

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

RELATING TO

SPENCER, MASS.

BY

HENRY M. TOWER.



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VOLUME III.

1903

SPENCER, MASS.
W. J. HEFFERNAN—SPENCER LEADER PRINT.
1903

“Preserve your local history for it is of priceless value, though some do not seem to realize it, and this value will surely increase as the centuries one after another roll around. What would we not give for authentic and unabridged history of life in the golden days of the Grecian and Roman empires? To be sure we know much but the mind of man is not satisfied. We would know all.”

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER. TWO
OF THE BEST PERSONS I HAVE EVER KNOWN,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.



ROSAMOND DRAPER (ADAMS) TOWER.

Daughter of Levi and Betsey Adams. Born at Brookfield, Sept. 20, 1827. Died in Spencer, Aug. 20, 1907. A descendant of Henry Adams of Quincy, who came from England about 1637.



AMBROSE MENDELL TOWER.

Son of Luke and Polly Tower. Born at Rutland, March 27, 1821.
Died at Spencer, May 3, 1874. A descendant of John Tower
of Hingham, who came from England in 1637.



BIRTHPLACE OF ROSAMOND D. TOWER.

Brookfield Centre, Mass. House recently torn down. It stood opposite the mansion of the famous Capt. Simeon Draper. The bay window was made for the use of a watch repairer and is said to have been one of the first built in Worcester County.



BIRTHPLACE OF AMBROSE M. TOWER,

West Rutland, Mass., now standing. A short distance to the right is Bigelow's saw mill. It was here that Joseph Tower, a millwright from Lancaster, and great grandfather of Ambrose M., built the first saw mill in that section when Rutland was mostly a wilderness.

PREFACE.

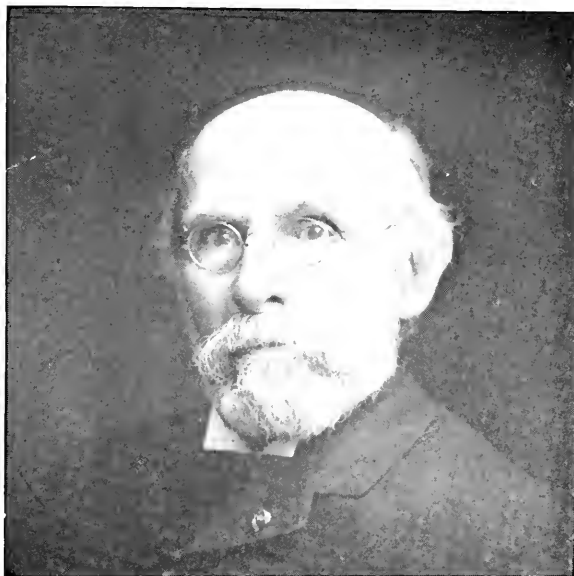
It has never been my purpose, as some have supposed, to write a detailed history of Spencer during the Civil War. I know too well the magnitude of the task. My aim rather has been to gather perishable data from the memories of the living, and uncollected and unprinted manuscripts which otherwise might be lost and preserve the same for the use of the present and future generations.

Probably no one can realize the amount of work involved in compiling or writing history except those who have actually engaged in it. James Draper says his history of Spencer would not have been undertaken had he apprehended beforehand the amount of labor required for its execution. Again no man was so well equipped with facts in regard to Spencer during the Civil War as Luther Hill. He knew its history in detail and at the close of the war determined to write it. For that purpose he secured a room on Beacon hill, Boston, near the State House, where the official war records could readily be consulted. He worked at his appointed task, eighteen hours a day for a full week, and then, having hardly begun the work, but beginning to realize the amount of labor involved in it—having health, time, means and complete data at command—he tore up what he had written, abandoned the work and returned home. That he did so will ever be a cause for regret. As may be noted, the larger part of this volume has been written by Spencer men who were in the war and at the front and who relate from actual experience what they thought, felt and saw. On this account the record is of greater value than if the tales had been told second-hand. In the use of so many names, dates, places, etc., it is quite likely some errors will appear and if so and notified I shall be glad to make corrections in Vol. IV.

I hereby extend my gratitude to all who have so kindly assisted me in the preparation of this volume and especially to Major William T. Harlow of Worcester.

MAJOR WILLIAM TAYLOR HARLOW.

Son of Gideon and Harriet (Howe) Harlow was born Oct. 3, 1828 at Shrewsbury, Mass. He came from good old New England fighting stock. Lineally descended from Major William Bradford, Ensign William Ford and Sargeant William Harlow,



Wm T. Harlow

who were all participants in the great Narragansett fight (Kingston, R. I., Dec. 1675.) Five generations later his ancestors served in the Revolutionary War—one on his father's side, his great-grandfather, Gideon Harlow of Duxbury, and two on his

mother's side, his great grandfather and grandfather, both named Nathan Howe and both of Shrewsbury.

Captain Howe, the elder, whose commission was issued by "The Major Part of the council of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" at Watertown, Feb. 5, 1776 (Governor Thomas Gage being there with the British over in Boston, which was hard besieged by Captain Howe and other rebel Yankees under command of rebel General George Washington) died of an illness contracted on the night of the building of the fortifications* at Dorchester Heights. Before the Revolution Captain Howe had served his apprenticeship as a soldier fighting for the British crown against the French in Canada.

Mr. Harlow graduated at Yale in the class of 1851 and read law with Judge Benjamin F. Thomas at Worcester. After admission to the bar he settled in Spencer, February 1854 and remained in practice as a lawyer there till the Spring of 1861. He married May 31, 1863, Jeannette, daughter of Lewis Bemis of Spencer and has had three children, Frederick Bemis, Gideon, (died in infancy) and Margaret. In 1861 he went to the War with the 21st Mass. Vols., commissioned as 1st lieutenant dated Aug. 21, 1861 and was promoted captain July 29, 1862. Except two temporary details, one as regimental quartermaster (about three months) and one as lieutenant, commanding Co. A (Templeton, Co.) about three weeks, he served with Co. C and took part in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newberne, Camden Court House, second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg. He also received another commission from Governor Andrew dated Nov. 5, 1863, as Major in the 57th veteran regiment and assisted in recruiting it, but did not go to service with it.

In January 1867 he went to California and remained there (Red Bluff, Tehama Co.) about two years, during which time he held the office of assistant assessor of internal revenue by appointment of the assessor of the Sacramento District. His return to Worcester was on account of severe illness from fever and ague originally contracted in the South during the war. In 1869 he was appointed assessor of internal revenue for the Worcester district by President Grant and held that office for about four years. Jan. 1, 1877, he was appointed by the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court assistant clerk of the courts for the County of Worcester for three years, which office by successive reappointments (8) he has held to the present time.

*They were of wood and were carried up and built in the night, Mar. 5, 1776, under the supervision of Gen. Putnam.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY MAJOR WILLIAM T. HARLOW.

On Sunday, April 14, 1861, came to Spencer the news that Sumter was taken. News of the attack upon the fort was in Saturday's papers and had been read in Spencer and all over the country. All winter the rebels had been building their batteries around Charleston Harbor and getting ready for their attack. * "Whom the gods will destroy," they first make mad, and the madmen had actually fired on a U. S. steamer bearing supplies and reinforcements to the fort—all which was well known to the good people of Spencer and all the rest of the people of the Northern States. But somehow they did not seem to think that the rebels were much in earnest. Even Saturday's news like the firing on the Star of the West (Jan. 5) was received in Spencer and generally throughout the North with very little manifestation of consciousness of what it really meant. Down to the actual taking of Sumter, an incredible apathy had rested on the North and the lethargy of the grave seemed to hold in its grasp all sensibility to national honor and national safety.

But Sunday morning the news spread rapidly over the Northern states. In 1861 Sunday editions of newspapers were not regularly issued in Worcester or Boston. But this Sunday's news required an "Extra" and many papers put out one. In Spencer a passing traveller at the Jenks Tavern pulled out of his pocket an Extra Worcester Spy, a little sheet about four or five inches wide by ten or twelve long, printed only on one side. "Sumter Surrendered" was its startling caption. In a few minutes the news flew over the village, and in an hour or two was all over the town of Spencer. That little sheet set the town on

Town on Fire.

fire. Such flashing of eyes as there was, and fight in every one of them. Before one had time to open his lips he saw fight in his neighbor's eye. On sight of the caption of the little sheet my mind was made up to fight, and everybody else looked as if his mind had jumped to the same determination. In and about the

*Old Roman proverb.

old tavern assembled great crowds of people and at street corners and elsewhere all over town people ran together to tell and hear the news.

Next morning (Apr. 15) the mail brought the Worcester and Boston papers containing President Lincoln's Proclamation, calling a special session of Congress and for 75,000 troops. On Sunday it had been wired to the Governor of every Northern state, and the Associated Press had placed it in the possession of all its members. Until the papers came I felt a burning anxiety—not so much to get the details about Sumter—the main fact, which we had already, being of infinitely more importance than any possible details—but to know for sure whether all the people of Massachusetts and the other Northern states felt about the rebel taking of Sumter as we of Spencer did, and whether they were as full of fight as we were. To tell the truth, I was far from sure about it till I read it in the morning papers, and after that I wanted to see the New York papers which would have news from remoter parts of the country. Now when one has made up his mind and formed an opinion on an important matter all alone by himself and afterwards finds everybody else agreeing with him and expressing his own views and feelings with great force and emphasis and giving weighty reasons therefor, some of which he has not himself before thought of, he feels himself greatly strengthened in his position; so thought and felt the people of Spencer after they had read the newspapers morning and afternoon of April 15, 1861.

All Business Suspended.

All business in Spencer was suspended. Not since the Revolutionary War probably had such an intense spirit of patriotism been engendered and this spirit so dominated the minds of the people that they could think of nothing else. The war spirit was rampant. Monday the 15th saw nearly every male citizen in town more or less excitedly discussing the situation with other citizens either in front of Jenks Tavern or the Town Hall. Everybody felt as much incensed as though the South had made a personal attack upon his own property and home, and everybody wanted to fight. Talking over the situation did not satisfy men who felt ready for immediate action. They wanted to do something besides talk, and so it was proposed that Col. Temple organize the crowd into a company and instruct them in the rudiments of warfare. This he did and some two hundred or more men—not a few of them past military age—formed into line and with limb wood as a substitute for guns marched over to Josiah Green's boot factory and back to the Town Hall, which they then entered to listen to the orators of the town in



Town Hall.

THE OLD TOWN HALL.

This Hall was replaced by the present structure in 1871. The old hall building was sold to Abraham and James Capen for a thousand dollars. They purposed moving it to the space now occupied by F. W. Boulton as a drug store and there fitting it up for a meat market and various other kinds of business. Isaac Prouty & Co., not taking kindly to this arrangement, purchased the building and moved it to the rear of what then was the nucleus of the present big shop. Here for several years it served as a storehouse and shipping headquarters. The demand for additional room for making boots and shoes resulted in its being incorporated into the present factory of over six hundred feet in length. The old hand engine house (Engine No. 2) is shown at the right.

their expression of patriotic sentiments. If never before, the Town Hall this time was packed to its utmost capacity and deafening cheers rent the air as each patriotic sentiment was proclaimed by the speakers.

The North at last was thoroughly aroused. It no longer misunderstood the South. The apathy—till then so universal and so unexplainable—was not explained, but it was at an end and its place was taken by a deep feeling of concern for our country's weal. Out of its grave of lethargy had sprung the North—not dead, only sleeping—as if it had heard a blast from the last trumpet of the archangel.

In a day or two United States flags began to be much in evidence everywhere—I speak not merely of Spencer—in all cities and towns, big and little. Bunting was very scarce and high and the flags were not large, except the old campaigners, Democrat and Republican, of the then recent presidential election, which six months before had waved defiance to each other and to the opposition candidate, but which now reappeared and harmoniously made common cause for our country with President Lincoln, and Douglas* too, against the public enemy. In the absence of bunting other material was forced into use by the public demand. Being minded to have a good sized flag flying over his office, the writer sent an order to Barnard & Sumner in Worcester for a flag. Mr. Sumner, who was an old friend and schoolfellow, kindly replied that they had no bunting and bunting was not to be had for love or money, but they were making flags of flannel, alternate stripes of red and white, with a blue field and white stars, sewed together in the same way that flags

The Stars and Stripes Forever.

of bunting are usually made. Next morning after receiving it, I got up early and had my flag proudly waving over the Union Building, to the great surprise and admiration of the other tenants of the building and of all other beholders, not one of whom seemed to detect the material.

Two regiments of infantry were called for from Massachusetts, and in cities and towns where there was an organized company of militia, public attention was absorbed and engrossed in helping the company to get off to service as quickly as possible. It was the misfortune of Spencer not to have any militia company organized for immediate service, though there were very few young men in the town at that time who did not wish there was such a company and that they were members of it. Everybody

* Stephen A. Douglas one of the Democratic candidates for President in the late election at once declared himself on the side of his country.

began talking about recruiting such a company and getting it ready for the next call. And the young men were all ready to enlist. At the request of the young men and of some who were no longer young—grave and elderly citizens of the town, among whom I will mention Col. Alonzo Temple and Capt. Jeremiah Grout, whose military titles came from service in the M. V. M. years before—then long past military age themselves, I drew up an informal paper or agreement to enlist, which was signed by a godly number on the first day on which it was presented for signatures.

In the uncertainty which we all felt about the proper method of procedure I went to Boston to see the adjutant general about it. It was Saturday, Apr. 20. I fix the date because I remember it was the day the Third Battalion left Worcester for Baltimore. I found the state house filled and surrounded with people from all parts of the state, every one of them possessed with a burning desire to do something, and the most he could and that without delay, to help meet the present emergency, if only he could find out what to do. The excitement and commotion beggars all description. Men usually calm, quiet, reserved, conservative, dignified in looks, manner, speech, gestures and behavior, were the very opposites of their usual selves. Information was given out at the Adjutant General's office to the effect that no attention whatever could be given to anything or anybody else till the regiments and companies called for were gotten ready and started off on their way to Washington. The office was packed with men, some of them in militia uniform, going and coming, and running both ways. Of course it was useless for me to persist in seeing Gen. Schoutler.

Men All Ready to Enlist.

But I did succeed in getting a brief interview with Col. John W. Wetherell of Worcester, then a member of the Governor's staff, whom I knew very well and who kindly informed me that Gov. Andrew would be glad to have as many new militia companies formed as possible ready for future calls, which were to be expected at any time, and that proper blanks were being printed for organizing such companies and he would send such to me as soon as they should be received from the printer.

Returning to Spencer, during the next week I obtained to our informal paper names enough to meet the maximum requirement for a company, and several more. In time, though not as soon as I expected, I received from Col. Wetherell the proper blank form for enlistment, which was signed by 101 men and at once forwarded to the Adjutant General, who in reply sent me an order to notify the enlisted men to meet at the Town Hall in

Spencer on Monday, May 6, seven o'clock p. m., for the election of officers of the company.

Meantime, several things took place which it is proper to mention, though I will not dwell upon them. War meetings were held, how many I cannot now remember, at which fiery speeches were made, this on week days or rather in the evenings of week days, and on Sundays in all the churches the preachers preached patriotic sermons and prayed patriotically for our soldiers. "The war" was the one ever present topic that came up at every meeting or assembly of men, no matter what was the professed purpose of it, and was preached upon and lectured upon, and commented upon and discussed and considered and that too without anybody's ever getting tired of it. And this is said to have continued to be true during the whole war of four years and more. No matter whether the meeting was a prayer meeting or a cock-fight or a Masonic lodge or a cattle show or a society of learned antiquaries. And meantime too (Apr. 29) the selectmen called a patriotic town meeting at which Rev. Mr. Waterman (about that time installed over the Congregational church) and others made patriotic speeches and at which the town unanimously voted to appropriate \$5000, or as much of it as may be needed to fur-

Money Voted Freely.

nish outfits and uniforms for a company of soldiers about to be organized in this town for the service of the government; also to pay each member of the company seventy-five cents for each half day spent in drilling during the next thirty days, and to pay from the \$5000 before voted \$10 per month to each member of the company while in actual service, in addition to the government pay, all to be expended and paid under supervision of the selectmen and assessors. Except as regards the per diem for drilling which was promptly paid and the uniforms which were made by Mr. H. P. Duntun, the tailor, and furnished to the company, I have no knowledge whatever and shall say nothing. The promise of \$10 per month extra pay was an overflow of municipal patriotism unauthorized by law and could not be fulfilled.

Meantime on Apr. 29 or thereabouts, Major General Augustus Morse of Leominster (such was the full sonorous title and addition of him, whom, never before having had anything to do with the M. V. M., I had never even heard of, but whom I afterwards came to know very well indeed) established his headquarters at the Bay State House in Worcester and issued orders through the newspapers to all new companies then recruiting in Worcester County, of which there were several others besides our hopeful in Spencer, to report to him. Visiting the Bay State House to see what was up, I found there Maj. Joel W. Fletcher

of Gen. Morse's staff, whom I had met before as a member of the Worcester County Bar, though I had only a very slight acquaintance with him. He was profuse in offers of good advice and informed me that it would be greatly to the advantage of the Spencer company to keep in close contact with Gen. Morse and his staff. I asked him if he could refer me to a competent drill master to instruct us in the tactics. Maj. Fletcher would send us a good one.

At the time appointed for our company election of officers, May 6, seven p. m., appeared Maj. Theron E. Hall of Holden,



CHENEY BEMIS,
One of the Fifers.

another officer of Gen. Morse's staff, having been detailed by the General to preside at the election, accompanied by Dr. Joseph N. Bates, and Adjutant John M. Studley of Worcester. After a perfunctory examination of us as to age, height, soundness of wind

Officers of the First Company of Volunteers.

and limb, etc., the learned doctor "guessed we would do" and so certified, or in words to that effect. The election proceeded and the following members of the company were by their fellows

elected officers, viz:—Wm. T. Harlow, captain; John W. Bigelow, 1st lieutenant; Lawson S. Powers, 2nd lieutenant; Albert Adams, 3rd lieutenant and Horace E. Prouty, 4th lieutenant.

Maj. Hall had brought up Adjutant Studley to introduce him to us as a drill master. The selectmen being then in session, I took him to their room where they made an agreement with him to drill us.

I am unable to give a complete list of all the members of our company nor can I recall the names of more than one of the non-commissioned officers. The rolls and records are lost. I had supposed the original roll was at the Adjutant General's office at the State house in Boston, but I have been informed, though I have not myself inquired there about it, that it is not to be found there. But the names of all those who entered the United States service and served their country in the War of the Rebellion may be found in the rolls of the 10th and 21st regiments in the Adjutant General's published Records of Mass., Vols. 1861—1864. These do not make up the whole list of the original company but I do not think it worth while to waste much time in trying to make up rolls of honor with the names of men whose only service in the war was "playing soldier" in Spencer.

Adjutant Studley, who afterwards entered the U. S. service as captain of one of the companies of the 15th regiment, and later on was Lieut. Col. of the 51st, was a well drilled militia officer and gave us very good instruction in the school of the soldier and the school of the company according to Scott's Tactics, which had been in use in the U. S. Army till a short time before the war and I suppose was still at the time of our drilling in use in the M. V. M. But "Scott" had already been superseded in the regular army by Hardee's Infantry and Rifle Tactics. * The difference, however, between Scott and Hardee in company movements was not radical and in the manual of arms where the difference was more, our instructor gave us no lessons at all for the quite sufficient reason that we had no arms. Every available

Wooden Muskets to Drill With.

muskets and rifle being needed at the front, in the absence of fire-arms the selectmen supplied us with wooden imitations, sawed out of 1 1/4 inch pine plank in the form of a gun by Barnes & Mullett, a Spencer firm of carpenters and builders. The soldiers

* Bvt. Lieut. Col. Wm. J. Hardee, U. S. Army (later Lieut. Gen. Hardee, C. S. Army) was the author of this work, the first edition of which was published in 1855 by the War Department (U. S.) under an order signed by "Jefferson Davis, Sec. of War." May 1, 1861 the War Department (U. S.) reprinted it, omitting the author's name. The C. S. War Department also reprinted it and later several other reprints of it U. S. and C. S. were issued during the War all verbatim except the title pages. A collection of the various editions and reprints of Hardee U. S. and C. S. may be found in the American Antiquarian Library at Worcester.

called them Barnes & Mullett's rifles and Adjutant Studley treated them as a joke to begin with. He did not think it worth his while to attempt to teach the manual of arms with them. They at once became a laughing stock and were never used at all.

Public opinion, supported by the old school militia authorities of the town, insisted that music was a very necessary accompaniment of military instruction, and Mr. Cheney Bemis and an other man about his age (probably sixty or thereabouts) whose surname is believed to have been Redfield, not a resident I think



CORPORAL GEORGE W. HENRY.

Copy by Currier

Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Born in Spencer, Dec. 8, 1840. Killed in battle at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, 1862.

of the town, very kindly volunteered to play the fife for us and two boys or very young men, whose names are gone from my memory, also very kindly offered to drum for us and I think we marched about on the streets a little keeping step to the music of Mr. Bemis' "band." But our drill master did not think much more highly of our music than he did of our firearms. No music or arms were required he said in teaching the first lessons of the school of the soldier and the school of the company.

Our daily drill was about six hours, three in the forenoon and three in the afternoon. It was hard work. I remember

however that some Spencer critics who looked on while we drilled could not see why we should not, like any other laboring man, "work" ten hours a day and earn our money (\$1.50.) The men soon learned the movements and in the course of two weeks could go through them quite well. They were anxious to learn and took pains. I had had some experience as a student before—not in studying tactics and drilling—but what with studying my "Scott" both before and after drill and attempting all at once to learn not only the duties of company commander but those of the other officers, non-commissioned officers and privates too, I think it was the hardest studying I ever did. It would not be of interest for me to dwell longer upon our military instruction in Spencer. It was of course monotonous and without variety. I don't remember now how many days or weeks we followed up our drilling, but I think it was three weeks, more or less.

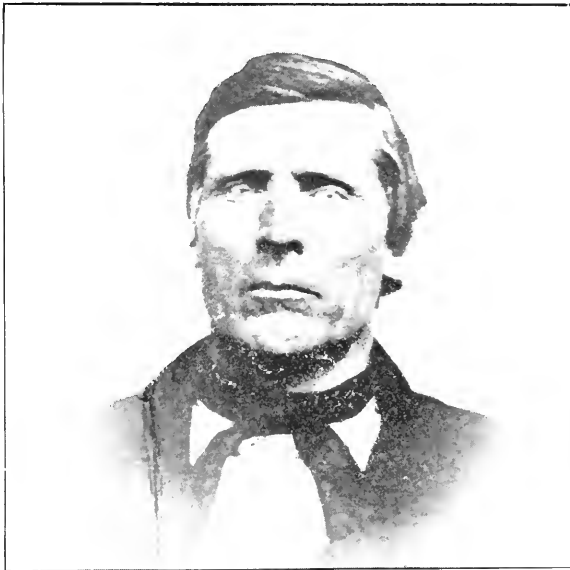
We were all very anxious to get away into the U. S. service, but there were perplexing and trying delays, unexpected and unexplained. Congress having authorized the call for 300,000 men and President Lincoln having called for the first instalment of them (12,000) the War Department, May 4, issued general orders No. 15, giving a plan of organization for regiments and companies, officers and non-commissioned officers, with many details not necessary to enumerate here, caused it to be printed for public information. It was generally understood to call for eight regiments from this state and so Gov. Andrew understood it. Not so, however, Mr. Secretary Cameron. At any rate, he became alarmed lest he should have too many troops on his hands and (May 15) in a letter to Gov. Andrew, declared that he meant only six regiment of three years' men, which with two of militia (three months' men) would make eight, and directing if eight had been called for by the Governor that their number should be reduced by discharge. And for a time in May it was given out at the War Department that there was not going to be so very much of a war after all, and Mr. Secretary of State Seward sagely predicted that it would be all over in ninety days.

Secretary Seward Predicts War Would Soon be Over.

Before this occurred, to keep posted as to what was going on and to materialize the anxiety that we all felt to get into the U. S. service as soon as possible, I had more than once visited the State House and I had written letters to every man of influence that I knew urging him to help us.

One morning, I can't now fix the exact date, but I know it was after the date of the letter before referred to, I found in the anteroom of the Adjutant General's office several men waiting for the door of the inner room to be opened. Only interchange of

a word was sufficient to reveal the fact that they were all present on errands similar to mine. Presently the door opened and Gov. Andrew came out and dividing a hasty bow between the whole crowd of us, went up stairs to his own room. A Massachusetts senator was present who, as I had learned by meeting him on several former occasions, was not very difficult of approach, and was quite fond of giving good advice. We (the crowd in waiting) all rushed into the room and began to lay before the Adjutant General the claims of our volunteers to be immediately transferred into the U.



SAMUEL D. SARGENT,

Capt., Co. 21st Mass. Vol. Born at Durham, Canada East, Feb. 6, 1813.
Killed in battle at Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8, 1862.

S. service. Gen. Schouler said we must have more patience. There was no place for us. The government call was more than full, in proof of which he picked up from his desk and read to us the letter above referred to (or a copy of it) then just received from the Secretary of War, to the effect that by eight regiments he meant only six, and directing the discharge of two. (This letter has been published in Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies, Series III, Vol. I, page 203.)

Meantime the senator was sitting by a window holding up before his face a newspaper as if he were reading it. I soon de-

ted that he was listening very attentively to what we were saying, and thereupon made bold to interrupt his absorption in the news and ask his opinion. He said he had then just returned from Washington and could assure us that everything was going on well there. He was well acquainted with the views of the administration. The country had been too much alarmed.

Country Too Much Alarmed.

We must have more patience and confidence in the government. It would never do to take away all the young men up in Worcester County from agricultural and mechanical pursuits and send them off to war. They just now were needed at home greatly more than they were by the U. S. Government. Such in May 1861 was the military sagacity and good advice of a Mass. senator, late a Brigadier in the M. V. M. and later titular colonel of the 22nd Mass. Vols., in which offices doubtless he acquired the military experience which qualified him for chairman of the military committee of the U. S. Senate during the entire War of the Rebellion—afterwards Vice-President of the United States.

Before returning to Spencer I went up to the Governor's room and had a brief interview with Gov. Andrew, who, though he could only give me a minute, received me most graciously and kindly. He did not concur with the Honorable Senator's views and

Gov. Andrew Does Not Concur.

expressed himself in terms almost bordering on the profane in condemnation of the inefficiency and folly prevailing at Washington, but he thought the rebels would soon teach the administration a lesson that nobody else could teach it, that it needed all the troops it could possibly get. Meantime no Mass. volunteers were going to be discharged. We should all be wanted and that very shortly.

As soon as the call for three years' men was issued, a form for three years' enlistment was printed and distributed to the militia companies. Only a few days after our company election, I received one of these forms, which at once we all signed. In accordance with military usage to transmit all returns through the next superior officer, and also with Gen. Morse's express order, I forwarded this paper to his headquarters at Worcester with the expectation that it would be forthwith forwarded by him to Adjutant General Schouler. But soon after, when the formation of a new regiment from Worcester County, to be called the 15th Mass. was announced, it appeared that the Spencer company was not one of the ten named companies. I took the next train for Boston to find out what it meant. I was told by Adjutant Gen-

eral Schouler that no return of enlistment for three years had been received at his office from the Spencer company. I was also told that the order for formation for the 15th Regiment had been made up for good and could not be changed so as to substitute our company for one of the others.

Naturally both the company and the people of the town of Spencer were much disappointed. The 10th Mass. Vols. was then encamped at Springfield and needed more recruits to fill up some of its companies and fifty-one of our men, chafing under their disappointment, impatient of further delays and desiring at once to enter the service of their country, decided to enlist in the 10th, and June 20th escorted by the Spencer Fire Company and great numbers of the people of Spencer of both sexes, marched from the village to the railroad station, then called Spencer Depot, but now named South Spencer, and there, showered with everybody's blessings and good wishes, took the cars for Springfield and enlisted in the companies of that regiment which after remaining about a month longer in camp, then went to Boston and after waiting a few days in camp at Medford embarked July 25th in

Off To Washington.

two steamers (the Gen. Deford and the S. R. Spaulding) for Washington.

Six companies of the second regiment to be formed in Worcester County and named the 21st, encamped by order of Gen. Augustus Morse, July 20th, on the Fair Grounds at Worcester. Camp Lincoln was the name given to the camp. The Spencer company was ordered in at the same time with the other six companies, but owing to its depletion of 51 men and the disheartening effect on the rest, I was unable to march with even the minimum number of men required until Tuesday, July 24, when my little nucleus of about twenty Spencer men had grown by recruiting in Worcester and elsewhere to 56 men. I rallied them together on Front street in Worcester and marched them over with life and drum to Camp Lincoln, where our arrival appeared to take General Morse by surprise. But he turned out and paraded his six companies to receive us with military formality. Such honors took us by surprise. I had no sword and my men had no muskets nor did they know how to "present arms" if they had had. I could only bow and lift my kepi. Whether the commander of the camp or the commander of the re-enforcement arriving the better performed his part in the formality aforesaid I will not undertake to say. More of Major General Augustus Morse shortly.

My Company, to be hereafter known as Co. C. 21st Mass. Vols., was not further recruited from Spencer. I will only briefly add here that I found in camp an accomplished drillmaster especially in the Manual of Arms, who was giving lessons to both

officers and men. I soon made an arrangement with him to give us lessons. He was also able to aid in recruiting and brought me a considerable accession of recruits all at once from western Massachusetts. And I finally made a further arrangement with him, subject to approval by the Governor, to give up my office of captain to him and take that of first lieutenant myself. It was the expectation both of myself and of my friend, Capt. James M. Richardson, under whose command my company entered the U. S. service, that he would shortly be promoted to higher rank and that the captaincy of the company would sooner revert to me than in fact it did.

The 21st remained in Camp Lincoln recruiting and drilling

War Department Learning a Lesson.

till Aug. 23rd, 1861, when by order of the War Department, which was then fast learning the "lesson which nobody else but the rebels could teach it," the 21st Mass., Colonel Augustus Morse, late Major General M. V. M., commanding, took by rail its sudden departure for the "Monumental City" of Maryland and on the way in the cars again and again broke out the refrain of the old melody, "I'm off for Baltimore."

From Worcester to Baltimore our passage was one continuous ovation. Everywhere along the route we were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers, not merely in cities and towns through which we passed, but from fields and solitary farmhouses men and women left their avocations to hail us with enthusiastic demonstrations and waved us goodby and God's blessing as we rapidly passed by them and out of sight. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania it was the time of ripe fruit. If our cars stopped anywhere a few minutes, crowds of people gathered around us and were perfectly delighted to get us to eat their grapes and peaches. At one place, passing through an immense peach orchard, the harvesters actually stopped our train of cars and compelled us to accept baskets upon baskets of delicious fruit. In Philadelphia where we were delayed an hour or more, thousands upon thousands of people of both sexes, old and young, came to see us and were as glad to meet us and shake hands with us and talk with us as if we had been their nearest of kin and lifelong friends, and we were feasted and feted to a surfeit. They could not say enough or do enough to express their gratitude to us because we were going to fight the enemies of their country.

My original purpose was to have concluded these reminiscences with the entry into the United States service of the Spencer soldiers who enlisted in the spring of 1861, but after showing how Col. Morse got a few of them into the 21st Regiment, I beg leave of my friend, Mr. Tower, and his readers to go a little further and show how he (Col. M.) got out of it.

From the time of our company election, Col. Morse seems to have had the purpose to have our company for one of the companies to form a regiment for him to be colonel of. During the time we were in Camp Lincoln, my opinion of him had been daily sinking till it had reached zero. He was a pompous, conceited, ignorant man, utterly unfitted either by nature or education for command of men. He knew nothing of the tactics.

Those Dress Parades.

Dress parade with him was the art of war, and he put us through two dress parades a day. His masterpiece in battalion drill was



JAMES LACKEY.

(not Larkey as printed on town hall tablet) Co. C, 21st Mass. Vol.
was born in Ireland. Died of wounds at Arlington, Va.

June 4, 1864.

to form a square, which he taught the regiment to do by placing markers at the corners of his square and marching the regiment around them. To begin with, I knew nothing about battalion drill myself, but it did not take me long to compare his method of forming square with that laid down in the U. S. Infantry Tactics which was then my daily and nightly vade mecum.

Shortly after our arrival at Baltimore we were ordered to Annapolis and Col. Morse was made "Commander of the Post."

for him a most desirable position, which had come to him by sheer luck. And for him to have it was a very desirable thing for his regiment, too, if it merely wanted to have a good time and never have anything to do with fatiguing, footsore marches and fighting fields. Not a regiment in the service had such a soft snap as we had—quartered in the Naval School Buildings with as fine parade grounds as taste and skill could prepare. Col. Morse had a grand strategetical scheme for crushing out the rebellion—not original with him—other fools had much talked it up, but it was a great favorite with him. Let all the U. S. forces, naval and military, by land and by sea, be coiled all around the rebel states like a great anaconda snake and be kept so coiled till the rebels surrendered. There need not be any fighting at all. He was too old to fight. He would not fight. He was going to stay at Annapolis and “command the post.”

But in the course of time, having a good time all the time palled on our appetites and there grew up in the regiment a strong feeling in favor of active service. And it hailed with delight and with reiterated and far resounding cheers a rumor that the regiment was soon to be ordered off on some perilous, adventurous enterprise, nobody knew what or where, which rumor turned out

Going Into Active Service.

to be true and we went off on the Burnside expedition, but not with Col. Morse. The aforesaid cheers had fallen like a pall on his ears and he got himself detailed to stay at Annapolis and “command the post,” and under command of Lieut. Col. Alberto C. Maggi, a born soldier and fighter, who had had experience in European wars, full of contagious zeal, energy, enthusiasm, ambition and fight, as unlike Col. Morse as fire is to ice, sailed away in the steamer *Northerner* for Roanoke Island.

After our successes there and elsewhere in North Carolina, we the officers of the 21st, drew up a petition to the President of the United States to remove Col. Morse from his office of colonel, which petition President Lincoln approved, and by order of the War Department, May 15, 1862, Col. Morse was discharged from the service, no reasons assigned. The 21st did not win its famous name and laurels as a fighting regiment under its first commander, but under his successors, Maggi, Clark and Hawkes, under whom I became as proud of it and as much attached to it as I could possibly have been to any other.

But one word more—I was bitterly disappointed that our Spencer company was not included in the 15th Regiment. No member of that company nor any of the people of the town of Spencer could have been more disappointed than I was. Besides

the great desire felt by all of us in common to get away into the service as soon as possible, I had other special reasons for desiring to go with the 15th. Not another member of the company had ever given a thought or cared a straw as to who were to be the colonel and other officers of the regiment in which they should go to service. I wanted to go with Col. Devens, whom I had long known as a friend and admired as the leader of the County Bar, and of whose friendship for me I had not a doubt. And there were a few other officers of the 15th with whom I was on terms of friendship and several others with whom I was more or less acquainted.

Afterwards there occurred unexpectedly an opportunity for me to have got into the 15th with my company if I had had men enough at the time. Just before the 15th left Worcester to go away to the service, one of the companies of it refused to be mustered in unless the Governor would commission as Captain the officer whom the men of the company had chosen. This Gov. Andrews refused to do and that company was discharged. To take the place of it one of the companies of the 21st was to be transferred to the 15th. Col. Devens would have taken my company if I had had men enough. I lacked 28 men at the time to make up the number required and another company was taken.

Here endeth the undertaking into which I entered at Mr. Tower's request to furnish some reminiscences relating to Spencer in the War of the Rebellion. I procrastinated commencing it till after it ought to have been completed and was obliged in haste and under pressure of other duties to try to recall dates and details of events that occurred over forty years ago, when I, who am now over three score years and ten, was a young man. I bespeak upon the imperfect performance of my undertaking the lenient judgment of Mr. Tower and his readers.

Postmasters at North Spencer with Date of Appointment.

John M. Goodell,	April 15, 1831
Harvey Wilson,	July 6, 1832
Jonas Wilson,	October 12, 1833
Discontinued,	June 29, 1868
Reestablished,	August 12, 1868
Sheldon C. Tyrrell,	August 12, 1868
Discontinued,	May 13, 1872

Diary of Theodore Sargent of Co. K 10th Reg't. Mass. Vols.

WRITTEN DURING THE CIVIL WAR 1861-5.



THEODORE SARGENT.

Born at Spencer and died at Leominster. (See record elsewhere.)

April 1861. When it became evident that there was going to be war, the citizens of Spencer set about forming a company in which I enlisted on the 29th day of April. We chose for captain, Wm. T. Harlow; J. W. Bigelow, 1st Lieut.; "California" Adams, 2nd Lieut.; Lawson Powers, 3d Lieut., and Horace Pronty, 4th Lieut. Capt. J. B. Studley of Worcester was our drillmaster. We expected to go in the 15th regiment but we could not go as a full company as there was already ten com-

panies in the regiment. We kept on drilling, waiting for a chance to go together but a part of us got tired waiting and on the 20th day of June, about 45 of us marched down to Spencer depot accompanied by the greater part of the village folks and there took the cars for Springfield to join the 10th regiment, then in camp on the Hampden Park, commanded by Col. Henry S. Briggs, a son of Ex-Gov. Briggs. I joined Co. K, Capt. L. B. Waikley.

June 21st. Went on guard this morning. Was mustered in today. Yesterday forenoon I was at work in the potato field;

From Potato Field to War.

today I am a soldier with three years of soldier's life to look forward to. We expect hardships, yet we little know after all, in what shape it will come, but we little expect that the war will last our time of service.

June 22d. Relieved from guard at nine o'clock. Had no duty to perform until dress parade.

Sunday, June 22d. Went on guard again today as the rest of the Co. that belong in Westfield have gone home.

June 24th. Relieved from guard and wrote to mother.

June 26th. The horse stalls here have been fitted up for barracks. There are three bunks, one above the other, four men in each bunk; two at each end, putting their feet together in the middle.

June 28th. Wrote to mother and told her who my mess-mates were. They are as follows: Silas T. Chamberlain, David Moore, Thomas Carney, Edmund Toomey, George P. Clark, William W. Mason, John J. Beaumont, Murray B. Lovett, James Bacon, William Conway and John Graham.

June 30th, Sunday. Had preaching by the chaplain, Rev. Fred Barton of West Springfield. Amasa Bullard has come up from Spencer and joined our company.

July 4th. Today we had to take part in the procession got up in the city. We were furnished with muskets from the Arsenal. It has been an exceedingly hot day and we were not used to carrying arms so that it has been a very hard day's work. A number of the men were prostrated with the heat. Every man had a bouquet of flowers in the muzzle of his musket. We had a dinner in a large tent on the Park but I could not enjoy it much as I had one of my old sick headaches. Take it altogether, it was a pretty hard day.

July 11th. We have received our overcoats and muskets. We are armed with the Enfield rifle musket. They are an English weapon, a little heavier than the Springfield rifle and of the

same calibre. They are a very serviceable gun. They are sighted to shoot 1100 yards.

July 14th. We are expecting to get orders every day to go south. I have been home for the last time. I expect, before we go. The people of Springfield have treated us first rate since we have been in camp here. They have furnished us with strawberry shortcakes for supper two or three times. The regiment was pretty much all raised around Springfield and the adjoining towns.

Feasted on Strawberry Shortcake.

July 24th. Well, here we are in Medford and have been here for a week. We left Springfield all of a sudden a week ago; got here about ten o'clock at night. The next morning we all, or pretty much all of us, started for town, about one-half a mile from camp. The officers took what men there was left in camp and came into town and tried to get the men back. They succeeded in getting some of them, but more of them they did not get, myself amongst them, though I came pretty near getting caught once. Lieut. Johnson was chasing Levi Boynes and myself but we managed to evade him by going into a house. We went back to camp about dark and would have been put into the guard house but that it was full already. There was a battle fought at Bull Run, Virginia, on the 21st in which our men got the worst of it. The report now is that we shall be in the City of Washington within a week.

July 25th. Broke camp at noon and went into Boston on the cars and embarked, the left wing on the steamer Ben Deford and the right on the S. R. Spaulding. We left the wharf about 6 p. m. and before dark we had passed Fort Warren, Fort Independence and Governor's Island, and got outside the harbor.

July 26th. It is very pleasant today. I slept below last night. Did not feel very well, am not seasick yet, but Charlie Browning is dreadfully sick. We were in sight of Cape Cod this forenoon.

July 27th. I slept on deck last night and slept much better than I did the night before. We arrived at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay and were met by the war steamer "Quaker City." They advised us to look sharp for rebel batteries on the Virginia shore going up the Potomac river.

July 28th. We were up early this morning. There are two brass pieces on board and they are pointed towards the shore with ammunition ready to load them with. We had ball cartridges served to us this morning. It begins to look a little like war. We passed along, however, without any trouble. We looked at the Rebs and they looked at us but did not offer to in-

terfere with our vessels. We passed Fort Washington; then we came to Mount Vernon. Every man stood with uncovered head

Heads Uncovered as They Pass Mt. Vernon.

while the band played the Dead March. A few miles further and we came to the City of Alexandria. We passed in sight of the Marshall house where Ellsworth was shot for tearing down the rebel flag. The flagstaff is in sight but no flag floats from it now. After passing Alexandria we were in full view of Washington, which place we arrived at about noon. The left wing was landed at the arsenal and the right wing at the navy yard. We had a very pleasant voyage out here, no rough weather and so but a very few seasick. We had but little to relieve the monotony except to watch the porpoises. Yesterday one of the horses was found to have horse distemper and for fear that the rest of the horses would get it, he was thrown overboard and the last we saw of him he was swimming along in the wake of the steamer.

July 29th. Left Washington about noon, marched two and a half miles towards Kalorama Heights, when we stopped for the night. Just then there came up a shower and we huddled under our rubber blankets until the shower was over, then we pitched our tents and had to go to bed without any supper.

July 30th. Marched about one-half mile further and formed a camp. We are about three miles from the city, in a north-westerly direction. The Tammany regiment from New York lays near us.

July 31st. Wrote to mother today. Tom Murphy is in the hospital. He has got a slow fever. Charlie Browning is poorly yet. He has not got over the seasickness. Alonzo Tyrell is sick with the measles.

Aug. 5th. Struck tents and marched four or five miles and formed a new camp. We are in a brigade now commanded by Gen. Couch. The brigade is composed of the 36th N. Y. (2 years men) 2d R. I. and 7th and 10th Mass.

Aug. 8th. Went on picket last night. John Graham was taken sick on the picket line. There was a good deal of excitement; guns were fired in all directions, but I guess there was no one hurt though there were some pretty badly scared.

Aug. 9th. Moved camp today. We have a splendid place now if they will only let us stay. We call the place Camp Brightwood.

Aug. 10th. Wrote to father today. He is in camp at Worcester in Co. C 21st regiment Mass. Vols.

Aug. 12th. Alonzo Tyrell has got his discharge and gone

home. "Joy go with him." He ain't worth a row of pins as a soldier.

Aug. 13th. Aleck Webber has got his discharge. The

The Cannon Fever.*

cannon fever attacked him very hard so he thought if he should eat Lucifer matches it might help him. Well, it did, to the phthisic and a discharge. I hope he feels better now. He was going to bring Jeff Davis' head home on liis bayonet; or at least that was his talk before he left Spencer.

"Great ery and little wool."

Wrote a letter to mother and practiced target shooting a little while until we were driven in by the rain.

Aug. 26th. Luther Hill arrived in camp tonight. He brought us parcels from home. He also brought each one of the Spencer boys ten dollars in gold.

Aug 27th. Went on picket today. We have some gay times on picket now; green corn and peaches are just in their prime and we do more foraging than we do guarding I guess, but I don't care. They are most all Secesh at heart even if they do pretend to be Union. Some of them don't even do that.

Aug. 28th. Mason, Collier, Chamberlain, Conway and myself took supper with one of the natives. We had biscuit and butter and coffee. We paid her 15 cents apiece; not a very extensive supper, but it was a change from camp living and I presume it was the best they could do. Poor whites are poor enough in all conscience. We did not get in from picket until about 10 P. M.

Aug. 30. Wrote to mother today. Tom Carney and Oscar Bemis are both sick in the hospital. Carney has the typhoid fever. I do .n't think anything serious ails Bemis.

Sept. 15th. Received a letter from mother. We have to drill pretty steady now but we get a little leisure time once in a

Peaches for a Change.

while. Time enough to get a few peaches and such like. We manage to have some pretty good times in camp.

Sept. 25th. Wrote a letter to mother. Tom McCluskey deserted while on picket. He was a good soldier when he was Tom, but when he was whiskey that was another story. He had some trouble with Lieut. Johnson and during the night he went to the h use near the picket post to get some water but did not come back. The next morning a nigger brought his gun and

*Sick with cannon fever was a name applied to soldiers whose fighting courage seemed to be well nigh exhausted.

equipments in to the post. They sent out scouts for him but did not hear anything of him.

Sept. 29th Marching orders. Everything in a hubbub. Everybody excited. McClellan has taken Munson's Hills.

Sept. 30th. Marched as far as Fort Slocum. Lay there all day and marched back to camp again for the night. We expect to have to go somewhere tomorrow and may be we shall go to-night. The orders are to be ready to go at a minute's notice.

Oct. 1st. Marching orders are played out for this time. Wrote a letter to mother. Oscar Bemis has got his discharge. He has lost his voice. The rest of the boys are well except Carney. He is in the hospital at Washington.

Oct. 11th. I have been sick for a few days with inflammation of the bowels. Have been in the hospital. I am feeling better now. Wrote a letter to mother.

Oct. 12th. Came out of the hospital today and feeling quite like myself again.

Oct. 13th. Lucien Fogg was on guard last night at Fort Massachusetts. The brigade officer came around to try Lucien to see if he understood his duty; he gave the wrong countersign and fired his pistol pretty closely to Lucien, when the latter returned the compliment by firing his musket at the officer's head. The bullet took a strap off his shoulder. It ought to have taken his head off. The officer was the Lieut. Col. of the 36th N. Y. Regt. and he thought it was some of his own men on guard and they did not have their guns loaded.

Oct. 14th. Wrote mother today. The boys are spending their spare time now playing ball and going up to Old Groves's. He keeps a kind of a tavern about a mile from our camp.

Oct. 17th. We received a visit today from Gov. Andrew of Mass. and the Post Master General, Montgomery Blair. They expressed themselves very highly pleased with the appearance of the men.

Oct. 20th. Wrote mother today. Tom Carney is dead. He died in the hospital at Washington of a fever.

Oct. 25th. Marched down to Columbia college, about four miles, and had a brigade drill.

Oct. 26th. Had a skirmish drill all round the neighborhood this forenoon; wrote to mother, Charles and the girls. Henry Lyon has got his discharge and gone home to-day.

Nov. 16th. Received a box from home with boots, blankets, vest, gloves and goodies. The boys are all happy to-night. All have got something from home and those who have no near friends in Spencer are not forgotten, thanks to the generosity of the citizens.

Nov. 19th. Went down to Columbia College and were reviewed by Gov. Andrew of Mass.

Thanksgiving Celebrated in Camp.

Nov. 21st. Thanksgiving day. Beefsteak for our breakfast, cooked in camp; for dinner we had roast beef cooked in the kitchen of Frank P. Blair; for supper we had a roast pig, roast turkeys, cakes, pies, etc., sent us from Westfield.

Nov. 25th. Got a pass and went over to Annapolis to see father. I got there about night and found the boys well. Father and Alden Howes are doing the cooking for the company.

Nov. 26th. Went over and saw the 25th. Mass. Regt. Saw Joshua Prouty, Merrick Prouty and Ed. Townsend. They were in good health and appeared to be enjoying themselves very well. Went back to Camp Brightwood.



THOMAS HEFFRON

of Spencer, enlisted in Co. A, 15th New York Vol. at Randolph,
Aug. 5, 1862. Killed in battle at Pine Knob, Georgia,
June 15, 1864.

Nov. 28th. The weather is getting wet, cold and muddy.

Dec. 2d. Brigade drill for today and guard duty tonight. John Hastings has got his discharge and is going home in a day or two.

Dec. 13th. Commenced work on our barracks today. We are going to have good board houses.

Dec. 15th. Two privates in the 36th N. Y. Regt. fought a duel today. One of them was shot in the right side, the ball passing through the lung. He was also hit in the arm with a buckshot. The other man was not hurt.

Dec. 16th. The man who was hurt in the duel yesterday died today. The other man is in close confinement.

Dec. 17th. Joe Wedge cut his foot very severely today in the woods while cutting timber for our barracks.

Dec. 18th. Was vaccinated today.

Dec. 26th. John Hastings has gone home. We had a visit from "California" Adams. He is brother to the famous bear hunter of the west called "Grizzly" Adams; also a brother of Francis D. Adams of Spencer.

Dec. 27th. Our barracks fell down today when we had got them nearly done. There were a good many of the boys bruised, but no one seriously hurt.

Dec. 28th. Albert Snow of Westfield is dead and we sent his body home to-day.

Dec. 29th. Our barracks are all done.

Spencer Young Men Visit the Camp.

Jan. 9th. Joel S. Bullard, Joseph F. Ward and Rufus A. Sibley have come out to make us a visit. They have chosen a poor time as it rains most every day and is dreadfully muddy. Bony is in the hospital sick with a slow fever. The Captain's wife is visiting him. She is going to get up a dinner for us today.

Jan. 23rd. The boys from Spencer who have been visiting us start for home to-day. Mud is horrid deep.

