hubbard went to New Hampshire, and did not return till he was brought back many months later under arrest for desertion.

On the morning of the 13th, we again started for the city and crossed the river on the upper bridge. At this time the battle was raging in all its fury, the very ground trembling under our feet from the shock. There was a constant crash of musketry and thunder of artillery, and solid shot and shells were flying over our heads, both from the heights occupied by the Confederates and the Union guns on the east bank of the river. After reaching the city we remained some time on the west bank of the river in mud so deep it was almost impossible to move. The city had been hastily deserted by the inhabitants, when the bombardment commenced; nearly every building had been pierced with shot or shell, and many buildings, especially at the north end, had been destroyed by shot or fire.

Soon there commenced to arrive from the battlefield stragglers and skulkers pale with fright; wounded men, some with wounds that would seem to make it impossible for them to walk, and ambulances filled with the wounded; all pressing for the pontoons to pass to the eastern side of the river.

About 2 p. m. an orderly rode to the colonel and handed him a written order. He had hardly done this when the orderly's horse was killed under him. The colonel called "Attention, forward march," vaulted into his saddle, and the regiment moved up Amelia street to Princess Anne street, the third from the river, and then filed to the left, just in time to escape a storm of shot and shell that swept the street. When we halted, Co. D happened to be in front of a very fine residence, and took the lawn for a resting place. While there, I, with others, took a stroll through the house. It had evidently been the abode of wealth and refinement, but was now deserted and was trembling to its foundation with the shock of battle. While passing through the elegantly furnished drawing room, one man near me said, "Yes! it was the men who lived in such houses as this that brought on this war," and in his indignation he took a chair and with it struck the keyboard of a fine piano a blow that made kindling wood of the chair and badly damaged the instrument.

At 4 p. m. we again moved, this time to Prince Edward street, the upper street of the city. On the way we passed a church that was being cleared for use as a hospital, the pews being thrown out of the windows. The belfry was at that time in use as a signal station. At this point the screechng of shot and shell was constant. One shell passed over Co. D, near the heads of the men, struck in the street near them, and exploded. Fortunately the shell was moving from us when it exploded and the pieces were thus carried by its momentum in the same direction, and none of the boys were hit. But this close call was

naturally a stunner, and caused the column to break, and the boys for the moment lost all semblance of an organization. As the smallest corporal in the company, I was at the foot or left, and when this occurred I simply did my duty and endeavored to hurry the men back into the ranks. This was noticed by Capt. J. W. Lang, who was at the head of Co. I, the next in line. He reported the incident to Col. Marsh and, in consequence, I was later promoted to fill the first vacancy in the company as sergeant.

All this time the battle had been raging furiously, and the slaughter of the Union troops in the vain effort to carry the well fortified heights of the enemy had been fearful and all for naught. Refugees from the front all told the same story of unavailing sacrifice, and, while we tried to find some consolation in arguing that these men were giving the dark side of the picture, still we could not but inwardly feel that the reports were probably true, as they proved to be.

As we neared Prince Edward street, the crash of musketry was heavier than at any time previously, and we could almost see through the smoke of battle and the gathering shades of evening the flash from the guns of the opposing armies. This proved to be the final assault of the day, when Gen. Humphrey's division made the last desperate, but unavailing, effort to carry the enemy's works. Then the firing gradually ceased.

We remained in Prince Edward street during the night. There was but little sleep for us, though the night was comparatively quiet. I tore a board from a fence and used it as a bed thereby preventing my body from sinking into the soft ground. In this way I got a little sleep.

The next day, December 14, was Sunday. Gen. Burnside was not inclined to renew the fight of the day before, and Gen. Lee could well afford to remain where he was, behind his works on the heights.

As daylight came the boys of the 12th began to look about them. In a yard close by were found several cows which the owners, being absent from the city, had neglected for several days. These were given prompt attention, and the milk they furnished was greatly enjoyed by the boys. A house near by was evidently vacated in a hurry, and in the basement was found everything needed for preparing food, and active operations were at once resumed by the boys. A dozen were promptly mixing flour for fritters, and the stove and range were surrounded by as many cooks, and if the fritters turned out were not light, they were at least palatable to hungry soldiers and disappeared with amazing rapidity.

As the day advanced and the air cleared, we could plainly see the enemy's batteries on the heights, which seemed but a short distance away; but we were told that the distance was nearly a mile.

The day passed uneventfully, and as night drew near, it became apparent that we might remain where we were during the night. In every house there were comfortable beds, but as we could not scatter and occupy the beds where they were, we concluded the beds must come to us, and so mattresses and feather beds and fine bedding were laid on the sidewalks, and weary soldiers with clothing and shoes on retired early to rest.

At 12 o'clock I was called to draw rations for the company, which I did. A half hour later I again lay down, leaving the rations to be distributed in the morning. Two hours later there was a discharge of musketry at the front near us, when all hustled from bed in double quick time and marched to the support of a battery, just outside the city. Here we were ordered to lie down and remain perfectly quiet. Our position was a bleak one; a cold wind was blowing, and we keenly felt the exchange of our warm beds for the cold ground. From this position I made two trips with two men back to Prince Edward street for the rations I had drawn there, and then distributed them to the boys as they lay on the ground. When we first arrived at the battery I heard one of the gunners ask another what regiment had come to their support. "It is a New Hampshire regiment. I don't know which," he replied. "Well! we are all right then," said the first speaker. "The New Hampshire men fight."

Monday, Dec. 15, was a day of inactivity. In the morning we returned to Prince Edward street, where we passed the day, and at dark returned to the support of the battery. During the early part of the night there was some picket firing and some musketry. The night was a horrible one. A cold wind pierced the heaviest clothing and rendered sleep impossible. The wooden shutters with which nearly all of the houses were provided were constantly slamming. Every dog in the city continued for hours a most dismal howling, and even the hogs joined in the chorus, and the bellowing of cattle was occasionally heard above all. I find penned in my journal these words: "It seemed as if all the hosts of hell were let loose in the city."

After a few hours supporting the battery, we marched to the north part of the city, where we lay for a while in the open field, and then we returned to the city to Gen. Whipple's headquarters. The north part of the city had felt the blighting effect of the battle more than the rest. A large number of extensive buildings which appeared to be manufactories had been destroyed by fire, and those that remained were shattered with shot and shell, and the wind whistled dismally through the ruins. Nearly every building in the city was wholly or partially destroyed, and it was evident that the fire of the enemy in its efforts to dislodge the Union troops had been more destructive than the bom-

bardment of the Union army. All the churches, halls, and many of the dwellings that had escaped destruction were used as hospitals.

Soon after two o'clock (Tuesday morning, the 16th) rain commenced to fall in true Virginia style, and about the same time we commenced to march on what proved to be the retreat of the army, though we did not realize this fact till we neared the pontoon bridges. It was with no light hearts that we recrossed the bridges, for this was an admission that the battle of Fredericksburg had been lost, and that the fearful sacrifice of thousands of brave men had been in vain. At this moment commenced the deep gloom that rested so long on the Army of the Potomac.

Someone Had Blundered

The battle of Fredericksburg will probably go down in history as perhaps the most stupendous blunder of the war. The one extenuating feature was that Gen. Burnside knew he was not capable of commanding the Army of the Potomac and shrank from the responsibility of the position. Gen. Lee's army held St. Marye's heights, a mile back from Fredericksburg, and here he had had months in which to add to the natural strength of the position. All this time, Gen. Burnside's army, vastly superior in numbers to that of Lee, had occupied the plain on the north side of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The time had been occupied in drills and perfecting the army for the coming struggle, but one essential for success seems to have been overlooked. Gen. Burnside failed to inform himself concerning the nature of the ground he would have to pass over in making an attack. A canal, which ran parallel with the river, between the city and the heights, he refused to believe existed, though informed by competent authority; but when the supreme moment came, it was found to be there, and greatly retarded the advance of the assailants.

Gen. Burnside sent across the river 113 men, under able corps commanders, while he remained at his headquarters at the Phillips mansion, a mile from the river, on the east side, but in full view of the scene of action.

An attempt was made to carry the heights by a direct assault at various points; but every attempt was a failure. It could not be otherwise. Behind the stone wall and earthworks on St. Marye's heights were massed the infantry and artillery of the Southern army. Lead and iron were poured in a continuous stream into the ranks of the Union army, and thousands went down. It closed up its ranks, and pressed on, or retired and reformed and renewed the attack, only to meet with the same result—failure. Gen. Longstreet, of the Confederate army, in "Battles and Leaders," says that in front of his position six assaults

were made, and every one repulsed, and that one man came within fifty feet of the stone wall; that the field was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and that "the dead were piled sometimes three deep"; that after the third assault the dead and wounded seriously impeded the advance of the assailants.

This condition existed all along the line. The most desperate valor was displayed by the Northern soldiers, even though the humblest private was fully convinced that the attack could not succeed. Much has been said of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, later in the war, but in that charge there was some hope that the 15,000 men hurled against one point of the Union line might succeed, but here there was none; and brave men faced almost certain death without any expectation of success.

Tennyson has sung of the charge of the Light Brigade, and said "someone had blundered." That charge cost but about fifty lives, but the ground was covered by thousands because one had blundered.

Gen. Hooker, seeing the hopelessness of continuing the struggle, sent an aid to Burnside to express his views and finally went in person to protest, but all to no avail; and the struggle went on. When night put an end to the struggle, 1200 gallant men were with the dead, and ten times that number had been wounded or were among the missing.

Strange as it may seem, Gen. Burnside was resolved to renew the struggle the next day and to lead the assault in person. He issued orders to this effect, and was only deterred from his resolution by the united protest of all his corps commanders.

It did not take long for the army to realize that a stupendous blunder had been committed, and it is not surprising that the morale of the army rapidly sank to a low point. The idea was openly expressed that the South could not be whipped, certainly not unless a great general could be found capable of leading the Union army, and yet Burnside was retained as the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and was to add the dismal "Mud March" to his record before he was removed.

After fifty years of thinking and reading, we have failed to see or find a single reason why the common soldier in the ranks was not right when his judgment told him it was simply an awful, useless sacrifice of life for Gen. Burnside to hurl his devoted army against a strongly entrenched foe on the heights of St. Marye, and the wonder has grown during all these years that the authorities at Washington should have permitted it. During all the war, at least up to the time when Grant took the supreme command, the authorities at Washington knew in advance every contemplated move of the army, but in this case the manner of assault could not have been known by them.

One incident connected with the battle may be mentioned here, though I was not personally concerned. At the time the march to the pontoons commenced, Co.s F and C were on picket duty, and,

either through an oversight or design to keep the picket line intact and thus deceive the enemy as to the movement being made, no orders were given for their withdrawal. After the 12th regiment had crossed the pontoons, Lt. Col. Marsh went back to the west shore and withdrew these companies, but so great was his haste that he forgot the men posted on the picket line. Sergt. H. A. Randolph in charge of the pickets from these companies discovered the true situation a few minutes later, and they proceeded on the double quick to the river, which they reached just as the last planks were being removed from the pontoons, but they passed over in safety.

After marching through the mud and rain till 8 o'clock on Tuesday, the 16th, the 12th regiment entered its old camp and took possession of its old quarters.

On arriving in camp, rounds of cheers were given for Col. Potter and Lt. Col. Marsh. The regiment had passed through a battle where the losses had been appalling and had suffered but little. The reason for its good fortune undoubtedly was that it had in common with the rest of the 3d corps been on reserve. Different portions of the corps had been detached from time to time to strengthen weak points, or repel expected attacks. The 12th had been moved from point to point with the same end in view, and, fortunately, had escaped the brunt of the battle. In every case its officers had obeyed orders, but, in the minds of the masses, it was Col. Potter's superior judgment that had saved them; and the same lack of reason that had failed to see any good in him up to this time, because he was not their chosen leader, now gave him the credit of their good fortune. From that time forward he was the idol of the regiment. Soon after this, the officers made the colonel the present of a fine horse costing $200, and then the enlisted men, not to be outdone, contributed $230. They sent a sergeant to Washington and had a saddle and bridle made to order, costing $200, and both were formally presented to the colonel, who was deeply affected by this manifestation of good will.

The change of feeling of the men of the regiment towards its commander was extended to the governor of the state. His appointment had proven wise, and so they were willing to forgive the past, and he was invited to visit the regiment. The governor gladly accepted the invitation, and a royal welcome was extended him. He was accompanied by J. C. Draper and David Mason, both of Bristol. General Whipple, the division commander, had a review of his division, in honor of the governor and in the evening, there was a notable gathering of distinguished officers, in the 12th quarters. The governor shook hands with the men, and speeches were made by General Bowman, and responded to by the governor. Lieut. John H. Durgin, of the 12th, spoke words of welcome in behalf of the regiment.

CHAPTER VI

CAMP AND HOSPITAL

Life in camp soon resumed much the same order as before the battle, and we soon came to the conclusion that no other move would be made that winter. With this in view, most of the tents were rebuilt on a larger scale. My tent was enlarged to 7 x 9 feet, and the walls made four feet high, and it was 7 feet to the ridgepole, which enabled one to stand upright in the center. In one end we had two bunks, one above the other, each for two men, which left about half the space for a living room. On one side we had a large fireplace to furnish heat and enable us to do a part of our cooking, though most of this was done by the company cooks. My tent mates at this time were Louis Rowe of Bristol, Rev. Asa Witham of Laconia, and William H. Straw of Hill.

While in camp at Falmouth, the making of baker's bread was commenced for the 3d Corps near our quarters. The levelled ground constituted the bottom of the ovens, and on this, large concave sheets of iron, which constituted the tops, were placed, thus forming large ovens. The tops were covered with earth, and the heat from the fires made inside was thus retained for a long time. Here most excellent bread was baked by a corps of bakers, and we thus enjoyed the luxury of a soft bread ration.

Sunday morning, Jan. 11, Rev. John Chamberlain, of Canterbury, N. H., state agent to look after the New Hampshire soldiers, preached to the men of the 12th. As he was preparing to sing a closing original selection, entitled "The Railroad Hymn," Lieut. Col. Marsh interrupted him, saying he wished to dismiss the regiment, as he feared the men would take cold owing to the damp weather, and he then directed the chaplain to close the services with prayer. Mr. Chamberlain felt insulted at this action and declined to preach in the afternoon.

At this time many were sick and the regimental hospital was crowded to its utmost capacity. Fever was the prevailing sickness, but much sickness was caused by homesickness. Scores died, pining for home. On Monday morning, Jan. 12, the remains of six, who had died during the night., were removed from the hospital tent and laid on the bare ground outside. Among the number was Milo Fogg of Co. D. When Comrade Weeks was buried, Nov. 27, Fogg was asked to fall in with the rest of the company, to attend the burial, but declined, and, to the remark that he might need to be followed to the grave, replied that he did not care whether anyone followed him to the grave or not.

It seemed a little singular that Comrade Fogg should be the next to need these services from Co. D, but such was the case. During the next 24 hours death claimed 7 more of the regiment—one from Co. D, James T. Calley of Hill.

On the 14th, Samuel Page came to visit the boys from Bristol. His chief business was to visit John F. Chase of Co. D, who was sick in a Georgetown hospital. The next day, Jan. 15, I went with Mr. Page to visit the Bristol boys in the 9th regiment. From there we went a little farther, from which point we could view the entrenchments of the enemy on the west side of the Rappahannock. On our way back to camp we saw a long pontoon train moving up the river, which clearly indicated a move of the army in the near future. On our return, the report of this movement and its significance was soon being discussed by the entire regiment.

Our surmises were verified, and the next day, Friday, Jan. 16, the first order was received by the 12th regiment, putting in operation the movement known in history as the Mud March. Gen. Burnside determined to cross the Rappahannock and flank the Confederate army, still entrenched at Fredericksburg. The crossing was to be at United States ford, 12 miles above Fredericksburg, but this plan changed, when starting, to Banks ford, four miles nearer Fredericksburg.

For the Mud March the first order notified the army to be ready to march at daylight the next morning with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. When the morning came, the order was countermanded and the time of marching was set for one o'clock on the 18th. Before this hour arrived the order was again changed. On the 19th the hour was again postponed for 24 hours.

About noon on Tuesday, Jan. 20, we started, but, after going about 100 rods, stacked arms, and there stood till sometime after dark, a cold wind blowing all the time. About 5 o'clock it commenced to rain. Finally Col. Potter took the responsibility to march his regiment back to its old quarters.

When we reached our old quarters we found that sick soldiers from another regiment had taken possession of the 12th Regt. encampment, and pitched their tents on our old frameworks. In my tent were two from Co. B, 124th N. Y. Regt. These men were attracted to our quarters by their attractiveness, and the reputation of the quarters of the 12th Regt. for superiority extended throughout the corps. We could not have the heart to turn these poor men out in the cold and rain, so we went to work to improve the situation. We built a fire, but there were now too many of us to lie down, and yet we got some sleep. All night long the rain fell in torrents.

At four o'clock the next morning Lieut. Morrill came round and notified our company to be ready to move in one hour, so we cooked

our breakfast and ate it. When we looked out that morning the face of the country was strangely changed from what it was the day before, being thickly covered with the tents of the Army of the Potomac as it had halted the afternoon or evening before, even our own parade ground being covered. Previous to this move there were no other troops in our immediate vicinity.

About noon of that day (Thursday, Jan. 21), contrary to general expectation, the advance movement was again commenced amid a storm of the elements and a storm of curses from officers and men. All that afternoon we struggled on through mud more than ankle deep, and went into camp after covering only about three miles.

No pen can properly describe that march. It was through a sea of mud. Roads were soon obliterated and no attempt was made to follow them. Artillery and baggage trains were soon so deeply mired that a dozen horses or mules could hardly move one piece. Many of the men, exhausted in trying to drag their weary limbs through the clayey mud, in utter disregard of what would be their necessity when night came, threw away their blankets and overcoats, which soon disappeared in the mud beneath the feet of the men.

From sheer inability to move farther, the army went into camp on the second day in woods about five miles from our old quarters. During our march the rain continued to fall, and every hour added to the seriousness of the situation. That it would be impossible to continue the march and accomplish the object of the move was apparent to the humblest private in the ranks.

During the next day (22d), there was no attempt made to move, but rumors of a return to our old quarters were rife, and on the morning of the 23d the whole army was set to work with all the tools available, building corduroy roads, and these roads led back to camp instead of in the direction of the enemy.

About 4 o'clock of that day we commenced our march back, cheered by the warm rays of the sun, which had now commenced to shine. On arriving at our old quarters, a gill of whisky was issued to each man.

Fighting Joe Hooker

At this time the morale of the army was at a low ebb. The whole history of the Army of the Potomac was not such as to inspire confidence, and under the command of General Burnside had come the disaster of Fredericksburg and now the folly of the Mud March. The men in the ranks could reason, and, judging the future by the past, some thought it useless to continue the struggle, and nearly all looked into the future with many misgivings.

The authorities at Washington finally grasped the situation, and on the 25th of January Gen. Burnside was relieved and Gen. Hooker placed in command of the army.

Great things were expected of Fighting Joe Hooker, and instantly there was a change for the better. One of the first orders issued by Gen. Hooker was one allowing one or two men in each hundred a furlough of 15 days. This order alone wonderfully revived the spirits of the men. One of my tent mates, Elder Witham, was the first to go from Co. D. Sergt. H. A. Randolph, of Co. C, was granted a furlough, but the day before he was to start for home he had the misfortune to break his leg. Some of the men thus favored failed to return, and the result was that after the first installment few furloughs were granted. I had been informed by the company officers that I would probably be the next choice from Co. D, but no more furloughs were granted from our company or regiment.

On Saturday, the 31st day of January, 1863, the 12th Regt. was, for the first time, detailed for picket duty. After this, the regiment was detailed for this duty about once in three weeks. Our position was usually near the banks of the Rappahannock from three to five miles from camp, and our term of service was three or four days. On one occasion we were on the east bank of the river and could plainly see the enemy's pickets on the other side and talked with them. At this time their pickets rigged up a board or plank with a sail and loaded on it some tobacco and a southern paper, and we agreed to send back some delicacy and a northern paper, in return. The craft was put in motion and sailed straight for our shore, but when nearly across, it was capsized by a sudden squall, and their efforts came to naught at that time. At other times the exchange of compliments between the pickets was successful and far more agreeable than exchanges of bullets under other circumstances.

On one occasion I was one of a provost guard that scoured the country outside of our lines for suspicious characters. We made several arrests, and I was sent back to camp with one man who was on horseback, but the fact that he was mounted was about all that could be proved against him, so he was released.

On one of these trips we were made very uncomfortable by a heavy fall of snow, and, when we returned to our old quarters, we found the weight of the snow had broken down the cloth roofs of our quarters.

Previous to this the 12th Regt. had not been brigaded, but had been in the 3d division of the 3d Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Stoneman. On the 8th of February, orders announced the resignation of Gen. Stoneman. Gen. Sickles succeeded him in the command of the 3d corps. and on Feb. 19, the 12th Regt. was brigaded with the 1st and 2d regiments U. S. Sharpshooters and the 110 Penn. Vols.

On the 6th of March, the regiment was in line preparatory to marching to the picket line, when there was an exhibition of the impetuous temper of Lt.-Col. Marsh. Sergt. Frank Darling of Co. C, a Bristol

boy, did not put in an appearance on account of illness. Col. Marsh called him from his quarters and cut the stripes from his arms in the presence of the regiment. Dr. Fowler appeared about this time and swore Darling was not able to go on picket, and should not go. The surgeon could excuse a man from duty in spite of the commanding officer, but he could not prevent Darling from being reduced to the ranks, and so he had to suffer unjustly.

On Wednesday, March 11, after battalion drill the regiment was formed en masse and 13 prisoners, members of the regiment, were brought up and the sentences of a general court martial read. Most of these were men who had deserted in front of Fredericksburg. One member of my company, William Martin, of Sanbornton Bridge, had been tried for desertion at the time the regiment started on the Mud March. Martin was sentenced to forfeit $10 per month of his pay for the remainder of his term of service and to be kept at hard labor at the Rip Raps. The hard labor part of this sentence was remitted, and Martin continued with his company, and fought valiantly at Chancellorsville a few weeks later, dying from the effects of wounds there received.

On the 17th the monotony of camp life was broken by the sound of heavy cannonading up the river. The day before a large force of our cavalry crossed the river to return a call made by the rebel cavalry a short time before, and this morning a sharp engagement ensued, but without material results, and this was the firing we heard.

The same day an order was read at dress parade, making me a sergeant. This promotion elated me more than any other advancement or honor conferred upon me in the army or in civil life. It carried an increase in pay of only two dollars a month, so money was not thought of in this connection, but I had been promoted for doing my duty at Fredericksburg, and that was of great moment to me. A day or two later, a large number of express boxes—two army wagon loads—were received from their homes by the boys. I was one of the favored ones and in my box was a great variety of cooked food—great delicacies—and perhaps a quart of popping corn. I had wanted to treat the boys on the occasion of my promotion and now the question of how to do it was solved. I popped the whole of that corn for a treat. While engaged in popping this corn its fragrance drew many of the comrades to my tent, and the only way to escape a premature treat was to divulge my plans. Thus all the boys knew what was coming and all were on hand, and as soon as the treat was ready they fell into line, marched past my quarters, and each received a portion. This made all the boys happy, including the giver. It was a choice morsel and a vivid reminder of other days around the home circle.

Lincoln Reviews the Army

On the 6th of April, I witnessed a grand review of the cavalry and artillery of the Army of the Potomac by President Lincoln, on the plain, about a mile from our encampment. There were 15,000 or 20,000 horsemen and many batteries. It was a most impressive exhibition. Two hours were occupied in passing the president, and the tramp of the horses over the soft ground sounded like a distant waterfall.

The next day President Lincoln visited the various encampments. Our regiment was drawn up in line to receive him. He was accompanied by a large number of generals and their staffs, and a regiment of Lancers followed behind as a body guard. President Lincoln wore a tall black hat, his feet nearly reached to the ground, and his great height, clothed in civilian's dress as he was, was in striking contrast to the rest of the company. As he passed along the front of our line the regiment presented arms, the drum corps played and then the boys all joined in giving lusty cheers. President Lincoln returned the salute by raising his hat.

This visit was preceded by a humorous event. The president and retinue passed through the regimental street to reach the parade ground. In this street a limb of a tree projected over the street high enough for the ordinary man mounted, wearing a military hat, to pass under, but the tall hat which Lincoln wore came in contact with that limb, and the hat fell to the ground. An orderly promptly handed the hat to the owner, who replaced it on his head. This was in plain view of the regiment and of course a smile passed along the line as the result.

The next day President Lincoln reviewed the infantry of the Army of the Potomac. Although each battalion marched in close order by division, three hours were consumed in passing the reviewing stand. In general orders issued after the review, the 12th was one of the regiments commended for its good appearance, and worthy of special praise. The sight was a grand one, but would have been enjoyed more by all, had it not been for the fact that a cold piercing wind blew all day, and we had several hours of waiting to do in heavy marching order, before our turn came, and then, too, came the thought that this great army was only assembled to meet another great army, each bent on the destruction of the other.

CHAPTER VII

CHANCELLORSVILLE

By the middle of April came signs that the great campaign of 1863 was about to open. The 15th of the month brought with it the greatest downpour of rain of the season, but pleasant weather was sure to follow, and the same day came orders to be ready to march with three days' rations in the haversack and five in the knapsacks. We were also ordered to take rubber blankets and shelter tents, but no woolen blankets and no extra clothing except overcoats.

In order the better to understand the part played by the 12th Regt., N. H. Vols., in which I was an actor, a brief account of the general situation and the battle of Chancellorsville is here given.

Gen. Lee still held the Confederate army on Marye's heights, back of Fredericksburg, in a strong position behind entrenchments. Gen. Hooker was in command of the Federal forces. Great things were expected of "Fighting Joe Hooker." He had a superb army of 130,000 enthusiastic, well-disciplined troops, who had unbounded faith in their leader, despite the reverses that had attended their efforts under other leadership. Lee had an army of only about 60,000. Hooker's plan of the battle has always been considered a wise one. It was to attack the Confederates in their rear, and thus force them to meet him in the open, where his superiority in numbers would count. With this end in view, he sent Gen. Sedgwick in command of three army corps, the 1st, 3d, and 6th, to make a demonstration below Fredericksburg to give the impression that the main attack was to be at this point. With the main body of the army he marched 27 miles up the east bank of the Rappahannock, crossed the river at Kelley's ford, and then down the river to Chancellorsville, a few miles only above Fredericksburg, and there halted, and, strange as it may seem, at once assumed the offensive. This gave Gen. Lee an immense advantage. He hurled the larger part of his force on weak points on Hooker's line and then hurled the same men against Gen. Sedgwick, who was advancing from the south with 22,000 men and defeated him.

Gen. Hooker had marched his army through the thick woods on the south side of the river in which no army could be maneuvered to advantage, and reached the open country north of Fredericksburg, where his superiority in numbers would have counted—the very spot that he seemingly intended to reach, and there halted. Here he seemed to have experienced a mental collapse, and in every respect was unequal

to the occasion. The enigma of the battle of Chancellorsville has never been solved and probably never will be. The charge of drunkenness on the part of Hooker, largely believed by the army after the battle, was disproved by a court of inquiry, and if the findings of the court were correct, the contentions of his friends may also be correct, and that was that Gen. Hooker resolved to be in his normal condition at this time and therefore took no stimulants, and his mind, therefore, accustomed as it was to daily draughts of intoxicants, failed to act with its usual vigor—in fact, that he collapsed from the want of stimulants. Whichever point of view is taken one sees in the result a tremendous temperance lesson. There is another view taken by some of the condition of Gen. Hooker, and that is that the long and severe strain on his nerves in planning the campaign and executing the first part of it had resulted of itself in a collapse of his mental capacity—that his mind ceased to act. He had been unable to rise to the supreme importance of the hour when his full vigor was most needed. The same has occurred in the history of other great generals, and even of Napoleon himself, when, after long continued strain, the mind refused to work till rested. "Psychologists tell us that these transitions are frequently of lightning-like suddenness," and so here may have been a cause for which Hooker was not responsible.

After having reached the open country, and with victory almost in his grasp, he ordered his advance back into the woods, and then assumed the defensive. The point vacated was near Banks ford, less than three miles above Fredericksburg, where a junction was expected with Sedgewick, who was fighting his way up from below the city. On the north side of the river at this ford was massed a large artillery force, ammunition and army trains, which were to join the main army as soon as the ford was uncovered. This order was such a surprise to the commanding officers that Gen. Couch sought to have it recalled, but to no effect, and it was reluctantly obeyed. When falling back, the order was countermanded, but it was too late; the enemy had already occupied the position vacated. This move sealed the fate of the battle. Gen. Lee at once occupied the ground abandoned by the Union troops and was able to whip the Union army in detail.

On Saturday, the second day of the fight, in the afternoon, a large body of Confederates were seen moving west along the front of the Union army. Gen. Hooker deluded himself that these troops were retreating, but they proved to be Gen. Jackson's force of 35,000 men marching 17 miles to attack the army on the left flank and rear. The 11th corps, under Gen. Howard, occupied the extreme left, facing south and was in no position to meet an attack from the west and rear. Gen. Schurz, who commanded a division of this corps, asserts that he was convinced, and so were many other officers of his division, that the

troops seen were not retreating but marching to gain a position at their right and rear and so reported repeatedly to Gen. Howard, but he shared the opinion of Gen. Hooker so strongly as to the retreat that no new alignment of the corps was made to meet the assault of Gen. Jackson. Towards night the assault came with terrific force, and the disastrous rout of the 11th corps occurred, threatening the safety of the entire army. This corps was composed largely of Germans, and for a long time these loyal Germans rested under the stigma of being cowards, when the responsibility of their defeat rested largely on the shoulders of Gen. Howard.

But the attack under Jackson on the 11th corps was dearly bought for its intrepid leader, late in the evening, while reconnoitering was severely wounded by his own men, and died a few days later; and the Confederate army lost its most valuable leader, next to Lee, and his next in command also fell.

On the third day of the fight, when the 12th Regiment suffered so severely, had Hooker thrown his reserve into action victory might even then have been won, for 35,000 troops under Meade had not fired a gun. Unfortunately on this day during the fiercest of the fight Gen. Hooker was incapacitated by a shot which struck a pillar at the Chancellorsville house against which he was leaning, and he was rendered unconscious, and remained so for an hour or two, and no one stepped into his place.

On the fifth day the army retreated, and imbecility even in retreat was shown by Gen. Hooker. He and his staff crossed the river at United States ford and left the army to follow. A great rain raised the river to the danger point, and one of the three bridges was used to strengthen the other two, and here, on the west bank of the river waiting to cross, were massed from 7,000 to 8,000 troops. A single shell thrown into this mass of humanity might have caused a panic that would have been fearful to contemplate, but, fortunately for the Union army, Gen. Lee was willing that they should depart without making any effort to impede their movement.

The losses of the Union army are given in official records as 1,082 killed; 6,849 wounded; 4,214 captured or missing; a total of 12,145.

With these explanatory notes we resume our narrative. The orders to be ready to march came as before stated Apr. 15, but no movement was made till 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Apr. 28. Then the boys fell in in remarkably good spirits, considering the possible work ahead, and some jocosely remarked we were starting for Richmond or the grave. With Joe Hooker to lead or direct all felt sure of success. We marched briskly most of the time for three or four hours without rest, then loitered along with frequent stops, but without orders to rest till after eleven o'clock p. m., when we bivouacked for

the balance of the night. We laid our rubbers on the ground, put on our overcoats, spread shelter tents over us, and, though cold, slept soundly.

The next morning we were awakened by the sound of musketry and cannon, and about 7 o'clock we fell in and marched about a mile further south to a place on the north bank of the Rappahannock, below Fredericksburg. There we lay all day, which was a mystery to us then, but we later knew that our march to this point was simply to blind the enemy as to the real purpose of Hooker. Three corps, the 1st, 3d and 6th under Gen. Sedgewick, had marched to this point below the city to give the enemy the idea that the real attack was to be made there, while Hooker, with the main army, was intending to attack the enemy on its left flank, above the city at Chancellorsville. A portion of these troops, about 12,000, had crossed the river on pontoons, and had deployed in line of battle below the city. The 3d corps, under Sickles, in which was the 12th Regiment, was held on the east bank, but in plain view of the enemy in order to carry out the delusion. From the point where we spent the day I could see on the other side of the river both armies drawn up in battle array, but neither side sought to bring on an engagement. A captive baloon high in the air above us was making observations.

We remained here over night and the morning hours were wearing away when a courier dashes up and hands a paper to the adjutant. This was read at once to the regiment and was an order from Gen. Hooker, in which he said that the operations of the last three days had determined that the enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and fight us on our own ground, "where certain destruction awaited him."

The men went wild with joy. Hats and caps went into the air, and they cheered as they never had cheered before. The same news was given to the other regiments, and cheering and martial music were heard in all directions.

Whether there was sufficient ground for this exuberance of spirit on the part of the commanding general, is a matter of doubt, but it served a good purpose and wonderfully sustained the men during the test of endurance that the later hours of the day were to call forth.

While this show of force was being made south of Fredericksburg, Hooker was crossing the Rappahannock above, as before stated. The next move was for the 3d Corps under Sickles to join Hooker, in the shortest time possible. Leaving Sedgewick with his two corps on the west bank of the river, the 3d Corps started about 1 o'clock p. m. on a forced march for the right wing of the army. It made a long detour from the river, keeping in the ravines or out of sight as much as possible, hoping, though it would seem without reason, to

keep this movement from the knowledge of the enemy. That Gen. Lee knew of these movements and their object is a matter of history.

The day was intensely hot, the dry clayey soil of Virginia was quickly transformed into dust by the marching men, horses and artillery, and the air was so heavily laden with the particles of earth that one could see but a few feet in any direction. Water was scarce, and the halts to find it or to rest were very few. On, on we pressed, much of the time on almost the double quick, until it seemed that each step must be the last. My feet were sore and blistered, but I was not as badly off as many others whose shoes had given out entirely. All along, the route was strewn with blankets, overcoats and shelter tents, thrown away by the men to lighten their loads.

Finally at about 1 o'clock that night, having reached a point near Hartwood church, 18 or 20 miles from where we had started, a halt was called for the remainder of the night.

As soon as the order was given for a halt, a rush was made for a small sandy brook close by, and so anxious were the men for a drink or to secure water for coffee, or their canteens, that they got into the stream like a herd of cattle and soon the water was thick with sand. Up to this time I had acted on a school boy notion that coffee was injurious, but this night I drank hot coffee and, though I strained it as well as I could through my lips to keep as much of the sand as possible from entering my mouth, I found it so refreshing that I was henceforth a great coffee drinker.

Coffee and hardtack promptly disposed of, it was but the work of a minute to spread our blankets on the ground, and we were soon in blissful sleep.

At four o'clock in the morning, reveille sounded, and we opened our eyes and arose from our beds sore and stiff from the overexertions of the day before.

As soon as a hasty breakfast had been swallowed, the march was resumed, but we did not march as fast, or as far, as the day before. We had evidently arrived within supporting distance of the right wing and so there was not the necessity for haste that existed then. We crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons at United States ford, near Chancellorsville, and our march was practically over by noon. Within less than 24 hours from the time of starting the day before we had covered nearly or quite 30 miles. Considering that each man carried his musket and equipments, knapsack, haversack, and canteen, perhaps 40 lbs. in all, besides extra rations for five days, the march was a great feat.

Soon after crossing the ford, we entered extensive woods on the south side of the river and we could hear firing occasionally a little way in advance. This continued for some hours. At four o'clock,

by command of the colonel, every man snapped a cap on the tube of his musket to clear it, loaded his piece, and then fell in in light marching order, one man of each company being left to guard the packs. We marched toward the front about two miles, and formed in line of battle, where we remained till half past ten o'clock. After sunset the air was very chilly, and we gladly obeyed the command to return to the place where we had left our packs, where we bivouacked for four hours, and then again fell in, taking all our belongings with us. The first gun of the day was fired about 5 o'clock, and desultory firing was now kept up almost continuously by troops in advance of us.

Cheering reports continued to encourage the men. One was to the effect that Gen. Hooker had the rebel army surrounded and would hold them with a fast grip till they surrendered. Another reported the enemy in rapid retreat. Some were ready to cheer at each favorable report, others expressed their doubts, while others hoped for the best and waited. This was Saturday morning, May 2, and one of those beautiful mornings that come to Virginia at this season of the year, but beneath her skies were gathered two mighty armies of kinsmen, with all the modern appliances of war, determined on destroying each other.

Just before we moved, that morning, Rev. and Lieutenant John M. Durgin mounted a stump and gave a five minute patriotic talk. He reminded his hearers that the hour of action had come, and expected all to do their duty like men. Never a more attentive audience listened to a speaker than those who caught his words in the wilderness of Chancellorsville. The next day the speaker was left for dead on the field.

After falling in we marched to the Fredericksburg plank road, and on that passed the Chancellorsville house, a large two-story, brick, plantation house where Hooker had established his headquarters. A short distance beyond we turned to the left and followed a narrow path through a piece of woods, and then turned to the right, where we halted for two or three hours. Here were signs that fighting had taken place before our arrival. Rails from the fences had been piled up and covered with green boughs, evidently to shield sharp shooters, and there were other signs of fighting. Our artillery on elevated ground a little in our advance was playing into the enemy's trains, and it was said that the enemy was retreating. Later it was found that the troops in front were those of Jackson, marching to gain a position in the rear of the 11th Corps. The theory of a retreat was believed by many, as it was in keeping with the information given by Gen. Hooker, but I noticed that many who had seen long service in the Army of the Potomac, shook their heads in derision when such an idea was advanced.

From this position we advanced in line of battle. In making this

movement we came under musketry fire, but an order to lie down was instantly obeyed and only one or two were wounded. Resuming the advance, we waded a brook nearly waist deep, and then halted. Cos. F and G, the extreme left companies, were advanced farther than the rest of the regiment, as an advanced guard, or to cover a retreat. As the left general guide of the regiment, my place in action was with the left company, so I was with Co. F at this time.

It was while we were here the latter part of the afternoon that the disaster to the 11th Corps occurred, and the 12th Regt. was hastily withdrawn. Cos. G and F came near being captured, for, as at Fredericksburg, no orders were given for their withdrawal when the rest of the regiment was withdrawn till Lt.-Col. Marsh, obtaining permission, went back at the risk of being captured himself, and withdrew them. We marched, or double quicked, for nearly half a mile through the woods with Johnnies on either flank, all unconscious of our presence, or we of theirs, and when we rejoined the rest of the regiment there was general rejoicing, for all had thought we had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The 11th Corps, occupying a position at our right and near where we were in the position last spoken of, had been stampeded by an unexpected onslaught of Stonewall Jackson's division of the rebel army before spoken of. This was nothing less than a disaster, and seriously threatened the safety of the whole army. It appears that all this might have been avoided had the commanding officer of the 11th Corps, Gen. Howard, listened to frequent reports that the enemy were making movements at the right, that indicated an attack from that direction in the rear of the 11th Corps.

But while the panic stricken 11th Corps was rushing headlong to the rear, followed by Jackson's victorious troops, Major Keenan and his 400 cavalrymen hurled themselves against the advancing foe, Berry's division of the 3d Corps and the bayonet, and Sickles and Pleasanter came to their aid with 25 cannon, which double shotted with grape and canister covered the ground with rebel dead and stayed the advance of the enemy. It was just at this time that the 12th Regiment arrived on the scene to the support of the batteries.

We rested during the night on the ground fiercely fought over during the latter part of the day. Near by the surgeons were operating on the wounded, and wet clothes and chilly winds were not the only cause of our inability to sleep as we lay on our arms that night, for the groans of the unfortunates pierced the night air and the hot work sure to come with the morning was not conducive to sleep. Besides, there occasionally reached our ears the exultant cheers of the rebel hosts as the news of the victory of the afternoon spread from one part of the rebel army to the other. About midnight Gen. Birney made

an attack on the enemy within full view of our position, drove them back a short distance, and recaptured a part of the 11th Corps guns.

With the dawn of day our forces commenced to fall back and make new alignments. The rebels followed and commenced a spirited firing, when the Union army faced about and returned the fire. The 12th Regt. at this time was in the second line of battle. Our position was along a brook, where we were commanded to lie down. Perhaps forty rods in front, the first line engaged the enemy and sought to stay his advance. In our rear, batteries were placed so near that the heat from the guns as they were discharged was plainly felt by us, and the shot and shells screeched as they passed over us.

While lying there, close to my side were Henry and Uriah Kidder, brothers, both from Bristol. Uriah turned to me and said, "Richard, Henry is dead." I looked and saw a ball had struck him on the top of his head and passed out near his right eye. He did not move after being struck. He was one of three killed while we lay at the brook, and here quite a number were wounded.

After lying here a while, Gen. Whipple, the commander of our division, directed Col. Potter to advance his regiment into the woods and hold the enemy in check at all hazard. It was currently reported after the fight, and generally believed, that a regiment at our right received similar orders, but that no efforts of their officers could induce them to breast the fierce fire ahead. Be that as it may, they did not advance; and the 12th did, and here the real work of the day for us commenced. Reaching the crest of a hill, Col. Potter halted his men and pointing to the woods beyond said, "There the devils are. Give them hell."

We had reached a position on a knoll near the edge of the woods, and the rebels were further in the woods on lower ground and on the side of a hill beyond. Thus they could see us better than we could see them.

We poured a deadly fire into their ranks and prevented for a time a further advance of this part of their line, and here we held our ground till all the Union troops on our left and right had retreated, and the rebels had advanced to our rear on both flanks. At one time a Zouave regiment came to our aid at our left, but after firing one volley retreated in double quick time. They were old fighters and perhaps took in the real situation quicker than we did, for this was our first musketry engagement, and we did not know enough to retreat.

We opened a brisk fire upon the Johnnies the moment we halted, and we received as effective fire from them in return, and our men fell rapidly. We neither retreated nor advanced, and it was not long before one half of our men lay dead or wounded in a long windrow along our line. Capt. O. W. Keyes of Ashland, who commanded Co. D, at

that time, was shot through the heart as he stood close by my side. When struck he sprang into the air, then dropped dead at my feet. He had been wounded while we were at the brook, but refused to retire. All the field officers were wounded and all but two of the line officers were among the dead or wounded.

Our men had sixty rounds of ammunition when we went into the fight, and they stood in their tracks about an hour and a half and expended all their ammunition, and some gathered more from the cartridge boxes of the dead.

The non-commissioned officers were provided with tourniquets made of metal and an elastic band, for use in case of need in action. I had one, and during the fight placed it around the leg of Comrade George Swain, who was badly wounded in the leg. It checked the flow of blood, but the poor fellow died of his wounds the same day.

Finally, after all had fallen or retired but a handful of perhaps 25 men, of whom I was one, Lieut. E. E. Bedee, who was then the ranking officer of the regiment, gave the command to load and lie down. The boys hesitated to obey, and Bedee, seeing the Johnnies advancing, gave the order, "Rally round the flag, boys, and get out of this." This order was obeyed with alacrity and none too soon. The Johnnies were close at our heels and in advance of us on the right and the left. While on the retreat, several of our few survivors fell. One poor fellow who was running at my right, I did not know who, fell, with a piercing cry of pain or terror. About the same time a ball struck the stock of my musket and knocked it from my hand and numbed my fingers. I kept on without waiting to pick up my musket, making the best time possible, as did all the rest. From the woods to the Chancellorsville house, a distance of perhaps half a mile, was an open field, and over this we had to pass, and it seems a wonder that any man could pass through the storm of shot and shell that swept this field and live. The air was full of flying missiles and the ground was plowed up in all directions.

At my left, as I fell back, there was posted a battery to check the advance of the rebels. The guns were evidently charged with grape and canister. The rebels charged on these guns with closed ranks, and the fire swept the ground mowing great gaps in the ranks of a brave foe. We learned later that three charges were made by these men. Whether the guns were taken to the rear or captured, I know not, but the rebels were soon in possession of this part of the field. The plain over which we passed was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded, and many a harrowing scene presented itself. One that I recall still stands in vivid colors in my memory. A poor fellow, assisted by two comrades, was making his way to the Chancellorsville house.

He had the flesh so torn away from his hips that I could see the joints work in their sockets as he traveled.

While crossing this plain a new danger confronted the brave survivors of the 12th. Gen. Sickles was trying to form a new line of battle near the Chancellorsville house, and his gunners were about to fire on the advancing enemy without observing the squad of Union men between, when Sickles, perceived the situation, rode in front of the guns and exclaimed, "Hold on there; those are my men in front."

On arriving at this new line of battle, Lieut. Bedee was ordered by Gen. Sickles to have his men fall into line and help repel the rebel advance, but when he was informed that we had no ammunition he ordered us to the rear, and we passed through his lines close to the Chancellorsville house to the woods beyond. There we rested. I lay down on the ground and, thoroughly exhausted, at once fell asleep. As I awoke, I was told that two women who had been rescued from the cellar of the Chancellorsville house had just been conducted by. As we passed this house the bricks were being scattered by shot and shell and the house soon took fire. The house, used as a hospital at the time, was hastily cleared and at the last moment an officer visited the cellar and there found these women who had taken refuge there when the battle commenced. Their gallant rescue from the burning building was widely heralded in the papers a few days later.

Near the Chancellorsville house was a well that supplied the house with water. A large number of men, famishing for water, crowded about this well regardless of the flying missiles of death, and here some were wounded and perhaps killed. My first impulse was to obtain water here myself, but I quickly took in the situation and concluded to move on.

While this sketch is simply a narrative of the personal experience and observation of a man in the ranks, and in no sense a history of the battle, the writer cannot but allude to the fact that through all the awful carnage of that Sabbath morning, 35,000 Union troops, ready and anxious to sweep back the victorious hordes of the Confederacy, were allowed to remain inactive in the woods within supporting distance, without being ordered to fire a shot.