Feb. 10th. Good news from Tenn. Com. Foote has taken Fort Henry. Gen. Stone has been sent to Fort Lafayette under arrest. It is thought that there was a little treachery at the Ball's Bluff fight last Oct. and that he was concerned in it.

Feb. 16th. Wrote to mother. Have heard that Gen. Burnside has taken Roanoke Island. Have also heard good news from Ky. and Tenn. We had new over and under coats issued to us.

Feb. 18th. Heard of the death of father. He was killed in the action of the 8th mt. at Roanoke Island. He was a member of Co. C 21st Mass. Father and George Henry were the only ones from Spencer that were killed.

Feb. 26th. I got a pass today to go outside in company with John Worthington, John Beaumont, Henry Jones and Amasa Bullard. We went first to brigade headquarters but did not stop long as Joe Pierce, the one we wanted to see, was down in the city. We then went over to the 2d R. I. Regt.

As they were preparing to go on knapsack batallion drill I saw some of the boys fill up air pillows and put into their knapsacks instead of blankets and clothing. In that way they got the bulk without the weight. Let a Rhode Island Yankee alone for a trick of that kind. We next went to Fort Totten. It is situated on the top of a very high hill. It is garrisoned by the 76th N. Y. Regt., and has a number of heavy guns. There are rifle pits all round the side of the hill and abattis all around them. It would be a hard place to take by assault. As we were now but a short distance from the "Soldiers' Home" we thought we would pay that a visit. We did not enter the grounds as it was getting along towards night. The building is a very handsome brick house painted white, a cupola and signal station on top. The grounds are laid out with taste and are very beautiful. They are kept neat and clean. There are nice groves of evergreens around the house. It is intended as a home for aged and disabled soldiers who prefer a home here to a pension and bounty. President Lincoln made it his home here during the warm weather. There is also an extensive graveyard where soldiers who die in the camps and army hospitals this side of the river are buried. On the way home we stopped at one of the Pennsylvania batteries. Their guns are the same that formed Major Kingold's famous battery in the Mexican war. We returned to camp in season for dress parade, very well pleased with our day of recreation. Henry Slayton and a fellow by the name of Doane came to our camp today. Their home is in East Brookfield. They belong to the 15th regiment and were taken prisoners last October at Ball's Bluff. They have been in Richmond ever since and have just been paroled. The report in camp tonight is that Nashville is taken and that Gen. Beauregard is taken prisoner. The last part of it sounds fishy.

March 10th. Broke camp this morning and started for Manassas. We crossed the Potomac at Chain Bridge at noon, reaching Prospect Hill about six p. m. Prospect Hill was the country seat of the later Com. Jones of the U. S. Navy. When he died he left the place to his two sons and as they are both in the rebel army the Government took possession of it. It is a very large place; took 500 slaves to carry it on. It looks like war a little now. We have each 100 rounds of cartridges; every man with an extra pair of shoes.

March 11th. The rebels were so unmannerly that they would not wait for McClellan to come up and whip them, but fell back to Richmond. We waited at Prospect Hill until today when we marched back as far as the bridge. It is raining like fun.

March 15th. Rained all day as hard as it could pour. Had

orders just at dark to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

March 16. We started last night at seven o'clock for our old camp at Brightwood, distant about twenty miles by the way of

Wearisome Marching.

Georgetown, raining like fun and the mud from eight inches to three feet deep; every man for himself; any way to get to Brightwood. It was terribly hard marching, but we managed to get into camp towards morning, tired, wet and hungry. Lieut. Chase of Co. K gave us a good drink of whiskey to warm us up. Some of the men did not get into camp for a day or two.

March 23rd. Received a letter from mother today. George Holden is here visiting the boys.

March 25th. Broke camp and marched down to Columbia College waiting for a chance to embark, but had to march back again.

March 26th. Marched down to Washington and embarked on board the steamer "Ariel" bound for Fortress Munroe. We have bidden goodbye now to old Camp Brightwood. We set our barracks on fire this morning, where we have had some jolly good times. There were one or two of our boys got acquainted with some woodchoppers who had a hut in the woods and after dark they used to run guard and get whiskey. They had to cross a large brook on an old log. One night two of the boys fell off into the brook. They came near getting drowned, but they hung to their whiskey and got into camp all right but a little damp. Old Mrs. Johnson, a nigger woman, used to bring canteens of whiskey into camp under her petticoats. Nearly every company had two or three negroes. They used to run away from their masters and come into camp, and when their owners came after them we would hide them, and sometimes when Old Nolan used to come after his he would get stoned off. Things got so hot after a while that the Col. gave orders to give up all the slaves in camp and not receive any more, but we could not see the point. We let some of them go. The rest of them we were bound we would not let go and we did not. Nolan, who owned most of them, did not get any of his. He talked pretty saucy to some of the boys and as they were not in the habit of being talked to in that way they thought they would give him a lesson that would cause him to remember the 10th Mass. So after the roll call at night about 200 of the regiment guided by "George" one of his slaves paid him a visit. They took him and after threatening to hang him and shoot him and otherwise pretty thoroughly frightening him, they made an old nigger woman get down on all

New Way of Taking the Oath.

fours; then they took a Bible and put it on that part of her that was the most prominent and made Nolan get down on his knees, take the oath of allegiance and kiss the Bible. They then took all his geese, turkeys and chickens and let him go, telling him that if he was ever caught in the camp of the 10th regiment he would get served worse. He never was seen again in the camp so we concluded he thought discretion the better part of valor. He was a



LERROY HAWES

Co. E. 34 Mass. Vol. Born at New Braintree, Sept. 24, 1839. Died on hospital transport Apr. 3, 1905.

rank rebel, and was afterwards a captain in the rebel army. What exasperated the boys was that when he came into camp after his slaves he used very obscene language and even went so far as to draw a revolver and threaten some of the boys, but he soon found several rifles very near him and he thought he had better go home, which he did, closely followed by stones thrown by the boys.

There were a number of houses in the vicinity of the camp where we used to go and pass away some of our spare time. We were encamped on the land of Frank P. Blair. We used to visit him; we were always well received, as we were also at his

brother's, Montgomery Blair. We have been in camp here about seven months and they have been very pleasant ones. We expect that the next seven months will show a different state of things and I think that it ought to. There are over 200,000 men who have lain idle here all winter but there is a prospect now of work and although not over and above anxious to fight, I want to see this war ended and the boys think now it will be soon. We are now on board the "Ariel" bound down to Fortress Munroe. We shall probably sail in the morning.

March 27th. Left the wharf and steamed down the river; stopped at Alexandria and took two schooners loaded with cavalry in tow. We passed Mount Vernon and Fort Washington and lower down the river passed the rebel batteries, or rather where they had been last July when we landed at Washington, for they evacuated them in a hurry last winter with some gunboat shells close by them. Sickie's brigade was lying on the opposite shore of the river. The next place of interest was "Aquia Creek." The rebels were evacuating. They had set fire to the wharf and storehouses the night before. It is a most beautiful day and we have enjoyed our ride down the Potomac very much indeed.

March 28th. We passed Cape Charles and Cape Henry about ten o'clock this morning. Shortly after the slipping in Hampton Roads appeared in view and the walls of Fortress Munroe were seen looking grimly around the harbor. We came to anchor about noon opposite the fort. There are a large num-

That Wonderful Little Monitor.

ber of transports here loaded with troops and a number of ships of war, and among the rest was the little "Monitor." At night we moved up to Hampton City and made fast to the wharf and stayed aboard the boat for the night.

March 29th. Came ashore this morning. A dismal looking place, not a house left standing, nothing but blackened ruins. The place was burned by order of the rebel General Magruder when the rebels were shelled out of the town last summer. This makes three times that the place has been burnt; the first time by the Indians, and the next time by the English in 1812. It was one of the first places settled. Here stood the oldest church in the United States. It was saved at the two first conflagrations, but it was burnt this last time.

March 30th. We are now about four miles from Hampton on the Yorktown road. Yorktown is probably our destination. The rebels have got a line of fortifications extending from Yorktown on the York river across the peninsular to the James river.

We hear there are but 15,000 rebs there now, but more are on the way from Richmond.

April 4th. We marched about twelve miles today towards Yorktown. About noon we passed Young's mills. There was a rebel fort there and about 300 men in it, but they did not stop to give us any trouble. We took an orderly Sergt. and a Lieut. Col. prisoners.

April 5th. We marched about six miles today and here we are at Warwick Court House, the county seat of Warwick County. There is an old court house, jail and tavern and one or two old dilapidated houses. It is a forsaken looking place.

April 11th. Went on picket today. We are having a gay time, pleasant weather and no rebels near and good officers with us.

April 13th. Came in from picket this morning. We had preaching by the chaplain in the woods today. Wrote to mother and the girls.

April 16th. Was ordered to fall into work on the road but the order was countermanded and we went back to camp. We had hardly got there, however, when we were ordered to fall in again with guns, equipments and day rations. We hear firing up to the front. I guess there is going to be a little fun. We have lain in the woods all day supporting Mott's battery and are detailed for picket tonight.

April 17th. We had quite a job to get on picket last night. We had to go about two miles and then it took until after eleven o'clock before we got posted. At one time we had to cross a road in full view of a rebel fort and they sent us a compliment in the shape of two ten pound shells, but they shot over our heads and did not hurt us any, but it frightened us a little as we were not

Whistling of Shells.

used to the sound of shells whistling over our heads. We got posted at last and as we were so near them we kept pretty quiet. At half past three this morning they were up and formed a line. We could see them very plainly after it got to be daylight. The pickets exchanged a few shots but there was no one hurt on our side. We were relieved about eight o'clock this morning and went back and laid in the woods with the rest of the regiment.

April 18th. We were called up twice last night; once at half past twelve and again at half past two. The pickets were having it hot and tight, trying to see which could shoot the fastest; that was about all that it amounted to I guess as I have not heard of anybody being hurt.

April 19th. Laid in camp and rested all day.

April 20th, Sunday. Last night we were up pretty much all night. We were called up at eleven o'clock and had to stand

in line of battle all night. The pickets were firing on each other all night and to make it more pleasant it rained, a cold northeast storm. We were somewhat mad to have to stand there in the rain but we could smoke, that was one comfort. The firing ceased about daylight and we then went back to camp and got our breakfast; then we had to go to the extreme front and work on a fort. We were just 550 yards from a rebel fort and in plain sight of them, or would have been if they had dared to have looked but Berdan's sharpshooters were scattered around behind casks, trees and everything that would hide them, and if a rebel showed his head he was pretty sure to get a ball through it. We worked until four p. m.; then we came back to the regiment and moved our camp a little way.

April 21st. Rained all day and we have laid and slept all day. At night we had orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The Captain called on us to lay in line and told us to get all the sleep we could as we would be wanted at twelve o'clock.

April 22nd. We were not called up last night but today we had an alarm but it was a false one. We went out and deployed or skirmished to see if the enemy had advanced any but we found their pickets in their usual places so we did not disturb them. We then took the back track and left the Johnnys to the care of the 2nd corps.

May 4th. The rebels evacuated Yorktown last night and we started after them today. They left a large amount of stores and a good many heavy guns. They buried torpedoes in the road and around the doors of the magazines. One of them was exploded by a caisson driving over it and it killed two or three

Rebs Do the Dangerous Work.

men. We found some prisoners in the town and the General made them remove all the stuff from the magazines and store-houses so if there was anybody hurt it would be rebs. We only marched about six miles today and stopped for the night at a place called Lebanon Church. We slept in a cornfield.

May 5th. It began to rain last night about twelve o'clock and it has rained all day too. We followed on in the rear of the rebels about six or seven miles when they made a stand at Williamsburg. Gen. Hooker and Gen. Kearney were having a hard fight and Gen. Hooker was taking them on their left flank and he wanted some reinforcements as he was getting pretty sorely pressed and our regiment was sent up to support him, but the road was so muddy and the distance so far that we did not get there until it was too late to be of any service, but luckily we

were not needed as Hancock had succeeded in doubling up their left flank. It was now dark and the fighting was all done. The rebels had retreated, and our company was put on picket. Still raining—always our luck.

May 6th. Came off from picket this morning. It cleared off last night about twelve. Everything quiet today; the rebels have fallen back and we can't follow them up right off as we have got to wait for the wagons to come up and the roads are in such condition that it will be a day or two before they can get



NATHAN S. DICKINSON

Co. C, 25 Mass. Vol. born at Barre, Aug. 31, 1836. Died in hospital at Washington (not Philadelphia) Aug. 17, 1864.

here. The surgeons are all busy taking care of the wounded to-day. Dr. Chamberlain is busy amputating limbs. He looks more like a butcher than anything else, he is all covered with blood, but he is a very careful and skillful surgeon.

May 7th. Wrote to mother. They are still bringing in wounded from the woods and are busy burying the dead. It is impossible to tell what the loss is yet as they are finding dead and wounded all the time in the woods where Hooker and Kearney had their fight.

May 9th. Left Williamsburg at seven a. m. Marched to James City and stopped for the night. James City is a very populous place. I saw as many as a dozen negroes I guess. I did not see a white person there. There were three houses, two barns and a lot of negro huts.

May 10th. Marched a few miles further. We are now twenty miles from Williamsburg and thirty-eight from Richmond.

May 12th. Marched to New Kent Court House.

May 13th. Went on picket. Everything is quiet.

May 14th. We stay as picket for another day. There is a little trouble this afternoon. There is a Co. of Penn. Cavalry on

Those Pennsylvania Cowards.

picket in front of us and they are a pack of cowards, afraid of their own shadows. The reb pickets are in front of them and every time a reb points his gun at them they get up, go to the rear lively and we would fall in thinking that the rebs were advancing and would find that they had not left their post. After a while we got sick of that kind of business and we went to the front ourselves. When the rebs saw us they tried to play the same game on us but instead of running we just gave them the contents of our Enfield rifles and they soon quieted down and behaved themselves. We did not any of us get hurt. Sergt. Gardner had a ball go through his knapsack. Somebody went through my knapsack yesterday and took all that was good for anything to them.

May 15th. Relieved from picket and advanced a few miles. We have to advance very carefully now as we are getting to be quite neighborly with the rebs.

May 16th. Marched about three miles and encamped in an old rebel camp. One of the boys found a sword belonging to one of the officers and I found a pipe and we all found more live stock than we knew how to pasture.

May 24th. Had a little skirmish today but it did not amount to a great deal as it was mostly artillery and we had orders not to bring on a general engagement.

May 25th. Went on picket. We are now six miles from Richmond.

May 26th. We are in for a week's job on picket but the duty is not hard and the rebs are not troublesome at all. Nice weather, but a little warm.

May 31st. We had an awful thunder shower last night. I think I never knew it to rain so hard. The rebels under Gen. Johnson thought that it would be a nice chance to gobble up a

few Yanks as there was but two divisions on the south side of the river—Gen. Casey's and Gen. Couch's to which I belong. Johnson thought the rain would fill up the Chickahominy so that we could not cross when we were attacked or so that the other troops could not cross to our assistance. Gen. Casey's division was in front and our division was in the rear of his. The rebels made the attack just at noon when the men were at dinner. They succeeded in surprising Casey's division. The pickets were strangely negligent of their duty and did not give any alarm. In fact they were all taken prisoners or were too thoroughly frightened to give any alarm. Casey's division, the most of it, did not stop to see what the trouble was but put for the rear as fast as their cowardly legs would carry them. A few of his regiment stood firm or only fell back to our division. Our division fought the rebels till nearly night when Sumner and Heintzleman came up with their troops, having crossed the river with the water breast high. Our regiment was driven back three times and went to the front again in as good spirits as though they were going on picket. There were three companies of our regiment on

The First Great Battle.

picket A, E and K. Our regiment lost twenty-seven killed, eighty-four wounded and fourteen missing out of the seven companies. Col. Briggs has three or four very severe wounds; Captain Day, Captain Smart and Lieut. Leland were killed. Captain Parsons is dangerously wounded. Sylvester Johnson of Spencer is killed. D. F. Munroe and Waldo Luther are pretty severely wounded; John Bigelow, Lorenzo Livermore and Tom Murphy are slightly wounded. The rebels got rather the best of us but did not succeed in taking us all prisoners as they intended to. They drove us altogether about a mile and held our camp grounds, and they captured all our camp equipage, tents, blankets, knapsacks, and cooking utensils.

June 1st. They began again this morning but they found that there were a few too many Yanks around and they thought they were wanted in Richmond and went in a hurry assisted by Gen. Hooker. He followed them to within two miles of Richmond and would have followed into the city and taken it if he had not been recalled by McClellan. We occupy our old camp again.

June 5th. Gen. Casey was in camp last night and complimented our regiment very highly on their conduct in the late battle. I saw a piece in the N. Y. Herald that claims for the 10th regiment the honor of doing what never has been done by

Unusual Honor.

volunteers and is seldom done by the oldest regulars after being driven and scattered all over the field, then to fall back, form on the colors, and go into the fight again as steadily as if they were on dress parade, and this they did three times, then formed in line the fourth time and held their line until the rest of the troops fell back when they were relieved by the fresh troops of Gen. Heintzleman. Then they went to the rear but they held the front line through the night.

June 6th. Wrote to mother and the girls. Went on picket for five days.

June 15th. Major Marsh has been dishonorably discharged from the service for cowardice in the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31st.

June 17th. Heavy firing in the direction of Fort Darling. We don't know what it has amounted to. Murray Lovett is dead. He has been on the pioneer corps since the first of April. He took cold, had a fever, went to the hospital and died.

June 21st. There is a man here today to take home the body of Sylvester Johnson. Pat Kelly and Wm. Conway are both sick but neither of them very dangerously.

June 23rd. Heavy skirmishing all the afternoon and evening. We are acting as a reserve.

June 24th. We had to keep awake all night last night and for company we had one of the most severe storms of rain, hail, thunder and lightning that I ever experienced. We were relieved about three o'clock this afternoon.

June 25th. Wrote to mother today but spent most of the time resting. We have to get up every morning at three o'clock and stand in line until after daylight so that the rebs shan't catch us napping. We have had to follow this up ever since the battle of Fair Oaks. Shortly after sunrise they commenced fighting up in front, and our brigade was ordered up as a support but by that time Genls. Hooker and Kearney had given the rebs a dose and they fell back to digest it and we went on picket.

June 26th. Well, we had a pretty gay time on picket last night. The rebs were pretty close to us and had found out our position and they kept tossing shell and shot over amongst us and every little while they would come down an old road there was through the woods with the most confounded yelling I ever

That Rebel Yell.

heard and give us a volley. Sometimes they would drive us back and sometimes they wouldn't. Once when we were trying to get

back to our posts after being driven off by the rebs, Sergt. Young and myself came very near being taken prisoners. We came to a fence and on the other side of it was an open field and some rebs were encamped there. Their camp was so close that we could hear the men talking as plainly as could be. We were not a great while getting out of that locality and we did not make much noise about it either. We got to our posts all right at last and kept them until daylight. There has been some sharpshooting but nobody hurt today. Henry Furrow was wounded in the



OTIS M. HUNTER

Co E, 34 Mass. Vol. Born at Spencer, May 25, 1837. Drowned at Harper's Ferry, Va., Apr. 9, 1864.

land last night. There were two or three quite narrow escapes today. Karl Kalfor was seated with his back against a stump when a cannon had struck under the stump on the other side, passing under the stump and coming out between his legs. It did not hurt him any and as for frightening him he was too thoroughly Dutch for that. Tom Moore was on the safe side on a pine tree when a shell struck it about six feet above Tom's head. It gave him a headache. We were relieved about dark and went back to camp.

June 27th. Packed our knapsacks and marched as far as Savage Station and laid all the afternoon and heard heavy firing

in the direction of Gaines Hill. I presume we shall have to go up there. We always do have to go everywhere.

June 28th. We did have to march up to Gaines Hill last night but we did not have to do any fighting. We were in line all ready to fight and keeping the stragglers back. We stood in line till twelve o'clock when the fighting ceased. As we retreated, I guess that we got the worst of the fight. We started about one o'clock and never halted till eight o'clock. We marched towards the James river but where we are I don't know. They are fighting up to Savage Station today.

June 29th. About 400 rebels made a charge on us this morning while we were getting our breakfast, but before they could get to us they had to run over the 7th Mass. hidden behind a fence and a masked battery in the woods. The 7th gave them a volley and the battery some grape and canister and they went back quicker than they came with from 80 to 100 less than they had when they started. We have got orders to march at sun-

Midnight March Through Nine Miles of Swamp.

down to the James river if it is possible to get there. We have got to go through the Nine-Mile swamp. There are rebels all around us and we must go very quietly indeed and must not speak a loud word. It begins to look kind of dusty for us.

June 30th. Arrived at Haxall's landing this morning about sunrise. We got through the swamp all right but we had to come very slowly and very still. We laid down after we had our breakfast and got a little sleep. There was a little bit of a muss yesterday at White Oak swamp, mostly artillery. There is heavy firing in the rear today and we are ordered back to support them if needed. It was dark when we got to the battlefield, a place called Glen Dale. The firing had all ceased and we took the front line and held it while the troops that had been fighting were being relieved by fresh ones. We then fell back a couple of miles and took up a position on Malvern Hill.

July 1st. We were sent onto the picket line or skirmish line rather early this morning. Berdan's sharpshooters were in front of us but they did not stop long as the rebels were too many for them. We could see them come down from where they had the fight yesterday and take up their positions right on the right of us. Our company was at the extreme right and had to keep guard in front and on the flank both. We were stationed about half way down the slope of the hill. Directly in front of us was a stone wall behind which the rebels secreted themselves; to our right and front was woods full of rebels, both artillery and infantry. We were in an oat field. The oats were from twelve to

eighteen inches high and by laying perfectly flat we were tolerably well hidden from the rebels but they were just as well hidden from us and as it was necessary for us to keep watching the rebels we had to keep dodging our heads up to look and every time we did so, we had some bullets to dodge and that was a kind of dodging that was not so funny. Our artillery was stationed on the hill behind us and threw shells over our heads at the rebels and they returned the compliment in kind. Some of the shells burst uncomfortably near us, scattering their pieces in rather dangerous proximity but there was no one hurt by them. We had nothing to eat and nothing to drink and we were all tired out any way and the sun shone dreadfully hot. We suffered a great deal. The rebels charged on us three times that day. The first time they drove us back killed Jimmy Day and wounded Sergt. Gardner. We did not let them brag over us long before we drove them back. The next time they tried it they didn't do it, not much, but went back with less men than they started with. There were none of our men injured this time. The third time they tried it it was about four o'clock in the afternoon. They had just commenced fighting in earnest on the left and it did not worry us at all to be driven back as we had much rather be fighting in line of battle than to be skirmishing. We joined the regiment just as a North Carolina brigade was making a charge on our regiment and the 36th N. Y., but they found the Yanks had

The Yankees Capture Colors.

got their mad up. We gave them a volley, then charged them and gobbled their colors, most all their officers and a good many of the privates. The 36th regiment suffered a heavier loss than we did. Our company did not lose a man. The fight now begun in real earnest. The rebels were under command of Gen. Magruder. He would man a heavy force of infantry, hurl them onto our lines, but we were bound to do or die and they did not drive us an inch. We would give them grape and canister from our batteries and volley after volley from the infantry until it was not in the power of mortal man to stand such a fire. When they would go back out of range it was only to find that the gunboats were throwing their 60 and 100 pound shells among them. No men ever fought better than the rebels did, but we had the advantage of position and the gunboats laying in the river were a great help to us as the rebels had a mortal terror of their shells and well they might have as one of them bursting near a body of men would kill and maim a great many of them. We fought until nearly nine o'clock. We had then got out of ammunition and were relieved by troops that had some, but there was not any more fighting. The rebels had got enough of it. They were very

badly whipped. The loss to the regiment was not so severe as it was at Fair Oaks. Quite a good many of our wounded fell into the hands of the rebels as we fell back to Harrison's Landing and we could not take all of the wounded. The regiment lost two killed and eighty wounded. Our company lost two killed and twelve wounded—Isaiah Crosby mortally. Jimmy Day and "Mahogany" Day were killed. Major Miller was wounded and taken prisoner. He died in Richmond. Sergt. Hemenway of Co. D and Corliss, more familiarly known as "Bloody 'ell" of D was killed and Lieut. Wheeler also of D lost an arm by the premature explosion of one of our own shells. Lieut. Shurtleff got a bad wound in the throat, Lieut. Pierce was wounded in the hand. Sergt. Worthington had a ball pass thro' his cap, taking some of the hair off of his head. Capt. Fred Barton is in command of the regiment. The Lieut. Col. is at the rear sick.

July 2nd. We were roused at one a. m. and ordered to Harrison's Landing. It began to rain about sunrise and it rained as if it had a good deal of raining to do and but a short time to do it in, yet it rained all day. We got to our stopping place about two p. m. and we were tired, wet, hungry and sleepy. June 27 we had three days rations issued to us and this is the sixth day since we have been here. Some of the boys have been out and foraged a little and we have made out to get a little dinner. While we were eating it the rebs threw a few shells into the camp.

Tired and Homesick.

I was home-sick then. I thought that if we had to get up and march or fight again I did not care but precious little what became of the Union or myself either, but Gen. Kearney took a regiment of lancers that had always been round headquarters doing nothing and told them he was going to see what they were made of. He found a battery of light artillery and a regiment supporting it. He charged on them, took the battery and about 400 prisoners. We were not troubled any more.

July 3rd. We changed our position a little today.

July 4th. McClellan rode through our camp today. The men are not quite so enthusiastic over him as they used to be. They think things might have been managed a little better in some instances.

July 7th. Laid out our camp today. Guess we are going to stop here awhile.

July 8th. Were reviewed by President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan.

July 13th. Lieut. Col. Vial is in command of the regiment now. He belongs to the 2d R. I. regiment. "Biney" Jones is

in the hospital at Washington wounded in the hand so the report is.

July 18th. Wrote to mother today. There has been a severe thunder shower here for the last three nights. Wm. Conway is dead; he died in hospital at Philadelphia. Ed. Toomey died here in this hospital. A good many of the boys are sick, but my health continues good.

July 22d. Have heard too that Joe Tinkham and Hugh Graham, two of our boys that were wounded at Malvern Hill,



OSCAR R. BEMIS

Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. and Co. F, 31th Mass. Vols. Born at Spencer, Mass., Jan'y 23, 1831. Died in hospital July 31, 1863.

were taken prisoners and are in Richmond. James Noble, another of our boys, is in Richmond wounded.

July 30th. Wrote to mother. Capt. Walkley has resigned on the plea of ill health, and also Lieut. Chase. The cannon fever has been troubling our officers some. A discharge seems to be a certain cure for this disease.

Aug. 1st. The rebels came down on the opposite side of the river last night about midnight and tried to destroy some of our transports but they did not do them any damage. They killed a few horses and mules. Our men returned the fire and one or two of the gunboats came down from near Fort Darling and tossed

a few shells over amongst them and they got out of range in a hurry. They are afraid of those gimboats.

Aug. 2nd. Wrote to mother, and went on fatigue.

Aug. 5th. Went on guard for the first time in three months. The regiment had orders to march with two days' rations. The whole corps is going on a reconnaissance towards Malvern Hill. I get out of this march as I am on guard.

Aug. 6th. On guard again today. Lost my pocketbook and contents in the guard tent.

Aug. 7th. The regiment came back from Malvern Hill this morning about half past three, cross and sleepy. We that were on guard stayed until night to give the boys a chance to rest a little. They did not see any rebels while they were gone.

Aug. 15th. Left Harrison Landing as guard for the wagon

Guarding the Wagon Train.

train. Where we are bound I don't know. We sent our knapsacks off on board the transports. We did not get more than two miles today as it took so long to get the wagon train straightened out.

Aug. 16th. Made pretty good time today. Passed Charles City Court House and laid in the woods side of the road for the night. The wagons did not leave the road nor unhitch only long enough to feed.

Aug. 17th. Crossed the Chickahominy river on a pontoon bridge and went into camp about 10 o'clock A. M. as we found we had got ahead of the troops. They were on another road and had not got up and it was hardly safe to go any further unless they went in front. The regiment crossed the river about dark and gained on us. They came across plenty of tobacco during the day, which was very acceptable to me as I was out. My chum, Johnny Beaumont, gave me enough for present needs and I felt that "Richard was himself again."

Aug. 18th. Started on with the wagons and went about three miles east of the town of Williamsburg and halted. We are on the old battlefield.

Aug. 19th. The mules are getting tired and we did not get but four miles today.

Aug. 20th. Well, here we are within three miles of Yorktown and are wondering what the next thing will be. A good many troops have gone off on transports down the York river bound for Washington. I guess it is reported that the rebels are fighting Gen. Pope back toward Centreville. I am with the wagons yet, but expect to join the regiment in a day or two.

Aug. 24th. Wrote to mother today. I am with the company now. The boys are all well I believe.

Aug. 29th. We are having some pretty good times here now.

The boys are all fishing and catching oysters, clams and crabs. They are plentiful here in the river.

Aug. 30th. Left Yorktown this morning bound up the Potomac.

Aug. 31st. Arrived at Alexandria today.

Sept. 1st. Heavy firing in the direction of Bull Run. We have orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. The 34th Mass. Regt. is encamped near here. Some of the boys have been down to see us. I saw Ed. Boynes, Joe Ward, John Lyndes and a few others whom I knew.

Fight at Chantilly.

Sept. 2nd. There was a heavy fight last night at Chantilly between Burnside's corps and the rebels. The 21st Mass. suffered very heavy. Fred Bemis was killed there. We had to march almost up to the fight in one of the most severe thunder showers I ever experienced, but before we could get there the fight was over and we laid down side of the road for the night. Today we had to march back to Arlington Heights; laid here a good part of the day, then we had to march up the river to Chain bridge and went into camp. Gen. Pope has been licked.

Sept. 4th. The orders are to march at 4 P. M. The story is that we are going back to camp Brightwood. Instead of going to camp Brightwood, when we got to Tenolytown the order was "file left" and here we are about six miles above Tenolytown. The story tonight is the rebels are crossing at Edwards' Ferry and that we are going to Poolsville, but there are always stories enough in camp.

Sept. 5th. Marched till noon today and reached a place called Bursville Cross Roads, 18 miles from Poolsville and six miles from Rackville. It is reported that rebels are at both of these places.

Sept. 10th. We are now within a mile of the town of Poolsville. There are no rebels there now.

Sept. 15th. Passed through the town of Berketsville at the foot of South mountain. Gen. Slocum had a fight here yesterday with the Johnnys and drove them out of the town into the mountain, then he charged up the side of the mountain and drove them over the mountain and off the other side, but he did not kill or take prisoners. The General found his own cousin among the wounded rebels. He had him well taken care of.

Sept. 17th. We had orders to report to Harper's Ferry to the relief of the garrison there. It was about 20 miles down there. After we got started we heard firing in the direction of the ferry and we marched about as fast as we could. When we got within about one-half a mile of the ferry we heard that the place was surrendered to Stonewall Jackson. We stopped side

of the road to rest awhile when an order came from Gen. McClellan to report to him on the battle field of Antietam. We got to within a mile of the field and halted for the night as it was after 10 o'clock and no chance to fight.

Sept. 18th. We went onto the field early this morning and took up our positions in line. The skirmishing was going on right smart in front and we were expecting to have fun enough before night, but we did not seem to get engaged as the General did not care to fight much today but was calculating on a grand affair tomorrow.

After Antietam.

Sept. 19th. When we got up this morning we found out that there was something missing and we were not long in finding out that the rebels had retreated across the river. In the afternoon we started on after them through the town of Sharpsburg. There was hardly a house left whole in the place. It looks as though that there had been some shells thrown in here. We did not march but a little ways beyond Sharpsburg and turned into the woods side of the road.

Sept. 20th. Were ordered about 1 A. M. this morning to make a forced march to Williamsport as it was reported the rebels were crossing the river into Maryland at that place. When we got to within three miles of the place our cavalry found their pickets and drove them in. Our division came up and sent out skirmishers. The rest of us formed a line and advanced through the woods about a mile, over fences, rocks and brush, and took up a position as favorably as we could, but we soon found out that we could not stay there long as there were rebels in front of us and rebels to the right and left of us, and we about faced and marched to the rear and took up another position where they could not flank us, and sent for reinforcements. The rebels sent a few shells over to us, but they did no damage. We lost a few men. The skirmish wounded them; there were none killed. We found a nice field of potatoes near where we were in line and as we were very fond of new potatoes we thought we would take a few and as there were a good many of us and not a very large field of potatoes I am afraid that the man who owned the field did not get a great many of them.

Sept. 21st. Reinforcements came up last night but they were not needed as the rebels went back into Virginia.

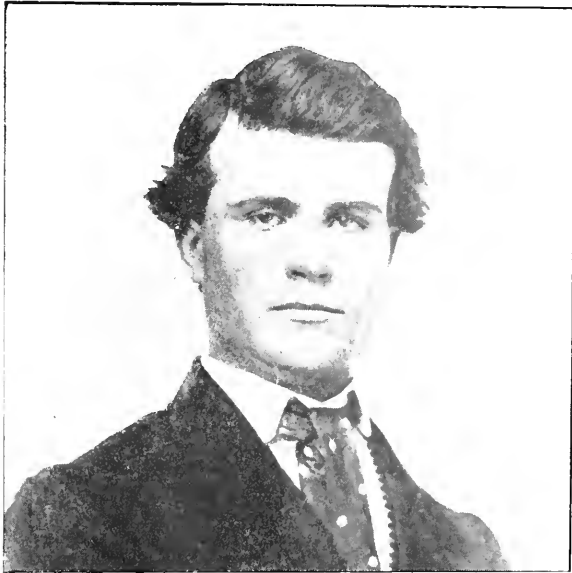
Sept. 22nd. Everything quiet today. The boys are having a good time.

Sept. 28th. We are encamped near the town of Downsville and about three miles from Williamsport, and five or six from Hagerstown. We are having a kind of resting spell now. We

are doing a little drilling under our new Col. Eustis. He is a fine drill-master.

Oct. 5th. The 37th Mass. regt. joined our brigade today. It is commanded by Col. Oliver Edwards, formerly adjutant of our regiment. We were reviewed the other day by President Lincoln, Gen. McClellan and Gen. Franklin. We are in Gen. Franklin's corps now.

Oct. 6th. We do not have much of anything to do now—a little drilling and a little guard duty, but it don't amount to much.



HENRY G. CHICKERING

Copy by Curran

Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Born at Pomfret, Conn., Jan'y 4, 1840. Lost
off transport May 2, 1865

Oct. 10th. Gorham, one of our boys who was wounded and taken prisoner at Malvern Hill, returned to us today. We have had marching orders today but they are countermanded now. They were caused by the pickets getting up a little brush amongst themselves.

Oct. 12th. The boys are all pretty well now except Geo. Howard; he has a cold and his head is all swelled up and he can't eat anything but spoon victuals.

Oct. 13th. Went on guard today.

Oct. 14th. Our express came today. I had a box sent by mother; the stuff was most of it in good order—a jar of jelly got broken and a cake got somewhat mouldy. The rest was all right. The Spencer folks sent a large box to Mason for the hospital but

Good Things From Spencer.

there was a great deal more than they wanted and it was divided by lot among the Spencer boys. I drew a pair of socks, two handkerchiefs, two towels, a bottle of cider wine and a jar of currant jelly.

Oct. 15th. Had marching orders again today but they were countermanded.

Oct. 17th. Went on guard again today.

Oct. 18th. Marching orders. We are to march at sundown.

Oct. 19th. We marched through Downsville, Williamsport, and Clear Springs. We halted here at half past one this morning. We laid here until 7 A. M., then we started again and marched through Fair View, Indian Springs and Pond Point to within half a mile of Hancock.

Oct. 20th. Laid here at Hancock all day. The reason of our coming up here was that it was reported the rebels were in the neighborhood and contemplated crossing the river into Maryland. Hancock is right on the bank of the river. We have orders to march at dark.

Oct. 21st. We did not get started on our march until half past one this morning. We then marched back about ten miles to a place called Cherry Run. Reached here about sunrise. We then formed a camp and I am detailed for picket.

Oct. 22nd. I had to cross the river to get on to the picket line. The river is about an eighth of a mile wide and about knee deep. We had to ford the river and it was not a very pleasant job. We were a reserve to support the rest of the pickets. This morning we drove in the enemy's pickets, they falling back to Hedgesville. This afternoon our cavalry went out in the direction of Hedgesville and we went out to support them. They charged into the place and captured 24 of the rebels before they had time to fire a shot. Among them was a Capt. and a Lieut. We crossed the river and went back to camp tonight about dark.

Oct. 23rd. Broke camp and started off in the direction of Clear Spring. We did not march more than a mile before we halted to await further orders. We laid there until nearly night. Then we were ordered back to our old camp at Cherry Run.

Oct. 24th. Laid in camp all day and rested.

Nov. 2nd. Well, here we are in Berlin near to Harper's Ferry. Since I last wrote from here, we have done considerable

marching. We left Cherry Run and marched back to Fair View and from there to our old camp at Downsville, and from there to this place. Fair View is the most beautiful place I ever saw. It is on Fair View Mountain, and it is a fair view and no mistake. We are ordered to be ready to march at 10 A. M. to cross the river into Virginia. We left Berlin at noon and crossed into Virginia. We stopped for the night at a place called Unionville.

Nov. 3rd. We did not march a great ways today, but stopped in the woods and had a pretty good time.

Nov. 4th. We marched near to Ashby's Gap today. At night we are to go on picket.

Well we have got rid of going on picket after all and it happened in this way. There was a long fence near where our brigade stopped for the night and soldiers always like to find a good dry fence, the rails make such a beautiful fire to cook coffee by.

Fuel Fight Over a Rail Fence.

Well, the 2d R. I. and 37th Mass. got into trouble over them and from words they came to blows, and had quite a little time for a few minutes. Our regiment had just got started for picket and the General sent for us to come back and sent the 2d R. I., instead, to pay for fighting.

Nov. 5th. It is pretty cold today; a good day to march but I guess it will be rather cold laying out tonight. Nothing very especial happened today.

Nov. 6th. We had a little fun on the march today. We halted about noon to rest a while opposite a house where there was a lot of turkeys and chickens. Some of the boys tried to buy some of the woman but she would not sell one. She said that "our soldiers took all that she had to spare." She was Sesech to the backbone. Her husband and two sons were in the rebel army. The boys thought they would have some of the poultry anyway and began to chase after them. The old woman cried, swore and threw stones but it was all of no use. The boys wanted them and they had them. After a while the provost marshal, Lient. Ecleston, rode up to the house and ordered the boys back, but they knew him and as long as there was any of the chickens in sight they stayed. The provost marshal had chicken for supper that night. We got to White Plains today, all out of provision.

Nov. 7th. It snows today quite hard. The boys were all out last night to see what they would find. They found a whiskey distillery and some hogs and a few sheep. This morning the boys who were on picket came in and reported a large flock of sheep just outside of the pickets and as we were very short of

food we thought that we could not do any better than to have a little fresh mutton, so the boys went and every man in the regiment before night had all the mutton he could eat. We had nothing to eat with it, not even salt, but it tasted good for all that.

Nov. 22nd. Well, here we are at Stafford courthouse, 12 miles from Fredericksburg, 5 miles from Acquia Creek and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the Potomac river. We marched from White Plains or Camp Mutton as the boys call it now, to New Baltimore. While here we were drawn up in line to be reviewed by Gen. McClellan and Gen. Burnside. The latter has taken command of the army now. We have all got out of tobacco and the sutlers have not come up and we are feeling pretty cross over it. We left New Baltimore and marched here to this place. We were all out of rations and had to live pretty short for a few days. All that I ate one day was some persimmons and for smoking tobacco I had to get some moss off the trees in the woods. But we are all right now, plenty of food and tobacco, too. The sutler has come up and the boys made a raid on him and took about one half of his stock to pay him for not coming up sooner.

The persimmons are plentiful here now and are very nice. They are in shape and size about like an egg and taste very much like a very nice plum only they are much sweeter. They have seeds in them shaped very much like a watermelon seed, three or four, more or less, according to the size of the fruit. They grow on trees that grow as large as cherry trees though they commence to bear before they are as high as a man's head. They do not get ripe until after the frosts come. When green they are very bitter and will pucker any one's mouth as much worse than alum as alum would worse than sugar.

Nov. 28th. Thanksgiving Day. We were called into line today and had the Governor's proclamation read to us and a few remarks and prayer by the Chaplain. We have got a new one now; our old one, Barton, left us at Camp Brightwood. There is not much of anything to write now. All we have to do is a little camp guard. The other night there was a sutler's wagon going up the road about half a mile from our camp, past Battery C commanded by Capt. McCarthy, when some of the boys made a raid on it, tipped the wagon over and appropriated the contents, among which was some whiskey. They all got jolly tight and then they thought they could not do any better than to fire a salute, so loaded up one of their guns with a double charge of blank cartridge and fired it off. It was about 9 o'clock then and it sounded off loudly as the night was so still. The battery is under arrest now. The officers are trying to find out who fired the gun, but the men won't tell on each other so they have all been put under arrest. Being Thanksgiving Day doesn't bring us any better food this time.

Dec. 2d. Received a letter from Annie. The folks are all well.

Dec. 3d. We had a company drill today.

Dec. 4th. Marching orders. We are all packed up ready to go. We are ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice.

Dec. 5th. We left Stafford Courthouse this morning and after marching hard all day stopped for the night at Brook's Station just six miles from where we started in the morning. That is the way with half of our marches. We go four times as far as there is any need of to get to a certain place.



DWIGHT CHICKERING

Copy by Currier

Co. E, 34th Mass Vols. Born at Pomfret Conn., Aug. 6, 1841. Killed in batt'le at Snicker's Ferry, Va., July 18, 1864.

Dec. 6th. Marched five miles this morning in a drenching rain. It has rained all day. We are now near White Oak Church, but a little ways from Bell Plain. I built me a hut today.

Sunday, Dec. 7th. The rain changed to snow last night, but I don't care. I have got a good house for either rain or snow.

Dec. 10th. We have orders to be ready to march at daylight tomorrow morning.

Dec. 11th. We started before light this morning and halted on the banks of the river Rappahannock about ten a. m. I guess we are going to make some trouble for the Johnnys by the appearance of things. We are about a mile below the City of Fredericksburg. There are two pontoon bridges across the river at this point and they have been trying all day to lay another one opposite the city, but there are too many rebel pickets in the houses near the river and they keep firing on the bridge-makers so that they can't lay the bridge. About a quarter of a mile back from the river on our side is a range of hills and they are covered with artillery, about 200 pieces, and when the General saw that the engineers could not lay the bridge he gave orders for the batteries to open on the houses in the city near the river, and there was music for a while. Then they stopped and tried the bridge again but it was no use. Then he called for some volunteers to go over the river in boats and drive the rebels out of the houses. Some from the 20th Mass. and one other regiment either from Wisconsin or Michigan immediately went over and drove them out and the bridge was soon built. It was now almost night and too late to do any fighting, but it was thought best to send some troops over where we were on the left. General Devens volunteered to go over with his brigade. He commands our brigade now. The 2d R. I. were to go over as skirmishers and our regiment next. We went over, drove the rebel pickets back and formed a line without much trouble. They fired at us a little but did no harm. We formed a line of our brigade and two regiments from General Cochran's brigade. They say that one-half of us can sleep at a time tonight and the rest must stand in line to guard against a surprise. The river at this place runs nearly due east. The city of Fredericksburg is on the south side of the river. Above the city is a range of hills called St. Mary's Heights. From these there is a range of hills running in the form of a half circle to the river again some three or four miles below the city, the bend of the circle being away from the river. The hills are mostly covered with woods, or were rather, for the rebels have cut down a large portion of them. These hills are covered with rifle pits, redoubts and forts. From the foot of the hills to the river is a large open plain which our troops must cross in order to get to the rebels, and this whole plain is commanded by the rebel batteries in such a way that they can get a cross fire on any part of it and tomorrow our troops must cross this plain. It will be death to a good many.

Fears the Morrow.

Dec. 12th. This morning early the troops began to cross and take up their position. Our brigade was kept back near

the bridge all day. There was heavy firing on the right and left of us but none in our vicinity. There was a very heavy fog from the river this morning and it settled down over the plain and the troops could get into position without being fired on by the rebels.

Dec. 13th. This has been a terrible day to the army of the Potomac. We have been fighting all day and have accomplished nothing except to lose thousands of men, killed, wounded and prisoners. General Sumner commanded on the right. His troops charged the works on St. Mary's Heights four times only to be driven back each time with fearful slaughter. General Franklin commanded on the left and part of his troops and General Meade's division from the center (commanded by Hooker) was fighting on the left. Meade's division was in front and charged so furiously that the rebels fell back and if Meade had been properly supported history might have had a different story to tell. There was not much fighting in the center. About three o'clock in the afternoon our brigade was sent down to the left to support some batteries down there. The rebels had a beautiful range on our batteries, both in front and on the left flank. Their shells burst over us, in front, and all around us and struck in the ground all around us without bursting, yet we only lost two men in our regiment, no one in our Co. General Bayard was killed and General Birney is either killed or wounded. I hear reports both ways. About nine o'clock the firing ceased and our brigade fell back and got a good night's rest.

Dec. 14th. Everything is quiet today. We have lain down by the bridges all day.

Dec. 15th. We were called up at half past two and ordered to get our breakfast and be ready to move at four o'clock. We started at that time for the front and took our position in line in an old road. In front of us were our skirmishers and their supports. We could see the rebels plainly. They had a brass battery near their picket line. It was polished up brightly and when the sun shone upon it it looked rather saucy. There was but very little firing today, some on the left and a little on the right, but none in the center where we were. About nine o'clock we could see columns of troops moving off to the rear in silence and we began to think that the army was going to retreat across the river, and we began to feel pretty scary as we were in the front line and if the rebels suspected the movement they would be right down on to us. Towards morning we had orders to fall back to the bridges and form a line. We knew then that we were all that was left except the 20th N. Y. They were the skirmishers in front of us. We fell back and formed a line as we were ordered. Then the skirmishers all came back, crossed the

river and then we faced to the rear and crossed also. The engineer corps was on the bridge and as the last of the brigade passed over, they began taking up the bridge. We did not go but a little way from the river, and stopped for the rest of the night.

Dec. 16th. Wrote to mother giving her an account of the battle. It is reported that we lost 13,000 men in the fight, killed,

Where Sergt. Plunkett and Corp. Barr Were Wounded.

wounded and prisoners. Sergt. Plunkett of the 21st Mass. had both arms shattered by a shell while carrying the flag, and Corp. Barr of the same regiment lost one arm while carrying the state colors. The report is we have got to move again. Well, I am glad of it as I don't like this place. It is most too near the rebels. We are right in range and they toss us over a shell once in a while.

Dec. 17th. We moved our camp to a little better location.

Dec. 18th. We are at work building us some houses to live in.

Dec. 21st. Matt. Webster of the 21st Mass. was here to see the boys yesterday. He says that his regiment lost severely in the battle of Fredericksburg, thirteen killed and over fifty wounded.

Dec. 22nd. Wrote a letter to Annie. We have got our house all done. There are four of us in it, Amasa Bullard, John Worthington, John Beaumont and myself.

Dec. 23rd. Went on guard today.

Dec. 25th, Christmas day. Wrote a letter to mother. We celebrated a little today. Amasa Bullard bought some fresh meat and flour, and Collier made us a pudding out of hard bread. With the flour we made flapjacks and made out to have quite a Christmas dinner. The boys are all well now, I believe.

Dec. 27th. Received orders to be ready to march at twelve hours' notice.

Dec. 31st. Received a letter from home. David Moore of our Co. has been promoted to be 2nd Lieut., also Alf. Midgely of Co. H.

Jan. 9th, 1863. Went on picket today. We are to stay four days. The picket lines are on the bank of the river, just about a mile from our camp. The rebs picket one side of the river, and we the other. The river is about twenty yards wide at this point. We do not have any trouble with the rebels. As soon as we get on picket we put our bayonet on the gun and stick it in the ground, fix up a little fire and sit down and enjoy it. The rebs do the same. The headquarters of our portion of the line is an old grist mill and there are so many of us that we do not

have to stand but twice in twenty-four hours. My turn is from six to eight in the morning and from six to eight at night so I have the whole night to myself and the day also. South Carolina troops are the pickets on the other side of the river.

Jan. 12th. We were relieved from picket.

Jan. 16th. Rained very hard last night and it has cleared off cold.

Jan. 20th. Burnside is going to try and get across the river again. We started at noon today and after marching hard all



LUCIEN FOGG

Copy by Currier

Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Born at Thomaston, Maine, May 1, 1843.

Killed in battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 12, 1864.

the afternoon we got to a place called Murray's Church, some seven miles above our old camp ground.

Jan. 21st. It commenced to rain last night about dark and it is raining now. We started at six o'clock and marched till noon, when we reached the banks of the river. The roads have got so soft that the pontoon wagons, artillery and supply trains are all fast in the mud. We are in a piece of woods sheltered from the rain. Just outside the woods is an open field where the troops have marched through, and the cavalry and a few of the teams have come up through it and the mud is certainly a

foot and a half to two feet deep. I have seen today a hundred men with a rope hitched on in front of six mules trying to draw a pontoon wagon that had got stuck in the mud, but could make no impression on it. We had just got our tents up good and comfortable when the order came to pack up and move. As it was still raining we felt rather grouchy but luck was on our side

Men Instead of Mules.

this time. We did not go but about a mile when we went into camp again for the night and it was in a much better place, with one little exception—we had to sleep standing up or pretty nearly that. We were on a side hill and the only way we could do was to drive down some sticks, lay a log against them and lay with our feet against the log. It is raining yet.

Jan. 22nd. Were ordered to pack up this morning and after we had got all ready the order was countermanded and as it was still raining we put up our tents again. Cleared off this afternoon.

Jan. 23rd. We were called up at four p. m. but did not march until ten. I supposed that the pontoons had arrived and that we were going to cross the river. Instead of that I found that the movement was knocked in the head and that we were ordered back to camp. The mud was too many for us this time. Our regiment was detailed to attend Capt. McCarthy's battery back to help it out if it got stuck in the mud, but it got along all right and we got home about the middle of the afternoon pretty tired. So ends the mud march.

Jan. 26th. We had an inspection today.

Feb. 3rd. Received a box from home. In it were boots, a comforter, mittens, towels, handkerchiefs, pins, needles, thread, butter, tea, red pepper and other articles.

Feb. 4th. Wrote a letter to Annie today. We are to have roast turkey for dinner. Amasa Bullard had one in his box that came last night. It weighs twelve pounds. I guess that will furnish our bunk and one or two invited guests a meal with the other stuff that we can furnish.

Feb. 5th. There has been some changing going on here in the army lately. General Hooker has relieved General Burnside and instead of three grand divisions there are now six corps. We are in the 6th, commanded by General Sedgwick.

Feb. 9th. Went on picket. The rebs are friendly and when the officers are not around we have quite a time trading with the

Trading With the Rebels.

rebels. We exchange papers and swap coffee for tobacco. We float the stuff across on little boats.

Feb. 24th. It snows today and it is quite cold. It is about all we can do to keep warm. We have to bring our wood about half a mile on our backs and it is not a very pleasant job. We have cut down some black walnuts here that would be worth a pile of money if they were up north.

March 7th. Went on picket. The rebels on the other side of the river belong to the 5th La. regiment. They are friendly and sick of the war.

March 10th. Came in from picket today. Found a letter in camp from a man in the 8th Ohio regiment. He said he had been home on a furlough and saw some of my friends and they sent some things by him to me and as he had overstayed his furlough he was under arrest and could not bring them to me.

March 11th. Went to the camp of the 8th Ohio today. They are in the 2d corps, General Couche's. They lay about four miles from here. I found the man that had seen my Aunt Em and she had sent me a letter and a box of stuff. The mud was very deep and it was a hard day's work to walk four miles and back.

March 13th. We had a brigade drill and review today.

March 14th. Were inspected by the brigade inspector, Capt. Reed, and Lieut. Plunkett, aid-de-camp to Gen. Devens. The weather is pretty cold here now. I wrote to mother today.

March 20th. Gen. Stuart made a raid onto the rear of our lines the other day but did not make out much. He got badly whipped and we took seven companies of one regiment prisoners. Jim Noble, one of our boys who was wounded at Malvern Hill, taken prisoner and discharged, has come out here again and joined our Co. for the unexpired term of service of the regiment. The boys were all glad to see him back again.

March 30th. Our Co. is on guard today. It snowed last night and today it rains.

April 7th. We have been having several reviews lately. the first time by Col. Brown of the 36th N. Y. commanding the brigade; the next time by Gen. Newton, the division commander; the next time by Gen. Sedgwick, the corps commander; the next time Gen. Hooker commanding the army and we were to have been reviewed today by the president but it has been postponed and we were reviewed and inspected by Gen. Devens, our brigade commander.

Abraham Lincoln.

April 8th. We were reviewed today by the president. He looks as though he was having a hard time, poor man.

April 14th. We had a battalion drill and review by a Swedish general.

April 12th. We went on picket today. Last night two of the rebels attempted to swim across the river. One of them succeeded in doing so, the other one was drowned. He had \$100 in gold in his pocket so this one says that got across.

April 20th. Matched games of baseball are all the go now. Our boys played the 36th N. Y. today. It was a draw game.

April 26th. Mason started for home yesterday on a furlough. I weigh now 160 pounds. I am detailed to guard the balloons and assist in making ascensions. It is a very good job. I don't know how long it will last.

May 2nd. Well, the army has had a fight at Chancellorsville and got whipped. The 6th corps captured the works back of the city of Fredericksburg. My regiment had a fight at Salem Heights. Our Co. had none killed and but five wounded, two from Spencer: John Beaumont slightly in the head and Anson Collier was pretty severely wounded in the arms. I have not heard how much the loss was to the regiment.

May 7th. I am with the balloon yet. Henry M. ("Biney")* Jones has gone off to Washington again wounded slightly in the leg. Gen. Devens has left our brigade. He was appointed to the command of a division in the 11th corps which ran so at the battle of Chancellorsville. The General was wounded in the foot. I saw him after he was wounded and he said that he would give more for his old brigade than he would for the whole 11th corps.

May 14th. One of the balloons has gone to Washington to be repaired and the other one has no gas in it and we have nothing to make any out of.

May 27th. I saw a teamster killed today. His team ran away with him and he was thrown off and the loaded wagon passed over him. He was almost instantly killed.

May 28th. Our Col. is in command of the brigade and Lieut. Col. Parsons commands the regiment. Col. Brown of the 36th N. Y. did command the brigade until he was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was wounded in the leg and was carried to the hospital. There the doctor was going to amputate it, but he drew his revolver and told the doctor that he came there to have his leg dressed, not to have it amputated and he would put a ball through any man that tried to take his leg off. It is doing well now.

June 5th. There is an appearance of a move at an early date. The pontoon and artillery have moved down to the river. The rebs appear to be on the move over there.

June 19th. Well, here we are at Fairfax Courthouse, fifteen miles from Alexandria. We have had to do considerable marching since we left Falmouth. We brought the balloon part way

* A nickname.

with us, then we let the gas out of it, packed it up in a wagon and sent it on to Washington, and I rejoined the regiment. We reached here yesterday morning. The rebs are heading towards Maryland so we will not be very apt to make a long stop here.

June 25th. Well, after marching and countermarching pretty much all over Fairfax County we yesterday brought up here at Centerville Heights. We are sixteen miles from Bull Run Mountains and twenty-two from the Blue Ridge. There are several earthworks here built by the rebels more than two years ago, but they are used now to protect Washington. I went on guard last night. Today we moved camp a little ways.



WILLARD A. FRINK

Co. H, 25th Mass. Vols. Born at Brookfield, July 14, 1836. Killed at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

June 26th. We were called up at two p. m. but did not march till daylight. We marched twenty-three miles and stopped for the night at Drainsville.

June 27th. We started at daylight this morning and marched till noon when we reached this place called Edward's Ferry. We are to start tomorrow morning at three o'clock for Frederick.

June 28th. Started this morning and marched near to the

town of Frederick. We had a hard march. The rebs are put

Rebels on the Run for Pennsylvania.

ting for Penn. It is nip and tuck which will get there first, they or us.

June 29th. We marched to Westminster today. The 36th N. Y. regiment started for home today. Their time is out.

June 30th. Marched from Westminster in Maryland to Manchester in Penn. We are but a little way from Hanover.

July 1st. We have laid here all day in the woods. We hear that there has been fighting at Gettysburg between the 1st corps, Gen. Reynolds, and the rebels. They say Gen. Reynolds is killed. We have orders to march as soon as we can get our supper.

July 2d. We marched all night last night till about two o'clock this afternoon. We marched at least thirty-eight miles. They were fighting right smart when we got here. We got our dinner and then were moved forward close by the field. About five o'clock word came for us to report at little "Round Top" as soon as possible. We could hear them firing pretty sharply. We went on the double quick, loading our guns as we went. When we got there we found that our men were getting the worst of it on the left. We went in and the rebs soon went back. We had one man killed and two wounded. One of them was Capt. Fred Barton. He was shot through the thigh but would not leave the field until the fight was over for the night.

July 3rd. We were called up at daylight this morning and sent up to the right as it was feared that the rebs would be too much for our troops there. We acted as a support till nearly noon when we went into a piece of woods and got our dinner; then we had orders to report at the left center as it was feared that the rebels were going to try and break through. The rebels had about 150 pieces of artillery and we had about the same number and they commenced firing on each other about noon and it was one of the most severe artillery fights of the war. We had to march in rear of our batteries to get to the position assigned us. The 37th Mass. led off the brigade and we followed them and the other two regiments behind us. The shells were bursting all around us at the rate of about 400 per minute. The air was full of pieces. With us it was legs do your duty. After we got to our positions we were somewhat sheltered from the shells and took account of stock. The 37th Mass. lost some twenty-five to thirty killed and wounded. The other regiments only had three or four wounded each. The reason the 37th lost so much heavier was that the Col. kept his men massed together and when a shell would go through their ranks it would knock

out three or four men. The other regiments scattered all over the field and went every man for himself. We knew our destination and all but three or four got there. A shell struck in the

Those Rebel Shells.

ground under my feet and threw the dirt all over me but luckily the shell did not burst or I should never have written this. Silas T. Chamberlain was knocked down by the wind of a passing shell, but it did not hurt him much. Just as the shelling ceased Gen. Longstreet made a charge on our lines with three heavy divisions. He charged three times but was driven back every time with heavy loss. Our regiment lost no men in this fight but some of the regiments lost very severely.

July 4th. Our regiment was sent to the front line early this morning. We took up a position about sixty yards in advance of where our lines were yesterday. Here is the ground that Longstreet had to cross when he made the charge yesterday. The ground is covered with his dead. The rebels are very quiet in front of us but to the left they are skirmishing some and they threw a few shells over our heads. Everything has been pretty quiet today. There was a little firing just at dark to make our 4th of July fireworks.

July 5th. We were ordered to advance at daylight and bring on an engagement. I began to feel pretty scary but felt better when I found that the rebels had retreated in the night. The army started in pursuit and we followed on as far as Jinkstown where they made a stand and threw up some rifle pits.

July 8th. Our cavalry had a fight here yesterday and whipped the rebs severely.

July 16th. The army is now under the command of Gen. Meade. He relieved Gen. Hooker just before the Gettysburg fight. We all like him very much indeed. We are to go on picket to-night.

July 17th. When we got up this morning we found the rebs had skedaddled across the river at Williamsport. The cavalry immediately started in pursuit and came up with the rear guard of the rebels and had quite a fight. They captured 2000 prisoners besides what they killed and wounded. Among the killed was Gen. Pettigrew. We wounded and took him prisoner at Fair Oaks. Our corps marched down to Berlin ready to cross into Virginia.

July 25th. Well, here we are at Warrentown, Va. We left Berlin the 18th and have been on the march every day since except one. While the rebels were in Penn. they stole everything they could lay their hands on and since the army has been in Virginia this time we have taken everything we wanted if we

could find it. The first night we were in Virginia this time one of the batteries was out of forage and went to a plantation and tried to buy some, but the agent (the owner was away) said that no Yankee could buy hay of him and some of the boys tried to buy eggs and milk, but he would not sell them. Said that he would throw them on the ground first. Some of the boys said they would have some water anyway and took some out of his well. As soon as they were gone he took the chain out of the

The General Thought He Would See About It.

well—it was a chain pump. There was no spring near, nothing but a little brook. The boys reported to the General how the man acted and he told the battery boys to go and get some hay for their horses and to bring some for his and if there was any good horses in the barn to bring them in and let him see them. When the rest of the soldiers saw the battery boys going back they knew well enough what was going on and a lot of them went too. They took what hay they wanted, turned all his horses and cattle out of the barn and drove them into camp, took all the poultry they could find and there was a lot of it especially ducks. They went into his cellar and took all the eggs they could find, filled their canteens with milk and spilt the rest on the ground. Then they thought as he had obliged the boys to go to the brook for their water he should do the same and as there was a wall standing very closely to the well the boys took hold and in ten minutes the well was full of stones. The cattle we killed part of them that night and the rest we drove along for some other time. The horses were taken to replace some that were worn out in the battery. For the last three or four days we have had to march the ground has been covered with blackberries and such berries. They average four times as large as they are at the north and the fields are covered with them, so that it is almost impossible to step without stepping on them. They are luscious.

July 29th. We are encamped about a mile from the town of Warrentown in a westerly direction. Wates Mountain is about half a mile from our camp. We have a signal station on the top of it. To the north of us is what is called the Free State Mountains and they are full of guerillas. Capt. Young was out today and was fired at. There were sixteen of them together. The Captain then made tracks lively. There were most too many of them. He would not have run from two or three rebs. There was a party of us out today to see what we could find. We managed to get a little live stock. We got eight head of beef, two horses, four sheep, two hogs and a calf. We turned the rses into the provost marshal and the other stock we ate.

Aug. 22nd. We are on picket today. We have gay times on picket. There are enough of us so that the duty is not hard and the neighbors are all kind. We live on bread and milk while we are on picket. I generally go to a house owned by a man by the name of Captain Edwards. He was a captain in the war of 1812. He has got a very pretty daughter. I have to pay twenty-five cents a canteen full when I pay in money but they rather have coffee, sugar and such like than money.

Aug. 27th. I went on patrol today. We had a very good time.

Aug. 28th. We have the best times here that we have had



GARDINER M. GAGE

Co. E, 34th Mass. Vo's. Born at Monson, Feb'y 4, 1820. Killed at Berryville, Va., Oct. 13, 1862.

Relief From Arduous Duty.

since we have been in the army. We do not have much of any duty to do except picket and patrol duty and we had rather do that than to stay in camp. There is one place where the boys go that they call the seven stars from one of the girls wearing a band over her head with seven silver stars in it. There is an old

gentleman, his wife and two girls. They are all Secesh. The girls have a brother who is one of the guerillas who infest this neighborhood. The girls are very good company and are good nice girls. There are a good many places around here which the boys visit to get milk, vegetables and pies. There is one negro woman whom the boys call Aunt Aggy. She took quite a fancy to one of our boys, Horace Prouty. She always called him Mr. Sprouty. She would bake him all the pies he wanted if he would only bring her a little coffee once in a while.

Sept. 1st. Our cavalry are having a fight today out near Orleans.

Sept. 2nd. We had a big scare today. The General had issued orders that all the men having loaded guns should fire them off between the hours of one and two. The orders were sent around to the different company commanders and among the rest one was sent to Capt. Ives. He was on picket. The orderly did not suppose that the pickets would fire off their guns but Capt. Ives supposing that it meant one man as well as another had the pickets all fire off their guns. We in camp certainly thought the pickets were attacked, but we did not get any order to fall in and soon found out that it was nobody but Capt. Ives making a fool of himself.

Sept. 3rd. Wrote to Annie and cleaned my gun. It is the same old gun that I drew in Springfield, Mass.

Sept. 4th. Capt. Ives was taken prisoner on the picket line today. There is a brick house on the right of the picket and a young girl lives there who is sweet on a fellow by the name of Morley of Co. D. Capt. Ives thought that he would go over to the house and get a dinner. When he got there he found Morley. The Captain had been there but a few minutes when who should ride up but a squad of guerillas. Morley saw them first. He told the Captain that if he told the rebels he was in the house he would boot him. He then ran upstairs and got into bed between the ticks and the girl laid down on the outside of the bed. The poor Captain had no one to hide him and was taken prisoner and the boys are all glad of it.

Sept. 5th. Went on picket. I wonder if the rebs will get me.

Sept. 7th. The guerillas came down on us last night. They captured the signal station on Wates Mountain and might have got some of the pickets if I had not received warning that Mosely was coming that night, thanks to Capt. Edward's daughter. I am satisfied that her husband is one of the guerillas.

Sept. 12th. We have had a foot race here today, distance 400 yards, 1st prize \$6.00, 2d, \$4.00. The first was won by Andrew Hazelton of Co. E, the second by Ed. Reed of my Co. Just after the race there came up a severe thunder shower and hurri-

cane. It blew all the tents down from the privates' to the General's. It did not even spare the hospital tent. There were five or six sick ones in it at the time. Received a letter from home.

Sept. 15th. We left Warrentown this afternoon, marching in the direction of Culpepper. A part of our boys are on picket. We expect that they will join us tonight.

Sept. 16th. Our boys who were on picket joined us last night. We marched all day towards Culpepper.

Sept. 17th. We reached Stone House Mountain tonight. We are four miles west of Culpepper. A squad of rebs charged on Gen. Howe and his body guard today but they did not succeed in taking the General prisoner. That was their object.

Sept. 18th. Gen. Wright was fired at this morning by guerillas, but they did not hit him.

Sept. 19th. We laid in camp all day and rested from our march.

Oct. 1st. We have marching orders today. We don't know where we are going.

Oct. 2nd. We started last night at eleven o'clock on our march. We find today that there is nothing but our division on the march so we are satisfied that the movement does not mean fight. It has rained all day. We are marching down the railroad toward Alexandria. We stopped at Rappahannock station for dinner and left the third brigade. We marched a little beyond Bealton's Station and stopped for the night.

Oct. 3rd. Started again this morning and took dinner at Cottlett's Station and left the first brigade. Our brigade went as far as Bristow Station. Got here about sundown. We had just laid down to sleep when my name was called for picket.

Oct. 4th. We were relieved from picket today.

Oct. 5th. Worked on my bunk all day.

Oct. 6th. Went over to Brentsville today after some brick to make a chimney for the General. It was about four or five miles over there. We had to take our guns with us and keep a pretty sharp lookout as the rebs were scouting around. Brentsville is the county seat of Prince William County. It has a court house, jail, recorder's office, tavern, store, church and a few dwelling houses. There are but three families living there now. The rest have all gone to "Dixie." We tore the jail, court house and recorder's office down to get what brick we wanted. It might not have been necessary to tear all of these buildings down, but we did not stop to inquire whether it was or not. The recorder's office was full of old papers and accounts of all kinds.

War Brings Wanton Destruction of Property.

They were all strewn around and set on fire. Some of the deeds and such like were dated as far back as 1623 and from that time:

until the breaking out of the war. I brought off two or three papers with me as curiosities.

Oct. 12th. Gen. Lee has outflanked Meade and the army has been obliged to fall back from the Rapidan to Rappahannock Station. Our division was ordered up there today. We offered Lee battle but he would not accept it. The cavalry had a little skirmishing. We found that Lee was trying to get through Thoroughfare Gap. We immediately fell back and marched towards Centreville.

Oct. 13th. We marched all night last night, but stopped for breakfast this morning and let the rest of the troops go on and we protected the rear, but we were not troubled any, though we saw some rebel cavalry. Stopped for the night at Wolf Run Shoals.

Oct. 14th. The 2d Corps was in the rear today. They had a little fight with the rebs; captured five guns and 450 prisoners. We got to Centreville today. We have got some good rifle pits with abattis in front.

Oct. 15th. The left of our line is at Wolf Run Shoals and the right is three miles to the west of Chantilly. There has been a little fighting on the left today but nothing very serious I guess as they are not firing very rapidly. Capt. Fred Barton and an orderly were taken prisoners this afternoon. His father had been here to see him and Captain thought he would accompany him as far as Fairfax on his return. They reached Fairfax all right but were captured on the way back to the brigade. The captain was on Gen. Eustis' staff. The rebels also took some mules and their drivers and left the wagons standing beside the road.

Oct. 16th. Everything is quiet today. Here is where Gens. Kearney and Stevens and Lieut. Bemis were killed a year ago last Sept.

Oct. 19th. Started on the march this morning. We got to Gainesville tonight at the foot of Thoroughfare Mountain.

Oct. 20th. The rebs charged on our pickets last night and drove them in. We fell into line and started for them but they cleared and we posted a stronger line of pickets and went to sleep for the night. This morning we started again and got as far as New Baltimore at 3 P. M. At that time Warrenton was full of rebel cavalry. It was about four miles from New Baltimore. Our cavalry dashed into the place and drove the rebs out. We then started and marched until 9 o'clock and found that we were very near our old camping ground before we went up to Culpepper.

Oct. 29th. I went up on Wates Mountain today just to look around. There is a signal station on the top of the mountain.

The officers are very pleasant and gentlemanly. They are perfectly willing to loan their glasses and to point out all the places of interest. The rebels are in plain sight, though distant about ten or twelve miles. The right of their army is at Stafford Court House and the left at Beverly Ford.

Nov. 6th. We broke camp at Warrenton today and marched to Rappahannock Station. Just before we got there we deployed as skirmishers and did not have to go far before we found the Johnmys. We drove in their pickets and then stationed a battery



EDWARD A. LAMB

Co H, 60th Mass. Vols. Born in Spencer, Oct. 16, 1843. Died at Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31, 1864.

and began to throw shells over to the forts at the station where the rebs were. The 6th Maine and 15th Wisconsin made a charge and carried the fort. They captured two earthworks, one battery of four guns, over 1500 prisoners, four stands of colors and 2000 stands of small arms. The 6th Maine lost over 200

The Sad Ending of a Brave Soldier.

killed and wounded. Our Regt. lost one man killed and two wounded, all of Co. I. The man who was killed was named Smith. He was struck in the leg with a shell. It shattered the

bone so that the leg only hung by a little flesh and skin. He took his handkerchief and tied around the stump, put his bayonet in and twisted it tightly, then took his knife and finished cutting the leg off, but he died soon afterwards.

Nov. 18th. I have been at work building chimneys at brigade headquarters.

Nov. 23rd. Thanksgiving Day. We left camp this morning and crossed the Rapidan river at Jacob's Ford.

Nov. 24th. We lay near the bridge all day. There has been quite a little fight this afternoon but we did not get engaged very severely.

Nov. 27th. We had quite a brush today but did not bring on a general engagement. Reserved that for tomorrow.

Nov. 28th. We laid down expecting all day to fight but did not get into one. Went on picket tonight.

Nov. 29th. We started for the rear this morning at four o'clock. We reached Gold Mine Ford at ten. We marched 17 miles in six hours. After crossing the river we halted and had our breakfast and then started and marched nine miles further and stopped for the night.

Nov. 30th. Marched back to our old camp today. We were tired and hungry.

Dec. 11th. I went out as guard for a wagon train to get some boards for the General. We went in the first place to a saw mill but there were no boards there so we tore the mill down, that is took the boards all off. The man begged us not to but the general wanted them for his house so we pulled them off; also off of his barn and shed. These filled up part of the wagons. We then went and tore the boards off of a barn to help fill up the rest of the wagons.

Dec. 12th. We are building our winter quarters now. John Worthington, Daniel Rowell, John Beaumont and myself chum together. We have got us a good house all connected. Dexter Bullard and John Moore are out here now.

Dec. 15th. We were reviewed today by Gen. Meade and the Russian officers. I was excused from duty by the doctor as I had one of "Job's Comforters" on my leg.

Dec. 16th. Mr. Bullard and John Moore have gone home.

Dec. 25th. Christmas Day. I witnessed a cockfight this forenoon between a cock belonging to Capt. Young of Gen. Eustis' staff, and Old Crummy, the butcher of the regt. Old Crummy's

Christmas Once More.

rooster got whipped. He then wrung his neck. For dinner I bought a liver of the commissary. Alf. Midgley presented our bunk with a cake and John Beaumont had a box come from home

with goodies in it so we had a good dinner. This afternoon I saw a sparring exhibition on the parade ground.

Jan. 1st, 1864. We had marching orders this morning but they are played out now.

Jan. 3rd. Re-enlisted for three years more to date from 21st of Dec. 1863.

Jan. 14th. The 1st Brigade commanded by Gen. Shaler has gone to Sandusky, Ohio, to guard the rebel prisoners at Johnson's Island, and the 3rd Brigade, commanded by Gen. Wheaton has gone to Falling Waters to guard the railroad. Our brigade is attached to the 2d division, commanded by Gen. Howe.

Jan. 16th. The mud is so deep that we can't do anything but answer roll call twice a day and write letters.

Jan. 23d. The Col. is at home on a furlough and the Regt. is under command of the major.

Feb. 9th. Received my furlough today. I am going home for 35 days.

Feb. 10th. Left Brandy Station about 9 o'clock this morning. We did not get into Washington until nearly night. We got our transportation papers and then found we were too late to go north that night so we stayed in Washington. In the morning we found that we, that is John Worthington and myself, had overslept and could not take the first train as we intended to, but had to wait until 11 A. M. We then started and kept right along and got into New York about 10 o'clock at night. We stayed at one of the relief associations.

Feb. 11th. We started at 8 o'clock this morning by the way of the N. Y. & N. H. railroad and got to Springfield about one o'clock. We had to wait there till the night freight went east, about five o'clock. We went on that and got to Spencer depot about 8 o'clock. We then shouldered our knapsacks and started. John and I traveled for about a mile and a half together when I left him at his father's and I had about a mile further to go alone. I reached home about 9 o'clock. I can stay at home now until

A Good Time At Home.

the 16th of March and I am bound to have a good time if there is such a thing.

March 16th. Started from home today for my regiment. We started in the morning and stayed in Springfield till 6 P. M. While I was in waiting the cartridge factory blew up and there was quite a number of girls burned. I had one of my hands burned a little and John Worthington got scorched a little, but not very badly.

March 17th. Rode all night and got to Washington about noon. We had to stay all night as we could not get transportation to the front.

March 18th. We left Washington at 10 o'clock this morning and got here at four o'clock this afternoon. The boys are in the same old spot at Brandy Station and it seems like home almost to get here again.

March 23rd. It snowed all night last night and the boys are having a great time snow balling.

March 27th. Gen. Grant has taken command of the army of the Potomac. They say he is going to reorganize the army. I hope he will not take Sedgwick away from us. Gen. Meade is still to have the command of the army only that Grant will be over him.

April 16th. Charlie Browning came up to see us today. He is an orderly sergeant in the new battalion of the 1st Mass. Cavalry.

April 17th. The boys are ball playing with all their might. Our regiment stands at the head of the corps in this game.

April 24th. We played a game of wicket yesterday with the 37th Mass. We beat them on 137 tallies. They challenged us in the first place to play them a game of wicket, twenty men on a side. We played them and beat them two tallies. Then they challenged the 7th Mass. to play a game of ball. The 7th boys beat them 50 to 10; then they challenged us to play them another game of wicket, 25 men on a side. We played them yesterday with the above results.

May 4th. Broke camp this morning and marched to the Rapidan river; crossed at Germania Ford about noon. We stopped on the other side and got our dinner. We marched towards the Wilderness until night.

May 5th. We started this morning but did not get along very fast. We would march a little way and then we would stop. There is trouble ahead. We can hear the music. This afternoon our brigade was sent to the left. We got engaged about three o'clock this afternoon. I did not stop there long as I was hit twice, the first time by a spent ball and the next time in the leg just above the ankle, not severely but still enough wounded to get me to the rear.

May 6th. Lay at the hospital last night. Our regiment went in again this morning and was relieved by the 57th Mass. Our regiment lost 137 last night and this morning our Company had three killed and nine wounded.

May 7th. Our corps hospital is situated just in the rear of the right of our corps. Last night the rebs tried to flank us and our troops fell back to preserve their line which brought them pretty closely to the hospital. The men and doctors were all frightened; thought that we were going to be taken prisoners surely. Those of us who were able skedaddled to the rear.

We finally got cooled down when we found there was no danger, and went back to the hospital for the night. We started today for Ely's Ford. It is reported that we are going to go to Brandy Station and take the cars for Alexandria. Crossed the river just at night and laid just the other side of the river.

May 8th. Found out this morning that the rebels were at Brandy Station and we had to go back again by the way of Chancellorsville. The army is fighting every day now. There are thousands of wounded men in the rear. The doctors have



DAVID GREEN

Copy by Currier

Co. D, 3d Mass. Cavalry. Born Aug. 20, 1827, at Wrentham. Died in hospital at Algiers, La., July 28, 1864.

all they can do. We have orders to march to Fredericksburg, all who are able. Jim Noble and I kept together. He is wounded in the arm. We got to Fredericksburg about dark.

May 9th. We are at one of the churches. The city is full of wounded men. The surgeons have to work night and day. We laid here all night.

May 10th. We are going to Washington today or tomorrow. The doctors are examining the wounds to see who is wounded and who is playing wounded. There are a good many of the latter class.

May 11th. Jim Noble and I started for Bell Plain today. We did not get there till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We went on board the steamer "Rebecca Barton." There were about 400 wounded men on board. We did not get to Washington until nearly morning. When we were within two miles of Washington just opposite the branch of the Potomac that comes out by the arsenal there was a steamer came down off that branch and through a mistake of one or the other of the boats in showing their lights, that steamer ran into us. She struck us just forward of the main mast and stove a hole into us eight feet long. Two feet of it was below the water line. Fortunately the channel of the river was not very broad at this place and the pilot headed the boat for the shore and signaled to the engineer to put on a full head of steam. The boat struck bottom before the water got up to the fires and we were all right as far as danger of sinking was concerned. We blew the whistle as a signal of distress and the steamer "Columbus" came down from Washington and took us off. After we got to the wharf we got into ambulances and were conveyed to different hospitals. Jim and I to the Stanton Hospital.

May 15th. Received a furlough for 30 days and started for home. We left Washington in freight cars about noon. We did not get to Philadelphia until after dark. Got our supper and I had my wound dressed at the "Union Refreshment Rooms." We then started and got to New York about daylight and to Springfield at one o'clock.

May 16th. Left Springfield a little after one p. m. Got to Worcester about four and took the accommodation train back to Spencer, and got to mother's about six p. m., tired and hungry.

How to Stop the Baby From Crying.

Luther Hill used to tell the story of a man by the name of Eli Hinds who once owned the Erastus J. Starr farm and whose slumbers were greatly disturbed by the midnight crying of his first and only infant child. "Why Eli," said his wife in response to his words of censure, "I can't help the child's crying so." "Yes you can too," replied Eli in cross and surly tone, "If you had'nt let him cry in the first place he never would have cried."

Centenarians Deceased in Spencer.

Elizabeth Ormes, 1785, aged 100 years, 5 months; Elijah Hersey, Feb. 26, 1850, aged 100 years, 23 days; Anna Pope, July 14, 1859, aged 104 years, 7 months.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

BY MAJOR WM. T. HARLOW.

On the friendly suggestion of Mr. Tower I will add here just a brief allusion to the obvious historical parallel to the great popular uprising in the Northern States that followed the taking of Fort Sumter. I mean, of course, the red-hot outbreak of public indignation in the colony of the Massachusetts Bay that resulted from the appearance of British troops on Lexington Common, April 19, 1775. It was in 1863 that Longfellow, minded thereto, not unlikely by events then recent and passing, wrote his charming ballad of "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." Who

* * * "Spread the alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

But the famous alarm did not stop at the county line between Middlesex and Worcester. Other fast riders took up Paul's inflammable war cry and sped it and spread it "to every village and farm" in the colony.

In his History of Worcester, Lincoln says: "Before noon on the 19th of April an express came to the town shouting as he passed through the street at full speed: "To arms! To arms! The War has begun." His white horse bloody with spurring and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted at the church.* Another was instantly procured and the tidings went on. The bell rang the alarm, cannon were fired and messengers sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery. As the news spread implements of husbandry were thrown down in the fields and the citizens left their homes with no longer delay than to seize arms. In a short time the minute men were paraded on the green by Capt. Timothy Bigelow and after fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. MacCarty took up their line of march for Concord"—soon followed by the train bands under Captain Benj. Flagg—110 men in all.

After giving an account of what had taken place at Lexington and Concord the historian of Spencer says—"An alarm was immediately spread through the country like an electric shock. Great was the commotion among the people. Like the fiery cross

* "Old South" which stood where the City Hall now stands.

of the Scottish clans a messenger on horseback with the speed of the winds passed through the towns from the East, shouting at the top of his voice : " The war has begun, the British are marching to Concord." All business and recreations were immediately suspended. The farmer left his plough in the furrow and the mechanic his tools on his bench and there was an instantaneous gathering of the people with stern wills to do whatever should be necessary to meet the emergency. The company of minute men (names all given by Mr. Draper in an appendix) Capt. Ebenezer



FRANK BIRD.

Co. C, 37th Mass. Vols. Born in Canada. Killed in battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 16, 1864.

Mason, buckled on their knapsacks, shouldered their muskets and were immediately on their line of march.

A volume of like quotations might be made from other town histories.

In 1863 Longfellow said :

" Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year."

It is now forty years more since the alarm than it then was and 128 years from the alarm to the present time, and no man is

now alive who remembers it. But it is within the easy recollection of the writer when many persons were living who heard the Lexington alarm and I will call from the unwritten history of another town on the direct line from Lexington Common through Worcester to Spencer, a short story told me by an old soldier of the Revolutionary War who was at the time of the alarm fourteen years old. He was at work with his father ploughing when they heard the hurrying foot beats of a fast rider* coming up the road who shouted as he rode: "To arms: The war has begun." His father, who was an officer of the Shrewsbury minute men, instantly stopped his team and detaching a horse started off to rally his men. He (the teller of the story) wanted to go too and cried because his father would not let him. Later in the war, when his father had come home to die of an illness contracted in the service he was permitted to enlist to go and fight the British in his father's stead.

The ploughman, whose ploughing was interrupted by the Lexington alarm, was Lieut. (later captain) Nathan Howe, who died long before the war was over, but his son, Nathan Howe Jr., not only survived the war but lived to tell many a war story to his grandchildren. Two companies of minute men (I am unable to give their numbers) rallied and marched from Shrewsbury, April 19, 1775, one with Capt. Job Cushing and the other (from the North Parish, later Boylston) with Capt. Robert Andrews.

The names of the fast riders who spread the famous alarm westward from Middlesex, less fortunate than Paul Revere, are unknown, and like the many brave men who lived before Agamemnon, spoken of by Horace, will have to go down into oblivion unsung for lack of a sacred bard to sing their praises. The sequel of the Lexington alarm as briefly told by the sacred bard who immortalized the exploit of the fortunate Revere runs thus:

You know the rest. In books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and barnyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
And crossing the field to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And stopping only to fire and to load.

which is only a small fragment of the whole grand sequel. "You know," too, how from the spark kindled at Lexington followed the Revolutionary War and American Independence and the United States, our great and beloved country as it now is.

* The same, doubtless, who arrived at the church in Worcester before noon. It was probably about 11 o'clock when his foot-beats were heard coming up Shrewsbury Hill.

ARMY LIFE.

BY SOLOMON K. HINDLEY OF SPENCER, A MEMBER OF CO. H 10th REGIMENT
MASS. VOLUNTEERS.

It is generally understood that this letter was written on request of Luther Hill to whom it was addressed. After its reception in Spencer it was passed along from house to house and read and re-read with intense interest.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., APRIL 13th, 1863.
LUTHER HILL, ESQ.

As I had spoken to my sister Eliza about sending home my diary of last year and several of my townspeople and friends wishing to see it, hoping to read something of interest, I thought if I should spend a few evenings in glancing over my service in the army and write sketches of places, thoughts and incidents, it might be more interesting and they would have a better idea of the life of a soldier than by reading my diary, which contains nothing but abbreviations for my own reference, hence I submit a sketch of the ups and downs of myself and regiment from the time I became enthusiastic in the cause of the country until the present.

The bombarding of Fort Sumter, the mobbing and torturing of loyal citizens in the South, the tearing down of the stars and stripes, and such infernal outrages committed on our people and flag, had kindled a fire of indignation within me; patiently I bore all these insults until our brave 6th battalion was mobbed in Baltimore; then my mind was at once fixed to do duty and service for my country. After debating and arguing with my classmates at Wilbraham Academy, seeking their co-operation and company, I bade them farewell and started alone with a sincerity and determination of purpose that burns today, as when the throbs of patriotism first beat high. I went home to make known my resolves to my parents and to leave my books and clothing with them. I found a company forming and drilling, and after obtaining the consent of my parents, in two days I was a member. You know how anxious we were to depart for the seat of war and how long we were disappointed and delayed and how a part of the company in such haste departed for Spring-

field, June 24th, 1861, to fill up the regiment forming there; officers and non-commissioned officers retiring to the ranks that they might at once help to crush the rebellion. Our band of about sixty-four divided to fill three companies and though I say it, it was my fortune to join Co. H, always remarkable for discipline, honesty and a strict adherence to every duty and superior in most every respect to any other in the battalion.

Time passed slowly away, our time being occupied by severe drilling by company and regiment. On the 16th of July 1861, we



SOLOMON K. HINDLEY

were ordered to Medford, preparatory to our journey to Washington. There we were not long delayed, for on the 25th we took cars for Boston and embarked on the steamers Ben Deford and S. R. Spaulding. A few days previously I was taken sick and being unable to carry my knapsack and musket, an ambulance was provided for me to drive to Boston, unfortunately having to take care of the horse. I was not on the steamer with my company, thus deprived of nearly all acquaintances and friends. Having had some experience on the water, I provided myself

with lemons and a canteen of something else in case of sea sickness and so felt at rest concerning a trip at sea.

About five p. m. the moorings were let loose; amid the cheers for our success, the good-bye, and sobs of friends, we steamed into the bay, joyful and buoyant as on a pleasure excursion. We lingered long, looking towards our dear homes and when distance was great and the eyes grew dim, we turned away, heaved a long farewell sigh and then thought of our work and duty before us. 'Twas four days after the first battle of Bull Run, the blood was still oozing from our brothers' veins. We

To Avenge Col. Ellsworth's Death.

were aching to be avenged for the loss of brave Col. Ellsworth, who fell a few days before. I wanted to skim over the water lightly and swiftly, but the steamer, heedless of all my desires, kept plowing along heavily and apparently in indolence.

Night came on; the sky was beautiful and clear, the stars poured forth their mellow light upon the placid bosom of the sea. 'Twas a lovely night; after watching the phosphorus in the water and the quietude and beauty of everything around until a late hour, I turned into my ambulance and slept through the night. Before daylight next morning I was aroused by a sound as of men in distress. I will not attempt to describe the scene as I heard it; on the Ben Deford were about 500 men and 100 horses, two or three hundred of the former were sick before daylight and such heaving and groaning is only known by those who are experienced. I was fortunate, my system had been so recently reduced that the water did not affect me.

The next day we were out at sea, naught but a broad expanse of ocean around us. 'Twas magnificently grand. I thought I could always live thus; soon a breeze sprang up, causing the billows to swell and the ship to roll. Then would the timid landsman, at each rise and roll seize some fixture hold his breath and wish himself back to the old farm; wishful and homesick glances and sorry faces were all around; many sick on deck unable to move; so passed the day Friday and Friday night. Saturday we sailed beautifully, both steamers keeping near each other. Nothing occurred of importance until about six p. m. when we passed Fortress Monroe in the distance. The next morning we were in the Potomac; about ten we passed Mount Auburn, the home and burial place of Gen. Washington; an hour later Alexandria hove in sight. As we passed, many a silent and bitter curse was heaped upon its people, the country's enemies. The Jackson house stands proudly above all the rest, (the house where Ellsworth fell.) Could we in our rage have been turned upon it, its massive walls would soon have been a heap of smouldering ruins.

Gently steaming up the Potomac the Capitol came in sight; all eyes were turned to the far-famed building and city, its public buildings, rising far above all others, makes it a grand sight from the river; the Capitol, Treasury building, Smithsonian Institute, Postoffice and Patent Office buildings are very prominent; the masses of white marble glittering in the sun and at a distance appear with snowy whiteness.

About noon we came to anchor near the arsenal, awaiting orders, where we remained a couple of hours. The S. R. Spaulding ran alongside and the Ben Deford sailed a couple of miles farther up the river to the navy yard. In ten minutes every man was ashore and in half an hour the hundred horses were taken off. Next came a hard tug of unloading and putting together of heavy wagons. Our regiment was supplied with twenty-five four-horse wagons, five one-horse ambulances and two two-horse hospital wagons. The wagons had been taken to pieces in Boston and stowed away in the hold of the steamer. On arriving in Washington all had to be refitted and loaded with tents, hospital stores and provisions. It was a great piece of work but it was surprising with what alacrity they were taken to pieces, stowed away, hauled up, refitted and loaded. All was done in

News From Bull Run.

about twelve hours. This day, July 28th, is one week after the memorable battle of Bull Run. We were all anxious to hear particulars so we crowded around the workmen in the navy yard and listened to all kinds of stories of the horrid battle, what good time some of our men made from the battlefield to Washington and many such like, bordering on the ridiculous.

We had scarcely been ashore two hours when a terrible thunder shower burst upon us, and we were for the first time without shelter and umbrellas. Such a storm I never saw before; they are only known to the South. The wind blew with mighty fury, cleaning the streets and walks of dust and hurling it to the clouds to mingle with them in their blackness. The thunder was terrific and startling; it shook the very earth. For half an hour it was almost as dark as night, then came the distant thunder and the frequent flash of lightning; it became more rapid and increased until the heavens seemed bursting with liquid fire and rain and the artillery of the world was sporting in vain mockery. So the storm raged for an hour, then ceased its fury. For the first time I was completely drenched and no change of clothing, no supper, no bed and no chance to get anything to eat for it was Sunday eve. I crawled into a wet wagon and slept through the night.

The next day was very sultry and the heat oppressive. At mid-day we took up the march, passing down Pennsylvania Ave-

nue, past the Treasury department and War department, the White house and the residence of Gen. Scott. Before reaching Georgetown we turned to the right and halted on Kalorama Heights, four miles from Washington, in time to experience another severe storm before we could pitch our tents, consequently we were without supper or a dry place to sleep that night.

Sentinels Easily Scared.

The next day we moved camp quarter of a mile; here it was that we commenced to do military duty in earnest. Guard duty was performed with loaded muskets and two sentinels placed over a spring to prevent its being poisoned. Here it was that some of the boys became alarmed at their own shadows and knapsacks. Let me tell the story. A sentinel was posted in a piece of woods at night at the rear of the camp with emphatic orders to fire, after challenging three times, any one approaching if they did not halt. So while he was musing and walking his lonely beat he discovered some one crawling across his beat at the lower end, so he cries, "Halt!" at the same time bringing the piece to a "ready." No one moves or answers. Again he cries "Halt! Halt!" and bangs away at the enemy. After a few minutes he mustered courage to see his dead foe, and behold there lay his knapsack with a bullet hole through it. Another bold soldier shot a bush one night and almost frightened himself to death because it did not fall, expecting he would be captured. He is considerably gray now I suppose in consequence. Nearly every night some imaginary enemy was fired at and not infrequently did the sentinel find himself minus a finger—I suppose thinking he was a rebel and determined to hit him.

Our stay here was less than two weeks, then we packed and started for Brightwood in the cornfield. This was a splendid place, in corn from ten to fourteen feet high and the ground nice and soft after a rain, making mud ankle deep; beyond the corn was a cucumber and water melon field, also a large peach and apple orchard. I need not state how many we left after staying there three or four days, for of course in those days everybody in that region was an enemy or so considered. We made beds of the cornstalks and all the hay we could get besides. This not being a desirable place for camp we moved a mile North and near the Maryland line to Camp Brightwood. We were the outpost; consequently should the enemy advance on the city we should hear the first attack from that direction. It made us doubly watchful and on the lookout. If a man was seen in the distance on horseback a guard was sent out to reconnoiter and watch him. Grand guards were posted three or four miles from camp to inspect wagons and suspicious looking persons and prevent all passing in the night without authority.

L. D. Livermore, Sylvester Johnson and myself invariably were on post together. Well do I remember the first time we occupied the outpost in the road. We lay in the ditch by the

Hucksters' Teams Ransacked.

fence and watched all night, but nary a Reb did we see or hear. Between two and three the next morning the hucksters going to market came along. We halted them and examined their wagons and passed them along, but if my memory serves me rightly those wagons furnished us all the fruit and melons we needed. Those days were like our boyish days at home, full of pleasure and enjoyment, but time was passing swiftly along preparing us for the sterner realities of war, continued drilling by company, battalion, brigade skirmishing, the bayonet exercise, together with the wheelbarrow, pick, shovel and axe, occupied the eight months of our stay. We daily toiled with our brigade in building Forts Massachusetts and Slocum, the former named after the 7th regiment and ours, the latter, after Col. Slocum of the 2nd R. I., who was killed in the battle of Bull Run.

Visitors From Home.

We became quite proficient in drill and the health and constitution of nearly all greatly improved. We were a healthy and jolly set of fellows, having lost but few from sickness. Early in the fall we were visited by Luther Hill of Spenceer, Mass., who brought to us some specie which was in good time, very acceptable and of good service. In the winter Joel Bullard, Joseph Ward and Rufus Sibley came to see us and spent about a week in camp. During the fore part of the winter we received bed clothing, boots, shirts etc. from our townspeople which were of great value. Our boys appreciated the kindness of their friends and townspeople and I trust they have been as prompt in the performance of every duty to their country, for it is for these duties that so many kindnesses have been bestowed upon us.

We had considerable excitement one day, originating from some "niggers" we had in camp who had deserted their masters and were serving in the company kitchens. The owner of one, accompanied by several others, came into camp with the intention of taking his "nigger." After going to Col. Briggs and getting for an answer "to take his nigger if he could get him," he strutted to where the "nigger" was and told him to go along with him. Cuffy couldn't see it, so the boys told Nolan (that was his name) he could not take the "nigger" and he and his party could retire as soon as convenient. This was rather rough to be sure, and they, considerably elated with the spirit, became exasperated and gave vent to some of their Southern fire.

Nolan gave the boys an invitation to visit his house at night with 500 men and he would meet them like Beauregard, "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." That was enough; as soon

Saucy Planter Badly Treated.

as they had left camp, plans were laid to call upon him that night in force. As soon as it was dark, squads of from twenty to forty, marched out of camp together and waited in the road until a large force collected, armed with muskets, pistols, knives and bayonets, everything for a skirmish at long or short range. Between four and five hundred left camp for the visit, but the distance being twelve miles over a rough road and a dark night, not more than a hundred and fifty reached the desired spot. Skirmishers were at once thrown around his house and closed down upon it and Mr. Nolan summoned to appear before his guests. He with great reluctance acceded to the request and opened his door, when the invited party of course walked in; but he, failing to meet them as proposed, they made him take the oath of allegiance before his own slaves and the one from camp who had been pilot. During this time a party were gathering fowls for their own consumption in the barns and outbuildings, another in the cellar drinking wines and eating preserves and everything else they wished. The slaves showed them the cupboards and brought out all they could eat and so they entertained themselves as best they could until tired, then started for camp leaving Nolan mortally enraged and I trust wiser for the lesson. An alarm was given in camp and pickets sent out to take all prisoners as they approached. The pickets were stationed in the woods so that as fast as the raiders came along they were taken, disarmed and marched into camp under guard. The Colonel and Captain Miller started from camp on horseback to learn the cause of the disturbance, but when they were seen approaching the boys jumped over the fences and hid. The Colonel and Captain suddenly came upon one of the visitors and being interrogated as to where they had been etc., the Colonel noticed something very large under his coat and inquired what it was. "A white blanket," was the reply, no sooner had he spoken than the blanket gave a loud squall and the fellow took the strength of his legs for safety and dropped a big goose on the ground which was equally frightened and ran into the hands of others hiding by the fence. So fell the poor goose but only to grace the table of the captors the next day.

Several in running guard were fired at but escaped unhurt to camp with their spoils. Some carried a jar of preserves and another a pot of butter, but on being taken they were relieved of their prize. Not long after it was reported the butter and preserves were served at the staff officers' table. All taken prisoners

that night were put under arrest and expected to be court-martialed, but our sudden departure from Brightwood saved us. Nolan entered a complaint to Gen. McClellan and the affair began to look serious. Col. Briggs visited Nolan one day and paid him about \$300 damages and that was the end of it.

It was amusing to listen to the scores of different stories of that night's campaign, how many got lost, their narrow escapes from being shot running guard, their prizes; some told of their capture and escape afterwards and such like. It was a hard



HORACE D. WILSON.

Born in Spencer, March 4th, 1816. Died in Hospital at Newburn,
N. C., April 16, 1862.

night's work but we had been challenged and were not to be outdone by such a noted rascal and rebel. Since that time, Nolan I understand has joined the rebel army. He is a wealthy farmer, his land extending to the Potomac where there is a ford named after him, where the enemy crossed last October after making their raid through Hagerstown and Gettysburg around our army in Maryland.

The Heavy Marching Orders.

About the first of March 1862 we received orders preparatory to a march of several days. We were kept in suspense ex-

pecting hourly to move, formed lines, with knapsacks, our haversacks filled with provisions and a hundred rounds of cartridges, but the orders were always countermanded until the tenth when we took up the march in the direction of the chain bridge seven miles distant. After an hour's march it commenced to rain, making it very muddy. Our knapsacks, haversacks, provisions, canteens, hundred rounds of ammunition, musket and belts were about such as a mule could carry; (I shall be one if I ever carry another such load) everything weighed nearly sixty pounds. At one p. m. we crossed the bridge and found the roads in good condition so we hurried along six miles and halted for the day in a large field where a few days before had been stationed the enemy's pickets. The boys commenced at once to build bough shanties for the night, but feeling tired and it bidding fair for a pleasant night, J. W. Bigelow and I slept in a ditch. Soon I was dreaming of the enemy who so recently had occupied the ground and daily we expected to meet him on the battlefield. How I fought to overthrow every foe and how I sent many reeking to the earth in anguish, when suddenly I was awakened by the pelting rain in my face. Becoming conscious of the intruder to my slumbers and dreams, I covered my face with the blanket and bid it rain on and again fell to slumber and my dreams. No one dreams like a soldier—the battlefield, hand conflicts with the foe, victory and wounds are often in his slumbering imagination. Those dear ones at home, the pleasures of home, its charms and enjoyments, with the smiles and cheerfulness around the fireside, are among the soldier's daily thoughts and afford much consolation.