But to go on with my narrative. After we had rested in the woods a short time, we started for the Rappahannock, where we had crossed that stream on our advance, led by Col. Berdan of the Sharp Shooters. In a short time I overtook John Moores, a comrade of my company. He had been badly wounded in one foot, and was making his way to the rear as best he could, assisted by one of our boys. I gave him assistance, and after proceeding perhaps a mile and twice trying in vain to induce a surgeon to dress his wounds, we were overtaken by a moun-

ted man, and I induced him to dismount and give Moores a ride to the hospital near the river.

The headquarters of this hospital was a large, two-story house occupied a short time before by a Virginia planter. Every room in the house was filled with the wounded, and many, perhaps a thousand, were lying on the grass outside, and a few physicians were at work giving temporary assistance and forwarding the men to the hospitals on the east side of the river.

While in the woods in the hottest of the fight the center band of my musket had been carried away by a piece of shell or bullet. I picked up another musket and had used it but a little while when I noticed by a private mark upon it that it belonged to Louis Rowe, my tent mate. I glanced over the dead and wounded near me, but did not find its owner, and was satisfied therefore that he had been wounded and had gone to the rear, and therefore, as soon as I arrived at this house, I commenced a search for him. After going through every room in the house and spending a long time hunting among those on the ground outside, I found him. While in the act of firing, a minnie ball had ploughed a furrow along the back of his left hand and then entered his right breast, making a wound from which he died nineteen years later. He dropped his gun and slipped his knapsack from his back, and then walked the three miles to the river. I made the poor fellow a cup of tea, and, as he was chilly and had lost his overcoat with his knapsack, I covered him with my own. I obtained a stretcher and saw him started across the river, and then I rejoined the remnant of the 12th Regt., which had rendezvoused near by. The giving of my overcoat to my tentmate was a great privation to me as I had no blanket, but it was the means of saving it, and I still have it, a valued relic of the war, stained with the blood of my comrade as it is. If I had selfishly kept it I should have lost it the next day as will appear later. This overcoat was returned to me when Louis Rowe returned to the regiment when it was at Point Lookout, the next fall.

Up to the time of rejoining my comrades here I had been so engrossed with the scenes of the day that no thought of home or friends had entered my mind, but as I then sat down to rest my mind flashed to far-away home, and as I thought of the sad news that must be borne them, tears came freely, and I realized more than ever before that the immediate actors of the war were not the only sufferers in this great conflict.

I had a piece of shelter tent, and joining that with a piece carried by a comrade we erected a shelter, but having no overcoat or blanket I shivered with the cold in my sleep. About 2 o'clock in the morning heavy firing on the picket line at the south of our position caused all to

fall into line and stand ready for action. No movement was made, but there was no further sleep that night.

Roll-call came early, at which 97 enlisted men and 4 officers responded to their names. These were organized into four companies with a commissioned officer to each and Col. Bowman, with the fragments of his brigade, started for the front. Arriving there we found immense breastworks constructed of logs and earth had been erected and behind these we felt confident that the Union forces would be able to hold their ground, but it was evident that the army was in no condition to make an advance. Behind these works the men were allowed to break ranks and pass the time as they saw fit, and many, to while away the time, engaged in gambling, using gun carriages for tables. During the day the enemy's sharp shooters, perched in trees, were engaged in picking off our officers, and Gen. Whipple, our division commander, soon after our arrival at the front, fell at the hands of one of these men. The day and the following night passed without any general engagement or movement by our army.

On Tuesday, a little before noon, nearly all the enlisted men of our regiment were detailed for fatigue duty, under the command of Lieut. Fernald and Capt. Smith. By a blunder on the part of someone, we were ordered to leave our arms, knapsacks and haversacks. We marched a mile or more through the woods to the rear and right, and were set to work throwing up intrenchments to prevent a flanking movement by the enemy. An officer in charge swore roundly when he saw what condition we were in, but added that he was not responsible, and we must stand it, rations or no rations, as the work must be completed to the river by morning.

Knee Deep in Mud

Towards night it rained as it rains only in Virginia, and soon the trenches were half full of water, but still the boys toiled on. About 8 o'clock that evening an order came for us to return to where we had left our arms and knapsacks. We tramped back through the dark woods, and finally reached the road between the pontoons and the front. Here it was easy to see that the army was on the retreat, for the artillery was going to the river with all possible speed. Instantly the officers of our detail lost control of their men, and there rose a wrangle between the officers and the men. Some contended that there was no evidence that the infantry had moved, and that we should return to where our arms and knapsacks were; others were in favor of striking at once for the river. The officers were unequal to the occasion, and their command rapidly disappeared, every man striking out for himself. Comrade Jewett and I, with a few others, decided to stick to-

gether and to return to the front for our effects. When we reached there the greatest confusion prevailed. The infantry had moved, but we had seen none. Where our brigade had gone no one knew. Large parties were engaged in destroying everything that could be of value to the enemy. Knapsacks were rifled and then burned, and muskets were heated and bent by a blow against a tree. I picked up a knapsack that had not yet reached the flames and found a haversack containing some food, which we devoured, but none of our arms or equipments were found.

There was nothing for us to do but to strike out for the pontoons, over which the infantry must go, and so we set out. But such a road! The artillery had churned the earth through the woods, in the roads and on both sides into a sea of mud knee deep through which it seemed impossible to make our way. At one point I slipped and fell and I have often, since the war, questioned whether I could have rallied from that mudhole had Comrade Jewett not come to my aid. Our experience that night has been recalled at nearly every meeting of our comrades since the war. About midnight we came to a clearing near the river and struck the line of march of the infantry. Here some soldiers had a fire of fence rails, and here we passed about four hours, trying to dry our clothes, nodding over the fire and watching for our place in the moving column. The 3d Corps came along about 4 o'clock, and finding our brigade we fell in and crossed the river. A march of ten miles by short stages brought us towards night to our old camp more dead than alive. On this march some of the mounted officers who were not over conspicuous in action, were impatient, and occasionally swore because the men did not keep well closed up.

We built a fire in the old fireplace and made some coffee, which greatly revived us, but, oh! our hearts were sad and heavy, for more than half our number had fallen in battle.

Our regiment went into the fight at Chancellorsville Sunday morning, May 3, with about 25 commissioned officers and 549 enlisted men. Three officers and sixty-nine enlisted men had been killed, and three of the field and staff officers and 250 company officers and enlisted men had been wounded; a total loss of 325.

Co. D went into the fight with a total of fifty-eight and of these six were killed, twenty-five wounded and five were missing, so that we had in arriving at camp only twenty-two left.

Of those who went from Bristol in Companies C and D, Henry R. Kidder, Charles W. Cheney, Sergt. Gustavus Emmons, and Dan P. Nelson were killed; Charles G. Smith died of wounds three days after the fight; and Louis Rowe, Benjamin Saunders, George W. Twombly, Henry Drake, L. B. Laney, Corp. Albert Nelson, Major J. Nelson, Thomas E. Osgood, and Oliver P. Hall were among the wounded.

It was not strange that at such a time wild rumors were in constant circulation. We were informed that Chaplain Ambrose was killed and that Colonel Potter, who was wounded, perished in the Chancellorsville house. The first Sunday the chaplain of Berdan's Sharp Shooters preached to us and eulogized our late chaplain. A few days later, however, both the chaplain and Colonel Potter returned. The colonel was wounded and unable to travel and was therefore captured, while the chaplain, true to his nature, continued to minister to the wounded till he, too, was captured. Both had now been paroled. The colonel continued on his way to Washington and did not return to duty with the regiment, but was later made brigadier general. The chaplain resumed his work of love among the men and so continued till struck down by a rebel bullet in front of Petersburg while exposing himself for the relief of the men in the trenches, and died of his wounds. Such devotion as his was rare even among the men of his cloth in the army.

There were many acts of heroism in this fight that will never be recorded, and many miraculous escapes unknown even to the persons concerned. Roswell D. Swett of Bristol had five bullets through his clothes and yet was unharmed.

Amusing scenes are enacted even on the field of battle. Some I witnessed. Near me was a man from another company who skulked behind a tree. The colonel grabbed him by the collar and struck him with his sword. The man jumped one side to avoid the blow, and they went round in a circle two or three times, the colonel hitting him a blow at every jump.

A sergeant in my own company also skulked behind a tree. He was seen there by William Martin, the same man who was spoken of above as being sentenced for desertion, and he went to a lieutenant and said in an authoritative manner, "Lieut. Morrill, you order that man from behind that tree." The order was promptly obeyed. A minute later Martin was struck in the arm by a Minie-ball, and, dropping his gun, he bounded like a deer to the rear. The wound was not considered a very serious one, but it caused his death a week or ten days later. While in the hospital, he said to a visiting comrade, "Now I have something that will take me out of the service," referring to his wound. It did, but not in the way in which he had planned.

I have before alluded to the fact that my position as the left general guide of the regiment was with the left company and that I was with this company during the first day at Chancellorsville. In forming a line on parade and theoretically in battle, the right and left general guides, with muskets reversed, take positions at the extreme right and left where the line is to be formed. The colors take position in the center on the line and then the several companies align themselves on

these. I asked the colonel where my position in battle was, and he informed me it was with the left company, and I was therefore with that company when it came so near being captured on Saturday night. However, when the battle of Sunday morning commenced and the men began to fall, I reasoned that my services as guide were not needed and I wanted to be with my own company, instead of with strangers, in case I should fall, and I therefore took my place with my company comrades.

The Nelson Brothers

The experience of the Nelson brothers of Bristol is worthy of a record here. Corp. Albert Nelson was first wounded, a piece of shell striking him in the head. Dan went to his assistance and, while helping him from the field, Major was found, also wounded, but not so badly but that he lent a helping hand in assisting Albert. A few minutes later Dan received his death wound. A ball struck him in the back, penetrated his bowels and protruded in front. The enemy was close upon them and Dan begged his brothers to leave him to his fate rather than that all be captured, and so they left him to die in the hands of the enemy.

Two or three days of complete rest were given the men after our return to camp, and then probably in part to divert the thoughts of the men from their losses, and possibly in part for sanitary reasons, orders were issued to level all the old quarters and build new. So the ground was cleared, new tent companies were formed, an effort was made to forget the past and look hopefully into the future, and before many days had elapsed we had adapted ourselves somewhat to our changed conditions.

On the 12th inst. we were in line for the first time after the fight. The division was paraded near division headquarters and the death of General Jackson of the Confederate army was announced. Though an enemy, the division stood with uncovered heads as the order was read.

[A marginal note here refers to Wednesday, May 13, 1863, in the writer's diary, where appears the following:]

"I have just returned from Aqua Creek where I have been today and had a "right good time," to use an expression common to these parts. Joe and I got our passes and went down on the 8 o'clock train, and having arrived there, were not long in finding Edgerly, and we had a most pleasant visit, we had lemonade to drink and apples to eat, and a good dinner of soda crackers, ham, butter and coffee with condensed milk. Soon after dinner we were out near the steamboat landing and ran across French, another old schoolmate, who belongs to the band of the 1st Rhode Island cavalry. It seemed like old times. There

were four of us who, a little more than a year ago, were at school together, met in the army in Virginia. We little dreamed it then. When we left this afternoon, Edgerly gave us some condensed milk, a can of condensed apple juice, lemonade powders, etc., etc., which were very acceptable.

"Thursday, May 14. I went down to Aqua Creek again today, as Dr. Fowler wanted me to get some things for the sick, at the sanitary commission. I was very glad of the chance and had another pleasant visit."

Gradually some of our boys who were missing or wounded returned to camp. One of the first to return was Warren Tucker of Alexandria, who joined us on the 15th. He was wounded, a ball passing through his shoulder under the shoulder blade. The wound had not received much attention and the maggots were crawling out of it. Joseph Young, reported dead, was alive, with a terrible wound through his thighs. Levi B. Laney and Benj. Saunders are both now living, though both were badly wounded.

Among those who were killed was a dear classmate at Tilton, Henry Whitten of Co. G. It was only a few days before the fight that we were talking of old times and our chances of returning to school. He was a young man of high purpose and ambition, a noble fellow. He felt confident that he should return to school, but he was cut down in the promise of his early manhood.

As was to be expected the news of our losses carried great sorrow to New Hampshire. Letters from home stated there was great excitement as well as sorrow at Bristol. One of my letters was opened at the post office and read to the crowd in waiting before it was allowed to go to the parties to whom it was addressed. The first news that reached Bristol was simply rumors as gathered by one and another, and consequently very unreliable. Several were reported dead who later were found alive, and some time elapsed before the exact truth was known. Stephen Nelson made a trip to Washington to learn the fate of his boys, two of whom he found were wounded, but of Dan nothing more was ever learned later than reported above.

An effort was made to secure the remains of Capt. Keyes and some others who fell in action on the 3d, and 1st Sergeant Hall of our company was sent over the river with a flag of truce for this purpose. But he returned without effecting his purpose. It could hardly be said that the dead on the field had been buried. Loose earth only had been thrown over the remains and they were not in a condition to be removed. Sergt. Hall represented the stench on the battlefield to be terrible.

Wild rumors were in constant circulation. The most persistent one was to the effect that we were to be sent home on a furlough to en-

list men to refill our depleted ranks; then we were to be sent to some fort. But the most disquieting rumor of all was to the effect that our regimental organization was to be blotted out entirely on account of our reduced numbers and the men distributed into other organizations where needed. One rumor even assigned us to an organization outside the state, the 84 Penn. Vols. Some foundations for these rumors existed in the fact that one day twenty-three men were taken for duty, temporarily, in a New York battery, and a little later twenty men were taken for provost duty at Gen. Sickles' headquarters.

May 30 our regiment again went out on picket. Our station was near the place we had previously been posted. A few hours' work made comfortable quarters and then some of the boys went to work on a brook near by. Some built a dam, others a miniature sawmill and soon there were in operation here six water wheels, which carried three upright saws, a cross-cut and a circular saw, a trip hammer, and a churn. A man in the mill had a saw in one hand and a jug in the other, and a woman stood at the churn. When the thing was in full operation, Col. Berdan came along and laughed heartily at the exhibition and flattered the boys by remarking that none but New Hampshire men could put such an establishment in operation and that he hoped they would some day be running larger establishments of this kind in this same country.

The men at this time were in pretty good spirits owing largely to cheering news from near Vicksburg. It was said that Gen. Grant had been successful in five successive battles, and had captured 10,000 rebels and ninety guns, and that his army was in possession of all the outer works of the city.

While here one morning there were discovered indications that the enemy had planted a battery on the south side of the river and erected earthworks. The same morning a lieutenant came from camp and brought the intelligence that Private Patrick Hickey had died in hospital of wounds received at Chancellorsville, and that my tentmate, William Straw, of Hill, was dangerously sick of fever.

Returning to camp there were rumors in the air of moves on the part of the rebel army and our own. A captive balloon near us was constantly making observations of the movements of the rebel army, but information gathered thereby went to headquarters instead of to the men in the ranks. The conclusions arrived at from what was seen and heard at these times and many others were sometimes correct and sometimes not. Later the balloon moved up the river, and it was concluded that the object it was observing was moving in that direction, and this conclusion was correct, for soon it was known that the rebel army was moving north, and soon the invasion of the north was effected and we were making movements that culminated in the battle

of Gettysburg, where the backbone of the Confederacy was broken.

My tentmate, Wm. Straw, was at this time in the regimental hospital. On June 5, I visited him for the last time, made him as comfortable as I could, and then penned a letter to his wife for him. It seemed then that his work was about done. The next day he was sent to the Division hospital and I did not see him again. He died at Alexandria, June 20, 1863.

Another tentmate, Rev. Asa Witham, was sent to the Division hospital at the same time, being unable to travel on account of rheumatism. Thus the last of those who shared my tent before the battle of Chancellorsville had left me. They were all kindred spirits, and as there was no prospect of either of them ever returning for duty I was greatly depressed at their departure.

About this time, the wife of Chas. G. Smith arrived from Bristol, expecting to find her husband alive and hoping to take him home, but he had died at Aqua Creek of his wounds, June 6. About the same time the sister of Wm. Martin came for the remains of her brother.

CHAPTER VIII

MARCHING NORTH

The first orders to move on the Gettysburg campaign came June 6, in the evening, and we were directed to be ready to move at daybreak the next morning. During the day there had been heavy firing in the direction of Fredericksburg, so we naturally expected to move in that direction and concluded there might be warm work for us on the morrow, but no orders to move came.

On Thursday, June 11, we learned that as our old division (3d) had been so decimated in battle and its commander killed, the remaining fragments would be distributed to the other two divisions. This proved to be true and we received orders to move, as we supposed to be nearer the headquarters of our new division, the second. Accordingly we packed up everything we could muster strength to carry, that we might enjoy them in our new camp, but after marching about two miles towards our supposed new quarters we observed that the entire army was on the move, and we made haste to dispose of everything that was not absolutely necessary for the march. We joined our new division near division headquarters and then countermarched towards our old encampment. Some could not help asking the question, why we did not remain where we were and join our new command as it passed instead of making an unnecessary march, and some attempted to answer, but the reason was not complimentary to the division commander, and it might not have been correct. The day was hot, but we pressed on, hour after hour, and finally halted near Hartwood church on the Warrington road, 17 miles from our starting point.

The next morning reveille sounded at 4 o'clock and we were soon again on the move. As the day advanced the heat became intense, and the road was strewn with blankets, overcoats, shelter tents, and clothing of every description. I determined to hold on to mine, but towards noon my blanket was dropped to lighten my load. The roads were dry and the passing army beat the ground into fine dust several inches deep, while every twig and leaf was laden with dust, and the air was so thick with the flying particles that one could see but a little way ahead. We made a brief halt at noon and then the march was resumed towards Kelley's ford, which we passed about 5 p. m. At dark we crossed the Alexandria and Orange railroad, where it crossed the

north branch of the Rappahannock, and a mile beyond stacked arms, as we supposed, for the night. We had covered about twenty-six miles, and if ever the poor boys were thankful for a rest it was then. I started with others for water, but before we found any we heard the command given to fall in. Hurrying back we again took our place in the ranks, and then we traveled almost at a double quick two miles further, but which seemed to be five. The men were continually falling out, and when we finally came to a place to bivouac, of twenty-six men in my company only six were in line, and I was one of those. Perhaps I may as well confess that I did not dare to stop to rest for fear I should not be able to resume the march that night. We had halted at Beverly Ford, where a cavalry fight had taken place a few days before.

The next day was the Sabbath, June 14, 1863, and it proved to be a veritable day of rest, an uncommon thing in the army. This was necessary, in part, at least, to give the stragglers an opportunity to reach camp and they were coming in all day. There was much speculation at this point among the men as to whether we were on a retreat or on a race after the Johnnies, but we soon learned that Gen. Lee was even then moving by rapid marches to the north, and our forced marches were absolutely necessary to follow him.

At 6 o'clock that evening the army again resumed the march and continued on the road all night, reaching Catlett's Station at 7 o'clock in the morning. There we rested till 2 p.m., when we resumed the march, and continued with brief halts till 12 at night. Then we were allowed to bivouac. Between the two bivouacs we had covered from thirty to thirty-five miles. This was even a harder march than the Saturday before and was indeed the hardest march of my army experience. The same conditions prevailed as on the Saturday before. The heat was intense, the dust blinding, many fell out and some died of exhaustion on the road.

We had halted this time at Manassas Junction, and on every hand were seen the marks of the hand of war—buildings and bridges and trains of cars destroyed, and other marks of the contests between two hostile armies. In one place was a pile of thousands of muskets and carbines, all destroyed by burning.

Tuesday, the 16th, we marched only about 2 miles and then again went into camp, where there were better facilities to obtain water, and rested for the remainder of the day.

Here we received news that Gen. Lee had already entered Pennsylvania. This news was received with general satisfaction by the army, because the opinion was that the farther he entered that state the less likely he would be to return.

The next morning (Wednesday, June 17th) we marched to within two miles of Centerville. On the way we crossed Bull Run and a por-

tion of the battlefield that took the name of this stream. A halt on the way gave the men an opportunity to bathe in its waters, which was gladly embraced. Here we had an opportunity to mail letters, but, as only half an hour was given for writing, our communications were short.

On Friday, the 19th, we marched to Gum Springs, which place we reached about dusk. A cold rain prevailed, and during the night we felt the need of the blankets we threw away just one week before. The shelter tents, which we still had, sheltered us from the rain, and the rubber blankets were needed to protect us from the wet ground, so we had no covering besides the clothes we had on.

We remained at Gum Springs till the Thursday following (the 25th). Expected attacks from the rebel cavalry and other alarms came daily, and occasionally our field pieces would play into this or that piece of woods to drive out an imaginary or real foe. While here gambling with cards was indulged in more freely than I had observed in any other place. The moral tone of the Second division was not as high as the old Third division, and gambling was the order of the day most of the time. This was one of the diversions of the boys, and was practiced rather from a lack of a better way in which to pass the time than from depraved nature, or a desire to make money easily. The stakes were usually small.

We were ready for a start at 9 a. m. on Thursday, and the corps commenced to move at that time and for two hours and more continued to file out to the road. Then came the baggage train, which, when in columns, extended five or six miles. We got under full march about 10 a. m., going northerly. We reached Edwards Ferry at 5 p. m., having covered fifteen miles, and here we hoped to spend the night, but we did not even stop to make coffee. We crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, and then took the tow path of the Ohio and Chesapeake canal and continued the march toward Harper's Ferry. At this point rain commenced, and in some respects this march was even harder than the famous march of Saturday, June 13. For twelve miles we continued on the tow path, the night was dark, the rain fell in torrents, the tow path was narrow, so that each was compelled to walk in the steps of his file leader, thereby churning the earth into deep mud. There were many bad places in the path which checked the head of the column, causing very uneven marching to those far in the rear, and making long waits followed by double quicks to close up, even though many pounds of mud adhered to the feet. These long waits were of no relief, however, for there were no opportunities to sit or lie down. This was more tiresome than the ordinary march. There was no opportunity to straggle, but the narrow path did not prevent large numbers from falling out, and nearly half the men were scattered far to the rear when the colors halted about midnight near the mouth of the Monoccay.

For the first time in my army experience, I was with those who fell out. Finding a grass plot near the path, four of us buttoned our shelter cloth together, pitched it as a tent, and then lay down. I chanced to be one of the outside fellows, and a part of the time at least my body was crowded out under the tent and I received the full benefit of the rain as it fell in torrents all night long. Wet as I was I got some sound sleep. Upon waking in the morning we discovered an abandoned negro hut near by which we took possession of, built a rousing fire by using a portion of the hut for fuel, and partially dried our clothes and made coffee. Then we started to overtake the colors. We were with the majority that day, and the crowd marched on without officers in command, though there were officers in the company of stragglers. There were few officers in the ranks that day. It was a go-as-you-please march, and we did not overtake the head of the column till 5 o'clock in the afternoon at Point of Rocks. We were informed that only about a dozen men of the 12th Regt. were with the colors, when the final halt was made the night before. Even Gen. Humphrey, in his report, said the march was more exhausting to officers and men than the march of the 14th and 15th. If, as was reported, he chose to march on the tow path to prevent straggling, he made a great mistake.

We started from Point of Rocks early the next morning and marched seven miles to Jefferson, where some, expecting, on the strength of a rumor, to remain over night, pitched tents. After an hour's rest the order came to fall in and we again took up the line of march and did not make a general halt till we arrived at Burkettsville, Md., 10 miles from our noonday halt. There we turned into a field, pitched tents a second time and prepared to spend the night, when again came the command to pack up and fall in. This march took us to the top of Cedar Mountain, and we halted at Campton's gap, the spot where the battle of South Mountain commenced. As an evidence of the struggle here a citizen pointed to the places where twenty or thirty rebels were buried in one grave. After a short stay here we again moved on but only for a short distance to where we passed the night, thankful for an opportunity to sleep.

The morrow, Sunday, was pleasant and cool, and, in spite of the presence of large bodies of troops, the church bell in the small hamlet rang to call worshipers together. This was the first time such a joyous sound had greeted our ears for many months, and some of us proposed to attend service, but instead we fell in and took up the line of march.

Since crossing the Potomac into Maryland we could but notice we were among friends. The majority of the people were without doubt Unionists and those who were not wisely kept in the shade. Where before we saw only desolated fields and many ruins, now we saw pros-

perous farms and growing crops. We passed through Woodsborough. At Burkettsville we were greeted with a Union flag in the hands of a young lady on the balcony of a residence. The effect was magical; the boys cheered, the regimental flag was unfurled and the brigade band played. We halted for the night near Frederick City, Md., having marched about 20 miles that day.

At 12 o'clock the supply train arrived and I got up to draw rations; then they had to be divided up and distributed to the men. At four o'clock the reveille sounded and the column soon moved and I had only time to finish my work and then fall in, having had but little sleep and no breakfast. This was one of the occasions when it was no advantage to have charge of drawing the company rations, for while I was at work most of my comrades were asleep or resting.

It is so much easier to march at the head of the column than at any other point, especially the rear, that the several divisions of a Corps alternate in taking the advance. The same rule holds good in the several brigades and with the regiments of the brigades. By fortunate changes, under this rule, the day we left Frederick City, the 12th Regiment led the Corps. I say fortunate, for it was not only easier marching at the head of the column, but our regiment being at the head of the column was taken for provost duty at Taneytown, Md, where we passed the night. Ordinarily this extra duty would have been considered a hardship, but not so here, as will appear later on.

We marched twenty-three miles that day, and, notwithstanding our favored position, all the boys were exceedingly tired as we were getting well worn out. I remember as a halt was called just outside the village, I sank down to rest by the side of the road, and a few minutes later I saw on the opposite side of the road at a farm house, several women bringing from the house pans of milk, doughnuts and pies, which they placed on the doorsteps for the soldiers. I helped dispose of those refreshments and instantly felt like a new man. And then these women poured out such love for the Union that we retired not only refreshed, but with a fresh inspiration for the cause.

On reaching the center of the village our regiment filed into a side street and then stacked arms, guards were placed and then the rest were at liberty to roam through the town. The corps passed through the town while the 12th Regt. remained for guard duty as before stated. The whole town was out to welcome us, and the boys did not need introductions to the girls. My eyes caught sight of two very pretty and intelligent young ladies and we were soon engaged in an animated conversation—such a treat for one who had been deprived of all female society since we left home. Our newly made acquaintances proved to be the daughters of the Presbyterian minister of the town. Some of the young ladies were particularly demonstrative. One we remember

even now. She stationed herself on the sidewalk near the main body of troops as they passed, and with flag in hand as each officer passed, whether he was a general or a line officer, on foot or mounted, she sang out, "Hurrah for the lieutenant." To her a lieutenant was as big a man as a general. In fact she knew no difference. All were friends of the soldiers at sight, and every house was open to serve meals for the boys who were always hungry when there were good things to eat. That night my duties and recreation kept me up till late, and then I spread my rubber blanket on the flat slate stone sidewalk, and, with my knapsack for a pillow, I slept soundly till reveille sounded in the morning.

We were on guard duty during our stay in Taneytown, and our chief duty was to prevent soldiers, who had no passes, from entering the town.

Tuesday till noon, the 12th Army Corps was passing through the town, and as soon as that had passed we withdrew from the town and went into camp about three miles out on the Emmitsburg road.

CHAPTER IX

GETTYSBURG

Wednesday, the first day of July, occurred the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Two or three days before, Gen. Hooker had been relieved of the command of the army of Potomac and Gen. Meade had succeeded him. The Confederate army under Gen. Lee was in Pennsylvania. Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and even Washington were threatened and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the North. Under these circumstances the wisdom of a change in the head of the army was questioned, and this step had a depressing effect on the army. Officers and men in whispers discussed the situation and silently shook the head as though fearful of the coming of another disaster.

On that Wednesday morning we passed through Emmitsburg, with the buildings of many streets in ashes, as one of the results of the touch of the hand of war, and pressed on towards Gettysburg. I remember as we passed through the town the rain was falling heavily and it was hardly to be expected that the men presented a very cheerful aspect. At one door stood an aged woman, and just as I passed her door I heard her say, "Oh, men, don't look so down-hearted." There was no doubt as to that woman's loyalty.

As the day advanced, the rain ceased and we hastened our steps.

That same morning Gen. Reynolds had met a portion of the Rebel army at Gettysburg and a sharp fight occurred, resulting in the death of Reynolds and the defeat of the Union arms. The Union forces under Gen. Howard were pressed back and took possession of the range of hills known as Cemetery Ridge, and this defeat on Wednesday may have been a blessing in disguise, for these same hills to which the Union forces were driven were occupied by the several Union corps as they arrived later, and constituted the invulnerable position held by the Army of the Potomac in the succeeding days of the battle.

All that afternoon we pressed forward, stimulated by the roar of battle at Gettysburg that reached our ears. Staff officers and couriers were dashing to and fro bearing dispatches or giving orders preparatory to the coming conflict. The shades of evening came and the roar of cannon gave place to the stillness of night, but on we pressed, and, though weary with a long march, there was no need of orders to hasten our steps, for all were making the best time possible, fully realizing the importance of the hour.

Finally about midnight we reached the vicinity of Gettysburg. We were marching with rank well closed up, ready for action, when we halted and a command was passed down the line to lie down on both sides of the road as noiselessly as possible. By a strange mistake or a lack of information as to where the enemy was we were marching directly into his lines. When we halted, his cannon planted in the road ahead of us could be dimly seen. In column as we were his cannon would have reaped a rich harvest of death had he opened on us. Why he did not we never knew.

Instantly the order was obeyed. The rattle of tin dippers and canteens was suppressed and the men dropped to the ground beside the highway. The commander of the brigade, his staff and servants passed to the rear, the men arose in their places noiselessly, countermarched, and when out of range, the column struck across the country from the Emmitsburg road, where we were, to the Taneytown road, making a circuit of the Round Tops, and about one o'clock in the morning reached a position north of these hills, and bivouacked for the remainder of the night, after a march of nearly twenty-five miles.

As the officers and their servants were passing to the rear, some wag near me said in a voice loud enough to be heard by many, "Officers and niggers to rear, march." This "shot" was received with suppressed laughter by all who heard it.

Extending south of Gettysburg on the west is a long ridge known as Seminary ridge, because on it near the city stands the Lutheran seminary. A little less than a mile to the east and nearly parallel with it, is Cemetery ridge, extending from the city two miles or more to the Round Tops. It was on this latter ridge that the Union army took position after the fight of the first day, while the Confederate army took position on Seminary ridge. It was the ground between these two ridges that was fought over in the battles of the second and third of July and a large portion of the field could be covered by the eye at a glance.

On the morning of the second day the Confederate army was posted the entire length of Seminary ridge from a point opposite Round Top facing east to the city. Near the city this line made a sharp bend to the east, extending in this direction nearly a mile, and then made another bend to the south-east of Cemetery ridge. Its entire length was nearly five miles and in shape like that of a fishhook.

The different corps of the Union army as they arrived took positions facing this line. Their formations were like that of the Confederates in two or three lines of battle.

At the extreme right of the Confederates, opposite Round Top, were posted the veteran troops of its army under Gen. Longstreet. Opposite these troops Gen. Sickles took position with the Third Corps, the

12th Regt. being in the first line of battle at the extreme right of the corps.

It was expected that the rebel army would follow up the advantages of the first day's fight with an early attack on our lines and therefore the Union army was astir and making coffee with the early dawn, but the greater part of the day passed and not a gun was fired except by the pickets and an occasional shot from a battery.

Finally Gen. Sickles brought on an engagement by opening fire with his artillery on his extreme left. This engagement spread north and soon the whole line was engaged in mortal strife, the ferocity of which has seldom been seen on the battlefields of the world. The contestants numbered nearly or quite 180,000 men.

The hardest fighting of the day was on the left, held at first by the Third Corps alone, for here was the weak spot in the whole line—the angle since called the bloody angle. Gen. Sickles had made this angle by swinging the left of his line to the rear in order to protect his flank. Here were massed during the second day nearly a third part of the entire Confederate army. The other attacks along the line, though desperate, were largely to prevent assistance being sent to the left.

It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion, extending to the present day as it does, as to whether the alignment of Gen. Sickles or his acts in bringing on an engagement at this time were wise or contrary to the science of war, or whether the sulkiness of Gen. Longstreet in declining to bring on a general engagement in the early part of the day as ordered, contributed to the general result of this battle. It is a fact that Gen. Sickles by commencing the engagement prevented the withdrawal of the Union army by Gen. Meade; as it is claimed was his intention, and that the heroism of the men in the ranks in both armies made the battle the stupendous one it was, resulting in a victory to the Union cause. Even after the exhausting fight of three days, had it been left to the men in the ranks of the Union army to dictate a line of action, the northern army would have thrown itself between the Potomac river and Lee's retreating army or crushed him while attempting to cross the river and thus perhaps have ended the rebellion then and there.

When Sickles opened fire with his artillery the enemy replied, doing much execution, extending to the position held by the 12th and here some of our men fell. We were then ordered to advance and lie down in an apple orchard. Cannonading increased and the shot and shell from both sides passed over us, making the very air hot with the flying missiles. Fortunately this was mainly an artillery duel between batteries posted on higher ground, and we suffered but little.

After lying in this position nearly an hour the infantry at our extreme left became engaged. The roll and roar of musketry as the two

armies came together were appalling. Gradually it came nearer like a mighty thunder storm, not rapidly but with tremendous force and deafening roar, one continuous crash. Nearer and nearer the roar of the carnage came, drowning even the screeching of the shot and shell over our heads.

While this fighting was going on at our left, our part of the line advanced to the Emmitsburg road, driving the enemy before us. Indeed the right of our regiment crossed this road, thus giving it the most advanced position held by the corps that day. The correctness of this assertion is verified by official maps and the history of the battle published since the war, and by the side of this road now stands the 12th Regt. monument marking its most advanced position on that day.

But this was not a position that could long be held. The heavy fighting at our left was the result of a desperate effort to crush our line at the bloody angle. Then the enemy dealt desperate blows and partially succeeded.

The line of the 3d Corps was rolled back upon itself and the safety of the entire army threatened. A battery was planted by the enemy that raked the position held by the 12th Regt. by the left flank, and this, in connection with the musketry and artillery fire in front rendered our position such as no troops could withstand, and then too our advanced position rendered our capture certain by the oncoming host, if we remained where we were and a retreat was ordered.

While retreating, the guns of the 6th Corps, posted on high ground in reserve, played over our heads into the ranks of the enemy and helped to check their advance, but, while at the Emmitsburg road and while retreating, the men of the 12th suffered their greatest loss. Lieut. French, while giving an order, fell dead. Sergt. Howe, carrying the state colors, was killed, and Corp. Brown, in the act of picking up the colors, suffered the same fate. Sergt. Luther Parker of Hill, carrying the U. S. flag, fell with a shattered leg. Corp. Knight, of the color guard, was killed, and nearly all the other members of the color guard were wounded. Here fell Comrade Horace S. Plaisted of New Hampton, and John Taylor, also of New Hampton, received wounds from which he died six weeks later. Comrade Frank Knowlton of Sanbornton had his right hip carried away by a shell. As he fell he uttered a piercing cry, stretched out his hand imploring aid, and expired.

When the color bearers fell, Edward L. Shepard and Geo. E. Worthen, both of Ashland, bravely volunteered to take their places.

After retreating a short distance in an effort to form a line facing the south to check the advancing Confederates, the 12th was ordered to execute a movement known in army tactics as "changing front to the rear." This is a difficult movement to make even on the parade ground, and its execution in face of the enemy is hazardous. In this

case the changing of front was to the left. Troops can take hard blows when like blows can be given in return, but here in making this movement no reply could be made to the enemy though our men were still falling.

This movement was partially successful and the men of our brigade somewhat broken fell into line with the 6th Corps, advancing to our relief, checked the advance of the enemy and then drove them pell mell in the opposite direction.

But the work of the day was not over. The enemy reformed and massed its troops for another supreme effort. The scene changes with great rapidity and power. Longstreet's massed artillery played into the Union ranks with terrible effect, and his infantry, strengthened with fresh troops, made a desperate attempt to break the Union lines and capture the Union guns in the rear of the peach orchard, and just as desperate efforts were made further to the left to obtain possession of the Round Tops. But few realize the importance of the action at this time. The result of the battle and perhaps the destiny of the nation hung in the balance. The Union troops, instead of flying from the scene as did the raw troops at Bull Run, veterans as they were, held their ground, and a hand to hand fight ensued. Then on the double quick came the 2d and 12th Corps to their assistance. They swung into line under a murderous fire and checked the advance of a victorious foe.

In the struggle at this point the 5th Regt., N. H. Vols., covered itself with glory. Here its gallant leader, Col. Cross, fell, in trying to stem the tide, and here fell Gen. Sickles with the loss of a leg.

The advance of the enemy thus checked, the 3d Corps was ordered to fall to the rear.

When this order came, night was falling on the scene. Two thousand men of our division had fallen, and of the brave men who composed the 12th Regt., at noon of that day, one half had been left dead or wounded on the field, while a few had fallen into the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war.

When reaching a point beyond the range of the enemy's guns the men of the 3d Corps prepared to spend the night as best they could. There was no pitching of even shelter tents and the comrades of different organizations fraternized in groups as most convenient, built the ever needed camp-fire and made coffee.

Many were short of rations, myself among the number. My haversack contained some coffee and that was all, but in falling back I passed a place where hardtack had been issued and the crumbs from the boxes lay upon the ground. They had absorbed moisture from the ground, but hungry as I was I gathered what I could into my haversack for my supper. That evening the men about the camp-fires divided rations so

that all had a little. In our party were several Johnnies, who had nothing to eat. We shared with them our meagre supply and were soon on as good terms with them as though through the day we had fought side by side.

The men around the camp-fires that night were not in a talkative mood. They were worn out and weary with the excessive marches of the last few days and the hard fighting of the last few hours, and their hearts were sad that so many of their comrades had fallen, and then there was a general feeling that our arms, as a whole, had not been successful during the day, and many a veteran as he lay upon the ground that night was unable to sleep because of fears that the fearful losses of the day had been of no avail. He recalled to mind the terrible carnage at Chancellorsville, just two months before, and its disheartening effect, and feared another disaster was to be added to the cause of the Union. We judged of the battle as a whole by what we had seen in our immediate vicinity, when fortunately the battle was not a disaster though not as yet a sweeping victory for the Union.

Light had hardly dawned the morning of the third day at Gettysburg when the pickets commenced firing, and without the reveille the men prepared for the work of the day. The men of the 12th, scattered during the night, came together around the flag, at least those left for duty, in all only about fifty, though a few more were gathered from missing during the day. In reorganizing I took the state flag and carried it that day and for a few weeks afterward.

Artillery firing succeeded that of the pickets, and later the infantry became engaged, and thus the great fight of the third day at Gettysburg came on and culminated in victory to the Union army, and the highwater mark of the Southern Confederacy was passed.

During the artillery firing of the morning our regiment lost a few men from shells, but in making the alignments for the day fresh troops formed the first line of battle, and the remnant of the 12th was assigned to the support of a battery posted on the crest of a hill, and we constituted a part of the third line of battle on that part of the field which met the fury of Pickett's charge later in the day.

The morning passed with intermittent fighting, brisk artillery duels, the crash of infantry and in some cases the bayonet charge, and the enemy was driven back at all points and the ground lost the preceding day was recovered. The actions of the morning were Union victories.

Noon came and Gen. Lee, after surveying the field from the cupola of the College building on Seminary ridge, determined to seek to retrieve the disasters of the morning by making a supreme effort to pierce the Union center and thus destroy the Union army.

On Seminary ridge, opposite our position, were massed the fresh troops of Gen. Pickett's division, which had arrived during the night

before and which was to be nearly annihilated that day, and gain immortal renown in the greatest onslaught of modern warfare. His division, largely increased by reenforcements from other commands, numbered about 15,000 men.

When Lee issued his orders for the supreme work of the day to commence, 115 of his guns, massed, opened fire on our center. As many or more guns from the Union lines from Round Top to the city responded, and for two hours the greatest artillery duel of the war continued. The ground shook and trembled beneath us and the air was full of screeching shot and shell, and many a brave man on both sides got his passports to eternity.

Pickett's Charge

Finally there was a lull in the artillery fire and Pickett's division moved en masse with bayonets fixed toward the Union lines, about one mile distant. The Union guns, which Lee hoped he had silenced, opened on the advancing hosts, huge gaps were plowed in their ranks, and their path was strewn with the dead and wounded, but still they pressed on; then grape and canister decimated their ranks and finally, as they came within close range, musketry fire added to the awful slaughter; but still undaunted they closed up their ranks and pressed on until the Union lines were reached, and then a desperate hand to hand contest ensued. But this was not a contest that could long be continued, and an order to retreat was sounded, which a few were able to obey, but the larger part of the assailing party that survived threw down their arms and became prisoners of war. The high water mark of the Confederacy had spent its fury on the rocks of the Union lines and the Southern cause from this hour was doomed, but along the path traveled by these devoted men lay nearly a thousand Confederate dead and many times that number of wounded.

During this charge we saw comparatively little of the awful carnage that was going on in our immediate front. Our orders were to lie down and we were very willing to obey, but we saw enough and heard enough to know that the existence of a nation may have rested on the work of the hour, and as standing erect even for a moment might mean the end of our earthly career, we were willing to judge of the progress of the fight mainly by hearing.

As we lay in support of that battery, there was one gun on the Confederate side that gave the boys of the 12th particular anxiety. It was of large calibre and was posted a long distance away in our front. At regular but very brief intervals it threw a shell directly in line with our position. Upon starting from the muzzle upon its mission of death we could see the shell, leaving a small trail of smoke in its rear. As it

neared us it fell lower and lower, and we were certain it would strike by the time it reached us and annihilate the whole regiment, but each one passed over us almost within reach of the hand and crashed into a ledge a little at our rear. As it struck, scattering the rocks in all directions, each man took a long breath, and then turned to look for the next comer, each time with the same result.

The Wounded

As at Chancellorsville, our regiment lost heavily during the two days of our engagement. On the morning of July 2, there were 222 men in line and during that day and the following, 20 were killed on the field and 73 wounded, of whom six died of their wounds. The total losses to the Union army in the three days were 3,070 killed, 14,497 wounded, and 5,434 taken prisoners, a total of over 23,000 men.

Of my immediate comrades who suffered in this fight, besides those already named, was Charles N. Drake. He had passed through the slaughter at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville unscathed, but here his right leg was shattered with a grape shot. He crawled a few rods to the rear and took shelter behind a large rock. While lying here, the Union line fell back bringing his position between the two lines, and here a Minie ball from the Union army passed through his left lung very near his heart. At night he was carried from the field and in the afternoon of the following day his leg was amputated and, strange as it may seem, he recovered and lived 32 years, able to do a fair day's work as a carpenter.

Henry A. Fellows was wounded in the arm and had several ribs broken, but he walked twenty miles to the rear, and died of his wounds six weeks later.

Adna Hall was wounded in the early part of the fight in the first day of our engagement. While in a stooping position a Minie ball plowed a path down his back. He died of his wounds at Philadelphia.

Sylvester Swett had his knapsack and canteen shot from his person and a Minie ball entered his ankle and was not removed till forty-eight hours later.

Sergt. U. H. Kidder was wounded and helped over a fence by a piece of shell striking his knapsack, and Daniel W. Bohonan, a Bristol boy serving on the quota of Danbury, was wounded.

Comrade Samuel Brown of Hebron was among the killed. Among the wounded were Frank Marshall of Hill, Lieut. B. M. Merrill, Moses B. Gilman, Arthur L. Kimball, Hiram C. Philbrick, and Jonathan E. Leavitt of Sanbornton; Samuel C. Robinson, Corp. Howard Taylor of New Hampton; Wm. N. French and Stephen O. Gray of Alexandria; Samuel C. Adams of Danbury; while Charles E. Edgerly of Sanborn-

ton and Geo. N. Drake of New Hampton were among the captured.

On Saturday morning, following the fight of Thursday afternoon, a soldier of another regiment called and inquired for me. He said that a comrade of mine, badly wounded, was at the 6th Corps hospital and wanted to see me. I at once hastened to the place indicated and there on a stretcher I found Jonathan Leavitt, of Sanbornton, a tent mate, in a terrible condition. Both feet and ankles had been crushed by a cannon ball or shell. By mistake he had been carried to the 6th Corps hospital, the stretcher placed under an apple tree and there he had lain for 40 hours unattended. His feet had turned black and were fast becoming a mass of corruption. Scores of surgeons not far off were operating on men of the 6th Corps, but this poor man, desperately wounded as he was, had received no attention whatever. Perhaps it was because the diamond on his cap indicated that he belonged to the 3d Corps and there were men of their own corps just as much in need of assistance as was he. I say this may have been the case, so I will make no reflections. My first act was to give my comrade a drink of water and then I attempted to find some surgeon who would dress his wounds, but all were too busy even to hear my story. I then hastened back to camp and called on Hiram W. Ferrin, Uriah H. Kidder, and Orren G. Colby to assist me, and together we carried Comrade Leavitt two miles to the 3d Corps hospital, where we found Dr. H. B. Fowler, who gave him immediate attention. Dr. Fowler administered ether at once and then placed the poor fellow on the amputation table, but before removing him from the stretcher he passed his knife through the mass of flesh and bones and left his feet and ankles on the stretcher. Dr. Fowler amputated both stumps and such was the demand for help that my offer to assist was gladly accepted. The poor fellow died in the operation.

Young Leavitt was evidently aware of his critical condition, but anxious to live. On the road to the hospital we met a regiment of cavalry, and the surgeon stopped and looked at Leavitt's wounds. "Well, doctor," said Leavitt, "is there any chance for me?" "Yes, there may be," replied the surgeon slowly. The last words the poor fellow spoke, addressed to Dr. Fowler, were of the same tenor, "Shall I pull through, doctor?" "Oh yes, you are young and I hope so," was the reply.