The next morning we arose with the sun; took our breakfast of hard bread and salt horse (beef) but only relishing it enough to allay hunger. The day was beautiful and spent in part rambling in search of anything that might be interesting; occasionally a cannon shot or shell I would see by the roadside or in the woods, but having no great desire to meddle or try experiments with them I passed them by as "infernal machines." One of the 2nd R. I. brought a shell into camp, thinking it contained no powder and tried it by touching a match to it, when it exploded killing one man and wounding others.

Operations Begun on the Peninsula.

After the evacuation of Manassas, McClellan changed his plans, taking the peninsula for his base of operations, consequently our advance in our present direction was useless and our troops gradually fell back to their old camp to await transportation to Fortress Monroe. We fell back to Chain bridge and on the night of the 15th were ordered to Brightwood. It had been raining heavily for forty-eight hours and was pitch dark when

marching orders came. I made up my mind not to travel until the next day. Fortunately a number of our company remained behind and the next day in the afternoon, we reached camp, tired, worn out and almost discouraged after a week of the most tedious hardship. That was the first and last of such monstrous knapsacks. We had learned a lesson, many threw away their overcoats and blankets and some their knapsacks and contents, declaring they would rather buy a new stock than carry the load another mile. People generally do not credit the fatigue occasioned by such a march, the mud knee deep and twelve miles to camp, dark as midnight darkness, brooks to ford waist deep and very chilly. Some did not reach camp for two days, but nearly all made camp before daylight Sunday morning. Lawson Powers was among the first to reach camp; he belonged to the band.

The barracks we had built for our winter quarters of planed and matched boards we sold before leaving for Prospect Hill, but fortunately for us they had not been disturbed, so in a few hours we were comfortable and after a good sleep we felt not much worse for our first week's campaign.

On the morning of the 26th of March we took up the march towards Washington and halted near Columbia college to await orders. At night they came ordering the regiment back to camp. I concluded to stay with the teams which had parked on the ground, saving a journey of several miles. We were to take transports but were twenty-four hours too soon. The next day at seven a. m. the regiment marched to the city; at ten we were at the wharf ready to go aboard.

It is a tedious task to move such large bodies of troops, their provisions, baggage and ammunition. Our brigade, consisting of the 2nd R. I. of Bull Run fame, 36th N. Y., 7th Mass. and our regiment (last October the 37th Mass. joined us) moved together and embarked at the same wharf. You can imagine the bustle and stir occasioned—it was all excitement and hurry until late in the evening when everything was aboard and we were ready to sail. The next day at eleven a. m. we sailed in good spirits, expecting soon to get into the rebel capital.

Down the Potomac.

We had a good time down the river and bay. On the 29th we reached Hampton, two miles from Fortress Monroe, a thriving town before the war; the inhabitants were quite wealthy and living in ease and luxury, the upper class being merchants, carrying on business in northern cities, spending their winters here. The working class were engaged in the fisheries and the cultivation of gardens of the wealthy. When General Butler was in command at Fortress Monroe, the enemy fearing he

would take it, burnt every house and church, leaving it a mass of ruins. The regiment at once took up the march and halted in a field five miles distant, afterwards named Camp Smith. The wagon trains joined the regiment next day, notwithstanding hard tack and coffee were scarce, it having rained twenty hours. Rubber blankets were issued so we could protect ourselves from the rain.

On the 2nd of April I had a shock of paralysis disabling me for all duty for months and today while writing I feel sadly the effects of the shock in my left knee. Several times when the regiment marched, being unable to keep up, I was left with the baggage to get along as best I could with the wagons.

On the 4th the regiment marched towards Warwick, the enemy being posted two miles east in entrenchments at Young's mills. They took fright at the news of our approach, making scarcely any resistance. The advance of our army fired a few shots and the enemy fled, leaving their breakfasts nicely prepared and many little things that were prized by our soldiers.

General Magruder's brigade had been encamped here in huts nicely shingled and fitted each with a good fireplace. The regiment pushed on to Warwick Court House and formed in line of battle. Our company deployed as skirmishers and advanced to the woods and laid down to wait for the enemy, who, thinking a "live coward was better than a dead hero," fled and luckily for them. This section of the country is a dense forest, low and swampy with an occasional clearing. Here once was a house now in ruins, only perhaps a chimney remaining to designate the birthplace of many a southern cavalier.

We went into camp at Warwick preparatory to the siege of Yorktown. Building corduroy roads, picketing in front of the enemy on Warwick creek, raising wagons and mules occupied all our time. On the 16th we marched near Lee's mills to support Gen. Davidson, where the 4th crossed a few days before and was driven back with such loss. Every night alarms were given and all turned out ready for an attack, to stand a couple of hours on line in the cold, and perhaps rain, until all was quiet, then turn in but only for an hour when the crack of a thousand rifles would burst upon the ear. Startled, all would rush to their arms and silently form in line.

Dangerous Work at Rifle Pits.

These were tiresome days and nights but our stay was only six days when we returned to Warwick, five miles. Our men showed the utmost daring and bravery here. Every night fatigue parties were sent to the front to dig rifle pits, each night advancing; while quietly shovelling a volley would be poured into them, and for the instant they would lie down until the

firing ceased, then resume their work until relieved. After a while we got under their guns, rendering them unserviceable.

Held the Fort Alone.

Berdan's sharpshooters were a good institution and invaluable to the army in front of Yorktown; perhaps you have read of "California Joe," one of them. He was here in front on duty; not returning to his quarters at the expected time his comrades felt anxious about him and began to make inquiries concerning Joe. No tidings among the mess could be learned, so some of his companions went in search where he was last seen on duty. Joe having an independent command of himself, here they found him in a little riflepit watching a field piece that he said "belonged to him" as he had cleaned out "those pesky critters," showing at the same time the notches cut on the stock of his rifle indicating the number that had bit the dust. Joe said all he wanted was fodder and ammunition, then "he would take care of that ere kennon." Poor fellow, he did great service through the peninsula campaign but was wounded at Antietam.

At the evacuation of Yorktown, May 4th, our regiment marched from Warwick. As I was unable to go or take even proper care of myself I was left behind in charge of provisions and officers' baggage. Henry Snow, Henry M. Jones, Amasa Eullard and C. Browning were among the detailed guard left. On

Battle of Williamsburg.

Tuesday the 6th was the battle of Williamsburg, the regiment marching eighteen miles in mud knee deep acting as reserve. When a point seemed weak they hastened to support it and so kept moving until the battle was ended and next day buried the dead.

As I was not with the regiment for four weeks and a half I will speak of my stay around Warwick and my travels. As soon as the regiment marched I moved into the Captain's quarters, where I had a good bed and shelter. Perhaps you would like to know what a good bed in the army is; this was barrel staves nailed on poles and covered with pine leaves. The shanty was made of split logs, roof and sides; in front it was open and we kept a fire outside as large as we pleased for here were hundreds of acres of the finest timber I ever saw.

I was confined to my bunk for a week, then I gained strength enough to walk a mile to the steam mill to visit two men with whom I had got acquainted. These men, one a Virginian, the other from Boston, were forced into the rebel service and worked in the saw mill for them, for here they belonged, it was their place of residence, necessity compelled them to serve the rebel government, but when our troops reached Fortress Monroe,

the enemy moved all the machinery and timber from the mill and the men with it. At the approach of our troops the enemy fled but these men concealed themselves in the marsh for two days before venturing to come into our lines. They joined their families but the troops had left them almost destitute of provisions. I spent many a day with them sailing down the creek and oyster fishing.

One day we visited Mulberry Island at the mouth of the Warwick river, the spot occupied as barracks by the once famous Louisiana Tigers, who immortally extinguished themselves while charging with bowie knives on our troops at Williamsburg. This island was beautiful once but the desolating hand of war ruined alike the mansion and huts. Thousands of bushels of wheat remained in the barns but our government seemed not to notice it. I know that a party of us one day took eighteen or twenty bushels for the benefit of our two acquaintances who took it to Newport News and exchanged it for flour. Not a white person was upon the island; a few "niggers" were all that occupied the place and they were in the best rooms in the houses, once parlors and dining rooms but converted into kitchens and washrooms.

Plantation Deserted.

A formidable line of entrenchments followed around the river but no guns were ever mounted. On the opposite side of the river was Young's house, home of a very wealthy man in the rebel service. Before the war he owned a hundred and fifty slaves and over five thousand acres of land. A hundred of his best slaves he took with him into the service to work on the defences at Yorktown. His house is situated at the junction of the Warwick and James rivers on a rise of ground overlooking both rivers a distance of ten miles. In front is a flower garden abounding in the choicest flowers and aromatic plants. The apricot, fig and orange trees lend their charm. Hundreds of peach, apple and pear trees are in good cultivation to the eastward. The negro huts are nicely built but lack ventilation. I don't know why it is, but I seldom see a window in a negro hut; nothing but a hole two or three feet square in the side of the building serves to admit light. During a storm a shutter is put up. The slaves had taken possession of everything and I suppose gathered the crops of last summer, as there were several hundred acres of wheat in the vicinity.

Pigs were plentiful in the woods. Thinking baked spare-rib would taste very well, one morning we started in search with a dog. We were not long in discovering a drove. Letting the dog go and trusting to him for a good selection, soon the pig was down but not liking such a greyhound style, we let go the

dog again when he brought down a nice porker. Soldiers don't stop to scald them so we took off his hide and trudged into camp; the next day we had a good dinner. Hundreds of the same kind fell by the knives of soldiers. One day I took a horseback ride to Fortress Monroe by the way of Big Bethel, arriving at sun down. The next day I witnessed the Monitor and the batteries from the Ripraps, shelling Sewell's Point. It was a magnificent sight to see those mighty shells glancing on the water, bursting sometimes in the sand throwing up clouds of



EDMUND TOOMEY.

Co. K, 10th Regt. Mass. Vols. Born in Charlton. Died in Hospital at Harrison's Landing, Va., July 19, 1862.

earth and smoke. The Merrimac was in sight but out of range. At intervals the Monitor would send a shot whizzing towards her but received no reply. I visited the Lincoln and Union guns on the beach, the former having a bore seventeen inches in diameter, the latter sixteen and throws shot weighing five hundred and twenty-five pounds. The weight of the Lincoln gun is 49,099 pounds.

On the 29th information reached us to be ready to move the next day, with all our baggage to Newport News, where it was to be left and we join our regiment. The next day we packed everything for a grand start. During the forenoon a train of

twenty-five wagons came to clean up everything left in the vicinity and to convey it to a place of safety. After loading our wagons and moving into the road to await the remainder of the train until two o'clock, we bid adieu to Warwick, where we had been alone for four weeks and a half, only to travel two miles to Young's mills where we spent the night. Good barracks were here for the men and good water for the horses, but remembering the liability of old buildings to vermin I preferred not to occupy the barracks, but went to a grist mill with a comrade and spent the night. After refreshments of hard tack and coffee we "turned in," with a mill stone at our feet and a good hard wood floor for a bed.

Scarcely had I closed my eyes to sleep when the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning made me conscious of a coming storm. I listened with anxiety to its fury, no more sleep for our army. How many times I wondered if our regiment was on picket without a blanket or tent to cover them. That storm was one of the most frightful experienced by our army; they were on the eve of battle; the next day came the battle of Fair Oaks.

The storm raged through the night and until between seven and eight next morning, when we started for Newport News by the James river route. The teams being lightly loaded, and the roads in tolerably good condition, they moved rapidly, keeping us, some of the way, on a trot. At 1 p. m. we entered the entrenchments at Newport News. We were met by the commanding general, Mansfield, who ordered plenty of provisions and good barracks for us while we remained.

After relieving myself of my load, I took a stroll along the bank of the river, to approach as near as possible the frigate Cumberland, sunk by the Merrimac, and the remains of the Congress, burned at the same time. A hundred of the crew of the Cumberland were then between decks, having gone down with the ship. At ten o'clock the next morning we left for Fortress

Fortress Monroe.

Monroe, two hours' sail. Here we spent the night inside the fortress, which is said to cover eighty acres, and is surrounded by a canal about sixty feet wide, the water being ten feet below the level of the ground. The walls of the fort must be thirty-five feet high from the water and built of massive granite blocks. It mounts 350 guns of the largest calibre; many of them are in casements, protecting both men and guns in time of action. The arrangement for defense is complete. Should an enemy approach near enough to throw shells inside, it is so constructed that the inside can be flooded with water to a depth of four feet.

rendering shells harmless after falling in the water. The barracks and wooden buildings might be burned ; that is about the extent of the damage that can be done by throwing shells inside.

While here we heard of the battle of Fair Oaks ; our corps had been engaged and lost terribly. We were anxious to make all haste to the regiment, and took the first boat next morning for White House Landing, on the Pamunkey river. We sailed up the York river, passing Yorktown, Gloucester, and West Point. Here the river is met by the Pamunkey and Matapong rivers. The former is very narrow and deep, and is navigable for the largest steamers. Its course for several miles forms almost a circle, its banks are fertile and productive, for miles interspersed with neat dwellings and farm houses. Proceeding farther up the river the land is low, with dense woods growing down to the water. For many miles before reaching White House the river was filled with schooners loaded with forage and provisions.

Already I began to see the effects of the recent battle ; many wounded, but able to walk, were on the decks of the sanitary commission steamers. We reached the landing at dark, and found several of our regiment there on duty, who gave us an idea of our loss. We stacked arms in the field, and made coffee. A train load of wounded had just come in, so I went in search of some of our boys, if perchance there were any on the train. I soon found one of our company in a freight car, badly wounded in the knee. The car was so crowded and dark I was unable to get near him, but it was a consolation to me to speak a few cheering words, for they proved to be the last. He was in good spirits, having laid in the woods two days and nights without food or shelter ; he suffered from thirst. He expected soon to

Sad Are the Soldiers' Sufferings.

recover and share again the fates of war with his comrades, but after suffering several months his leg was amputated and he died. He was a brave soldier.

We slept around our gun stacks for a time, expecting to have a good, long sleep, but at midnight a shower drove us away, and we sought shelter on a boat containing, as the next morning showed, wounded and skeddaddlers.

I was up early, seeking intelligence of our company, hearing we had been the greatest sufferers of the regiment. About a hundred hospital tents were filled with sick and wounded, so I started out with the intention of visiting them, hoping to find some of our wounded. After looking and inquiring some time, I found two of our company, John Hermann and J. F. Harrington, and several others of the regiment, all slightly wounded, but not one of them had had his wounds dressed by a surgeon ; all had

to be done by themselves. After trying, with no effect, to prevail upon them to go on board the sanitary commission boats, I left them to seek for others. I visited the landing and assisted in unloading a train of wounded. I found one of my old school-mates, with his shoulder dislocated. I told him I would find him a good place on the steamer, and he could go home. At this time, one of the two I had not long since left, repented, and wished to go home. I now had something to do to find a good berth for them on the boat. I bade them follow me. I told the surgeon in charge that I had a couple of wounded men who needed great care. He ordered me to the next boat alongside, where I would find good accommodations, and away we went. Notwithstanding hospital stewards and nurses forbidding our entering the cabin, I pushed forward and obtained a good mattress in a pleasant part

Boys Get the Best There Is.

of the boat, where there was good ventilation. After seeing them comfortable, and my errand accomplished, I bade them God speed, hoping soon to see them again on duty. I might describe the scenes on board these boats, but I forbear; it was too awful to picture.

At 10 o'clock we took the cars for Savage Station, where we arrived about 3 p. m. A shower coming up, and the whereabouts of our regiment being unknown, we concluded to stay here through the night. I had not long been here before I learned the fate of our company to be 10 killed and 29 wounded. Poor Sylvester Johnson was among the slain. He fell at the last rally, and at the close of the battle. The order to retreat had been given, and our men were slowly falling back, but continually pouring volley after volley into the blood-thirsty enemy. Here he fell dead, and his body lay to be ravaged by the enemy.

The next morning we hastened to camp, a couple of miles distant, having learned the direction. We had occasion to pass Gen. Couch's tent, whereupon we were hailed by the general, and said he: "Boys, where have you been?" We told him. "What regiment do you belong to?" "Tenth Massachusetts," was the reply. "You need to be proud of your gallant regiment, boys; they did nobly in the late battle, but you will not find all your comrades there."

We passed mournfully along, and soon joined our shattered regiment. Thirty-nine had gone from our company. Captain Miller saw me coming and met me, bursting into tears. The shock was too great for me; I was overpowered, and had to give

Saddest Hour of Life.

way to tears, also. This was the saddest hour of my life; all around me were men weeping; those men who four days before

were immovable by shot or shell wept like children for the fallen. Brave men have tender hearts.

On May 31, 1862, part of our company was detailed on fatigue duty to build corduroy roads not far from camp. Gen. Casey occupied the front line ; our division was in reserve under Gen. Couch. About 1 p. m., as I was informed, rapid firing commenced on the picket line, and gradually increased. Gen. Casey's troops were soon out to meet the enemy, who were pouring in upon them. The distance between the picket line and Casey's camps being so short and the enemy having massed their troops before attacking the pickets, it was a surprise, and before Casey's troops were well disposed their lines were broken, and they fled in confusion, but not without desperate fighting, knowing their camps were lost if they retreated. Our company was called from fatigue duty, line of battle formed, yet nothing at first was apprehended but a skirmish. All knapsacks were packed and piled. It soon became evident that a general engagement had commenced, and bloody work was in prospect. Our regiment marched to the front, near Casey's line, where it had dug rifle pits, which now were filled with water, but in it went to escape the shot and shell that were falling and bursting all around.

Soon the order "*Forward!*" came, and away it went to meet the enemy. Scarcely had it formed in the slashing when the enemy fell upon them in immense force ; then it received the order to "fall back as best possible." Two of our company were killed here, and several wounded. The regiment fell back to near the rifle pits, formed line of battle, and held the enemy in check, but, owing to their superior force, of necessity had to give way or be captured. Gen. Keyes at their head led them by the flank on a rise of ground, where his headquarters had been. Soon the enemy appeared again. After some hesitancy as to whether they were friend or foe, a rapid fire was commenced and continued until our gallant regiment was outflanked, and they rallied in their camp. Here they waited but a short time for the enemy, when again the battle raged with redoubled fury.

Our boys now had a two-fold purpose at stake : to fight for all their personal property and for victory. It was here they fought long and well, as the dead and wounded afterward showed. But, one to ten, the bravest could not long endure, so, for the third time, we were compelled to fall back. No reinforcements : How much longer can a battalion keep in check an army so brave as their foes ? A few hours will bring destruction to part of our army if no aid is rendered. Our troops have been driven two miles, and camps occupied. The fourth time the regiment rallies and the men fight like devils, until the enemy is baffled, and

night saved us. Reinforcements came at night, so what remained of the regiment fell back a mile, not to rest, but to mourn over

More Than Half the Company Killed or Wounded.

the lost. More than half of our company fell, killed or wounded. No blankets, no knapsacks, nothing to eat; all lost, and in the hands of the enemy.

Who can picture such a scene of mental and physical suffering, after five hours of the bloodiest fighting, in mud and water waist deep, then to fall back, worn out and hungry, to lie down on the wet ground in the cold night air without a covering. Will any one hesitate to feel proud of such men, who endure all this without a murmur?

Who would not rather die upon such a battle-field than to waste a life in indolence? Many do not appreciate the honors of the fallen brave as well as a soldier. The necessity of the life makes us hardened, and we pass, almost unnoticed, scenes that once would strike terror to our very hearts. It is not because we are hardened against all purity, sincerity, devotion or affection; it is not because we men, together, care nothing for another's life. Military discipline demands every one to be self-reliant and dependent upon himself for every word, act, and deed; each is a complete and responsible machine. Soldiers are true under good discipline. We have men here whom I know will stand by under any circumstances while a drop of their best blood lasts. All the finer feelings and admirations of youth will not be lost with the service; they are hidden; experience is purifying them, and preparing us better to be men and to love and enjoy the blessings of this world as it was designed for man. But to the battle-field.

Only a few of the wounded could be brought away the first night, as the enemy occupied the battle-field. Reinforcements hurried along during the night. The next morning Gen. Sickles with his brigade charged upon the enemy with a yell and drove them back with great slaughter. In some instances the enemy

Bayoneted to Trees.

were pierced to trees with the bayonets of our troops, so hotly were they pursued. I saw one man myself who had received a sabre-bayonet through his body.

Every company, when possible, seeks their own dead and wounded, so our boys, the day after the battle, went in search of the dead and wounded. All but one was found that day, and he was the one I have spoken of finding at the cars at White House landing. The enemy was so recently driven from the ground that no burying parties were sent out that day. Monday everything was quiet, both armies burying their dead. Six of our

company were laid in one grave—three sergeants and three privates. They all fell within a space of thirty feet, dying without a struggle. No blankets to cover some of them, and nothing but a cap or a few leaves to cover their faces. They were covered with earth, never more to be seen by man.

I lingered long around that grave. Comrade Sylvester Johnson was buried there. Many a time I examined the spot where he fell, for it was yet red with his blood. His pockets had been emptied, it was evident, for near by I found part of a well-known picture case. He was shot through the head. He struggled through every rally and check of the enemy, and after the order to "fall back" had been given, he, almost the last to give way, at the last moment of the battle, fell dead. His remains in three weeks afterwards were taken up. Fortunately he was laid on the outside, making it much easier to move the body. I was there, and though tedious the task, I was glad to undertake it, knowing it would be a consolation to his brothers and sisters to have his remains deposited in his native town. One of the selectmen of Greenwich came and took charge of the body. I took a farewell look at him after laying him in the coffin; he whom I had daily been associated with for a year, who had talked of the future and its bright prospects, the happy times in store for him when he returned to his home and fireside; but there he lay a mouldering mass; no features discernible; his hair and teeth alone to identify him. Farewell, dear Sylvester; cherished as a brother by me. I will mourn my loss of a true soldier and hero. Thy example shall be my motto: to faithfully and honestly fulfil every duty to the greatest sacrifice.

The dead were buried two days before I joined the regiment, but I learned all particulars from the boys.

We threw up another line of breastworks and rifle pits, and camped near them. Gen. Keyes, a week after the battle, came riding along, and inquired what regiment lay there. "Tenth

The Brave Tenth.

Massachusetts," was the reply. Says he: "That is the very regiment I came to see." After inquiring for the general health, spirit and comfort of the men, he continued: "I came on purpose to see you; at the battle last Saturday you saved the left wing of the army. Great praise and honor is due you, and I will see that justice is done you in the report."

Every morning we turned out at 3 o'clock and stood in line until day break, to prevent a surprise if the enemy made an attack. Nothing occurred of great note until June 26, when Jackson fell upon our right wing. Two days before heavy firing and quite a fight took place in front of the old battle-fields. I

was left to draw rations, so did not march with the regiment, but afterward went in search, hoping to join them. Not being successful, I remained in the rear of a battery, the 2d New Jersey, and witnessed a grand display of artillery firing. Occasionally a shell would go whizzing near us, but all were safe. On the left of the battery volley after volley of musketry was heard, and the smoke could be seen curling above the tops of the trees; an engagement had commenced. A mass of troops came out of the woods, fell back two or three hundred yards, formed in line of battle, and marched forward to meet the enemy. Reinforcements were coming up on the double quick, lines of battle formed, and in turn marched toward the woods. Soon firing commenced, and in they dashed; in a moment thousands of rifles were hurling deadly messengers through the ranks of the enemy, who were speedily driven back, and the firing soon ceased, our troops holding the ground.

Our regiment was in front, but to the right of the battery, so it did not share in the slaughter. It was a fearful night on picket duty without blanket or fire. Every man had to keep awake and on the lookout, for the enemy in front could be distinctly heard and giving orders. Knapp accidentally shot his hand that night. The next day I went with some meat and coffee for the boys, but going too near the enemy's sharpshooters the place was uncomfortable while the bullets were whizzing around me. You may believe I took my coffee and scattered.

Such Cannonading.

The next day such a cannonading I never heard. It was like volleys of rapid musketry; it was a continuous roar of cannon for half a day without cessation.

Friday, the 27th, we had orders to march at 2 p. m. All was destroyed that we could not carry. At the time appointed we marched toward Savage Station, stacked arms, and awaited orders. At dusk they came. After crossing the railroad above the depot, we hurried along as fast as possible until about eleven o'clock. The firing in front had not ceased. High in the air the shells were bursting, casting their lurid and blazing fire through the heavens. After halting and forming into line, we deployed as skirmishers to prevent all passing to the rear. For an hour we performed this duty, when all became quiet, and we had a chance to sleep an hour, when the order came: "Fall in immediately!" And away we went, retracing our steps of the first part of the night, reaching the station at day-break. We hurried along, without stopping a moment, until we reached White Oak creek, when we made coffee, and then marched three or four miles farther, where our company had to go on picket duty, but

were relieved at night. After drinking freely of coffee and eating a few hardtacks, I was refreshed, slept, and the next morning was ready for any fate.

At 10 a. m. picket firing was heard in front, so we hastily fell in and moved into the road in readiness. The firing grew more rapid; a six-pounder opened, gave them a few shells, and all was quiet. About two hundred rebel cavalry fell upon our pickets, and were mistaken as to our numbers. They left fifty empty saddles and as many prisoners.

At 4 p. m., with ten hardtacks, a little coffee, and canteen of water, we took up the march in a southerly direction, seemingly taking every cart-path and the worst roads to be found. At dark we turned into the fields and rested for an hour or two. We were ordered to lie down and not speak aloud, as if an enemy were near. It seemed strange to all; many, in consequence, were somewhat frightened. I almost came to the conclusion we were laying in ambush for the enemy, but soon the order passed along in a whisper, "Fall in," and we continued our march through the woods until daylight. That was the hardest night's

Hardest March of the Campaign.

work I ever experienced; for twelve hours our knapsacks were not taken off. Through woods so dark it was impossible to see three feet in any direction, and the roads very muddy, such a vast column moving over them with artillery, made it very slow traveling, frequently not going half a mile in an hour. After midnight at every stop, if not for more than two or three minutes, the whole column would sink to the ground without regard to mud or water. Here it was that many slept while marching. At any halt they would sink and rise with the mass, and for a time move on unconsciously. One of our company told me that he marched the latter part of the night asleep.

That night, crossing White Oak swamp, I cannot picture it, the march was so long, dismal and dreary. How anxiously we looked for the first dawn of day, and how gladly we hailed its first beaming rays. At sunrise we passed through the woods and entered a wheat field, covering almost a square mile, ready for the sickle. It was shoulder high, and thick with weeds and clover. We marched through it and stacked arms, threw off our knapsacks, spread our rubber blankets, slept two or three hours and felt refreshed. This was Haxall's landing, on the James river. After going to its bank and refreshing in its waters, I returned to the regiment to rest. Eating was out of the question. I had nothing my appetite craved.

This was June 30, and one of the hottest. The sun poured its scorching rays on our weak and exhausted bodies, but we had

patiently to endure it without even a leaf for a shelter. At 2 p. m. we took arms and moved toward the woods, expecting to camp for the night and rest, but how we were disappointed. It was the forerunner of a bloody battle. After marching into the edges of the woods we left our knapsacks and started double quick to the front. Away we went as fast as possible, for two or three miles, when I gave out and sank exhausted. My afflicted side could not endure more. I was compelled to give up and the regiment was soon out of sight. While resting I was joined by two or three from our company. Night was fast approaching and we could not find the regiment so we returned to the knapsacks. The next day was the battle of Malvern Hill.

Fight Like Devils, But No Credit Given.

Our division (then Couch's) took the most prominent part and no credit has ever been given them in official reports. Our regiment was very active and did good fighting, every man firing sixty rounds. The enemy made a desperate charge to turn our flank but met with repulse and bloody slaughter. The position of a battery in rear of our regiment made sad havoc with our own men. While firing grape and canister several were killed and a lieutenant lost an arm. Major Miller was in command of the regiment and towards the last of the battle was wounded in the neck by a sharpshooter. He was taken prisoner with several of our company's wounded and conveyed to Richmond in an army wagon, where he died two weeks after.

We lost the best man in the regiment when Major Miller fell. He it was that led the regiment into battle at Fair Oaks, after Col. Briggs was wounded and rallied them so many times. He was a father to all, and one of the bravest men that ever fell on a battlefield. We had eleven wounded in our company, only one of whom died and he in Richmond, a prisoner at the time. He was shot through the mouth and, unable to take nourishment, starved to death. Lieut. Shurtleff, in command of our company, (now Capt.) was wounded in the breast and fell, but his mighty strength and spirit sustained him for a time. Not daunted by his wound he remained long with his company and not until urged did he reluctantly leave the field.

Who could hesitate to fight with such a leader? I wish we had more such men. Tomorrow, the 15th, we expect to march and perhaps before many days we may go into action with Capt. Shurtleff at our head and I trust we shall give a good account of Company H. We claim the best of fighting stock and intend while there is honor in doing duty, to strictly perform every task.

But to Malvern Hill. The enemy made a desperate effort to break our lines that day, but our position was too well chosen

and the disposition of our troops too well made to be broken. The enemy came out of the woods in three lines and advanced; but scarcely had they taken their position when shot, shell, grape, canister and bullets fell among them like rain, breaking their lines and throwing them into confusion. Several times broken, as many times they rallied. At last to make one grand effort they formed in four ranks, four lines of battle extending over a mile in length. A frightful struggle commenced. The enemy charged on our right; after a severe contest they are cut to pieces, leaving a stand of colors in front of our regiment which were taken by the 36th N. Y. On our center the battle raged and the enemy advanced, our fire increased and the enemy wavered. Mighty gaps were made by shot and shell but were quickly closed and continued to approach the mouths of our rifles and cannon until their front line gives way, apparently melting. The second shares a similar fate. The third disordered by loss and confusion of the others, breaks and runs and so with the fourth, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Shells Save the Day.

The enemy tried again to rally but our gunboats were throwing one hundred and two hundred pound shells among them, rendering all hopes of making another attack in vain. So closed one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

After the battle the regiment fell back and early next morning returned to their knapsacks, filled their haversacks with hard bread and a little coffee and took up the march towards Harrison's Landing. We had scarcely started when it commenced to rain. The mud in an hour was knee deep. The roads were filled with artillery and wagons, the troops marching as best they could on the sides of the road and in the woods. Hundreds of wounded were making their way to the landing. The ambulances were filled and many had to walk or be captured. Poor consolation to a wounded man but worth striving for.

I saw one man on horseback, with his leg badly shattered scarcely able to ride, but determined not to be left. Capt. Shurtleff made the tedious journey to the landing where he went on board the sanitary commission boat. The army halted at Harrison's Landing in a wheat field of several hundred acres. In a few hours it was a vast waste and mud hole.

Two days after we advanced two miles, took our position and threw up breastworks. Fatigue duty commenced in earnest. Building forts, redoubts and cutting timber occupied a month, then came digging wells forty feet deep and fitting camp to our comfort. As soon as everything was completed for our comfort, orders came for its evacuation. After packing for the march,

we had an amusing time making effigies for the benefit of the enemy when they came. Some were dressed in military style

Effigies Deceive the Rebel.

with knapsack and musket and posted on the breastworks as a sentinel. Others were mounted on old horses left to die. Wooden cannon mounted with straw artillerists to man them, some swinging to trees by their necks, a hint to Jeff and his leaders. So many of these were placed along the lines they had an effect in keeping back the enemy. Saturday morning, August 16, we left Harrison's Landing and halted five miles below, near Charles City court house. The next morning we started early and made the longest march since we have been in the service; having previously shipped our knapsacks on transports we were prepared to make a rapid march. We travelled about twenty-eight miles and as the sun was going down we crossed the Chickahominy at its mouth over a pontoon bridge 2000 feet long, and halted for the night.

We were now safe from any attack from the enemy. The enemy were held in check by our cavalry at Malvern Hill until Sunday morning when they fell back within the fortifications at Harrison's Landing and prepared for battle. The enemy rapidly followed their retreat, forming line of battle in front of the breastwork, as for an attack. It being nearly night, our wooden guns and straw sentinels were an anxiety to them, who thought we had a large force waiting for them, so they remained in line until night closed the scene, when our cavalry withdrew and left them alone in their glory and monarchs of all they surveyed. The next morning they had a clear road to the Chickahominy, our cavalry having crossed at two A. M. They came in sight during the day but remembering the shells thrown from our gunboats at Malvern Hill they preferred to keep the distance good between them and the boats. A few lazy and some sick were left and taken prisoners. On the whole it was a grand affair, we saved everything and had plenty of provision.

The next day we marched through Williamsburg and halted midway between there and Yorktown. We were too much fatigued to travel farther until we had rested. All were suffer-

Suffering From Sore Feet.

ring terribly with sore feet and lameness. The dryness of the roads, the oppressive heat and scarcity of water caused much suffering.

Wednesday, the 20th, we passed through Yorktown and halted on the bank of the York river in a beautiful place for rest and amusement. A good place for fishing, foraging and bathing.

It became evident we were about to leave the peninsula, so what we could find we claimed and confiscated, not wishing to leave a straw that would benefit the enemy. The country was scoured for miles and well drained of potatoes, fruits, fowls, pigs and beef. Many needlessly destroyed property and cattle. When I say cattle were killed in the yard of the owner and the liver and heart only taken, I tell the truth. It was cruel so to do, but the owners were enemies, so it was done to show their anger and feelings towards them.

For nine days we fished, foraged, rambled about, tore down the rebel works at Yorktown and then embarked for Alexandria where we arrived Sept. 1st. The regiment at once marched toward Centreville to aid McClellan in checking the enemy after Pope's defeat. After hurrying through a severe rain for nine miles their orders were countermanded and next morning they reached Chain Bridge. Here provisions were plentiful, so the boys had all they wished. I was left with the baggage with one from every company in the regiment. I visited the 34th, who were encamped a couple of miles from the dock, where I was stationed. It was here I heard the fate of Lieut. Fred Bemis.

On the afternoon of the 4th we went on board a steamer with all our baggage bound for Georgetown, where we occupied a coal shed as our headquarters. I spent two weeks rambling about Georgetown and Washington enjoying myself as well as one could in a ragged uniform. I went to church two Sundays in my rags, made so by active and toilsome service. The

How Lovely is Zion.

preaching was pleasing and brought to mind the many Sabbaths spent in church in our quiet little town. I reflected on the past year; no church had I entered, scarcely had I been under a roof, scarcely a prayer had I heard. The voices of the choir were like those in our church. The sermon was similar. The same happiness seemed to dwell there as I was wont to share, but now alone I occupy a rear seat in a rusty uniform while surrounded by pride and the height of fashion.

It made me feel sad to think I had friends at church listening to the same kind of preaching and singing, while I was alone, no one to converse with, or to even hear a word of kindness for the suffering soldier. I could bear all for I had long learned to look well to myself, then I should better bear the ills and trials of this world.

On the 12th we moved to Georgetown Heights and remained until the 17th, then started for the regiment which was in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry and after the enemy. For two weeks I had not heard of their movements and do not know fully, so I cannot describe the route they took after crossing

into Maryland and their marches to Harper's Ferry. It was attended with great fatigue, but owing to the abundance of fruit and potatoes, they fared better than during any other course of marches.

Leaving Georgetown Heights the day of the battle of Antietam we made rapid marches through Tenallytown, Darnestown, Adamstown, Jefferson and Sharpsburg, halting only at night, making in three days a distance of between sixty and seventy miles. On Sunday I visited the battlefield of Antietam. It was then the fourth day after the battle and hundreds were yet unburied. Graves were dug large enough for a hundred bodies. The mangled and decaying corpses were dragged in and covered with earth; it was a shocking sight never to be forgotten.

Can't Describe Antietam Battlefields.

To describe the battlefield as I saw it would be too sickening so I forbear. Our regiment was in camp near Williamsport, six miles from Sharpsburg, where we found them next day, after being separated over three weeks. The company had received twenty-two recruits, who joined the company at the battle of Antietam, but fortunately were not engaged. Our division had been sent to the support of Harper's Ferry but were too late; it had been surrendered.

A great portion of the rebel army recrossed at Williamsport. General Couch was rapidly pursuing their flying columns in hopes to cut them off, but their numbers were too great and prepared in long lines of battle for an attack. Our forces were compelled to withdraw and by a skillful maneuvering of cavalry General Couch saved his men from a hard battle if not defeat. Our division marched in line to meet the enemy but on approaching their lines were found to be too powerful; our infantry fell back into the woods, our cavalry took the front in

Swinging Around the Circle to Some Purpose.

sight of the enemy and kept marching in a circle and every time the color bearer came round he carried a different flag, thus making the enemy believe we had a great force of cavalry. At this time our infantry had fallen back a mile. Parties were sent out by General Couch to kindle fires in the woods opposite the enemy, making them believe our forces were bivouacked for the night.

After it had been dark some time and the fires burning brightly the enemy commenced shelling the woods and kept up a brisk fire for two hours. They were nicely sold, for not a soul was in the vicinity. The enemy recrossed during the night into Virginia. From Williamsport we marched to Downsville, six miles, where we encamped until the 14th of October,

suddenly, under light marching orders, we started at five P. M. passing through Downsville, Williamsport and Clear Springs, halting in a cornfield at one A. M. The corn and stalks were cut together and bound in large bundles. With these we made beds which though hard gave us a little rest during the cold night. Next morning at seven A. M. we took up the march and halted at Hancock, a distance of fifteen miles from Clear Springs and thirty from Downsville. Hancock is a thriving town on the upper Potomac and only a few miles from Pennsylvania line.

Our corps was sent to prevent an anticipated flank movement of the enemy. Our line at that time from Washington to Hancock was a hundred and twenty miles, with every ford and position strongly guarded. The canal, river and railroad run parallel for many miles. We suffered here with the cold nights. At midnight of the third night we took up the march and halted about sunrise at Cherry Run, eight miles below. Here we had a romantic camp in a deep and narrow ravine, with its mighty and steep banks and overhanging trees. The rocky bed of a once turbulent stream and the tall pines and drooping cedars gave

Camped In a Charming Ravine.

it a wild yet charming appearance. Pickets were sent across the river, who fared sumptuously on the fat of the land but did not see a Reb.

Our stay here was six days, when we marched to Williamsport and camped in a nice grove of oak and walnut timber two days, then marched to Downsville to our old camp where we hoped to spend a few days in quietude, but only to be disappointed, for on the second morning at seven we were on the road to Auroraville, twelve miles, where we spent the night. Turned out at half past two next morning, got breakfast (hard tack, pork and coffee) and started with daylight, halting at Berlin, a town on the Potomac, six miles below Harper's Ferry. On the morning of Nov. 3d, we crossed the river on pontoons and halted after marching seven miles. Tuesday we marched twelve miles to Unionville and encamped on the ground where General Stuart and Pleasanton's cavalry, a few days previously, had a severe engagement. In two days more reached White Plains and obtained some good mutton for supper.

Through all our marches in Maryland and Virginia we had been unable to get much fresh meat and now a good chance offered and a good moon. A flock of many hundred sheep was near and you may believe me when I say a hundred of them had the wool pulled over their eyes by our regiment before morning. All the next day mutton came in and was speedily cooked. Everything was filled with mutton, so were our stomachs.

When the sheep became scarce and wild, rendering neither mutton nor sport for the adventurer the chase was abandoned and we marched to New Baltimore.

During our stay General McClellan was superseded by Burnside and made his farewell visit to his troops. Nov. 18 we reached Stafford Court House, having marched thirty-six miles in three days over stony roads, with little rest, carrying a heavy knapsack and short of provisions.

We camped in a nice field but rain the next night drove me out of my tent, wetting my blankets and everything through. As the water ran down the incline each in turn had to prevent its course from being calamitous to his dry goods, consequently deep ditches were dug and the water ran to those below, then came their turn to change its course and so it was through the regiment. Many of the indolent and slothful had wet blankets and

Sleep In a Mud-Hole.

knapsacks in consequence. It was a perfect mud hole for several days so the regiment moved to higher ground. Wood and water were plentiful and good. For the first time in three weeks we had a good rest, plenty of provisions and a good chance to breathe freely, knowing a few days and perhaps weeks, would find us quietly encamped at Stafford.

We knew not why the delay, it seemed strange to us, with such favorable weather and nothing that we could see to hinder, but after the Fredericksburg disaster soon we learned. Dec. 5th we marched, crossing the railroad at Brooks Station and halting near Belle Plain, on Smoke Hill, so named by the boys from the quantity of smoke always rising from the camp fires. The wood was pine, the poorest kind of wood to burn green. Being cold, large fires were needed but often more smoke than fire was obtained, hence the appellation bestowed on the hill. Our division soon cleared the wood as far as we encamped, it was time to move and on the 11th we started before daylight toward the Rappahannock, five miles away.

As soon as the day dawned heavy firing commenced on the right and increased with the day. At ten we were under the siege guns shelling the city. Here we lay watching and wondering what was to be done, until the sun was setting, when the order "Fall in," rapidly passed through the division. In five minutes we were moving toward the river, where two pontoon bridges had just been laid. In as many more, we were descending its bank, when a volley from rebel sharpshooters was fired into our regiment. At the very instant a brass battery opened over our heads upon them; such splendid shots I think never before were made.

'Twas beautifully grand to see the shells burst directly over the enemy, who would fall on their faces at the instant, then run and so escaped. During the shelling the 2d R. I. crossed in double quick on the lower bridge, deploying as skirmishers as soon as they reached the opposite bank. We crossed on the upper bridge, supporting them. They did nobly; driving the enemy before them in splendid style. I never so expected a fight or felt more like it, but the day was gone and almost dark so the Rebs retired firing a few volleys over our heads. We advanced in line nearly half a mile with the pickets in front and remained through the night. It was a bitter cold night without any fires and we kept awake most all night on watch.

A Jolly Feast.

Retiring a few rods and stacking arms we found ourselves in a peach orchard with several buildings nearby. A guard was placed to protect the property that an hour before concealed the enemy who fired upon us, killing one and wounding several. The guard not seeing the protection of rebel property in that light slyly invited their comrades in and had a jolly feast, such as had never been my luck before to enjoy in the service. I was among the first to sweeten my mouth with preserves and jellies. When I went in I found some drinking eggs, eating preserves, jellies, pickled peaches, apples, in fact all the good things a comfortable family has. In the milk house, milk, flour, meal, potatoes and apples were found; everything was deserted that day, no anticipation of an attack being apprehended at that point. The shelling had made sad havoc with the buildings, furniture and bedding.

Shells had burst inside, scattering and breaking everything. One had burst in a feather bed scattering it in all directions. Several lay under the bed, some in the milk house. The trees in the orchard were shattered to pieces, showing how skillfully had our gunners accomplished their work, saving us many lives. From these houses the R. I. boys took four or five prisoners. After feasting on goodies and thinking of the morrow and my comrades I retired with what I wanted and what I could carry.

Preparing for Advance.

At daylight next morning our troops commenced crossing and before noon the whole army was across the river and slowly advancing to the enemy's works three miles in front. The disposition of troops in line of battle, the crossing of artillery, ammunition and ambulances, fitting up hospitals preparatory to the impending battle, occupied the whole of Friday the 14th. On our right the troops had been equally active but more unfortunate

in crossing the river as you have read. Saturday morning was very foggy. About ten the fog lifted and it was a lovely day. Soon on our right cannonading and musketry were distinctly heard. The fight had opened; it increased, the firing extended to our left, the great battle had commenced; the roar of artillery mingled with the rapid crack of rifles became fearful and raged along the lines for hours.

We knew not of the progress for we remained where we crossed until between three and four P. M., when we marched to the left. Soon we began to see the wounded coming in; our destination was evident; calmly we marched along curling a little when a shell would go whizzing over our heads or fall short in front of us. We passed the 12th Massachusetts just from battle, bloody and worn out. Our colonel called for three cheers but not a cheer went up for they once paid too dearly for it at Fair Oaks. That battle still was fresh in our minds. The Pennsylvania reserves had been driven back in disorder and with great loss and we were marching to the front; the enemy were secreted in the woods. We took our position in the rear of a battery, when the enemy opened upon it, keeping up for more than an hour a continuous shower of shot and shell. We lay on our faces and were comparatively safe.

Recruit Shot by Mud.

The shells burst over us, in front and rear, but luckily only one man in the regiment was wounded. Scores of shot and shell fell within a hundred feet of us, scattering the mud and earth around. It was not a time for sport but I had to laugh to see one of our company (a recruit) lying a few feet from me, who had been struck in the neck with a piece of mud, jump up and run for his life crying, "I'm killed." He returned to his bundle of cornstalks when he found himself alive, turning his back to the enemy and getting as low into the ground as possible. He was not badly hurt but "somewhat demoralized" as the Zouave said.

We laid here until dark then fell back to the river for the night. Sunday we moved near the bridges, drew rations and held ourselves in readiness. The battle had been fought on our right, but we were not knowing to the fact. Rumors reached us of our great loss and ill success. We placed no reliance on the reports and believed the battle yet to come and the enemy driven from his stronghold. Monday before daylight we moved to the front to support General Carr whose command was on picket. We laid in the road half a mile from the enemy and in sight of their pickets. We were kept in suspense all day expecting to make an attack; but the day passed without our firing a shot. At

one time during the afternoon the pickets (the rebs and ours met, had a good chat, drank whiskey together then returned to their posts. So passed that day.

At night part of the company slept while the other kept watch. About 10 we were aroused to "fall in" rapidly and quietly without speaking aloud. Many a thought passed through my mind. Was it to be a night attack, move to the right or left, throw up earth works, or recross the river? All seemed resigned and ready for any fate and slowly and steadily moved with the mass. It was dark and the wind blowing from the enemy, enabling us to withdraw unknown to them. Our course was towards the river, where we halted about one A. M., our brigade forming in line above the bridges covering the retreat of the left wing.

Saved From Slaughter Pen.

Between two and three o'clock all had crossed but our regiment, then we passed swiftly over and the pontoons were taken up. As soon as the opposite side of the river was reached we breathed freely and considered ourselves saved from the greatest slaughter pen that ever man was led into. The enemy had command of the whole plain we occupied and could have swept us at once from its soil, but they had a better purpose, by waiting until our trains and provisions had crossed, then they intended to fall upon us and sweep us into the river, destroying our army and capturing our trains and ammunition. This was their plan as prisoners have told us. Tuesday was the time they intended to open upon us, but we were not there, saving them ammunition and the trouble of wiping out the Yankees.

After crossing the river and marching half a mile, we halted in a nice field to remain through the night, but as it commenced to rain we must be in it, so we took up the march for a mile and turned into the brush and wood. The ground was too wet to lie down so we sat on our knapsacks, covered our heads with rubber blankets and slept till daylight. When a man can sit in the rain and sleep he must be fatigued. The next day we built large fires, dried our clothes and blankets, drank a ration of whiskey (sixteen men to a quart) fried some hard tack, drank some coffee, had a sleep and felt all right, just like an old team horse, ready for the next day's work.

After remaining here three days we went on picket twenty-four hours, then marched to the camp we now occupy, three miles from Falmouth and two from the river. When we entered the woods they were so dense it was almost impossible to form a line, but now every tree for nearly a mile has been cut down and burned.

Our position for camp is good, water near, but wood now is scarce. We have to carry it a mile on our shoulders, which is not agreeable. Some of the boys can carry as much as a mule; they think it is a hard way to defeat the rebels carrying wood, still it is better than all fight. We soon began to live better after reaching here and General Hooker assuming command. Ovens were built to bake bread, onions, potatoes, beets and turnips issued and furloughs granted.

I must tell about Burnside's mud campaign. On Jan. 20th we packed everything, burned our houses, received twenty extra rounds of cartridges, formed square, heard an appeal from General Burnside read, stating "we were once more about to meet the enemy and hope for and have no doubt of success in the undertaking, etc." At twelve M. we marched towards the railroad, crossed at Stoneman's switch above Falmouth and following the course of the river but out of sight of the enemy. After marching eight miles we halted in an oak woods for the night. We had just got our tents pitched and a bed of leaves made when it commenced to rain, continuing all night. The next morning between three and four we were called out to get breakfast and move at daylight, which we did, seeing at once the impossibility of moving such an army, for already the roads were impassable for trains and artillery. We had not gone a mile before artillery and pontoons were stuck fast; some turned over and deserted. As we continued our march the scene was worse. The road was blocked with wagons and pontoons and impossible to get them out. On the right in a field where a battery had encamped for the night the pieces had sunk into the mud. Some of them could not be moved and so it was the second day and not much rain had fallen.

We turned into a pine woods, made fires, put up our tents, expecting to bivouac for the night but no such good thing for a soldier. When it rains he must pack up and march and so did we, climbing a hill so high that General Burnside, I suppose, thought we should not get drowned out. We stayed here two days and it rained nearly all the time. The enemy were not asleep while we were in the mud. At the first appearance of our troops a farmer on the other side of the river was seen moving manure from his barn and spreading it on a field. Soon afterwards commenced plowing as if intending to sow or plant. The next morning where he had been plowing a long line of rifle pits had been thrown up. A good trick, his plowing saved them nearly one-half the labor and considerable time. The morning we left the rebels had up a sign on the bank of the river with the inscription "Burnside stuck in the mud."

Friday morning, the 24th, we were ordered to return to camp, assisting a battery through the mud. After tugging and

toiling until between three and four P. M. we reached our old camp to find our bunks wet with recent rains, chimnies burned down, no wood, nothing to eat and nothing but the wet ground to sleep on. After starting a fire and making some coffee, putting up our tents, changing my wet shoes and stockings, I was refreshed and after a good night's sleep I arose all right, not a particle worse for the seige through which I had passed.

Since that time we have been very comfortable, plenty to eat, such as fresh beef, bread, potatoes, onions, beans, rice, beets, turnips, pork, coffee, tea, sugar and syrup. All are in good health and spirits though not spoiling for a fight. Last week we were reviewed nearly every day, Wednesday by the President. Four corps were on the field estimated at 80,000. It was a grand sight and a lovely day, but I have not time to continue my story. I have been compelled to write evenings so have been hurried and had to pass over many things worth mentioning. We are under marching orders to move tomorrow (15th) but in what direction I cannot say. The army is on the move and something is about to be done. Let it come quickly; so the war will be settled.

It has commenced raining while I am writing but whether we shall have a Hooker mud campaign remains to be seen. We have pack mules to carry ammunition, forage, provisions and officers' baggage in any emergency, so mud will not be so great a hindrance as before.

If I have written anything that will be interesting and pleasing I shall have accomplished my purpose. But as I have said, all has been written evenings and in great haste; I hope you will consider all defects in your perusal.

Yours Truly,

SOLOMON K. HINDLEY.

Camp near Falmouth, Va., April 14, 1863.

INDIVIDUAL WAR RECORDS.

The individual war records of soldiers and sailors who served Spencer during the Civil War have been compiled with great care from state records at adjutant general's office, Boston, from "Massachusetts Volunteers" by General Schouler, Adjutant General, from the large volume of personal war sketches presented in 1890 to F. A. Stearns Post 37, G. A. R., by Hon. Erastus Jones, on file at the Public Library, from regimental books, from contributions by Maj. Wm. T. Harlow and others, from Luther Hill's list of soldiers and sailors printed in Spencer Town Reports for 1865-6, from record book of Post 37, G. A. R., from letters, discharge papers, company rosters, memories of the living, cemetery inscriptions and other reliable sources.

Nation's Debt to the Men Who Saved the Union.

"No other citizens deserve so well of the Republic as the veterans, the survivors of those who saved the Union. They did the one deed which if left undone would have meant that all else in our history went for nothing. But for their steadfast prowess in the greatest crisis of our history, all our annals would be meaningless, and our great experiment in popular freedom and self-government a gloomy failure. Moreover, they not only left us a united Nation, but they left us also a heritage, the memory of the mighty deeds by which the Nation was kept united." *Theodore Roosevelt.*

1 ABRAM, THOMAS. Shoemaker, was born at Dunham, Canada East, Dec. 24, 1837. Enlisted May 31, 1861 and entered service at Springfield, June 21, the same year, as a private in Co. K, 10th regiment Mass. Vols. He was discharged Dec. 12, 1862, at Newark, N. J. for disability. He participated in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill. The latter he considered the most important battle in his service. About Aug. 1, 1862, he was confined in the hospital at Blackwell's Island, New York. His most intimate comrades in the service were Patrick H. Kelly, Horace M. Prouty, Amasa B. Bullard and George H. Howard. After the war he resided some time at Westfield but finally removed to Spencer, where he died July 28, 1896 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

2 ADAMS, HENRY FRANCIS. He was the son of Francis Adams Jr., was born in Spencer July 31, 1843 and was

eighteen years old at his enlistment in the 21st regiment. After very good service with the 21st he was Oct. 25, 1862, transferred at his own request, most unwisely made, to the 2nd regiment, U. S. Cavalry. Though not of a very robust constitution he endured the service in the 21st very well. But in the cavalry he was subjected to very severe duty, long marches and frequent picket duty, in the cold and wet nights and days of the winter of 1862-3. Besides taking care of himself he had to take care of a horse. He soon completely broke down and went to a hospital, where his case appearing to be hopeless, he was permitted to go home to die. He languished and lingered, slowly dying of consumption till May 19, 1863, when he died at his father's house in Spencer. His grave at the Pine Grove cemetery is the only one of the graves of the nine men of the 21st, who lost their lives in the service that can be decorated by their Spencer comrades on Memorial day.

Of the twenty-one Spencer men in Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. who incurred the perils of war, nine (three-sevenths or forty-three per cent) were either killed in battle or otherwise lost their lives in the line of duty. Their names are: Lieut. Frederick A. Bemis, Corp. Elbridge G. Barr, Corp. George W. Lacey, Henry F. Adams, Louis Dana, Lyman C. Gibbs, James Lackey, Joseph Mead, Samuel D. Sargent.—*Maj. Wm. T. Hawlow.*

3 ALLEN, ANDREW J. Private in Co. D, 2d Mass. Hy. Art. A shoemaker, aged twenty-eight and resided at Spencer. He enlisted Dec. 10, 1863, mustered in Jan. 2, 1864, mustered out Sept. 3, 1865, died in Spencer Nov. 30, 1897 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

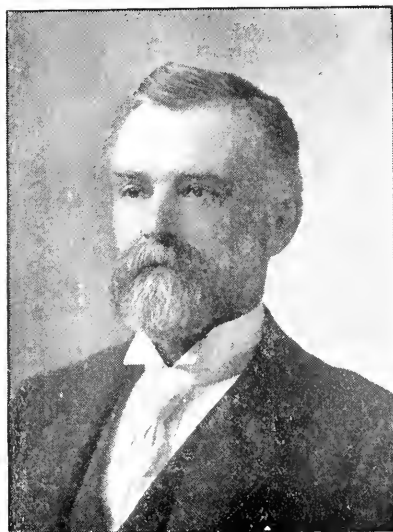
4 ALLEN, CHARLES. Son of Manson and Martha Allen, born in Brimfield, Sept. 30, 1812. He was a teamster. Enlisted Oct. 5, 1861 as a private in Co. C, 25th Mass. Vols., discharged Dec. 17, 1863, re-enlisted in the same regiment Dec. 18, 1863, receiving \$409.99 as bounty, was discharged Dec. 16, 1864 for disability. Now living at Worcester.

5 ALLEN, CHARLES HENRY. Son of Pliny Allen, was born in Spencer, June 17, 1841. He entered the service Aug. 20, 1862, as a private in Co. F, 42d regiment, Mass. Vols. and was discharged Aug. 20, 1863 at Readville by expiration of term of service. His most intimate comrades were John B. Lyon, Henry Bisco, Henry A. Knowlton, George Mann, Charles Brown and Charles A. Boyden. Since the war he was for many years a successful boot manufacturer but is now engaged in the insurance business. He has served the town as selectman and the district two terms as representative to the General Court.

6 ALLES, JAMES H. A native of Charlton. Private in Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols. Enlisted from Spencer at the age of

twenty-two, mustered in July 20, 1864, discharged at expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. Is a leading dry goods merchant. Served the district one term in the legislature. Has been identified with many of the town's interests and elected a deacon of the Congregational Church.

7 BACON, ARTHUR B. Born in Charlton, May 18, 1846. Private in Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., mustered in July 20, 1864, mustered out at expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. Was engaged for many years in the manufacture of boots and shoes



CHARLES H. ALLEN.

under the firm name of Bacon & Sibley. Is now proprietor of a grain store.

8 BALL, DANIEL AMASA. Was born in Spencer, Aug. 16, 1832. Entered the service Aug. 18, 1863 as corporal in Co. F, 42d regiment, Mass. Vols., and was discharged as corporal Aug. 24, 1864 at Readville, Mass., on account of expiration of service. He died Jan. 3, 1878 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery. His widow now lives at Spencer. His only son, Frank D. Ball, is superintendent of schools for Douglas Co., Colorado and lives at Castle Rock.

9 BARR, ELBRIDGE GERRY. He was a native of Spencer and twenty-three years old when he enlisted in Co. C,

21st Massachusetts. He brought with him when he came to enlist, his friend George W. Henry, and his brother William H. Barr, who survived the war and still lives. When the color guard of the 21st was formed Colonel Clark, who had a sharp eye for a good soldier, picked out Corporal Barr to carry the white colors of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which he carried with the most undaunted courage and gallantry till it fell from his dying grasp as he charged at the head of his regiment the Heights of Marye, where thundered and volleyed sixty



ARTHUR B. BACON.

pieces of artillery and where bristled and gleamed bayonets uncounted. The story of the 21st color guard at Fredericksburg is an oft-told tale, but men will never tire of hearing it. Colonel Clark has briefly stated the facts of which he and his command were witnesses thus:—

“The 2d brigade was ordered to the front, and forming in double lines of battle most gallantly and steadily moved across the plain, swept by the destructive fire of the enemy. When about sixty rods from the city, Color-Sergeant Collins of Co. A was shot and fell to the ground. Sergeant Plunkett of Co. E instantly seized the colors and carried them forward to the farthest point reached by our troops during the battle, when a shell from the rebels was thrown with fatal accuracy at the colors and brought them to the ground, wet with the life blood of

the brave Plunkett, both of whose arms were carried away. The glorious flag was then raised by Color-Corporal Olney, of Co. H. and carried by him during the remainder of the day. Color-Corporal Barr, of Co. C, was shot while carrying the state colors, and the post of honor and danger was quickly filled by Color-Corporal Wheeler of Co. I."

Let us pause here long enough to say of this rash and utterly useless charge, what was said of the famous charge of the



DANIEL A. BARR.

Co. F., 12d Mass. Vols. See V I II, Page 13.

"Six Hundred" at Balaklava. "It was magnificent but it was not war."

The portrait of Sergeant Plunkett hangs in Mechanics' Hall at Worcester. Query whether it would not be an appropriate thing to hang a portrait of the sergeant's comrade, Color-Corporal Barr in Spencer Town Hall. At his first as well as his last battle Barr bore his snowy colors at the fore-front. At Roanoke when the Union troops charged the rebel redan at the front and on both flanks at the same time, of the many flags each rushing to get in before the others, his was the very first to wave over the enemy's cannon, and at Antietam Bridge and everywhere else that the 21st fought during Barr's lifetime; it was an inspiring

sight to see him bearing aloft in the van the spotless color of Massachusetts with its noble motto,*—*Maj Wm T. Harlow.*

It is thought a portion of the same shell which destroyed both arms of the late Sergeant Plunkett, at Fredericksburg, also did a similar destructive work on one arm of young Barr. Unfitted for further duty and weak from loss of blood he was carried to the field hospital, where all further information in regard to him ends. He probably died and with others was carried out and buried en masse. There was no time then for taking memoranda, or digging individual graves. The flag this brave boy carried, or what there is left of it, with the standard, is with many others preserved by the state in large glass cases in the rotunda of the Capitol at Boston and so jealous is the state as custodian of these significant war relics that these flags cannot be touched or removed without an order from the legislature. Some years since, at the time of the funeral of Sergeant Plunkett at Worcester, the state allowed the flag that Plunkett carried to be taken there and exhibited. Four men were detailed for the work with strict instructions to guard this historic flag day and night until it was again safely in its place at the state house. The value the state places upon these mementoes is well illustrated in the following classic, selected from a speech delivered in Boston at the close of the war by the great war governor John A. Andrew.

"These banners are returned to the government of the Commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne one by one out of this Capitol during more than four years of civil war as the symbols of the nation and Commonwealth under which the battalions of Massachusetts departed to the fields, they came back again borne hither by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companies to which they were intrusted.

"Proud memories of many fields; sweet memories alike of

*The motto is a smooth flowing Latin hexameter, and the second line of a famous distich written in the album of the University of Copenhagen in 1660 by Alstermon Sidney.

"Mans hæc inimica tyrannis
 Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,"
 of which a famous translation was written by John Quincy Adams in a lady's album in January, 1812, in his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington, during a roll call of its members by the Clerk on the question of his expulsion for presenting an anti-slavery petition.

This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
 For freedom only deals the deadly blow.
 These sheaths in calm repose the vengeful blade
 For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.

Omission of the first line of the distich which contains the subject (*Mans hæc*, this hand) would seem to leave the second line standing alone, as it does in the state motto, without a subject. But according to frequent usage in her heraldic designs, the subject is "represented" though unexpressed in words by the raised hand or right arm on the crest of the state arms grasping a sword.



valor and friendship; sad memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons whose dying eyes looked last upon these flaming folds; grand memories of heroic virtues sublime with grief; exultant memories of the great and final victories of our Country, our Union and the righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms; immortal



CORPORAL, ELBRIDGE G. BARR.

Born in Spencer, May 26, 1830. Died from loss of arm in battle, Dec. 13, 1862.

memories with immortal honors blended twine around these staffs, splintered, worn, begrimed and baptized with blood."

10 BARR, LUTHER A. Bootmaker, single, aged eighteen, a private in Co. I, 2d Mass. Hy. Art., enlisted Dec. 1, 1863, mustered in Dec. 11, 1863, mustered out Sept. 3, 1865.

11 BARR, WILLIAM H. Wagoner, Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., teamster aged 20, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, transferred to 36th Mass. Vols., re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864, mustered in Jan. 2, 1864, credited to Spencer, transferred to Co. F, 56th Mass. Vols., June 8, 1865, mustered out July 12, 1865.

12 BARTON, RENSSELAER. Private Co. G, 15th Mass. Vols., married, mason by trade, age forty-three, enlisted Aug. 31, 1862, mustered in Aug. 31, 1862, discharged Jan. 27, 1863.

13 BEAUMONT, CORP. JOHN J. Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Born at Lepton, England, Feb. 19, 1840. Enlisted May 31, 1861, aged twenty-two, made corporal Jan. 1863, severely wounded in head at Salem Heights, Va., May 3, 1863, mustered out July 1, 1864 at expiration of service. Since the war has been until recently a dry goods merchant at Worcester, where he now resides.

14 BEGLEY, PATRICK. Aged nineteen, enlisted from Spencer as private in Co. G, 42d Mass. Vols., mustered in July 21, 1861. Discharged at expiration of service Nov. 11, 1864.

15 BELCHER, GILBERT G. Married, blacksmith, aged thirty-three. Private in Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., enlisted Sept. 1, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug 20, 1863. A mechanic of unusual ability. Died in Spencer Aug. 28, 1897 and buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

16 BELCHER, JOHN W. Son of Henry Belcher, student, aged eighteen and single. Enlisted as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, made corporal Jan. 29, 1864, mustered out June 16, 1865. Lives in New York. Engaged in manufacturing straw goods.

17 BEMIS, ALVIN. Farmer, single, son of Cheney Bemis, Sr., born at South Spencer, Oct. 16, 1839, enlisted Sept. 19, 1861 as private in Co. I, 24th Mass. Vols., mustered in Sept. 19, 1861, discharged for disability April 15, 1863. As a soldier he was enchanted with Shenandoah Valley and at the close of the war settled there at Woodstock, where he now resides.

18 BEMIS, CHARLES E. Son of Cheney Bemis, Sr., of South Spencer, was born Aug. 5, 1839. He entered the service at Spencer Aug. 20, 1862, as a private in Co. F, 42d regiment, Mass. Vol. Inf., and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, by reason of expiration of service. He was confined through illness for three weeks in the hospital while stationed at Lake Pontchartrain, La. His most intimate comrades in the service were: Charles H. Allen, Henry A. Knowlton, Charles Sargent, Charles Lyon, Henry Lyon, and Sergeant Hiram Cowan. After the war he removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he now resides.

19 BEMIS, EDMUND J. Farmer, aged twenty, son of Joshua Bemis, enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, as a private in Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., mustered in Sept. 20, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863. Died suddenly of heart disease on board train near Albany, New York, June 25, 1868, buried in the old cemetery.

20 BEMIS, ELIAS Private, Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., aged twenty-seven. Mustered in July 20, 1864, mustered out at expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. Deceased, buried at Charlton.

21 BEMIS, LIEUT. FREDERICK AUGUSTUS. Better known as and commonly called in his life time, Fred Bemis. He was a native of Spencer, and great-great-grandson of pioneer Samuel Bemis, who settled in what was then called the Western-half of the township of Leicester, 1721, when and

"Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
And men as fierce and wild as they,"

and to whom a permanent memorial has recently been erected by his descendants at his homestead. Fred's ancestors had served the British crown with distinction in Colonial days--notably at Crown Point and the seige of Louisburg, and in a generation later fourteen soldiers of the Bemis name, all of them his kindred, and one of them his great-grandfather, had fought for American Independence from Lexington to Yorktown. And in peace as well as in war, from the original pioneer down to his honored father, they had been prominently identified with the annals of this town.

Fred was fitted for college at Leicester Academy, and entered Yale in "the famous class of 1856,"* but at the end of Freshman year, on account of embarrassments in business at the time, his father took him out of college. After his father died, November, 1856, Fred continued to carry on for two years the business (powder making), established by his father, but did not make a success of it. Before 1861 powder had been so little in demand and the risks of making it had been so great that neither father nor son could make profits out of it. If the father had lived to make powder during the war, and his son had stayed at home to help him, the Lord only knows what hoards they might have garnered. But, as the Turks say, it was not fated.

From the obituary notices of officers of the 21st, killed at Chantilly Sept. 1, 1862, written by General Walcott for his history of the 21st regiment (page 170), we quote the following:

"First Lieut. Fred A. Bemis of Spencer (Co. A) was killed by an unexpected volley in the woods. He was a brave, determined officer, and of an open, genial disposition. When the company was formed he confidently expected to be commissioned as second lieutenant; failing to receive the commission, he entered the service willingly and cheerfully as an enlisted man, and was at once appointed first sergeant of the company, and doing his duty simply for duty's sake, was commissioned second lieutenant Feb. 28, 1862, and first lieutenant July 28, 1862."

His promotion as second lieutenant directly followed the

*So called on account of its distinguished graduates--such as Senator Depew, Judges Brown and Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, and others too numerous to mention. Of lesser lights better known in this vicinity were Judge Andrew J. Bartholomew of Southbridge and his brother, Lieut. Nelson Bartholomew of the 15th Mass. Vols.

battle of Roanoke Island; his promotion as first lieutenant was first announced to him and to his regiment only four days before his death at Chantilly. It was during the battle of the second Bull Run, while the 21st was supporting a battery, that General Reno's order for the latter's promotion, to date from July 28, was read to the regiment.

Lieut. Bemis's whole term of service was only one year and eight days, but in that brief period he was honored with more promotions than any other Spencer soldier during the whole war, and at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant career, he fell in battle, honored and lamented by his companions in arms. If he had lived to longer serve his country he would have risen to higher rank. At the time of his death he had been recommended for appointment as captain in one of the new regiments then forming in the state, and would probably have been appointed, had he lived. The life and duties of a soldier were congenial to him—which could be said of only a few of those who took up arms in the emergency of our country's needs from sense of duty rather than choice. He was ambitious of advancement, and made no secret of his ambition. Had he survived the war he would have sought and easily obtained a commission in the regular army.

There is an inscription on the west face of his father's monument in the old graveyard in Spencer, in these words:

Lieut. Fred'k A. Bemis,
 Son of Lewis and Maria S. Bemis, born Dec. 10, 1834.
 Fell in the service of his country Sept. 1, 1862, at Chantilly, Va.,
 Where his body rests in an unknown grave.
 To his memory belongs a share of
 the imperishable glory of the 21st Mass. Infantry,
 Won upon the bloody fields of
 Roanoke Island, Newberne, Camden,
 Bull Run and Chantilly.
 Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The losses at Chantilly were the greatest suffered by the 21st at any one battle during the whole war. Officers killed or died of wounds, six; severely wounded and a prisoner, one; prisoners not wounded, three; enlisted men killed or died of wounds, thirty-two; wounded, seventy-five; prisoners, not wounded, twenty-three; missing in action, twenty—total, one hundred and sixty. To Gen. Reno, with only the Second Brigade (three regiments, of which the 21st was one) and Graham's battery of his old Division, was assigned the duty of covering the retreat of Pope's army after the second Bull Run. The general threw the brigade across the Warrenton turnpike on the Henry House hill just before sundown Aug. 30, 1862, and succeeded in holding at bay the whole rebel army, flushed with its great success of the

day, till after it was too dark for farther fighting and the rebels gave it up for the night. During the night Gen. Reno, with his command, retired from his position and followed the retreating army of Pope to Centreville, where (Sunday, Aug. 31,) a halt was made till Monday, Sept. 1. In the afternoon it was discovered that the rebels in strong force had reached a position on the left of the Union line at Chantilly, and were preparing to attack, with a view to cut off the retreat and capture the baggage and artillery of the army. It was Reno again who was trusted with



1ST LIEUT. FREDERICK A. BEMIS.

Born in Spencer, Dec. 20, 1834. Died on the field of battle at Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862.

the duty of counteracting this movement of the enemy. Without going into the details of the battle, the 21st was thrown upon the enemy, first in the woods during a thunder storm, just at night, and again, before it was quite dark, in a great cornfield. The fighting was most desperate on both sides, the famous Stonewall Jackson being in command of the rebel troops. But again Gen. Reno succeeded in prolonging the fight till after dark, when the rebels again gave it up. During the night the whole of Pope's army, with all its baggage and artillery, made good its

retreat to the defenses of Washington, followed by Reno and the remnant of his command at daylight.

It was in the first encounter of the 21st with the enemy in the woods that Lieut. Bemis fell. The 21st, marching in line, had come unexpectedly upon a body of troops in the woods directly on its right flank, and not more than twenty feet distant. Lieut. Col. Rice, with Lieut. Bemis, was proceeding to go to them to ascertain what troops they were, supposing them to be another regiment of the second brigade, when they fired a volley, in which both these officers were killed.

The service done by the 21st at the second Bull Run and Chantilly was of more value to the country than all the rest it did during the war. With Graham's battery and the rest of the second brigade, it succeeded in preventing the capture of the baggage and artillery of Pope's army and in preventing the second Bull Run becoming a panic and rout like the first. It was a very costly and a very thankless service to the 21st. It cost the town of Spencer a young man of great promise as a soldier.—*By Maj. Wm. T. Harlow.*

Matthew Webster, a survivor of the battle of Chantilly, now living in Spencer (1903), says: "At the time Lieut. Bemis lost his life we were in the woods, and heard firing in front, but we were afraid to fire as we thought the soldiers in front were a portion of the Northern army. Lieut. Fred was a little in advance, and was the first to discover the enemy. He gave the order, 'Fire, boys! It's the Rebs!' He was never heard to speak nor was he seen again by his own men after this."

22 BEMIS, HENRY. Co. E, 34th Mass. Vol. Inf. Entered the service July 19, 1862 at Worcester, Mass. Discharged at Hampton hospital near Fortress Monroe, June 13, 1865 at the end of war. Was in Battles of New Market May 15, 1864, Berryville Sept. 3, 1864, Strasburg Oct. 13, 1864, Winchester Sept. 19, 1864, Fisher's Hill Sept. 22, 1864, and at Fort Gregg April 3, 1865. At the battle near Strasburg the regiment lost 102 men, killed, wounded and missing, of the 240 men engaged. Was wounded at New Market and Fort Gregg, made corporal Nov. 13, 1864. Now lives at Spencer.

23 BEMIS, OSCAR R. Son of Danforth Bemis. Shoemaker was born in Spencer, Jan. 23, 1834, enlisted June 14, 1861, as a private in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. He was discharged for disability Sept. 30, 1861. After recovering he again enlisted at Baltimore in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols, Aug. 26, 1862. Died in hospital July 31, 1863. His body was brought home and buried at Pine Grove cemetery. [See portrait page 50 this volume.

24 BENJAMIN, JOSEPH. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., farmer, forty-one, married. Enlisted Dec. 1, 1863, mustered in Dec. 1, 1863, transferred to Co. A, 24th Mass. Vols., June 11, 1865, mustered out Jan. 20, 1866. He lived near N. Spencer on the Paxton road. Died in 1887 and was buried at St. Mary's cemetery.

25 BENWAY, JOSEPH. Was born May 15, 1841, in Manchester, New Hampshire. Entered the service Dec. 26, 1863, as a private in Co. A, 4th regiment Mass. Cavalry and was discharged on account of expiration of service Nov. 14, 1865.

26 BERCUË, ANTHONY. Married, mechanic, age thirty-five, enlisted as private in Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863. Died April 20, 1900 and was buried in St. Mary's cemetery.

27 BERCUË, SILAS. Single, bootmaker, aged twenty-four, enlisted as a private in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged July 29, 1862.

28 BIGELOW, JAMES G. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., farmer, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 7, 1863, mustered in Dec. 7, 1863, transferred to Co. A, 24th Mass. Vols., June 14, 1865, corporal July 1, 1865, sergeant Jan. 1, 1866, mustered out Jan. 20, 1866. After the civil war enlisted and served several years in the regular army. Finally settled at Delphos, Kansas, where he now resides.

29 BIGELOW, JOHN WINTHROP. Was born the first day of Oct. 1832, in Boston, Mass. He entered the service at Springfield, Mass., June 21, 1861 as corporal in Co. H, 10th regiment, Mass. Vols. and was discharged at Boston, June 21, 1864, his term of service having expired. July 1, 1862, he was promoted to sergeant which rank he held when discharged. The first battle in which he engaged was Williamsburg, Va. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Fair Oaks, Glendale and Malvern Hill, Va. He was wounded in the shoulder at Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. After the regiment reached Harrison's Landing he was detailed to Boston as recruiting officer and kept in that position during the remainder of his service. He repeatedly urged the war department to send him back to the front but he was too valuable in his position to justify the department in making such a change. Has lived in Spencer since the war. Served one term in the legislature. Engaged in the florist business. Has charge of the North United States Postal Route, Spencer.

30 BINGHAM, THOMAS A. Married, aged thirty-eight, mechanic. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, as corporal, Co. F, 42d

Mass. Vols., mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

31 BIRD, FRANK. Son of Amable and Mary (Semino) Bird, was born at St. Hugues, P. Q., Canada, July 12, 1846. He was by trade a tanner. While on a visit to the home of his brother, Joseph Bird of South Spencer, he enlisted Feb. 18, 1864, in Co. C, 57th regiment, Mass. Vols., killed May 6, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness and buried on the field in an unknown grave. [See portrait, page 81, this volume.]

32 BISCO, HIRAM R. Son of Roswell Bisco, was born in Spencer May 30, 1845. Enlisted as private in Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., mustered in July 20, 1864, mustered out at expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. Has been in the West several years. He was living at Wichita, Kansas, in 1902.

33 BLANCHARD, LOUIS. Bootmaker, aged twenty-six. Enlisted March 24, 1864, as private in Co. C, 57th, Mass. Vols., was mustered in April 6, 1864, discharged to date Jan. 3, 1865 to complete his military record under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved July 5, 1864.

34 BLODGETT, FREDERICK W. Married, farmer, aged forty-four. Enlisted July 20, 1863, as private in Co. B, 2d Mass. Hy. Art., mustered in July 28, 1863, discharged May 25, 1865. General order 27 Hd. Qrs., N. C. He again enlisted in the 2d New Hampshire Vols., died April 7, 1869 and was buried in the old cemetery.

35 BOERNS, JOHN. Unassigned recruit, single, age 29, mechanic, lived at Worcester, but credited to Spencer, enlisted Aug. 3, 1863, mustered in the same day and **DESERTED** Sept. 24, 1863.

36 BONNEY, FREDERICK. Single, age 20, bootmaker, enlisted Dec. 1, 1863, as private in Co. A, 4th Mass. cavalry, mustered in Dec. 26, 1863, **DESERTED** Feb'y 3, 1864.

37 BOHNART, JACOB. Private, Co. I, 6th Mass. Vols. Shoemaker, 26, single, Spencer. Enlisted May 24, 1861; mustered in May 24th, 1861. Re-enlisted Feb. 11, 1864, and credited to Roxbury. Transferred to Co. C, 11th Mass. Vols. May 20, 1864; mustered out July 14, 1865.

38 BOULET, FORTUNA. Private Co. G, 57th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, 18, single, Spencer. Enlisted March 7, 1864, mustered in March 10, 1864. Discharged, disabled, May 30, 1865.

39 BOURDAGES, REMI. Single, age 21, mechanic, enlisted Aug. 19, 1862, as private in Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols. Mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

40 BOWMAN, HENRY H. Married, age 21, bootmaker, enlisted July 17, 1862, as corporal in Co. E, 34 Mass. Vols. Mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out May 25, 1865.

41 BOYD, CHENEY P. Single, age 29, farmer, enlisted July 19, 1861, as private in Co. K, 21st Mass. Vols. Mustered in same date. Discharged for disability Jan'y 13, 1863. Buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

42 BOYD, JAMES O. Private, Co. C, 19th Mass. Vols. Enlisted Aug. 24, 1861. "Never joined for duty." Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., mechanic, age 22, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862. Discharged for disability Nov. 18, 1862.

43 BOYDEN, CHARLES A. Was born August 13, 1843, in Spencer. He entered the service at Readville, Mass., Aug.



HENRY BEMIS.



GEO. E. CLARK.

18, 1862, as a private in Co. F., 42d Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry, and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service. His most intimate comrades in the service were Charles H. Allen, George Mann and George Stone.

The most important event occurring in his service was the capture of five rebelspies. Now an auctioneer, resides at Spencer.

44 BOYNE, JOHN. Unassigned recruit. Private, age 23, Spencer. Mustered in June 9, 1864. Never joined regiment. Luther Hill's purchase for the town.

45 BOYNES, EDMUND. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, age 21, single. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. **DESERTED** May 4, 1863.

46 BOYNES, LEVI D. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Born at Holden, Mass. Teamster, age 18, single. Enlisted June 14, 1861. Mustered in June 21, 1861. Mustered out July 1, 1864. In 1875 resided at Springfield, brakeman on freight train. Deceased, buried at Pine Grove Cemetery.

47 BROSHER, JOHN H. Private Co. C., 2d Heavy Artillery, engraver, age 37, married, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 9, 1864. Mustered in June 9, 1864. Mustered out Sept 3, 1865.

48 BROOKS, JOHN. Unassigned recruit. Private, age 22, Spencer. Mustered in June 9, 1864. Never joined Regiment.

39 BROWN, CLARENCE E. Private Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav., bootmaker, age 18, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 4, 1863. Mustered in Dec. 26, 1863. Discharged disabled May 10, 1864.

50 BROWN, WALTER R. Private, Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., boot clerk, age 22, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Prisoner of war. Discharged June 1, 1865. Died at Royalston, July 2, 187(-). Buried at Forest Hill Cemetery, Hubbardston.

51 BROWN, WILLIAM. Was born the 11th day of June, 1837, in Worcester. He entered the service Feb. 4, 1864, as a private in Co. C, 57th Mass. Vols., and was discharged at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., Oct. 12, 1865. Wire-drawer.

52 BROWNING, AUGUSTUS S. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., 18, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864; mustered out at expiration of service, Nov. 30, 1864. He was born in Rutland, March 28, 1847. Died at Providence, R. I., Nov. 10, 1890, where he was buried. He left a widow and two children. He was a tailor's cutter by occupation.

53 BROWNING, CHARLES D. Private, Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, 18, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861; mustered in June 21, 1861; discharged, disabled, Dec. 26, 1862. First sergeant, Co. M, 1st Mass. Cav. Enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; mustered out as sergeant-major, June 2, 1865. He was born in Rutland, Sept. 27, 1841. After the war he settled in Chicago, and followed the trade of tailoring. He died Nov. 28, 1892, his body being brought to Rutland for interment in the family burial lot.

54 BULLARD, AMASA B. Son of Dexter Bullard, private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, age 23, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861. Mustered in June 21, 1861. Mustered out July 1, 1864. He was born in Spencer, March 7, 1839. Deceased, buried in Old cemetery.

55 BULLARD, LEWELLYN. Corporal Co. A, 1st Batt. Cavalry, age 21, Spencer. Mustered in Dec. 30, 1864. Mustered out June 30, 1865. Expiration of service.

56 BOULEY, ELIXIE. Was born at Montreal, Canada. He was a private in Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., shoemaker, age 24, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 30, 1861. Mustered in Aug. 23, 1861. Discharged for disability Dec. 10, 1862. Mustered in to V. R. C., Sept. 3, 1864. Credited to Oxford. Discharged Nov. 17, 1865, termination of service. Now living at Worcester.

57 BURGESS, JAMES T. Private, Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., age 20, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864. Expiration of service, Nov. 30, 1861.

58 BURKE, THOMAS. Private, 25th Mass. Vols. Un-assigned recruit; boiler maker, age 19, East Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 13, 1864. Mustered in June 13, 1864. Discharged by special order No. 17, March 20, 1865.

59 BUTLER, RENSSELAER. Private, Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., farmer, age 31, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Mustered out June 16, 1865. Went west and settled in Kansas.

60 CAIN, HENRY. Was born June 5th, 1840, in Spencer. He entered the service at Worcester, Aug. 23, 1861, as a private in Co. C, 21st Regt. Mass. Vol. Inf., and was discharged at Boston, Aug. 30, 1864, his term of service having expired.

Aug. 24, 1861, he was promoted to corporal which rank he held when discharged.

The first battle in which he engaged was Roanoke Island. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Newberne, Camden, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Blue Springs, Campbell's Station, Knoxville, Fort Sanders, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, and Battle of the Mine.

He was slightly wounded at the battle of Camden, N. C., April 19, 1862, and again at Knoxville, Nov. 24, 1863.

He had no special comrades, but was on good terms of fellowship with all.

61 CAPEN, HIRAM E. Private, Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols. Farmer, 19, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862; mustered in Sept. 30, 1862; mustered out Aug. 20, 1863. Lives at Brookfield.

62 CARNEY, THOMAS. Farmer, was born at Fathord, Ireland, Aug. 1, 1833. He enlisted as private in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols., June 21, 1861. Died at Columbia College Hospital, Washington, D. C., Aug. 30, 1861. He was the first soldier of

the regiment to die. He was said to have been an excellent soldier, and his death was deeply regretted by his comrades. He left a wife and three children residing in Spencer.

63 CHAFFIN, WINSLOW. Private, Co. G, 3d Mass. Heavy Art. Bootmaker, 21, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 10, 1863; mustered in July 10, 1863; discharged for disability, Feb. 16, 1864.

64 CHAMBERLIN, SILAS T. Private, Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, 28, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 11, 1861; mustered in June 21, 1861; mustered out July 1, 1864.

65 CHENETTE, HENRY. Private, Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, 19, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 1, 1863; mustered in Dec. 26, 1863; **DESERTED** Feb. 13, 1864.

66 CHENEY, GEORGE F. Private, Co. G, 10th Mass. Vols. Mechanic, 21, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861; mustered in June 21, 1861; discharged for disability, Oct. 30, 1862. Mustered in V. R. C., credited to Worcester, Sept. 9, 1864; discharged for disability Aug. 15, 1865.

67 CHICKERING, DWIGHT. Was born Aug. 6, 1841, at Pomfret, Ct. He enlisted as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., July 19, 1862. Was killed at the battle of Snicker's Ferry, Va., July 18, 1864. [State Record says "Snicker's Fort." See portrait, page 54, this volume.

68 CHICKERING HENRY G. Brother of Dwight, was born at Pomfret, Ct., Jan. 4, 1840. He enlisted July 19, 1862, as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Taken prisoner Oct. 19, 1864, and paroled. He was lost off the transport "Gen. Lyon," May 2, 1865, on his way home. [See portrait, page 58, this vol.

69 CHALLY, HENRY H. Private, 25th Mass. Vols.; unassigned recruit. Farmer, 22, single, Canada. Credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 15, 1864; mustered in June 15, 1864.

70 CLARK, GEORGE E. Was born Feb. 5, 1834 in Millbury. He entered the service July 21, 1861, as a private in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., and was discharged Sept. 3, 1865, on account of the war closing. State record says "discharged for disability, Nov. 26, 1862." The first battle in which he engaged was Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864. He also participated in the battles of Fair Oaks and Williamsburg. He was wounded at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864. He died at the Soldiers' Home in Washington, Feb. 18, 1900. Buried in Pine Grove cemetery.

71 CLARK, GEORGE PERRY. He was born the 14th day of December, 1811, in Spencer. He entered the service July 19, 1862, at Spencer as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., and was

discharged April 19, 1865, at the Dale General Hospital at Worcester, Mass., for disability, having a compound fracture of the left leg. The first battle he engaged in was at Ripon, Va. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Piedmont, Lynchburg, Snicker's Ford, Winchester, and Halltown. He was wounded Sept. 19, 1864, and confined in the field hospitals at Winchester, Sheridan, and Frederick, Md. His most intimate comrades in the service were LeRoy Hawes, J. H. Ward, Ira E. Lackey, Henry Bemis, and Walton Livermore. Now living at Spencer.

72 CLARK, HENRY B. Private, Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Teamster, 18, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862; mustered in July 31, 1862; mustered out June 16, 1865. Now at Soldiers' Home, Chelsea.

73 CLARK, JOHN. Private, Co. I, 2d Mass. Vols. Boatman, 22, Roundout, N. Y., credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 9, 1864; mustered in June 9, 1864; mustered out July 26, 1865, expiration of service.

74 CLINTON, GEORGE W. Private, 7th Batt. Lt. Art., 23, credited to Spencer; mustered in June 3, 1864. Never joined for service.

75 CLOUGNER, PALVA. Private, Co. H, 2d Mass. Cav. Laborer, 21, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 17, 1863; mustered in June 20, 1863. **DESERTED** July 10, 1863.

76 COBB, WILLIAM H. Private Co. K, 19th Mass. Vols., carpenter, aged thirty-four, married. Enlisted as a sharpshooter March 15, 1865, mustered in same date, mustered out June 30, 1865. Soon after the war went to New Mexico to take charge of a saw mill; sent one letter home containing money for wife and child. Has not been heard from since. His son, Nathan has become distinguished as a entomologist in Australia.

77 COLLIER, ANSON I. Born Sept. 27th 1836, in Rutland. Entered service June 21, 1861, at Hampden Park, Springfield, as a private in Co. K, 10th regiment, Mass. Vols. He was discharged Nov. 17, 1864 and immediately re-enlisted, to the credit of Boston. He was finally discharged Nov. 21, 1865 at Philadelphia, owing to the closing of the war. His first battle was the siege of Yorktown, Va. Subsequently he engaged in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, seven days' fighting in front of Richmond, including Mechanicsville, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, second Bull Run, Antietam and first and second Fredericksburg. He was wounded in the leg July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill and again in both arms May 3, 1863, at Fredericksburg. His wounds compelled his confinement in the hospital at Harrison's Landing from July 5th to Aug. 10th, 1862 and at Mt. Pleasant, Washington, from May 8 to Oct. 1, 1863. His most intimate associates in the army were: William Mason, Amasa

Bullard, Patrick Kelly, Solomon K. Hindley and John Worthington. The most important events occurring in his experiences of war, he considers, were the Peninsular Campaign and Burnsidess' two battles at Fredericksburg, Va. Carpenter, resides in Spencer.

78 COLLINS, JOHN. Private, 7th battallion, Light Art., laborer, thirty-two, single, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 3, 1864, mustered in June 3, 1864. Never joined for service.

79 CONVERSE, HENRY. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., butcher, twenty-six, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, corporal Dec. 1, 1864, mustered out June 16, 1865. Now living at Rutland.

80 COONEY, JOHN. Private Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, twenty-seven, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged for disability Jan. 13, 1863.

81 CORBETT, JOHN. Private Co. E, 57th Mass. Vols., farmer, forty-two, single, from Spencer but credited to New Braintree. Enlisted Jan. 22, 1864, mustered in Jan. 25, 1864, killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va.

82 COTTON, GEORGE H. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., farmer, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, wounded April 19, 1862, transferred to 4th U. S. Cav. Oct. 23, 1862.

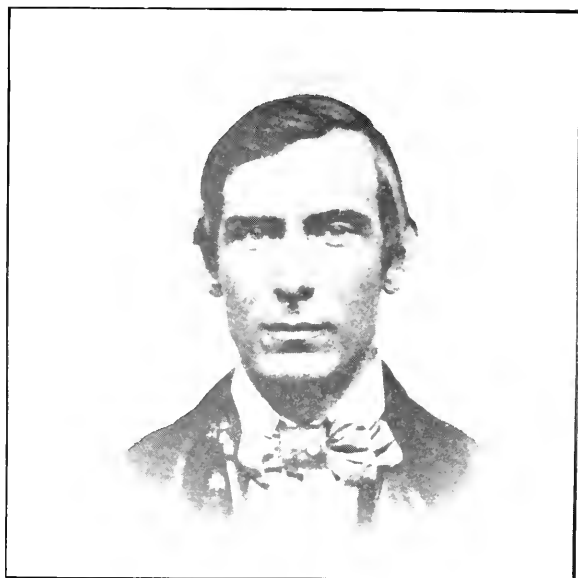
83 COWAN, HIRAM. Sergeant Co. F, 42d Mass Vols., mechanic, thirty-two, married, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863, went to North Adams.

84 CRANNY, TIMOTHY. Sergeant Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., bootmaker, twenty-six, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, discharged for disability March 31, 1862.

85 CROOK, JAMES M. Born in England March 11, 1819 and was a cloth finisher by trade. He enlisted Dec. 3, 1863 as a private in Co. I, 2d Mass. Hy. Art. He died April 25, 1865, while at home on a furlough. At this time the thought had been given wide expression that the American soldier deserved a better burial place than the potter's field and the Spencer Selectmen acting on this sentiment, purchased a lot for twenty dollars in Pine Grove cemetery and placed the body of this soldier in his long, home in accordance with the wishes of the people.

86 CROSBY, ISAIAH. Was born at West Brewster, Aug. 13, 1830. His father, Isiah, was a sea captain and in his earlier

years made frequent voyages to the West Indies, Liverpool and other places. He had two boys and not wishing them to go to sea removed into the interior and settled at Worcester, working with his boys in the wire mill of Washburn & Moen. From here Isaiah Jr. came to Spencer and worked as night hand in Myrick & Sugden's heavy rod mill and at the time was said to be the quickest and best all around man for that work ever employed. Later he worked for J. R. & J. E. Prouty at their wire mill and from here, on the first call, enlisted for the war



ISAAH CROSBY

Killed in Battle July 2d, 1862.

May 31, 1861, as a private in Co. H, 10th regiment Mass. Vols. He was killed at Malvern Hill, Va., July 2d, 1862.

The following letters illustrative of a soldier's life will be of interest to many. They were written by Isaiah and David Crosby to their sister, Laura A. Crosby, Brewster, Mass. and their mother, Mrs. Mary Crosby:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Camp Brightwood, Oct. 6, 1861.
Dear Sister Laura:—

I received your letter yesterday and was glad to hear from you and the rest of the folks, and know that you are well. I got a letter from my wife the same time I got yours. She is well

and getting along first rate. The town gave me and the rest of the boys ten dollars, and pay my wife one dollar a week. I got paid off two months' pay—twenty-seven dollars. I can send home ten dollars a month. I don't think I ever shall get shot or get a chance to shoot anybody as we are building forts all the time and I think our regiment will go into one of them and stay there till after the war, but I hope not—rather fight than shovel. These forts are worse than state prisons. Got to go to meeting now.

Been to meeting; have got a big meetinghouse, all out-doors. Have a nice bed—sometimes a board, sometimes ten acres of land in the open lot. We get coffee and bread for breakfast and soup most every day for dinner, tea and bread for supper, but I like it as well as I expected to when I enlisted. I get homesick a little once in a while. We have started to go to battle four or five times but never got a great ways. We are about seven miles from the enemy now, next to Maryland. Go into Maryland on picket guard once in five days. Like it first rate—sit or lay down twenty-four hours beside the road and stop every team that comes along and search it.

I. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Camp Brightwood, Feb. 18, 1862.

Dear Sister:—

I received your letter in due time and was very glad to hear from you. I am well and tough and in good spirits. Our band played last night and we gave nine hearty cheers and the same again this morning. They fired thirty-four guns at sunrise this morning from Fort Massachusetts. I had to shovel a good many days on that fort. I got a large box from Worcester. It was full of everything that was nice to eat. The town pays my wife one dollar a week and she hasn't spent a cent that I have sent home. The town sent all the Spencer boys two shirts apiece. The government shirts are not large enough for a boy ten years old but I can get these on over my overcoat. The cloth cost three dollars a pair. Our old clothes have all been condemned and we have got to pay ninety cents for what we have worn them, and have got some new ones. They are sky blue felt overcoats and we have got dark blue frock coats. It is rain and mud here all the time for the last two months.

I have just had my dinner, rice and molasses. I have to lay down to write this letter, the old hut leaks so. I don't know as you can read it. Give my love to all and write again soon. Tell mother to give three cheers for Foote, three more for Burnside and nine more for Fort Donnellson; hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Grant. I will send you some papers once in a while. The

boys feel good out here today over the great victory. I am going to write to David now, so goodby.

I. C.

May 24th, 1862.

Dear Mother:—

I am well and hearty and in camp on the road to Richmond, not over fifteen miles from that place with the army in front of us. Had some hard times since we left Yorktown. We are on the advance. Have a good deal of picket guard to do. We were the third company that crossed the river at Bottom Bridge yesterday. May 23rd—Had a hard thunderstorm yesterday so I had to leave off writing. Can't write much now. Expect to advance soon. Been making bridges two or three days. I was on guard three days and two nights last week and it rained all the time. All I ask is my health and pleasant weather—that is a soldier's comfort. The closer we get to Richmond the better we feel, but after laying out in the rain and mud three or four days at a time it makes a man think of home, but it beats all that I don't take cold or get sick with my feet wet for a week at a time. I am well and hearty as I ever was. Last week I was out on a skirmish; came on to the enemy; got a shot at them; they got one at us. The balls flew around my head and sounded like a swarm of bees but hurt none of us. Can go to Richmond in going eight miles cross lots. And we are all ready and willing to go. There is going to be a hard battle here or none at all, I can't guess which. Have to guess at everything. Can't tell fifteen minutes before we go into a fight whether we are going or not. Can't write any more this time, so goodby. Send your letters to Fortress Monroe.

From I. C.

WORCESTER, July 20th, 1862.

Dear Sister:—

I take my pen in hand to inform you of the news that brings sorrow to every heart. As near as I can ascertain Isaiah is no more. He was wounded at the battle of July 1st in defense of his country before Richmond. He was shot in the breast, and I expect he was taken prisoner after he was shot for I see by the papers there was a man by the name of Crosby that died of his wounds July 2d. I saw it in the paper yesterday, and today Thomas and I went up to Spencer to see if we could hear anything about him, but could not. Mrs. Horace Prouty told me that her husband wrote to her that Isaiah was shot in the breast and he helped carry him off the field to the hospital. I wrote to him to find out and let me know as soon as he could.

D. C.

Copy of letter written by an officer in 1862:—

"Isiah Crosby, a private in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. died on the 2nd of July of a wound by a rifle ball in the breast while in the battle at Malvern Hill. He was from Spencer and leaves a wife to mourn his loss. In writing to her the painful news an officer in the company says:"

"While we are saddened by the death of our comrade we cannot but rejoice that he died while doing his duty bravely and nobly. He has given his life to preserve our glorious Union, has sealed his patriotism with his blood."

"He had left his home in his spirits' pride,
With his wife's sweet word and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing."

87 CUMMINGS, JOSEPH L. Musician Co. H, 57th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, thirty-eight, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 18, 1863, mustered in Jan. 11, 1864, discharged Aug. 8, 1865.

88 DANA, LOUIS. A French boy, eighteen years old when he enlisted in Company C; was born in Canada. He had not been long in Spencer and could only imperfectly speak English. But he was bright, intelligent, obedient and attentive to duty. He fell Mar. 14, 1862 at Newberne, N. C., in the charge made by his company and three other companies of the 21st (A, B, C and H) on a reconnaissance inside the rebel entrenchments. The fog of the morning combined with the smoke of battle was so dense that it was impossible to see the enemy and General Reno at once ordered a reconnaissance by Colonel Clark, who sent Capt. Richardson with Co. C into the fog "to feel around and find out what was in there." Six brass field pieces of the enemy's were soon discovered apparently unsupported by infantry. The fact being soon reported to Colonel Clark, he directly followed with three other companies to the support of Co. C. On his first glance at the guns the Colonel ordered a charge upon them and took them, the gunners running away. During this charge a severe and incessant firing was kept up on the left flank of the charging party and the loss from killed and wounded was large. This firing came from the rebel regiments (7th, 35th and 37th N. C.) at first concealed partly by the fog, partly by brush and by part of them being in a ravine. Meantime a light breeze had sprung up and the fog was gradually scattering away, revealing to both parties their relative numbers.

Captain Walcott, Co. B and his men had drawn one of the captured guns out of its embrasure, loaded it and turned it on the enemy. The whole force of the enemy charged and Colonel Clark, immediately seeing how greatly he was outnumbered, com-

manded his men to spring over parapet and retreat over the outside of the work which they did. Not finding General Reno to report to him the rebel situation inside the works as revealed by his reconnaissance but finding Colonel Rodman of the 4th R. I. and Colonel Hyland of the 8th Conn. with their regiments near and not engaged, Colonel Clark informed them how things stood and urged them to re-enter the works where he had entered them and take the enemy in flank. This they did in all possible haste. About the same time General Foster led the 25th Mass. to a charge upon the works in front and the enemy broke and fled. It was in this affair that Dana and several other enlisted men of the 21st were killed. At the outset Lieut. Frazer A. Stearns, acting adjutant, who was about to accompany Co. C, fell mortally wounded. General Burnside gave the gun, turned on the enemy, to the 21st and Colonel Clark with consent of all its officers gave it to Amherst College, of which the Colonel was a professor and Lieut. Stearns a student. At the college, in the hallway of the chemical laboratory, enclosed in a glass case and bearing a memorial of Lieut. Stearns and the name of Louis Dana of Spencer and seventeen others of the 21st, who were killed at Newbern, stands the gun, a brass field piece manufactured at Chicopee, Mass., for the United States government and stolen by the rebels at Fort Macon, N. C., the inscription upon it being graven into the brass at Chicopee by the original manufacturers. The names of two other members of Co. C, though not from Spencer, are on that gun, Thomas Hurst of Leicester and William H. Williston of New Bedford.