Having seen my comrade breathe his last I looked about me before returning to my regiment. In one tent close by was Comrade Drake and by his side Sergt. Parker of Hill, each spoken of as having lost a leg on Thursday. The prospect for the recovery of Parker was much the brighter of the two, but a few days later the tying of one of the arteries gave way and he bled to death in a short time.

The scene about me was one never to be forgotten. Men were

mutilated in all conceivable ways and piles of legs and arms told of the work of the surgeons. Many limbs had been buried but in shallow trenches, and a brook close by, swollen to large proportions by the heavy rain that followed the battle, had uncovered many and these were exposed to view.

Years later in talking with Comrade Drake of these scenes I asked him what disposition was made of his leg. "The hogs ate it up," was his prompt reply. Then he explained that he felt the pain as the flesh was torn from the bones by the hogs just as plainly as though the leg had not been amputated. As many hogs roamed the battle field and its vicinity, as I myself observed, I thought it quite probable that Comrade Drake was correct.

After the Battle

On Monday, the 6th, in company with some of my comrades, I went over that portion of the field near us. Evidences of the fearful strife that had taken place were on every hand—broken caissons, disabled guns and gun carriages, small arms in profusion, knapsacks and canteens were lying about, dead horses not yet buried and wounded horses looking with almost human faces at one for relief. In all directions the earth had been plowed with shot and shell, trees were scarred and limbs cut from the trunks and small trees felled by the fierce iron storm.

At the base of Little Round Top a most ghastly sight presented itself. Burial parties had buried most of the dead on the field where they fell, but here the surface was thickly covered with rocks; graves were hard to dig and soil was difficult to find, or it may have been that this part of the field had been overlooked. At least none of the dead here had been buried. At the base of this hill the Johnnies had charged at fearful cost at Hazlett's battery placed near the summit. The dead lay here so thick that it was with difficulty that we could walk without stepping on the lifeless forms. The features of all had turned black and maggots were crawling in and out of the gaping wounds. The boulders had protected the lower part of the victims and nearly all the death wounds were in the head or upper parts of the bodies. Nearly all of them had their pockets turned inside out showing that human ghouls had here robbed the dead. These scenes are still vivid on the page of memory, and the remembrance causes a shudder of horror still.

There were no unburied dead in our immediate vicinity and yet the stench from the battlefield was terrible, and we were anxious to be on the move, especially as all the water that could be obtained was from brooks flowing over the field of battle.

I make the statement that I carried the state flag during the third day's fight at Gettysburg because it is the simple truth and not because I am disposed to claim honors that do not belong to me. Capt. A. W. Bartlett, in his admirable "History of the 12th Regt.," gives the credit, by implication at least, to Sergt. Edward L. Shepard of Co. E of carrying the colors on the third day. Capt. Bartlett was not at the battle of Gettysburg, and in his efforts to give justice to all in the frequent changes of color bearers in that fight admits that it is with great difficulty that he is able to arrive at what he thought to be the facts in the case. Capt. Bartlett says that I carried the flag after the battle and thus falls into the error of giving the credit to two men carrying the state flag at the same time, when he says that Private Shepard, after first taking the colors, continued to carry them till the regiment arrived at Point Lookout. I do not claim to know from personal observation all the changes that took place in color bearers during that fight, but the following appear to be the facts, which in the main agree with the historian:

Sergt. Luther H. Parker of Hill, Co. D, carried the stars and stripes and Sergt. Wm. J. Howe of Co. E carried the state colors into that fight. Sergt. Howe was killed and Sergt. Parker received his death wound about the same time on the afternoon of the second day, and most of the color guard were killed or wounded. Corp. Samuel Brown of Co. C, one of the guard, took the colors as Parker fell, and almost immediately was killed. Sergt. Charles S. Emery and Corp. John R. Davis, both of Co. F, seized the colors and bore them from the field in the retreat, thus preventing them from falling into the hands of the enemy. After falling back a little distance, the regiment was reorganized for further work, and here volunteers to carry the flags were called for. At this point Private George E. Worthen volunteered to take the stars and stripes and Corp. Edward L. Shepard the state colors, both of Co. E. These men carried the colors during the remainder of the day and Worthen continued this duty till the regiment arrived at Point Lookout. The next morning, before starting in for the work of the day, I took the state colors and carried that flag during that day, and for some over two weeks, when I was relieved by Sergt. Shepard.

At that time we were passing through the loyal section of Maryland on the march back into Virginia, and, in response to the demonstrations of the people, the bands and drum corps were constantly employed and the flags were carried unfurled. This was a hardship I was not equal to and was therefore relieved, and Corp. Shepard succeeded me. The fact that Shepard took the colors on the second day at Gettysburg and again became color bearer a few weeks later naturally led the historian to conclude that he carried the colors during the interval.

In order to substantiate my statement by that of one who would be most likely to remember the facts as they were, I lately asked Lieut. Worthen, who was closely associated with me on the third day at Gettysburg, as to his recollections of the facts. In response he writes under date of June 10, 1910, as follows: "I recollect the facts to be that Sergts. Howe and Parker carried the colors into the fight the second day of the engagement, the first day that the 12th Regt. was engaged; that Sergt. Howe fell and I took the U. S. flag and carried it the balance of that day, through the next day and until the regiment reached Point Lookout. When Sergt. Parker, who carried the state colors, fell, Sergt. Shepard took them and carried them the balance of that day. On the morning of the third day's fight Sergt. R. W. Musgrove took the state colors, carried them through that day's fight and for some weeks later."

Signed "George E. Worthen."

Saturday night a fearful rainstorm came as usual after a battle. The men were unprepared for such a storm and suffered much during the night. In the morning we moved to higher ground, but it was impossible to obtain water, except we used the washings of the battle field, and the stench grew worse rather than better.

On Sunday, July 5, it was known that the rebel army was on the retreat. Gen. Imboden of the Confederate army, who had charge of the wounded sent south from the battle field, has written that his train of wounded men was seventeen miles in length.

Capt. Bartlett's Description

The following description is taken from Capt. Bartlett's History of the Twelfth Regiment:

"Shortly after noon the very windows of Heaven seemed to have been opened. Rain fell in dashing torrents, and in a little while the whole face of the earth was covered with water. The meadows became small lakes, raging streams ran across the road in every depression of the ground. The storm increased in fury every moment, canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost imposssible to communicate orders; night was rapidly approaching and there was danger that in the darkness the confusion would become 'worse confounded.'

"About 4 p. m. the head of the column was put in motion and begun the ascent of the mountain. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front and heard no more—it was too dark to see—of the

horrors of war that I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or Minie ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads.

"Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid; and many had been without food for thirty-six hours.

"Their ragged, dirty, and bloody clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed strong, sound men. From nearly every wagon as the horses trotted along such cries and shrieks as these greeted our ears:

" 'O God! Why can't I die?'

" 'My God! Will no one have mercy and kill me, and end my misery?'

" 'Oh! stop one minute, take me out and leave me by the roadside to die.'

" 'I am dying! I am dying! Oh, my poor wife and children! What will become of you?'

"Some were praying, others were uttering the most fearful oaths and imprecations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and groans could be heard. No help could be given to any of the sufferers. On, on, we must move on.

"The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except for the driver and guards, disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded in that vast train of human misery. No language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war."

While here the army was still further cheered by the news of the fall of Vicksburg, and the rank and file were anxious to be led against the rebel army in the hope that the work of crushing the rebellion might be finished then and there.

Instead of this, however, came the news that the rebel army was retreating. The greater part of our army was in pursuit. The next morning (Monday, July 6) an order was read that our cavalry had destroyed the enemy's pontoons. This was cheering, but we saw no indications later that the report was true, at least it resulted in no serious injury to the rebel army.

South Again

At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning (July 7), the 3d Corps commenced its march southward. It halted at noon at Emmitsville or Emmitsburg, and then pressed on and bivouacked for the night near Mechanics-

town, about 18 miles from Gettysburg. Wednesday we reached Frederick City, Md.. and Thursday night bivouacked at Foxes Gap, South Mountain, northeast of Frederick City, and Friday (10th) marched to within five miles of Hagerstown, Md., still further to the north east, reaching there about 7 p. m. Here we expected to remain for the night, but at 10 o'clock the call to fall in was sounded and we tramped five miles more to Boonesboro, which we reached at 3 a. m. Saturday. We halted in a wheat field, and the newly cut grain made comfortable beds for the remainder of the night for the weary soldiers.

Now came several days of comparative inactivity. We were hanging about the rebel army, apparently not daring to attack, and our movements were regulated by theirs. At one point we occupied strong intrenchments just vacated by the enemy. We were constantly under arms and were frequently drawn up in line of battle but apparently neither side dared bring on a general engagement.

One day (Tuesday, July 14) I had a rare treat for those days—an opportunity to take a bath, and I washed my shirt. As I had but one shirt I was obliged to put it on wet after giving it a scrubbing.

On Wednesday, July 15, the reveille sounded at 5 o'clock, and we were told we would not have time to make coffee and but few attempted to make any. I concluded to see what could be done in that line and succeeded not only in making coffee but drinking it, and then, after falling into line, we stood where we were for the entire 12th Corps to pass, then we struck almost into a double quick through Pleasanttown and reached Sharpsburg, where we halted ten minutes. Then we were told we were to march through the town and then rest a few hours. We resumed the march and on, on we rushed through the dust, under the hot sun, spurred on by the officers, and it seemed that some great emergency must demand such hasty marching; and so the men did the best they could. But Gen. Lee's army had crossed the river into Virginia two days before, and if there was any justification for this haste the men in the ranks never found it out. There were many cases of sun stroke, and I saw several by the wayside who appeared to be dying. Straggling was very general and finally all semblance of organization was lost and the head of the column halted, and went into camp to allow the stragglers to catch up.

This day we passed over the Antietam battle ground, crossing the stream here on the stone bridge, which was one of the storm centers of that fight. There were many evidences of the severity of this engagement, chiefly on the trees, which had not yet outgrown the wounds they then received.

That afternoon we went into camp near where a sutler had just erected a large tent well stocked with supplies for the men. Not since the army had left camp near Falmouth had there been an opportunity

to patronize a sutler and the crush was great. The sutler had but few clerks and the officers must be served first so the men had to wait. Tired as all were, and hungry as many were, grumbling and threats soon commenced; and then the high prices charged and the poor quality of the goods only exasperated them the more. My tent was but a little way off on higher ground in full view of the sutler's tent, and seeing trouble in the air I retired to my tent to take observations. But a short time elapsed when the excited men drew their jackknives and cut all the guys of the tent, and then there was a grand rush for the sutler's goods, and the poor man's stock was rapidly disposed of at retail but at ruinous prices, and a thousand men were making tracks for their tents loaded with sutler's goods, and by the time a guard arrived, there were no soldiers or supplies in the immediate vicinity. The goods were distributed with marvelous quickness. A box of tobacco, for instance, which started off on the shoulder of a man, was almost instantly distributed into the pockets of the men, and nothing but the box remained. Sutlers were in the army to make money. They generally made it, but got the ill will of the men by their extortion.

The sutler of the 12th Regt., or at least the man who acted for him, Woodbury Sanborn, was an exception to the rule. He was a firm friend of the boys, and was respected and loved by them in turn. After the war as long as he lived, he was a leading spirit in their reunions. He it was that had the big rock at the Weirs lettered in honor of the several state organizations, and it was to his honor that the memorial fence was erected about the stone.

In our march through Maryland going south, as in going north in the pursuit of Lee, the people showed their loyalty in many ways, and this was recognized by the army in marching as though on parade, the drum beating or bands playing and the colors unfurled. In carrying the colors on the march rolled up as they usually were, it was but little more difficult than a musket, but in marching through Maryland, the colors were unfurled much of the time, and, especially if even a light wind blew, it required all my strength, light in stature and weight, as I was, to carry them and keep in my place in the line. Each day the task became harder and I was finally obliged to ask the adjutant to relieve me, and he did, Sergeant A. L. Shepard of Co. C succeeding me, as stated previously.

For a few days, after being relieved of the colors, I felt played out. In fact I was sick, and one morning I responded to the sick call, and Dr. Fowler promptly gave me an order for a ride in the ambulance. This was the only time that I was even excused from the ranks while on the march on account of sickness, or asked to be; and this morning, when presenting myself at the ambulances, I found they were full, so, after giving my knapsack to one of the drivers, I trudged on afoot.

On Friday, July 17, we reached Harper's Ferry, and had a fine opportunity to see this world renowned place. We marched past the engine house, where John Brown and his deluded followers made a brave defence, thence crossed the river into Virginia, and bivouacked on Boliver Heights.

The next morning, early, we resumed the march and reached Hillsboro. Here we halted about an hour and then retraced our steps a half mile and went into camp. While resting beside the road in Hillsboro, I observed a spring house near a planter's residence, and so visited it to fill my canteen. On entering, I was agreeably surprised to find several pans and pails of sweet milk placed in the running water to keep them cool. It was a lucky find for a thirsty soldier. I took a liberal drink, filled my canteen and rejoined my comrades, telling them of my find; and a large number at once made a break for the spring house, and all the milk left promptly disappeared. Later in the day, I picked some blackberries, and the same day one of my comrades captured a chicken at a near-by farmhouse, which I broiled and assisted in eating, so that I fared pretty well that day. We were then in the same vicinity as in the previous fall, when we fared so well by foraging.

We left Hillsboro early Sunday morning (July 19th), and marched ten miles, and the next day fifteen miles to Upperville, Va., and encamped only a few rods from one of our camping places the fall before.

About 2 p. m., Wednesday (22d), we left Upperville, marched about eight miles and bivouacked a mile beyond Piedmont Station. Early the next morning, we resumed the march, and leaving the Warrington road, took the one that led through Manassas Gap to Front Royal. The road was up and down steep hills, over rocks and through brooks. The road thus hard and the day hot, we were glad to halt and stack arms about four miles from Front Royal. Here the cavalry men told us that the "Rebs" were but two or three miles in advance, and soon we saw a part of the Third Brigade advance as skirmishers and very soon open fire. They continued to advance and the reserve to follow up, with the remainder of the brigade in line of battle.

We had a fine view of this advance. As expected, our turn to move forward soon came. The enemy fell slowly back for about a mile, we following, when the firing commenced to grow warmer, and the enemy opened upon us with their artillery, but fell short of reaching us and did us but little harm.

We took quite a number of prisoners as we moved onward. Two rebels, when they saw a captain fall in our lines, threw down their guns and ran and helped him to our rear, thus getting into our lines.

Darkness coming on, we lay down to rest on the ground by our arms, with equipments all on, ready to spring into line at a moment's warning. We had no permission to sleep, even in that condition, but as the order was to rest, and as we were fatigued, we soon fell asleep and did not wake up until morning, although we lay on the rocks upon the side of a hill so steep that we had to get our heels against a stone to keep from sliding down.

The engagement here was but little more than a skirmish, and the dead and wounded numbered but a hundred or two. The rebel loss was perhaps as heavy in men who allowed themselves to be captured as by the dead and wounded. As we pressed on towards Front Royal, there lay beside the road a dead rebel. He was perhaps twenty-five years of age, tall and fine looking. In contrast with the usual southern soldier, he was well dressed, clean shaved and with curly hair that extended to his shoulders. He had evidently prided himself on his good looks, and was quite likely the idol of some household or the center of some fashionable circle. The sight of this dead man impressed me deeply, accustomed though I was at that time to scenes of death, and during the years that have since passed, I have frequently recalled that scene.

We expected a renewal of the fight next day, but in the morning there were no rebels to be found, and we advanced to within a mile of Front Royal, when a single shell sent over by the enemy caused us to halt, form a line of battle again, and in this way we moved forward upon ground perfectly awful to march over. When we got to the town we halted, and a cavalry force was sent ahead, but discovered no rebels that side of the Shenandoah river. We then retraced our steps, and marched back about eight miles where we camped for the night. That day we marched about 16 miles, halting for the night within six miles of Warrington, where our regiment did picket duty, starting again next morning about 5 o'clock.

We supposed we were to have a rest at Warrington, and draw some shoes and clothing, which we were really suffering for. My feet had been so sore for several days as to give me great pain every time I stepped. Instead of resting, we passed through the town toward Culpepper. It was hot and dusty, and we were so worn out that it seemed impossible to move any further. In this condition we were taking a short rest, and the bugle had just sounded for us to "fall in," when an order came for our regiment to proceed no further, as we were detached from our brigade and ordered to report to General Marston. It was said we were going to Point Lookout to guard prisoners; and if ever news was gladly received by weary soldiers, this was by us. Yet we hardly dared to believe it true, but we were glad for a change of some or almost any kind that promised a little rest.

On Sunday, July 26, the regiment marched back to Warrington, and I was detailed with eight men to guard the regimental property, which was sent to the depot there. After posting my men, I made an individual boiled dinner in my tin cup. My haversack contributed the salt pork, and a southern gentleman's garden, near by, contributed the vegetables. I was anxious to make coffee in the same dipper, and so I presume I did not give the dinner a sufficient time to boil, but it was a good treat even if not quite done when eaten.

As may be imagined, the boys were delighted at the prospect of a change. For forty-seven days they had been on the march or on the battle field; they were reduced in flesh and exhausted in body; the shoes had almost entirely disappeared from the feet of many; and the clothes of all were ragged and dirty. No wonder the boys went into camp with light hearts, waiting for the train to convey them to Washington, where they were to take the boat for Point Lookout.

The 2d and 5th Regiments, N. H. Vols., were equally fortunate, as they, too, were detached from the Army of the Potomac, and, like the 12th, ordered to report to Gen. Marston for duty at Point Lookout. On reaching Washington, the 5th was still further famed, for from there they were ordered to New Hampshire to recruit, and did not reach Point Lookout till November following.

The several regiments composing Gen. Marston's brigade and the prisoners we had captured at Front Royal and some others left Warrington, Va., for Washington in three trains at 10 a. m., Monday, July 27, 1863, the 12th Regt. moving first. We arrived at Washington about midnight.

On our passage from Warrington to Alexandria and Washington, the people gathered at the stations to see us pass. This was especially true at Alexandria, and the disloyalty of the people was shown in many ways. We had as one member of the 12th, a man who was connected with the commissary or quartermaster's department, and was not therefore obliged to wear a regulation suit at all times. He had procured a butternut jacket and found he could get favors at the farmhouses, when wearing it much better than when he wore a blue jacket, many supposing him a Johnnie. On this trip he wore this jacket and rode in the baggage car unarmed with the guard, and many of the people evidently thought he was, like others with us, a prisoner of war, and he consequently received many favors from the people, among which were kisses thrown at him by the girls. Even in Washington, more favors were shown the prisoners than we received, showing that the sessession element there was still prominent.

On arriving at Washington, we were given quarters in the soldiers barracks. When in Washington ten months before we were a thousand

strong, but at this time, there were just sixty-nine guns as they were stacked in the center of our quarters.

The first day here was devoted to rest and it was appreciated. In the afternoon I visited the new capitol near by, then in process of construction. Peddlers selling all kinds of pastry and fruit swarmed about our quarters all the time we were there, but, fortunately, perhaps, we were short of money and could not indulge as freely as the appetite suggested. Our prisoners, who were quartered in adjoining barracks, did not need to purchase, for friends brought all they could consume.

On the night of the 28th an incident occurred that showed how easily even veterans may be stampeded when taken by surprise. During the day we learned that some cavalry regiments which were in the city were disgruntled about something and disposed to make trouble. At night we were told to have our arms and equipments ready for instant use, as we might be called during the night to help the authorities preserve order. The guns were stacked in the middle of the barracks, and the men slept on both sides of the stack. In the middle of the night a man got up in his sleep and butted over the first stack of guns. This struck the second stack and that went over. In turn the whole line went crashing to the floor. One of the first guns that fell struck a man on the foot and in pain or fright he cried out. The scream and the crash of arms made the men think the cavalry were among them cutting and slashing. The men sprang to their feet and rushed like mad men from the building, and by the time they were fairly awake, they found themselves in the middle of the street. It chanced that I was awake at the time the cause of the panic happened and saw it all, and as the men commenced to spring from the floor I yelled at the top of my voice that there was no cause for alarm, but not a man heard me. This episode was the cause of a hearty laugh when the men came to their senses.

Wednesday, July 29, Lon Jewett and I worked making out the payroll of our company for the previous two months.

On Friday, July 31, we were paid for four months' service, and the afternoon of the same day, about 6 o'clock, we went on board the steamer "John Brooks," at 7th Street wharf, and about noon the next day landed at Point Lookout, Md.

CHAPTER X

POINT LOOKOUT

Point Lookout is a narrow arm of land one-fourth mile wide, lying between the mouth of the Potomac river and Chesapeake bay in Maryland. The Potomac there was three or four miles wide and its waters on the south washed the northern shores of Virginia; to the east was the broad expanse of the bay, while a mile or more to the north the land between these two bodies of water was contracted to a narrow strip, so that the Point was almost an island—an ideal place for a camp of prisoners of war, its surrounding waters being easily guarded by gun boats and the narrow strip spoken of easily guarded by a battery.

Previous to the war the Point was a summer resort of some note for those days. One small hotel stood on the beach facing the bay, and long rows of barrack-like cottages, all connected, stood south of the hotel, one facing the bay and another the river.

At the time of our going there, the United States had a general hospital at the extreme point in buildings erected for the purpose, with a capacity of 500 beds. At this time about one-half were filled. The hotel was appropriated by Gen. Marston as headquarters.

To soldiers from the field, with the experience that had been ours during the year previous, the Point seemed almost a fairy land. Our shelter tents were discarded, and we drew new A tents, one for each two men. The officers drew wall tents. These were pitched on a well-laid-out ground on the Potomac shore. The second regiment encampment was just south of us on the same shore, while the camp for rebel prisoners was located on the Chesapeake shore, east of our camp, and here were placed the prisoners we brought with us from the front.

The next day, after our arrival, we drew new clothes throughout. This was indeed a luxury. For a long time what little we had had been ragged and dirty, and, worse than all, infested with vermin. For several weeks a daily exercise, when time could possibly be found, was taking off our clothes and hunting for "greybacks." Even with this treatment, they continued so numerous they were a constant annoyance, especially at night, when they greatly disturbed our slumbers. Carrying our new clothes in a bundle at arms length so they would not come in contact with the old, we traveled to beyond the limits of the camp, where we shed the old ones, took a good bath, donned the

new, and traveled back to camp. If "clothes do not make the man," they certainly on this occasion made us feel more like men than we were before.

The rebel prisoners were generally well satisfied at their lot. When they landed I was one of the sergeants of the guard over them. Their presence attracted all the men and boys on the Point, who crowded the guard so closely that I was obliged to order them back. In doing this, I ordered one of the Johnnies, who was dressed in civilian clothes, to "get out from among those prisoners and let them alone." The fellow evidently did not care for an opportunity to escape, and hesitated about obeying the order, and the other Johnnies joined in a laugh that told me the mistake I was making, and so I added, "I guess you may as well stay where you are."

Almost from the moment the regiment broke ranks on the Point, there was a grand rush of the boys for every scrap of board that could be utilized for a seat, a bunk or a table. Everything loose in sight was soon traveling towards camp, and then some made a descent on the board fence near the Hammond general hospital. The small guard at this point was entirely inadequate for its protection, and then the surgeon in charge found that he could protect but a very small area at one time. A few days later not a board was left to his fence. A. W. Jewett at this time was 1st sergeant of Co. D, and I was his tent-mate. In a little while we had a bunk in which to sleep and a table, though I do not now remember where or how we got the material of which they were composed.

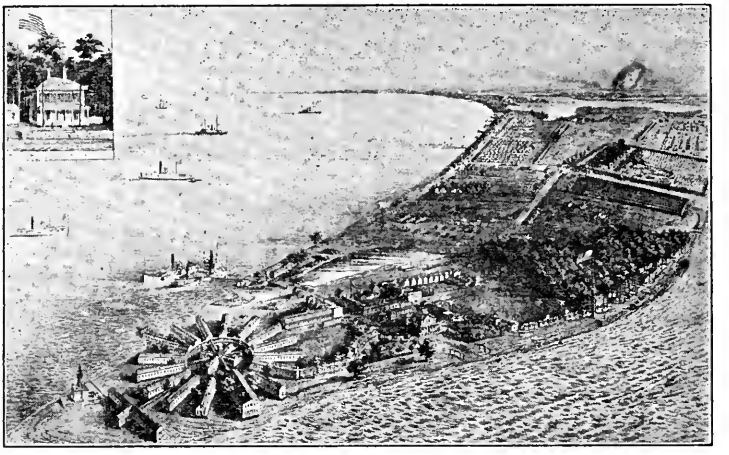
One source of pleasure at the Point was the water, where we could bathe and sail and fish to our hearts content. For a week or two no duty was required of the men except such as was absolutely necessary.

Under date of Aug. 12, I find the following entered in my diary. "One year ago today twelve of us boys enlisted. Of that number, Henry Kidder, Dan Nelson, Luther Parker, and Charles G. Smith are dead; five have been severely wounded; and only three, Lon Jewett, Uriah H. Kidder, and myself, remain for duty. As great a change has taken place throughout the regiment. Oh, how many hearts are bleeding for lost ones slain by the ruthless hand of war, and how many more are doomed, God only knows."

On the night of Aug. 13, we were given a taste of Point Lookout weather. There was a very severe thunder storm, accompanied by a gale that leveled scores of tents. The officers' quarters suffered most because their tents were the larger, and the wind struck them with greater force. The morning presented a ludicrous sight—many an officer drenched to the skin was walking the beach waiting for the day.

The camp for the prisoners of war was, as before stated, on Chesapeake bay. Soon after our arrival, Sergeant Fellows of Co. H and I

were detailed for permanent duty in this camp, and I continued there for some months. I, therefore, had a fine opportunity to study these men, and I became well acquainted with many of them, some of whom I esteemed highly. Among the number were some brother Masons, and it was a pleasure to contribute to their comfort, and indeed to the comfort of all as well as I could.



Point Lookout

These men were quartered in A tents like our own, though they were older and as many as could lie down in them were assigned to each, usually six. The government allowed the same rations to prisoners of war as to its own soldiers, and at first, there was no "savings" from their rations for any purpose—there were so few of them that this perhaps did not pay, at least there was no systematic savings, and if these men did not receive all the law allowed, it was because there was a shrinkage as it passed through the hands of the commissary department. This food was prepared by cooks chosen by the men themselves, and at first, apparently, the men were satisfied with their allowances.

Their tents were arranged in streets, with enough for one hundred men in a street. I was at first given charge of one street, but as the number of men increased by additional arrivals, the number under the command or charge of each sergeant was increased to five hundred, and so I finally was in command of 500 Johnnies. As the new men arrived, it was our duty to make out a descriptive list of each, recording his name, age, birthplace, his company and regiment, and when

and where captured. Their signatures were required, and it was surprising to a Northerner to find the large number who could not read or write.

Each day the men were called into line and responded to a roll call, and the policing and sanitary conditions of the grounds were looked after. After a little, a sergeant of their own number was selected, who made a daily detail for police duty and had some authority and was held responsible for the good order of his street. He also called the roll, and I simply counted the men as they stood in line to see that all were present.

Large wall tents were erected for the accommodation of their sick. The regimental surgeons visited this hospital at stated times, but the immediate care of the sick fell very properly upon nurses from their own ranks.

At first there was simply a guard around their camp day and night, but very soon a stockade of logs placed upright in the ground was made, the prisoners being compelled to do all the work. The number of prisoners continued to increase until they numbered ten thousand. Then a board fence, or stockade, was erected, To surround this large camp on three sides required a fence about one mile long; it was twelve feet high, the boards being square edged and placed close together. About two feet from the top was a walk, on which the guard walked back and forth. The whole was made strong enough to withstand a rush of the men in the camp, if one should be made.

In place of cooking out doors, ten cook houses and mess houses were erected, each to accommodate one thousand men. The cook houses were provided with large arch kettles in which to do the cooking for one thousand men; these cook houses being in charge of details from the prison camp. In the mess rooms there were four or five long tables, at which the men stood and ate their meals.

In place of tents for the hospital spoken of above, wooden barracks were erected outside the stockade at the north, and a short distance to the south, another stockade was erected for the confinement of commissioned officers of the rebel army.

With this general view of the arrangements for the entertainment of these men at various stages of the growth of the encampment while we were there, I will now go back to near the commencement of our stay there and take up another line of facts that will again lead us to speak of the stockade and cook houses.

Aug. 18, another installment of five hundred Johnnies reached camp, and other sergeants were detailed for work in the prison, and the work of those already detailed largely increased. Among the new sergeants detailed was Sergt. Simeon Swain of the 2d Regt., who after the war resided for many years in New Hampton. Most of these new

comers were North Carolinians from Gen. Jackson's old corps, and this may have accounted for the fact that they were a very religious set of men. Though gambling was the constant diversion of a large number, the religious element seemed to be stronger among these men than among other men of the Confederate army, and stronger than in our own army. Every evening prayer meetings were held in the large space between the tents and the cook houses, which were attended by a large proportion of the men, and the fervent prayers that were offered for the success of their arms and for the preservation of the men in the field fighting for the right, as they saw it, left no doubt that no men ever fought with more devotion, or a firmer belief in the justice of their cause than did these men of the Southern Confederacy. There was one man, a local preacher, well advanced in years, whose eloquence and pathos were calculated to win all hearts as he dwelt on the justice of their cause and talked with quivering lips of his four sons in the western army fighting for the right. I was a frequent spectator at these meetings, and I always went away impressed with the sincerity of these men. On more than one occasion as I traveled from the Rebel prison to my own quarters, I could hear songs of praise arising to heaven from both the Rebel and Union soldiers at the same time.

I remember one Sunday evening in particular. The southern moon, assisted by the starry hosts of heaven, half lighted up the encampment, disclosing the white tents of the Union army, with its sentinels pacing to and fro, the dark stockade of the rebel prison, with the guard walking near the top, and the cannon trained to deal instant death and destruction should occasion demand. The refreshing breeze of the balmy evening fanned the brow. I stopped to take in the scene, which was picturesque in the extreme, and would have been almost enchanting, were it not for the work we had in hand. From the rebel prison and from the Union encampment came songs of supplication and praise, borne on the night air, their strains mingling as they ascended to heaven, both the Union and rebel hosts sincerely worshipping the same God, both believing in the justice of their cause, and devoutly asking high heaven to assist them to annihilate the other. These incidents provoked serious thought on my part, and I could but ask myself the question, Why is it that men so earnestly desirous to be in the right as these men are, are left entirely in the dark as to their true position. Instead of acquiring any light, both sides arose from their knees more firmly resolved to fight for the "right" as they saw it. They became better soldiers thereby, and when they again met in conflict, the slaughter was all the more terrible because of their faith and their prayers. Perhaps some theologian can explain all this, but we have never met one who could. Fifty years after the conflict some politicians tell us that both sides were right, and perhaps that should satisfy

us for all the sacrifice made and the blood spilt in this fratricidal conflict.

Soon after the establishment of this camp, letters began to arrive for these men from Baltimore or from the south, via the blockade runners through Baltimore, and very many of these letters contained United States money. This provided a way by which many could obtain luxuries of the sutlers at the Point, but as they could not leave camp to make the purchases, the sergeants on duty were requested to make these purchases for them and did so willingly. This trade gradually increased, and the sutlers, quick to see the advantage of capturing as much as possible of this trade, gave us a commission on the trade we brought them, and this in time amounted to quite a little, and much of our spare time was devoted to this kind of work, while the prisoners still got their goods on the same terms as our own men. We were thus able to earn a dollar without wronging the Johnnies a whit. But this thing was not long to continue, for some one at headquarters had discovered the value of the trade with the Johnnies, and one day an order came for all of the sergeants in charge to appear at brigade headquarters. We obeyed at once, when Adj.-Gen. Lawrence addressed us, short, but to the point, "I am directed by General Marston to say to you that if he catches one of you fellows purchasing any supplies for the Johnnies in the future, he will not leave as much as a grease spot of one of you." We were thunder struck. What earthly objection could there be to supplying these men with luxuries that they paid for! But it was unmilitary for us to reply or even to ask a question. We had simply to obey. The answer came next day. Then a sutler's stand was erected outside the stockade with an opening into the prison, where the Johnnies could spend all the money they had and be obliged to pay such a price as this sutler's conscience would allow him to impose without any fear of competition. Another thing, all the letters addressed to the Johnnies were now examined by the clerks at headquarters, and all money they contained was held back under the plea that they might use it to bribe the guard, and an equal amount in checks was substituted, which checks were only of use in purchasing goods of this particular sutler at his own price.

All letters that arrived for the prisoners from Baltimore and other places and all letters written in camp were carefully read. Whenever these letters contained anything objectionable, either in the way of disloyal sentiment, giving improper information, or complaining of the situation, they were destroyed. It generally happened that those going in contained a stamp for a reply, sometimes quite a number, and those coming out had uncancelled stamps on the envelopes. All stamps on objectionable letters became the property of the clerk destroying the letters. The stamps taken from the envelopes were regummed and loose stamps substituted for sheets going in, and so the clerks had

stamps in fit condition for sale. This supervision of the mail was necessary, but whether there was any abuse of the practice is left for those with a knowledge of human nature to judge.

Another source of income the Johnnies had was the making of trinkets for sale to the Union soldiers and visitors. They made a large number of rings from bones obtained at the cook houses, and fancy fans made from one straight piece of wood, steamed, and then cut and bent to the shape desired and tied in position by ribbon purchased of the sutler. Some of these were decidedly artistic and brought good prices. The sergeants often bought these trinkets outright and sold them among the Union soldiers, or sold them on commission, and among all the trade of this kind I always noticed the same scrupulous honesty and square dealing between the men of the two armies as between men in our own army. Indeed the poor fellows shut up in that prison pen were objects of pity to many a Union soldier. There was no ill will between the rank and file of the two armies.

We have elsewhere stated that the government allowed prisoners of war the same rations as men in its own army. This was true, but a full ration did not reach these men except during a short time after the camp was first opened. The government fixed the price of the ration at so much per day, at this time at thirty cents or nine dollars per month, if I am not mistaken, and any company in the Union army could draw a part of the rations in money if it so chose and thus create a company fund with which to purchase delicacies not provided by the commissary. The same rule applied to prisoners of war, and at Point Lookout it was commonly reported, and generally believed, that the Johnnies themselves paid for all the luxuries that they enjoyed, such as a high stockade, cook houses and mess houses, hospitals, etc., as extensive and costly as they were, though they could not be eaten. In other words the savings from their rations, or from thirty cents per day, paid all these bills. Such a cut was enough to reduce the food to the lowest amount for each man, and even if the commissary was scrupulously honest and intended to issue the full amount to which the Johnnies were entitled after the cut, the details of the work must be executed by subordinates, and there may have been instances where the Johnnies did not get all they were entitled to, even at this stage of the game.

However this may be, it was very evident that there was a further shrinkage after the food reached the prison camp before it reached the men. The prisoners of war in charge of the cook houses did not hesitate to live high and see that their friends lived well, for there was no one to call them to account or had sufficient interest to call them to account, even if they had authority; and so at the final division the amount was extremely small for each man. Meals were served twice

a day—at about 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. On the tin plates, arranged on the tables, were placed the small pieces of boiled pork, or cornbeef, beans and hard tack as the case might be, and when all was ready, the rebel sergeants in charge marched their men in single file on each side of the table, gave the command, "Halt! Inward face!" when each man faced his plate and devoured his meal without further ceremony; but here again there was a frequent shrinkage. The strong, as they passed along, would sometimes grab from a plate the ration that belonged to another, and many a poor fellow as he inward faced found little or nothing on the plate before him. This state of affairs led to frequent fights, sometimes attended with fatal results. One night a raid was made by dissatisfied and hungry men on one of the cook houses, and a hatchet thrown by one of the cooks buried itself in the breast of one of the attacking party, killing him instantly.

Treatment of Prisoners

Human nature was the same in the North as in the South, and those who suppose that prisoners of war from the Southern army were invariably treated well, would probably revise their opinion, could they know the full and truthful history of what the southern soldiers suffered in Northern prisons. That many in this prison knew what the cravings of hunger were, there could be no doubt in the minds of those who could see the true condition of affairs. As cold weather came on, there was much suffering on account of the cold. That could hardly be otherwise under the circumstances. These men, or most of them, when captured were clothed for summer service in the field, and their clothing was of the scantiest. By the time cold weather came, there were ten thousand of these men in this prison, and to have clothed, nursed and fed all these as humanity demanded would have cost a very large sum and have made this prison pen a sort of sanitarium for the rebel army, where the men could rest and recuperate, and when exchanged, return to their southern service stronger and better clothed than when they came. Still the most destitute were relieved.

On the 24th of September, I succeeded in obtaining some clothing for the most needy of my five hundred men, and my diary says I issued that day twenty pairs of pants, forty pairs of shoes, five coats, and ten blankets. The shoes were supplied only to those who had none. Details of the prisoners were allowed to go out daily and cut wood in the neighboring forest, and the immense loads that these fellows would "tote" into camp on their backs was the marvel of all who saw them. But it took a large amount of wood to warm ten thousand men in the open air, and the number allowed to go into the woods each day was very small for prudential reasons.

That Northern men in Southern prisons were treated worse than Southern men in the prisons of the North, there can be no doubt. As a result, when exchanged, soldiers from the South were ready for active service in the field, while Northern men were so debilitated by their confinement that they were sent to their homes or the hospitals to recuperate. This condition grew worse as the war progressed, in part perhaps owing to the utter inability of the South to properly feed the thousands of men in their hands as prisoners of war. At one time there were fifty thousand Southern men held by the government in Northern prisons. To have exchanged these men for fifty thousand enfeebled Union soldiers would have meant a re-enforcement of fifty thousand men to the ranks of those fighting against the government—enough perhaps to have prolonged the war. Those who berate the government for declining an exchange and thus allowing so many of our soldiers to die of starvation in rebel prisons should take these facts into account. The government was not seeking to save the lives of men, but the life of the nation, and for every thousand saved by an exchange, another thousand might have fallen in battle.

So then there seemed to be some apology for some things that happened or existed; in other cases there was none, of which the following is a case in point.

On one occasion a sentinel reported to the officer of the day that a prisoner had attempted to bribe him to allow him and others to escape. The sentinel was instructed to accept the bribe and to arrange to let the party out of the stockade at a certain hour that night. This was done, and the party, five in number, passed out of the stockade. They had proceeded but a few rods when their suspicions were aroused that the coast was not clear, and they started to return, when an armed party lying in wait fired upon them without even demanding their surrender. One was killed and others were wounded. The officer in command, a one-armed captain of the 2d regiment, was said to have actually shot one man twice after he had surrendered, remarking, "This is in exchange for the loss of my arm." One of the wounded men, while in the hospital, stated to the writer that he was wounded after he surrendered. It is but justice to the Union soldiers doing guard duty at the Point to add that this transaction was universally condemned.

As was to be expected there were frequent attempts to escape, but only a very few were successful. Occasionally some of the wood party would secrete themselves in the woods, hoping at night to emerge from their hiding places and escape. Such generally found themselves surrounded by cavalry when they attempted to travel toward liberty. At one time a tent was erected on the parade ground in the prison, nearer the fence than the rest, ostensibly for the purpose of making

brick. This finally excited suspicion, when it was found that this tent covered the entrance to a tunnel that had been constructed half way to the fence. On another occasion all the Johnnies were paraded, and while in line, their quarters were examined. Among the contraband articles found were two or three muskets, several oars, and boards shaped to be put together for a boat.

On one occasion, while the men were bathing, I went to the beach which formed the eastern boundary of the prison. I noticed a barrel floating on the water out in the bay. I had given it only a casual look, when close at hand a fight commenced among the prisoners. It assumed such proportions that I called on the guard to quell it. When all was over, I noticed there were no broken heads among the men, and no knives were used as was usual at such times, and learned that night at rollcall that that fight was a bogus affair. It was put up to attract my attention from the barrel, because on the other side of the barrel was a Johnnie floating or swimming to liberty. He worked the barrel out into the bay and then to shore a long way from the stockade and escaped, or was drowned, I never knew which.

To enforce discipline, tying up by the wrists was sometimes resorted to. This was a very painful operation and was sometimes resorted to in our army but only in extreme cases. A rope was tied about the wrists and drawn so tight over a high support that a large part of the weight of the body was sustained by the rope. This soon produced excruciating pain, and if long continued was almost unbearable. It was said that a complaint by reason of this practice was lodged with the Confederate government, and that correspondence over the matter was carried on with the Washington government. It was reported that inquiries concerning the facts came to the Point from Washington, but they amounted to nothing.

On one occasion Sergt. Young, of the 2d Regt., had some trouble with a rebel officer in the officers' quarters, and shot him dead. The sergeant claimed that the officer had insulted him. The provocation was evidently considered sufficient at headquarters to justify the act, for the sergeant was soon after given a commission.

In the spring of 1864, a colored regiment came to the Point for duty. To be guarded by their late slaves must have been the height of humiliation, especially to the officers. On one occasion one of these officers was allowed to go to the commissary under guard of a colored soldier, to buy some supplies. The officer did not seem to comprehend changed conditions, and, the supplies being purchased, he ordered the black man as of yore to carry his bundle. The negro stood on his dignity and refused. High words ensued, and the difficulty was soon ended by the negro shooting the officer dead in his tracks.

Fears of an uprising among the prisoners were at different times

entertained. To meet such an emergency a section of artillery was planted opposite the main entrance, loaded with grape and canister ready for instant use. With ten desperate men, though unarmed, as compared with one armed man as guard, the chances of success were not so remote but that it almost seems a wonder the attempt was not made. The difficulty of reaching Virginia even if the guard were overpowered probably prevented the attempt. It is now known that when Gen. Stuart made his descent on Washington in 1864, he included in his program the release of the prisoners of war at Point Lookout.

During the winter small-pox prevailed in the prisoners' camp. Dr. Wm. Child of the 5th Regt., who after the war resided for several years in New Hampton, diagnosed all the cases in camp as fast as they appeared, and then the men were removed to the small-pox hospital near by, under charge of Dr. Samuel P. Carbee of the 12th Regt., later of Haverhill. Notwithstanding the fact that the men were huddled so closely together, the disease was soon stamped out, and no great mortality prevailed at any time. My duties required me to come in contact with the disease daily. I could not avoid it, and therefore concluded not to fear it and I did not contract the disease.

My duties in the camp had hardly commenced ere some of the prisoners indicated a desire to take the oath of allegiance. I reported the facts to Brigade headquarters, and the matter was referred to Washington. The result was that printed blanks were sent us, on which were a series of questions which we were to ask those desiring to take the oath. Their answers were written on the blanks, and these were sent to Washington, and the application was approved or rejected, as seemed wise to the clerk or officer inspecting them. This procedure amounted to but little, as there was no way of determining whether the applicant was telling the truth or a falsehood. At first many who took the oath went North as they were allowed to do, but later most remained in quarters arranged for them with the expectation of their enlisting in the United States service. Enough of these men enlisted to form two regiments, which were largely officered by men from the 2d, 5th and 12th Regiments. It was in one of these regiments that I served later as first lieutenant and captain.

The men who thus took the oath of allegiance were of various makeups. Some took the oath as a stepping stone to a return South to re-enter the Southern army; a goodly number claimed to be Union men, who were forced into the Southern army, men from the hill country of North Carolina composing the bulk of this class. These men made the best soldiers of any entering the Union army from the prison pen. Then there were foreigners who cared nothing for either side and sought only to improve their condition, many deserting at a later date. There were some bright, keen men among those who took

the oath and enlisted, men having a fair education; but about one-half could neither read nor write.

I have previously stated that there were only sixty-six muskets in the 12th Regt. when it reached the Point. A large number of men, sick or wounded, were in various hospitals, or on furloughs, and these gradually returned, slowly increasing our numbers.

Among the first to arrive were George C. Currier and others of the drum corps, who had been doing duty in the hospitals at Gettysburg since the battle there. The sixth of September, came a goodly number of those who had been wounded at Chancellorsville, among them Louis Rowe, who brought with him the overcoat I placed over him after finding him, as previously mentioned in my account of the battle of Chancellorsville; Port Hall, and Albert Nelson. Louis Rowe's wounds entitled him to a discharge, but he declined it, preferring to return to the regiment. As it was still difficult for him to carry a gun, I requested that he be given a position similar to my own in the rebel pen, and this was done. A few days later came Warren Tucker and others, who were also wounded at Chancellorsville.

As the fall wore away, preparations for winter were made. The boys raised the tents from the ground, in some cases several feet, with wood underneath and built fireplaces, of wood and mud, with a chimney of the same material outside, in true Virginia style. A board floor was placed in the large tent used for a chapel, and seats were procured, and the Free Masons of the several regiments belonging in New Hampshire secured a traveling dispensation, organized and erected a hall of wood, and did a flourishing business in "raising" Masons.

On the thirteenth of November the 5th Regt., which had been to New Hampshire, reached the Point. Its ranks were largely recruited with substitutes, and about this time, or soon after, a goodly number of recruits or substitutes reached the Point for the 12th and 2d Regiments. This was the beginning of trouble for the veterans. Previous to this all the soldiers had enjoyed the greatest liberty consistent with their duties. They could take a boat and fish in the waters of the river or the bay, or they could stroll into the country as far as inclination prompted and duty allowed. But when these fellows came, all these things were changed. Large numbers had deserted en route to their destination, and every precaution was necessary against the desertion of those that reached Point Lookout; so a strong guard was placed across the Point, and no one was allowed to go into the country, or use a boat, without a written pass, and finally nearly all boats were destroyed. These men had plenty of money and spent it recklessly. They were known to pay as high as twenty dollars for a canteen of whisky. One man paid twenty dollars for a canteen filled with water but wet about the outside and stopple with whisky. He was told not

to drink any till he reached a secluded spot. Then he discovered the trick. They were a reckless and desperate class of men, and extreme measures were needed to bring them under proper discipline. One night one of these men stole a coffin from the carpenter's shop, used it for a boat, and escaped, but it was never known whether the coffin conveyed him to the bottom of the Potomac or to freedom.