Many others of Co. C on this charge were wounded with more or less severity. Three of them so seriously that their recovery was unexpected but all of them lived and in time got well. Their names were: Elise Bonley of Spencer, Herbert Clafey of Brookfield and Jeffrey Vail of Worcester. All disabled for life they were discharged for disability and their names placed on the pension rolls.—*Maj. Wm. T. Harlow.*

89 DAVIS, FREEMAN. Shoemaker, aged nineteen, born at Newmarket, N. H. Enlisted July 12, 1861, as a private in Co. E, 15th Mass. Vols., was wounded in the side at Battle of Ball's Bluff and discharged for disability May 14, 1863. He re-enlisted from Leicester, June 10, 1864, was made corporal in Co. F, 57th Mass. Vols. and credited to Bolton. At the Battle of the Wilderness May 8, 1864, he was probably killed by a musket ball through the breast. After being hit and fallen to the ground he is said to have raised himself and fired his last shot. The woods in which he lay soon caught on fire and if he had not already died of his wound he must literally have been roasted to death. He was a brother of James L. Davis of Co. E, 15th regiment.

Their father, Stephen H. Davis, lived at Westville. His wife died and was buried in the old cemetery.

90 DAVIS, JAMES I. Private Co. E, 15th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 11, 1862, mustered in Feb. 11, 1862, re-enlisted Feb. 22, 1864 and credited to Millbury, transferred from Co. E, 15th, to Co. E, 20th Mass. Vols., prisoner of war, June 1864, released Dec. 16, 1864, discharged June 21, 1865.

91 DENNIS, HENRY L. Was born the sixth day of May, 1841, in Hardwick. Was drafted at Spencer July 14, 1863. Enlisted for the navy at the shipping office in Boston the day following. Went to sea in the frigate St. Lawrence and was discharged at Washington from the mortar schooner Sophronia, July 18, 1864. Was credited to Spencer, where he is now living and follows the business of house painting.

92 DICKINSON, NATHAN S. Was born Aug. 31, 1836, at Barre. He was a farmer and had hired for one year the farm now owned by Myron Ludden. He was at work on the place when he enlisted as a private in Co. C, 25th Mass. Vols., Oct. 5, 1861. He was discharged for disability, but after recovery re-enlisted in same company and regiment on quota of North Brookfield and was paid a bounty of \$290.66. He was in all the battles of his regiment including that of Cold Harbor June 3, 1864, where he was wounded and taken to the hospital at Washington, D. C., (not Philadelphia) where he died Aug. 17, 1864. His widow now living (1903) at North Brookfield, went to Washington, obtained the body and he was buried in that town. [Portrait page 42, this volume.]

93 DOHERTY, EDWARD C. Private Co. C, 19th Mass. Vols., tailor, married, thirty-one, Boston, credited to Spencer, Enlisted July 31, 1863, mustered July 31, 1863, transferred to Co. F, 28th Mass. Vols., Jan. 14, 1864, mustered out July 16, 1865.

94 DOLAN, JAMES. Unassigned recruit. Private, twenty-two, Spencer, mustered in June 9, 1864. Never joined regiment.

95 DOLMAN, CHARLES. Private Co. F, 5th Cav., laborer, twenty-two, Spencer. Enlisted June 8, 1864, mustered in June 8, 1864, mustered out Oct. 31, 1865 at expiration of service.

96 DRAPER, CHARLES H. Private Co. I, 2d Mass. Hy. Art. Born in Spencer, July 13, 1848, farmer, eighteen, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 17, 1863. Mustered in Jan. 2, 1864. Mustered out Sept. 3, 1865. After the war went to Worcester and

engaged in the trucking and livery business. Deceased. Family went to Buffalo, N. Y.

97 DUVAL, PHILIP. Private Co. H, 2d Mass. Cav., bootmaker, twenty-three, single, Worcester. Enlisted Mch. 20, 1863. Mustered in June 20, 1863. Mustered out July 20, 1865.

98 FANNING, WILLIAM. Single, shoemaker, son of Edward Fanning, Spencer, was born in Tramore, County of Waterford, Ireland, Mch. 8, 1844. Served in the United States Navy it is thought on board the ship *Iosco*. After the war returned home, but finally settled at Natick, where he died Jan'y 27, 1867, and was there buried.

99 FARREL, GEORGE. Private Co. F, 5th Cav. Laborer, twenty-one, from Charles Co., Md. Credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 8, 1864. Mustered in June 8, 1864. Died July 29, 1864, at Point Lookout, Md.

100 FAY, CHARLES L. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, thirty-nine, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 1, 1863. Mustered in Dec. 1, 1863. Transferred to Co. A, 24th Mass. Vols. Mustered out Jan. 20, 1866. Lives at Hill, New Hampshire.

101 FAY, JAMES C. Private Co. C, 2d Heavy Art., shoemaker, twenty-one, single, Fitchburg. Credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 7, 1864. Mustered in June 8, 1864. Discharged Sept. 3, 1865.

102 FLINT, ALBERT S. Private Co. C, 25th Mass. Vols., mechanic, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Oct. 9, 1861. Mustered in Oct. 9, 1861. Discharged disabled, Nov. 8, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.

103 FOGG, LUCIEN. A brother of Mrs. Henry R. Green, East Main St., and Mrs. Ward Bush, was born at Thomaston, Me., May 1, 1843. Enlisted June 21, 1861, to enter the service. He was promoted to the rank of corporal and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864. He was a member of Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. About five miles from Washington, D. C., the 10th Regt. and brigade to which it belonged built three earth forts, one of them called Fort Massachusetts. There was an underground entrance to this fort which Fogg was guarding one night when the Lieut.-Colonel of the New York 36th Regiment, considerably under the influence of liquor, came up on horseback. He refused to give the countersign and tried to force an entrance. Fogg at once took aim and fired, the bullet taking off an epaulet and the flesh underneath it to the bone. This sobered the officer who, after apologizing and commending Fogg for attention to duty, drove away to have his wound dressed, glad indeed to have escaped with his life. [Portrait page 62 this volume.

104 FORREST, DANIEL. Was born the eleventh day of Feb., 1841, in the County of Cork, Ireland. He entered the service Aug. 13, 1862, as a private in Co. I, 50th Regt. Mass. Vols. and was discharged Aug. 13, 1863, his term of service having expired. He was in the forty-nine days' siege of Port Hudson which he considered the most important event in his service. He died Oct. 31, 1881, and was buried at St. Mary's Cemetery.

105 FORREST, WILLIAM. Was born July 2d, 1844, in Leicester. He entered the service Sept. 30, 1862, as a private in Co. I, 50th Regt. Mass. Vols., and on expiration of service was discharged Aug. 24, 1863. He re-enlisted as "corporal" in Co. C, 4th Mass. Cavalry and was finally discharged Nov. 27, 1865, the war having closed. He deemed the siege of Port Hudson, forty-nine days, to be the most important event in his service. He died March 18, 1883, at North Brookfield.

106 FRINK, WILLARD A. Was born July 14, 1836, at Brookfield, and was a twin brother of Wm. A. Mendell, now of High street, Spencer. He enlisted Jan'y 5, 1861, as a private in Co. H, 25th Mass. Vols. and was killed at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864, a little more than four months after he entered the service. His widow now resides in Spencer. [Portrait page 66 this volume.]

107 FOSTER, WILLIAM. Private 7th Batt. Light Art., laborer, twenty-three, single, New York. Credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 3, 1864. Mustered in June 3, 1864. Never joined for service.

108 GAGE, GARDINER M. Housepainter, was born at Monson, Feb'y 4, 1820. He had been in Spencer only about two weeks when he and his brother, James W. H. Gage, enlisted July 19, 1862, as privates in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., and later the first named was made corporal. He was one of the color guard when the 34th was stationed at Harper's Ferry and because of this had more privileges than were accorded the rank and file. He was allowed to hire a house, send for his wife, set up house-keeping and had the comforts of home life, rather than the rough life of the camp. The time, however, came when the regiment was ordered to the front, and on Oct. 13, 1863, at the battle of Berryville, Va., Gardiner M. Gage was shot in the breast and mortally wounded. Walton Livermore was beside him in line when the bullet did its deadly work. His wife and son obtained the body and it was buried with military honors in his native town. [Portrait on page 70 this volume.]

109 GAGE, JAMES W. H. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., painter, thirty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Mustered out June 16, 1865. Deceased at South Framingham.

111 GIBBS, LYMAN C. Just before the war, came to Spencer from New Salem, where he was born eighteen years before, and entered into employment at farm work and brick making with Mr. Abner Howland. He was a bright and hopeful youth, quickly learned the drill and guard duty and no doubt, had he lived longer, would have been a very useful soldier. He was the first of his company and the first of his regiment to lose his life in his country's service. His company was guarding the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad between Annapolis Junction and Laurel Station about six miles southerly from the Junction towards Washington. Sentinels were posted on beats along the railroad with an extra one on a bridge over the Patuxent river. Gibbs, who was on duty at the bridge, was run over and killed by the cars the night of Sept. 6, 1861. Of course it was an accident and the manner of it was never known. The discharge of a gun at the bridge was heard by the other sentinels, and by the officer in charge at Laurel. Lieut. Kilton, who immediately with men and lanterns went to the bridge, found the mangled body of Gibbs on the track. Until his gun was found, which was not immediately, it was supposed that he had been shot by an enemy. The discharge, undoubtedly that of Gibbs' own gun, which was loaded and had a cap hammered down according to the rule on guard duty, resulted, probably, from either the direct stroke of the engine on the gun or from the gun being thrown by the stroke violently to the ground. Leave was obtained to bury his body in the little cemetery at the village of Laurel and a grave was dug there for him. As many of his comrades as could be spared from guard duty followed his body with reversed arms. In the absence of the chaplain Lieut. Harlow read the burial service and his comrades in arms fired a last parting salute over poor Gibbs. Sadder funeral was never attended in peace or in war. — *Maj. Wm. T. Harlow.*

Soldier Gibbs enlisted in Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., July 23, 1861. He wished in a few days he had not entered into the contract but when he failed to present himself for duty an officer was sent for him and without hesitating he gathered up his small personal estate and went with him. Pension No. 171, one of the earliest issued on account of the Civil War, was (probably) granted to his mother as he had no wife. He was a capital story teller and popular with his comrades. Credited to New Salem although a Spencer soldier.

112 GIBSON, EDMUND J. Private, Co. K, 25th Mass. Vols. Farmer, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Sept. 16, 1861. Mustered in Sept. 16, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 18, 1864. Credited to Spencer. Discharged June 29, 1865.

113 GIFFIN, CHARLES H. Private, Co. E, 34th Mass., Vols. Bootmaker, thirty-eight, musician, married. Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Mustered out July 5, 1865. Lived at Brookfield. Deceased.

114 GILES, NATHAN. Private, twenty-one. Mustered in Jan. 19, 1865. 64th Regt. Colored Troops.

115 GREEN, ALANSON. Private, Co. D, 3rd Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, thirty-seven, married, Spencer. Discharged July 29, 1865 by G. O. W. D. Living at Spencer.

116 GREEN, DAVID. Was born Aug. 20, 1827, at Wrentham. Enlisted Jan. 4, 1864, as a private in Co. D, 3rd Mass. Cav. and died in hospital at Algiers, La., July 28, 1864. Was married. His widow married Harry Smith and now resides in Chelsea. Portrait on page 78 of this volume.

117 GREEN, JAMES. Unassigned recruit. Private, twenty-two, Spencer. Mustered in June 9, 1864. Never joined regiment.



JOEL W. GREEN

118 GREEN, JAMES W. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Boot crimper, thirty-eight, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Discharged disabled April 4, 1865.

119 GREEN, JOEL WRIGHT. Timman. Son of Samuel B. Green, was born in Spencer, Dec. 4, 1840. He enlisted as a private Sept. 17, 1861, in Co. C, 1st Cavalry and died of disease at Potomac Creek, Va., Jan. 22, 1863. His body was brought home for burial and interred in the old Cunningham cemetery.

120 GREEN, THEODORE. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., twenty, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864. Expiration of service, Nov. 30, 1864. Lives in or near Boston. Manufactures lumber in New Hampshire.

121 GRIFFIN, MICHAEL. Was born August 26, 1833, in Kelworth, Ireland. He entered the service Dec. 26, 1863, as a private in Co. A, 4th Regt. Mass. Cavalry, and made Corporal June 5, 1864. Was discharged as Commissary Sergeant at Richmond, Va., Nov. 14th, 1865, by order of the War Department. Living in Spencer.

122 GROUT, JOHN E. Private Co. H, 57th Mass. Vols. Farmer, thirty-three, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 19, 1863. Mustered in Jan. 11, 1864. Discharged July 1, 1864, by order of Gen. Dix.

123 GUILFORD, JONAS. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols. Twenty-four, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864. Expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. For biography see Vol. II, page 167. Lawyer at Minneapolis, Minn.

124 HALE, AMOS H. Corporal Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Boot click, twenty-three, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Mustered out June 16, 1865. After the war engaged in business in Chicago. At present clerk in broker's office at Danville, Ill.

125 HALE, HENRY A. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Boot click, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Discharged, disabled, May 1, 1863. Living at North Adams. Employed in shoe factory.

126 HALE, WILLIAM S. Was born Nov. 18, 1845, in Spencer. Entered the service July 13, 1864 as a private in Co. E, 60th Regt. Mass. Vol. Militia, and was discharged Nov. 30, 1864, by reason of expiration of service. He was commissioned as bugler while in service which rank he held when discharged. He states that the most important event occurring during his service was destroying the "Knights of the Golden Circle" in Indiana. At present clerk in office of Secretary of State, Albany, New York.

127 HALL, FRANCIS E. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols. Twenty-three, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864. Expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. Resides at Quincy, Mass.

128 HARDING, GEORGE W. Private Co. K, 21st Mass. Vols. Farmer, eighteen, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1861. Mustered in July 19, 1861. Discharged for disability May 8, 1862.

129 HARLOW, William T. First Lieut. Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Lawyer, thirty-two, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Mustered in August 23, 1861. Captain July 29, 1862. Resigned April 25, 1863. [See biography, this volume, page 9.]

130 HARRINGTON, DENNIS. Private Co. E, 25th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-seven, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 3, 1862. Mustered in June 3, 1862. Born in Ireland, July 3, 1832. Died Sept. 21, 1862, in hospital at Newbern, N. C.

131 HASTINGS, JOHN G. Was born in North Providence, R. I. He entered the service June 21, 1861, as a private in Co. H, 10th Regt. Mass. Vols., and was discharged Dec. 21, 1861, for disability brought on by malaria. He did not ask for his discharge, preferring to stay with his regiment and fight as opportunity came, but the doctors said he would certainly die if he stayed in the malarial district, so there appeared no other alternative but to return home. After he reached Spencer he was unable to work and was in reduced circumstances, such as he had never experienced before during his married life, but the good people of the town in many ways and at divers times showed their ready sympathy for a man who had gone to the front to fight their battles and through no fault of his own had lost his health. Mr. Hastings finding he could not pay his rent called upon Asa T. Jones, his landlord, and stated the case. "Don't worry about rent," said Mr. Jones. "As long as you are sick and unable to pay rent you will not be turned out of doors." One day Mr. Hastings was surprised to find Henry Bemis unloading a cord of hard wood at his residence. "I thought," said Mr. Bemis "you might want a little wood, and so brought you some. It won't cost you anything, and I thought would help you along through the winter." Passing down Main street by Union block Abram Capen stood outside his market door and asked Mr. Hastings to come in. "What kind of meat do you like best?" said Mr. Capen. Mr. Hastings told him and ample slices were cut off and handed him without money and without price. This was not the last of Mr. Capen's favors in that line, and so the good work went on until Mr. Hastings recovered his health and became able to pursue his former avocation.

Mr. Hastings lives in Spencer, engaged in the fish business.

" 'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fixed by Heaven's decree
That all the true delight of man
Should spring from sympathy."

132 HAWES, LEROY. Was born at New Braintree, Sept. 24, 1839 and enlisted as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. July 31, 1862. He died on hospital transport April 3, 1865. When living in Spencer he made his home for several years with the late Isaac Hill, on the road to North Spencer. [See portrait on page 38 this volume.]

133 HENRY, CORPORAL GEORGE W. Was a native of Spencer and an intimate friend and companion of Corporal Barr before as well as after their enlistment in the 21st. Henry was twenty years old at the time. His parents, with whom he was then living, resided in the south part of the town.

Barr and Henry, before they came to the 21st, had enlisted in the Worcester company—Co. D, of the 15th, and had learned to drill at Camp Scott where the 15th was encamped. On account of dissatisfaction about officers they left the 15th before muster into the U. S. service. On account of their good drill they were both made corporals to begin with. Henry was a young man of good promise and an excellent soldier and non-commissioned officer. He and another Spencer man of Co. C, Samuel D. Sargent, were both killed at the same volley of the enemy at the first battle of the 21st, at Roanoke Island, Feb. 8, 1862, and buried near where they fell.

It would seem appropriate to give a brief account of the battle where the town of Spencer suffered its first loss in the war. The 21st landed on Roanoke late in the afternoon of Feb. 7, 1862, and without supper or sleep spent the night on picket in front of the selected and fortified position of the enemy. The island is a long, narrow crescent-shaped strip of land with a great swamp extending across the middle of it and a single road, running lengthwise of the island and through the swamp, of corduroy about fifteen feet wide. Across this road in the swamp, the rebels had built a redoubt with four embrasures in it for cannon to concentrate their fire on this corduroy road which was flanked on both sides by the swamp, full of mud and water, brush and briars and had been deemed impassable for troops by the rebel engineers.

On the morning of February 8, 1862, several other regiments marched past the 21st to attack the rebel position in front and were repulsed, after which attempts were made to flank the position both on the right and on the left. The 21st were of the flanking party, Reno's Brigade on the rebel right, and at length succeeded in reaching a position directly on the right flank of the rebel redoubt. Gen. Reno immediately ordered a charge by his brigade. It was upon this charge that Henry and

Sargent both fell. This charge was immediately followed by another charge of Parks' Brigade on the opposite flank, and by Foster's Brigade in front. But of them all the 21st Mass. was the first regiment to get into the redoubt. The enemy left without delay. [See portrait, page 21, this volume.—*Maj. W. T. Harlow.*

This Spencer boy was killed by a bullet entering his mouth and then passing onward with barely force enough to go through the brain. The bullet is said then to have dropped to the ground and was thought to have been the same one that killed Samuel D. Sargent. Henry was directly behind Sargent at the time. [See portrait, page 19, this volume.]

He was buried beside his comrade, Sargent, near the earth-works at the fort. Afterward some of the soldiers remembering that he had a ten dollar bill in one of his pockets disinterred the body, recovered the money and sent it home to his parents. Thus passed on to the spirit world the first native born Spencer soldier killed in battle during the Civil War.

134 HEFFRON, THOMAS. Was a son of Thomas Heffron, currier, and at the time of his enlistment was, with his father, employed as a currier by Isaac Prouty at his currier shop on North street. He joined Co. A, 154th New York Vols. at Randolph, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1862, and was killed in battle at Pine Knob, Ga., June 15, 1864. [See portrait page 34.]

135 HICKEY, JOHN. Private, Co. C, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, twenty-three, married, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 8, 1864. Mustered in Feb. 18, 1864. Mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

136 HINDLEY, SOLOMON KINGSBURY. Was born April 29, 1837, in Manchester, England. Entered the service at Springfield, Mass., as a private in Co. H, 10th Regt. Mass. Vol. Inf. Was discharged at Boston, June 21, 1864, his term of enlistment having expired. He was promoted to Corporal. His first battle was at Fredericksburg, Va. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg. His most intimate comrades in the service were John W. Bigelow of Spencer, George H. Howard of West Brookfield, Patrick Kelley of Spencer, Andrew Sumer of Shelburne Falls, and Micaja H. Vincent of Conway, Mass. He had a partial attack of paralysis March 31, 1862, on the Peninsular and was not reported for duty until June, 1863. In the meantime he performed such duties as his condition would permit. He was company commissary for two years and was quartermaster's clerk in the winter of 1862-3. At the battle of Gettysburg he was prostrated by sun-stroke and again a few days later at Frinkstown, Md. At the time of the first draft he was detailed for duty in Massachusetts, being

chief clerk in Gen. Devens' office at Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor. After this he was for a long time with the Bullard Arms company of Springfield and later was private secretary to G. Henry Whitcomb, envelope manufacturer, of Worcester, Mass. He was an expert accountant and while with Mr. Whitcomb had charge of the financial books of Amherst College, of which institution Mr. Whitcomb was treasurer. His health failing, he purchased the former homestead of his father-in-law, Isaac N. Stearns, near Hillsville. Here he farmed for some years, much to his satisfaction, when a further decline in health made it advisable to sell his place which he did and removed to the old homestead of his father John Hindley, nearby. Here he lived until his death, October 13, 1902, and was buried in Pine Grove cemetery. He became much interested in religion during the last few years of his life and was an earnest and valued member of the M. E. church. (Portrait on page 84) He died in the hope of a blissful immortality—

" The last end of the good man is peace
How calm his exit
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground
Nor weary woe n' out winds expite so soft "



GEO. H. HOWARD



WALTON LIVERMORE

137 HORAN, THOMAS. Private, 25th Mass. Vols. Unassigned recruit. Mason, thirty-eight, Boston. Credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 15, 1864. Mustered in June 15, 1864.

138 HOWARD, GEORGE H. Private Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-six, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861. Mustered in June 21, 1861. Mustered out July 1, 1864. Under date of Nov. 12, 1903, Mr. Howard writes: "I have lived in West Brookfield most of the time since the war. I

was a merchant for several years until my health failed me entirely. I have not seen a well day since I came out of the army. My left side is paralyzed; I have not walked without crutches for twenty-five years. Had it not been for the care of my beloved and devoted wife I should have answered the roll-call on the other side years ago."

139 HOWES, ALDEN B. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Shoemaker, forty-one married, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Mustered in Aug. 23, 1861. Transferred to Co. I, 36th Mass. Vols. Re-enlisted Jan. 1 1864. Mustered in Jan. 2, 1864. Credited to Spencer. Transferred to Co. C, 56th Mass. Vols. June 8, 1865. Mustered out July 12, 1865.

140 HUNTER, OTIS M. Was born in Spencer, May 25, 1837. Enlisted July 19, 1862, as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. and was drowned at Harper's Ferry, Va., April 9, 1864. The following letter gives additional data.

HARPER'S FERRY, Va., April 10th, 1864.

SIR:—It is with pain that I communicate to you the death of your son, Otis M. Hunter, of my company. He was on guard at Shenandoah bridge on the night of the 9th and as near as we can learn fell through a hole in the bridge and was drowned. The river was very high at the time, and a man once in, it would be impossible for them to have saved him. His remains may be found below, but the chances are very small.

Otis has always been one of my best men, and never since he has been in the service have I had occasion to reprimand him. Your son Charles will write you the particulars of the case.

Very respectfully, WILLIAM B. BACON

To John A. Hunter, Capt. Co. E, 34th Mass. Inf.
Spencer, Mass.

[See portrait on page 46 of this volume.

141 HUNTER, CHARLES ADAMS. Was born August 26, 1843, in Spencer. He entered the service at Worcester, Mass., July 19, 1862, as a private in Co. E, 34th Mass. Inf., was finally discharged June 16, 1865 at Richmond, Va. by reason of the war having closed. In November, 1863 he was promoted to corporal; in April, 1865, to lance sergeant and sergeant; and on June 18, 1865, to second lieutenant. The first battle in which he engaged was the battle at Ripon, West Virginia, Oct. 19, 1863. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Newmarket, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Snicker's Ford, Winchester (July 24, 1864), Martinsburg, Halltown, Berryville, Winchester (Sept. 19, 1864), Fisher's Hill, Stickney's Farm, Cedar Creek, Hatcher's Run, Fort Gregg, Appomattox Court House April 9, 1865. His most in-

timate comrades in the service were George P. Clark, L. W. Worthington, Walton Livermore, H. W. Bemis and Ira E. Lackey. He was awarded a "Medal of Honor" by act of Congress, which was presented to him by Mrs. John Gibbon, wife of General John Gibbon, commanding the 21th Army Corps at Richmond June 13, 1865. He served as color guard or color bearer in every battle his company was in except the Battle of Ripon, West Virginia. For complete biography of Mr. Hunter see Vol. II, page 102. Mr. Hunter is now at Togus soldiers' home in Maine. His wife is living at Ashland.



CHAS. A. HUNTER

142 HURIE, LOUIS J. N. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Shoemaker, twenty-four, married, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 10, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, transferred to Co. I, 36th Mass. Vols. Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864, mustered in Jan. 2, 1864, wounded Jan. 27, 1864, again wounded Sept. 30, 1864, transferred to Co. C, 56th Mass. Vols., mustered out July 12, 1865.

143 IVERS, DANIEL. Private Co. G, 4th Cav. Tailor, twenty-six, single, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 9, 1864, mustered in Dec. 9, 1864, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865, expiration of service.

144 JEFFERSON, JOSEPH. Private Co. F, 5th Cav., Spencer, mustered in June 9, 1864, mustered out Oct. 31, 1865, expiration of service.

145 JOHNSON, JAMES W. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., twenty-two, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864, expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864.



ARMY MEDAL OF HONOR
granted by Congress to Sergt. Chas. A. Hunter, for "distinguished services."
See Vol. II, page 104.

146 JOHNSON, JOHN. Private Co. I, 2 Cav., bricklayer, Canajoharie, N. Y., twenty-one, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 4, 1864, killed in action July 6, 1864, at Aldie, Va.

147 JOHNSON, SYLVESTER DWIGHT Was born July 4, 1838, at Hardwick and enlisted June 14, 1861, as private in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. He was shot through the head and instantly killed by a flank fire when retreating at the Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862. He was killed at what was called the last rally near the close of the day's battle. The enemy were



SYLVESTER D JOHNSON

in strong force and not more than one hundred yards away. Near where Co. H was located was a large pine tree and some of the soldiers, including Johnson, sheltered themselves as much as possible behind it. Standing in Indian file they would load their rifles, step aside to fire, dodge back to shelter, reload and fire again. The bugle sounded the retreat, but Johnson, who was said to have been a good fighter and a dead shot, was slow to leave and staid behind to kill another man but waiting too long the enemy closed in on him and his life ended. It has been said by some that the exasperated southerners bayoneted his dead body to the tree from behind whose shelter he had shot so many of their comrades. After the battle Johnson with five others of the company was laid in a trench about a foot deep and sufficiently long for their bodies. A blanket of rubber was then spread over each of them, a cap over each face and then covered with earth taken

from the trench. About two weeks after this time a representative of the family, Constant Southworth of Hardwick, came for Johnson's body and took it to Barre for interment, where a monument now marks his resting place. George H. Howard, now (1903) of West Brookfield, John W. Bigelow of Spencer and the late Solomon K. Hindley were present at the removal. No one of these men knew the location of the body in this long grave and it was suggested that feet be uncovered first. A few shovelfuls of earth revealed the resting place of Johnson, identified by the initials S. D. J. on his boots. When Spencer furnished all her soldiers with boots of extra quality and length, Johnson and Hindley put their initials in Hungarian nails on the undersoles of those given to them and in this case they served a very useful purpose. Johnson is said to have been a small man and a royal good fellow, who did all he could to help anyone in need. At the time of his enlistment he was engaged to be married to Eliza, sister of Solomon K. Hindley. She was a woman beautiful in feature and character. After his death she entered into a decline in health and soon died of quick consumption.

148 JONES, HENRY M. Was born April 29, 1839, in Spencer. He entered the service at Spencer, Mass., June 21, 1861, as a private in Co. F, 10th regiment, Mass. Vols., and was discharged at Springfield, Mass., June 21, 1864, his term of service having expired. The first battle in which he engaged was at Harrison's Landing, Va., 1862. He subsequently participated in the assault on St. Marye Heights in 1863. At Harrison's Landing he was wounded in the left hand, and in the leg at St. Marye Heights. He was confined at Eckington hospital, Washington, with his first wound and chronic diarrhoea. With his second wound he was sent to Columbia hospital Washington, and was never sent back to his regiment. His most intimate comrades in the service were John Worthington and Sylvester Johnson. He considered the seven days' retreat from in front of Richmond, Va. in 1862 as the most important event in his service. He died at Honesdale, Pa., Jan. 14, 1887.

149 JONES, JOHN H. Private, Co. D, 5th Mass. Cav. Farmer, thirty-one, single, from Leicester but credited to Spencer. Enlisted Jan. 18, 1864, mustered in Jan. 29, 1864, mustered out as sergeant Oct. 31, 1865.

150 JUNIER, JOSEPH. Private Co. I, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 9, 1864, mustered in Feb. 18, 1864, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

151 KELLY, DANIEL. Was born Dec. 1, 1838, in Ireland. He was a son of Patrick Kelly, who nursed Edwin A. Bemis during his smallpox sickness at the house of Winthrop

Livermore and who died about two weeks afterward at the old tavern opposite Congregational Church. He enlisted June 11, 1861, as a private in Co. I, 9th regiment Mass. Vols., and died in hospital at Fairfax, Va., Oct. 29, 1862. His body was brought to the home of Jeremiah Keefe, Christian Hill and from thence taken to Worcester for burial.

152 KELLY, PATRICK H. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-six, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, mustered out July 1, 1864. Was born at County Longford, Ireland, June 24, 1833. Occupation in later years running a stationary engine. Deceased June 30, 1903, buried at St. Mary's cemetery.

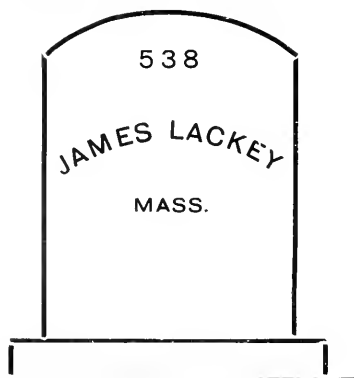
153 KNAPP, WM. H. Enlisted from Spencer as a private in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. and went to the front. The people of Spencer in the kindness of their hearts caused to be made and sent to each of her soldiers in the above regiment a pair each of the best oil grain boots that could be made. They were high, came up above the knees and were deeply prized by men who otherwise had nothing for foot wear but army shoes. This man Knapp, however, sold his pair of boots for twelve dollars and soon after **DESERTED** to the enemy, the first man in the regiment to commit so detestable a deed. He enlisted in a Louisiana regiment at Chain Bridge, was afterward seen in battle by a Spencer man and waved his hand in token of recognition.

154 KNIGHT, ROLLIN. Private 6th Battalion Light Artillery. Machinist, twenty-eight, single, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 13, 1864, mustered in Dec. 13, 1864, corporal May 8, 1865, sergeant June 20, 1865, mustered out Aug. 7, 1865, expiration of service.

155 KNOWLTON, HENRY A. Was born Sept. 15th, 1839, in Wordsborough, Vermont. He entered the service Aug. 29, 1862, as corporal in Co. F, 42d regiment, Mass. Vols., and was discharged therefrom at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, his term of service having expired. Now living at Spencer.

156 LACKEY, JAMES. Thirty-four years old when he enlisted in the 21st; was born in Ireland. His name is given in the record of Mass. Vols. as Larkey, from which it has been copied into the tablet in the Spencer Town Hall—a mistake. Lackey is the name by which he enlisted in Co. C, 21st Mass. and the same by which he re-enlisted after the East Tennessee campaign and by which he was known and called by his officers and fellow soldiers. He came home in the winter of 1863-4 on the regimental furlough after re-enlistment. A good soldier, present at all the battles and campaigns of his regiment, he had escaped without a scratch down to the Battle of the Wilderness, May

6, 1864, where he received a very bad wound in his knee of which he died at Arlington hospital June 4, 1864. He was buried in the National cemetery at Arlington and his grave with a headstone or marker, No. 538, is but a few steps from the "ord" gate. The stone, which is of marble, one foot high, ten inches wide and four inches thick, contains merely his name, number and state (regulation, form and size) company and regiment not given, but entered in a record book kept at the superintendent's office. Arlington was established as a National cemetery about the time of Lackey's death.—*Maj. W. T. Harlow.*



157 LADD, GEORGE P. Enlisted in 1861 as a private in the 1st regiment, Ohio Cav. Soon after enlistment was promoted to 1st lieutenant and adjutant. Was discharged in 1862 as 1st lieutenant at Corinth, Miss. Again enlisted from Sturbridge as sergeant in Co. E, 15th Mass. Vols., Oct. 24, 1862, mustered in Oct. 24, 1862, mustered out July 7, 1863, re-enlisted from Spencer as 1st lieutenant in 56th Mass. Vols., July 20, 1863, mustered in Sept. 1, 1863, discharged at his own request Jan. 29, 1864. Was appointed captain, acting as quartermaster May 18, 1864 and was mustered out Aug. 21, 1866. Since the war he has been a manufacturer of woolen goods for twenty-five years, was in the State Senate for 1888, declining a renomination. Was on school committee three years, 1881-4, appointed national commissioner to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, Ill., in 1893. While maintaining his home in Spencer he has been for the past years agent for the Standard Oil Co., with headquarters in New York City.

158 LADUE, ISRAEL. Private Co. K, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, twenty, married, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 12, 1864, mustered in March 1, 1864, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

159 LANE, JOHN. Private Co. G, 19th Mass. Vols. Boiler-maker, thirty-seven, married, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted Jan. 11, 1865, mustered in Jan. 11, 1865, mustered out June 30, 1865, expiration of service.

160 LAMB, ASAHEL. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., thirty, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864, expiration of service Nov. 30, 1865, deceased Oct. 17, 1896, buried in Old (Cunningham) cemetery.

161 LAMB, CHARLES. Private Co. G, unattached heavy artillery. Bootmaker, thirty-seven, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 10, 1863, mustered in Oct. 20, 1863, mustered out Sept. 18, 1865. Deceased Dec. 21, 1880, buried in Old (Cunningham) cemetery.

162 LAMB, EDWARD A. Was born Oct. 16, 1843 and was a son of Austin Lamb, a prosperous farmer living in the extreme southwest part of Spencer. With his brother Asahel he enlisted as a private in Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., July 20, 1864. He died at Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 31, 1864 and his body was brought home for burial in the family lot at Old (Cunningham) cemetery.

163 LANGLEY, FRANCIS. Private Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 1, 1863, mustered in Dec. 26, 1863, Prisoner Oct. 24, 1864, discharged June 8, 1865.

164 LAPLANTE, FREDERICK. Private, Co. G, unattached heavy artillery. Carpenter, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 10, 1863, mustered in Oct. 20, 1863, mustered out Sept. 18, 1865 as corporal.

165 LAPPELLE, CASSIMERE. Private Co. C, 57th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-six, Spencer. Enlisted March 26, 1864, mustered in April 6, 1864, **DESERTED** Feb. 1, 1865.

166 LAVONTE, DAVID. Private Co. C, 57th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 2, 1864, mustered in Feb. 18, 1864, discharged June 23, 1865.

167 LAWRENCE, GEORGE F. Private, 6th battalion light artillery. Painter, thirty-three, married, Lowell, credited to Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 19, 1864, mustered in Dec. 19, 1864, corporal June 20, 1865, mustered out Aug. 7, 1865, expiration of service.

168 LIVERMORE, ALBERT. Private Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., twenty, Spencer. Mustered in July 20, 1864, mustered out expiration of service Nov. 30, 1864. [See full biography Vol. II, Page 125.]

169 LIVERMORE, LORENZO DAVID. Was born at South Royalston, Mass., Dec. 5, 1835; enlisted June 21, 1861, wounded May 31, 1862, in shoulder, at battle of Fair Oaks, and discharged on surgeon's certificate Oct. 27, 1862; drafted and sent to Co. I, 12th regiment, July 14, 1863; wounded in hand at Battle of Wilderness; transferred June 25, 1864, to 39th regiment, Co. A, transferred June 2, 1865, to thirty-second regiment, and discharged June 29, 1865 at expiration of service, after having served in four Massachusetts regiments. Deceased at Leicester Sept. 22, 1885, buried in Old cemetery.



REV. ALBERT LIVERMORE

170 LIVERMORE, WALTON. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Boot click, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865. Walton Livermore was born on July 28, 1811, in Spencer, entered the service at Spencer, Mass., as a private in Co. E, 34th regiment Mass. Vols. Inf., July 19, 1862 and was discharged at Richmond, Va., June 16, 1865, by reason of the close of the war. May 23, 1865, he was promoted to private and mounted orderly to 1st Brigade 2d Division 24 A. C. The first battle in which he engaged was Berryville, Va., Hatcher's Run, March 30-31 and

April 1st. Subsequently he participated in Battles of Fort Gregg, High Bridge and the surrender of Lee at Lynchburg, Appomattox Court House. For a time he was compelled to enter the hospitals at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, Va. He considers the surrender of Lee at Appomattox to have been the most important event occurring in his service.

171 LOVE, JOHN. Private Co. C, 57th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, thirty-five, married, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 3, 1864, mustered in Feb. 18, 1864, discharged for disability May 24, 1865, living at Spencer.

172 LOVETT, MURRAY B. Shoemaker, was born at Pelham and was twenty-two years old at time of enlistment, May 31, 1861, as a private in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. He died in



MURRAY B. LOVETT

hospital at Fair Oaks, Va., June 4, 1862. Soldier Lovett is a much claimed soldier. The town of Amherst on a marble tablet in her town hall has his name inscribed thereon as yielding up his life in behalf of that town. The history of Pelham also claims him as her own, presumably because he was born there, but it is certain he had lived in Spencer for a year or more prior to his enlistment and that he enlisted at Spencer and for Spencer. It is also true that the official notice of his death was sent to this town

only. His widowed mother was at that time living at Pelham. Between her and her son the strongest of human affections had existed and at the final parting before he went to the front it is said both of them broke completely down with deep emotion and Murray almost repented of his enlistment. As soon as word came to Spencer of his death his former shopmates at Isaac Prouty factory decided that his mother should be informed at once. They raised a purse of money and arranged that Otis M. Hale, now living at Brookfield, should be the bearer of the message. Mr. Hale went by team on this painful errand and finding Mrs. Lovett spoke of his acquaintance with Murray, of his enlistment, his service, his sickness, and finally his death. This information was a great shock to the affectionate mother. She threw up her hands in despair and cried: "What shall I do? What shall I do? Murray was almost my only stay and support and such a devoted boy to my welfare. O! Lord help me to bear this great affliction." Thus did war break heart strings not alone in Pelham but in every town and hamlet in all this broad land. Time, it is said, heals all wounds and so Mrs. Lovett, not utterly cast down, lived on and on until she reached the ripe age of ninety-two years. She died Nov. 23, 1901, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. O. Cook, Tipton, Iowa.

173 LUCHAY, ABRAHAM. Was born at Leicester April 25, 1815, wire drawer. He enlisted as a private in Co. C, 57th Mass. Vols., April 6, 1864, missing May 6, 1864 and supposed to have been killed in the Battle of the Wilderness.

174 LUTHER, DENZEL, C. Corporal Co. F, 60th Mass. Vols., twenty-one, Spencer; mustered in July 20, 1864, expiration of service Nov. 30, 1865. Expert mechanic at Fore River ship yards, Weymouth.

175 LUTHER, WALDO HENRY. Was born at Spencer, Oct. 27, 1842, enlisted June 14, 1861, as a private in Co. H, 10th regiment Mass. Vols. He was wounded by a rifle ball in the thigh at the Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862 and was discharged Oct. 30, 1862. He re-enlisted as corporal in Co. A, 2d heavy artillery July 28, 1863. After serving fourteen months in the artillery he died of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 23, 1864 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery. The place where he was wounded was on a tract of oak timber land where the trees had simply been felled and as troops of the contending armies were near at hand on either side he had to exercise no little skill in getting to the rear. He crawled a long way on his hands and knees, creeping under the trees, screened largely by branches and leaves. When he got to a place where he could stand he found he could do so but could not walk as he was unable to lift one of

his feet. He then cut a crotched stick and putting one end in a bootstrap lifted his foot by hand power. Later he connected a handle and cord with his now improvised shoe, having cut the boot leg off and the cut in this volume shows the shoe as it now appears on a shelf in Spencer Public Museum. After he got in shape to walk he made his way to Harrison's Landing, reached there in time to get a United States transport to Boston where he



WALDO H. LUTHER

landed without having had time to report. On the company's books he was put down as severely wounded and missing. Soldier Luther was a wonderfully good, natural, free hand draughtsman. He was often sent to make sketches of the enemy's country and works and as the troops later advanced they found his sketching to be remarkably truthful to fact. As a soldier he was certainly out of line for the most distinguished endeavor and it was unfortunate that some prominent man in the government's employ was not made conversant with his ability and had him assigned to more congenial duty and a situation where he might have won distinction as others did in the same field of effort.

176 LYNDE, JOHN MARTIN. Was born Nov. 2, 1844, in Spencer. He entered the service July 31, 1862, as a private in Co. E, 34th Regt. Mass. Vols. and was discharged as corporal May 31, 1865, by order of the War Department. He died March 21, 1884, and was buried in Pine Grove cemetery.



LUTHER'S SHOE

177 LYON, CHARLES FRANCIS. Was born April 26, 1843, in Spencer. He entered the service at Spencer, Aug. 18,

1862, as a private in Co. F, 42nd Regt. Mass. Inf. and was discharged Aug. 20, 1863, his term of service then expiring. His most intimate associates in service were Chas. A. Boyden and Chas. H. Allen. He died May 28, 1901, and was buried in the old cemetery.

178 LYON, HENRY P. Was born in Spencer. Private, Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Shoemaker, twenty-six, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged for disability Oct. 28, 1861. Died at Worcester.



GEO. P. LADD



DWIGHT E. MONROE

179 LYON, JOHN BREWER. Was born April 20, 1813, in Spencer. He entered the service at Spencer, Mass., Aug. 18, 1863, as a private in Co. F, 42nd Regt. Mass. Vols. and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 24, 1864, his term of enlistment having expired. He states that his most intimate comrades in the service were Chas. H. Allen, Geo. Mann, Chas. Sanderson and Geo. Stone. Living at Spencer.

180 LYONS, THOMAS. Private, Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged Nov. 9, 1862, re-enlisted in Battery G, U. S. Artillery.

181 MAGUIRE, WILLIAM D. Private, Co. G, 2nd Cav. Seaman, twenty-four, Baltimore, Md., credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 6, 1864, mustered in June 6, 1864, corporal March 1, 1865, mustered out July 20, 1865, by reason of expiration of term of service.

182 MALONEY, MARTIN. Private, Co. C, 4th Mass. Cav. Blacksmith, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec.

4th, 1863, mustered in as a corporal Jan. 6, 1864, blacksmith Feb. 1, 1864, sergeant June 12, 1865, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

183 MARCELL, ANDREW. Private, Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Blacksmith, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, mustered out July 1, 1864.

184 MARCELL, MOSES. Private, Co. K, 4th Mass. Cav. Bootmaker, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 10, 1864, mustered in March 1, 1864, **DÉSERTED** Aug. 12, 1865.

185 MARKHAM, WILLIAM. Private, Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, corporal May 1, 1863, prisoner May 12, 1864, mustered out July 1, 1864.

186 MARSH, HIRAM. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, forty-two, married, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability July 27, 1862.

187 MARSH, JOHN H. Private, Co. I, 24th Mass. Vols. Sawyer, twenty, single Spencer. Enlisted Sept. 23, 1861, mustered in Sept. 23, 1861, discharged disabled June 29, 1863. Married after his return from the war; he died March 2, 1865, and was buried in Pine Grove cemetery. His widow married Chas. A. Hunter and now resides at Ashland.

188 MASON, WILLIAM W. Was born Dec. 16, 1823, in Leeds, County of Yorkshire, England. He entered the service at Springfield, Mass., June 21, 1861, as a private in the 10th regiment, Mass. Vols., and was discharged July 6, 1864, at Springfield, his term of service having expired. Being particularly fitted for the work he served most of his time in the hospital department. The first battle in which he served was "Seven Pines" May 31, 1862 and he served in practically all of the battles that the 10th regiment took part in during his term of service. His most intimate comrades were Joel Kendrick, Springfield, Mass.; Anson I. Collier, Spencer, Mass.; Samuel Williams, Providence, R. I. and the Hospital Steward, John Warner of Hatfield, Mass. This record was edited by his widow, after his death which occurred June 7, 1883, continuing which she says: "After the battle of Gettysburg he remained on the field caring for the sick and wounded, and he would tell some soul-harrowing narratives of wounded men, both Union and Rebels, and of the terrible stench from the bodies of the dead horses which were finally drawn together and burned. After a few weeks at the hospital he removed to South Street hospital, Philadelphia, where he remained most of the fall and winter as hospital nurse. He died June 7, 1883. His wife was hired by the government and helped

in the hospital as assistant nurse for which position she was eminently fitted.

189 MAXWELL, JOHN. Was born Dec. 4th, 1825 in Ireland. He entered the service July 14, 1863 at Spencer, Mass., as a private in Co. I, 12th regiment, Mass. Inf., and was discharged June 17, 1865 on account of the war having closed. On June 25, 1864, he was transferred to Co. A, 39th regiment Mass. and June 2, 1865 to Co. A 37th Mass. regiment. He died May 8, 1896 and was buried at St. Mary's cemetery.

190 MAYO, GEORGE. Was born April 22, 1841, in Canada. He entered the service Feb. 12, 1864 as a private in Co. K, 4th regiment Mass. Cav. and was discharged Aug. 12, 1865.

191 McCLUSKY, PETER. Private 25th Mass. Vols. Farmer, twenty one, single, Philadelphia, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 13, 1864, mustered in June 13, 1864, dropped April 29, 1865.

192 McCLUSKY, THOMAS. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-nine, single, Spencer; enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, **DESERTED** Sept 17, 1861.

193 MEAD, JOSEPH. Twenty-six years old when he enlisted in Co. C, 21st Mass.; was of Irish descent though he is believed to have been born in the United States. He was a well formed, good looking young man of very erect and soldierly bearing, exceptionally well drilled, cool and brave in battle. More than once he is said to have been picked out by general officers as a model soldier. He was present and took part in all the earlier battles of the 21st in North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, also in the East Tennessee campaign and also in the summer campaign of 1864 in Virginia. He re-enlisted Jan 1, 1864 and came home on the regimental furlough. At the battle of the Mine July 30, 1864, he was taken prisoner and sent to the rebel prison at Danville, where he died Jan. 15, 1865. With the remnant of the 21st he was transferred Oct. 21, 1864, to the rolls of the 36th though he was at the time a prisoner. He was probably present in more battles than any other Spencer soldier who lost his life in the service. It is unknown whether he was wounded or not when he was taken prisoner but he was not the kind of soldier to have been easily taken so long as he was able to fight.—*Maj. Wm. T. Harlow*

194 METCALF, JOSEPH. Private Co. I, 21st Mass. Vols., woodcutter; thirty-five, married, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 19, 1861, mustered in Aug. 19, 1861, discharged for disability Nov. 30, 1862.

195 MIDGELEY, LIEUT. ALFRED W. Was born June 27, 1837, at Hooley Bridge, Heywood, England. He enlisted

June 14, 1861, as corporal in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. Promoted to 2d lieutenant Jan. 25, 1863 and May 12, 1864, died of wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness May 7, while doing service on the skirmish line. After his death became known in Spencer, Luther Hill and other public-spirited citizens raised a hundred dollars for an oil portrait of Lieut. Midgeley. It is not known when this painting was made or went to Boston but it now hangs in Grand Army Hall, Spencer. For several years this picture was lost by an unusual combination of circumstances and it was only by accident seemingly that it was found and restor-



LIEUT. ALFRED W. MIDGELEY

ed to Post 37. A few years after the war closed a German adventurer by the name of Count Schwab appeared in Boston as a painter of war portraits in oil and made quite a success of the undertaking. Besides this he became acquainted with many of the leading citizens of the Commonwealth and had made a good impression as to character and ability. He then conceived the idea of a temporary picture gallery to be opened by himself in Boston containing if possible all the oil paintings extant of soldiers of the Civil war from New England. He proposed to secure them by loan and get pay for his time and services from admitt-

ances. He succeeded in carrying out his plan and the Midgley portrait went in with the rest. After taking in all the door money he could the Count mortgaged the pictures, got his money, left for parts unknown, and never has been heard from. The mortgagee, naturally wishing to get his money back, sold the valuable picture frames and then without notifying the owners stored the pictures in the attic of Fanenil Hall where they remained for many years. Solomon K. Hindley, hearing that war pictures were stored there, made a search and finally found the portrait of Midgely. He paid whatever charge there was on it for storage, purchased a new frame and for a second time presented it to Grand Army Post 37. After a time the remaining portraits in Fanenil Hall were turned over to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. of Boston as custodians and they have yet quite a number on hand awaiting claimants. As there are no names on the pictures they are unable to tell to whom they belong. The body of Lieut. Midgeley was brought to Worcester for interment.

196 MILLER, ROBERT. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-seven, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Mustered in Aug. 23, 1861. Transferred to Co. I, 36th Mass. Vols. Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864. Mustered in Jan. 2, 1864. Transferred to Co. C, 56th Mass. Vols. June 8, 1865. Mustered out as Corporal July 12, 1865.

197 MONROE, DAVID B. Was born June 29, 1840, in Spencer. Entered the service at Worcester, Mass., Aug. 18, 1862 as a private in Co. F, 42nd Regt. Mass. Vols. and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service. His most intimate comrades in the service were Chas. A. Boyden, Daniel A. Ball, John B. Lyon, Henry A. Knowlton, Chas. H. Allen and Geo. M. Monroe. Living at Spencer.

198 MONROE, GEORGE M. Was born May 18, 1833, in Spencer. Entered the service at Worcester, Sept. 1, 1862, as a private in Co. F, 42nd Regt. Mass. Vols. and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service. His most intimate associates in the service were Frank N. Prouty, Chas. H. Allen, Chas. F. Lyon and Henry A. Knowlton. He died Dec. 6, 1882, in Florida and was buried in Spencer. He was quite a distinguished composer of sacred music. Music written by him had for a good many years appeared in the annual standard works published in Boston, like the L. O. Emerson Co. and others. At the time of his death he had in view publishing a volume under his own signature.

199 MONROE, DWIGHT FOSTER. Was born in Spencer Nov. 12, 1837. Entered the service at Springfield, June 21, 1861, as a private in Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols. and was discharged at Annapolis, Md., Dec. 12, 1862, by reason of disability. His regiment participated in the battle of Williamsburg for a short time but did not get in line of battle until nearly dark and hostilities soon ceased. Next came the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862. Here he received a bullet wound in the hip and was the first man in the regiment to be wounded. He was taken to Annapolis, Md., and confined under a surgeon's care until Dec. 12, 1862, when he was discharged, the surgeon having failed to find the bullet. It was finally located and cut out by Dr. Eustice of Westboro. Mr. Monroe has lived most of the time, since the war, in Spencer, and has been in the employ of E. Jones & Co.

200 MOORE, DAVID M. Born in Cork, Ireland. Corporal Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Bootmaker, twenty-four, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, 2nd lieutenant Nov. 27, 1862 transferred to 37th Mass. Vols. June 20, 1864, discharged July 1, 1864. Quite a number of Mr. Moore's relatives were distinguished as officers and fighters in the English army.

201 MOORE, THOMAS. Private, Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, twenty, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, mustered out July 1, 1864.

202 MORSE, JOSEPH P. Private, Co. A, 34th Mass. Vols., shoemaker, thirty-nine, married, Worcester. Enlisted July 21, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865, died May 8, 1873, buried in old cemetery.

203 MORSE, NORRIS. Private, Co. C, 34th Mass. Vols., shoemaker, forty-two, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 31, 1862, mustered in Aug. 2, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865, died Sept. 6, 1868, buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

204 MURPHY, PATRICK G. Private, Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav., bootmaker, twenty-seven, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 22, 1863, mustered in Jan. 6, 1864, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

205 MURPHY, THOMAS. Private, Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols., cigarmaker, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861; wounded May 31, 1862 at Fair Oaks, Va., mustered out July 1, 1864.

206 NASON, GEORGE W. Private, Co. C, 2nd Heavy Art., hostler, nineteen, single, So. Danvers, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 6, 1861, mustered in June 6, 1864, died Apr. 15, 1865, Newbern, N. C.

207 NICHOLS, WILBUR. Private, Co. G, 10th Mass. Vols., farmer, twenty-seven, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged for disability Dec. 22, 1862.

208 NEWHALL, CHARLES L. A Spencer man by birth, enlisted in the U. S. Navy at Portsmouth, N. H., Apr. 29, 1861 and was discharged Apr. 28, 1864. Re-enlisted and credited to Spencer Aug. 5, 1864 and was discharged June 13, 1867 at Pensacola, Florida. Served as admiral's printer. Now living at Southbridge. In point of time the last Spencer man to be discharged.

209 PAINE, SETH H. Thirty-five, Spencer. V. R. Corps, mustered in July 22, 1864.

210 PAGE, HAMMOND W. Corporal, Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865.

211 PARKER, WILLIAM A. Private, Co. E, 42d Mass. Vols., twenty, Spencer. Mustered in July 22, 1864, mustered out Nov. 11, 1864.

212 PEACOCK, ADAM. Private, Co. K, 15th Mass. Vols., ironmonger, thirty-nine, married, Slatersville, R. I. Enlisted July 1, 1861, mustered in July 12, 1861, wounded Oct. 11, 1863. Transferred to Co. G, 20th Mass. Vols., re-enlisted Feb. 12, 1864, credited to Spencer, mustered out July 16, 1865.

213 PORTER, PETER. Private, Co. I, 50th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, twenty-two, single, Spencer. Enlisted Sept. 16, 1862, mustered in Oct. 14, 1862, mustered out Aug. 21, 1863, re-enlisted in Co. G, 4th Mass. Cav. Dec. 21, 1863, mustered in Jan. 27, 1864, farrier June 1, 1865, mustered out Nov. 11, 1865.

214 POWERS, LYMAN ALONZO. Was born April 23, 1832, in Rutland. He entered the service at Spencer, Mass., Sept. 20, 1862, as 2nd Lieut. in Co. F, 42nd regiment Mass. Vols. Infantry and was discharged at Readville, Mass., Sept. 20, 1863. He served in the defence of New Orleans and was not with Co. F (who were at Lake Pontchartrain) but was in charge of three companies of paroled prisoners Co's G, I, and D, 42nd regiment, whose officers were prisoners in Texas. Further and more complete particulars will be found in the History of the 42nd Regiment of Mass. Infantry. His most intimate comrades were Capt. J. D. Cogswell, Lieut. T. M. Duncan and 1st Sergeant Joseph A. Titus; died at Warren.

215 POWERS, LAWSON S. Private, Co. H, 10th Mass. Vols., shoemaker, twenty-nine, musician, married, Spencer

Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, wounded May 31, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va., mustered out July 1, 1864, died May 12, 1872, buried at Pine Grove cemetery. Widow resides at Spencer.

216 PROCTOR, JOSIAH J. Was born March 5th, 1836, in Warwick, entered the service July 10, 1863 at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, Mass., as a private in the 11th Mass. Hy. Art. and was discharged Sept. 18, 1865, as Sergeant at Fort Sumner, Maryland, by reason of muster out of regiment per S. O. No. 220 Dept. Washington A. G. O. He was first promoted to Corporal Dec. 12, 1863 and again promoted Aug. 1, 1865, to sergeant, which rank he held when finally discharged by reason of the close of the war, living at Spencer.



MERRICK F. PROUTY.
Co. C, 25th Reg. Mass. Vols.



JOSHUA B. PROUTY.
Co. C, 25th Reg. Mass. Vols.

217 PROUTY, HORACE E. Was born Aug. 15th, 1830, in Spencer. He entered the service June 21, 1861, as a Corporal in Co. K, 10th regiment Mass. Vols. and was discharged July 1, 1864, his term of service then expiring. He died Nov. 19, 1884 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

218 PROUTY, FRANCIS N. Private, Co. F, 42nd Mass. Vols. farmer, twenty seven, married, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 10, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863, died Jan. 5, 1883, buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

219 PROUTY, HENRY W. Private, Co. G, 42d Mass. Vols. 25, Spencer. Enlisted July 21, 1864. Mustered in July 21, 1864. Expiration of service Nov. 11, 1864.

220 PROUTY, JOSHUA B. Born April 13, 1842, in Spencer. He enlisted October 5, 1861, as corporal, Co. C, 25th Mass. Vols. Was discharged Oct. 20, 1864. He was detailed for duty in ordnance department, Dec. 10, 1862. He was in the battles of Roanoke and Newbern, N. C. After his discharge he went to Fort Wayne, Ind., as bookkeeper for Abbott & Shoaf, wholesale dry goods dealers. He afterwards went to Cincinnati, Ohio, to superintend the manufacture of metallic burial cases, living there the rest of his life. He died while on a visit to his native town August 20, 1876, and was buried in the old cemetery.

221 PROUTY, LUCIUS M. Was born June 17, 1832, in North Brookfield. He entered the service June 21, 1861, as a private in Co. K, 10th Regt. Mass. Vols., and was discharged Nov. 24, 1862, for disability. He was promoted in service to corporal and participated in the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. He died Feb. 27, 1885.

222 PROUTY, MERRICK F. Was born in Spencer, March 27, 1829, enlisted Oct. 12, 1861, and was commissioned second lieutenant in Co. C., 25th Regt. Mass. Vols., which he helped to recruit. He went with the regiment to Annapolis, Md., and was there in camp until it formed a portion of Foster's brigade of Burnside's command, and was with the regiment at the capture of Roanoke Island. Was detailed by order of Gen. Burnside to assist First Lieut. D. W. Flagler, ordnance officer on Burnside's staff, in care of captured ordnance stores. He then joined his regiment again and was with it in the fight and capture of Newbern, N. C. Was soon afterward detailed to take command of the 8-inch mortar battery that was used in the reduction of Fort Macon, N. C., the attacking force being Captain Morris, First U. S. Artillery, with four 20-pound Parrott rifle guns; First Lieut. D. W. Flagler, (now Brigadier General and Chief of Ordnance Corps, U. S. A.) four 10-inch mortars; and Second Lieut. M. F. Prouty, 25th Regt. Mass. Infantry Vols., with four 8-inch mortars; with some assistance from the blockading fleet. The following from the correspondence of the N. Y. Herald, May 4, 1862, shows somewhat the part taken by Lieut. Prouty: "During the forenoon the 8-inch mortar battery of Lieut. Prouty bore off the palm for marksmanship. Its shells fell with regularity and precision into the fort, and at each explosion the red dirt and sand of the glacis slopes and parapets were dashed in a cloud many feet into the air, at times completely obscuring the flagstaff." From the Boston Journal, May 6, 1862, we quote: "The experience of Lieut. Prouty in artillery practice was very limited before he undertook

the erection and command of this battery, but his conduct in the bombardment soon elicited the warm praise of those who witnessed the effect of the shells from this battery." From the New York Tribune of May 5, 1862, we quote: "Lieut. Prouty, whether because he was a little nearer the fort, or his position a little to one side enabled him to see the effect of his shells better, got the range early in the day, and made excellent practice throughout;"—again—"over half the shells from the three batteries, 1100 in number, showed their marks inside and in the fort, which proves the extreme accuracy of their practice;"—again—"the band of dejected men moved toward the Eliason house, which stands about half way from the Prouty Battery to



LYMAN A. POWERS,
Co. F, 2nd Reg. Mass. Vols.



LAWSON S. POWERS,
Co. H, 10th Reg. Mass. Vols.

the fort. Captain Pell went out to meet them accompanied by Lieut. Hill of Gen. Parke's staff and Lieut. Prouty, all three begrimed with dust and powder smoke." After the capture of Fort Macon, Lieut. Prouty received the thanks of Brigadier General Parke commanding supporting brigade, of Brig. General Foster, commanding first brigade of Burnside's command and of Major General Burnside, commanding department of North Carolina. Was then detailed as assistant ordnance officer of Burnside's command, and when Major General John G. Foster succeeded Burnside, was detailed as ordnance officer of the department of North Carolina. Under the direction of General Foster, he made requisition on the ordnance department for all the siege trains to be used in the attempt to retake Fort Sumter, and capture Charleston, and was to have had the immediate command of the four 200 pound Parrott rifle guns when placed

in position. He sailed with General Foster and the fleet with army and siege material from Beaufort, N. C. for Hilton Head, S. C., from which harbor the attempt on Sumter was to be made, when the misunderstanding between Major General Hunter in command of the department of South Carolina and Georgia occurred as to which should command the attacking force, and General Foster returned to North Carolina. Lieut. Prouty returned with him and continued on his staff as ordnance officer. He built at Newbern a large ordnance warehouse, with repair shops in it and an ordnance yard with sheds for guns and material. He made requisition on the ordnance department at Washington and obtained the field guns, caissons and supplies to arm and equip the twelve batteries of the Third Regiment N. Y. Light Artillery, General Barry in command; also armed and equipped the Third N. Y. Cavalry and numerous other regiments from the northern states who came to North Carolina unarmed; also supplied the several regiments of colored troops raised in North Carolina. Continuing on the staff of Major Gen. Parke who succeeded General Foster, he was ordered from Washington to go to Fortress Monroe and report to Captain Edson, ordnance officer. In the meantime he received from Governor Andrew of Massachusetts his commission as first lieutenant and was assigned to Co I, 25th Mass. Vols. He was sent by Captain Edson with a steamer load of siege guns to City Point, James river to report to General Butler and by him was assigned as ordnance officer, 18th army corps, General E. O. C. Ord, commanding. He took part in the assault on the rebel line on the right bank of the James river about Richmond, which resulted in failure to reach Richmond, but in the capture of Fort Sherman, a part of the line permanently held. Gen. Ord was wounded, and succeeded by Major General Godfrey Weitzel, on whose staff he remained a short time, then by order reported to Captain Mordecai, Ordnance Corps, U. S. A., on the staff of General Butler. He was placed on duty, bringing from the river and mounting large guns on the lines fronting Petersburg, and was also sent with some batteries up the York river to meet the army of Grant. He was at the battle of Cold Harbor, but not actively engaged, as he could not obtain artillerymen to operate the batteries. He continued on duty at the front before Petersburg until after Grant's junction with Butler's command. He was mustered out on expiration of service in October, 1864. Promotion to Captain and Major, to which he was justly entitled and should have received, was withheld, because the Colonel of the 25th Mass. regiment would not recommend one whose duties were performed away from the

regiment. His duties, intelligently and bravely performed, were more responsible and arduous than any he would have had by remaining with the regiment, and he was the subject of an injustice regretted alike by his comrades and fellow-townsmen. They are justly proud of him and his record. After three years service in the army he obtained a clerkship in the ordnance department in Washington, D. C. After a year more or less in Washington, he went to Missouri, connecting himself with the commission house of Gore, Wilson & Co., of St. Louis. Not long after the firm moved to Chicago, doing business under the firm name of George P. Gore & Co. He remained with them thirty years. He died while in Spencer on a visit August 15, 1898, and was buried in the old cemetery.

223 PROUTY, ORVILLE W. Private Co. E 34th Mass. Vols. Bootlick eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862. Mustered in July 31, 1862. Mustered out June 16, 1865. After the war he attended school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Then worked at several places in Massachusetts and Vermont on



HENRY L. DENNIS,
Navy



HENRY M. JONES,
Co. F, 10th Reg. Mass. Vols.

woodwork, mostly sawmill, chair stock and carriage wheels. Settling for good at North Hadley in 1871, engaged in making carriage wheels. At the present time he holds the following offices, which, as he writes, "gives him about all the work he can do." Assessor town of Hadley; assistant superintendent, secretary, treasurer and librarian North Hadley Sunday school; clerk of the church at North Hadley; corporator, trustee, first vice-president, member of committee of investment and an auditor of the Nonotuck Savings Bank of Northampton; Com-

mander Post No. 147, G. A. R.; county commissioner; member of the Mount Tom State Reservation Commission; director Hadley Gas Company; Librarian North Hadley branch of the Hadley Free Public Library; trustee of the Hadley Free Public Library; tree warden of Hadley and Justice of the Peace. On June 14, 1871, was married to Martha A Hurd of North Hadley, who died October 23, 1900

224 RASSETT, HENRY. Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols. Mechanic. twenty-three, single. Spencer Enlisted August 18, 1862, mustered in September 30 1862, mustered out August 20, 1863.

225 REED, CHARLES. Private Co. D, 54th Mass Vols. (Recruit) Farmer. twenty-one, married Barre, credited to Spencer Enlisted December 1, 1863, mustered in December 1, 1863, mustered out August 20, 1865

226 REED, JOSEPH W. Private. (recruit) Co. D, 54th Mass. Vols., twenty-three, single, Plymouth, N. H., credited to Spencer. Enlisted Dec 3, 1863 mustered in Dec. 3, 1863, **DÉSERTED** at Charleston, S. C. Mar. 1865, arrested June 1865 and awaiting sentence.

227 RENO, JOHN B. Private, Co. G, 25th Mass. Vols., bootmaker. forty-two, married, Spencer. Enlisted Oct. 14, 1861, mustered in Oct. 14, 1861, discharged for wounds Aug. 14, 1862. Died Apr. 10 1882 after a life of great suffering from bullet wounds through lung and buried at St. Mary's cemetery.

228 RENO, NELSON. Son of John B. Reno, was born in Canada, Dec. 28, 1845 and enlisted Dec. 26, 1863, as a private in Co. A, 4th Mass. Cav. He was on duty in the South with seventy-seven others, was engaged in taking 400 head of cattle from Millidgeville, Ga., to Jacksonville, Fla. When within twenty-two miles of their destination they were attacked by a rebel force with about four times their number of men. It became necessary for our troops to have a rail fence removed from their line of march and Michael Griffin now living in Spencer and who had charge of our men did this at great risk of his life and against the wishes of his troop, who every moment expected to see him killed. He escaped, however, the rapid fire of the enemy, unharmed. Reno was on his horse when a bullet struck his hip and entered the groin. The wound was such that the blood could not be stayed by appliances at hand nor could Reno maintain himself in the saddle. It was a desperate situation for our men with the rebels pressing hard on them in their rear and between the duties of caring for themselves and the cattle there

was not much time to dress wounds. The situation in regard to young Reno was this. Either to leave him behind to die, fall into the hands of the rebels or else strap him to his horse and take him along. The latter course was decided upon. The troops reached Jacksonville with their cattle in safety but poor Reno faint with the loss of blood and weak from pain and the hard ride of twenty-two miles was in an extremely exhausted condition. He was taken to the hospital, where he died the next afternoon, Sept. 5, 1864, and was buried nearby. He was a good soldier, bright and quick and able to speak English but a very little.

229 RILEY, MICHAEL. Private Co. G, 4th Cav., bootmaker, thirty-five, Spencer. Enlisted Jan. 4, 1864, mustered in Jan. 27, 1864, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865, expiration of service.

230 ROBINSON, JOHN R. Private 3d Batt. Lt. Art., seaman, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 17, 1864, mustered in June 17, 1864, transferred to 5th Batt. Aug. 12, 1864, as James R., mustered out June 12, 1865, expiration of service.

231 ROLLINS, STEPHEN H. Private Co. H, 57th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 14, 1863, mustered in Jan. 11, 1864, discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability Sept. 12, 1864.

232 ROWELL, DANIEL M. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., mechanic, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, re-enlisted Dec. 21, 1863, credited to Westfield, transferred to 37th Mass. Vols. June 20, 1864, corporal Sept. 6, 1864, transferred to Co. C, 20th Mass. Vols., musician June 21, 1865, discharged July 28, 1865.

233 RUSSUM, ALEXANDER. Private, twenty-three, 5th Art., mustered in Dec. 27, 1864, colored troops.

234 RYAN, BARNARD. Unassigned recruit, private, twenty-four, Worcester, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 7, 1864, mustered in June 7, 1864. Never joined regiment.

235 RYAN, PHILIP. Unassigned recruit, private, twenty, single, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 7, 1864, mustered in June 7, 1864. Never joined regiment.

236 SARGENT, CHARLES. Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., farmer, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered Sept. 30, 1862, mustered Aug. 20, 1863. Lives at Shirley.

237 SARGENT, SAMUEL D. Was born at Durham, Canada East, and came to Spencer about 1840. He was a boot-maker and worked industriously at his trade up to the time he enlisted in Co. C, 21st regiment. He is down on the company rolls as forty-one years old. When he went to the war, he left at home a wife and five children, his oldest son, Theodore, aged twenty years, having enlisted and gone to the war himself in the 10th regiment. He was killed at Roanoke Island in the final charge made by the 21st on the rebel fort there and buried on the island near where he fell with Corporal Henry, who also fell in the same charge. Sargent was a very faithful and reliable soldier, very obedient and respectful to his officers and much attached to his company and regiment. But a deep settled melancholy seemed to continually rest upon him and he had a presentiment quite frequently expressed to his companions, that he should be killed in the first battle that he should take part in, as he was. Sargent and Henry were the first Spencer men to give their lives for their country and the announcement of their deaths in Spencer startled the people of the town into realization of the seriousness of the mission on which had gone forth their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons. — *Maj. W. T. Harlow*

Samuel D. Sargent married Lucinda M. Tucker of Spencer about 1849 and made Spencer his home. His wedding trip was overland by team to Canada and return. He was the father of five children, Theodore, Charles, Ann Jane, Sarah Emeline and Mary Ida. His usual occupation in later years was that of a sole leather cutter, but during this time he acquired the gold fever and spent some years mining in California. He returned home in 1857. He was the first Spencer man to be killed in battle during the Civil War, the bullet which did the deadly work striking an eye and thence passed onward through the brain. The transport Northerner freighted with soldiers, among them the subject of our sketch, reached dock at Roanoke Island about six o'clock on the morning of Feb. 7. On the trip Mr. Sargent wishing to smoke asked Matthew Webster, a fellow soldier, who died in Spencer April 26, 1904, to give him a match. They smoked and talked over about home and friends and what the immediate future held in store for them. Mr. Sargent said: "Matt I shall surely be killed in the first battle, and I want you to let my wife know I had certain foreknowledge of my death." Many times he had spoken to others about the presentiment but all the efforts of his comrades to disabuse his mind of the idea were unavailing. His repeated declaration came to pass and in a brief time after the engagement commenced he died the death of a soldier with his face toward the foe. He was buried in due

form near the earthworks of the fort, but where no one can now tell. [See portrait page 23.]

238 SARGENT, THEODORE. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., farmer, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, re-enlisted Dec. 21, 1863, credited to Westfield, transferred to Co. E, 37th Mass. Vols. June 20, 1864, wounded May 5, 1864, corporal Co. E, transferred to 20th Mass. Vols. June 21, 1865, private Co. E, mustered out July 16, 1865. [See portrait page 28]

239 SCANLON, PATRICK. Private Co. A, 4th Mass Cav., bootmaker, twenty-four, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 9, 1863, mustered in Dec. 26, 1863, made corporal Aug. 1, 1865, sergeant Nov. 1, 1865, mustered out Nov. 14, 1865.

240 SESSIONS, JAIRUS ALEXANDER. Son of Otis and Lucy Sessions and grandson of Col. Alexander Sessions of Brimfield, was born in that town March 26, 1836. He first enlisted for nine months in Co. C, 46th regiment Mass. Vols., Sept. 25, 1862, and he re-enlisted in July, 1863, in Co. I, 2nd Mass. Hy. Art. He was discharged for disability Aug. 29, 1863 and again re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864, in Co. A, same regiment. He died in hospital at Newbern, N. C., of typhoid fever, March 10, 1865. His body came East and was buried in the family lot at Brimfield. His sister, Sarah E., widow of the late Isaac C. Tyler, now (1903) resides at Westfield.

241 SHAW, GEORGE L. Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., mechanic, twenty-two, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

242 SHERMAN, ANTHONY. Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., mechanic, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, discharged for disability Nov. 26, 1862.

243 SHIELDS, JEREMIAH. Unassigned recruit, private, 25th Mass. Vols., laborer, twenty-seven, single, New York, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 15, 1864, mustered in June 15, 1864.

244 SIBLEY, HENRY H. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, nineteen, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865, settled in the West. Died at Otterbien, Ind., Feb. 2, 1885. Seventy-eight fellow workmen escorted body to station for removal to Spencer, where he was buried in the old cemetery.

245 SMITH, BARNA. Private Co. H, 1st Mass. Cav., laborer, forty-three, married, Spencer. Enlisted Sept. 28, 1861, mustered in Oct. 5, 1861, discharged Sept. 24, 1864.

246 SMITH, GEORGE H. Unassigned recruit, private, twenty-eight, Spencer, mustered in June 7, 1864, never joined regiment.

247 SNOW, HENRY B. Private Co. F, 10th Mass. Vols., miller, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted May 31, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged disabled, April 6, 1863.

248 STANLEY, EDWARD. Private Co. D, 25th Mass. Vols, machinist, twenty-one, single, New Jersey, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 15, 1864, mustered in June 15, 1864, mustered out July 13, 1865, expiration of service.

249 STEARNS, EUSTIS H. Private Co. F, 42d Mass. Vols., farmer, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 21, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863. Lives at Leicester.

250 STOCKWELL, DWIGHT. Private Co. D, 15th Mass. Vols., mechanic, twenty-three, single, Spencer. Enlisted Feb. 4, 1862, mustered in Feb. 4, 1862, wounded Sept. 17, 1862, transferred to V. R. C. and discharged from 19th Co., 2nd Batt., V. R. C. Feb. 4, 1865.

251 STONE, ARTHUR M. Arthur Marion Stone was born in Spencer Oct. 31, 1844, the son of Albert and Martha D. (Powers) Stone. He had the advantages of the public schools, including the high. His four years in the latter institution were spent before the era of formal graduation, but he left in due form after the customary examinations by the school dignitaries. All this happened in the Spring when the school year coincided with that of the town. The year was 1862 when the call for volunteers became loud and constant. The thirty-fourth regiment was in process of formation, recruits were pouring in at Camp Wool, Worcester, and a considerable portion of Captain William B. Bacon's Co. E was raised in Spencer. Among the boys who in July of that year signed their names to the enlistment roll was the seventeen years old lad, so recently freed from the schoolmaster's care. The young captain, two years later to fall at Newmarket, evidently knew the mettle of this Spencer schoolboy, since he speedily made him clerk and soon a corporal.

One of the accomplishments acquired in his school days by the newly enlisted lad was an ability to write legibly, not to say beautifully, which talent added to correct orthography speedily made him a marked man among his fellow soldiers, and officers

desiring to have their reports made in pleasing form were not slow to utilize his dextrous hand. Thus while he saw all of the service of the 34th while near Alexandria, participating in its drills and at the same time being clerk of the company, he was prevented seeing much of the subsequent hard work of the regiment, through a permanent detail in the Commissary Department. However, he was with E Co. up to and including the engagement at Ripon Oct. 18, 1863, where as a member of the color guard he was by the side of his Spencer fellow corporal, Gardner



A. M. STONE

Gage, who, bearing the State flag, was shot through the heart. Soon after being detailed for that purpose, he was attached to the Commissary staff at Harper's Ferry and for eighteen months he supervised the distribution of rations for the tens of thousands of men who looked to that post for subsistence, not perhaps an ideal life for a soldier but, as General Grant said of General Rufus Ingalls, he accomplished more for the cause than many a man

of equal rank did in the field. He obeyed orders and discharged his duties faithfully. Twice at least did he try to return to his company, but in each instance he was headed off by the department officers, in each case his retention paper bearing the signature of Major General W. S. Hancock. The estimate of him in Co. E is evident from the fact that during his long absence his corporal's place was undisturbed.

Later, when the Shenandoah Valley, under the drastic treatment of Sheridan, had become tranquil and the 34th was ordered to the siege of Petersburg, the hitherto Commissary officer became a Division staff attache, carrying his secretarial outfit upon his back, obliged to be where duty called him, sometimes under fire, as at Fort Gregg, where his coat sleeve was shot through by a bullet of the enemy. The letters and commendations in his possession, written by prominent officers in those far away days, are priceless heritages of rebellion scenes. In post bellum times he has been an ardent worker in all that pertains to the good of his old associates and the 34th veteran organization has no more devoted member than the Spencer corporal clerk and he is one of the few noncommissioned officers who have been its president.

When the war was over and the 34th had seen its three years service, the survivors came marching home and among the veterans there was no lighter heart than that of our Spencer soldier who yet had his twenty-first birthday before him. Fighting with gun and bayonet was over but there awaited him the battle of life, a conflict into which he was anxious to throw himself. The opportunity soon offered, for he had been at home only two weeks when entirely unsolicited, a position was offered him in the general store of Grout, Prouty & Co. Accepting the offer immediately, he discharged his duties so faithfully that in the December following, Captain Isaac Prouty recommended him for a place in the Leicester National Bank, succeeding there Mr. Edward F. Biscoe, now president of the Safe Deposit and Trust Co. of Worcester. Here he was clerk and teller and on the organization of the Savings Bank in 1869 he became its secretary. Holding these positions, at a compensation quite satisfactory to a country boy, in 1874 he was interviewed by Mr. E. A. Goodnow, president of the First National Bank of Worcester, who in some way had become cognizant of the Leicester bank man's capacity and worth. The salary offered was so much in excess of that then received that Mr. Stone could not in justice to himself decline the position so he became the cashier of the First National and remained as such till 1879, when still another opening and advancement appeared.

The boot and shoe manufacturing firm of D. G. Rawson &

Co. was one of the oldest and largest in Worcester, having been established in 1860. Here the erstwhile banker became the financial member of the firm, which included besides Mr. Rawson, Messrs. W. R. Fay and C. S. Goddard. In 1881 the interests of Mr. Rawson were bought out by the other firm members and the business continued under the well known name of Goddard, Fay & Stone. Their factory on Austin street was the largest of its kind in the city and one of the best appointed in the country, employing the year around nearly five hundred hands. On the retirement of Mr. Fay in 1889, the manufacturing was continued by Messrs. Goddard and Stone, having their Boston salesrooms at No. 103 Bedford Street. However, there were spurs still to be won, and in 1894 there came a call from his own native town where the manufacture of boots and shoes had long been its principal industry. Wherever footwear is used, there the name of Isaac Prouty & Co. of Spencer is known.

He was wanted as treasurer of the newly organized stock company and the call appearing to be one he should heed, Mr. Stone sold out his interest in the Worcester business and transferred his ripened experience to Spencer, giving to the new position the same indefatigable zeal and industry which have ever distinguished him. Nor was this situation fated to be his final one, since in 1901, Oct. 2nd, he accepted the place of second vice president, subsequently treasurer, of the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works of Worcester, where today he is giving all the care and vigor to the development of that great industry that were characteristic of him thirty years ago. The Crompton & Knowles Loom Works are the largest of their kind in the world, the second largest industry in Worcester and the very greatest maintained entirely by Worcester capital. Unconsciously for all these years, Mr. Stone has been as thorough an exponent of the strenuous life as even President Theodore Roosevelt himself could wish and the nearing of a sixtieth birthday seems in no way to lessen his activity and nerve. In these two and a half years with the loom works he has superintended the building of a great factory in Philadelphia where a considerable part of the company's work is now done.

In all these years, Mr. Stone has not been an automatic business machine merely, for he has found time to prove himself a valuable member of the community in many ways. Having married in 1869 Miss Mary L. Dunton of Spencer, he early established his own hearthstone and about it he has seen three daughters play. The eldest, Mabel J., a graduate of the Worcester classical high school and of Wellesley College, was in 1892 called to the higher life. Ruth W., also of the same school and

college, is now Mrs. F. W. Howe of Providence, while Miss Gertrude D., like her sisters, is a graduate of the classical high, and having spent two years at Smith College, is at home. His religious affiliations are with the Orthodox Congregational body and for many years he has been a prominent member of Piedmont church. On the formation of the Congregational Club of Worcester he became a factor therein, a vice president in 1889 and its president for the years 1890-1892. The Young Men's Christian Association of Worcester has long had his support and sympathy and in 1875-1877 he was its treasurer. In these days few men of merit can honorably shirk their political responsibility and Mr. Stone has been no exception for in 1884 and 1885 he represented Ward Six in the Common Council, being the president of that body during his second year, nor need his political life have ended here had he been willing to continue therein. In one of the successful no license campaigns, waged by the law and order loving people of Worcester, he proved himself such an efficient leader that there went up a loud cry for him to become, in 1885, republican candidate for Mayor, but the demand of his business preventing, he chose rather to play the part of Warwick and perhaps to him more than to any other one man, Worcester owes the nomination and election of Samuel Winslow, who gave to Worcester one of the longest and most successful administrations in its history.

In the reorganization of Worcester's Board of Trade in 1891 Mr. Stone had a part, was the first vice president for three years succeeding to the presidency in 1894 and remaining in that position till 1897. His interest in this institution continues unabated to date.

When Mr. Stone is really and truly at home he may be found at the corner of Main and May streets in Worcester, where having erected a beautiful and commodious mansion, he moved into the same in 1891 and there dispenses hospitality on the same scale which has ever characterized all his business dealings.

If one were to summarize the character of Arthur M. Stone, it would be to the effect that to the sterling, reliable qualities of a New England man have been added all the enthusiasm and go of the most thorough-going westerner. With him, working hours begin when there is work to be done, and they end when the task is accomplished. Such traits, recognized by those in search of energetic men, have rendered it wholly unnecessary for him to seek lucrative occupation. His business opportunities have come unsought and he never changed places except to better himself and others. Native ability, joined to the environment of his native town, gave him an excellent start and his

subsequent career has been such as to reflect credit upon his forbears and the old town of Spencer.—*Hon. Alfred S. Roe.*

252 STONE, DAVID. Private Co. C, 3d Mass. Cav., bootmaker, thirty-one, married, Spencer. Enlisted Dec. 4, 1863, mustered in Dec. 4, 1863, mustered out Sept. 28, 1865.

253 STRATTON, SAMUEL W. Private Co. F, 10th Mass. Vols., mechanic, nineteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted June 21, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, mustered out July 1, 1861.

254 SULLIVAN, RICHARD. Private Co. G, 19th Mass. Vols., laborer, eighteen, single, Boston, credited to Spencer. Enlisted Jan. 10, 1865, mustered in Jan. 10, 1865, discharged July 19, 1865.

255 TAYLOR, CHARLES M. Private Co. C, 2d Hy. Art., recruit, milkman, twenty-one, single, Waltham, credited to Spencer. Enlisted June 9, 1864, mustered in June 9, 1864, discharged July 3, 1865, G. O. No. 37, War Department.

256 THOMPSON, WILLIAM. Unassigned recruit, private, twenty-four, Spencer. Mustered in June 6, 1864, never joined regiment.

257 TOOMEY, EDMUND. Shoemaker was born at Charlton Sept. 8, 1838. He enlisted as a private June 21, 1861 in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. He died in the hospital at Harrison's Landing, known as "David," July 19, 1862. No one of the attendant physicians thought he was very sick, but that he worried himself to death because he wanted to return to his Spencer home. His body was brought here for burial.

258 TOWNSEND, EDWARD. Was born the eleventh day of April, 1813, in South Royalston, County of Worcester, State of Massachusetts. He enlisted as a private in Co. C, 25th regiment of Mass. Vols. When the company was recruited and mustered in at Worcester, Mass., Dec. 26, 1862, he was promoted to corporal in the 25th regiment. In July 24, 1863, he was commissioned 1st Lieut. in the 2nd regiment, "Wild's African Brigade," a brigade of colored soldiers formed at that time in N. C., which rank he held until honorably discharged at the close of the war. Died June 9, 1873 and was buried at Pine Grove cemetery.

259 TYRELL, ALONZO H. Was born Sept. 9, 1841, in Holden. He entered the service June 21, 1861 as a private in Co. K, 10th regiment Mass. Vols., and was discharged at Brightwood, D. C., Aug. 8, 1861, for disability. He re-enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, as a private in Co. F, 42nd regiment Mass. Vols., and discharged at Readville, Mass., Aug. 20, 1863, his term of service having expired.



JOSEPH F. WARD.
Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols.
For Biography see Vol. II, Page

260 TYRELL, HENRY A. Private Co. F, 42nd Mass. Vols., mechanic, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted Aug. 18, 1862, mustered in Sept. 30, 1862, mustered out Aug. 20, 1863.

261 USHER, CHARLES E. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., bootmaker, eighteen, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865.

262 USHER, JAMES H. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., farmer, twenty, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865.

263 USHER, WILLIAM D. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., farmer, twenty-two, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865. Lives at Worcester.

264 WEDGE, JOSEPH. Private Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., wire drawer, thirty, married, Spencer. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged disabled, April 17, 1862.

265 WALLACE JOSEPH. Private Co. C, 2nd Mass. Cav., shoemaker, twenty-eight, married, Spencer. Enlisted Jan. 12, 1863, mustered in March 17, 1863, discharged, disabled June 14, 1865.

266 WARD, JOSEPH F. Private Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols., boot click, eighteen, musician, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 19, 1862, mustered in July 31, 1862, mustered out June 16, 1865. [See biography Vol. II, page 78.]

267 WEBBER, ELLIOTT D. Private Co. F, 10th Mass. Vols., twenty-five, Springfield. Enlisted June 14, 1861, mustered in June 21, 1861, discharged disabled, Aug. 12, 1861; enlisted again.

268 WEBSTER, GEORGE. Private Co. C, 25th Mass. Vols., shoemaker, twenty-five, married, Spencer. Enlisted May 15, 1862, mustered in May 15, 1862, discharged May 26, 1865. Lives at North Brookfield.

269 WEBSTER, MATTHEW. Was born Sept. 10, 1828, in Bramley, near Leeds, County of Yorkshire, England. He entered the service Aug. 23, 1861 at Worcester, Mass., as a private in Co. C, 21st regiment, Mass. Vol. Inf., and was discharged at Boston, Mass., Aug. 30, 1861 through expiration of term of service. The first battle in which he was engaged was Roanoke Island, N. C., and subsequently engaged in battles of Newbern, Camden, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Blue Springs, Campbell's Station, Siege of Knoxville, Fort Sanders, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North

Anna, Cold Harbor, Bethesda Church, Petersburg and Battle of the Mine. For a time he was confined in the hospital at Beaufort, entering April, 1863. His intimate comrades in the service were: Bernard McNulty, W. W. Scott, J. Vale, F. C. Clark, William Carter, W. H. Earle, Edw. Ely and E. W. Richardson. He considered the vidette duty at Fredericksburg to have been the most important event in his experiences during service. Died at Spencer, April 26, 1904.



MATHEW WEBSTER
Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols.

270 WHEELER, EDWARD R. Assistant surgeon, 24th Mass. Vols., field and staff, twenty-six, Spencer. Enlisted May 15, 1864, mustered in May 15, 1864, surgeon Nov. 10, 1864, mustered out Jan. 20, 1866. Was physician and surgeon at Spencer. Died at Winthrop Beach, April 30, 1904. Buried in Pine Grove cemetery, Spencer. Has held many public positions of trust and honor. Was president of the Good Samaritan Society, Incorporated, and one of the examiners for soldier pensions for the district, etc.

271 WHEELER, JOHN H. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., teamster, twenty-one, single, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861, discharged for disability Dec. 19, 1862.

272 WILSON, HORACE. Private Co. D, 24th Mass. Vols., farmer, forty-three, married, Spencer, powder maker. Enlisted Nov. 5, 1861, mustered in Nov. 5, 1861, died April 26, 1862 at Newbern, N. C.

273 WORTH, NATHANIEL. Private Co. H, 2nd Hy. Art., laborer, twenty-one, single, credited to Spencer. Enlisted

June 16, 1864, mustered in June 16, 1864, discharged from Angur U. S. A. general hospital, Alexandria, Va., July 19, 1865.

274 WORTHINGTON, JOHN M. Carpenter, was born Nov. 17, 1836 at Spencer. Enlisted May 31, 1861 and was made sergeant in Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols., June 21, 1861. He was discharged Dec. 21, 1863 and on same date enlisted in Co. K, 34th Mass. Vols., on the quota of Westfield, receiving as bounty three hundred and twenty-five dollars. He was transferred June 20, 1864, to Co. D, 37th Mass. Vols., and was killed Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va. At one time he was offered the position of regimental carpenter, but refused it, saying: "I came to fight, I had plenty of carpenter work at home."



EDWARD R. WHEELER

275 WORTHINGTON, LIBERTY W. Was born the twentieth day of November, 1839 in Spencer, County of Worcester, State of Mass. He entered the service June 19, 1862 as a private in Co. E, 34th regiment, Mass. Vols., and was discharged at Richmond, Va., June 16, 1865 as sergeant. His first promotion, which was to corporal, was dated March 22, 1863. He was again promoted to 1st sergeant Dec. 27, 1864. His first battle

was Newmarket, Va. Subsequently he participated in the battles of Piedmont, Lynchburg, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Stickney's Farm, Cedar Creek, Hatch's Run, Fort Gregg and others around Richmond during the evacuation of General Lee. He was wounded at Newmarket May 15, 1864, again at Piedmont June 5th, 1864 and again at Winchester Sept. 19, 1864. In the latter part of July 1864 he was confined in the hospital at Parkersburg, Va. His intimate associates in the service were: George P. Clark, Henry Bemis, Charles Hunter, Walton Livermore, Henry Sibley, Henry Bowman. Living in Spencer.

276 YOUNG, RICHARD. Private Co. C, 21st Mass. Vols., shoemaker, thirty-six, married, Spencer. Enlisted July 23, 1861, mustered in Aug. 23, 1861. **DESERTED.** Re-enlisted in Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. Lives in East Brookfield.

277 YOUNG, WILLIAM HENRY. Drafted. Was born in Wilmington, County of New Hanover, State of North Carolina in 1844. He entered the service Aug. 3, 1863, as a private in Co. F, 54th Mass. (colored) regiment and was discharged at Sullivan's Island, N. C. Aug. 20, 1865, the war having closed. He died Jan. 12, 1896, and was buried in Evergreen cemetery, East Brookfield.

Unidentified Recruits.

Unidentified recruits were secured by Luther Hill for the town of Spencer and accepted by the United States. It would be very difficult to obtain records of these men, and even if the records could be secured they would be of no great value to the living, as the men were residents of other places and unknown to Spencer citizens at the time of their enlistment.

278	Bruso, Louis	293	Simpson, Charles H.
279	Bryan, John	294	Standard, Julien
280	Cholly, Henry H.	295	Smart, Thomas C.
281	Edwards, David	296	Smart, William
282	Foot, Abram	297	Smith, Owen
283	Ford, Franklin E.	298	Solomon, George T.
284	McLaury, Thomas J.	299	Springberg, Carl J.
285	Ray, Thomas	300	Stevens, Samuel W. C.
286	Richardson, Alvarez E.	301	Shields, John
287	Riley, Peter	302	Swebe, John
288	Rooney, John	303	Taylor, George C.
289	Severance, William H.	304	Thompson, Frederick
290	Seymour, James A.	305	Tangen, Michael
291	Scott, Charles C.	306	Walker, Felix
292	Schroeder, John		

Credited to Other Places.

The following names credited on Town Records of 1865-6 as Spencer Volunteers were found, on consulting the State records, to be credited to other places as follows : —

Leicester — John A. Barr, Charles Sanderson, James Shehan, Frederic S. Blodgett Ira E. Lackey.

Brookfield — Eugene H. Carpenter.

Worcester — Philip Duval, Joseph W. Webber

Springfield — John W. Robinson.

New Braintree — William W. Ames, Charles O. Adams, Charles H. Parker.

Stow — George F. Howe.

Ware — John Graham.

California — Calvin R. Prouty.

The following names having been accepted by the Town of Spencer as Spencer soldiers and placed on the tablets in the Town Hall. They have been kept on the Spencer list although they are credited to other places on the state records.

New Braintree — John Corbet.

New Salem — Lyman C. Gibbs.

Amherst — Murray Lovett.

New York State — Thomas Heffron.

Two other Spencer men, Joseph Bird and George Charon, went to war on behalf of Ward 8, Worcester.

THE DRAFT

In 1863, voluntary enlistments not being sufficient to supply the government with the number of soldiers needed, a draft was ordered which took place July 14. From Spencer sixty-eight men were drafted, but from desertions, exemptions from disability and other causes, the government only obtained ten men, and \$5,700 with which to procure substitutes for nineteen more, or a total of twenty-nine men. Their names are given below.

DESERTED.

Doyle, James	Norton, Philip
Ritchie, Frank	Prouty, Addison D.

FURNISHED SUBSTITUTES

Sampson, Freeman	Watson, William C.
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WENT INTO THE SERVICE.

Boyd, James O.	Chaffin, Winslow
Dennis, L. H.	Lamb, Charles
Livermore, Lorenzo D.	Maxwell, John
Proctor, Josiah J.	Young, William (colored).

EXEMPTED FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

Abraham, Thomas	Adams, Daniel W.
Aldrich, Hosea P.	Bemis, Alvin
Brewer, Hiram H.	Canary, James
Carpenter, Eugene H.	Clapp, Otis
Comins, Thomas A.	Converse, Luman D.
Converse, Willard	Dewing, George
Doyle, James	Fisher, Judson H.
Foley, Patrick	Green, John M.
Hale, Amos H.	Hiney, John
Hinds, Lewis H.	Howard, Cyrus D.
Ledott, Lewis	Livermore, John W.
Ludden, John W.	Lord, Daniel A.
McCormack, Edward	Prouty, Lucius M.
Prouty, Theodore C.	Singer, Joseph
Sheehy, William	Smith, Eleazer
Smith, Frank	Starr, Hezekiah P.
Tirrell, John S.	Walker, John A.
Watson, George H.	Wilson, Waldo

The following paid \$300 each for exemption.

Bemis, Edwin J.	Bullard, Joel S.
Capen, William E.	Davis, George S.
Drury, Chandler	Green, Henry R.
Griffin, Michael	Guilford, Nathan
Harrington, Henry M.	Lamb, Austin E.
Lord, William	Nichols, Edwin
Prouty, Augustus C.	Prouty, Jonas R.
Prouty, Vernon	Putnam, Jonas T.
Sagendorph, Noah	Sibley, William H.
Wheeler, Edward R.	

The name of John M. Green was drawn twice. This demonstrated an error in making up the list of men liable for military duty, and since one error was clearly shown, it could readily have been assumed there might be other errors, and the writer has always held the idea that had any one of the drafted men entered a legal protest, the drawing might and certainly ought to have been set aside. The opinion of a competent lawyer is herewith given: "As regards your question about the effect of double drawing of one name as in the case of John M. Green, which you mention, I do not know what ruling the War department would have made about it, if it had been raised. I think it ought to have vitiated the whole proceeding, but the Lord only knows whether the War department would have so ruled. Its decisions often were very surprising and arbitrary." Mr. Green now resides at Worcester. He writes that he obtained exemption not because of the double drawing of his name but because of his stature, which was below the government standard.

Drafting men for the army did not prove to be a popular measure and serious draft riots occurred in New York City. The policy of hiring men and paying bounties was then tried and gave general satisfaction. The sixty-eight men so hired by this town whose names are in the town records of 1865, received on an average \$224.78, of which amount \$138.84 was paid by the town and \$85.94 by subscription. Some men were procured without the payment of any bounty, while others received the highest price paid \$320.00.

It seems reasonably certain that the government should have credited Spencer for nineteen soldiers in lieu of the \$5700 in money paid over to them and which would have purchased that many soldiers, but it does not appear that such credit was made only at that particular time. When another quota was called for, the town had to raise the nineteen soldiers just the same as though the money to procure them had not once been paid over.

THE HEROIC DEAD

List of forty-three soldiers from Spencer who suffered death either in action, by drowning, wounds or disease while engaged in an effort to preserve the Union during the great struggle of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. Portraits of twenty-six of these men, all that could be obtained, with sketches of their service, may be found elsewhere in this volume. The Town Hall tablets lack five names to make a complete list of those entitled to such distinction.

Adams, Henry F.	Harrington, Dennis
Barr, Ellbridge G.	Hawes, Leroy
Bemis, Frederick A.	Heffron, Thomas
Bemis, Oscar R.	Henry, George W.
Bird, Frank	Hunter, Otis M.
Bonlett, Fortuna	Johnson, John
Carney, Thomas	Johnson, Sylvester D.
Chickering, Dwight	Kelly, Daniel
Chickering, Henry G.	Lackey, James
Corbet, John	Lamb, Edward A.
Crook, James	Linchay, Abraham
Crosby, Isaiah	Luther, Waldo H.
Dana, Louis	Mead, Joseph
Davis, Freeman	Midgeley, Alfred W.
Dickinson, Nathan S.	Nason, George W.
Farrell, George	Reno, Nelson
Fogg, Lucien	Sargent, Samuel D.
Frink, Willard A.	Sessions, Jairus
Gage, Gardiner M.	Toomey, Edmund
Green, David	Worthington, John M.
Green, Joel W.	Wilson, Horace
Gibbs, Lyman C.	

Elliptical Springs for Carriages

Were once manufactured in a small mill on the Browning pond stream near Amasa T. Bemis' place by Edward Keyes and Gilbert G. Belcher. The power was used to run a trip hammer. In those days Hillsville was quite a centre for wagon making.

VETERANS OF CIVIL WAR BURIED IN SPENCER

A complete list of soldiers and sailors of the Civil War
buried in Spencer. Compiled from Post 37, G. A. R. Records.

ABBREVIATIONS: Old, Old Cemetery; P. G., Pine Grove Cemetery; St. M., St. Mary's
Cemetery.