On the twenty-eighth of October, I was detailed as sergeant of the provost guard at brigade headquarters, under Capt. J N. Patterson, provost marshal. Although this was in the nature of a promotion, I obeyed the order with some misgivings. I found I had really become interested in my men in the rebel prison, and I left them with many regrets. I spent many social hours in the company of the prisoners, and learned the unwritten work of Masonry from them.

The duties of my new position were various. I had charge of all those soldiers in confinement or in arrest for various offences. Refugees were constantly arriving from the Virginia shore, and these I had to care for, and blockade runners arrested were turned over to me. Then I visited the dock on the arrival of every boat and examined all freight or express matter for the enlisted men, to see that no liquors, or other contraband articles, reached these men. Many a box of goodies for the men contained tin cans labeled maple syrup or preserves went into the dock, much as I disliked to deprive the boys of a smile.

The refugees were composed of men and even families escaping from the South to the North, and others, largely Jews, who had visited the South carrying contraband goods, and who then desired to reach the North to repeat the same operations. Others were arrested as spies. All these had to be cared for and detained under guard till their cases were disposed of. I served under Lieut. Rufus L. Bean of the 2d Regt.

When I first assumed the duties of this position I found thirty-seven Union soldiers in the guard house. Some had been arrested for trivial offenses, and there they had been allowed to remain week after week with no charges preferred against them, instead of being released the next day as regulations of the army required. I sent to headquarters a list of such as I thought ought to be released, and was authorized to discharge eleven such men at once, and others were released soon after. One of these men had been in confinement eight weeks without charges.

At headquarters I had a room in one of the summer cottages near the hotel, where Gen. Marston had his headquarters, and I messed with a company of perhaps a dozen clerks and others connected with headquarters, and a rebel prisoner, to whom Capt. Patterson had taken a fancy and allowed his liberty on his parole. This man was from New Orleans, a soldier in the organization known as the Louisiana

Tigers. He shed his rebel rags and dressed like a gentleman, as he really was; and at one time, to show his appreciation of the favors extended to him, he had shipped from New Orleans a large quantity of oranges, which were much enjoyed by all at Headquarters. The cooking for our mess was done by three negro women, and, as was commonly remarked at the time, " we lived like white folks."

On Christmas day I took a horseback ride "into the country," as we called it, that is, we visited some of the plantations a few miles from the Point. On this trip we rapped at the door of a planter's house, when a voice answered, "Come in," and we entered. The woman of the house was holding in her lap a boy of perhaps eight years of age, and she apologized for not opening the door, because she was obliged to hold her son, and the reason of this was that he was so drunk he could not stand. Then she added laughing, "Johnnie does not get drunk but once a year and that is at Christmas." This incident illustrates the habits of many Marylanders at that time. Every planter kept whisky on hand as common as our farmers have ever kept cider.

In November I went to Washington with a blockade runner by the name of Hayden. Dr. Fowler took the same boat for home on a furlough, and Benjamin Saunders for home on his discharge so I had the company of both of them as far as Washington. I turned my man over to the Provost Marshal at Washington, and by the New York Herald I noticed a few days later that my man Hayden had been committed to the Old Capital prison.

November 22, a detail of forty men and two officers were sent to St. George's Island to capture a band of rebels and blockade runners said to be located there. They were accompanied by a gun boat of the Potomac flotilla. They returned the next day with thirty blockade runners, refugees and deserters from the rebel army. Among the number were three who were prisoners at the Point two weeks before, refugees from Virginia, who were given passes to go to the very place where they were arrested. I provided them with rations and blankets, and put over them an extra guard of ten cavalrymen and left them for the night.

On the 25th, twelve men, a woman and a child arrived from the Virginia shore. Eight were escaped prisoners of war from Richmond, the remainder refugees, so I then had at that time a motley crowd of fifty-six men under my charge.

That evening I attended a Masonic meeting and banquet at the so-called Masonic temple. We had a menu consisting of goose, turkey, duck, oysters, etc. This was followed by speaking by Rev. Capt. Durgin and others. The topic of conversation was news from the front, the fighting at Chattanooga, of Meade's advance, and Hooker fighting above the clouds at Lookout Mountain.

November 30, I arrested a man by the name of Weiner from Baltimore. He had come here from that city on a pass, and then had given his pass to a rebel prisoner, who was outside the stockade, to enable him to escape. He was extremely indignant at his arrest, but I confined him in the guard house.

On the first of December a detail was sent from the 12th Regiment to Concord to recruit, among the number being Sergt. Kidder of Bristol.

December 5, the steamer Key Port arrived bringing a lot of boxes for the men from home. I got a box containing clothes, books, and eatables—small but choice. It was my duty to open the boxes for the enlisted men. All the intoxicating liquor found in them was thrown into the dock.

December 11 a clerk in the dispensary—not an enlisted man—was drummed out of camp for selling liquor to an enlisted man. This was Gen. Marston's way of punishing the man.

On the 14th of December Capt. Patterson got information that a soldier was intending to steal a boat lying near headquarters and desert that night. Not wishing to take his chances with an ordinary detail, he requested two of the clerks at headquarters and me to stand guard and we consented. We were to secrete ourselves behind bales of hay near by and our orders were to fire without a challenge on whoever got into the boat. About 2 o'clock the soldier arrived, and placed a sail in the boat and prepared to embark. At that point the guard, one of the clerks, arrested him, instead of firing as ordered, his courage having failed him. He was turned over to Capt. Patterson, who handcuffed him. In the morning Capt. Patterson ordered me to tie the captured man up by the wrists which I did. I did not draw the rope tight enough to suit Capt. Patterson, so he took a shovel and removed some of the earth from under the fellow's feet, mounted his horse and drove off, leaving orders that the fellow be left there till he returned. Hour after hour passed and the agony of the victim became terrible. He begged me to shoot him or kill him in any way rather than let him suffer longer. Finally I took the shovel and crowded some earth under his feet to relieve him in part, despite the remarks of onlookers that I would catch Hell for doing it. After six hours of suffering the captain returned and cut him down. It was hoped that such treatment would tend to lessen desertions, which were very frequent among the new recruits, nearly all of whom were bounty jumpers and substitutes.

A few months later a man of the 5th Regiment was executed for desertion.

On Monday morning, May 9th inst., at eight o'clock, in accordance with General Orders No. 15, the troops of this command were marched to the open field opposite the grove, and formed three sides of a hol-

low square, to witness the execution of Henry A. Burnham, Company E, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers. At twenty minutes of eight o'clock the prisoner, escorted by a detachment of twelve men of the provost guard, arrived upon the ground. After taking a position he was asked by Lieutenant Hilliard if he had anything to say, when he expressed himself as follows:—

A Deserter's Confession

"My friends:—The time has come when I must die. I am willing to die and leave this world of sorrow. There is but one step between me and eternity, and I feel as if it were my duty to acknowledge that it is for a beloved country's good that I should die at the time appointed. I have forgiven all my friends in the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment. I have forgiven all who have ever done me wrong or injured me, and I hope to be forgiven by all to whom I have ever done an injury.

"Beloved friends,—I can address you as friends, for you have acted as such to me—it is necessary that we should all be prepared for death since we must all die. I admit that I am a sinner. I have not acted manly to the government that I have defrauded, not only once, or twice, but many times, and I now feel that I have done a serious wrong. My advice to you is, do your duty to your country, faithfully and well. Be true to the oath which you have taken, and you will feel better in your own heart. I do not see that in any other case you can do better. The only source of happiness in this world springs from doing your duty to your country and your God, and unless you serve them faithfully you cannot experience true enjoyment of mind. I would also say to you, that you have taken the oath to obey your superiors; so have I, and I now know the advantage which would arise from that obedience. It is only since I received my sentence that I have realized the full enormity of my errors; you should do so whilst you have yet time. Furthermore my advice to you in the future is to attend to your duty, as you owe it to yourselves and the country to defend her.

"I hope if there is any one here who may have any hard feelings towards me, that he will forgive me as I have forgiven everyone who has ever done me an injury. You can all better your country far more by obeying the laws which govern you, and it is the last hope and prayer of a dying man that you will endeavor to do so. There is but one step between me and eternity, and in my case it is a solemn thing. It is solemn and sad, indeed, to stand by the bedside and watch the spirit of the dear friend we love taking its flight from the world; but if that be solemn, how much more solemn must it be to a dear friend

of mine, to see me depart in such a way as this, with an offended law taking justice upon me. I die today, and it may be better that I should do so; as, although I may have wished that a little longer time had been extended to me to prepare for so awful a fate, still I may not be any better for it. I may be putting off repentance to the last moment, and then what would I have gained by the delay? I feel now as if I were prepared to die—as if I am prepared to meet my God. I have placed my whole trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners. This has been the only subject of my reflections since the moment I received my sentence. I feel as if I could do a great deal of good for myself in this world, if I could only live, after the feelings which have taken possession of me within the last few days. But notwithstanding, I feel that it is for the beloved country's good, and I am satisfied. I cannot view it in any other light; it is necessary, and that is enough for me to know.

"Every man of you who has common sense must know that the state of things which has existed here, must be stopped. This rebellion must be put down, the country must be defended and the law upheld; and how is this to be done if desertion is not checked and discipline preserved in our army? I think the army is fighting in a good cause—the suppression of the rebellion; and if desertion is tolerated, it cannot succeed; it might as well be given up and all those who are true to their oaths, return home, having gained nothing by their exertions and zeal.

"I have, as I said before, forgiven every one who may have injured me; I have forgiven all the officers of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, as well as all the regiments in the field, and I trust in God that they will endeavor to be as good as they can to the private soldiers. I suppose I am the first man who has been sentenced to pay the penalty of death on Point Lookout, Md., and I am satisfied to bear with it as an example. I have felt many times, since I received my sentence, that it would do the country a great deal of good by dying so—that I could do her more good in this way than by all the fighting I could do in the field, and I hope there is no one here who will doubt me. You do not better your condition by desertion; you may for a time succeed in escaping detection, but you have taken the oath before God and man that you will fight for the country, and it is a solemn and a very serious thing to break it.

"Dear friends, I hope that you will all come to Christ immediately; it is very wrong for you to delay; death is before you, and you do not know how soon it may come. I have enjoyed in my life all the earthly comforts which money could give on this earth; but, after all, I was not happy, I was not contented, and no matter how badly he may have spent his life while on earth, when the time comes that he must die, he

turns his heart to Christ for true happiness, and although I have lived a sinner, I want to die a Christian. Christ is willing to receive me even at the eleventh hour. I feel as if I were the greatest of sinners, but it is never too late to repent. Come to Christ immediately; the Christian's hope is great.

"Alas! my dear father and mother! How many hours have they wasted away in instructing me in the love which I owe to the Saviour! I forgot all their teachings; their hearts would be sad, indeed, to know the result of my waywardness. I never knew the worth of their teachings until within the last forty-eight hours. I feel it all now, the folly of my life, the reward of my neglect. Yes, it is true that order must be preserved amongst you. I say you, not myself, because I am about to die in a few, a very few minutes, and to appear before my God to answer my final account. That is a tribunal which is reserved for all, and from which none of us can escape, and I trust to Him for mercy. I have borne myself through this terrible ordeal as well as I could, perhaps as well as most men could, and I have been reconciled to my doom because it was one which I knew to be just, and because I threw myself upon Christ altogether in my hour of need, and I felt He would not forsake me. My last words then are, that you will do all in your power to procure for yourselves salvation. This world is nothing when compared with the world upon which I am about to enter. The trials, the sufferings of the just and righteous before God are easily borne with here. Be good Christians; obey the laws, and when your hour comes, you can call upon Christ with confident hearts.

"My dear friends, I feel as if I could spend a much longer time speaking to you on this subject; I could spend a whole day, but my time is come. I must say farewell to all. May you never meet so sad a fate. May you awake to the realization of the great truths of Christianity and reap the benefit of your devotion hereafter."

At the conclusion of his address he requested permission of the provost marshal to shake hands with the men who were detailed as the firing party, which was at once granted. He went through the ranks, accompanied by Lieutenant Hilliard, and clasped each man warmly by the hand. His step was firm to the last, and his voice clear and distinct. His memory seemed to catch inspiration from his position, as he did not forget even the most trivial matter which he wanted to settle. It compassed in that brief space the work which might, under ordinary circumstances, have taken years to accomplish.

Having bade farewell to his friends, the spot was pointed out to him where he was to stand, and he walked to it with great coolness, though exhibiting symptoms of confusion. He stood for a few seconds with his hands clasped in prayer, and when he had concluded he was requested to bend on one knee, which having done, the word was

given to fire. One word, alone, told that his troubles in this world were at an end—but two or three throes of the body, and all was still.

The deceased was a native of Vermont, was about twenty-eight years of age, had no family except brothers and sisters, to whom he sent his photograph with letters of condolence. His last words were, "May God have mercy upon me and receive my spirit."

A Trip to Washington

On the 23d of December it was decided that I should go to Washington with two or three smugglers. At my request Louis Rowe was detailed to go with me. The trip proved a memorable one. Our passes extended till the 28th. We arrived at Washington about 5 p. m. and at once turned our prisoners over to the provost marshal. We then proceeded to the rooms of the N. H. Soldiers' Aid Society, where I met that distinguished nurse, Miss Harriet Dame, and her associate, Miss Swain. Miss Dame had recently been in Beaufort, S. C., where my brother Abbott was on duty as hospital steward, and had met him, which fact added much to the pleasure of my visit. That evening we attended a concert at the 13th Street Baptist church and then took lodging at the New York Hotel on 7th Street.

While there we visited the Smithsonian Institute, and inspected the personal effects of General Washington on exhibition at the Patent office. On Christmas day we went to Mt. Pleasant hospital and visited some of our comrades, who were there by reason of wounds received at Chancellorsville and other battles. As it was Christmas the boys there enjoyed a turkey dinner, of which we partook.

That evening we visited Ford's theatre. The play of the evening was "The Drunkard," and one of the leading characters was J. Wilkes Booth, who later in this same theatre assassinated President Lincoln.

The next morning we took passage on a boat, not ironed, for our return to Point Lookout. The cold weather of the two or three days previous had formed ice on the Potomac to the thickness of two or three inches, but the captain thought he could go through this all right and started. About the middle of the forenoon Louis Rowe and I were with the captain on the upper deck amusing ourselves shooting ducks, of which there were very many on the ice, when the captain was informed that the hold was filling with water. The ice had cut through the sheathing and woodwork of the bow, and the water was flowing in so freely that the boat was at once headed for the shore, a mile or two distant. The pumps were kept at work, but just as her bow struck the shore she went down, with the water on the level with the upper deck. Here we remained for some hours, with the signal of distress flying, when the John A. Warner of Baltimore came along

and took us off and carried us back to Washington. There we remained till Sunday morning, when we again started for the Point on another boat. We had proceeded but a few miles when the fog became very dense. We ran very slowly, but came near running into a gun boat anchored in the stream, and the John Brooks, having President Lincoln and some of his cabinet on board, came near running into us. The President was on his way back to Washington from Fortress Monroe. As it was considered unsafe to run longer, the boat anchored and there remained till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the fog lifted, and we proceeded on our way till 7, when darkness prevented our proceeding further. Later the moon afforded sufficient light to enable the boat to again start, and we proceeded, arriving at the Point about 9 o'clock Tuesday morning.

On our passage up the river we met the Russian fleet on its way from Washington. The presence of this fleet in American waters at this time attracted world wide attention, for it occurred when intervention by England was greatly feared, and this action was considered as a notice to England to keep her hands off.

During our absence from the Point, the president and some of his cabinet, on their return from a visit to Fortress Monroe, and General Butler and his staff had visited the Point. The troops stationed here made a part of the 18th Army Corp commanded by Butler.

A day or two before the new year dawned, about two hundred recruits arrived for the 12th Regiment. This raised the number to eight hundred, and entitled the regiment to second lieutenants. During the last year all of the old second lieutenants had been promoted or mustered out by death or discharge.

On the 3d of January, 1864, I was sent to Baltimore to arrest a German by the name of Seigel. This man had been a refugee or supposed blockade runner under arrest at the Point, and Capt. Patterson had allowed him to go to Baltimore on his parole, and he had not returned. I went on the steamer, Wheldon and found my man at his home but too sick to travel. I reported the facts to the office of the provost marshal in that city and was given papers to take back with me. I then took quarters at the Fountain house, spent a day looking about the city, and returned to the Point.

Before going to Baltimore, I went up to the regiment, and the filling of the vacancies was a natural topic of conversation.

Lon Jewett, who went out as sergeant, had been recommended for a first lieutenancy the first of December, but his commission had not then arrived, and he was still first sergeant. Next in rank was Sergt. Hall, Sergt. Swain, and then came my name. At this time Lon Jewett told me that he had had a conversation with Capt. Langley, the commanding officer of the regiment, a few days ago and was informed

by him that he was going to recommend me from Co. D for a second lieutenant's commission. He thought he should ignore the rank of one sergeant above me on the ground that he had allowed himself unnecessarily to have been taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, and that he went home from Camp Parole, Baltimore, in citizen's clothes without permission. But later Capt A. J. Huntoon, who commanded Co. D, urged this sergeant's appointment from the fact that he went out as first sergeant and I only as fifth corporal, and that he would now give me the first sergeant's position. This reasoning had its weight, and my name was not sent in. Capt. Huntoon then offered me the position of first sergeant and I accepted, because it was in the line of promotion. I continued on duty at headquarters till the readjustment could take place.

On the 12th of January, General Marston made a raid into Virginia. He took with him two hundred infantry and three hundred cavalry. Two or three gun boats accompanied them and furnished transportation for a part of the party. He returned on the 15th, bringing back a rebel major, a captain, a lieutenant, and four privates, whom they captured at their homes on furloughs. They also brought back about fifty horses and mules for the government, while the boys brought over for their own use a lot of poultry and one or two live pigs. The only casualty was one man accidently killed by one of the party.

The same day a squad of cavalry, which had been scouring the country north of us, brought in five deserters, four alive and one dead. The latter had been shot by one of the guard on some pretext which may have been thought sufficient by the authorities, but the surviving four pronounced it a cold blooded murder. Such incidents as these only go to show the little value placed on human life by men hardened by the scenes of war.

About this time a corporal and four men on guard at the wharf, took a boat they were guarding, and deserted The night was bitterly cold, but they touched at some point after leaving Point Lookout and engaged a citizen to pilot them across the bay to the east. There they also secured another boat and proceeded, three in each. The next day a tug, or boat, from the lightship stationed at Smith's Point, brought back to Point Lookout one of the deserters and the citizen He stated that the boat was seen adrift during the night and a boat was sent to their rescue One of the three lay dead in the boat, and the others were too chilled to ply the oars. The other boat was seen bottom up and all its occupants were supposed to have been drowned.

It was one of the duties of Lieut. Bean, my immediate superior, each evening to go out into Chesapeake bay on a small steam-boat to intercept the mail boats that plied between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and between Fortress Monroe and Baltimore, and take on

board the mail and passengers for the Point, and examine the passes of the passengers, for no one could travel in that country at that time without a pass. Owing to the absence of Lieut. Bean and other reasons, this duty now fell on my shoulders most of the time, in addition to my other duties, and, as it was sometimes 2 o'clock in the morning before we returned, my duties were quite arduous at this time.

About this time William A. Berry visited the Point on his way to Warrington, Va., to secure the remains of his brother-in-law, Comrade Pratt, whose death at that place has been noted here. Dr. H. B. Fowler accompanied him from Point Lookout. About this time we had as a guest Rev. Geo. N. Bryant, pastor of the Methodist church at Bristol, who spent a few days with us and preached one Sunday in the regimental chapel.

January 27, I received an order to report to the adjutant general, Capt. Lawrence, at brigade headquarters. I was then told that Gen. Butler was considering the organization of a regiment from among the rebel prisoners, who had taken the oath of allegiance, and enlisted into the United States service, and offered me a commission in that regiment. I thanked him and retired and continued my usual duties till February 6, when Lon Jewett and Sergt. Hall got their commissions, and I was relieved from duty at brigade headquarters and reported to my company and was made orderly sergeant.

Before the arrival of the new recruits a case of punishment of one of the men was very rare. Now it was a common occurrence and various ways were devised. The culprit was required to do extra work, to parade the grounds with a placard on his back stating his offense, to carry a load a long time, etc. February 13, William Wilson of my company got drunk while on guard, and he was made to sit on the ridgepole of a tent all the afternoon, bearing a placard, which read, "I got drunk on guard."

Sunday morning, February 21, a salute for a major general announced the arrival of General Butler and staff, and then came an order to prepare for review. For a few minutes all was bustle and activity, when the several regiments fell into line and General Butler reviewed the brigade.

At another time an alarm called all the troops into line. "Load at will," was a command given. In response to this command, one of the recruits, said to be a Catholic priest, being unable to get a Minie ball into his musket without removing the paper, put it into his pocket. I detected the movement and caused the ball to be placed in its proper place.

Furloughs for Home

As the time for the annual election in New Hampshire drew near, the boys became intensely interested in rumors to the effect that furloughs would be granted to some of the men to go home to vote. A little later this was announced as a fact, and I was one of the fortunate ones. Those from Cos. C and D were Sergts. Chas. Brown and U. H. Kidder, Corps. Louis Rowe, Albert Nelson, Hiram Ferrin, Chas. Drown, and John Bickford, and Privates Geo. C. Currier, A. V. Perry, and Robert Martin. None but Republicans were selected, and this fact was the cause, naturally, of deep-seated dissatisfaction, especially as some selected had but recently returned from New Hampshire, and some Democrats, as good soldiers as there were in the company, had not had a furlough since entering the service. But these men had been in the service long enough to know that open complaint would do no good, so they suppressed their indignation.

On the morning of February 23, the steamer "Admiral Dupont," which was to convey us to Boston, cast anchor in the stream, and we received orders to be ready to embark at 5 o'clock that afternoon with five days' rations. At 5 o'clock the time was changed to 10 o'clock.

At that time we went to the boat, waited an hour and then were ordered back to camp and told to be ready at 6:30 next morning. At that hour we again marched to the boat, when we were told to return to camp and be ready to embark at any time. As our furloughs expired March 15, every hour's delay meant just so much less time in New Hampshire, and we were impatient to be off.

That night, while the furloughed men were waiting for orders to take the boat, they naturally paid no attention to the "retreat" or "taps" as they sounded, and though the poor fellows doomed to remain in camp sought their bunks, the thought of their wrongs and the noise of the waiting men prevented sleep and put them in ill humor. There were in my company two brothers, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, consequently one was among the furloughed men and the other was not. That night politics was discussed, and the latter, failing to hold his own with his Republican brother, expressed himself thus: "'Well! my father was a Democrat and so I am a Democrat," to which his brother promptly retorted, "Well! I wouldn't be a damn fool just because my father was." This raised a laugh and closed the discussion.

Finally, at 1 o'clock p. m., on the 24th, we boarded the vessel, and she moved into Chesapeake bay. There were about four hundred soldiers aboard from the 12th, 5th, and 2d Regiments. In her normal condition the boat was not intended to carry one fourth this number,

but tiers of bunks had been put up in the hold, so that each had a place to lie down, if he did not wish to stand on deck.

The afternoon was fine, and we enjoyed the ride down the bay. We arrived at Fortress Monroe at 8 p. m., where we passed the night. As we neared the fortress a sad accident happened. Our vessel ran so close to a schooner at anchor that the bowsprit of the schooner carried away a part of the wheel house, the railing on deck, and a boat hanging by its davits over the side of our boat. In the boat were four soldiers who were plunged into the water and one was drowned. Louis Rowe and I had selected this boat as a place to spend the night, but these men had taken possession while we had gone for our knapsacks.

At 10 o'clock the next day, we resumed our voyage for Boston, and the day passed without any noteworthy incident. Saturday, the 25th, was stormy or very windy, and the sea was very rough All the hatchways were closed, and the large number of men in the holds soon rendered the air very impure, and nearly all the men were sick, and some seemed not to care whether they lived or died. If they had any preference, it was to die. Never before or since have I seen men so totally indifferent to all decency as these. Though the waves swept the upper deck, I made frequent visits to that side of the deck protected by the pilot house, and obtained enough fresh air to keep myself in my normal condition, and I was not seasick at all

On the evening of Saturday, the 27th, we arrived in Boston and at midnight disembarked and were quartered at the Soldiers' Retreat on Beach street. At 10 o'clock Sunday morning we took a special train for Concord, where we arrived at 1 o'clock.

We were met at the station at Concord by the militia of the city, a band of music, and a large concourse of people, and were escorted to the city hall. At that place our party was divided and sent to the various hotels, where we were entertained till we could take the train for home the next day.

Sunday evening an entertainment was given in our honor in Phenix hall. Music was furnished by the band, and the combined choirs of the city were led by Prof. Benj. B. Davis. Patriotic speeches were made by local talent and some of the officers of our detachments.

Not till 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday did a train leave Concord for Bristol, and we arrived home at 5 p. m. There was no telegraph nor telephone line to Bristol in those days, and our coming at that early date was not announced by wire, and our arrival was therefore something of a surprise.

Our stay at home was one round of pleasure. We were lionized to some extent, and every evening was passed at parties, attending meetings and other gatherings, in receiving guests or making calls. One

evening my father's home was filled with visitors, about thirty being present, and one evening an oyster supper was given us at the town hall at which 350 were present.

Election Day

The second Tuesday of the month was election day. There were a few rightly called copperheads there, who did not disguise their displeasure at our presence. Such were watched for a sufficient cause for a demonstration, but the meeting passed without an open rupture.

Meeting adjourned early in the afternoon and the voters repaired to Central square, where many of them lingered for gossip. It seemed that Dan Hight, of the class named above, who lived on Pleasant street, had secreted in his home a Republican voter by the name of Pike, whose home was in New Hampton. Evidently thinking it was then so late that he could release his captive in safety, Hight drove through the village with Pike, going down Central street to New Hampton. Some one suggested that Pike might yet be got to New Hampton town house in season to vote, if he could be got away from Hight. Joseph P. Fellows of Co. C and I at once volunteered to undertake this job. A team was hastily hitched up for us at the stable and we overtook the trio on the New Hampton side of the river. Driving alongside of Height's sleigh we told Pike to get into our sleigh. It did not seem to make any difference to Pike where he went, but Hight at once showed fight and said, "No, he don't," to which Joe replied, "Yes, he does." We made the transfer, paying no attention to the hard words Hight rained on us, or the savage blows he struck the air, and we returned to the village with our capture and from there started for New Hampton, followed by half a dozen teams, filled with interested spectators. Half way there our sleigh was wrecked on a sand bar, but we transferred our prize to the next team in our rear and proceeded. We arrived at the town house a half hour before the adjournment of the town meeting, but only to find that Pike's name was not on the checklist. Hight followed us back to Bristol village, after losing his man, and there was greeted with rounds of ridicule as he passed through Central square, to which he replied with a volley of high sounding words and pantomime that were evidently intended to deter the bravest from approaching him.

Monday morning following town meeting I left Bristol on my return to the army. On the way I passed a day or two at Cohoes, N. Y., where my brother William resided, and reached Baltimore the next Saturday. At Baltimore I met a lot of the boys on their way back to Point Lookout, and about forty of us took passage on the steamer Adelaide, which was running between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe.

On this boat an incident happened that has always afforded me some satisfaction, whether it was right or wrong. On boarding the boat our party went into the cabin, supposing we were entitled to the same privileges as civilians inasmuch as we paid, or were expected to pay, full fare for our passage, but we were sternly ordered out, being told that enlisted men were not allowed in the cabin and that there was a fire in the hold. The air in the hold was unfit for a human being to breathe, and so we remained on deck. The men were indignant and some were for taking possession of the cabin and holding it, but wiser counsel prevailed and we concluded, notwithstanding we were several times told to call at the office and pay our fare, that we would not pay fare till we were obliged to. Towards midnight when we were opposite Point Lookout, a boat from there came alongside to transfer the passengers for that place. Officers stood on both sides the gangway crying "Tickets, tickets," but the moment the gang plank reached from one deck to the other we all made a rush and landed on the other boat. This boat had a large number of soldiers on board that had just been taken in a similar manner from the boat going from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore, and we at once disappeared among them and none of us were found, and the boat at once proceeded on her way. This procedure netted the boat a loss of about $125.

On Monday and Tuesday, Mar. 21 and 22, there was a heavy fall of snow for Maryland, a cold wind blew and it was pitiful weather for those on guard, and especially for those in the prison pen. Wednesday the sun shown warm and softened the snow, making it in just such condition as tempts the boys of New Hampshire to throw snowballs. The soldiers were, many of them, boys still, and some of our boys commenced to throw snowballs into the camp of the 2d Regiment. These were returned, and a pitched snowball battle was soon on between the two regiments, in which nearly every man in both organizations joined. Charges and countercharges were made, and at one time the boys of the 12th held possession of the grounds of the Second, including headquarters. Finally some of the thoughtless commenced to throw brickbats, and feelings were ruffled on both sides, when Maj. Langley, fearing more serious results, had the recall sounded and the boys of the 12th retired to their quarters.

On the sixth of April, 1864, Gen. Marston was relieved by Gen. Hinks, and ordered to report at Norfork, or in that vicinity, and the next day the 2d Regiment followed him. On the 10th, the 12th got orders to be ready to move at short notice, and that day, the Sabbath, was spent in packing up, though services were held for the last time there in the evening. Our stay at Point Lookout on the whole had been so pleasant and comfortable that we left with many of the feelings with which we left Concord for the seat of war, only we realized more clearly what

was probably before us, for we knew better what an active campaign meant. The little trinkets and conveniences that had accumulated during our stay there were thrown one side as of no further value to us, and some thoughtless ones made a bonfire of them. Others gave them to the soldiers of the colored regiment, who had relieved the Second N. H. Vols.

CHAPTER XI

VICTORY IN VIRGINIA

On the 11th, early, orders came for the 12th Regt. to be ready to march at 9 o'clock. While waiting for the order to fall in, I was surprised to receive an order to report to Col. C. A. R. Dimond at regimental headquarters. Col. Dimond was to command a regiment that was to be organized of the "Galvanized Yankees," as the prisoners of war who had taken the oath of allegiance and enlisted into our service were called, and he wanted to meet the men who had been selected for commissions in that regiment. After a short interview he informed me that he should forward my papers for approval and I would probably hear from them soon. So long a time had passed since Capt. Lawrence had spoken to me on the subject, I had about come to the conclusion that I was to hear nothing more from it.

At noon of that day we boarded the steamer, Thomas A. Morgan, in waiting, and moved down the bay, soon passing a regiment of blacks going to the Point to take our places. The day was fine; on the water were a marvelous number of ducks, which excited our wonder and admiration, and drew from the boys a few stray shots, though against orders. At 8 o'clock in the evening we reached Yorktown, and at 2 the next morning disembarked, and found the 2d Regt. there.

After making coffee and partaking of breakfast in the early morning, we marched to Williamsburg. Here the 12th and 2d N. H. Vols., the 148th New York Vols. and 11th Conn. Vols. were formed into the 2d Brigade, of the 2d Division of the 18th Army Corps. Gen. Wistar was to command; Gen. Weitzel the division and Gen. Smith the corps. This corps constituted a part of Gen. Butler's forces, termed the army of the James.

The march of twelve miles from Yorktown was rather enjoyed by me, though I carried a load of about fifty pounds. The road was good and we were traveling over historic ground, where great deeds were enacted during the Revolutionary war and the early days of the present war, and these thoughts occupied my mind and saved me from natural fatigue. We went into camp on a part of the battlefield of Williamsburg, where a year before Hooker and Kearny fought a much larger number of rebel troops.

Our camp was laid out as with a view to permanency, and tents were issued which did not look like the opening of a field campaign. Perhaps this was to deceive the enemy. Daily drills were instituted for the benefit of the new men in the ranks, which did not tend to increase the love of the veterans for the new comers. Indeed the original material of the regiment looked with disdain on the new, and there was but little in common between them. The original men of the 12th were the sturdy, hardworking yeomen of New Hampshire, who had enlisted to fight for the preservation of their country; the new comers had no country and no principle to fight for. They were the offscouring of the earth. They enlisted for money and sought the first opportunity to desert. Since leaving Point Lookout desertions had largely increased. It was reported that a hundred of these men had deserted in three days from our brigade.

It was evident that something must be done to check this exodus. Accordingly, James Scott, a native of Scotland, twenty-two years old, and Owen McDonald, a native of England, aged twenty-nine years, both members of the 2d Regt. were tried by general court martial, were sentenced to be shot for desertion and were executed Apr. 29 at Williamsburg.

The scenes of that day are still vivid in my recollection. The troops of the brigade were drawn up in line on three sides of a hollow square. On the fourth side, where the execution was to take place two graves had been dug. Soon after the line had been formed, the funeral procession entered the square on the open side, marching to the music of the muffled drums. In the rear of the drum corps was driven an army wagon in which were two coffins; next walked, with apparent indifference, the two condemned men, followed by a guard, the chaplain and other officials. This procession marched close in front of the soldiers in line that all might see. The duty of one officer was to select the firing party as the procession moved along. When opposite, this officer approached our company for a man. All shrunk back at the thought of such a duty, but he laid his hand on the shoulder of Frank Marshall of Hill, who stood next to me, and Frank became one of the executioners. In this way twelve men were selected. Arriving at the open graves, the coffins were placed on the ground and the condemned men were seated each on his own coffin; the muskets of the firing party were taken from them and eleven were loaded with ball cartridges by others than those who fired them, one being left blank so that no one would know whether he used a ball cartridge or not. They were then passed back to the men, the death warrant was read; the chaplain, Rev. J. W. Adams, who was long a member of the N. H. Conference, offered prayer; the eyes of the condemned men were bandaged; at a given sign the firing party took aim; at another it fired, and the lifeless bodies

of both men fell backward on the coffins, pierced by a half dozen balls. The execution over, the troops composing the three sides of the square faced to the right and marched past the lifeless forms of the two men, who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Williamsburg was a place of much interest. On every hand were the marks of the battle a year previous, which interested the majority. Here, too, was one of the earliest settlements of the country, and this city was for seventy-five years the capital of Virginia, and here was William and Mary's college, the oldest, next to Harvard, in the country. But little of its former self, and none of its former greatness, remained.

April 27, I received notice of an appointment as 1st lieutenant in the 1st Regt., U. S. Vol., Infantry. Sergt. John P. Eaton of Co. B also received an appointment as first lieutenant, Corp. Samuel B. Noyes of Co. I, a former fellow student at Tilton, and Sergt. Horace I. Hutchins of Co. I, received appointments as 2d lieutenants in the same regiment. I did not expect or desire anything above a second lieutenancy because it carried with it more responsibility. It might as well have been a captain's appointment, however, as I performed almost from the first the work and duties of a captain, as the facts will show later. I turned in my gun and equipments, awaiting further orders, and was succeeded as first sergeant by one who had come out as sergeant. Sam had skulked at Chancellorsville, but now it was thought best to promote him and give him an opportunity to redeem himself, but if the spirit was willing the flesh was weak, for just eight days after his promotion, the brigade commander cut off his shevrons in line of battle on account of cowardice, thus reducing him to the ranks.

It has been claimed by some of his comrades that this was an injustice; that the fellow was really sick, and that he was justified in lying down, the position in which he was found by the brigade commander.

The next day, after receiving my appointment, I received a letter from my brother Abbott of the 115 N. Y. Vols. The last I had heard from him he was acting hospital steward at Beaufort, S. C., now he was with his regiment at Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, Va. Ordinarily a pass to leave one's regiment on the eve of an important movement was well nigh impossible to obtain, but, as I was awaiting orders, I resolved to try to secure a pass to visit my brother. I wrote the pass stating facts, got it signed by the regimental commander, and then carried it to General Wistar, in command of the brigade, who granted my request without hesitation. I started for Gloucester Point at 2 p. m. and reached there at 5 o'clock, and readily found the camp of the 115th N. Y. Vols. A half hour later my brother came in from inspection. At first he did not know me, and supposed I was still at Point Lookout. The next day in the afternoon, after a pleasant visit, I returned to my regiment. On my way back I listened to a part of a

sermon by the chaplain of a colored regiment. Later I learned that I had listened to Rev. R. M. Manly, who was principal of the Seminary at Tilton when I left there.

The scenes about Yorktown betokened a movement of large proportions in some direction. Butler was then preparing for his advance up the James River to Petersburg, from which point he was to enter Richmond by the back door, while Grant was fighting Lee north of Richmond. Butler's plans were well laid, but he had neither the celerity of execution to enable him to carry out this scheme nor the co-operation of his Corps commander, and therefore failed.

At this time at Yorktown there was great activity on every hand. A large number of troops were in camp making preparation for the move or being inspected as to their readiness for action. The waters at the mouth of the James were covered with crafts of many kinds—transports landing troops from distant points, or landing vast quantities of supplies for the coming campaign, and then dropping anchor in the stream or in the offing, waiting to transport troops in the movement up the river. The transports were all headed up the bay as though Butler thought to deceive the enemy as to his real intentions. At Williamsburg was returned to the regiment under arrest, an old offender—Jed Hubbard—the same who had deserted at Fredericksburg after having borrowed the boots of a comrade to go in search of wood as previously described. He had just got back with the boots. Through the loss of records and other causes he escaped punishment and continued to build up a reputation as the most worthless man in the regiment.

On Wednesday, May 4, the 12th Regiment moved from its camp at Williamsburg, leaving behind its A tents and taking shelter tents instead. We marched a couple of miles towards Yorktown, past Fort Magruder to General Wistar's headquarters, and there we halted till dark. We then resumed our march through the woods to Grove Landing on the James. Arriving there we were commanded not to make a noise or build a fire, just as though the enemy did not know we were there. Such an order was ridiculed by all the men, but had to be obeyed all the same, so, instead of making coffee and warming ourselves by a fire, we shivered in the cold for an hour or two and then the brigade, late at night, embarked on four transports in waiting, and on these we passed the remainder of the night in great discomfort, as the weather was cold and we were so crowded that few could lie down.

About 8 o'clock the next morning, other transports, loaded with troops, put in an appearance, convoyed by gunboats. They steamed past us and soon the river up stream and down for miles was covered with transports crowded with a mass of humanity. It was one of the most imposing sights I witnessed during the war. Hour after hour they continued to pass, until finally our own transport, the Ocean Wave,

swung into line and we, too, moved up the river. We passed Harrison's Landing and the house where McClellan made his headquarters at one time, passed City Point, where many of the troops were landing, and just before dark we landed at a place we later ascertained to be Bermuda Hundred.

Soon after landing I met Lieut. John F. Fullerton, who had lately been commissioned a lieutenant in the 1st U. S. Vols. He was a member of Co. C, 12th Regt., from New Hampton, and was a clerk at General Marston's headquarters at Point Lookout. Now as lieutenant he was serving on General Marston's staff. I also met Capt. Lawrence, A. A. A. G., on General Marston's staff, and they said we should report to Fortress Monroe on our appointments for further orders.

To this the major, commanding the 12th regiment, assented, and the next morning we bade adieu to our comrades of the 12th with keen regrets, just as they were falling in at dawn for an advance movement towards Petersburg. I thought the comrades reciprocated my feelings, and no doubt they did. The sharing of privations and dangers in common for nearly two years had cemented the bonds of friendship and made us all as brothers. Sam, who succeeded me as 1st Sergeant, evidently thought I was escaping many dangers ahead, and his expression was, "Well, Dick, you are a d—— lucky fellow."

Here my connection with the 12th regiment ceased, but the reader has doubtless become as much interested in the history of this regiment in reading these reminiscences, as in the writer, and so I will follow it briefly till the close of the war and then resume my personal experiences in another organization.

Butler had evidently surprised the enemy in landing in force at Bermuda Hundred, and had he followed up his advantage by a rapid movement on Petersburg he might have entered Richmond as originally intended by "the back door," but he was not equal to the occasion, and before he was ready to enter Petersburg the enemy were there in force and he was shut out.

The next morning, after reaching Bermuda Hundred, the reveille sounded at 3 o'clock, and we fell in. It was while the regiment was in line, waiting for orders to move, that I got my orders to report to Fortress Monroe, so I fell out and bade the boys good-bye, as before stated. At six o'clock the regiment moved toward Chester Station on the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, and, after marching about four miles, a portion of the 12th regiment was thrown out as skirmishers and the remainder of the regiment formed in line of battle with the balance of Wistar's brigade, and were held as a reserve. There was no general engagement, the firing being confined to the picket line, and the enemy fell back.

The next day occurred a slight engagement known as the battle of Bermuda Hundred, but the 12th was not actively engaged. Another day passed, and Butler moved forward by slow stages, but all this time the enemy was rushing troops to Butler's front, and by the time Butler was ready to enter the back door it had been closed.

About that time, occurred the battle of Swift Creek, one of the minor battles of the war, and the loss of the 12th Regiment was trifling. It was just before this battle commenced that George E. Clark of Co. E, well known in Bristol, lost a leg and an arm. He, with his comrades, was awaiting orders to fall in and was seated on the ground, his right hand resting on his right knee, when a shell exploded over his head. A piece of this shell cut off his right hand at the wrist so completely that only a little skin remained, and then went through his leg and shattered the bone so completely that the right leg was amputated above the knee. Of the entire group he was the only one injured. This battle occurred about two miles from Petersburg. Butler had twenty thousand men with which to force his way to that city, more than enough to have overcome all the troops that the enemy had gathered to oppose him at that time. During these days the men suffered intensely from the extreme heat.

On the 12th, the army started again at 3 a. m., in search of the enemy, and this time towards Richmond. Now it was rain and mud, instead of sun, heat and dust. The enemy was soon found, but in small force, and retreated as our army advanced. This continued about four miles till Proctor's Creek was reached. Here night stopped the advance and the pickets of the two armies were almost within speaking distance from each other.

The men rested on their arms that night, but there was but little sleep. During the day the thermometer had dropped rapidly and intense heat had given way to cold, and then, to add to the discomfort, rain fell all night, chilling the men through. No fire was allowed for that would draw the fire of the enemy.

The next day the enemy continued to fall back as they were pressed by our troops, but fighting all the way till the Relay House was reached. This house was on the turnpike about half way between Richmond and Petersburg and about the same distance from Bermuda Hundred. Here the boys were revived by the cheering news that Grant had captured six thousand prisoners with forty guns.

On the 14th, occurred the battle of the Relay House, which ended in the capture of a fort by the Union Army. Here the 12th Regiment lost one man killed, one mortally wounded, and several seriously wounded.

Two days later occurred the battle of Drury's Bluff. The enemy's defences after the fight at the Relay House were abandoned by General

Beauregard, and he retreated, slowly and cautiously, followed by the Union troops. As the scene of the battle was reached, the 12th Regiment came in sight of an earth-work, a fort, of the enemy. The guns within the works were busy in checking the advance of the Union troops from another direction and did not notice the advance of the 12th. This was taken advantage of by the 12th, and the boys made a rapid approach till a clearing was reached. Then their presence was discovered, and two howitzers opened fire upon them with shell and shrapnel. Fortunately the gunners of the enemy, in the excitement of the moment, miscalculated the distance of the assaulting party and shot over their heads. Shot after shot was fired with the same result, the 12th boys pressing on and the gunners lowering their pieces, each time coming nearer and nearer the heads of the advancing party. Finally one shell exploded in Company G, and nine men suddenly ceased their advance and lay upon the ground, one dead. The regiment advanced, but before the works were reached the enemy evacuated their position and took refuge in another earthwork, or fort, called Fort Stevens, and continued the fight. Our artillery concentrated its fire upon this fort, and in the engagement that followed, the colors of the enemy were twice shot away.

On the afternoon of this day occurred an incident that might have been of far-reaching result, had our boys known the facts at the time. Jefferson Davis, the president of the so-called Southern Confederacy, had left Richmond that day for a conference with Beauregard. Not knowing that the southern troops had fallen back so far, he came near riding into the Union lines. Had his presence been known, our troops could easily have swung round and captured him before he had time to retire.

While the Union troops occupied this advanced position, the wires of the telegraph line between Petersburg and Richmond were put to good use as an impediment in a later assault made by the enemy on our line. Lieut. A. W. Bartlett, with a small detail of men, cut the wire from the poles and stretched it from stump to stump about a foot above the ground and hastily covered it with brush. Two lines of this wire were thus placed, and then our men lay partially protected behind logs and stones. They had not long to wait, for soon the expected assault of the enemy came. They advanced in good order till they struck the unseen wire, when scores went down and the line was thrown into confusion. Then the 12th opened fire upon them with great slaughter, and the advance was checked in their immediate front. Unfortunately, there was nothing to protect the other portions of the Union line on the right and left, and the whole army was ordered to retreat. The 12th felt entirely able to hold its position and obeyed the order with great reluctance.

Previous to the order to retreat, the battle raged extremely hot at the right of ground occupied by the 12th. A battery was made the especial mark of attack by the enemy, and sharp-shooters killed nearly all the horses and many of the men; and those left, including one or two officers, sought shelter in the rear. At this point Capt. Bedee of Co. G and Lieut. J. W. Saunders, of Co. C, with eight or ten men, took possession of the abandoned guns and worked them to good effect upon the enemy. For their part in this affair, Lieut. Saunders was complimented in general orders, while Capt. Bedee was ordered before General Butler, where he met two of the officers of the battery who had entered a complaint to the general because of the vigorous language the captain had used at them because of their skulking. The captain admitted the charge, but explained the reason, upon which the general informed the officers of the battery that they could prefer charges against Capt. Bedee if they wished for not addressing them as their rank demanded. No charges were preferred.

For five days, the 12th Regiment had been in the front line of battle and every day under fire and were consequently greatly exhausted. It lost two killed, twenty-nine wounded and three missing. At this time they were in sight of Richmond and only eight miles distant from that city. The enemy had evidently suffered heavily and did not attempt to follow up its advantages and the Union army had rest for a few days. The fact, however, that the Union army had failed in its advance movement had a very depressing effect upon the men, especially as news came that Grant's advance north of Richmond had caused Lee to retreat across the North Anna river. The boys were willing to fight if they could only see their efforts well directed and successful as they should have been.

On the 28th of May, 1864, the 18th Corps and two divisions of the 10th Corps were detached from the army of the James and sent to reenforce the Army of the Potomac. The troops marched to City Point on the James river and then embarked on transports for White House landing on the Pamunky river. The point of embarking was perhaps twenty miles south east of Richmond on the James; their destination was about the same distance northeast of Richmond, on the Pamunky, and a march of perhaps thirty miles from one point to the other would have covered the distance. But the territory between the two points was held by the enemy and so could not be crossed, so the transports made their way down the James river into Chesapeake bay, thence up the bay into the York river, thence into the Pamunky river to White House, a distance in all of about 150 miles.

The troops arrived at White House about noon the next day. Here General Griffin A. Steadman, Jr., took command of the brigade in which was the 12th Regiment. Here the troops remained till the

afternoon of the second day, awaiting the arrival of ammunition. They then took up the line of march and proceeded in haste till about 10 o'clock, when it went into bivouac three miles from New Castle on the Pamunky river. The march was a hot and dusty one of about fifteen miles. The next morning a forced march of several miles was made, when a mistake in orders was discovered and the troops countermarched to where they started from, and then commenced the march for Cold Harbor in the middle of the day, behind the 6th Corps, when the heat was intense and the dust almost unbearable. Many fell out and some died of exhaustion or sunstroke.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the 18th Corps reached Cold Harbor, and there joined the Army of the Potomac, and soon became engaged with the enemy. While the 12th stood awaiting orders to advance, twenty solid shot passed between its ranks and that of the 148th New York regiment without doing any execution, when the brigade including the 12th advanced and lay on their arms in the woods all night, ready to resist an expected attack. This continued during the following day, and night again settled down over the army of the Potomac—the last night on earth to many a brave man.

Cold Harbor

We now come to the terrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, where our boys were slain without any compensating advantage. No wonder General Grant says in his Memoirs, "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made. No advantage whatever was gained to compensate for the heavy loss we sustained. Indeed the advantages other than those of relative losses were on the Confederate side." The hopelessness of the situation and the terrible loss sustained, with its attendant suffering, was another Fredericksburg, though on a smaller scale. The enemy was strongly entrenched in a semicircle, one of the hardest positions possible to assail. If a mistake was made by the commander-in-chief in ordering the assault, another was made in the way in which the assault was made. The 12th Regiment led, massed in five lines of two companies each, and this formation was persisted in against the emphatic protests of Col. Barker, the regimental commander. When too late the mistake in the formation was admitted. As the Union troops advanced, the enemy opened on them at close range with grape and canister and musketry, and in less than ten minutes nearly one-half of the advancing troops lay dead or wounded upon the field. The discharge was so sudden and so awful in its effects that whole platoons went down like grass before the scythe. Those unhurt heard no voice and saw so many of their comrades fall that they thought an order had been given to lie down.

The battle had been brief but terrible, and, when it ceased, our dead and wounded lay within two hundred yards of the enemy's lines. Though the battle was over, there was no cessation of hostilities for five days, and during all this time no assistance was rendered those unable to crawl from the field, except such as was given at night, and then at the great risk of the rescuers. Each night determined men crawled upon the field and brought off such of their comrades as they could, but a form moving in the darkness or a noise made in the work of humanity was sure to draw the fire of the enemy. Many of the wounded were again wounded and some killed, as they lay exposed on the ground; and it was reported at the time, and generally believed, that the rebel soldiers amused themselves in firing at those still living, and even at the dead. There may have been instances of this kind, but on the whole the southern soldiers were as humane as the northern, and these cases were probably more apparent than real. It was supposed at the time that no efforts were made for a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of caring for the dead and wounded, but it is now known that General Grant entered into negotiations with General Lee two days after the battle, but that two days were consumed in the negotiations so that, till that hour, none were brought from the field or cared for, except such as are spoken of above.

The tales of suffering endured by the heroes of the 12th Regiment on that field and the deeds of heroism performed by their comrades for their rescue would fill a book, and we must content ourselves with brief reference.

As night came on, regardless of fatigue or want of sleep, many of the survivors of the 12th crept onto the field and sought to find among the prostrate forms those comrades yet alive. Such were cautioned to make no noise lest they would draw the fire of the enemy, and they were conveyed on blankets or stretchers to the rear, where they were tenderly cared for. Thus the work continued for three nights, till the living and many of the dead were removed. On the fourth night twenty-eight of the dead were removed and buried in one trench. Some died in being removed from the field, while a few, though fearfully wounded, recovered sufficiently to return to their homes, while some are even yet alive. Among the latter is Col. Nat Shackford, who is still living at a good old age, vigorous and healthy. Another was William B. Welch of Co. E, who died of his wounds in Bristol nineteen years after the battle.

A Sterling Soldier

As brilliant as was the record of the 12th, none were more conspicuous for cool, determined bravery than Comrade Welch. But few,

if any, had a more terrible experience from wounds received, and none have suffered more intensely for nineteen years, as the result of their service, than he. From the first he became prominent for his ready obedience to his superiors, and the alacrity with which he responded to any duty, however hazardous. At Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Front Royal, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, and other engagements he escaped unscarred, but at the terrible slaughter at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, when charging the enemy's works, he fell within a few yards of the breastworks, with a terrible wound on the side of his head, and while lying insensible or unable to crawl away, he was riddled with balls, no less than six piercing his body. Here he lay for thirty-six long hours, exposed to the hot rays of a June sun, and when at last he was carried from the field he was considered so far gone that it was useless to dress his wounds, but in response to his earnest entreaties, he was placed in an ambulance and carried sixteen miles over rough roads to Surgeon Fowler's quarters, at White House Landing, where his wounds were tenderly dressed. Contrary to all expectations, after a few months in the hospital, he had so far recovered that he returned to duty, and remained on duty till mustered out with his regiment. But the terrible wounds he received at Cold Harbor undermined his health and were destined to do their work. During all these years he was a great sufferer. Indeed, few have had little idea of the intense suffering he endured. Those who knew him best sympathized with him most. At his funeral Surgeon H. B. Fowler, with a beautiful eulogy, said of him: "As a private, Comrade Welch was faultless—whether in bivouac or on the march, at dress parade or review; whether quiet in winter quarters or in the battle charge. When shot and shell fell like hail, never was it said that Comrade Welch showed the white feather. Seldom if ever at roll call was it said of him 'Excused by the surgeon,' until he received his terrible wounds in that fearful charge at Cold Harbor, when one half of his regiment fell in less than ten seconds. With what his comrades supposed wounds that were mortal, he managed to crawl for a distance into a clump of bushes and there lay as a target for the enemy until he received six wounds more. After the battle he was brought from the field and lay thirty-six hours without having his wounds dressed, the surgeons supposing he would live but a short time; at last he said, 'If you won't dress my wounds, in God's name carry me to my surgeon,' and after his wounds were partially dressed he was carried to White House Landing, sixteen miles, in an ambulance, and although the roads were rough and the ride tedious, not a groan was heard to escape his lips—always hopeful and looking on the bright side in every emergency."

Among those who fell in this terrible struggle at Cold Harbor

was my warm personal friend, Lieut. Joseph K. Whittier, of Laconia. We were students together at Tilton. While the 12th Regiment was encamped at Falmouth, early in the war, eight or ten of the former students at Tilton, from the 9th and 12th Regiments, held an impromptu reunion in my tent. The conversation was largely about home, the school at Tilton, and the war. Joe was a natural orator, and he dearly loved to talk. Our company was reclining on the ground in my hut, or seated on hard-tack boxes, when Joe stood as nearly erect as the tent would allow and delivered himself substantially as follows: "Well, boys, I feel it in my bones that I am going to live to see this rebellion crushed. When I get home I am going to study law, and put out my shingle in some city and you will hear from me later." Such eloquence brought down the house and he was roundly applauded. We did hear from Joe later. He was promoted for gallantry on the field and died while leading his company in this assault. As in thousands of other cases, a brilliant life was given to his country. Another schoolmate at the reunion spoken of was Joseph P. Whittier of Gilford. He fell at Chancellorsville.

On the 11th of June, 1864, after being for ten days in the front line of battle or in the trenches, the 12th Regiment was relieved and marched a short distance to the rear, and the next day took up the line of march for White House landing. There they embarked on two transports and returned to the Army of the James. They landed at Bermuda Hundred and Point of Rocks on the James, on the 15th, and soon after rejoined the 18th Corps, which was already in motion for Petersburg. This place had been nearly deserted by the Confederate troops to meet demands for help in more exposed positions near by, and so the 18th Corps was again moving for the capture of the city, but again it was too late, for before its arrival the city was again occupied by rebel troops, and so, instead of capturing the city by an assault, the siege of Petersburg began.

Siege of Petersburg

The siege of Petersburg, the last great act of the Civil war, extended from the middle of June, 1864, till its evacuation the first of April, 1865. During all this time the experience of the survivors of the 12th Regiment, present for duty, was in common with the rest of the investing army, a tale of privations, of constant fighting in the trenches, and of wounds and death to many of the brave boys constituting that heroic army.

Immediately after its return to the Army of the James, the 12th Regiment became part of the investing forces and was under fire nearly all of the time it remained at the front. The lines of the two

armies were but a short distance apart, and the approaches were slowly made, for every foot of the ground was stubbornly contested. From the rifle pits made when the siege commenced, a few Union soldiers would advance a short distance on a dark night, when perhaps the rain would be falling in torrents, and while lying on the ground, dig a hole with tin plates or other implements sufficiently deep during the night to conceal their bodies from the sharp shooters when daylight appeared. There they must remain during the following day. Their numbers would be increased the following night by others with pick and spade and thus the night work would be carried on till a continuous rifle pit was constructed. And here the boys lived day and night without protection from the burning sun or drenching rain, until by constant work, the trench was made deep enough and broad enough to permit a shelter of boughs to be constructed or a hole excavated called boom proofs, sufficiently large to shelter the boys. In spite of constant vigilance, men were killed or wounded every day by sharp shooters, who were constantly on the watch for a head or hand that might appear above the earth, if only for a moment. In time these new trenches were connected with the old by cross trenches, sometimes covered, but reliefs to those in the outer works were always made at night. No man in the outer works, or in the works further to the rear, was safe for even a moment if within sight of the sharp shooters.

Such life as this was varied frequently by sallies by the enemy, sometimes in great force, in an effort to break the Union line, and then came a fierce struggle to hold the line, attended with great loss on both sides.

During the whole time of the siege, the batteries and siege guns were constantly pounding away at the works of the enemy. This was sometimes continued all night, and it was rare when the boys were not lulled to sleep, or disturbed during the night, with the roar of big guns from some part of the investing lines. And yet the great loss from shot and shells was less than that by disease. The constant exposure to all kinds of weather and the impossibility of observing even ordinary sanitary precautions, told fearfully on the health of the men, and large numbers were constantly being sent to the hospitals at the rear and elsewhere.

By the middle of July the regiment was reduced to 115 guns.

On the 24th of July, Chaplain Ambrose, while at the front attending to the sick, was shot by a sharp shooter. He was carried to the rear and died, Aug. 19, at Fortress Monroe. Chaplain Ambrose was dearly beloved by the men of the regiment, because of his spotless Christian character and his devotion to the welfare of the men. He spared not himself in his efforts to serve others. When he received his death wound, he was seeking to alleviate the sufferings of the sick

at the front, and to do this he did not hesitate to expose himself to the fatal fire of the sharp shooters.

The 30th of July was a memorable day, for then a rebel fort that had been mined for the Union forces was blown up. Lieut.-Col. Pleasants of the 48th Penn. Vols., who had had large experience in the mines of Pennsylvania, conceived the idea of mining one of the rebel forts, "Elliotts Salient," blowing it up, and, in the confusion resulting therefrom, to break and hold a portion of the enemy's line. This fort was located about three hundred feet from our front line.

A tunnel was dug the 300 feet to the fort named, where a chamber was made, and in this were placed eight tons of powder. This was exploded while the enemy were evidently in blissful ignorance of any danger from this source. The explosion was a fearful one. The entire fort was hurled two or three hundred feet into the air, and there was left in its place a hole in the ground thirty feet deep, sixty feet wide and nearly one hundred long. The explosion was a great success. Of those occupying the fort but few were left alive, and all the Rebel troops in that vicinity were so paralyzed that for three hundred yards on either side their lines were deserted, and a half hour elapsed before they were rallied to make any resistance. And yet in spite of all this the grand opportunity of advancing and breaking the enemy's line was lost through the inefficiency of the Union general in charge of the assault. Delay in grasping an opportunity was fatal to success, and about the only result of this effort was the loss of thousands of brave men and the discouragement and depression of the whole army from its failure.

This event made a deep impression on both armies, for both sides thought the ground under them was being honeycombed by mining operations of the enemy. As illustrating the nervousness of both armies, an incident that occurred Aug. 5th may be mentioned. A loud explosion was heard on the afternoon of that day, which was caused by the explosion of a Rebel magazine. Each side thought one of their forts had gone up, and rushed to arms, and lively cannonading ensued. The brigade in which was the 12th Regiment was at once ordered to the front amid a shower of shells, and many men were lost, including the brigade commander, General Steadman. One shell exploded between Col. Barker, the commander of the 12th, and Capt. Bedee, who stood within twenty feet of each other, but neither was injured. A similar excitement occurred on the 9th, caused by the explosion of two barges at City Point loaded with ammunition. Many were killed or wounded. Every day brought excitement of some kind, and all nerves were constantly keyed to a high pitch. The next day, there was a terrific shelling from the works of the enemy in the immediate front of the 12th, and the regiment sprang to arms to repel an

expected assault, when the shelling should cease. The assault did not come, and the 12th suffered no loss from the shelling, but that afternoon Geo. F. Sanborn of Co. G, was wounded by a sharp shooter.

But a day of relief came at last for the few yet remaining in the ranks of the 12th Regiment. On the 25th of August, the regiment was withdrawn from the rifle pits before Petersburg and sent to Bermuda Front. Since the 15th of June the regiment had been in the trenches almost constantly under fire, and so their removal to a less exposed position, where some needed rest could be had, was joyously welcomed by all. The march to their old camping ground on the north side of the Appomattox was a short one, but the day was excessively hot, and, weak from overwork as the boys were, they were completely worn out, so when a halt was called, they threw themselves on the ground to rest before any attempt was made to prepare a camp for their short stay there. At this time the rank and file numbered only about one hundred, and only a few of the commissioned officers remained.

After resting for two days, a camp was regularly laid out, for here the boys expected to remain. The quarters of the men were made of uniform size, ten feet long by four wide, and the walls, made of logs with the crevices filled with mud, were four feet high, on the tops of which were placed the shelter tents for roofs. In the rear of each on the outside was constructed a chimney, made of the same material as the walls. In each of these huts were comfortably quartered four men. Not content with making for themselves comfortable quarters inside, they graded and improved the company streets and the parade ground, and thus again established their old reputation of having the best and most comfortable quarters of any regiment of their corps.

While the regiment was sent here primarily for rest, they relieved other troops which took their places at the front and had light duties each day to perform. They went regularly on picket, and were constantly on duty as guard on the river, which was the line between the two contending armies.

The relations between the men of the two armies were most cordial, and the river and, indeed, both banks of the stream were neutral ground. The men bathed together and fraternized on both banks. These things were not allowed by the Confederate officers, but could not well be prevented. One day several of our boys were on the Confederate side of the stream enjoying a game of cards with the Johnnies when a mounted Confederate officer suddenly appeared. Our boys had no time to escape and supposed they would be made prisoners, but some of the Johnnies were equal to the occasion and quickly threw some blankets over their shoulders, and the game went on till the officer rode away.

While in this camp the paymaster came and paid the boys for six months of service, and the sutler reaped a rich harvest, for the pittance that the boys received was freely spent for the few luxuries that the sutler had to offer.

On the 15th of September, Col. Potter, who had been absent from the regiment since the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, when he was badly wounded, returned, to the great joy of the regiment, and at once assumed command of the brigade, of which the 12th was a part.

But the hope of a long stay in their new quarters was soon dashed to the ground, for on the 20th of September, after less than a month of "rest," came an order to move, and the regiment marched two miles towards Bermuda Landing. The boys left their comfortable quarters with keen regrets.

Arriving at the new encampment, Col. Potter's command was detached from the 18th Army Corps and made the nucleus of a provisional brigade for the instruction of recruits, mostly short term men, who were arriving in large numbers. Here he soon had a brigade of nine regiments, and selected a staff commensurate with his command. He selected several of his staff from the 12th Regiment—Capt. Heath, who was appointed assistant inspector general; Capt. J. W. Johnston, who was made assistant provost marshal; Capt. J. H. Prescott, as aide-de-camp; and Capt. E. E. Bedee.

Here again comfortable quarters were made, but on the 28th, the brigade was ordered forward to take the place of the 18th Corps, which had moved across the James river. Here the regiment was again on the front line, and they entered quarters just vacated by the 13th Regiment, N. H. Vols.

The next day occurred the battle of Fort Harrison, when a portion of the rebel line was captured and held against desperate efforts of the enemy to retake it. The whole of the regiment was not engaged in this fight, but a portion of its men were used as skirmishers and sharp shooters. As sharp-shooters they did effectual work in picking off the artillerymen and silencing the batteries. The 12th, however, worked with the spade, after the battle, to strengthen the works so as to prevent recapture by the enemy. Then it engaged with pick and spade in constructing a new line of works between the fort and the river, which occupied several days. Here the boys worked in the rain and in a constant shower of shells thrown at them from the rebel gunboats on the river. Again the regiment occupied the trenches, and this time to the right of Fort Harrison, but almost immediately it was ordered to report to the 3d brigade of the first division, which was commanded by former Capt. Barker of the 12th, now lieutenant-colonel.

Oct. 9, the regiment extended its line so as to relieve the third division, and a few hours later moved still further to the right to the

rear of the 10th Corps, and during the night, in a cold rain storm, relieved a portion of this corps then in the trenches. A few hours later another order came. This time Col. Barker was ordered to report to Col. Potter on the Bermuda Front, and so again the regiment was between the James and the Appomattox rivers, and under the command of their old colonel.

While here, twice in one night, the long roll was sounded for the boys to fall in to repel an expected attack of the enemy, but the firing proved to be that of the rebel picket line, firing at deserters who were leaving their ranks for the Union lines. Such was the discontent among the confederates and the desire for the war to close that vast numbers were constantly deserting. General Grant in his Memoirs estimated that the loss about this time from all the Confederate armies from desertions alone, amounted to one regiment a day.

The victory of Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley over Early was celebrated in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James by a hundred guns each, loaded with shot and shell, and discharged against the enemy.

In the presidential election of Nov., 1864, the soldiers in the field were allowed to vote. The result in the 12th Regiment was eighty-six for Lincoln and thirty-nine for McClellan. This was a larger vote for McClellan than in any other New Hampshire regiment except the 10th, which was largely Irish. This gave a majority for McClellan.

From the above, an idea may be obtained of the daily routine at the front during the siege of Petersburg. On the 17th of November, something out of the ordinary happened. The 12th was on picket. At their right and left on the line were raw troops. The line was attacked by a small force of the enemy, and the raw troops at once fell back. Through this break the enemy gained a position in the rear of the 12th boys, and fifty or more officers and men of the 12th were captured. Capt. E. E. Bedee, who went out to ascertain what the trouble was, was also captured.

Among those captured were Sergt. Albert W. Bacheler of Co. E, and Benjamin B. Thompson of Co. K. They escaped from Libby prison Dec. 12, and, after eight days and nights of perilous adventure, succeeded in reaching our lines.

On Thanksgiving day this year, the Twelfth Regiment, in common with other New Hampshire troops, received from friends in New Hampshire a liberal supply of turkeys, chickens and other supplies that sent cheer to the hearts of the boys battling for their country in Virginia.

On the 3d of December, the regiment was again moved to the north side of the James river. Here for the third time they commenced to build winter quarters. The new encampment was upon

Chapin's farm within seven miles of Richmond. The boys were kept busy with drills, picket duty, inspections and various duties, but there was little fighting on the north side of the James. That was mostly confined to the trenches about Petersburg.

Soon after their arrival at this encampment, the boys expended $246 of their hard earned money in the purchase of a fine sword, belt and sash, and spurs, which were presented to Col. Barker.

The regiment at this time was in camp near Butler's famous Dutch Gap canal. Fort Darling, a strong Confederate fort, stood at the north end of a long detour in the James river, and commanded the river so effectually that no Union gun boats dared attempt the passage. A few miles south of this fort, the river above Fort Darling came so near the river below, that General Butler conceived the idea of cutting a canal from one point to the other, thus enabling our gun boats to visit Richmond without passing Fort Darling. The idea seemed reasonable enough, except to professional engineers, who made it the butt of ridicule, and all the money and labor expended amounted to nothing. It was on Christmas day, 1864, while the 12th was encamped at Chapin's farm, that the last explosion was made on the canal and its bulkhead removed, uniting the stream above with the stream below. Water flowed through the gap, but not in sufficient volume to float a rowboat, and no further work was done on this famous canal.

At the time work was being prosecuted on this undertaking, and a date frequently set when it would be completed, a general court martial was convened of Regular army officers by General Butler to try an enlisted man of the Regular army. Butler had some of the Regular army troops in his command, and an enlisted man of this branch of the service could only be tried by officers of the same branch. The court found the man guilty, and sentenced him to three years hard labor on the Dutch Gap canal. The findings of the court were sent up to Butler for approval, but he promptly dissolved the court and ordered the discharge of the man.

Early in January, Butler was removed from his command, and no further work was done on the canal. General Gibbon succeeded Butler. General Potter became chief of staff of General Gibbon, and Lieut.-Col. Birney, of the 9th Vermont, succeeded Potter as brigade commander. The first day of his command, General Gibbon had a corps review, and while this was in progress, he received word that Fort Fisher had fallen into our hands with over 1,000 prisoners of war. This was a fort on the coast in North Carolina, which Butler had been sent to take a few weeks before, but returned without making the attempt, although the fort was but weakly garrisoned. Now, after being heavily reenforced, it had been taken by General Terry. This news was

promptly communicated to the corps and was received with much enthusiasm by the men.

Just above Dutch Gap, the Union forces had placed obstructions in the James to prevent the gun boats of the enemy from going below that point. On the night of the 23d, our boys were aroused from their slumbers by heavy firing, which proceeded from their gun boats at this point. They made a vigorous effort to pass the obstructions with three iron-clad rams, five armored steamers and three torpedo boats, and proceed down the river and destroy the depot of supplies at City Point. This was a dismal failure, and the fleet later in the day withdrew, leaving one ram so firmly grounded that it could not be moved.

As the winter wore away, it became more and more evident that the days of the Confederates were numbered, and the spirits of the boys rose as they daily saw fresh evidence that all their sufferings and privations were, after all the blunders and incapacity of some high in command, soon to result in the complete success of our arms.

Fall of Richmond

The first days of April, 1865, saw the Union army frenzied with joy at the fall of Richmond. On Sunday, April 2, the advances of the army around Petersburg had made the position of the Rebel army untenable, and Jefferson Davis was so informed while at church in Richmond, and the evacuation of the city at once commenced.

On the early morning of the 3d, our army advanced, only to find the works of the Confederates deserted. Then commenced a wild rush of the Union troops, or of many of them, that they might be the first to enter Richmond and Petersburg. It is not our purpose to enter into the controversy as to which of the Union troops first reached Richmond, but it appears evident that some of the 12th Regiment boys were among the first. Capt. Sargent of New Hampton and Lieut. Bohonon, a Bristol boy, were in charge of the picket line of the 12th that night, and the latter was first over the enemy's works in their front. The main detail was close in their rear, and as soon as the outer line of fortifications was passed, there commenced a wild race for the city, not in military order, but every man for himself. Corporal Newell Davidson of Co. G, now residing in Plymouth, being fleet of foot, was the first to enter Richmond by the road that the 12th took, and may have been the first from any road.

Pen cannot describe the scene in Richmond when our troops entered. Pandemonium reigned. As the city was being evacuated, the Rebel army set fire to the principal buildings and store houses, and the flames spread rapidly. The poor and lawless elements were fighting for bread at the store houses, or sacking the stores for plunder,

while whisky, which ran in the gutters by order of the mayor, was being gathered up and drunk by those who craved it. General Weitzel, who assumed command of the city as provost marshal, directed his attention to extinguishing the flames and in saving most of the city. It would seem that the city had suffered enough from its occupation for a year by the Confederate forces and the effect of the siege, and that the Confederate government would have desired to save the city, especially in view of the fact that its destruction could not aid what was already a lost cause. It may be that the fires were set by the lawless, who remained in the city. Who the real authors were, we think, has never been established.

General Lee succeeded in escaping from Richmond with his army and marching southwest till he reached Appomattox, but while on this march of some miles, such was the hopelessness of his cause that his army had shrunk by desertions from 50,000 to 25,000 men. On the 9th of April, at Appomattox, Lee surrendered to Grant the army of Virginia, and this virtually closed the war.

The 12th Regiment was not numbered among the troops that followed General Lee and his retreating army. It remained in Richmond doing provost duty for a couple of weeks, when it crossed the river and continued this duty in Manchester till May 19, when it proceeded to Danville, 150 miles south, going by train, where the same duty was continued. Col. Barker was in command of the district of Danville and vicinity.

Here the duties of the officers and men were arduous and trying—not in fighting or making long marches as of yore, but in restoring and preserving order, settling differences among the people, administering the oath of allegiance, and caring for the many cases of suffering and want among both whites and colored.

On the 21st day of June, 1865, the 12th Regiment was mustered out of service, and, in company with the 10th and 13th Regiments, N. H. Vols., embarked on the steamer, "State of Maine," at Richmond, or rather Manchester, across the James from Richmond. They had proceeded from Danville by rail. After a brief halt at Fortress Monroe, the boat proceeded to New York, and from thence to Boston, where it arrived on the 25th. There they took the train for home. At Nashua and Manchester ovations were given the boys and these were repeated at Concord, where the troops were to be paid off and sent to their homes.

The next day, after reaching the city, the troops went into camp at Camp Gilmore, where muster-out rolls and discharge papers were made out. While this was being done, the boys were at liberty to go and come pretty much as they chose. Their arms and equipments

were turned in, though such as desired were allowed to purchase their muskets at six dollars each.

On the 3d of July, the veterans were paid off, and, after nearly three years of associations, great sufferings and privations in the cause of their country, they clasped hands, bade each other adieu, and dispersed for their homes.

With the good feeling that so happily exists today between the North and the South there has come a sentiment that the struggle between the states, though awful in its extent, was not of very much moment after all; that it was only a family quarrel that happily ended; that, the bitterness ended, the two sections have come together, understanding each other better, and that this has resulted in the working together of the people and the consequent prosperity that has followed.

This is but a superficial survey of the results of the conflict. It was a great struggle between right and wrong, and, as the victories of Charles Martel in 732 drove back the Moslem hordes and prevented all Europe from becoming Moslem at the point of the sword, so the victories of the Union army freed the nation from the incubus of slavery and threw off the weight that hampered her prosperity, and made it possible for the nation to make the rapid progress she has since made; and so the people of today are enjoying the full measure of the results of that struggle. And one reason that the people of the South today rejoice in the outcome of that war is because they see that the great hindrance to their advancement has been removed.

CHAPTER XII

THE WESTERN FRONTIER

On the morning when I bade my comrades good-bye at Bermuda Hundreds, I went to the landing to secure passage to Fortress Monroe. There I found the 115th N. Y. Vols. disembarking, and, on looking about me, I found my brother Abbott standing near by. I passed two or three hours in his company—precious hours they were, and the last I was to see of him. The booming of cannon was heard in the direction of Petersburg, his regiment fell in and I bade him good-bye. He did good service in the campaign then opening, and three months later, while carrying the colors of his regiment at the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., he was shot through the body, and died on the field. His last words were, "Tell my friends I died happy and died for my country." Corp. Musgrove was the flower of his father's family, an upright, intelligent, young man of great promise, and a sincere Christian. He lived long enough to request that a comrade take his journal, his testament and some mementos for his friends at home, and he died with the words quoted above on his lips. His remains were buried on Chapin's farm, and soon after the war an effort was made to recover them for interment in the family lot, but the only information that could be gathered concerning them was that they were finally transferred to the Fort Harrison National Cemetery and rested among the large number there interred with a marble slab at the head of the grave marked by that sadly expressive word, "Unknown."

On Saturday, May 7, those of us who had been commissioned in the 1st Regiment, U. S. Vols., from the 12th, succeeded in getting passage on the steamer "Thomas Powell" for Fortress Monroe, and there we arrived the latter part of the afternoon. At headquarters we were ordered to report to Norfolk, where the 1st U. S. Volunteers were in camp. At the fort, from my scanty hoard, I purchased an officer's blouse, for which I paid $10, and threw away my old coat, which made me feel decidedly more respectable.

At that time a boat made regular trips between Fortress Monroe and Norfolk, and on this boat I took passage and found myself in Norfolk about 9 p. m. I at once reported to Col. Dimond in command of the regiment, and was assigned to Co. D. This company was commanded by Capt. Enoch G. Adams. Capt. Adams was recently a 2d

lieutenant in the 2d Regiment, and I was somewhat acquainted with him and considered myself fortunate in being assigned to duty in his company.

The men of this regiment were enlisted, as before stated, from prisoners of war at Point Lookout, who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. The men were of various classes. Many were Unionists from North Carolina, who had been forced into the Confederate service, and were now glad to transfer their allegiance and fight under the old flag. Others from the south were men of no principle and were as much at home under one flag as the other. This class was augmented by foreigners, who found themselves by force of circumstances in the rebel army and then prisoners of war. These took the oath of allegiance and enlisted in the Union army to better their condition, and, as soon as opportunity offered, some deserted. Eight companies of these men had been organized, and they were now in camp at Norfolk to do provost duty in the city. Norfolk was one of the hotbeds of secession in Virginia, but was now occupied by federal troops, and was practically under martial law, and soldiers with muskets in their hands performed the regular police duty of the city.

On the second day after my arrival at the regiment, I served as officer of the day at the encampment, and a few days later took my turn as officer of the city guard. As the posts of these men were widely scattered in various parts of the city, and as I was expected to visit all at some hour of the day or night, the duties of this position were very arduous.

At this time Butler was south of Petersburg, and Grant was advancing from the north on Richmond, and Norfolk was within hearing distance of the heavy guns of both armies. Hardly a day passed but we listened to the booming of cannon—either those of armies in the clash of battle, or at target practice at Fortress Monroe, or of guns of the navy. At Fortress Monroe there was much of the time a practice of rapid firing guns, which sounded like the clash of infantry near at hand. As we could not distinguish the character of the firing, we were constantly on the qui vive to know what was going on near us, and rumors, though not always reliable, always furnished some explanation. One night at 1 o'clock we were called into line in double quick time for the reason that the rebel cavalry was in the immediate vicinity of the city. They made a weak attack on our picket line and then retired. One day would come the cheering news of Grant's successes, and then our hearts were made heavy by Butler's reverses and retreat to Bermuda Hundreds. He did not attempt to enter the back door of Richmond till the enemy discovered his design and occupied that door, thus shutting him out.

A few days after my arrival at the regiment, another detachment of men arrived from Point Lookout. I was placed in command of these men, and from them organized Co. I, which I commanded from that time on. Franklin Hedge, a man in middle life, who was a neighbor of Butler at Lowell and one of his hangers-on at New Orleans when he was in command there, was given a commission as 2d lieutenant and assigned to duty under me. He was a wood engraver before the war and evidently a good workman, but never much of a success as a soldier. He was the only assistant I had, and when his services were most needed he failed woefully. Six weeks later, or to be exact, Aug. 13, 1864, I was commissioned captain of this same company. Lieut. Hedge was allowed to remain as 2d lieutenant, and a man by the name of David B. Wilson was appointed to succeed me as first lieutenant. This man served his entire time on detached service and I never met him, though I bore his name on my company rolls as long as the company remained in the service.

While in camp at Norfolk one of our diversions was a raid into North Carolina, the latter part of July. We traveled south, a part of the way along the tow path of the Great Dismal Swamp canal, as far south as Elizabeth City, N. C. There we remained a few days. While there an amusing incident happened. A schooner came down the river with a load of watermelons, and was nearing the wharf, when the captain discovered Union soldiers there, and at once commenced to swing his boat into the stream again to retire, but two or three muskets leveled at him induced him to tie up to the wharf as he had originally intended. The cargo was confiscated and devoured by the boys during our stay there. They also lived high on poultry and the best of the land. One day I took a stroll on one of the streets, and my attention was attracted to a church with the windows and doors boarded up. A deserted church was no cause for surprise, but why should the windows and doors be boarded up? The whole was explained by hearing a rooster crow inside. The people hearing of the approach of the troops had hastily turned the church into a hencoop. I really had sympathy for the owners of those birds. The boys were not suffering for food and so I said nothing of my discovery, and the people probably thought they fooled the Yankees for once.

The boys visited the city bank, but business had ceased there. They found, however, a large number of unsigned bills, some of the unusual denominations of three, four, and seven dollars. These were appropriated and carried away as relics. Some of the money was passed as genuine by the men to the people on the route back to Norfolk. The real fruit of the raid was a large number of horses and mules and many bales of cotton, which were turned over to the government at Norfolk.

On this raid we passed through a section of country where some of the men of the regiment had been raised, and some took the opportunity to return to their old homes; at least there were several desertions here. It was apparent to any observing person that Norfolk was no place for this regiment to be quartered. The majority of the citizens were disloyal and sought by every means in their power to kindle what dormant love for the south existed in the breast of any of the soldiers into a flame, and some were enticed to desert. The government, therefore, determined to send this regiment to Milwaukee and Chicago, where a draft was impending, and thence to the western frontier. Accordingly on the 11th of August, we got orders to proceed to Chicago and there report to General Pope. There was general satisfaction at the receipt of this order, and the regiment numbered full ranks the next Monday afternoon, when we embarked on the transport Continental Aug. 15, for New York, where we arrived Wednesday morning following.

Before leaving Norfolk I wired my brothers, John at Bristol and William at Cohoes, N. Y., to meet me at New York, but the telegrams failed to reach them and I was denied this pleasure. In the afternoon we disembarked and marched to the depot of the Erie road. Thence we were ordered to the depot of the Hudson River road. Arriving there, no train was ready and we passed the night in the city and did not get away till noon the next day. I again wired my brother William to meet me in Albany, but we passed through Troy instead, and so both my efforts in this direction amounted to nothing. I passed near his residence in Cohoes, but that was all the satisfaction I got.

From New York we proceeded to Buffalo, thence over the Lake Shore to Chicago. The trip was a pleasant one, though constant vigilance was necessary on the part of the officers to keep strong drink from the men. In New York City, when at the wharf and en route to the stations, the men were not allowed to leave the ranks, yet a swarm of pocket peddlers sold whisky in bottles to the men in spite of all that could be done to prevent it. While waiting in line before entering the station, I captured one of these men. He made no resistance as I worked two bottles from his pockets and then he turned to run. I threw one at his head, which struck him in the back and then broke on the pavement causing a round of applause from the mass of spectators gathered on the sidewalks. At every station in New York state, whisky was sold very freely. At one point where the train stopped there were but four houses in the hamlet, and I thought it probable that no liquor was sold there, but I soon found that in three of these buildings there was a licensed saloon. Boiling with indignation, as I saw the whisky traveling in bottles to the train, I told one of the proprietors if he sold any more whisky to my men I would tear

his shanty down over his head. If the fellow did not go "into the air," he fairly foamed with rage, and stepping to his desk placed a gun in his pocket, saying he paid for a license and had a right to sell. Just then the engine bell rang and hostilities were averted.

Arriving at Chicago Sunday afternoon, next after leaving Norfolk, our regiment was divided. Six companies under the command of Col. Dimond were sent via St. Louis up the Missouri to Fort Rice, where is now Sioux City. From there one company went as far north as Fort Benton, at the headwaters of the Missouri, but some of the troops were held for garrison duty at Fort Rice. These six companies were scattered over a territory of one thousand miles.

The other four companies, A, F, G, and I, under the command of Lt. Col. Wm. Tamblyn, were sent to Milwaukee, where we arrived during Sunday night, and bivouacked for the remainder of the night near the station. After breakfast we marched to Camp Reno, three miles distant. While at the depot the men were able to procure whisky, and as soon as they reached Camp Reno, they filled up with beer that was sold without limit, and the mixing of these two beverages made some of the men noisy drunk. Between the time that we landed in Chicago and the time we arrived at Camp Reno I lost eight men by desertion, a part at least by reason of strong drink. The men evidently got drunk, and some, fearing punishment, did not return.

After two days' stay at Camp Reno in Milwaukee, I was ordered with my company to Madison, Wis., there to report to Lt. Col. Wm. Chapman at Camp Randall.

As I was on the point of leaving Madison, I got my first mail from home after leaving Norfolk, Va., and then I was informed of the death of my brother Abbott. He had fallen in battle the day I was in New York City, and had therefore been dead a month when the news reached me. Although such news was likely to come at any time, the blow was a hard one, and the wound deep and severe.

Camp Randall was the rendezvous camp for Wisconsin recruits, and we were ostensibly doing guard duty there as were the other companies at Milwaukee, but we were really there to respond to calls from Chicago or Milwaukee if needed in expected riots attending the drafts, and we were in constant readiness to march with a liberal supply of ammunition.

On Monday, Sept. 4, I got orders to report with my company to General Sibley at Fort Snelling, Minn. I started the next day, and at Milton Junction met Capt. Strout and Co. A from Milwaukee, bound for the same place. We arrived at La Crosse at midnight, Tuesday, and there remained just twenty-four hours before we found a boat going up the river large enough to carry our two companies, in addi-

tion to the regular freight and passengers. At La Crosse, I lost one man by drowning and one by desertion.

From Capt. Strout I learned that an order for my promotion to captain had been issued, but I did not receive official notice till some time later.

When en route from Camp Randall to La Crosse I inquired of the conductor if he knew a conductor by the name of Lewis Rock. He replied that that was his name. Lewis Rock was one of the parties engaged in the school episode spoken of as occurring at the old red schoolhouse in Bristol village. He had become one of the substantial citizens of this part of the country and later was superintendent of the Northern Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. On this same train was his wife, Mr. Sanborn and wife, and Calvin Cass of Bristol, and I spent a pleasant hour with them.

At the time of our passage up the river the water was low, and the small stern-wheel steamer made slow progress, being three days to St. Paul. We frequently stopped on a sandbar, and then long sheer-like poles were placed, one on each side of the bow, their tops together, at which pulley blocks and a rope were attached. Then the crew proceeded to raise the bow into the air, the engine started, and the boat gave a lurch forward. This process was repeated till the bar was crossed, when the boat proceeded till another bar was struck, and the same operation again took place. Sometimes in limbing the bar the paddles in the stern wheel were broken, and then after crossing the bar the boat lay to till new paddles could be put in place.

We arrived at St. Paul Saturday afternoon, and after drawing rations, of which we were very short, we took up the line of march for Fort Snelling, where we arrived about midnight.

Monday, I made a hasty trip to Minneapolis and called on Isaac Cheney, an old Tilton schoolmate, who formerly resided at Franklin Falls. The visit was a reminder of other and more happy days before war came. On my way back I visited the Falls of Minnehaha, and a few days later Friend Cheney and some of his Minneapolis friends returned the call.

Sept. 15, Capt. Strout started with his company for Fort Ridgely, and I followed the next day with my company. We moved, of course, in obedience to orders, but I could not see then, and have not been able to divine since, the wisdom that did not allow us to march that one hundred ten miles together.

I arrived at Fort Ridgely on Tuesday, Sept. 21, having made the one hundred ten miles via Henderson in a little less than five days. The trip was uneventful, except for a chase for a black bear. I had just called a halt at a sightly place on the prairie, and the men had dropped to the ground for a rest, when a bear was seen just beyond

rifle range. Several men at once forgot their fatigue and started for bruin, but he had detected us at the same time we saw him, and as he was the better on the race, he escaped.

In garrison the quarters are arranged to give each officer a suite of rooms with conveniences for housekeeping, but at Fort Ridgely the quarters had been assigned to those who needed them most without regard to rank. The troops there were all Minnesota volunteers, and as both officers and men had their wives, and some their children, with them, demand for quarters was greater than the supply. I was assigned the front room of a suite, and though my rank gave me the whole, I preferred to allow a sergeant of Brackett's Minnesota Battalion and his family, whom I found in possession, to continue to occupy the rest. Indeed a large front room fifteen feet square was so much beyond anything I had ever enjoyed before in the service I was entirely satisfied.

Sunday, Oct. 2, Lieut. Hedge and forty of my men started for Fort Wadsworth as a guard for a supply train, with the expectation of being gone twenty days, and I went to St. Paul as a witness in a court martial, and boarded while there at the Merchants hotel. The following Saturday I went to Minneapolis and spent a day or two with my old friend Cheney. A week later Lieut. Handy of Co. F joined me, but after a few days we returned to our respective commands, as the court was not ready to proceed with the cases with which we were connected.

During my absence from Fort Ridgely, Lieut.-Col. Tamblyn arrived at Ridgely with two companies, Co. F, Lieut. Evans in command, and Co. G, Lieut. J. P. Eaton in command; but by the latter part of the month all were permanently disposed of for the winter. Co. A went to Fort Abercrombie; G, to Fort Ripley; and F, to Fort Wadsworth; while Co. I, my company, was to remain at Fort Ridgely. The wife of Capt. Strout, who had joined him at Chicago from Maine, had come to Ridgely with him. Here she was taken sick with a fever, and when he started for his new post, he left her behind in my care.

Fort Ridgely

Fort Ridgely is located on a bluff on the north bank of the Minnesota river, about forty-five miles north of St. Peter, on the same river, and following the stream about one hundred twenty-five miles from Fort Snelling, where the Minnesota unites with the Mississippi. When constructed, it was in the midst of the Indian country, and yet it was built simply as a post for supplies, with no thought that it would ever be necessary to defend it from attack by the Indians..

The buildings were on four sides of an oblong parade. The officers' quarters were on three sides and consisted of one-story wooden

buildings. A stone building, two stories high, contained the barracks for the men, and smaller quarters for married enlisted men stood in the rear of this building. The building for commissary and quartermaster's stores was also of stone, two stories, and stood at right angles with the barracks, on a line with the officers' quarters on the west side. The chapel and sutler's stand were at the north east outside of this square, and the magazine, strange as it may seem, was still farther removed from the center, being perhaps twenty rods out on the prairie at the northwest—a safe position in case of fire in the fort, but in a dangerous place in case of attack. The stables were an eighth of a mile from the quarters on the south. There was no stockade about the fort, and not even a rifle pit for use in case of an attack. It was simply a collection of buildings on the open prairie near a deep ravine on its east side, and the valley of the river on the south, which could afford shelter for a large assailing force. Its water supply was extremely faulty, as all the water used at the fort was brought in water carts from a spring a half mile distant, situated in a ravine which afforded fine opportunities for attacks from the Indians.

The troops at Fort Ridgely, previous to our arrival, consisted of two companies of Brackett Minnesota Battalion cavalry, and two sections of the Third Battery of Light Artillery, Minnesota state troops. None of these troops, except some of the commissioned officers, had seen service, except against the Indians, where military discipline is not as essential as at the front and discipline was largely unknown. They were neighbors, called into the service by the Indian outbreak of 1862, and the crowding of officers and men and their families together did much to keep up the old time level between officers and men that existed between neighbors. Discipline was extremely lax, and military duty was confined to necessary guard duty and an occasional drill. Dress parade was about the only function that was observed with moderate regularity.

The crowding process had been carried to such an extent that there was quite a population at the fort and some society. Evening parties and dances were quite common, the dining rooms at the barracks being used for all miscellaneous gatherings. Select gatherings occasionally occurred at some of the officers' quarters. There was never any lack of fiddlers for any occasion, and their music was always satisfactory, however poor. The post chaplain, Rev. Mr. Sweett, held religious services in the chapel or block house on Sundays, and once or twice during the week, and there gathered the children for a school on week days, while a sutler sold lager beer by the glass. Mails reached the fort twice a week.

Among the officers at the fort were Capt. A. W. Barton and Capt. Reed, both of the Minnesota cavalry. Capt. Barton was a native of

Newport, N. H., and Capt. Reed was born near New London, N. H. Both had their families with them, and both these officers furnished congenial company for me With Capt. Barton I spent many hours playing chess, and occasionally I spent an evening at the chaplain's quarters, playing this game with the chaplain's wife. I also had much time for reading, which I gladly improved.

The Massacre of 1862

Fort Ridgely was a very important point during the Indian outbreak and massacre of 1862, though woefully unprepared for the conflict. Its garrison consisted at that time of Ordnance Sergeant Jones of the regular army and thirty men. The fight was a valiant one, and this little band, assisted by a few of the many refugees that reached the fort, successfully defended the place alone, till succor came from some of the larger towns of the settlements.

The Indian outbreak of 1862, under Little Crow, was one of the darkest chapters of Indian warfare and massacre, that has clouded the pages of history from the first settlement of Virginia's shores in 1607 till now.

The great Sioux, or Dakota, nation formerly occupied the western part of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Over its prairie roamed vast herds of buffalo; its woods abounded with elk and deer; its countless lakes and streams with fish and wild fowls; while otter, mink, and beaver swarmed on the shores of its lakes and along the banks of its streams.

In 1851, the Indians were induced to sign treaties by which they transferred to the United States over thirty million acres, embracing all of their lands in Wisconsin, Iowa, the Dakotas, and Minnesota, except a portion in Minnesota commencing just below Fort Ridgely and extending 150 miles to Lake Traverse, with a width of ten miles on each side of the Minnesota river.

The real cause of this outbreak may be said to have dated back to the time when the payment was made for the lands purchased of these Indians. Previous to the signing of the treaty, many of the traders among these Indians, aware that a treaty was probable, sold at exorbitant prices a large amount of goods to these people on credit, or made up large fictitious claims. After the treaty had been made and before the payment, these men presented claims to the commissioners, aggregating $300,000, and this amount was actually paid and deducted from the amount due the Indians for their lands. This act caused great wrath among the Indians, and an outbreak was narrowly averted at that time. Red Iron, the principal chief of the Sissitons, was so outspoken against the injustice, and threatened vengeance so loudly,

that Gov. Ramsey, the superintendent of Indian affairs, deposed him as chief.

After the Indians had been removed to this reservation, the government sought to have them settle on the land, and they were instructed in the cultivation of the soil, seed and all manner of tools being furnished gratis. Two agencies were established, one called the Lower Agency or Redwood Agency, fourteen miles above Fort Ridgely at the mouth of the Redwood river, and another called the Upper Agency at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine river, which was also called the Yellow Medicine Agency.

At the lower agency the Indian agent resided, and here was erected a sawmill to furnish lumber with which to build houses; a brick church was erected and missionaries supplied to teach the Indians. Little Crow, the chief, himself, lived in a brick two-story house at the Upper agency. Some of his braves lived in wooden houses and sought to imitate the white man in his manner of living; others preferred to live in circular houses made of wood and earth and covered with bark; while others lived in tepees made of canvas or bark, round, after the model of the Sibley tent, in use in the army. The Indians of one class dressed like white men, had their hair cut short, attended church and school, were married to one woman, each, by a clergyman, and buried their dead in the ground; those of another class wore the breechcloth, the blanket, and the leggings, took as many women for wives as they could afford, painted themselves with paint, ornamented their heads with the feathers of the eagle, placed their dead on platforms, and made war on the Chippeways, whom they tortured, killed and scalped, as opportunity offered.

At the lower agency there were also a goodly number of families of white people living in comfortable houses; there were schools, stores, and various places of industry and thrift, such as marked the early stages of many of the prosperous and growing villages of the west. They lived with hardly a thought of danger, certainly with no anticipation of the horrible fate that awaited them and their hamlet.

The Indian agent has been the fruitful cause of trouble among the Indians, though the reverse should have been the case. He was the disbursing officer of the government bounty, and ought to have been a power in leading these wild men of the plains to a better mode of life, but not so. Usually he was a man engrossed in making money as rapidly as possible, without regard to the methods used. He usually had a store in which the cheapest kinds of merchandise, gaudy calicoes, etc., were sold at the highest prices. These goods were sold largely on credit, and pay day was the day for the paying of the annuities, and then many of the Indians came many miles to receive their stipend, only to find they owed the trader all the trader, as agent, had for them.

But sharp practices like these were not the only means of robbing the poor Indian. In making his disbursement of the annuities, a pay roll, similar to those in use in the army, was used. Every Indian's name was inserted on this roll, and each receipted for his portion with his mark, witnessed by some white man, usually the agent's clerk. It was currently reported and generally believed that many fictitious names went on the rolls and the clerk could just as easily witness to the mark of a fictitious name as to one that was bona fide, and by this process ten, twenty, or twenty-five per cent. of all the annuities, according to the conscience of the agent, went into his pockets at distribution. Adding to this his claims for goods sold, it can readily be seen that he absorbed a large part of the funds sent as the annuities to the poor red man. The Chief, even if he knew the number of his people, could not figure out how much each was entitled to receive, and he did not even know the process by which he was wronged, but he was not so obtuse but that he knew he was being wronged. This knowledge was one of the many grievances that the Indian cherished, previous to the outbreak.

Another standing grievance which the Sioux cherished was the prohibition the government imposed against their making war on the Chippeways, their hereditary enemies. And still another acute cause was the delay in paying, in 1862, the annual annuity due them. They supposed this delay was caused by the great father at Washington being obliged to use all his money in the great war he had on his hands, and some reasoned that the delay in payments indicated that no more annuities would be paid. Then, too, they said, "Our great father forbids us to kill the Chippeways and he is at war himself slaying many thousands of his people."

That the uprising of 1862 had been long expected by at least a portion of the Indians there is reason to believe. They foresaw the conflict. The following incident will illustrate this point. I was one day visiting a family in Kingston that had narrowly escaped massacre in 1862. A young lady of the family stated that a year before the outbreak a party of Indians had encamped near her home, and the chief of the band tried to buy her of her father. No offer being acceptable, negotiations were dropped with the remark: "Well! I will have her next year for nothing."

And yet notwithstanding all these grievances, the massacre of 1862, with all its horror, might perhaps have been averted had it not been for strong drink furnished by the white man.

On the 10th of August, 1862, a party of Indians went from the Lower Agency to the big woods in the vicinity of Forrest City, hunting. Returning a week later they were furnished with whisky by one of the traders, or settlers. This caused a quarrel among themselves,

and a part of these Indians, to show they were not cowards as they were taunted of being, shot and killed four whites near Acton. A boy carried the news to Ripley, and consternation spread through the settlements.

The returning Indians carried the news to their own people, and there was instantly a division among themselves as to what should be done. The question was, should they deliver the guilty to the authorities, or all go on the war path and wipe out the whites and the wrongs of the Indians at one stroke. Most of the young men were for war, but many others were for peace, and the excitement was intense. Little Crow, the war chief, left his brick house at the Upper Agency and cast his lot with the war party, thereby turning the scale in favor of war, and the massacre on a large scale commenced.

The Indians, under the leadership of Little Crow, made their first attack at the Lower Agency. Here, mingling with the people as usual, at a given signal, the awful work commenced, and continued till a large number were killed. The only reason any escaped was because, after a little, the Indians gave their attention to carrying off loot, rather than seeking for more victims. Then all the buildings in the place but two were destroyed by fire.

The refugees from the agency made their way to Fort Ridgely, and were saved there.

The Indians at the Lower Agency under Little Crow were augmented by other bands from up the river, and from there they extended rapidly over the country, carrying death and desolation with them. All the horrors, some nameless, known to the Indian, were practiced upon the peaceable settlers. It mattered not what kindness had been received at the hands of any; all fell victims alike to the ruthless hand and unfeeling heart of the savages. Even those Indians who had professed Christianity and united with the church at the Lower Agency were eager to slay their teachers and burn the church where they had worshipped. Women were carried into captivity worse than death, children were mutilated and slain before their mother's eyes, and the more agony they could inflict upon their helpless victims the greater was the satisfaction of these inhuman fiends.

In the Beaver Creek settlement the settlers had gathered together for flight when the savages appeared. Cut Nose, an Indian of hideous appearance, jumped into a covered wagon and tomahawked eleven women and children. An infant was taken from its mother's arms and a bolt from a wagon was driven through its body before the mother's eyes, and then, after compelling her to witness this spectacle, they chopped off the feet and hands of the mother and left her to bleed to death. Here they butchered in fifteen minutes twenty-five persons. In one place not far from Fort Ridgely were found close together twenty-

seven dead bodies, all more or less mutilated, the only living person being an infant on its mother's breast vainly seeking nourishment.

Such scenes as these were multiplied almost indefinitely until a stretch of country from the northern to the southern border of Minnesota and into Iowa and the Dakotas, twenty thousand square miles, was laid desolate, and for more than two hundred miles the lurid glare of burning homes lit up the heavens at night. More than a thousand persons perished, and millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed. In one week seven hundred persons were slain.

The next day after the outbreak at the Lower Agency, Little Crow and two hundred warriors made their way to Fort Ridgely and New Ulm, about six miles below the fort. The fort was crowded with refugees. Among the number was the Indian agent on his way from the east with $72,000 in gold, with which to pay the annuities due the Indians. The garrison of only thirty men made a stubborn resistance and succeeded in beating back the savages till succor arrived.

New Ulm contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, but so widely separated were the dwellings that its defence was difficult. There was no military organization, and the people were in a panic. In the fight that ensued many lives were lost, and one hundred twenty-nine houses were destroyed by fire. The first assistance came from a party of fifteen horsemen from St. Peter, who dashed into town when their presence was greatly needed. Later came a larger party of volunteers from Le Sueur.

New Ulm was a German settlement. The people did not believe in any religion, and religious services were not allowed in town. Here at one time, Christ was burned in effigy. Sunday was a great holiday with them, and their beer gardens then did a great business. Indeed, when I visited that place, there were three breweries which supplied the people with their favorite beverage. Sunday evening there was always a dance, and the only theatre of the village was then in full blast. I rode down there one day with some of the officers of the fort, and I had heard so much about the wickedness of the place, that I felt as though I were visiting Sodom and Gomorrah.

The events that occurred at New Ulm at the time of the outbreak and later are of special interest to the people of Bristol and vicinity, because of Bristol people who were actors and victims in the terrible scenes enacted.

With the Le Sueur party was Dr. Otis Ayer, a former practitioner in Bristol, and a native of the Ayer farm on the New Hampton side of the Pemigewasset river. Dr. Ayer was a leading spirit in this party. He attended to the sufferings of the wounded and did much to inspire the people with confidence during the siege that ensued. New Ulm was one of the centers to which the people on the widely scattered

farms on the west had fled. The Indians had early surrounded the place and cut off and ruthlessly murdered scores of people seeking refuge there.

Among the families from the east, who had sought a home on the frontier of Minnesota, was that of Joseph Brown. He had been a resident of the Locke neighborhood in Bristol; had married the daughter of John Fellows, a Revolutionary soldier of Bristol, and by her had four children. She died, and in eighteen hundred fifty-five, with two of his children, Jonathan and Horatio, he went to Minnesota and settled fifteen miles west of New Ulm, where he took up land under a Revolutionary war land warrant, issued to his wife's father. The father became an extensive farmer, while Jonathan devoted his time to land surveying. Near them located two young men from Alexandria by the name of Burns, after whom Burnsville, Minn., was named.

When the outbreak occurred, the Brown family, like the Willey family in the White Mountain Notch at the time of the freshet in 1826, left their house to meet destruction outside, while their home escaped. Loading as much of their earthly effects as possible into a two horse wagon, they, with their hired man, hastened towards New Ulm. When but a short distance from their destination, they were discovered by the Indians and all put to death.

After the Indians had withdrawn from the vicinity of New Ulm, Dr. Ayer and his party scoured the country in that vicinity and buried such of the dead as could be found. This party found the Brown family and from the names written in the family Bible, Dr. Ayer recognized them as former acquaintances in New Hampshire. Near at hand sat the family dog, which, for six weeks, had kept faithful watch over the remains of his master and family.

At the time the Brown family left their home, the two young men by the name of Burns were thirty miles up the river. On their return a few days later, they found the Browns had gone as described above, and there they left two women, refugees, one badly wounded, whom they had found on the road, and they also set out for New Ulm, and reached there in safety just after the Indians had been repulsed.

The two women left in the Brown home said that each day during their stay there, the dog came home at evening and drove the cows to the barn as he had been accustomed to do, and, after being fed, had disappeared, without doubt returning to his watch beside the remains of his master and family.

While these events were taking place, an armed force was being organized at St. Paul and other large places. Gen. H. H. Sibley took command, and hastened to St. Peter. Here he found himself in command of fourteen hundred men, but more of a mob than an army. They were armed with all sorts of weapons, and largely without ammu-

nition. Small scouting parties were sent out at first, and then, as organizations were effected, larger parties were sent for the relief of New Ulm and Fort Ridgely.

One party, on arriving at Fort Ridgely, found that the Indians had disappeared from that vicinity and a portion of the volunteers returned to St. Peter and to their home. A force was organized, however, to proceed up the river for operations against the Indians, which met with disaster.

Confidence in their numbers led them to extreme carelessness. The first night they encamped near the Lower Agency in the worst place imaginable for defence, and with the early dawn a murderous fire was opened upon them. Within three hours twenty-three men and over ninety horses were killed, and sixty were wounded. After thirty-one hours of fighting without food or water, they were relieved by General Sibley.

The summer was spent in fighting the Indians wherever they could be found, and several engagements occurred, until finally the Indians, after the battle of Wood Lake, convinced of the uselessness of further hostilities, begged for peace.

After protracted negotiations, a part of the Indians delivered up the large number of prisoners in their hands, mostly women and children, and surrendered themselves to the whites.

The latter part of October, the troops, with those Indians (about fifteen hundred) who had surrendered, and the captives they released, commenced their journey east. A halt was made at the Lower Agency, where a jail was erected for the better keeping of the Indians, and here the trial of the Indians commenced. A couple of weeks later the march east was resumed, the greater part of the Indians being escorted to Fort Snelling into a permanent camp for the winter, while another permanent camp was established at Mankato, where the trial of the Indians was continued.

The military commission to try the Indians consisted of Col. Crooks, Lt.-Col. Nash, Captains Grant and Bailey, and Lieut. Olin.

Written charges and specifications were preferred against each man tried, and no man was tried except for murder, the charge against all.

Thus, one by one, over four hundred Indians were tried. Some cases were disposed of in five minutes. All that was needed as proof of guilt was the fact that the accused participated in a battle or massacre. Three hundred and three were condemned to death, and eighteen to imprisonment.

One peculiar fact in connection with these trials was the appearance of the Rev. S. R. Riggs, a missionary among these people. He sympathized with these people and was watchful that no injustice was done

them, and yet he admitted that members of his church had participated in the massacre of innocent men, women and children. While in prison these same Indians and others whiled away the hours in singing the sacred songs they had sung in their religious devotions under the leadership of such men as Rev. Mr. Riggs.

The findings of this court martial were sent to President Lincoln for his approval. At the same time many of the papers of the east arraigned the court for its inhumanity, and petitions largely signed by citizens of Boston and other places in New England were sent to the president, asking for their pardon or protesting against their execution.

The result was that President Lincoln commuted the sentence of all but thirty-eight, and these were ordered to be executed at Mankato on Friday, Feb. 26, 1863.

In anticipation of a great crowd at Mankato to witness the executions, and possibly a demonstration against the Indians still under guard there, martial law was proclaimed on Monday preceding the date of execution, and among precautionary acts taken all sales of intoxicating liquors within ten miles of Mankato were prohibited.

Three missionaries, Rev. Dr. Williamson, Rev. Van Ravoux, and Rev. S. R. Riggs, were in constant attendance on the condemned Indians previous to their execution, and some of them expressed the belief that they should go directly to the abode of the Great Spirit, where they would always be happy Most of them were composed and indifferent, or even cheerful, in anticipation of their doom, which many interpreted as showing the Indian character, rather than the Christian faith. During their last night on earth, several were baptized by Father Ravoux, a Catholic missionary.

At 10 o'clock, on the day of execution, a procession was formed, and the condemned were marched through files of soldiers from the prison to the scaffold, their arms having been previously pinioned. In the march the Indians crowded and jostled each other as though anxious to first reach the place of execution, and as they ascended the steps to the scaffold, they commenced to sing their death song.

The execution was public and an immense crowd witnessed the scene. Three distinct beats on the drum slowly followed each other, the rope was cut, and thirty-eight men dropped into eternity, and a shout of approval went up from the assembled crowd, and then all was silent.

The bodies of those executed were cut down, placed in four army wagons in waiting, and all buried in one grave, thirty feet in length by twelve in width and four deep, in a sand-bar of the Minnesota river, outside the town. The other condemned Indians were removed to Davenport, Iowa, where they were held in confinement. The rest of the captive Indians were removed to the upper waters of the Missouri river.

Little Crow, and such of the Sioux as did not surrender after the battle of Wood Lake, withdrew to the territory of Miniwakan, or Devil's Lake, in Dakota, nearly five hundred miles northwest of St. Paul. There, about four thousand Indians assembled. A desultory warfare against the whites, with occasional massacres, was continued. In 1863, a small party of braves penetrated the settlements to within twelve miles of St. Paul. In July, Little Crow and a party of sixteen returned to the scenes of the massacre, and in Hutchinson, he and one of his sons, when alone, met two men, and a fight ensued, and Little Crow was killed.

Thus perished the leader of the great Indian uprising of 1862, which cost the United States about $10,000,000 in treasure, and when about one thousand peaceable settlers were slain, and settlements on the frontier were driven back some fifty miles, leaving the frontier, from the southern to the northern boundary of Minnesota, a scene of desolation.

But all these scenes of desolation and woe, that covered the entire frontier of Minnesota, were brightened by the acts of a few civilized Indians. Some refused to join in the work of massacre and death, and aided as many whites in escaping as possible. This was notably true of Other Day, a so-called civilized Indian. He had adopted the manners of life of the whites, lived in a house built by himself, aided by government employees, and dressed as white men do. When the question of war or peace was considered by the Indians, he worked strenuously to divert the calamity to his own race, which he clearly saw would follow an outbreak, and, when the decision was to go upon the warpath, he exerted his energies to save as many of the whites as lay in his power. He warned the whites near by of their danger, and a party of fifty whites gathered at his house and at a nearby storehouse, and he and four of his associates stood guard all night and prevented an attack. He then guided this party, augmented by twelve others, to a place of safety, but so closely followed were they, that one of the party died of wounds received while on the march. They were closely followed by a few who dared not make an open attack.

At this same time a party of forty-two, including two missionaries, were led to a place of safety by other friendly Indians. There were those among the Indians, who were wise enough, or sufficiently friendly to the whites, to prevent their joining in the wild carnival of death.

Other Day was a man shorter in build than the average Indian, and he lacked some of the ferocious features that characterized many of the savages. We met this man occasionally while we were on the frontier, and could not help noticing his modesty, when he was lionized by the whites for his humanity and bravery.

The troops stationed at Fort Ridgely, when I arrived there, were the third Battery Minn. Light Artillery. The officers of this battery were Capt. John Jones, who, as Sergt. Jones of the regular army, was on duty at Fort Ridgely when the massacre commenced and had the credit of saving the fort; 1st Lieut. Don A. Daniels of Rochester, Minn., and 2d Lieut. G. Merrill Dwelle of Lake City. There were also two companies of the 1st Minn. Cavalry, Capt. Ara Barton and Capt. Reed. These troops had seen service in the Indian campaign of the previous summer. There were also stationed here nearly, or quite, one hundred men, who had formerly served in the Confederate army, and who, because of this fact, had been detached from their own regiments and sent to the frontier. These men were not desirable soldiers. They were mostly foreigners who claimed they had been compelled to enlist in the Confederate army and embraced the first opportunity to desert and enlist in the Union army. In reality, they had but little interest in either side and sought to improve their conditions by a change of allegiance. Among the number were some of the poor whites of the South, who seemed to be influenced by much the same motives as those named above. These men, as a rule, were a quarrelsome, unruly set, and made much trouble for the officers. Fights were common among them, and the surgeons of the post were often called to attend these men in the hospital, suffering from cuts and bruises inflicted in these fights.

Life at Fort Ridgely during the winter of 1864-5 was rather a dreary one, with but few military duties to perform, and discipline was harder to maintain among my own men than though they were associated with men who had been accustomed to the stern discipline necessary at the front.

For recreation there was the social element spoken of before, varied in pleasant weather by horseback riding and hunting. Deer, ducks, prairie chickens, and wild geese were found in great numbers, and venison and bear meat were common articles of diet, more common than any other kind of meat. In one of my trips to inspect the line of stockades spoken of later, on approaching a small lake, I saw on the shore a flock of geese, several deep, that extended more than a half mile along the water's edge. As I approached, they rose and formed a compact body, and as they passed between me and the sun, they cast a shadow like a small cloud. On the upper waters of the Mississippi I have many times seen flocks of wild geese as large as this, or even larger. At another time a large bear crossed the trail ahead of me, climbed a tree and looked at me as I passed close by. As night was approaching and I was armed with a revolver only, I had no disposition to annoy Bruin with a shot.

A few miles west of Fort Ridgely was a line of stockades, or posts,

from twelve to fifteen miles apart, extending the entire length of the state. Here were stationed detachments of cavalry, and every day details from these posts patrolled the trail or road between the posts, examining the ground carefully for signs of any Indian parties that might have crossed on their way to the settlements. This was one of the methods used to protect the settlements from Indian raids, or give alarm in case any hostile parties had appeared.

Officers at Fort Ridgely were detailed at stated intervals to visit these posts and inspect this line. On one occasion, my friend, Capt. Barton, had made the inspection, and, on his return, narrated to me an episode that had occurred in which he had used my name, and which was the commencement of a little romance that afforded me much pleasure during my stay in Minnesota, when were formed friendships that have existed through life. On this trip he turned aside from the stockade line and visited a settlement about eighty-five miles northeast of Fort Ridgely. Here he met a family of eastern people consisting of a man, his wife and two daughters, and at their pressing invitation had remained over night. During the afternoon, in looking over the family album, he found a picture, which the younger of the two girls told him was a picture her sister had received in answer to a letter she had written in sport to an advertiser, who agreed to send the picture of the future husband of any who desired it. Later in the day he looked over this same album with the sister, and, coming to the one spoken of above, he feigned surprise that she should have the picture of that man. "Why, do you know him?" she asked. "Certainly," he replied, "it is a young captain at Fort Ridgely." Continuing the conversation, he said the next time he came that way he would bring the captain with him. To this she assented.

Of course I readily fell in with that suggestion, and when it again came time for the inspection of the north line stockades, Capt. Barton and I asked to be detailed for this duty, and the request was readily granted.

The trip occupied about ten days, and was a most enjoyable one, two days being passed with our newly found eastern friends. They were a refined, cultured family and resided in a large two-story frame dwelling, the only one in the hamlet; and the father was the proprietor of a store and a large grist-mill. A son was a captain in the western army at the front. I several times visited here, and a ride, horseback, alone, of eighty-five miles over the prairie was no hardship. But all romances do not end the same way. The following summer I was sent to the plains of western Kansas, the war ended, and another captain, returning from the army, sought and won this fair daughter of the northwest.

A Western Blizzard

On my return to Fort Ridgely from one of these trips, I came near losing my life in one of those blizzards that sweep this country with a severity that cannot be realized by those who have not experienced them. A pleasant afternoon and congenial company led me to delay my departure longer than prudence dictated, but I reached the first stockade in due season, changed horses, and set out for the next post about twelve miles distant. The ground was covered with snow and ice, my horse was unshod and I made but slow progress. Just at dusk I reached a place where the land was level and covered with ice. Here my horse fell, and in trying to save myself I bruised my hip and sprained my left wrist. After getting my horse upon his feet, I led him around the ice instead of across it; then I came to another and still another sheet of ice, and when I reached the place where I thought the trail should be I could not find it. After a long hunt in the darkness I found the imprint of a horse's foot in the snow, and after examining the direction the horse was traveling, I remounted and pressed forward as fast as possible, never for a moment taking my eyes from the trail. Evidences of an approaching storm were seen, and I realized the danger to any one who should be lost on the prairie at such a time. About ten o'clock I reached a deserted hut that had been used as a stockade and in that took refuge. In the morning the worst blizzard of the winter was raging, and my bed on the ground with a blanket over me was covered deep with snow. Fortunately I was near the post or stockade I was seeking, and there the soldiers furnished me with food and shelter, and there I remained for three days before deeming it prudent to resume my ride to the fort.

The following facts may be stated as showing the fearful severity of those blizzards. One year later a Capt. Fields, a friend of mine, was traveling over this same route from Fort Ridgely with his company of cavalry when he was overtaken by a blizzard. Taking seven men with him he said he would go ahead to the contemplated camping place, and have coffee ready for the company when it should arrive. When the company reached the camping place, Capt. Fields was not there. He and his seven men lost their way and all perished in the storm.

During the winter I made a second trip to St. Paul as a witness before a court martial and, as before, took up quarters at the merchant's house. Here I was joined by Lieut. Ephraim Williams of Co. A, and Lieut. Geo. E. Handy of Co. F, and here I passed a week or two very pleasantly. The ride from St. Paul to St. Peter, on my return to Fort Ridgely, was with Lieut. Handy in a typical Minnesota four-horse stage coach of that day. From St. Peter we made the last fifty miles in a two-horse mail sleigh.

In May, 1865, it was reported that a band of Indians had approached the frontier and was encamped near Wood Lake, and Gen. S. S. Sibley issued an order for a small expedition to proceed to that place, against them, and placed me in command. The force command consisted of about one hundred infantry, including my own company under Lieut. Hedge, a squadron of Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota Cavalry under an officer of that organization, and one section of the Third Minnesota Battery under Lieut. Dwelle. Our march lay through what was once the Lower Agency when the massacre of 1862 commenced. There were still many evidences of the fearful work of the Indians here—the stone walls of the agency building, the ruins of the saw-mill and grist-mill and the church, the ashes of the residences, and the farming tools as left on the day of the massacre.

We also passed over the scene of the first battle with the Indians near the Lower Agency, where were still evidences of the strife when the troops fared so badly. Here I picked up the skull of an Indian warrior, that fell in this fight, and this memento still graces my collection of relics secured in that country. At the Upper Agency, we saw the fine brick house, then deserted, that Little Crow vacated when he went on the war path. We encamped in a valley near the shore of Wood Lake and, after dark, made a march to the supposed Indian camp, but found no Indians.

Near here we first saw an Indian burial platform—four stakes driven into the ground, on the top of which, at a height of eight or ten feet, was placed a platform on which was deposited the body of the dead, together with an extra blanket or robe, and, if a warrior, his arms, ammunition, and some food for his use in the happy hunting ground, until such time as he should become accustomed to the country and be able to provide for himself. From such a platform I obtained a scalping knife, a flint-lock pistol and some lead bullets, which I still have.

Massacre of the Jewett Family

In May, 1865, our community at the fort was stirred by the massacre of the Jewett family. A small band of Indians succeeded in crossing the stockade trail without detection and proceeded to the village of Garden City, a few miles below the fort, and there wreaked their vengeance on the Jewett family. The entire family, six in number, fell easy victims to the ferocity of the Indians. All had been put to death in true Indian style. Some had been tomahawked in the house; others had fallen by arrows which overtook them when endeavoring to escape. The troops at the fort were promptly on the scene. My own company scoured the woods near by, but we were too late. The Indians had gone, but the cavalry took up the trail and followed them.

They were proceeding with caution as signs multiplied that the wily foe was near, when, suddenly, the Indians arose from the grass and bushes, discharged a shower of arrows at their pursuers and, taking advantage of the momentary confusion that ensued, were off. They were not again overtaken. As a result of this fire one man fell dead from his saddle with an arrow in his chest. A half breed, taken later, was accused of complicity in this raid and promptly hung.

This event spread intense alarm along the settlements. Some, who had returned to their farms near the fort, sought refuge there, and others solicited arms with which to defend themselves. The people could see the work of Indians in any unusual event. A day or two later a Mr. Lee came to the fort and reported that he had seen six Indians the night before and had been fired at by them. I was sent, with twenty men, about fifteen miles from the fort and scoured the country where he claimed to have been attacked, but could find no trace of Indians. I camped over night near a settler, and he said he had fired at a party of Indians the night before. Light began to dawn on the situation, and further investigation convinced me beyond a doubt that Lee, while drunk, had made a demonstration near this man's house, and it was this settler who had fired at Lee and not the Indians. I returned to the fort and reported facts as I found them and subsequently my report was verified.

The news of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee which followed, April 9, reached Fort Ridgely by stage coach, several days after these historic events and caused great rejoicing. A salute of thirty guns was at once fired by the battery, and two hundred guns were fired the next day. But when, a few days later, came the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, our little community was plunged into deep gloom.

In May (1865) Brackett's Battalion of cavalry started from Fort Snelling on an expedition to the Black Hills, and camped for a few days at Fort Ridgely en route. Two companies of cavalry, commanded by my friends, Captains Barton and Reed, joined this force and left the fort. The presence of this whole battalion at the fort for a few days was a great event for that little world of ours.

Just previous to the 4th of July (1865) the paymaster visited Fort Ridgely and paid off the troops stationed there. Many of the Minnesota men wished to send money to their homes and, as St. Peter was the nearest express office, I volunteered to go to that place with what money the men wished to send. My offer was accepted, and the men turned over to me in small amounts, $10,000. I had no thought of any danger in going alone with this amount of money, but, in view of the many detached men of questionable character at the post who knew that I had this money, Col. Pfaender, who commanded the post,

would not allow me to go alone, and sent two men with me as an escort. We made the trip the 3d, and I turned over the money to the express agent late that evening. That shipment was the largest, the agent said, that had been received at the St. Peter office in one day up to that time. The next day, the 4th, I attended a great celebration of the people, and my uniform at once gained me an invitation to share the hospitalities of some of the leading men of the place and I had a great time. The speakers naturally confined themselves to the war just brought to a close, and I was particularly amused with the description, given by one speaker, of the battle of Gettysburg, in which he placed the enemy on the inside of a circle and the Union forces on the outside, which was directly the reverse of the facts.

On the 26th of July I bade adieu to Fort Ridgely and its occupants and started for Fort Snelling with my company, under orders to proceed to that post for muster out. Before starting, three cheers were given for home and a discharge from the army.

There were also sent to Fort Snelling, under my command, fifty-one detached men for muster out. These were the men spoken of before, who were serving at Fort Ridgely on detached service because of their having served in the Confederate army. There was not the best of feeling between the members of my company and these men but fortunately I had secured their good will and no trouble occurred till the settlements were reached and strong drink obtained. Then the devil that was in these men and my own came to the surface, and a small fight in camp, en route, instantly grew to large proportions, and fists, dirk knives and bayonets were freely used between my men and the others temporarily under my command. I waded in and was astonished myself at the power I exerted on those angry, intoxicated men. I succeeeded in causing a suspension of hostilities, and quiet continued during the night.

On the morning of the last day before reaching Fort Snelling, as I was about to mount my horse and start the column on the march, a man by the name of John Pryor of the 13th Indiana Vols. came to me and complained that James Stillfox, from a Massachusetts regiment, had stolen his pocket book during the night. My assurance that the matter should be investigated when we reached the fort seemed to pacify him, and he started to take his place in the ranks, when he met Stillfox and at once demanded his pocket book. Stillfox protested that he did not have it. Seeing trouble I spurred my horse forward to prevent this, but just as I reached them, Pryor leveled his gun and fired, shooting Stillfox through the heart. The dead man and his murderer were taken to Fort Snelling and there a court martial was soon convened. Pryor was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung on a given date. It was my painful duty to read

to him his death warrant, at which he broke down, protesting that he did not know what he was doing when he shot Stillfox, because he was drunk.

At this time there were in confinement at Fort Snelling an Indian warrior, Wa-kan-o-zhan-zhan (Medicine Bottle), who boasted of having killed twenty-one persons in the massacre of 1862, and one other warrior under sentence of death for participation in the Indian massacre of 1862, and the scaffold was made ready soon after I reached there. Again the people of Massachusetts petitioned the president to commute the sentence hanging over these red men, and the people of St. Paul petitioned the president to commute the sentence of Pryor on the ground that no white man had ever been executed in Minnesota, and they did not wish the record in this respect broken. The result was that the execution of the two Indians was postponed till October 28, 1865, and Pryor's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in the Indiana penitentiary.

My arrival at Fort Snelling was on July 29, 1865, and the next day I went to work on my muster-out roll and, a week or so later, presented the completed rolls to the mustering officer, when I was surprised to be informed that all my work had been for naught, that a telegram received during the night from General Pope at Chicago had stated that General Grant had directed our muster-out to be suspended, and that my company and the other three companies of our battalion be retained in the service till further orders. Some of my men were sorely disappointed, but made no trouble. As for myself I wanted to be discharged on some accounts, but, on the whole, now that the war was over, I did not mind a few months more service. I was greatly relieved in one respect—the detached men I had brought down from Fort Ridgely and some others, to the number of one hundred one, all of whom were under my command, were sent to different states for muster-out. My command seemed small after they had gone, but their departure was a great relief. My own company now numbered but forty-five.

At Fort Snelling there was much more life than at Ridgely, and that suited my taste. The line officers on duty were few, so I was detailed as officer of the day about every fourth day. St. Paul was then visited by a large number of tourists, and nearly all made a visit to the fort, and I thus came in contact with many pleasant people. All wished to see the Indian chiefs in confinement there, and as I held the keys to the place of confinement when serving as officer of the day, at those times all such called on me. While penning these lines I have read a letter written home at that time, and in one I said that when there were pretty young women in the party I always invited them to my quarters, where I showed them the Indian relics that adorned the

for board, with venison served nearly every meal,—rather too often for it to be very highly esteemed.
walls. I am wondering now whether that statement was not a mistake, as I do not remember of being influenced in that manner. I do, however, remember distinctly one middle aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, who said she was from the South. After looking at Medicine Bottle and his companion in chains, she turned to me with tears in her eyes and said, "I know how to pity them. They are a conquered people." Her words conveyed so much meaning I have never forgotten them.

Medicine Bottle had a pipe that I much coveted, and one day I asked him if I might take this after he was executed, to which he replied, "No, I shall need it in the happy hunting grounds." He did, however, give me a pair of moccasins he made, and these I still have, attached to which is his picture. His execution took place a short time after I left the fort for Fort Leavenworth.

Early in October Col. Tamblyn, with Cos. A, F, and G, arrived at Fort Snelling from their respective forts at the north, and preparations were commenced for the departure of these companies and my own for Kansas. October 14 found us marching for the city of St. Paul. There we made a brief halt and were addressed by Governor Sibley, the same man spoken of in previous pages as general, then the governor of the state.

While at Fort Ridgely I was given by Col. Pfaender, the post commander, a recommendation for a commission in the regular army, and while at Fort Snelling this had been indorsed favorably by General Ramsey, in command of the department, and by General Corse. I still have the papers, as I never made an application to the war department for a position. Ephraim William, the first lieutenant of Co. A, presented similar recommendations and was given a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army, and spent his life in the service, and lost a leg in a fight with the same Indians in Kansas, whom we met after leaving Snelling.

After listening to the speech of the governor of Minnesota and partaking of some refreshments generously furnished by some of the public spirited men of the city, we boarded a steamer in waiting for our trip down the river.

Our trip down the river was a repetition in some respects of the trip up. The water was of about the same stage as then, and consequently the paddle wheel floats were occasionally smashed in crossing a sandbar, and then there was a delay till the wheel could be mended. There were but few passengers on the boat besides our battalion, and, as the men carried their own rations, the number of boarders was small, being confined to the officers. The small number may have been the cause of the high price, three dollars per day being charged

It happened that I so often saw the evils of strong drink on my men, that I had but little patience in dealing with it, and sometimes allowed my authority, backed as it was by force, to go further than I had any legal right to go. An instance of this kind occurred on this boat. There was a licensed rumseller on board, who sold without limit to whoever wished to buy. The second day on the river I was officer of the day and therefore in immediate command of all things concerning the welfare of the troops on board. I had not been on duty long when I discovered that the enlisted men were imbibing too much, and I forbade the bartender to sell any more to the enlisted men. He promised he would not, but I very soon noticed that the deck hands of the boat made very frequent purchases, and, instead of drinking the stuff at the bar, they carried it off in bottles. I very naturally concluded that the enlisted men were the real purchasers, and I therefore forbade the bartender to sell to the boat hands any liquor to carry away. As he would not promise to do this, I promptly put an armed guard into the barroom with orders not to allow any of the enlisted men to drink and not to allow anybody to carry any liquor out of the room. At this the bartender went into the air. He said he paid his license and hired that room, and had a legal right to sell to anybody, and I had no right to stop him. I allowed he might be correct, but as long as I was on duty, he would not sell to the enlisted men on board, and he did not. A similar case occurred at a village in Minnesota, where I had made a halt when on the march. I put a guard at the doors of a drinking saloon, and kept it there as long as I remained in the village, and so prevented my men from getting intoxicated, notwithstanding the proprietor protested that I had no right to proclaim martial law in that village.

One day in September, 1865, occurred an eclipse of the sun. I remember the boat was laid up on a rocky bar in the river at Keokuk the greater part of that day, and all the officers viewed the eclipse from the deck through smoked glass. The government had sought to improve the channel at this point, and a great mass of stone blown from the channel lay on the west bank of the Mississippi. This stone was largely composed of fossil remains of shells, and there I gathered a few fine specimens that now grace my cabinet.

Arriving at Hannibal, Mo., we disembarked and proceeded by train across the state of Missouri to St. Joseph. Here we again took a boat and proceeded down the Missouri river a few miles to Fort Leavenworth, where we went into camp to prepare for a trip to our destination on the plains, four hundred fifty miles west of that point.

Here the difference in the water of the Missouri river from that in the Mississippi was very noticeable. The water of the later stream was clear, but that of the Missouri was muddy, so thick one could not see an inch below the surface. A pail of its water left standing over night would contain two or three inches of sediment in the morning.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

At the time we went to Leavenworth, Ben Holliday's overland express line to California was in operation, its route east of the Rocky Mountains being along the Platte river in Nebraska, and Butterfield was seeking to establish a rival line from Atkinson, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado, and on to California. A route had been selected, and ranches for the keeping of the necessary stock for the exchange of horses or mules on the stage coaches had been established across the plains. This was called the Smoky Hill route and was pretty much the same as where now runs the Smoky Hill branch of the Union Pacific railroad from Atkinson to Denver. This route was through territory that had, up to that time, been in the undisputed possession of several of the tribes of wild Indians, the Comanches, Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, Apaches, Kiawas, and a part of the Sioux nation. This territory was neutral ground, all these tribes occupying it in common at their pleasure. Naturally these Indians did not take kindly to a road through their hunting grounds, and they promptly showed their displeasure by taking the war path.

On arriving at Fort Leavenworth, an order was issued assigning the companies of Col. Tamblyn's battalion along this line. Col. Tamblyn, with Cos. F and G, was to establish a post to be called Fort Fletcher, three hundred miles west of Fort Leavenworth; now known as Fort Hayes; Capt. Strout, with Co. A, was to proceed one hundred miles further west and establish a post at Monument, on the same stream, while my destination was Pond Creek station, fifty miles beyond Monument, on Pond Creek, which emptied into the Smoky Hill. This order made my destination four hundred fifty miles west of Leavenworth.

We went into camp near the fort and were soon busily engaged in preparing for our long march and winter's work on the plains of western Kansas. Two six-mule teams were assigned to each company for their permanent use, in which we were to carry the company supplies, tents, commissary and quartermaster's stores for immediate use. Four wagon trains of twenty-five six-mule teams each and one train of nine six-mule teams, each under the charge of a wagon master, were loaded with further supplies, camp and garrison equipage, lumber for

a hospital, etc. The number of mules, including spare mules for contingencies, numbered about six hundred seventy-five, while the entire number of men of the battalion was slightly over two hundred fifty. Two trains were to be unloaded at Fort Fletcher and return to Leavenworth from there. The others were to deliver their freight to Monument and Pond Creek and then to turn south and proceed to Fort Lyon on the Arkansas river, and from there bring further supplies for the ports at Monument and Pond Creek.

These large army wagons, covered with cloth, and others even larger drawn by six mules or more or six or more oxen, used by the emigrants and freighters in crossing the plains, were known as prairie schooners. The driver of each team sat on the nigh wheel mule, and guided the animals by a single rein attached to the nigh leader. In his right hand he swung a long whip with such dexterity that he could plant a blow at any point desired, even on the heads of his leaders. The science of driving consisted of a series of jerks with the rein, a liberal use of the whip, and a constant stream of yells and oaths. Treated in this way the mule rarely failed to do faithful service wherever placed. He could be relied upon in two ways—as a willing worker and sure to let fly his heels whenever a person came within striking distance.

Business took me two or three times to the city of Leavenworth, then in a crude formative state, having a large element of gamblers and disreputable people. The highway between the city and the fort, two or three miles, was considered unsafe even in the day time, because infested with robbers and highwaymen.

We broke camp and started on our long march. Rain fell most of the time during the first two or three days, and the roads were heavy, the soil being clayey, similar to that of Virginia, but the mud soon disappeared with the appearance of the sun and we then made about twenty miles each day. We usually went into camp about the middle of the afternoon, and the mules were turned out to graze till night, when they were brought up and attached to the tongues of the wagons. In this way they required but little meal or corn from the supply carried on the wagons.

On the fourth of November we encamped at Indianola in the Pottawatomie reservation, about eighty miles nearer the setting sun than when we started. On the march the men were not obliged to keep company formations, and, there being so many wagons, a man had no difficulty in taking a ride whenever so disposed. Infantry line officers are not entitled to horses, but most of us provided ourselves with mounts, preferring to ride rather than walk and the better to attend to our duties under existing circumstances, and to be armed and equipped for buffalo hunting when we should reach the buffalo

country. I purchased a good saddle horse for $125, and a most hardy, useful animal he proved to be during all the months of my service on the plains. At our camp at Indianola, the heavens were made lurid at night by the burning of the prairie, and the few dwellings then standing there narrowly escaped destruction.

The Potawatami Indians occupying this reservation were called civilized, and apparently were entitled to this designation. They cultivated the soil, raised small herds of stock, and lived in log houses. These houses were usually about fifteen or twenty feet square and contained two rooms each. Two of these houses were frequently facing each other, perhaps fifteen feet apart, and one roof covered the two houses and the space between. St. Mary's Mission, a Catholic institution, furnished facilities for an education. Polygamy was still practiced among them. They seemed happy and prosperous.

Much of the land on this reservation was low and marshy, and fever and ague prevailed to a wide extent. Hardly a house at this season of the year but had its victims. Through sleeping on the wet ground and breathing malarial air I was prostrated with what was called the dumb ague, and for the first time in my army experience rode in an ambulance because unable to sit in the saddle. On this occasion the ambulance went ahead of the column and stopped for the day at Fort Riley, where I rested in the quarters of one of the officers.

A day or two later our column passed through Junction City, a small but rapidly growing village. Among the people who were watching our march through the town, we recognized Capt. J. H. Prescott, recently of our old regiment, the 12th N. H. Vols. This regiment had been mustered out a few months before, and Capt. Prescott was in the west, looking for a place to settle. He selected Salina, at that time the most western settlement in Kansas. His growth was as rapid as the country of his choice. He commenced the practice of law, was soon after appointed, or elected, a judge, and became one of the leading men in that portion of the state. At that time Salina had but half a dozen houses, but a few years later I received from Capt. Prescott, a descriptive pamphlet of the place. It was then a place of considerable size, with wide avenues, public parks, and public buildings and a street car service. On "Prescott avenue" was shown the fine residence of Judge J. H. Prescott. This incident shows how eastern young men of push and character rapidly came to the front and made their mark in this new country.

Lieut. Eaton and I passed a few hours pleasantly with Capt. Prescott, recounting the past and anticipating the future, and then rejoined our command in camp that afternoon.

At Salina we passed the last dwelling house on the frontier. Here was located a public house, on the outside of which was spread an

immense piece of canvas on which was lettered: "The last chance to procure a square meal." The price was one dollar. We looked inside at the small table spread in the middle of the room that constituted the first story, and concluded we would let the last chance pass and trust to army supplies for our next meal, rather than partake of a meal in that place.

Here, with three hundred miles still before us, we left the habitations of civilized men behind us, and entered that vast tract of country called the Great American desert, the domain of the Indians, the buffalo, the antelope, the deer and the wolf.

Buffalo Hunting

As we progressed, indications that we were in the vicinity of the buffalo multiplied, but it was not till the afternoon of the second day out that we had the opportunity of trying the mettle of our horses in a buffalo chase. Then, in company of several other officers, we rode a few miles in advance of the column, and soon saw a herd of six, a mile or so in advance to our left. They were tearing along at a rapid rate, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. It was but the work of a moment to note the direction they were traveling, and then, putting spurs to our horses, we sought to reach a spot they would pass. The ground here was a rolling prairie, and from the time we started till we reined up our horses a few minutes later on a commanding position, we had seen nothing of our game, but we had hardly time to take a long breath and look about us when these same animals came in sight, this time only a few rods distant and coming straight as an arrow to where we were. In looks, the buffalo is a most ferocious animal. In running, he carries his head near the ground, and a sharp, ugly eye from behind a mass of long tangled hair is enough to strike terror to any horse or man not accustomed to his habits. When wounded, the bulls are dangerous, but usually they will run before they will fight. Ordinarily a herd when traveling takes a straight course and is not easily turned to the right or left, but the statement so often heard that a herd of buffalo cannot be turned from its course is without foundation, as we several times demonstrated for the purpose of testing its truth. Ordinarily, the larger the herd the harder the work of turning it and the more persistently the leaders are followed. We do not mean that a herd may be turned square about, but simply that they may be turned from a straight course. On this occasion the buffalo advanced with a seeming determination to annihilate our party, then turned slightly to the left, and passed within a few feet of us. They struck terror to the horses, if not to the riders, and the horses reared and plunged to such an extent it was impossible to fire a shot. As soon as they had passed, we followed in hot pursuit, but it was

impossible to overtake them, and they escaped. Though we frequently joined in the hunt later and saw herds extending many miles, yet on no subsequent occasion was the excitement equal to this afternoon. We could not dismiss them from our thoughts, when we closed our eyes that night, and all night long visions of flying herds were constantly seen, and our escapes from death beneath their hoofs were numerous and miraculous.

As we advanced, wolves became very numerous. There were two species, the small coyote, or prairie wolf, and the grey, or buffalo, wolf. The former, the most numerous, were but little larger than a fox, but the latter were much larger.

But few of the coyotes were seen in the day time, but as night approached, they gathered in vast numbers, frequently entirely surrounding our camp, being attracted from miles around by the odor of food. Then commenced a concert that lasted all night. Disappointed at not appeasing their appetites, it seemed that every wolf turned against his neighbor, and the air was filled with howls that baffle description. Multiply an ordinary cat concert a thousand times, and the reader may have some idea of the music that lulled us to sleep many a night. It seemed at times that, emboldened by their vast numbers, they certainly would rush into camp and devour the entire party, but beyond disturbing our slumbers they did us no harm. Later on, these concerts were more welcomed because it was said their presence indicated that no Indians were about.

Wood was a scarce article, and we depended almost entirely for fuel upon buffalo chips—dried buffalo manure. These chips were very plentiful, and immediately, upon halting for the night, a supply was gathered. The burning chips made a comfortable fire, emitting an odor like burning grass. Our camp stove was like a huge tunnel, placed on the ground, the top provided with a small funnel to carry off the smoke, but with no bottom. One difficulty with these chips was they made a great amount of ashes, and frequently the stove had to be lifted and the ashes thrown out, or the stove moved to a new position.

On the arrival of the command at his destination, Col. Tamblyn at once established a post, which was named Fort Fletcher, near where now stands Fort Harper.

We were now in the heart of the Indian country. Indeed, along this creek, until our arrival, had been the homes of the red man, but they had now disappeared, and their disappearance was ominous of trouble, because all Indians, if friendly, are sure to make themselves familiar and generally offensively so. This spot was selected for a station because near by was timber in sufficient quantities to furnish material for the erection of quarters.

The two trains with supplies for Fort Fletcher were unloaded there and returned to Fort Leavenworth.

After a rest of a day or two at Fort Fletcher, Capt. Strout, in command of Co. A, and I with my company, started for our destinations at Monument andPond Creek, respectively. We took along two wagon trains of twenty-five six-mule wagons each and one train of nine wagons, having supplies for our stations.

The first three days out, the weather was fine, the trail in good condition, and we covered a longer distance than usual. A vast number of buffalo were in sight, and we killed two or three to furnish meat for the men of our commands. Indeed, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie was black with these great creatures, and the men were exceedingly impatient to go into camp that they might have an hour for hunting. In killing these buffalo for food, the young animals were always selected because the meat was so much more tender and palatable than that of the older ones; but compared with first class beef even the tenderest was tough. The steak of the older animals was simply masticated, and but seldom swallowed. Quite frequently only the tongue and liver were taken for food.

On the fourth day—Sunday—we went into camp early, about noon, a favorable place for feeding the mules being offered on the bottom land on the Smoky Hill river. Without authority from Capt. Strout, who was the ranking captain and therefore in command, the small train of nine wagons under a wagon master named Livingstone, had gone into camp nearly a quarter of a mile from the others. This man, since leaving Leavenworth, had been making complaints that the men of the other trains were stealing from his train and so he wanted to be by himself. The buffalo had largely passed out of sight, but Capt. Strout and many of the men and teamsters promptly went hunting after getting settled in camp. About the middle of the afternoon, while reading in my tent, a soldier came in from off the prairie in breathless haste and reported that he had seen Indians. Taking my field glass I ascended a bluff close at hand, and at once discovered a band of Indians mounted on fleet ponies, stampeding the mules of Livingstone's train. Swinging their blankets in the air and yelling like demons, they swept down upon the herd guarded by only a few teamsters. The Indians paid no attention to the herders, so intent were they in securing the animals, and the herders, mute with astonishment, offered not the least resistance. Every mule in the herd, fifty-seven in number, in a wild fright, was instantly flying over the prairie, followed by the Indians.

Leaving Lieut. Hedge in command of the camp, I hastily mounted a small number of men on mules and started in pursuit. But the Indians had had a start of several minutes, and, realizing the hopelessness of overtaking them, not even once seeing them after I started,

after a few miles ride, I returned to camp and directed efforts to prevent further surprises and losses. The mules belonging to the other trains were brought up, and the trains corralled with the tents, or bivouac, for the men inside the corral. Then taking enough harnessed mules I went with teamsters to Livingstone's camp and drew his nine wagons to our camp. Here the contents of his wagons were distributed among the wagons of the other trains and the empty wagons abandoned. The next June, in going east, I saw these same wagons still standing where we had left them. The afternoon and night passed without further alarm, but towards night a smoke was seen a few miles to the west, which we understood to mean that the Indians were at work at a ranch just west of us, and so the events of the morrow proved.

The next morning we moved early. As a precautionary measure the canvas on the tops of the wagons was rolled back a few feet from the front and, on each wagon, one or two men were posted in readiness to fire on any advancing foe, and the teamsters had orders, in case of an attack, to instantly throw the trains into a corral. In order that this might be done the more readily, the trains moved in two parallel columns.

We had proceeded but a few miles when I discovered with my glass a party seated on the ground in a circle, in true Indian style, a half mile in advance of us. Supposing this party to be Indians I took a dozen men and advanced under cover of a ravine to within rifle shot, intending to fire on them without warning, but, I discovered that the party consisted of six white men and two women. One of the men approached me with his head uncovered and I approached him in the same way. They were ranchers in the employ of the Overland Dispatch Company at stations west of us. They reported that the Indians had driven off all the stock of the company at their stations, and that they had left the ranches, fearing a return of the savages and the loss of their lives. They had been traveling east for two days with but little food, keeping all the time in the ravines from fear of being discovered. They reported that the night before they had passed to the north of the next ranch west of us and saw a fire there and heard screams, and they feared the ranchmen were being tortured by the Indians. We gave these people food and they gladly accepted our proposition to remain with us.

The ranches, spoken of above, were habitations of the rudest description possible, sometimes simply holes in the ground, covered with brush and earth, where one or two men lived all alone, from twelve to fifteen miles distant from neighbors, their occupation being to care for the stock necessary to operate the proposed stage line and change the horses or mules of the stage coaches that were expected but did not come, at least that year. That men could be found for such a duty as

this seems incredible, and yet the company found plenty to perform this service, a single man being found at some of these ranches, and at others a man and his wife.

Indian Cruelties

As we approached the next ranch, Downer's, on our march, in company with two or three others I rode ahead of the train a little, and a ghastly sight met our eyes. Here we found three dead men. The body of one lay in front of the ranch, stripped of all clothing, and from his chest protruded more than twenty arrows. One was driven into his ear and ghastly wounds had been inflicted on various parts of his body. Not far away lay another dead man, also nude, his body pierced with many arrows, his tongue cut out, and he was otherwise namelessly mutilated. In the rear of the ranch a still more sickening sight met our view. Here the fiends had made a fire of boards, that had just been delivered there for the construction of quarters, and such other combustible material as the ranch afforded, and across the yet smouldering embers lay the body of a man half consumed from the knees to the shoulders. The arms were drawn to the chest, the hands clenched, and every feature of the face indicated that the man had died in agony. Without doubt he had been burned alive. Not content with this, before leaving their victim, they had inflicted other indgnities on the lifeless remains. When we removed the remains for burial the elbows unjointed. Our friends whom we had rescued had rightly divined that fiendish work was being enacted here when they passed this point the night before.

We halted here long enough to give the remains of these men decent burial and then resumed the march, but we had proceeded but two or three miles when we found further work of these fiends on the day before. The Indians had evidently overtaken a party of three carpenters, in the employ of the Overland company, on the road with a wagon drawn by two mules. It was evident the men had deserted the wagon, probably hoping the Indians cared more for the plunder than for them, but none escaped. The mules had been taken and the wagon burned. About forty rods from the wagon one man was struck down, and there we found his remains, and a little further off the remains of the second man were found. Both of these had evidently fallen easy victims to the savages, but not so the third. He had succeeded in reaching a "buffalo wallow" and there evidently had made a gallant fight for his life. A buffalo wallow is a large circular hole in the ground made by the buffalo. The buffalo, in order to rid himself of tormenting insects, lies on the ground, and kicks himself around in a circle using one horn for a pivot. Having once started a wallow, the

same spot is used by many animals in turn until they sometimes excavate a space a foot deep and fifteen feet in diameter, and this depression with the earth thrown up on the rim of the circle made a breastwork that afforded considerable protection for a man with modern arms.

It was in one of these wallows that the third man had taken refuge, and the large number of empty shells of the Smith & Wesson rifle, lying about, showed that he had sold his life as dearly as possible. But in time his ammunition was exhausted and then he, too, fell a victim. These three, like the three found earlier in the day, had been mutilated but evidently not till death had claimed them. Again we paused long enough to bury the dead and then resumed the march. A sharp lookout was kept during the day for Indians. None showed themselves, however, but smoke was seen in various directions, indicating their presence within a short distance, and possibly signalling among themselves.

This day vast numbers of buffalo were seen. Indeed, our march all day was through immense herds extending as far as the eye could reach, all moving south, as usual, at this season of the year. At times they were on the run and there was great danger of stampeding the train. At such times the men could see in their movements the directing hand of the Indians. No buffalo were killed this day as the discharge of a gun was to be the signal of danger. On the whole the day was one of great anxiety and danger. When we started in the morning, nearly two full days' march lay between us and Monument but, in view of existing conditions, it was thought best to cover the distance that day. A halt was made at noon, the mules fed from the grain in the wagons and we again pushed on. We reached Monument just at night and here we found a company of the 13th Missouri Cavalry under command of Capt. Schnell, which had preceded us a week or two, to do garrison duty in connection with Co. A of our battalion. Another company of this cavalry, under command of Capt. McMichael, had gone to Pond Creek to do garrison duty in connection with my company.

At Monument we found one man belonging to the cavalry who had had his scalp taken by Indians. It seemed that a few days before our arrival two men were on the prairie hunting when they were fired on by Indians in hiding. One was killed outright and the other wounded. The wounded man feigned dead as the Indians, gloating over their fiendish work, came up. One Indian struck him on the spine with his tomahawk, but still he showed no signs of life. Then another passed his knife around the outskirts of his hair, and, with a quick, strong pull, stripped the scalp from his head, leaving the cranium entirely bare. Then they left him. After a little he got up and walked half way to the station, became bewildered, and going back, again laid down beside his dead companion. In this position he was found later by comrades,

taken to the station and his wounds dressed. Strange to say he was in a fair way to recovery when he took cold by his own carelessness and soon after died.

Preparations for the night were hastily made, a strong picket and guard stationed, and the men bivouacked for the night. Quiet had hardly rested on the encampment when the silence was broken by a picket calling, "Who comes there?" Every head was lifted from the knapsack pillow and every eye was turned toward an approaching object. "Halt," cried the picket, when, in response, the heavy bray of a mule sounded on the night air, and, paying no attention to the challenge, he trotted into camp. This mule had given out that day on the march and been abandoned, but rest and a few hours grazing had revived him and he concluded not to furnish a meal for the wolves.

Our camp was on the west bank of the Smoky Hill creek, a most erratic stream. At times, or at certain places, its waters were seen flowing over the bed of the stream; at other places the bed of the stream was on top and the waters beneath, making their way east through the sand. Extending to the north a mile or more was a stretch of rich bottom land covered with a rich growth of prairie grass, now dry. Beyond were the "monuments" from which the station took its name. These monuments appeared in the distance like a huge ruin. The water and winds had worn away the surrounding earth during the ages past, until the tops were fifty feet or more above the surrounding land, the walls being nearly perpendicular. These sides and tops resembled hard baked clay and contained the rude carvings of the red men. Near the base were strata of shells and other organic remains, showing that since the bed of the ocean had receded from here, fifty feet of earth had accumulated, and then the storms of untold centuries had worn away this same accumulation, leaving them in their present condition. On all sides bluffs and a rolling prairie limited the range of vision.

The next day after our arrival was spent in unloading the stores that were to be left here. During the day our number was augmented by the arrival, from the east, of a stage coach, containing General Brewster, the general superintendent of the eastern division of the Overland Dispatch company's line, R. A. Davis, a special artist for Harper's Weekly; a correspondent for the New York Times; and one or two other correspondents of New York papers. These correspondents were the guests of General Brewster and had come out here at his invitation to report on the beauties of this new line across the plains. They passed the night with us and then proceeded on their way to Denver, notwithstanding the experiences of the last few days with the Indians. Dr. Whipple, who was stationed at Pond Creek but who had come to Monument to dress the wounds of the man scalped by the Indians, had

left Monument with General Brewster to return to Pond Creek. As they thus had a party of six or eight and were well armed, they thought themselves equal to any attack that would be made upon them.

This party had been gone but an hour or so when Indians were again reported as being seen. Looking toward the east, with the aid of my glass, I saw, a mile or more distant, a body of Indians riding in a circle while, from inside the circle, was seen an occasional puff of smoke. This said that white men were there surrounded by Indians, and making a fight for their lives. These facts were reported to Capt. Strout, who hastily took a portion of his company and went on the double quick to the scene of action, and he arrived none too soon. The party consisted of two men, employees of the Overland Co., in a buggy. They had been attacked an hour before and had kept the red men at bay in a running fight, but just west of the spot where Capt. Strout rescued them, and between them and us, was a deep ravine through which the party must pass and here, without doubt, they would have fallen victims to the savages. Indeed, when Capt. Strout arrived at the ravine, the Indians had already commenced to dispose of themselves there, ready for the attack when the party should arrive.

Baffled in their attack on this party, many of the savages turned their attention to the herd of mules feeding near the river. Anticipating this movement I had taken a portion of my company and gone on the double quick to the relief of the herders. It was a race for the mules if not a race for life between us and the Indians. The Indians were mounted and we were not, so they had the better of the race and reached the vicinity of the herd first. It was then or never, so I gave the order to fire and the boys promptly dropped on their knees, raised the sights of their muskets at one thousand yards' range and sent a shower of cold lead into the dusky savages. The result was highly satisfactory, and to veterans of the hard fought battles of Virginia extremely ludicrous. The savages instantly whirled, threw themselves on the sides of the ponies farthest from us and were off with even greater speed than they had come. When out of range they stopped, and the attention given one or two of their number indicated that the bullets had done some execution.

The mules were driven to camp and secured, and this was done none too soon, for the Indians increased in numbers rapidly. They seemed to come from every direction, and soon surrounded our encampment, but although they outnumbered us four to one they did not dare make a stand-up fight. Occasionally they would make a dash as though about to sweep all before them, and then as soon as they came within easy range of our rifles would turn and make a hasty retreat. At times they appeared on every side and then, without any apparent reason, every Indian would disappear and none would be seen for half an hour.

At one time when no Indians were in sight a black bear was seen slowly making his way through the grass. Some of my men were anxious to go out and shoot it, but this I did not allow, a ruse being suspected. I watched this "animal" with my glass and finally saw it rise and walk off on two feet.

Thus the hours wore away till the latter part of the afternoon when, failing to entice us from camp, they sought to burn us out. The tall dry grass on the bottom spoken of before was set on fire on the west which, fanned by a strong western wind, burned with great fury, rolling up great volumes of black smoke. But fire must be met with fire, so a fire was set by us to meet theirs, and some of the men, armed with empty grain sacks, prevented the flames from running into camp, while the rest stood ready to meet the wily savages should they come down upon us under cover of the smoke. Our fire met theirs and no damage was done.

While this had been taking place a buck had been all the time seated on a bluff, perhaps one thousand yards distant, evidently viewing the scene with great satisfaction. As soon as the danger from the fire had subsided I thought I would see if I could reach this fellow with a bullet, so, taking a Henry rifle, I raised the sight to the highest point, drew a bead on him, and sent him my compliments. If he did not feel that bullet, he must have heard it, for he instantly disappeared from his perch and made no more observations from that point.

As night settled over the scene, the heavens were made lurid in every direction by the burning prairie, and by its light we could see the forms of the red devils moving about. North of us we saw a large number joining in a war dance. The scene was not one conducive to sleep and there was no occasion to caution those on guard to be vigilant. Indeed, in making the rounds that night, we found many volunteers on the picket line.

That evening a council of war was held and the situation discussed. The council consisted of the six commissioned officers, two from each of the three companies present, and the three wagon masters. The latter were invited to participate because they held responsible positions and had had some experience on the plains. Two of the men rescued on the march were also present but not by invitation. We were seated in a Sibley tent in a circle, and each gave his opinion, in turn, as to what the exigencies of the situation required. The teamsters were in favor of a retreat; most of the officers were in favor of holding the ground where we were, but opposed to weakening our forces by the withdrawal of my company; while I, being under direct orders to proceed to Pond Creek, thought the danger not sufficiently great to justify me in not making an attempt to reach that point. All the commissioned officers were a unit in thinking that I ought not to advance

with the wagon trains till the condition of the country west of us was ascertained. I there consented to make a reconnaissance the next day with a portion of my company, and, meanwhile, to leave the trains where they were.

The two civilians referred to as present were the husbands of the two women in the party rescued a few days before. When all had spoken except them, I objected to their being allowed to give an opinion, on the ground that they were not in the service of the government, and, having their wives with them would naturally favor a retreat. Subsequently this opinion of mine was the cause of much sport at my expense, it being alleged that I took the position that the opinion of a married man in times of danger was not worth considering.

The next morning I mounted a dozen of my men on mules and placed as many more in a six-mule wagon, and struck out for a reconnaissance of the country. I was in the saddle on my own horse. But few Indians were seen that day and these were evidently, like ourselves, making observations. Those seen were in small numbers on bluffs and other high elevations which commanded a good view of the country. Larger parties were without doubt near us, but the Indian as a rule is never seen when it is for his interest not to be.

In this way we followed the trail west without anything of special interest happening till about noon, when we neared a stock-tender's ranch. Then a man came from a dugout, standing in a prominent position, which constituted the ranch, and made himself seen by us. Then another and another came to the surface until six or eight stood looking at us. They proved to be General Brewster and party and Doctor Whipple, who had left us the day before, and the solitary stock-tender, who was living at this ranch. Very naturally they were overjoyed at our coming, for their stagecoach was a useless thing on the prairie, their mules were in the hands of the Indians, and their rations and ammunitions very limited.

A few days before, the Indians had driven off the stock at this ranch, but had not molested the ranchman, so he had remained in his dugout till the unexpected visit of General Brewster and party. This party was traveling in a Concord stage coach, made at Concord, N. H., the same as seen on the stage lines in all parts of the country west of the Mississippi river. Doctor Whipple was returning to Pond Creek riding his private horse.

After leaving Monument this party had proceeded on its way without any incident of note till they were nearing this station. Then they were suddenly surrounded by a large body of Indians, who, fortunately, seemed more intent in securing stock than scalps, and the stagecoach party did what many another party has done under similar circumstances; they lost their heads. One man on the inside of the

coach discharged his rifle through the top and came near doing more execution among those on the outside than all the Indians combined. As the Indians bore down upon the party, swinging their blankets, and sounding the war whoop, the driver lost control of the mules, which ran wildly into danger instead of from it. Seeing this, the driver and passengers instantly jumped for dear life, one man not even taking his arms with him, and the Indians secured the mules. Doctor Whipple was mounted on a fine horse, and he very sensibly came to the conclusion that his life would be safer if he and his horse should part company, so he dismounted without ceremony and with special haste, as several bucks had evidently taken a liking to his horse and were bearing down upon him.

Now the doctor was a very peculiar specimen of humanity. He was short, bow legged, round shouldered, cross eyed, an albino, and he had St. Vitus' dance in his eyes. He was not an officer of the army, but what was called a "contract surgeon," being engaged for a special duty because no commissioned surgeon was available. In spite of his physical defects he was a good physician and surgeon. When the doctor landed, on this occasion, on terra firma, he found himself face to face with a young buck 18 or 20 years old. Both were armed with revolvers and both instinctively commenced to fire at the other. The Indian was so terrified at the object before him or, at finding himself alone in such close quarters with a white man, that he could not or did not shoot straight, and the doctor was so cross eyed that he could not see to do good execution, even if his nerves were calm, and so these two exchanged shots and neither was hurt.

Fortunately this party in vacating the stagecoach saved most of their arms, ammunition and rations. They promptly took refuge in the dugout and prepared to defend themselves, but, fortunately for them, the Indians had nothing to gain by a further attack and did not again molest them, but during the afternoon the captor of the doctor's horse rode once or twice within hearing distance and shouted, "Much good horse, much good horse!"

These men regarded my party as their deliverers and gladly accepted my proposition to return to Monument with us. We rested our animals, partook of hardtack and coffee, and were on the point of starting east, when we observed horsemen approaching from the west, whom we at first supposed were Indians, but who proved to be Capt. McMichael and escort from Pond Creek, who were out with the same object in view as myself, and we had met after each had traveled twenty-five miles, or half the distance between the two posts. Our meeting was very opportune, as it enabled us to cooperate in the movements of the next few days and enabled General Brewster and party to travel a few miles further west instead of retracing their steps to the

east. I returned to Monument with my command, reaching there at a late hour much fatigued, having traveled fifty miles during the day. I at once issued the necessary orders to my company and to the wagon train masters for an early move on the morrow.

The next morning before sunrise, coffee was made and buffalo steak cooked over a fire of buffalo chips, and these we partook of, shivering in the cold, for it was now the latter part of November and the nights were cold. Just as the sun rose in the east, the trains pulled out. As one train had unloaded at Monument, this train took a part of the load of the other train so that the fifty wagons had the loads of only twenty-five. On this account, and because of threatened trouble from the Indians, we pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, all the time using the utmost vigilance to guard against a surprise. Our constant preparation for trouble may have been observed by the Indians and thus saved us from an attack. After an hour's rest at noon for man and beast and for feeding the mules with grain rather than allowing them to graze, we again pushed on and arrived, late at night, at Pond Creek.

During the afternoon of this day the buffalo came down on us in great numbers at one point, and, partly to turn them from the train and prevent a stampede, and partly to gratify the men, I gave permission at one time to such as desired to fire, when crack went a dozen rifles and half a dozen buffalo bit the dust. Such was the condition of the air that this firing was distinctly heard by Capt. McMichael at Pond Creek, twelve miles away, and he at once prepared to go to our relief, supposing we were attacked by Indians, but hearing no further firing, did not move.

In accordance with instructions received before leaving Leavenworth, after the wagon trains had been unloaded at Pond Creek, the two empty trains were sent south across the almost trackless prairie to Fort Lyons on the Arkansas river, one hundred miles to the south, for further supplies. This trip was made with an escort from Pond Creek under the command of Lieut. Hedge of my company. Additional supplies were brought to Pond Creek from Fort Lyons, and then the empty trains returned east to Fort Leavenworth.

The trains on this trip passed over the Sand Creek battle ground. In 1863 a band of Indians consisting of Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux from this vicinity made a raid into Colorado, stole stock and committed other depredations. Col. John M. Chivington was at that time governor of the territory of Colorado. He raised a company of three hundred volunteers and followed the savages to Sand Creek, where ensued, what was called at that time, one of the bloodiest scenes of Indian warfare in the history of the country. Nearly all the casualties were among the Indians, and a large number of men, women and

children were slain, and the atrocities committed were said to have equalled those of savages. A storm of indignation arose throughout the country, and Col. Chivington was court-martialed. One member of the court was Schuyler Colfax. The colonel was acquitted but removed by the president from office. At this time evidences of the strife were plainly seen, and a Mexican bit found there now graces my collection of curios.

Pond Creek station was situated on Pond Creek, a stream similar to a small trout brook in New Hampshire. This stream was but a few miles in length and emptied into the Smoky Hill river a mile distant. Its importance consisted in the fact, that it furnished all the water used at the station. There was no timber within several miles of this point with which to construct quarters, and the men went promptly at work to construct dugouts. On the top of the bluff and near the edge, rooms were excavated, usually about ten or twelve feet square and six feet deep, and the top covered with poles and brush, which grew on the banks of the Smoky, a few miles away, and on this was piled enough of the earth excavated to make a wind- and water-tight roof. A narrow passage was cut from this room through the front wall for a door, and on one side or the back end was built a fireplace with a chimney on top to carry off the smoke. On one side was left a platform, which was used as a table or seat by day and a bed by night. The only way of admitting light was by removing the gunny bag that usually answered for a door. Such a room usually accommodated four persons. The soil was dry and such quarters furnished more comfortable places of abode than would naturally be expected. The appearance of the encampment reminded one of a lot of cave dwellers. For the use of my lieutenant and myself I had a wall tent, but as no tent erected in the usual way could withstand the gales of the plains, I had a space excavated sufficient to set this tent into the ground up to the eaves. The roof was strongly guyed, and thus I had all the light and convenience of the ordinary wall tent. Shelter for the horses and mules was made at the base of the bluff, where the stores of the station were kept.

When I arrived at Pond Creek station Capt. McMichael and I compared our commissions to ascertain who was the oldest captain. I was somewhat relieved when the dates showed that he was mustered as captain a few days before I was, and that he was the ranking captain and therefore in command at this post, and not I. Capt. McMichael was a Missourian and his men were from Missouri. Though strong Union men they had been accustomed to fighting of the guerrilla stamp rather than fighting disciplined troops. They had had but little discipline, and while the lack of discipline among the men of Minnesota made them more as neighbors and friends in the service than

soldiers, the lack of army discipline among these Missourians and their experience in the service had made them show more of the bully than men softened and knit together by common dangers and sufferings. The lieutenant of this company had lost his voice owing to an injury to the vocal cords by a bullet that passed through his neck, when he was trying to quell a disturbance in his company.

Life at Pond Creek

Life at Pond Creek station was decidedly dreary. By the time quarters were completed winter had set in. The buffalo had gone south as usual at this season of the year in search of better grazing and a warmer climate; antelope, though sometimes seen in large numbers, seldom came near camp, were always moving rapidly and could not well be followed; and indeed hunting for any game could not be indulged in except by large parties. The Indians had wiped out the stock at all the ranches so effectively that no attempt was made to resume business by running coaches and no mails arrived. Over two hundred miles stretched between us and the nearest settlement on the east, and week after week passed and not even a courier reached us bearing dispatches from military headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. Supply trains, long overdue, failed to arrive and provisions were getting low. To make matters worse, a large part of the supplies we had were found to be unfit for food. The pork and bacon were putrid and the hardtack mildewed. The situation was getting serious and starvation or evacuation in the dead of winter seemed inevitable. Every day anxious eyes gazed towards the south in search of buffalo, or to the east, hoping to see the long expected relief train.

At length, one Sunday morning, buffalo were seen some six or eight miles away. Capt. McMichael and myself, with six or eight men, were soon in the saddle and, with two six-mule wagons to bring in the game, were soon off. The herd proved to be many thousand in extent and was already on the run when we reached it, so that quick work was needed. Each, drawing his forty-four-calibre revolver, rode fearlessly alongside the passing herd and, selecting a passing cow or calf, fired, while on the run, at a vital spot of the animal. The buffalo, while on the run, is a most ferocious looking animal, and the bulls sometimes turn on a man with fatal results. For this reason our intentions were to keep on the outskirts of the herd, but in the excitement of the run, both on the part of the men, and of the animals in their efforts to escape, we were sometimes entirely surrounded by the buffalo.

But the run was over in a few minutes and the herd rapidly disappeared in the distance, leaving eight cows and calves behind as the fruit of the run. Capt. McMichael was also on the ground writhing with pain. When on the run his horse had stepped into a gopher hole

and almost turned a somersault, throwing his rider over his head. Capt. McMichael struck the ground many feet ahead of the horse and was so badly injured he could not rise. He was assisted into the saddle, the game was loaded into the wagons, and we returned to camp highly elated over the success of the day, so far as securing food was concerned.

One hundred and twenty men, the number at Pond Creek, made short work of the meat supply captured that Sunday morning, and again the garrison looked hunger in the face. To make matters worse, forage for the horses and mules was entirely exhausted, and all the animals had to subsist on was the grazing to be had through from three to six inches of snow. Under such conditions they grew weak and unserviceable, and reminded us that ere long they would be in no condition for service on the road should we be compelled to evacuate the station. Finally an exact inventory of all the provisions on hand was taken, and we came to the conclusion that we could not subsist on the supplies then on hand more than fifteen days longer.

Soon after this Capt. McMichael decided to withdraw his company of cavalry and make his way east, leaving my company to hold the station till relief could be forwarded, and he issued an order accordingly. I regarded this as cowardice on his part and involving a positive peril to my command. I would be left with only a few days' provisions, 450 miles from the base of supplies, and with only my own horse and wagon mules for courier service or to hunt buffalo should any appear, and he could not reach Leavenworth and send back supplies in season to save us from starvation. I therefore sent him a written protest against his proposed course of action. Immediately on reading my communication, he strode into my tent, evidently excited, and prepared to finish me then and there. I received him courteously, gave him a seat and opened conversation on matters entirely foreign to the subject of my protest, and, as we chatted, it was almost amusing to note the change in his demeanor and his evident embarrassment.

Preparations for the withdrawal of his company went on, however, and on the eighth of January he started, with eight of his men as escort, for Monument, leaving orders for the rest of his company to follow the next day. One of his escort was a free mason and to his hands I entrusted a full report of the situation, and he was to forward it at the earliest opportunity to headquarters at Leavenworth. As soon as the captain left, I assumed command and forbade any one leaving the post except by orders issued by me. But Capt. McMichael was evidently ill at ease. After he had been gone a few hours, he returned to the post, resumed command and issued orders for the evacuation of the station. I was not even consulted as to the wisdom of this move and therefore had no responsibility in the matter.

In preparation for the contemplated evacuation, the medical stores and a part of the camp and garrison equipage were buried. (The medical stores contained a few gallons of alcohol. The night before we started this was dug up by some of the Missourians and stolen, and the first night on the march a great fight occurred among men under the influence of the alcohol they had drunk, and their officers were powerless to preserve order). All extra blankets were issued to the men in anticipation of needs on the march.

The outlook was anything but cheering. It was the dead of winter. Snow lay on the ground to the depth of six inches on the average. The ravines were filled with deep snows packed in by the hard winds of the prairie. One hundred and fifty miles of trackless prairie lay between us and Fort Fletcher. The animals had had no grain for six weeks and nothing to eat but the little grazing that could be had through the snow, and they were therefore reduced in strength and ill prepared for the long and hard march before them.

It was therefore with many misgivings that we loaded what was left of our supplies on the wagons, made the sick as comfortable as possible on the same wagons, and bade adieu to what we then called our comfortable quarters at Pond Creek.

Moving East

On the morning of Jan. 15, 1866, we started. First went Capt. McMichael's company of the 13th Regt. of Missouri cavalry, about seventy men, then the two six-mule wagons of his company and my own, followed by my company of fifty men on foot. The march was a tedious one. In the ravines the snow was deep and shovels were brought into frequent use to make a path so that the mules could draw the wagons along.

We made about twelve miles that first day and halted towards night on the bank of the Smoky, where there was sufficient wood obtained for cooking purposes but not half enough for the numerous campfires needed by the men. Buffalo chips could not be had because covered up by the snow or too wet to burn. The mules and horses were given an hour or two to graze as best they could on the knolls where the snow was the lightest.

For a night's rest there was no other alternative but to bivouac on the snowy ground, and all accepted the situation with true soldierly resignation. Those who had them spread rubber blankets upon the snow with woolen blankets on those, on which they lay down and covered themselves with other blankets. No faces were left exposed and the more the snow drifted over those beds the warmer were the occupants. Each morning long rows of snowy mounds looked like a graveyard in winter, but there was life there, and without the roll of drum

or the bugle note the snow would heave and from the mounds men would issue, shake the snows from their bodies and their beds and prepare for another day's tramp.

As we advanced difficulties increased. The mules soon began to give out, sinking exhausted in their tracks. In such cases a cavalryman would be dismounted, his horse harnessed in the place of the mule, the exhausted mule rolled to one side of the road, and the column would move on, leaving the unfortunate animal as food for the wolves that followed us. On the average, a cavalry horse lasted but one day in the harness and such halts became more and more frequent. From the start large gray wolves and the small coyotes followed our column in constantly increasing numbers as we moved along, and frequently, before we were out of sight, the wolves commenced their meal on the animals left behind.

Most of the time the weather was intensely cold—how cold we could not determine, as there was no thermometer in the party, but one night a mule was frozen to death while tied to the tongue of a wagon, and water left in an iron kettle was frozen to a solid mass and the kettle broken. We estimated the thermometer at several degrees below zero. On two days we were favored with a western blizzard. The air was full of falling snow, driven by a pitiless and unceasing gale, but, fortunately, we were, at both these times, where we had a small quantity of fuel and therefore did not attempt to move. Yet it was with the utmost difficulty that campfires of green wood could be kept burning in such a gale, and the men suffered intensely, hovering all day long over the fires as best they could and, at night, lying down in the snow to shiver all night with the cold. At several points no fuel could be found even for a campfire, but, anticipating such conditions, we managed to take along on the teams from places where we found wood a sufficient amount to make fire for coffee at night.

Thus the days and nights wore away, and on the sixteenth day from Pond Creek, after nearly the last morsel of food had disappeared, we arrived at Fort Fletcher. When we arrived at Monument on this march, we were joined by Capt. Strout and the garrison there, as they too were out of supplies. At Fort Fletcher we found that the garrison had been living for a week on parched corn, but a train of supplies destined for Pond Creek arrived the next day. This train Col. Tamblyn unloaded at Fort Fletcher, affording a supply for a short time for the garrison and its additions.

On the march from Pond Creek we had abandoned sixty of the ninety-nine horses and mules with which we started, and only one animal thus left on the plans, as far as known, had life enough left to prevent the wolves from devouring him. The apparent casualties among the men were confined to frozen ears and noses and rheumatic

pains, but without doubt the foundations were laid on that march for many an hour of suffering in after life.

The weather had been so intensely cold while on this march we concluded that the Indians would not venture out in their scanty clothing to molest us, even if they knew we were on the move. In this we were mistaken, and, as we neared Fort Fletcher, we saw unmistakable evidences that they were on the war path, while at this fort were the remains of two dead men, and four were in the hospital suffering intensely from wounds received at their hands.

It seemed that these six men, employees of the Overland Dispatch company, were traveling from the settlements to the fort. The weather was so cold that they, like us, thought no Indian would venture out of his tepee. Their arms lay in the bottom of the sled where they were riding, their ammunition was in their traveling bags, while their bodies and arms were heavily wrapped as protection from the cold. In this condition they moved along all unconscious of danger, when, suddenly, in passing through a ravine where the snow was deep, a body of Indians, who had concealed themselves in the snow, arose and fired, and then, as suddenly, disappeared before a shot could be given in return. By this fire two of the men were killed, the other four were all wounded, and the horses or mules were disabled. One man, able with great difficulty to walk, traveled to the fort twelve miles distant, whence help was promptly sent to his companions. Besides suffering from almost fatal wounds, these men were badly frozen, and lay a long time in the hospital at the fort before they could be removed east.

An amusing incident in connection with this event occurred the following Sunday morning. At that time Col. Tamblyn sent his orderly, an Irishman, to the company commanders to notify them of the burial of the two men spoken of above. He found most of the officers together and delivered his message as follows, "Col. Tamblyn sends his compliments and directs you to notify those two men, killed by the Indians, that they will be buried this morning at 10 o'clock, and he would like as many as can to attend the services." This naturally raised a laugh among the officers, when Pat, seeing something was wrong, added, "Well! there may be a joke about it, but if there is it's on the colonel, for he told me so."

One of the men killed was said to be a young man by the name of Ballard, a son of a wealthy manufacturer of the modern rifle bearing his name. The father, later, sent some of his arms to the officers who had cared for the remains of his son.

An allusion was made above to one horse abandoned on the march from Pond creek that survived the attacks of the wolves. This animal was found on the prairie a couple of months later by Lieut. Geo. E. Handy of Co. G. Instead of turning it in to the quartermaster as

government property, he could not resist the temptation to keep it for his private use for hunting buffalo. He, therefore, hired a soldier to care for it, and to feed it on government rations. Under such treatment it grew sleek and in prime condition and Lieut. Handy was promising himself a rare treat on the chase, when, one day when the buffalo appeared, this man asked for the chance of first riding this horse that day in a buffalo hunt. Lieut. Handy reluctantly said, "Yes," and off his hostler started with others for the buffalo feeding a few miles from camp. A few hours later this man returned to camp with the saddle on his shoulders. It seemed that when joining in the chase he got excited, and the first time he fired, instead of hitting the buffalo, he shot the horse in the head and killed it.

The first requisite at Fort Fletcher was winter quarters. These, the men set about building at once without waiting to recover from the fatigue of the late march. Fortunately there was a fringe of timber along the creek, and the art of building log cabins was well known to the men, so it was but a few days before the men were housed in comfortable cabins about eight by ten feet, four men to each. Lieut. Hedge and I quartered in a wall tent till the quarters for the men were completed and then they constructed a log cabin for our use. This was about twelve by sixteen feet, made entirely of logs including the roof. The cracks were filled with mud and the nearly flat roof covered with earth. In the front and on each side of the door we had two windows drawn from the supply in the quartermaster's department. In the rear end was a fireplace built in Virginia style with a chimney of wood on the outside. Our bunks were at the right and left of the fireplace and served for seats by day and beds by night. My company desk was in one corner mounted on a dry goods box. My camp chair, which I still have, was a luxury and the only one in camp, a barrel chair being the best substitute in the fort. It was in these quarters while I was seated at my desk wearing a sash over my shoulder, as the badge of the officer of the day, that my lieutenant drew a sketch of the scene, and this, framed, I still have.

But our occupation of these quarters was short. The latter part of February a stage reached Fletcher and that brought orders for Capt. Strout and me to proceed to Monument with our companies and reestablish the post there. About the same time there arrived at Fort Fletcher, Capt. Ball, with a company of the 3d U. S. Cavalry, under orders to proceed to Pond Creek and reestablish the post there.

West Again

Accordingly, March 1st, we once more bade adieu to Fort Fletcher and its garrison, and, in company with Co. A of the 1st U. S. Vol. and Capt. Ball's company, we again took up the line of march towards

the west. We made but eight miles that day and encamped for the night on Big Creek. The next day we reached a station called Ruthton, and on the night of the 3d pitched our tents at Downer's Springs. This day was made memorable by a buffalo hunt with some of the regular army officers. The buffalo were much scattered, with but few in a place. Some of the enlisted men also hunted on their own account, and as there was no prearrangement these parties got into dangerous proximity to each other, and the balls from the Springfield rifles in the hands of the men whistled so about our ears that we abandoned the hunt and joined the column on the march.

The next day we passed Castle Rock, which stands by itself like a huge castle looming up above the surface of the plain, and took pleasure in exploring its intricacies, as we did those of Chalk Bluff, which abounded with fine specimens of iron pyrites.

On the afternoon of the sixth day we reached Monument, and Capt. Strout took possession of his old quarters, while I took the underground quarters vacated by Capt. Schnell the middle of the January before.

With the return of spring the Indians seemed to have abandoned their attempt to drive the whites from their old hunting grounds, and we saw but little of them. The fear of attacks from Indians largely subsided, and with the return of the buffalo, hunting was resumed, and even small parties went long distances from camp while on the hunt and for pleasure. Men become accustomed to danger of any kind, and that there were not many casualties during the latter months of our stay there was due more to our good fortune than our good judgment, for the Indians had not become reconciled or peaceable by any means. Lieut. E. Williams of Co. A was later given a commission in the regular army and served in this same locality and lost a leg in a fight with these same Indians in this vicinity.

While at Monument two large government trains arrived with supplies for that station. Not long after their arrival some of the enlisted men became intoxicated, and it became evident that the whisky they had drunk was supplied by some one connected with the trains, so, taking a squad with me, I started on a search for the contraband article, and I was not long in locating it. A barrel of the stuff was found on tap, and the owner was evidently expecting to realize a fine profit, but I am afraid the leakage spoiled all that, for I picked up an axe near by and, with one blow, I knocked in the head of the barrel and the contents was spilled upon the ground. Not a word was spoken by me or by the men in charge during the whole transaction which, however, did not consume more than two or three minutes, and I at once proceeded back to my quarters.

On the twenty-ninth of March I was relieved at Monument by Capt. Morris of the 2d or 3d U. S. Cavalry and ordered to report to Capt. Ball at Pond Creek. On the morning of March 31st I started and arrived at Pond Creek on the afternoon of the second day.

On the third of April the paymaster, Major Stafford, and clerk, which in this case was his wife, and escort reached camp. There came with them also Capt. Norris and Lieut. Allen of the regular army, Col. Tamblyn, Dr. Bradley and Robert Miller, the sutler at Fort Fletcher. Major Stafford established himself in one of the tents and commenced to pay the officers and men for three months' time. The officers accommodated themselves in another tent, where gambling commenced with large stakes and continued till late at night.

A great buffalo hunt was planned for the morrow. Indeed this was the chief reason for the presence of the officers from Fort Fletcher and Monument, but when the morrow came so many of the paymaster's escort were intoxicated that the older men among the officers did not consider it safe for the paymaster or his wife to travel under their protection. The younger officers contended that they were not responsible but the officer in charge of the escort, and that the hunt should not be abandoned.

This reasoning had no effect upon the older officers. The hunt must be abandoned and it was, and all the officers returned to their respective commands with the escort.

We sympathized with the disappointment of our guests and regretted that we were not to join in a hunt of larger proportions than usual with our distinguished guests, but we did not lack for sport in that direction, for hardly a day passed that a party was not made up to hunt these creatures, so I could enjoy the hunt whenever fancy dictated. These animals were now moving north and it seemed there were no limits to their numbers. The common way of hunting was to ride along side of them and shoot them downward through the back of the shoulder. The element of danger made the sport more fascinating. A wounded buffalo was quite likely to turn on one, so if a shot did not prove fatal the hunter must be prepared for what would follow. Sometimes, too, a bull, the guardian of the herd, whether wounded or not, would turn on a hunter who pressed too close, and in such cases the situation was dangerous. Such a bull once turned on Lieut. J. P. Eaton of Co. G, and struck his horse a fearful blow on the hind quarters, driving his horn deep into the flesh and lifting the hind part of the horse from the ground. The next instant the horse was flying like mad toward camp bearing his rider from further danger.

More Buffalo Hunting

I had an experience different from this one day but attended by a narrow escape. I was hunting in company with Lieut. Horrigan, and came across a lone bull. The herd was a long way off, so we concluded to attack this one, though a bull is always a dangerous fellow to meet. Riding along side, but at sufficient distance to be safe in case he turned on us, we each gave him a shot. He at once slackened his pace to a walk and we turned his steps toward camp. For two or three miles we rode behind this animal, he all the time traveling apparently, as tamely and as indifferently as an ox. We congratulated ourselves we were going to drive this fellow to camp and there dispatch him for the benefit of all concerned, but suddenly he stopped, turned about, and shook his head. In vain we tried to turn him and again start him for camp. Failing in this we concluded to dispatch him where he was, and with this in view we emptied our revolvers into his side, but seemingly with no more effect than the discharge of an air gun. He neither moved or noticed the shots at all. Here he stood, perhaps half an hour. My horse was facing the old fellow not more than fifty feet from him. I had laid the reins over the pommel of the saddle and had both hands engaged in reloading my revolver, when, suddely, he made a lunge for me. My horse naturally reared and swung his body from the infuriated animal, while I, with neither hand on the reins, slipped in the saddle till my right hand touched the ground, and my body, instead of the horse, was in position to receive the full force of a blow from the animal's horns. Fortunately Lieut. Horrigan was in fighting condition and he instantly gave the animal a shot in the head, and this shot, or failing strength stopped him when he was not more than ten feet from me. This supreme effort over, he gave up the ghost and died.

At another time we had better success in driving a buffalo yearling into camp, after giving him a shot. This fellow consented to be driven as quietly as the old bull, spoken of above, till we came near the camp. Then, apparently not liking the prospect ahead, he attempted to return to the prairie. This happened just as the men of the cavalry were riding their horses, bareback, to water. Seeing fun ahead, nearly every man broke from the line and came to our assistance, and such a wild scrimmage race as then occurred is rarely seen. Back and forth the party went, now headed for the prairie and now rushing like mad through the camp, endangering the lives of all spectators, and even the "standing" of the camp itself. Finally the animal attempted to ford the creek, when its cool waters chilled his overheated system and he sank exhausted not to rise again. A postmortem examination showed that the bullet this animal had first received appeared sufficient

to end his career then and there, and the fact that he had strength left to continue so long a race for life only indicated the vast endurance these buffalo of the plains possessed.

The favorite method of hunting the buffalo was riding along side of them as described above, but the still hunt was sometimes resorted to. By way of a change I joined a small party one day for a still hunt on a herd quietly feeding a mile or more from camp. Taking advantage of the rolling prairie we came near the herd without being seen and found the ground most favorably located for a near approach to our game. They were quietly feeding near a deep gully, and in this we made our way till along side of the herd and less than fifty feet from them. Peering over the top we watched these huge animals for some minutes and observed every motion when we could almost lay our hands upon their shoulders, and it seemed almost a pity to disturb them or make war upon them. But such sentiments are not cultivated among hunters or those in search of food, and placing our muskets on the ground on top of the sharp edge of the gully we selected our victims and fired. We heard the balls strike the sides of the animals like balls striking the side of a barn, the sharp reports of the rifles rang out on the prairie, the animals suddenly ceased grazing, and turning their heads toward us, their great eyes and ours met and we looked each other steadily in the face. Each moment seemed an age as we gazed at each other. They seemed to hesitate whether to fly or charge us, and we were in doubt as to which they would do, and our fate seemed for a moment, and a long one it was, to hang in the balance. Finally, instinct prevailed and instantaneously the whole herd was straining every nerve to place themselves beyond further danger. They had moved but a short distance, however, when two or three began to falter, soon stopped, lay down and ceased to breathe.

In these days the buffalo inhabited the plains in their largest numbers. We have seen the prairie black with these noble animals as far as the eye could reach, all on the run, and thus continuing during all the hours of a day, or even two or three days. Millions must have passed in that time. The Indians only hunted these animals for food, and the few white men who had penetrated this country and hunted them for pleasure as well as for food had made no noticeable effect on their number.

Horace Greely once said that he saw five million buffalo in one herd and declined to take off one from the estimate. However that may be, we know we have seen just as many as Greely ever saw because no one could see more—great herds extending as far as the eye could reach, many day's in passing, and all going in one direction so that no animal was seen twice, now moving slowly and feeding as they

moved and now moving as fast as strength would allow, sending up great clouds of dust as they moved.

But soon after we left the plains the railroad penetrated this country and hunters swarmed over the prairie, intent on securing buffalo hides which were shipped to market at a large profit. So great was the army of men engaged in the slaughter for gain that a very few years sufficed to wipe them from the face of the earth. The only remnants of the bison that now exist are found in private game preserves or those carefully guarded on the government reservations of the far West. Fortunately, the care given these animals in such places gives promise that they will be preserved as objects of curiosity, at least, for many years to come.

Prairie Dogs

Villages of prairie dogs were very common on the plains. These were always on dry knolls a long way from water, and if these animals ever had a drop of water, they must have obtained it in the bowels of the earth, for they never wandered far enough from their homes, on the surface of the ground, to obtain it. These animals were about the length of a gray squirrel with a body a little more stocky. Indeed, they were sometimes called ground squirrels. Sometimes a large number of these animals could be seen at the mouths of their holes, barking furiously at any object seen in the distance, but at the approach of a man they would all disappear. They were sometimes, though rarely, shot and sometimes eaten, but they looked so much like dogs that their meat was repulsive even if it were good. It was the meat of these animals that the men of Col. John C. Fremont's command ate when crossing the plains on one of his expeditions to California, and the fact that they were reduced to dog meat made them heroes in the Fremont political campaign of 1856.

The optical illusion of the mirage was seen frequently. Water appeared in its most tantalizing forms, and in one instance a most beautiful lake appeared with lovely islands, which constantly changed in form and receded as we advanced. We have traveled for hours with water constantly in sight only a few rods in advance and yet never able to reach anything but the dry, parched earth at our feet.

On one occasion I was one of a party hunting buffalo a few miles from camp. In the run that ensued I became separated from my companions and I saw, on a ridge a short distance ahead, what appeared to be a small hut perhaps fifteen feet square with a still smaller ell all perfect in shape. What could it mean? It could hardly be the abode of a white man, for there was no water to be had within a mile or two, and it was not built like the abode of Indians in that section. My

curiosity was aroused and, in spite of the fact that my companions were rapidly increasing the distance that lay between them and myself and that I might after all be approaching the abode of some red man, I proceeded to investigate. Cautiously I approached the spot, and when within perhaps fifty feet of the structure, a huge buffalo rose to his feet, instantly dispelling the illusion The mirage was responsible for this strange transformation.

On the plains where we were the nature of the soil was such that petrifactions were common—wood, bones and even flesh quickly turned to stone, when lying even on the surface of the ground. The men of my company found a petrified rattlesnake. They had no conception of its value and broke it in pieces. I fortunately secured a part and it now graces my collection of petrifactions found there, as do also numerous specimens of wood and bone, including pieces of the jaw of the wolf with the teeth intact.

The prairie owl and the rattlesnake were said to share the same homes with the prairie dog. The owl was not found in great numbers, but the rattlesnake was very common, and constant care was taken to keep out of his way. The only sure cure for the bite of this snake was said to be the drinking of a pint or more of pure whisky at one draught, but as whisky was hard to obtain in that county and pure whisky not to be found at all, every one was extremely careful not to be bitten by rattlesnakes.

The prairie wolves. especially the smaller breed or coyote, are interesting creatures to study. They exist in vast numbers, living in chambers or wolf holes in the ground, where they are safe from the attacks of all enemies and they appear to have but few. They subsist chiefly on the flesh of other animals, squirrels, prairie dogs, rabbits, frogs, mice, antelope and dead buffalo or those so near dead that they fall easy prey to their attacks. They seldom attack a vigorous buffalo, but the antelope falls an easy victim to their cunning, which may be said to equal that of the fox. The antelope is far the swifter of the two in a race, but, in its capture, the cunning of the wolf comes into full play. Once an antelope is marked for slaughter the coyotes divide themselves into relays and station themselves at widely separate points The first relay, perhaps a single wolf, will start the antelope and keep up the chase as long as his endurance will allow; then the second relay will take up the chase, while the first rests, and continue till he, too, is compelled to rest, when the first or a third relay will continue the race till the antelope is exhausted and falls an easy prey to its pursuers. During the chase the coyotes so arrange themselves that their victim travels in a circle and his escape is impossible.

Tactics as efficacious are employed to capture the rabbits or prairie dogs, but these fall an easy prey to the hunger of the wolves.

As illustrating the large number of coyotes that existed on the plains, I remember on one occasion, after killing a buffalo near camp, I made one or two incisions in the flesh with my hunting knife, and in these I placed a small quantity of strychnine for the benefit of the wolves which I knew would visit the carcass during the night. The next day, on revisiting the scene, I found, within the space of a few rods, twenty-two dead wolves. The skins were quickly stripped off by the men with me and made their quarters more comfortable.

In the settlements these wolves render the keeping of poultry and even sheep well nigh impossible. In 1904 Kansas paid bounties on twenty thousand coyote scalps without making any appreciable difference in their number.

The buffalo or grey wolf is a much larger animal, nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog. They are not as numerous as the coyote, but are sometimes dangerous fellows to meet, especially at night or when several are in a pack. They also subsist largely on flesh. They do not need to run down their prey as do the coyotes, but their tactics are just as shrewd They are generally found with the herds of buffalo, and sometimes attack the old and decrepit members of the herd, but more often they are found near an old bull that has been driven from the herd by the young bulls. Such a fellow is an easy victim. Some of the wolves attack him in front and while trying to ward off this attack, others assail him in the rear, cut off the cords of his hind feet or in other ways deprive him of his strength, and thus make it impossible for him to travel or even fight off his assailants. Thus his doom is sealed and, even before life is extinct, the hungry wolves are feasting on his flesh.

Indian Tribes

The Indians of the plains with whom we came in contact were the Cheyennes, Sioux, Apaches, Kiawas and Arrapahoes. The Sioux were a part of the great Sioux nation of the North. These Indians roamed the vast plains between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains, and were leagued together for war purposes against the were joined by the Comanches of the South. These tribes were at whites, and when the region of the Arkansas river was invaded they war with all other tribes of the plains and mountains. There was also a band of Indians, said to contain two hundred fifty lodges of from eight to ten each, known as the Keoxa or Cut race, composed of renegades from all the other tribes of the plains. These ranged mostly in the Cheyenne country.

At the time I was on the plains the chief of the Northern Cheyennes was White Crow. The chief of the Southern band had been Grey Eagle till June, 1865, when he was killed at Platte Bridge and

was succeeded by his brother, Spotted Wolf. The Man Afraid of His Horses was war chief of all the Sioux of the Arkansas and the Powder river country, while his son, Ta-Sungy-Ko-Ku-Pa or Son of the Man Afraid of His Horses was the war chief of the Ogalalah Sioux; of the Kioxa, or Cut race, Dog Valley was chief; of the Kiowa, Setank was chief; of the Comanches, White Buffalo; of the Southern band of Arapahoes, Left Hand and Single Eye were chiefs; and of the Northern band, Wolf Moccasin and White Wolf were chiefs; and of the Smoky Hill Apaches, Broken Nag was chief.

The Apaches, which formerly were a large and formidable tribe, were reduced to less than a hundred lodges. In 1856 the smallpox made fearful ravages among them, and threatened their extermination. The smallpox has been a great enemy to all the tribes of the plains. Its appearance caused consternation among them. They did not know how to avoid infection, or care for the sick, and once an Indian was stricken, he was deserted and left to die alone on the prairie. The same may be said of cholera and the measles, though not to the same extent.

All the Indians of the plains are nomadic. They remain in one locality only as long as convenience or necessity requires. Their homes are tepees or lodges. These are made of long poles, fastened together at the top, spread out in a circle to the width of fifteen feet, more or less, on the ground, and covered with robes, with a place left for a door, which may be closed with a blanket when desired. A fire is built when needed in the center, and the smoke, when it passes out at all, disappears through a small hole in the top. This fire is used for cooking and heating purposes in cold weather, but the cooking is done outside in warm weather. The Indians sleep or recline in a circle around the fire. The home life inside the tepees is but little above that of cattle.

These tepees are put up or taken down in a few minutes by the squaws. In traveling the large ends of the tepee poles are lashed to the sides of the ponies, and the small ends left to drag on the ground. On the ponies' backs and on these poles are placed the papooses, the tent robes and other belongings of the Indian encampment.

These Indians, physically, are a superb race of men, almost a race of giants. In Africa there is a race of men called the Wolofs, which average over six feet in height (1.730 meters), said to be the largest race on earth. The Cheyenne Indians of the plains come next with an average height of nearly six feet, and to the casual observer there is but little difference in height between this and the other tribes. These Indians by nature and training are capable of great endurance—a marvel to the white man.

While the Indian is really nomadic, abiding in no locality long at

a time, yet his migrations are and have been confined to a limited territory, and no race of people have shown a stronger love of country than they. Their removal from one section of the country to another has been a fruitful cause of decimation by homesickness and climatic changes to which they were unaccustomed.

Indian Chiefs

All tribes have, or are supposed to have, three or more chiefs—the war chief, the village chief, and the medicine man. First is the war chief—the man who is generally known and recognized by the outside world as the chief of a tribe or nation, for he is the leader of his tribe in war and in council. This man by the force of his character may be a Little Crow, a Black Hawk, or a Sitting Bull, and controls not only his immediate tribe, but brings a nation under his control like Passaconaway of the Pennacooks.

A warrior must be a born leader of men to long occupy the position of war chief at the head of a tribe of Indians that have existed and does now exist on the plains or among the mountains of the West.

The village chief is generally or always one of the old men of the tribe, one who is too old to engage in war. His most responsible duty seemed to be to care for the village, or tribe, while the able bodied men were on the war path. In times of peace he probably had duties to perform, but his position seemed to be one chiefly of honor or distinction because of his record as a warrior, but one of his duties was to decide the question of the moving of the village to new locations.

The Medicine Man is the third chief. He also holds his position by the force of his character—his ability to correctly prophesy, his success in healing the sick and his valor in war. The famous Indian doctor, skilled in the knowledge of the curative value of herbs, is known in story, but among the Indians of the plains he is a myth. When the women of a lodge cannot cure a case of sickness by the use of common herbs, of which they have some knowledge, they set up a series of howls among themselves. This failing, the Medicine Man comes to their assistance. He summons all the women of the village and they join in a greater howl, sing incantations, and beat the tom-toms over the head of the sufferer, and sometimes, in spite of this treatment, the sufferer recovers. This treatment is sometimes varied by a treatment that may have some virtue, viz.: burying the affected one in a trench, previously heated by a fire, with only his head exposed, thus giving him a sweat. If he survives this cooking process, he is sometimes cured of a cold or rheumatism.

The presence of the Medicine chief is required with every war party, and he must prove his immunity to harm by being a leader in

action, and if his medicine fails, he is likely to be deposed and another given his position. He is also a semi-priest or comes as near a spiritual leader as is known among the savages of the plains. Perhaps it would be more proper to call him an oracle. Sometimes this man has such power that even the arrows that his squaws make (for he is allowed two wives) and that he sells have such wonderful power, that there is great competition to possess them, and he grows rich in ponies and blankets by their sale.

The Indians of the plains have no written language, and the number of their spoken words is very limited, for the reason that a few words will cover the full scope of ordinary conversation or intercourse. With any people words are used to express ideas or convey facts, and so the Indian, having but few ideas to express, has need of but few words. To illustrate, there is no word in their language to correspond to the word virtue in the English because such a trait is unknown among their men or women. The word would as appropriately apply to the buffalo of the plains as to them.

Probably no other word is so extensively used or has such varied meaning as the word "medicine." Its use as applied to remedies for the sick is of small importance as compared with its use in many other directions. An omen for good or evil is good or bad medicine as the case may be. If about to engage in war or the hunt, the Indian "makes medicine" to ascertain what the result will be. Indeed, making medicine is an every-day affair for the Indian.

Indian "Medicine"

"What is it to make medicine?" is asked. This question is not so easily answered. As a partial answer, it may be said the Indian is a very superstitious being. He believes in the existence of a good spirit and a bad spirit, who are constantly at war in their efforts to obtain mastery over him. If he succeeds in accomplishing his desires, it is because he is assisted by the good spirit; if he fails, it is because the bad spirit is in the ascendency at the time. To propitiate the spirits or learn how to read their desires or designs, every warrior has a method of his own that is known only to himself, and this is called his "medicine." Every young man before becoming a warrior in his tribe, retires to some lonely spot, and spends days or even a week in solitude, fasting and undergoing bodily discomfort and privations, seeking to know what shall be his medicine through life. Constantly dwelling day and night on the problem until exhausted by hunger, and the prey of his own benighted mind, he falls into a trance and is then told what shall be his "medicine." Usually it is the mixing of two or three ingredients, like water and ashes or pulverized bone, or two or three kinds of sand, or something else that can be done quickly and

secretly, but whatever it is, his "medicine" is never revealed to his nearest friend. In making medicine he thinks he can divine what the near future has in store for him, and so he never engages in a hunt or does anything of importance without first making "medicine" to determine what the result will be.

To be under the influence of the good spirit is not to be influenced to do right, but to be assisted to do what he wants to do, if it is to steal or even to commit the most atrocious crimes. All success or good luck is attributed to good medicine.

Each tribe speaks a language of its own, and though these tribes have been neighbors for an unknown number of years, they have shown no disposition to learn the language of other tribes than their own. Intermarriage is almost unknown, and thus the several tribes preserve their individualities like distinct nations.

There is, however, what is known as the sign language that is used exclusively in their limited communications with each other. It was a common remark that the Indian could not talk in the dark. This is literally true as regards communication between different tribes, but incorrect as regards individuals of the same tribe.

In the spring of the year these Indians have what is called the Sun Dance. At this dance the doctor, instead of bleeding his patients, is bled himself. A vein is opened, his blood is caught on a piece of raw hide, and the braves pass in procession, stroke the hair of the doctor, dip the ends of their fingers in the blood and then touch the blood on their fingers to their tongues. This is done to give health to the body and strength of heart in time of battle. As the braves pass by him, the doctor recounts the brave deeds of each during the year, and to the bravest he designates the best squaw of the village to be his wife. If the father of the woman objects, he incurs the displeasure of all the braves of the village. During this dance of the braves the squaws have a dance of their own a little way off.

In the fall of 1864, a party of six Arrapahoes went into the Ute country to steal horses. Being discovered and pursued by the Utes, they took refuge on a rocky bluff and there defended themselves for six days surrounded by their pursuers. All this time they were without water. Finally they cut off their hair and tore up their blankets and made a rope, and on the night of the sixth day they let themselves down the bluff at an unguarded spot and escaped. The next spring at the Sun Dance, each of these six warriors was given a blooming squaw as a reward for his endurance and bravery.

The time of the Sun Dance is a great occasion for the fathers to give their daughters in marriage. At this time he never sells his daughter, but gives her to one who has distinguished himself for bravery.

The usual way for a brave to get a wife is to buy her of her father.

Having selected the squaw of his choice, he says nothing to her, but ties a pony at the lodge of the father, or makes a present of robes or some other article, according to his ability. If the gift is accepted, he has won his suit, but if the gift is untouched, he adds to his gift or tries for a wife at another place. When such a gift is accepted, the young brave claims his wife and no ceremony is needed. Should she object, her suitor has a perfect right to inflict such punishment on her as he may wish and no one raises an objection. In one of these tribes was a woman whose nose had been cut off by the man who had purchased her, because she refused to be his wife. Still she may leave him later for another if she chooses. Marriage ties are loose, and a brave may make love to a woman even in the presence of her husband.

The food of the Indians is of the simplest. In kind, manner of cooking and serving it is generally repulsive in the extreme to a white man. On state occasions and at other great events the roast dog is the all important food. The dog is killed, when two squaws, one holding it by the hind feet and one by the head or fore feet, slowly turn its body over the fire till most of the hair is burned off. This is the only dressing it has, and it is then placed beside the fire to roast. In due time it is done, carved and served with due ceremony. On ordinary occasions a very choice dish is a stew made of an unborn buffalo calf. Next to this in point of delicacy is a stew made of the entrails of any animal. When on the march or on the hunt, they would greedily devour the entrails raw, and also the liver, heart and the marrow from the bones. After a buffalo is killed, the first thing an Indian will generally do is to gorge himself with these delicacies, and he will quickly dispose of a surprising amount.

Frogs, eaten raw and without any dressing, are an important article of diet. When in pursuit of a party of Cheyennes one day, we came to a ranch which they had just visited. The ranch was supplied with flour, beans, hardtack, sugar, coffee, etc., and the Indians considered the white man's food so much better than their own that they appropriated these to their own use, and threw away a large number of frogs which they were carrying as food.

Another dish that is much prized in winter is a stew made of dried crickets and dried cherries. At times in the summer or early fall, crickets are very plentiful. Then the squaws dig a hole in the ground that will hold perhaps a bushel or more. This done, they form in a circle some distance away and beat the grass with blankets, driving the crickets inward to this hole, which is sometimes nearly filled as the result of a single drive. They are then easily placed in bags and dried for winter use. The cherries used are very small wild cherries.

The staple food of the year, however, is the flesh of the buffalo.

"Jerked" buffalo meat is prepared by cutting or tearing the flesh with the grain into thin strips and drying it in the sun. In this condition it is stored away for winter use, and eaten dry or cooked in various ways. One way is to beat it into a powder and make a soup of it, but eaten dry it is very palatable, as we can testify from experience.

One cause of trouble between the white men and the Indian was the ruthless killing of the buffalo by the former. The Indian rarely killed one of these animals unless it was needed for food. In the fall of the year, before the buffalo migrated to the south, the Indians always had a great hunt, called the "surround," when large numbers were killed and their flesh dried and prepared for winter. Then the number killed was only limited to the ability of the squaws to care for the meat, for, however pressing the necessity, the men would sooner face starvation in the winter than assist in the preparation of the food. His duty ends when the game is killed, and while the squaw works he gorges himself. In this hunt, the Indians surround a small herd, which is soon on the run. Escape being cut off in every direction the buffalo are soon moving rapidly in a circle, the Indians on all sides moving with them, killing as they fly. This continues till a sufficient number are dispatched. Then the work of the squaws commences in preparing the meat for present or winter use, while the men gorge themselves with the raw liver or the marrow from the bones.

The killing of these huge animals by the Indians with the arrow is a marvelous feat, requiring great skill and strength of arm. They usually discharge the arrow when but a few feet from the buffalo and must strike the liver or some other vital spot to kill. We read in one of our leading magazines not many months since of an Indian who sent an arrow entirely through a large buffalo and wounded another. Such a statement is simply ridiculous. We heard of one Indian on the plains of such wonderful strength that an arrow fired by him protruded through the skin on the opposite side of the animal from the Indian, but that was considered a hunter's yarn.

Smoking among the Indians is almost universal, but smoking alone, as the white man does, is comparatively unknown. Smoking is a social event with the Indian, and one pipe serves the entire party. Seated in a circle, as in all gatherings, even for a talk, a pipe is lighted and started on its journey. Each man in turn takes several long, strong pulls at the pipe and fills his lungs with the smoke, then passes the pipe to his left hand neighbor, and allows the smoke to work leisurely from his lungs through the nose. When the pipe has made the round, and reaches the last man in the circle, it is passed back, traveling from left to right to the starting point without being used, when it again starts on its round, traveling to the left as before.

The pipe of peace has been known since the first white man

landed on the shores of America, and it is still of importance in all councils between different tribes and nations, and between the Indians and the Whites. This pipe is usually one kept by each tribe for council purposes. It usually has a stem three feet long, and is very costly and elaborate, finished and ornamented in the highest Indian art. The bowl is made of various materials, but the Sioux of the North make theirs almost invariably from pipestone, obtained from the quarry in what is now known as Pipestone county, in the extreme western part of Minnesota. The Indians would travel hundreds of miles to obtain the red stone of this quarry for making their pipes. When first quarried, this stone can be worked with a knife or file, but hardens by exposure to the air. We have one such pipe in our collection of Indian relics. They have three or four kinds of pipes, including a medicine pipe to be used on various occasions. The material mostly smoked now is the white man's tobacco, because that is easily obtained, but formerly and to some extent now, the material smoked by the Indians was kinnikinnick, made of the bark of the red willow.

Scalping the victims of war is common with all tribes for two reasons: The possession of scalps is a proof of valor in obtaining them, and the scalping of an enemy means the annihilation of his soul. No Indian can enter the happy hunting ground that has been scalped, and this explains the fact that the bodies of those slain in battle are always, if possible, carried away by their fellow warriors. Indians will perform deeds of great daring to prevent the bodies of the slain from falling into the hands of the enemy, and thus prevent their being scalped and forever excluded from the happy hunting grounds.

The burial of the dead varies with different tribes and different circumstances. Among the Sioux of Western Minnesota, those who aped the customs of the white buried their dead in the ground, but many continued as of old to dispose of their dead on platforms erected on poles, or placed in the branches of trees. When a suitable tree could not be found, stout poles were placed in the ground, and from five to eight feet above the ground, was made a platform, perhaps four feet wide by six or eight feet long. On this was placed the body, and beside it, such articles as he would need on his journey to the happy hunting grounds, or after having reached his long abode, such as articles of food, his implements of war or the chase, and in some instances, pots and kettles to use in preparing his food.

It was on such a platform as this that a scalping knife and flint lock pistol, that now adorn my collection of Indian relics, were found. These places of burial were visited at night by the female relatives of the deceased, and a series of howls indulged in, in concert, as a means of expressing their sorrow.

During all our stay on the plains of western Kansas, we did not

find a single burial place of the Indians. This is explained by the fact that the Indians of this section generally secreted their dead in some cavern or out of the way place, unknown to all except the two or three engaged in the disposal of the remains, and not disclosed by them. On the death of a warrior, all his effects were destroyed—tepee, blankets and war implements cut up, except the few buried with him, and even, in some cases, his ponies were killed. His face was generally painted, and without further ceremony, his body was thrown across the back of a pony or dragged ruthlessly over the ground to the place of burial. Here it was secreted, and all traces of the burial removed as far as possible, so that even the nearest relative did not know its last resting place.

Poisoned arrows are sometimes used by these Indians. One method of poisoning the arrow points was to place a piece of raw liver before a rattlesnake, which was sure to bite anything within reach. The venom injected into the liver poisons the whole, and into this the points of a large number of arrows are thrust, and the blood from the liver dries on the arrow point but softens and becomes active, when it finds a place in the flesh of man or beast. When the poisoned liver is not needed for immediate use, it is dried, pulverized, and preserved in bags, and when needed is soaked in water, and in this the arrows are placed with the same result as when thrust into the soft liver. But the use of the poisoned arrows was not very common.

While Col. Tamblyn and his battalion of four companies were making their way west over the plains, Col. C. A. R. Dimond, with his battalion of six companies, came down the Missouri river from Fort Rice, and other points on the Upper Missouri to Fort Leavenworth and were mustered out of service. During all their stay at Fort Rice, Fort Benton, and other places, they had been surrounded by hostiles, who made constant warfare on them. Even fuel for the forts could not be cut except under the protection of a strong and vigilant guard. One day Lieut. Wilson was sent out from Fort Rice with the choppers. Sending his party ahead, he lingered in the fort till his party had reached a point perhaps a quarter of a mile or more from the post, when he started to overtake them. He had gained about half the distance between the post and his squad and was urging his horse forward, when suddenly, from a nearby thicket, came a flight of arrows. Lieut. Wilson fell dead, and the hostiles suddenly disappeared.

A few days previous to this, two Indians were seen on a bluff near the fort making observations, and Col. Dimond sent out a party which surrounded and captured them. These Indians were in the guard house when Lieut. Wilson was killed. Immediately, on being informed of the death of Wilson, Col. Dimond sent word to these two

Indians that they would die in one hour. The troops were assembled and marched to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near the fort, and here the two Indians were shot and their lifeless bodies thrown into the river. This was done as a retaliatory measure.

We had at Pond Creek as Indian scout, guide and interpreter, a man known as Bill Comstock. He had spent his life in the Indian country and was thoroughly familiar with all the Plains Indians, was well versed in their habits and manner of life, and could speak the language of all, or at least by the use of the common sign language, could converse with the Indians of any tribe. One of the diversions of the camp was listening to his tales of experiences, his narrow escapes when acting as a scout in their country, of the scenes of horror he had witnessed, or that had come to his knowledge, and of their modes of life in their villages and their methods of warfare. In times of peace, he had lived for months in their villages, and had shared their hospitality, though he was known as their bitter enemy in times of war. The Indian nature is such that, when peace is made, the past is forgotten or forgiven. They come with perfect confidence and unconcern into the presence of those they have most wantonly wronged, and receive in like manner their worst enemy.

Bill Comstock had a wonderful ability at trailing a party of Indians or a single warrior. He could easily read all the "signs" left by them for the information of other Indians, could interpret the meaning of one, two or three columns of smoke used in telegraphing between different parties, and, after a party had passed, could tell with remarkable accuracy, by examining the trail, how many were in the party. Such a man was invaluable at any post, and he drew a liberal salary from the government for his services.

On the Sand Creek battlefield in the extreme southwestern part of Kansas, we got many relics of Col. Chivington in his slaughter of the Indians. Col. Chivington was the governor of the territory of Colorado. The Indians committed some depredations and some murders, when the colonel promptly organized a body of settlers as soldiers, followed the Indians to their encampment at Sand Creek, came upon them unawares, and slaughtered many of them, some reports say, including men, women and children. The ground was covered with evidences of the fight. Col. Chivington was promptly removed for making war on the Indians without authority.

The End

Life at Pond Creek, after our second arrival there, was somewhat different from our stay there during the winter. It was now spring, and there was no necessity to reoccupy our winter quarters under

ground for protection against the cold. Capt. Ball, on reaching this point in March, had reestablished the post some distance from the place Capt. McMichael and I, with our companies, had occupied before the post was evacuated. His position was, like ours, along the Smoky Hill creek, but on the open prairie, and the men and officers were all accommodated in tents. When I arrived with my company, our tents were pitched next to those standing, simply enlarging the camp.

The Overland Dispatch company now sent an occasional coach over the line. Men and mules were again placed at some of the stations that were abandoned the fall before, but this effort seemed to be done with much caution, and it was only at long intervals that stages arrived and not at all regularly, but in time they came about once a week, bearing the mails and a few passengers, that took their chance of being attacked by Indians.

No Indians were seen in the vicinity of Pond Creek after our arrival there the second time. Where they were, no one knew, but the fact that no danger was seen made most people presume that none existed. Gradually the men extended their range on the prairie, hunting the buffalo or antelope, or the Jack rabbits, even in small parties. Beyond the inevitable camp guard, there were no military duties to perform, and if the men were present at roll call night and morning and ready to respond when details for guard were made in the morning, there were no restrictions on their movements. The consequence was that hardly a day passed that hunting parties did not sally forth to hunt, or amuse themselves shooting the prairie dog or killing the rattlesnakes, which were very numerous.

Buffalo hunting was, of course, the chief amusement, and I took part in these hunts frequently. Some of my experiences in these trips I have spoken of elsewhere. There was another diversion which I had, and that was hunting for petrifactions and studying the works of the Indians when they were in undisputed possession of this country. The specimens of petrifactions found, of wood and bones, lying upon the surface of the ground, were many, and now grace my collection of curios, but, while the works and marks of the Indians were numerous, they were of such nature that they could not be brought away. I was especially interested in studying the rude carvings of the red men on the chalk bluffs. Here were depicted, in the Indian's crude skill, scenes of the chase and conflicts with the whites. They probably meant volumes to the artists who carved them, or to the Indians who saw them, but to the white man, not versed in Indian lore, much imagination and guessing were needed to divine their import. I attempted to cut away some of these specimens, as I considered them quite valuable if they could be preserved, but the chalk or slate on which they were engraved was too brittle, and every attempt only resulted in failure.

About the middle of April I planned to make a visit to Denver on the next stage coach that should arrive, and had things in readiness for the trip, but, through a misunderstanding with the driver, this worthy drove off without me, and I consoled myself with the determination to go by the next coach that should come. This came about the first of May, and its mail brought orders for me to proceed with my company to Leavenworth for muster out, so my trip to Denver was abandoned. This was quite a disappointment, but was soon forgotten in making preparations for the march of four hundred fifty miles to Leavenworth.

In the early days of May, 1866, I bade farewell to my friends of the Regular army, Capt. Ball and others with whom I had served pleasantly the last few months, and started east. The march was uneventful. At Monument station my company was joined with that of Capt. Strout, and we proceeded together to Fort Fletcher. Here we joined the two companies there, and all proceeded under command of Col. Tamblyn to Leavenworth. On the way I joined in our last buffalo hunt and rode alongside of an old bull which I helped dispatch, but our last meal of buffalo steak was so tough that it was not particularly enjoyable. May 10th we reached Fort Riley, where a day's rest was enjoyed; and five days more of marching brought us to Fort Leavenworth, where a week was spent in making muster-out rolls and turning over our arms, camp and garrison equipments to the proper officers at the fort. May 22, I was mustered out of the service, got my final pay with allowance for travel to my home in Bristol, the place of my original enlistment. I also got transportation for myself and men to St. Louis, proceeding thence by boat, and there secured transportation for my men to their several places of abode in the southern states. These constituted my last official acts in the service, and I then found myself a free man, to go and come, not at the command of my superior officers, but as inclination dictated, after a service of three years and ten months in the army.

These years had been momentous ones to me. When at school I had confidently expected to prepare for my life work at college, but I found myself graduating from the army instead. My education had not been attained by pouring over books, but had been practical discipline of the army with its hardships and dangers. But there were no misgivings over the past. Indeed I had not seen a day when I regretted having placed my name on the enlistment papers, and homesickness, which carried off many of my comrades, never troubled me for an hour. Besides, there was great satisfaction in knowing I had helped in the great work of preserving the Union.

From St. Louis my trip east was made in company with Lieut. John P. Eaton. We traveled leisurely, spent a few days in St. Louis,

Columbus, Ohio, at Niagara Falls, and other places. Before reaching the Falls we resolved that we would not be victimized by sharpers there. We had read too much about their ways to be caught, but at the end of our visit, as we recounted our experience there, we concluded that, however much we had known before reaching there, we knew much more when we left.

At Niagara Falls I bade adieu to Lieut. Eaton and made the rest of my journey homeward alone. Here commenced a sense of loneliness that grew with the passing weeks, which was not even dispelled by the pleasure of mingling again in the home circle and with friends. The quiet of village life, with none of the excitement of the army with its every day duties, was oppressive, but family ties held me, and so I have passed my life, since my return from the army, in the place where I was born and where, all things considered, are more attractions than any other place on earth.

As the years have rolled by, I have seen with increasing vividness that the sacrifice was not all made during the years of my service; but that the lack of a higher education was an effectual barrier against attaining a higher position in life, and that, therefore, the effect of the sacrifice made in 1862 has been with me through life.

THE END

BIOGRAPHICAL

A further word about father's life may not be amiss here.

After returning from his war service of nearly four years, he was for two or three years in the wool business in Bristol, and in December, 1870, opened a printing office in town. In June, 1878, he established the "Bristol Weekly Enterprise," which he edited continuously for thirty-six years, or until his decease. He served his town in various capacities—was for six years on the board of education of Union School district, six years town clerk, represented the town in the legislature of 1885, was author of the bill to provide for the publication of the "Register of New Hampshire Soldiers and Sailors, War of the Rebellion," represented the Fourth Senatorial district in the senate of 1891-92, and was for forty-three years recording steward of the official board of the Methodist church, and chairman of the trustees of Minot-Sleeper library from the time of its organization till his death. For many years he was secretary, treasurer and a director of the Bristol Cemetery association. He was a Republican, Mason, Odd Fellow, and a member of the G. A. R.

The work for which Captain Musgrove will be the longest remembered in his own town is the History of Bristol, which he compiled, and which was published in 1904, in two volumes, after a painstaking research of twenty-five years. This history was published along original lines, departing somewhat from the character of most histories, and in comprehensiveness, depth of interest and accuracy, has been pronounced by good judges the best town history in the state up to that time.

Reckoning the years spent in the war and the years given to the compilation of his history, it may truthfully be asserted that Captain Musgrove gave his whole life to the service of others, and there is no question in his case, as in the case of other G. A. R. men, that while he lived to a good old age, physical ills contracted in the service cut short his life by several years. Because of service rendered others, including sacrifices to his family, as the writer can testify, Captain Musgrove did not accumulate wealth, but died with a name honored by achievement.

At the altar of the old Methodist church on Spring street, Dec. 23, 1869, his marriage to Henrietta Maria Guild, was solemnized by Rev. Newell Culver. She was born in Walpole Sept. 14, 1843, the

daughter of Ebenezer and Sarah Maria (Brown) Guild. From girlhood she was a music teacher and church organist and was very successful in training children for chorus singing. Like her husband, she gave generously of her time and talent, being a potent factor for many years in the development of the music of the town. Her love, devotion, and sacrifices, were not for the public alone, but together she and father labored for the good of the home, making it a blessing and inspiration to their six children: Isadore Maria, Frank Abbott, Carrie Etta, Mary Donker, Anna Belle, and Eugene Richard.

Father's life ended Feb. 19, 1914, and mother joined him May 6, 1920.

They did their work well, and their lives inspired others to strive for achievement.

MARY D. MUSGROVE.

Tributes From the Press

The fellow publishers of Capt. Richard W. Musgrove bestowed many tributes to his memory. The following are extracts from editorial columns of the press:

"Practically every newspaper man in the State and many outside send sympathy to the Musgrove family at Bristol. Capt. Richard W. Musgrove held the love and esteem of all the editors in the State as well as of a large circle of friends in other walks of life, and one and all regret his death, which occurred last week Thursday morning. As editor he was always fair to his readers, to the public and to his brothers in the profession. Genial and kindly in disposition, there was a manliness about him which commanded respect. A veteran of the Civil War and later as a soldier in the regular army in the Indian wars he was an influential member of the Grand Army. A consistent Christian who lived his religion, he was a prominent member of the Methodist Church and influential in the councils of the denomination. His death removes a man whose place will not easily be filled."—Journal Transcript.

"New Hampshire Methodism lost one of its leading laymen in the death of Capt. Richard W. Musgrove. He was among New Hampshire's best known and most esteemed citizens, staunch in his character, faithful in every trust which was imposed upon him, loyal to family and to friends, and devoted to his church. . . . For many years he was the publisher of the New Hampshire Conference Minutes, and was a familiar figure at these gatherings, from which he will be missed as much as any member of the Conference. A true hearted Christian soldier has laid down his armor."—Zion's Herald.

"The death of Captain Richard W. Musgrove, owner and founder of The Bristol, N. H., Enterprise, is a distinct loss to the newspaper fraternity throughout the state. He was a veteran of the 12th N. H. Regiment in the Civil War and was the highest type of a man and a citizen. Unassuming in manner, but dignified in bearing and deeply religious, he filled many positions of responsibility and will be greatly missed in his home town. Mr. Musgrove made his paper a power for good in the community and state and was always found working on the side of right. He was a valued member of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' association and attended its last meeting in Boston in January. His cheery word of advice, pleasant smile and cordial greeting will be sadly missed at these gatherings in the future. He has answered his last roll call but the memory of his good deeds will never die."—Pittsfield Valley Times.

"Probably there is not a newspaper man in the State but was genuinely saddened at the death of Capt. Richard W. Musgrove, the dean of the newspaper fraternity, editor of the Bristol Enterprise and a grand man. Capt. Musgrove held a warm place in the esteem of his fellow publishers, and his memory will long live with them."—Coos County Democrat.

"Though in his bearing and manners a dignified gentleman of the old school, he was thoroughly modern and wide-awake in his ideas and beliefs. A most delightful man he was to meet. The writer has had many a pleasant chat with him at various press club meetings and gained a high regard for his honest, manly nature, and his frank, sincere open-mindedness. No newspaper man was held in higher esteem by the members of the fraternity than he; no one will be more sadly missed than he from the meetings of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' association."—Somersworth Free Press.

"Much has been written and said, and in part rightly, of the demoralizing influence of war, of the young men whose lives are blighted, although they do not fall upon the field of battle or die in hospital. Undoubtedly there was such wreckage as an inevitable accomplishment of the great Civil War. But on the other hand that war was a school in which thousands of young men developed the best that was in them. McKinley was a conspicuous example, but there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of other young men, who, although they did not become Presidents, showed throughout long and useful lives as good citizens, the effect of those years of discipline.

"Of these was Richard W. Musgrove, whose peaceful death in his home in Bristol has just been reported. . . . . He had not been

'spoiled' by the war. In time he founded the Bristol Enterprise and, as the years went by, made it a powerful influence for good in his community and in his section of the state. Unassuming but dignified, consistently religious and sincerely conscientious, he did all that he could to make the world better and happier. Strong in his convictions, he was neither partisan in his politics nor bigoted in his faith. He filled with fidelity many positions of responsibility, was in all respects a worthy member of the community—an example of the splendid type of volunteer soldiers who returned from the Civil War to take their part in the activities of peace."—Manchester Union.

"There comes a united expression of sorrow from the newspapers of the state at the announcement of the death of our fellow publisher and friend. . . . A powerful pen, a rusting sword and a striking personality have been laid away; each, having served a loyal and faithful mission in their sphere of service, has gained a lasting memory among those who knew them best."—Farmington News.

"It was with the keenest sorrow that the newspaper men of New Hampshire heard of the sudden death of Capt. R. W. Musgrove of Bristol last week, on the very day that his paper, the Bristol Enterprise, went to press. Capt. Musgrove was the oldest man actively engaged in editorial duties in the state, but he was young in spirit and none enjoyed the outings of the N. H. Weekly Publishers' association more than he. He was a staunch defender of honesty, fairness and justice in politics, an able editor and a true friend. He was a gallant soldier during the Civil War and no less an unselfish patriot in later years. He will be greatly missed."—Rochester Courier.

"In June, 1878, he founded the Enterprise, which under his guiding hand has since been among the most enterprising and influential weekly publications in the state. Honors fell thickly upon Mr. Musgrove's shoulders, and he bore them gracefully and filled the numerous positions for which he was selected, competently. Captain Musgrove was a valiant soldier, a useful citizen, and belonged to the old school of gentlemen. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove had come to be regarded as fixtures at the gatherings of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' association, and the presence of Mr. Musgrove will be keenly missed in the future. The sympathy of the association as a unit will go to Mrs. Musgrove in the loss of her devoted companion."—Republican Champion.

"For his kindly nature and loyalty to the true he will be missed by a state-wide circle of acquaintances."—Granite State Free Press.

JAMES MUSGROVE

But little is known of the early life of James Musgrove, father of the late Capt. Musgrove. He was born in London, Eng., Dec. 13, 1798, and was probably not over six years old when his father, James, and Uncle John went to Calcutta, India, as custom house officers of the East India company, and young James was left to the care of his mother. Of school privileges he had but few, and for some reason there was little sympathy between him and his mother. He had, however, an "Aunt Fox," who took an interest in him, and from her he learned something of his family connections. If we recall the story correctly, he also learned much from a nurse after he had secured for her a generous amount of snuff.

At the age of eight years he enlisted in the British navy for life, and in the capacity of a cabin boy he traveled to many parts of the world, his vessel taking part in the War of 1812 with the United States, and he was a prisoner of war at Philadelphia during the struggle. With his enlistment ended his school days, but tracts and other reading fell into his hands, besides his Bible, and he devoted his spare moments to improving his mind. As he grew older he began to realize the life of drudgery and toil that lay before him, with no chance to rise, and but little opportunity to improve his mind. The only hope before him was to desert the service, and this he felt justified in doing, considering his extreme youth when he enlisted. When he came to this conclusion he was about 16 years of age and an opportunity soon presented itself, of which he took advantage. His ship was at St. John, N. B., and he was on shore leave when he heard the ship's bell call everyone on board. He knew this meant that the ship was about to leave port, and a sudden impulse seized him. Now was his opportunity. Without a moment's hesitation he started to run in the opposite direction. Such was his eagerness that, while looking back for imaginary pursuers, he ran against a meeting-house instead of keeping the road.

This was on the afternoon of Christmas day, but he at once took the first road that led to the country and trudged on till night overtook him. By this time he had reached a distance from town where houses were few, and he had forded one stream so that his clothes were wet nearly through. In this condition he was about to lie down on the snow to seek some rest when he saw a light in the distance. Encouraged to hope he might find hospitality there, he pressed on, and presented himself at the door of a farmer. The family was enjoying its Christmas

plum pudding, after the English fashion, but the lady of the house answered his call and, in response to his request for a night's lodging, invited him in.

Then occurred an earnest conversation between the lady and her husband. "This fellow may be a deserter from some ship," said he, "and if we harbor him we may get ourselves into trouble." Finally they asked him squarely who he was, and why he was there at that time of night, when he made bold to tell them all. The lady said, after hearing his story, that deserter or no deserter she was not going to turn him out doors that cold night. The man, with downcast face, shook his head and said, "This may be bad business for us," and then moved off to join the festivities of the occasion, while the lady made haste to make a place for him at the table.

The morning dawned, and after breakfast his case was again discussed. "Well," said the wife, "his ship has gone and what good will it do to turn him out now?" and he, not knowing what else to do, remained.

How long he stayed there is not known, but some days, if not weeks; and then he returned to St. John to seek employment. Here he engaged himself to a merchant tailor to learn the tailoring trade. The time of his service was to be, as usual in those days, seven years.

Here life was more tolerable than on ship-board. Though the lot of the apprentice was a hard one, he found friends, had an opportunity to read and study evenings and enjoyed the privileges of the church.

After having spent four years at his new situation, he learned one day that the vessel from which he deserted was soon to revisit St. John. In this dilemma, he consulted his Irish fellow workmen and women, of whom there were quite a number, and their decision was that he must be packed off to Boston at once. Passage was secured in a vessel about to leave, and each contributed toward a stock of provisions for the trip, and he started for Boston. The vessel had hardly reached the outside of the harbor, when an adverse wind blew it back. The young man's heart grew faint, especially when he heard an Irishman remark, "And faith, there must be a Jonah aboard."

The third attempt was more successful, and the ship sailed on towards Boston with every prospect of a fair trip, until the neighborhood of the mouth of the Penobscot river was reached. Here the vessel was wrecked, and all hands took to the boats and succeeded in landing on the coast of Maine.

Young James was now without money to prosecute his journey and had no earthly goods except the clothes he wore. He therefore resolved to continue his journey to Boston on foot, and at once started out. But little is known of the details of this trip, but it is remembered that in later life he often spoke of its hardships, how he trudged along the

rough roads with blistered feet, and sought shelter at farmhouses or taverns and did work for his lodgings and meals. He loved to dwell on the kindness of one landlady, who kept him a week or more and would not allow him to resume his journey till his feet had healed, and then assisted him to some better shoes and stockings than those he had worn.

On reaching Boston, James let himself to a tailor and served three years to finish his trade, and must have worked there some years longer as a journeyman, when he returned to London, without change of name or attempting to cover up his identity; and he moved again in the same community he had left to enter the navy.

Here he was thrown into the company of Ann Donker. They belonged to the same tract society, sick society, and attended the same church. They were married Dec. 27, 1827, in Bethnal Green church. They continued to reside in London till September, 1832, when they went to Boston in a sailing vessel, arriving in October. They lived in Hanover St., Portland Place, about nine months, while Mr. Musgrove worked at No. 13 Court St. Then they moved to Charlestown, first living on High street, then on Bunker Hill in "Cook's" house near the nunnery, and were living there when the nunnery was burned by the mob. The light from the fire shone into their house. After three years there, they moved to Lynn, where they resided when the panic of 1837 came. At that time he was thrown out of work, and so he advertised in the Zion's Herald for employment, or a place to engage in business. Among other letters was one from Haverhill, N. H., and one from N. S. Berry, Bristol. James Musgrove walked from Lynn to Haverhill, N. H., to see what the situation there was, and on his way back called at Bristol. Mr. Berry took him into his family and kept him a few days and induced him to locate here.

His decision made, he returned on foot to his home, having first engaged a Mr. Bowers to go to Lynn with him with his team and bring his family and household effects here. When he reached Bristol with his family, they were entertained at Mr. Berry's home till they got settled in the Bradley house, where they lived till Mr. Musgrove built a house on North Main St., which still remains there.

A persistent effort was made to drive Mr. Musgrove from town. Bristol had at that time a tailor who was intemperate, and his friends acted as a unit, apparently, to make life intolerable for the new tailor. His sign was taken down and thrown into the river.. When his house was nearing completion and one room was ready to use as a shop, his cow was shut up in this room over night. A number of men, Dr. Rufus Fellows, Richard Sawyer, and Levi Bartlett, were leaders in this movement, while N. S. Berry, Dr. Eaton, Reuben Bean, and others

were just as diligent in befriending him. Dr. Eaton vacated the basement of his house, which stood where the Methodist church now stands, and located his office in one of his living rooms to make room for a shop for the new tailor when no one else could let him in.

But these things wore away in time, and an upright life, fair dealing, and promptness in business won for him the respect and esteem of the entire community. Though not educated in the schools, he was a well-bred man, and in European history was considered the best informed man in town.