Abraham, Thomas, P. G. Co. K, 10th Mass. Died July 28, 1896
 Adams, Emery G., Old. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died April 24, 1864
 Adams, Henry F., P. G. Co. C, 21st Mass. Died May 19, 1863
 Allen, Andrew J., P. G. Co. D, 2d Mass. H. A. Died Nov. 30, 1897
 Ayers, Charles S., P. G. Co. A, 51st Mass. Died May 13, 1900
 Ball, Charles E., P. G. Co. C, 25th Mass. Died Sept. 11, 1866
 Ball, Daniel A., P. G. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died Jan. 3, 1878
 Barr, John H., P. G. Co. H, 31th Mass. Died May 5, 1866
 Belcher, Gilbert G., P. G. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died Aug. 28, 1897
 Bemis, Edmund J., P. G. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died June 25, 1868
 Bemis, Oscar R., P. G. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died July 31, 1863
 Benjamin, Joseph, St. M. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died 1887
 Bercume, Anthony, St. M. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died April 20, 1900
 Bigelow, D. B., Old. Co. A, 25th Mass. Died June 23, 1866
 Blodgett, Frederick A., Old. 2d N. H. Died April 7, 1869
 Boyd, Cheney P., P. G. Co. K, 21st Mass.
 Boynes, Levi D., P. G. Co. K, 10th Mass.
 Brady, James, P. G. 25th Mass. Died June, 1894
 Brown, George A., P. G. 37th Mass. Died Dec. 11, 1898
 Brown, Judah L., P. G. Navy, Ship Dunbarton. Died July 6, 1896
 Bullard, Amasa B., Old. Co. H, 10th Mass. Died Feb. 2, 1891
 Burns, Robert, St. M. Co. A, 5th U. S. Inf. Died Oct. 6, 1901
 Buss, Elon G., P. G. Co. K, 51st Mass. Died Oct. 30, 1898
 Carey, Patrick, St. M. Died 1888
 Carr, John, St. M. Co. H, 9th Mass. Died Jan. 21, 1903
 Cate, Augustus, P. G. Co. D, 5th N. H. Died Dec. 13, 1885
 Cheever, Moses, P. G. Died Dec. 9, 1902
 Clark, George E., P. G. Co. H, 10th Mass. Died Feb. 18, 1900
 Clark, Hiram J., P. G. 51st Mass. Died Nov. 6, 1890
 Crook, James M., P. G. Co. I, 2d Mass. H. A. Died Apr. 25, 1865
 Corliss, Demison F., P. G. Co. E, 15th Vt. Died Dec. 30, 1903

Cummings, C. L., P. G. Heavy Artillery. Died June 22, 1903
 Davis, George H., Old. 33d N. J. Inf. Died Oct. 8, 1865
 Dwyer Frank L., P. G. Co. K, 3d Maine Died Jan. 24, 1898
 Edwards, Charles W., Old. Co. C, 2d Mass. Died Aug. 18, 1893
 Fleming, Robert, P. G. Co. A, 25th Mass. Died Nov. 25, 1891
 Forky, Lewis, St. M. Died 1885
 Forrest, Daniel, St. M. Co. I, 50th Mass. Died Oct. 31, 1881
 Freeman, Elias H., P. G. Co. K, 36 Mass. Died Nov. 25, 1897
 Frigon, Louis, St. M. Co. F, 4th Mass. H. A. Died Mar. 28, 1898
 Green, Joel W., Old. Co. C, 1st Mass. Cav. Died Jan. 22, 1863
 Hart, Joseph, P. G. Co. A, 14th Conn. Died April 26, 1896
 Hawes, George, Old. Navy. Died 1896
 Haywood, E. L., P. G. 3d Regt. V. R. C.
 Hindley, Solomon K., P. G. Co. H, 10th Mass. D. Oct. 13, 1902
 Holmes, John, P. G. Co. B, 51st Mass. Died June 15, 1902
 Hovey, C. C., Old. Co. I, 15th Mass. Died 1872
 Jerome, John, St. M. Co. D, 62d Mass.
 Kelley, Patrick, St. M. Co. K, 10th Mass. Died June 30, 1903
 Kingsbury, Addison, Old. 3d Mass. Cav. Dec. 19, 1864
 King, Oliver, St. M. Co. E, 42d Mass. Died March 5, 1893
 Labonty, Frank, St. M. Co. I, 11th Mass. Died Oct. 13, 1895
 Lamb, Asahel, Old. Co. F, 60th Mass. Died Oct. 17, 1896
 Lamb, Charles, Old. 11th Co. Unat. H. A. Died Dec. 21, 1880
 Lamb, Edward A., Old. Co. F, 60th Mass. Died Oct. 31, 1864
 Leland, E. Francis, P. G. Co. F, 11th U. S. Inf. Died June 25, 1879
 Livermore, Lorenzo D., Old. Co. H, 10th Mass. Died Sept. 22, 1885
 Lucier, Paul, St. M. Co. E, 19th Mass. Died October, 1903
 Luther, Waldo H., P. G. Co. H, 10th Mass. Died Oct. 23, 1864
 Lyndes, John M., P. G. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died Mar. 24, 1884
 Lyon, Charles F., Old. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died May 29, 1901
 Maloney, Martin, St. M. Co. C, 4th Mass. Cav. Died Dec. 2, 1870
 Marble, Albert W., Old. Co. G, 61st Mass. Died July 14, 1901
 Marsh, John H., P. G. Co. I, 24th Mass. Died March 2, 1865
 Mason, William W., P. G. Co. K, 10th Mass. Died May 7, 1883
 Maxwell, John, St. M. Co. A, 39th Mass. Died March 8, 1896
 McDonald, J.
 Monroe, George M., P. G. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died Dec. 6, 1882
 Morse, Joseph P., Old. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died May 8, 1873
 Morse, Norris, P. G. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died Sept. 6, 1868
 Norton, J.
 Palmer, Charles S., Old. 40th Mass. Died July 4, 1901
 Plant, Israel, St. M. Co. D, 61st Mass. Died Jan. 13, 1902
 Porter, Pierre. Died March 1, 1868
 Powers, Lawson S., P. G. Co. H, 10th Mass. Died May 12, 1872
 Prouty, A. D., P. G. Co. I, 52d Illinois. Died 1865

Prouty, Francis N., P. G. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died Jan. 5, 1883
 Prouty, Captain George W., P. G. Co. D, 51st Mass. Died 1901
 Prouty, Horace E., P. G. Co. K, 10th Mass. Died Nov. 19, 1884
 Prouty, Joshua B., Old. Co. C, 25th Mass. Died Aug. 20, 1876
 Prouty, Merrick F., Old. Co. C, 25th Mass. Died Aug. 15, 1898
 Reno, John B., St. M. Co. C, 21st Mass. Died April 10, 1882
 Rice, Henry T., P. G. Co. I, 18th Mass. Died June 4, 1896
 Rider, A. A., Old. 21st Mass. Died June 7, 1883
 Riley, Charles, St. M. Co. F, 21st N. Y. Cav. Died July 4, 1898
 Scott, A. M., P. G. Co. E, 33d Mass. Died Jan. 27, 1893
 Sherman, John, St. M. Co. F, 42d Mass. Died April 22, 1863
 Sibley, Henry H., Old. Co. E, 34th Mass. Died Feb. 2, 1885
 Sioane, W. A., P. G. Co. H, 10th Vermont. Died Jan. 6, 1903
 Squires, W., P. G. Co. D, 25th Mass. Died August, 1902
 Starr John B., P. G. Navy. Died Sept. 11, 1885
 Stone, David, St. M. 3d Mass. Cav. Died March 19, 1886
 Townsend, Edward, P. G. Officer 36th U. S. C. I. Died June 9, 1873
 Trask, Charles C., Old. Co. G, 34th Mass. Died July 10, 1890
 Trott, Thomas G., P. G. Navy. Died Dec. 18, 1889
 Thurston, Benjamin F., Old. 31st Maine. Died Oct. 5, 1888
 Ward, T. C., P. G. 1st Vermont Cavalry. July 3, 1863
 Webster, Matthew, P. G. Co. C, 21st Mass. Died April 26, 1904
 Wilson, Maj. William, Old. Co. K, 104th N. Y. Died Aug. 16, 1897
 Wheeler, Edw. R., P. G. Asst. Surg. 24th Mass. D. Apr. 30, 1901
 Worthington, Albert C., P. G. Co. F, 154th Ill. D. May 19, 1882

Postmasters of Spencer with Date of Appointment

Isaac Jenks, Jr.	July 1, 1810
Charles Bemis	December 15, 1825
Amasa Bemis, Jr.	August 12, 1828
Nathaniel Wilson	February 25, 1831
E. Bradshaw Draper	October 24, 1832
William Bush, Jr.	September 22, 1845
Dexter Bemis	April 3, 1849
George H. Livermore	June 13, 1851
Willard Rice	May 3, 1853
Luther Hill	May 23, 1854
Eli J. Whittemore	July 11, 1861
Horace A. Grout	September 21, 1866
Emerson Stone	March 18, 1869
Edward M. Bliss	March 30, 1889
Emory E. Harwood	May 12, 1893
Harry S. Tripp	July 27, 1897

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION

At the annual Town Meeting in 1896 a committee consisting of Annie J. Ward and Dr. A. A. Bemis were appointed to locate and place an appropriate bronze marker at the grave of each Revolutionary soldier in town so far as possible. Their excellent and completed work was submitted in a report to the town at the annual meeting in 1898, and is as follows :

NAMES	BORN	DIED	AGED
Allen, Israel	1743	July 17, 1833	90
Adams, Elias	1765	Feb. 23, 1842	77
Baldwin, Asa	Aug. 27, 1723	April 23, 1811	88
Baldwin, Levi	1755	1837	82
Bemis, Amasa	Oct. 10, 1757	Nov. 21, 1842	85
Bemis, Jessie	June 3, 1751	Apr. 21, 1836	85
Bemis, Jonas	June 29, 1760	March 25, 1846	86
Beers, Richard		Sept. 4, 1780	
Bigelow, John	1757	1843	86
Capen, James	Aug. 3, 1762	April 3, 1833	71
Capen, Timothy	Aug. 8, 1752	May 21, 1834	82
Clark, John	1760	Jan. 12, 1837	77
Cunningham, Nathaniel	March 16, 1746	Jan. 29, 1829	83
Converse, Luke	Oct. 6, 1731	June 10, 1810	76
Draper, James	Sept. 22, 1720	March 2, 1781	61
Draper, John	Nov. 16, 1745	Dec. 20, 1822	77
Garfield, Joseph	Sept. 19, 1758	June 10, 1836	78
Green, William	1742	March 21, 1800	56
Hall, Samuel	1742	Jan. 10, 1814	72
Harrington, Elisha	1761	Jan. 2, 1817	56
Hatheway, Levi	1762	May 28, 1841	55
Hill, Daniel	1743	Feb. 6, 1837	94
Howe, Joel	1760	Jan. 9, 1854	93
Jones, Phineas	1766	Apr. 27, 1850	84
Kingsbury, Josiah	June 30, 1759	July 2, 1819	60
Lamb, David	Dec. 11, 1755	Apr. 26, 1814	59
Lamb, John Jr.	Mar. 22, 1755	Jan. 1796	41
Livermore, Moses	1726	Oct. 18, 1797	71
Livermore, Abijah		Jan. 18, 1817	
Livermore, David	1745	Dec. 13, 1818	73
Loring, Nathaniel Lieut.	1749	Sept. 28, 1817	68

Mason, Ebenezer Capt.	Mar. 1, 1723	Mar. 26, 1798	66
Muzzy, Jonas	Jan. 2, 1748	Mar. 17, 1819	71
Prouty, Joshua	May 18, 1759	Mar. 24, 1838	78
Prouty, Eli	Sept. 8, 1757	June 27, 1818	68
Prouty, Elisha	Jan. 27, 1759	Aug. 26, 1819	60
Prouty, Isaac	Dec. 22, 1750	June 15, 1828	78
Prouty, David Capt.	Nov. 27, 1739	Aug. 25, 1814	75
Rice, Peter	June 25, 1755	Feb. 1, 1813	58
Snow, James	1757	Apr. 14, 1839	82
Sprague, Thomas	1742	May 12, 1828	86
Watson, Robert	May 28, 1746	Jan. 26, 1806	60
Watson, Samuel	Mar. 8, 1749	Oct. 8, 1818	69
Watson, James	July 20, 1754	Apr. 17, 1823	69
Wilson, Nathaniel	1747	Aug. 14, 1825	78
White, William Maj.	May 20, 1744	Feb. 16, 1826	72

All the above are buried in the Old cemetery so-called, excepting Maj. White and Eli Prouty. Their bodies were exhumed and transferred to Pine Grove cemetery. This list is far from complete. A great many of the old soldiers were buried with common field stones as markers and without lettering. In laying out anew this cemetery many years ago most if not all of these stones were removed and the land graded so that no trace is now left where many a Revolutionary patriot sleeps.

The writer suggests that this ancient burial ground be called the Cunningham cemetery in simple justice to the memory of Nathaniel Cunningham, the original donor. It is not fitting that a community should allow the names of its special benefactors to lapse into obscurity especially when the name can, as in this case, be so easily associated with the gift. When the Pine Grove cemetery was established it was a most natural thing to call the previous burial ground the old cemetery and it is so called but the town would now do a creditable act to adopt the name of Cunningham cemetery and so designate it in her public records.

Wall Street.

William Livermore, a Spencer citizen who had established himself in business on Wall Street, New York City, along in the early fifties, used to spend some of his summer vacations in his native town. He kept his horses and carriages at an old stone blacksmith shop on a little spur of a street leading off from Main street. Some one suggested the name of Wall street for this insignificant lane. The idea took and later the street grew until it has become one of the busy streets of the town.

THE WAR BOARD OF SELECTMEN

The Selectmen, who were in office when the war commenced, became known as the war board. Their names were: Luther Hill chairman, Dexter Bullard, Joshua Bemis, Josiah Green Jr., and Jeremiah W. Drake. It is thought that no more efficient board of selectmen existed in the state in their prompt attention to the calls of the government, their interest in everything pertaining to Spencer men in the field and they obtained deserved credit along these lines both at home and abroad. The leading figure of the group was Luther Hill, sometimes called the father of the board. Biographical sketches of each now follow:

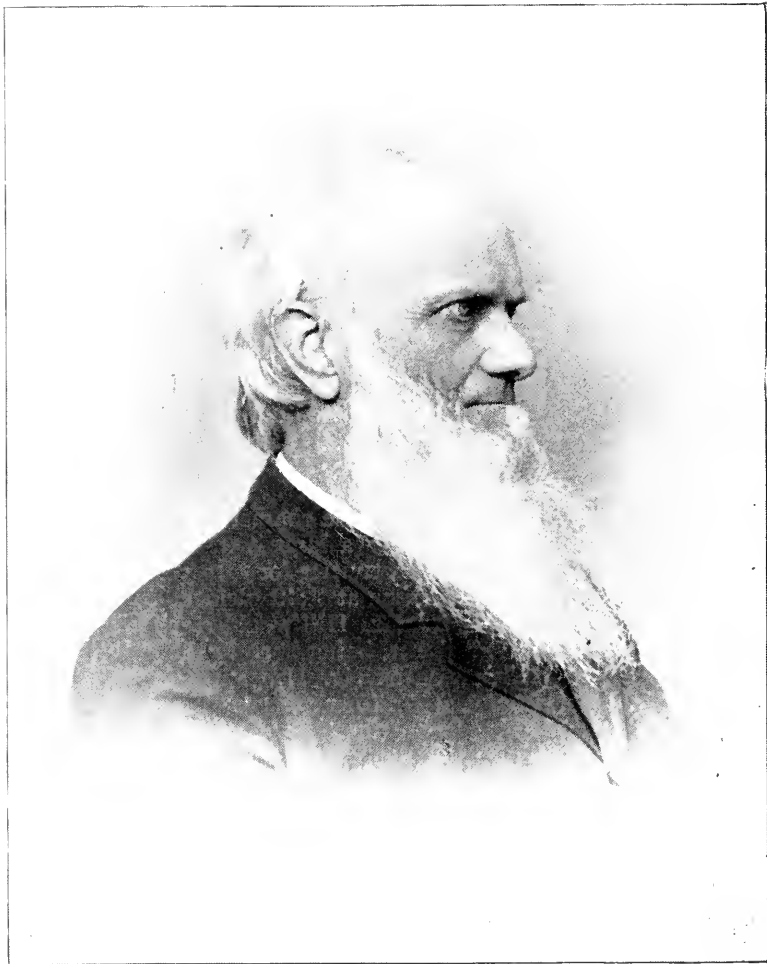
Hon. Luther Hill.

*Hon. Luther Hill, the most unique character in all of Spencer's history, and who controlled to a large extent the trend of Spencer political and municipal activities for fifty years, is dead. The end came on Monday afternoon at 2:40 o'clock, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mr. Hill would reach his seventy-seventh birthday Nov. 22 next, being born in the year 1825.

Until the past twelve months Mr. Hill appeared to be the best preserved man of his years in town; erect in carriage, dignified and stern of manner, except when enjoying the company of congenial friends. For about four weeks he has been unable to leave the house but insisted for some time that his illness was only temporary and that he would shortly be at his office again. Sunday night he suffered a hemorrhage and Monday afternoon he was seized with a similar attack from which he died, though cancer of the stomach is said to have been the cause of his failure in health. The family physician, Dr. E. R. Wheeler and a few intimate friends were present at the bedside when he breathed his last.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock and was simple in arrangement and without any unusual display, except that a body of local business men marching from the Town Hall passed by the bier for a last look at the features of the distinguished townsman.

* This article is from the pen of Wm. J. Heffernan and taken from *The Spencer Leader* of August 9, 1902.



HON. LUTHER HILL

The services were conducted by Rev. Frank L. Masseck of the Church of Our Father and a quartet consisting of F. E. Dunton, J. W. Temple, C. E. Dunton and H. S. Beath sang the "Home Land," "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," "Still, Still With Thee," by Gerrish. The arrangements of the funeral were in charge of Allston E. Grout.

The bearers were F. W. Aubrey, Emory F. Sibley, David Girouard, all of Spencer, and Warren E. Tarbell of East Brookfield. The burial was in Pine Grove cemetery. Luther Hill Camp, Sons of Veterans, did escort duty.

Mr. Hill was a man of strong likes and strong dislikes. If he formed an attachment for one, that one could feel free to call upon him for assistance at any time. He always remembered his friends and tried to assist them. On the other hand a political antagonist, either in municipal or state affairs, found in him an adversary who would struggle for the victory of his opinions and principles with a determination and shrewdness that was of extraordinary calibre. Taking a stand in nearly every feature and phase of municipal life he naturally offended some who were not of his way of thinking. At every town meeting for many years he was the foremost figure and during most of this time and until the last decade he was usually able to control the policy of these meetings much as he desired. Never an orator or easy public speaker, yet he had a way of expressing himself in plain, sharp, short sentences which left little to be misunderstood and his ready wit and keen perception of opportunity to ridicule, made him the foremost debater and those with smoother and more ready tongues feared him as an opponent. These were some of the phases of Luther Hill, the public man in town meetings. He was very progressive in his ideas of municipal activity, nearly always ready to vote for liberal appropriations, for new school buildings, new sewers, new engine houses, sidewalks and the like, and never grumbled at the size of the taxes. While his power was at its highest he made the town take rapid strides, though his course was generally criticised by his opponents as extravagant and lavish.

His conduct in the court room and dealing with offenders of the law was unique, probably very much different from that of any other man sitting on a trial justice bench in the state. As one of his friends said at a hearing before the governor in Boston a few years ago: "He was a law unto himself." He was a terror to evil-doers and feared intensely by those who came before him in the course of the administration of justice.

His was a bluff personality, yet solicitors for public charities never had any hesitation about asking Mr. Hill for a donation and seldom if ever were refused. He was generous to an extreme, though not ostentatious in his giving. His friends, and members of the G. A. R. particularly, always sought him for legal counsel in times of tribulation and his ears have probably listened to more tales of woe than any other man in the town. He never was much of a church-goer, though he contributed lib-

crally to all of the local churches. He disliked shamming Christians and they were sometimes the marks of sharp ridicule from him.

The little village of Hillsville, two miles north of Spencer center, and named in honor of the family, was the birthplace of Luther Hill. He was the second son of Washington and Almira (Kent) Hill. Like most New England boys of his time he was taught to do all kinds of work incident to the farm and household. What advantages by way of securing knowledge the little village possessed were given him until he was fourteen years old, when he left home to work in a store at Worcester, where he remained one year. He then returned to Hillsville and engaged in the work of teaming between Spencer and Boston. This was before the day of railroads and when the surplus products of New England farms were transported to Boston and other cities on either ox or horse teams. The farmers of southern Worcester county were wont to go to Providence to sell their butter, cheese, beef and pork, while the farmers of the central and northern sections of the county sold theirs in Boston. For three years he drove a four horse and six horse team from Spencer to Boston, making the round trip in three days. Though in his teens, he was at this time a manly fellow, strong, courageous and self-reliant, and did a man's work every day in the year.

After giving up teaming he went to work in his father's store, employing his every leisure moment in the study of law. At twenty-one he left the store and devoted himself chiefly to the practicing of law without ever having taken a regular course of study. He was, however, successful in his law practice and has undoubtedly done a larger law business than any other man in his immediate locality. He was elected as one of the selectmen of Spencer in 1854, before he was thirty years old. In 1860 he was again elected a selectman and held the office by successive re-elections until 1869, covering in this service the years of the war. In 1871 he was again one of Spencer's selectmen, and he also served the town in this position in 1872 and 1883. All told he has been a selectman of Spencer thirteen times.

Mr. Hill began a legislative career in 1863 that has included five terms in the House and one term in the Senate. His first term in the lower branch of Legislature was in 1863, when the Rebellion was at its height and John A. Andrew was Governor. His second term in the House was in 1865. In 1867 he was elected to the Senate, serving one term, for at that time the custom of returning a senator for a second term was not in vogue. In 1870 he was again elected to the lower branch of the legisla-

ture, as he was also in 1881 and 1888. During his long legislative career he served on the committees on bills in third reading, constitutional amendments, claims, criminal costs, manufacturers, probate and chancery, railroads and towns.

For thirty years he served as moderator of the annual town meeting in Spencer. His record of thirty years' service as a moderator is a notable one, even for a New England town, where it is the frequent custom to select the same man for this dignified office in successive years. He took special interest in the local camp of Sons of Veterans, which bears his name.

Judge Hill's residence is on the pinnacle of High street and its site is one of the most attractive in Spencer.

Mr. Hill was married in 1856 to Miss Louise A. Granger of Spencer.

It was as a trial justice that Mr. Hill became most widely known, for in the many years he held his office he had tried more than 8000 cases. His appointments as a trial justice have been for terms of three years each, and but twice since his first appointment did he fail of a reappointment. Judge Hill served as deputy under Sheriff Estabrook and he was also Spencer's postmaster under President Lincoln, making in all eight years that he filled this position.

Nearly two years before the fact of a branch road being built, it had been talked up by the citizens of Spencer; the first time the road was mentioned was upon the coach by a party of gentlemen on their way to Boston. There were fifteen or twenty men aboard of her, and on the outside were five or six, among whom was Mr. Hill.

Mr. Hill made an appointment for a meeting of the citizens of Spencer and it was thought a road could be built for \$50,000, the town to take \$25,000 and the citizens the balance. An article to that effect was placed in the warrant but could not be carried, so another article was placed in the next warrant for town meeting; it was not carried at this time and the same article was placed in the warrant until it was carried by a two-thirds vote. On the thirteenth day of April, 1878, a paper was drawn up at a meeting and he signed for 250 shares for the town and the balance, 250 shares, by the voters of Spencer. The cost of the road was \$62,000; the \$12,000 was paid by bonds.

On June 23, 1879, the road commenced running; April 13, 1885, a new board of directors was chosen and Judge Hill was made president of the new one. By the sale of some land near the car-house a note was paid, and dividend of four and six per cent were paid for the next three and a half years. In 1888 there was a motion in town meeting to sell the town stock at par, the

highest bid being seventy per cent; this vote was carried. Nothing was done about it until in the spring of 1889 when Mr. Hill called on the cashier of the bank with \$25,000 to pay for the stock; the balance of the stock was bought by the Judge at par with interest.

Mr. Hill inaugurated and with Mr. Sugden pushed to completion the Spencer water system and after a few years of private ownership the system was sold to the town for \$210,000, the indebtedness being funded in a loan of thirty years.

On the day made memorable by the gift to the town of the Sugden library and the David Pronty high school Mr. Hill gave to the town the land which comprises the Spencer public park.

He was a born and natural leader of men. During the Civil war he was particularly active in securing recruits for the army and in carrying supplies to the boys at the front.

He formed the company which constructed and managed the Spencer gas works and was its controlling factor until a few years ago. He was also in similar capacity with the Willimantic Gas and Electric Company, the stock in which he sold a year or so ago. In his business ventures he was not quite as successful as in some other lines of activity, his inclination to generosity and lavishness not being in accord with the close figuring and economies of the modern business hustler.

He arranged the formation of the Ne Plus Ultra Yeast corporation and has been a controlling factor in its operation since.

He was a total abstainer from liquors, lived very regularly, going and coming from his office as regularly as the clock. Some years ago he bought the old Kent shop, now known as Hill's block, and as was customary in his style of doing business, embellished and improved it and filled it with tenants.

Whatever those not his friends may say, it can be said that no man in Spencer's history ever made so great an impression upon its public affairs as did Luther Hill. He was an unusually strong man in nearly every particular.

Resolutions.

At a meeting of citizens in Caucus hall Tuesday evening Aug. 5, 1902, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved: That in the death of Hon. Luther Hill, the town of Spencer mourns the loss of one who for half a century was its most prominent and influential citizen. For many years he stood at the helm of public affairs guiding and directing them as seemed to him best for the general good. As postmaster, deputy sheriff, chairman of the board of selectmen for eight years, including all the dark and troublous days of the Civil war, as moderator of the

town meeting for twenty-five years, as trial justice for thirty-three years, as representative to the general court, as senator, and above all, as a public spirited man, interested in all that concerned his native town and zealous of its good name and prosperity, we honor and cherish his memory.

To him, more than any other one man, is due the credit for the many improvements we enjoy. The town's water works, the sewerage system, the branch railroad to South Spencer, the gas and electric lighting, the beautiful park that he purchased and presented to the town, are all monuments to his love of his native town, and to his tireless energy and determination of purpose.

As trial justice he always stood for temperance and good order; before his court, offenders dreaded to appear, and his name was a terror to evil doers.

Extremely kind in disposition, and charitable to the last degree, he gave liberally to every worthy object, but to the individually poor and troubled or disheartened he especially delighted to give his best counsel and suggestion, and all the aid in his power. His ear has listened to more tales of woe and his helping hand relieved more distress of mind than will ever be known.

His heart was always warm to the old soldiers, and from them he would never accept any fee for any services he might render.

It is meet, therefore, that we, citizens of Spencer, record our tribute of honor and respect to his memory, and extend to his family our sympathy in our common loss.

Hon. John R. Thayer's Estimate

*Luther Hill, son of Washington and Almira Kent Hill, was born in Spencer, Nov. 22, 1825 and has lived here ever since. He obtained his early education in the district school at Hillsville and one term each at Wilbraham and Leicester academies. From the time he left school when fourteen years old till he reached his majority, he worked in a Worcester store one year, then drove a team to Boston three years, then a clerk in his father's store until twenty-one; since then he has owned a store in Hillsville, one at Main and Pleasant streets, one at Main and Elm streets, one in Springfield, one in Kansas and two in Colorado. During all this time he has been active in practicing law. Without ever studying law, he has done a larger and more successful business than any attorney in this vicinity.

He served as Trial Justice forty-six years and tried more than eight thousand cases. His law came to him by intuition, his decisions reaching to the justice of a case trimmed of all technicalities and quibbles.

His attitude on the temperance question has been highly satisfactory to the friends of law and order. They relied on him with implicit confidence to execute the law. He was resourceful and found ways to bring criminals to justice when others de-

* This sketch was written with the consent and aid of Mr. Hill and revised by him for this work about a month before his death. Presumably it represents his own estimate of his ability and work.

clared it could not be done. He was the first man to have runsmellers who had fled from the state brought back on requisitions and had four such serving long sentences in the House of Correction at one time. He went personally to the Governor of Connecticut and Rhode Island and got them to honor requisitions from the Governor of Massachusetts.

Soon after his majority he was appointed postmaster by President James Buchanan, Democrat. He was a Jeffersonian Democrat in those days, and a leader in that faith up to the breaking out of the Civil War. The writer has heard him tell the day and hour when he first became a Republican. It was in 1862, the second year of the war. He was interested in business at Lawrence, Kansas. A band of bushwhackers commanded by Quantrell from Missouri raided Lawrence, killed his partner and burned their store Aug. 13, 1862. He got an account of the raid by telegraph and with a pass from Governor Andrew started for Kansas. Arriving at Quincy, Ill., on the eastern line of Missouri, he found the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad obstructed by rebels and no trains running. After waiting four days, and it being reported that the road was open, he started with eighty other passengers, getting to the Platte river, ten miles from St. Joseph, at midnight. The rebels had burned the bridge and the train fell thirty feet, killing twenty-three and wounding nearly all the others.

There was but little water in the river, but the banks were steep and none got out till help came from St. Joe, and then it was daylight. Mr. Hill was badly cut and bruised about the head and lost so much blood that he was almost helpless, and declares that he would have died had it not been for Congressman Sydney Clark, who once lived at Southbridge, Mass. They had become acquainted while waiting at Quincy. Clark pulled him out on to a sandbar and kept him covered with clothing from the killed. And so Mr. Hill says that it was in the Platte river on the nineteenth day of August 1862, between the hours of midnight and four o'clock a. m., that he changed his politics and has been a partisan Republican ever since.

Mr. Hill has represented the town in the Legislature six years, has been selectman of Spencer thirteen years and moderator of town meetings thirty years. He was the leading spirit of the town during the war. He filled the calls of President Lincoln for volunteers until more than three hundred were enlisted for his town, and then he assisted the selectmen of Oxford, Leicester and North Brookfield to fill their calls.

He was a natural born leader. No man ever lived in the town who could influence as many voters. He always was distin-

guished for his public spirit and among the foremost to advocate liberal appropriations for schools and public conveniences, like water, sewers and street lights, all of which are the result of his public spirit in the town.

His daily life was active and vigorous. Few men at half his age worked so many hours; breakfast at six, summer and winter; in his office at seven; to bed at nine; no tobacco, rum, tea or coffee, meat once a day, fruit without stint, Guernsey milk, lemonade and Appolinaris water, kept him in the best of health. Weighed 225 pounds; height, six feet, straight as a post. He worshiped with those who lived to help each other.

Not knowing what the future had in store for the Northern States and as a matter of precaution, in 1864, the state was divided into militia districts and all men between the ages of sixteen and forty-five ordered to meet and organize military companies. Spencer and Charlton formed districts No. 191 and the men called for met in Town Hall, Spencer, January 7, 1865 and elected Luther Hill captain. He was commissioned by Governor Andrew on January 24th, but nothing further was done because peace was declared in April following.

Mr. Luther Hill was, in my judgment, possessed of more natural ability and gifts than most of the prominent men of Worcester county. He had not the advantages of a collegiate education, but he did have a natural grasp and intuition which enabled him to solve ordinary problems of business and social relations more correctly than is given to most men.

In the early practice of my profession I was frequently called to his court in civil and criminal matters. I was impressed with Mr. Hill's ability to grasp the salient point in a case. He was not easily misled. He had never studied law, so far as I know, except as necessary for a presiding justice of a court, where small matters are determined. He seldom referred to a decision in the books, and probably knew but very few as they appear in the Reports, but he could take the main bearings of a case, solve its intricacies, get at the meat, and arrive at as correct a conclusion of the merits of the case as most any judge of the Inferior Courts before whom I have ever appeared.

And while some people have been prone to state, and possibly to believe, that he was harsh and severe in his treatment of those charged with an offence, who came before him, I bear willing testimony to the fact that my experience in witnessing his hearing of cases warrants me in stating that, to a remarkable degree, his sentences upon the unfortunates displayed his kindness of heart and showed that he tempered justice with mercy.

I was also somewhat acquainted with his history in civil and municipal affairs, more particularly as applicable to Spencer, where his efforts were mostly applied, and with whose growth and development he was most deeply interested. Perhaps in this capacity he appeared to his fellow-townsmen and neighbors as grasping, radical and dictatorial; but what man is there among his fellow men who towers above his fellow-citizens in intellectual attainment and strength of mind, who is not liable to be looked upon by the strugglers in the marsh, the lesser lights around him, as attempting to direct and impress his personality too much upon the matters which engross his attention? I am of the opinion that had Mr. Hill been liberally educated he would have taken a position in the first rank among the most influential and prominent citizens of our county during the last thirty years.

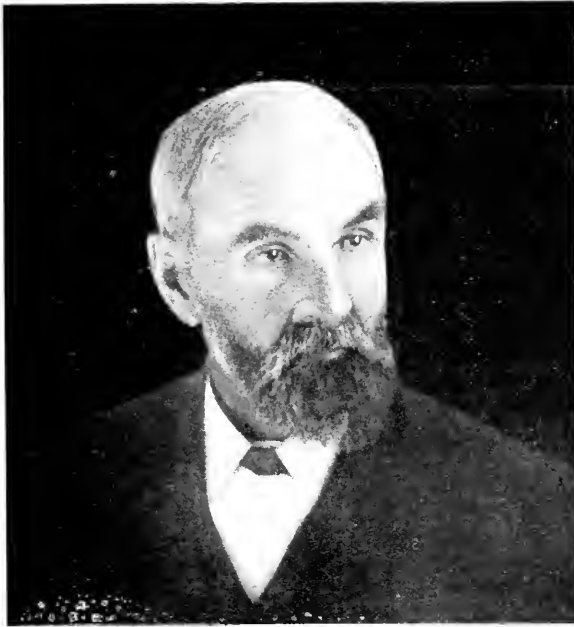
Nature had been prolific in her gifts to him.—*John R. Thayer.*

Jeremiah White Drake.

Life on the farms in the old days was hard, but its product was a strong enduring race. The boys and girls were trained to simple living, sensible thinking, and independent work. Four generations of Drakes occupied the old farm in the extreme western part of the town on the border of East Brookfield. Jeremiah was the oldest of the five children of Elisha and Betsey (White) Drake. The boy had no opportunities for schooling beside those the town offered, and the school terms were short in those days. But the working days were long, and he enjoyed the kind of liberal education that the farm life gave. He had a keen mind, a memory almost faultless; and all his life he was an authority on the genealogies of Spencer, Brookfield, Oakham and New Braintree families.

When he was twenty-five he left the farm to work in the boot shop of Joseph H. Walker in Worcester; but a restricted, indoor life was unsuited to him. He was glad to return to Spencer in 1853 to run the gristmill at Hillsville. He and his brother-in-law, Chas. F. Delvey, were in partnership there for five years. In 1858 his only brother, Elisha Jr., died and Jeremiah went back to the farm to the care of his father and mother. He had married in 1853 Ellen Lavinia Prouty, a woman of remarkable strength of character. She was born in Spencer, but her father, William, went to Worcester to live when she was a

little girl. The wife's cheerfulness and thrift, the husband's strict but genial rule made the farm a happy place for the six children born of the marriage. Ella died in childhood, Nellie in young womanhood. Mary, Mabel (Mrs. Chas. R. Barker,) William and Grace (Mrs. Wm. B. Harding) are living.



JEREMIAH W. DRAKE

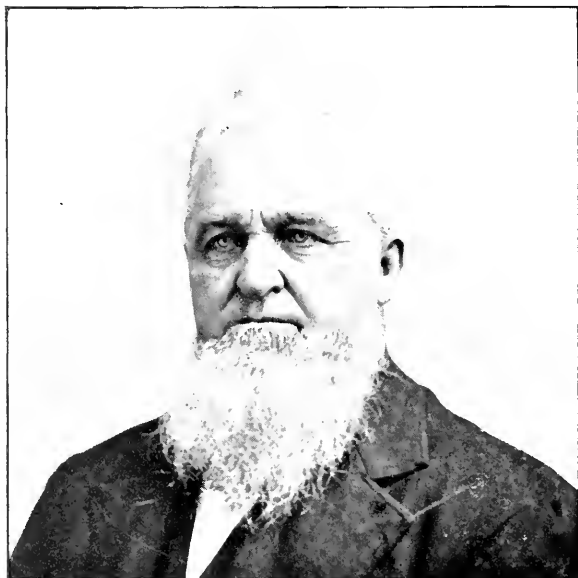
Born in Spencer, Aug. 12, 1824. Died in Worcester, Jan. 31, 1896.

In 1871 Mr. Drake sold the farm and the family came to the village to live in a cottage on High street on the site of Noah Sagedorph's present home. He hired the gristmill of Lorenzo Bemis on Mill street and was miller for the next four years. In 1875 he moved his family to Worcester where he lived till his death in 1896.

He was a man well known and universally liked, a man with a ready laugh, a keen friendly wit, a cordial good fellowship, showing freely all his life his hearty interest in men and things.
—*Mary A. Drake.*

Joshua Bemis.

Joshua Bemis was the great grandson of Samuel Bemis, second settler and founder of Spencer. He was born on what is now known as the Hiram Howe farm and his father was considered at that time to be the wealthiest man in town. In his younger days he followed railroad construction in Connecticut but returning to Spencer engaged in farming on the Sprague place and later bringing into a fine state of cultivation the farm



JOSHUA BEMIS

Born in Spencer, July 31, 1822. Died in Spencer, May 7, 1903.

now owned by G. Henry Wilson. Here he had a saw mill and spent his winters lumbering. He had quite a reputation as a road builder and during the town's greatest prosperity after the Civil War he built the large house and barn on Pleasant street, now occupied by his son Lewis D. Bemis and removed to the centre, where work in his line was not only abundant but profitable. A Universalist in faith, he was a man of the strictest integrity and despised meanness beyond the conception of most men. He was the father of nine children, grandfather to twenty and great grandfather to nine.

Dexter Bullard

Was born in Oakham March 9, 1816 and is now one of the oldest men in Spencer, where he settled Aug. 26, 1833. His parents were William and Rebekah (Clark) Bullard. His early life in Spencer was spent bootmaking and many years of it as an upper leather cutter for E. Jones & Co. In 1867 a partnership was formed for the manufacture of boots consisting of Mr. Bullard, John Boyden and Isaac Prouty Co., under the firm name of



DEXTER BULLARD

Bullard & Boyden. The factory was at the corner of Main and Grove streets, which was destroyed by fire Oct. 7, 1900 but long after it had ceased to be used for its original purpose. In 1869 J. W. Temple purchased the I. Prouty & Co's interest and the firm name was changed to Bullard, Boyden & Co. In 1876 Mr. Boyden retired and the concern became known as Bullard & Temple. In 1883 Mr. Temple withdrew and a new partnership was formed by Mr. Bullard, Frank G. Mullet and Frank A. Rice, which made goods for a few years and then closed up the business and the factory. Mr. Bullard proved himself to be a good stayer for he alone was with the business from start to finish.

When Mr. Bullard came to Spencer, the town fire apparatus consisted of what was then known as a bucket machine. In 1848 a Hunneman hand fire engine was purchased, and Mr. Bullard elected as the foreman. When Spencer celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary as a town in 1903, no more interesting spectacle was witnessed in the parade than that of Dexter Bullard driving a pair of horses attached to the old Hunneman fire engine No. 2, of 1848.

Mr. Bullard has always been a public spirited citizen and



JOSIAH GREEN, JR.

has been much in public life. He was an efficient member of the war board of selectmen and at other times has served the town in that capacity. He was in the legislature of 1867. When the town purchased the water works in 1881 he was chosen water commissioner and has been in continuous service since that time. He is as active in the performance of his duties as most men would be at half his age. Mr. Bullard has buried two wives. He has four children living, two sons and two daughters, all residents of the town.

Josiah Green, Jr.

Josiah Green, Jr., was born in Spencer Dec. 16, 1823, on his father's farm in the east part of the town, known in recent years as the Thomas Leonard place. At the age of twenty-four he married Sarah Elizabeth Nichols. They at once commenced housekeeping in what is now the Moose Hill Farm house, corner of Main street and Wire Village road, owned by Rufus A. Sibley, proprietor of Moose Hill farm. There eight children were born, only two of whom are now living. Mr. Green continued to be a farmer until his death, but was also engaged in bootmaking some twenty years prior to that time, succeeding to his father's interest in the firm of Josiah Green & Co., boot manufacturers, in 1866, his father then voluntarily retiring on account of age. He was elected Selectman in 1861 and thus became a member of the famous "war board." In religious faith he was known as a strong Universalist. He died March 5, 1887. His widow and one daughter, Mrs. Southwick, are now living on East Main street.

History of the Old Spencer Depot,

located on the Western Railroad, now called the Boston & Albany Railroad, and mentioned elsewhere in this work. When the first lines were run for this railroad, one at least, passed through Spencer village, it is said, along the eastern side of Cidermill pond. It was desired by the management to have the road come through the center village, but violent opposition to this plan having been made by influential citizens, other lines were run and the course through Charlton selected. This route left the village two miles away, to the northeast of the railroad, and the management were so incensed at the attitude of the leading citizens noted above that as a punishment they decided to leave Spencer without a passenger station. They built a small freight house and such passengers as wished to travel on the steam cars could use that building; "it was plenty good enough." But Captain Jeremiah Grout and Colonel Alonzo Temple did not coincide with that view, nor did the "common people." These two citizens raised the money, built the Old Depot, so called, and presented the same to the railroad company, who were wise enough not to refuse such a gift. The depot did duty from about 1840 until long after the Civil war had closed, and was the scene of great activity from 1861 to 1865. Search for a view of this old structure has proved a failure.

MAJ. WM. C. WILSON

Maj. Wm. C. Wilson, son of Dexter Wilson and Rhoda M. Cheever, was born in Rutland, Mass., Sept. 11, 1841. His early years were spent on a farm, and at about the age of fourteen he entered a book store in Worcester, where he remained two years. In the meantime his father died and his mother married a second time Dea. Wm. G. Muzzy of Spencer, thus transferring the home of the young man to this town.

He began fitting for college at the Spencer high school, where he ranked specially high in mathematics. He engaged in a chess tournament with two college champions of New England, and won the game blindfolded.

Receiving an invitation from his great uncle, Judge Samuel Cheever of Waterford, N. Y., to reside with him while preparing for college, he accepted and took up the work of market gardening, to acquire the means for acquiring an education. The tide of war, however, swept him from these plans, and led him to recruiting a company in the early winter of 1861. He was commissioned 2nd Lieut. of Co. K, 104th N. Y. Vols. and was attached to the regiment known as the Wadsworth Guards, quartered in barracks at Albany, in March 1862.

After a month's drill in tactics the regiment went to Washington and encamped at Clouds Mills, Va., about four miles from Alexandria. His brigade commander was Brig. Gen. Abram Duryee of the noted Duryee "Zouaves," belonging to the army of Gen. Pope.

Lieut. Wilson was promoted to the command of his company July 28, and participated in the battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862. At the bloody engagement of Second Bull Run, Aug. 28 to 29, his regiment lost nearly one-fourth of its numbers. Two weeks later they marched fifteen miles and stormed and carried a rebel position on South Mountain, for which Capt. Wilson was complimented before his company by the commanding general.

The Battle of Antietam followed, where he received a slight wound from a piece of shell striking his sword belt. Dec. 13, 1862, occurred the Battle of Fredericksburg, in which he was again slightly wounded in the ankle. The army went into winter quarters at Belle Plains, Va. and again engaged the enemy at Chancellorsville, May 1-4, 1863.

The first day of the Battle of Gettysburg, his command lost heavily and Capt. Wilson was taken prisoner, breaking his sword before yielding it to his rebel captors. Together with many other Union officers captured, he was offered parole, but refused, preferring imprisonment to dishonorable withdrawal from his country's service.

Several hundred prisoners were marched 165 miles, under great privation, to Staunton, Va., where they were entrained for Richmond. On July 18, 1863, began the many weary months of captivity within the walls of Libby Prison. For facts concerning the cruel treatment received in this noted prison, it is only necessary to refer to the many histories written since the war. It is doubtful if Capt. Wilson would have survived, had he not fortunately received several boxes of clothing and provisions sent to him from his home in Spencer. He was transferred May 7, 1864, to Danville, Va., and during the following ten months was quartered in prison encampments at Macon, Charleston, Columbia, and Charlotte, N. C.

On Feb. 16, 1865, he escaped from the last mentioned place, by running from the spring outside the camp, while the two rebel sentinels guarding it were looking towards the camp for their relief guard.

After twenty-eight days of hard and perilous marching, mostly by night, over a mountainous country, secretly aided by the colored people and a few loyal whites, he reached the Union lines at Knoxville, Tenn. Maj. Wilson remained in the service some months after Lee's surrender, then received honorable discharge.

He engaged in market gardening, near Little Neck, L. I., till 1870, when ill health compelled him to relinquish a prosperous business. Maj. Wilson was a frequent writer in the N. Y. Times and Tribune on the financial question, which agitated the country during the second administration of Gen. Grant. In 1875 he established in Philadelphia Wilson's circulating library and book store, which in the following twenty years became a popular library of 60,000 volumes, with branches at Atlantic City, Germantown and elsewhere.

He was an ardent enthusiast in the game of chess, acting many years as treasurer of the Franklin Chess Club of Philadelphia. He played with Zuckertort, Steinitz and Walbrodt, of whom a Philadelphia paper said: "He (Walbrodt) had a splendid record, having gone through an international tourney without losing a game. On April 2, 1893, he met Mr. Wilson, who played the defence in capital style, fully holding his own, and as

a matter of fact, he obtained the upper hand, and if Walbrodt, on his 32d turn, had not brought about the exchange of Queens, he was likely to lose the game."

On the night of Aug. 16, 1897, Maj. Wilson was brutally murdered in his store and library, 1117 Walnut street, Philadelphia. That robbery was the motive for the crime was evident from the rifled condition of the body and all places where valuables were supposed to exist.

Although the best detective skill was employed, no clue has ever been obtained of the authors of the dastardly crime. Maj. Wilson was not known to have had an enemy in the world, and he was held in high esteem by his many patrons and friends in the City of Philadelphia.—*Lowell M. Muzzy, Chatham, N. Y.*

THOMAS R. WHITTEMORE

Town Treasurer of Spencer during the Civil war and up to Dec. 9, 1867, when he went away with a large sum of the town's money. He was finally traced to Kentucky and in company with Luther Hill returned to Spencer, where he turned over to his bondsmen all the money in his possession, besides his entire property, giving his individual notes to the amount of twelve thousand dollars, which presumably represented the total de-



THOMAS R. WHITTEMORE.

Born at Roxbury, Mass. Died at Great Falls, N. H.

fiency. It is not to be supposed that these notes were ever paid, the loss falling on the bondsmen, Isaac Prouty and Erastus Jones. While no one condoned his wrong doing, his repentance was so hearty and evidently so sincere that nearly every one sympathized with him in his affliction. He was a man of such genial

qualities of mind and heart that he had been universally known as Uncle Whittemore. Building a house beyond his resources and unusually aggravating domestic troubles are said to have been the incipient causes of downfall. After a settlement with his bondsmen he obtained a situation as clerk at the Great Falls Hotel, Somersworth, N. H., and remained there until his death, honored and respected by all.

Nicknames

For quite a good many years before the Civil war the passion for giving nicknames to everybody and everything in town ran riot among some of the workmen in the boot shops. "Biney," a name given to Henry M. Jones, was one that survived and is noted elsewhere in this book. "Tona" was a name given to Lyman A. Powers, brother-in-law to Mr. Jones, because of his musical ability. For years and apparently for no good reason, the Jenks tavern and stables were known to every one as "The Stackpole." A saloon, supposed to be a place for nothing but mild drinks, kept in the basement of the old Universalist church, was known only as the "Rat Hole;" and the list might be multiplied indefinitely.

Breaking the Pitcher

The following is a true story and happened in Spencer, but it has gone the rounds of the world, evidently without its true origin being known. The chief actor was the foremost man in town, a man of quick temper, and when exasperated, given to the use of vigorous expletives. His wife was the owner of a choice pitcher which she valued beyond price. One winter evening her husband took pitcher and candle and started for the cellar and cider barrel. Cider drinking in those days was universal. On this memorable evening her husband stumbled on the stairs and landed at the foot considerably injured. As he lay groaning the wife appeared at the cellar door and said: "James, did you break the pitcher?" Nettled by her greater solicitude for the pitcher than for himself he replied: "No, but I ——— will!" and suiting action to word threw it violently against the cellar wall. The crash grated on the ears of the spouse, who for the rest of her life regretted her indiscreet inquiry and its consequences.

“ SHINPLASTERS ”

The war of 1861 had hardly begun when gold and silver went to a premium and out of circulation. Banks and merchants hoarded hard money as fast as it came in and put it into their strong boxes to await further developments. It did not take long to strip the people of their customary medium of exchange. Copper coins alone were left in the field for the reason that their intrinsic value was less than their face value. Between the cent and the dollar bill nothing in the way of money was in sight.



FAC SIMILE OF "SHINPLASTER" SCRIP

At this juncture postage stamp money came into use and it became difficult for the government to supply stamps fast enough for the demand. While this measure of relief was a great boon to the people, stamps were not a satisfactory substitute for silver. They were small, easily torn and soiled, easily stuck together by moisture, and although stamp pocket books came into general

use the objections remained. To better facilitate exchange, banks and merchants put up packages of stamps in small envelopes, marking on the outside the value within, usually ten, twenty-five or fifty cents. But a better currency was demanded and soon corporations, banks, merchants and individuals began to issue small notes over their various signatures, guaranteeing redemption in sums of one dollar or over, usually at some State bank, for National banks were not then established. Issues of this character were called "shinplasters" and were a great improvement over postage stamps. After a time the government came into the field with an issue of fractional currency which proved to be an acceptable substitute for silver, and private bills went out of circulation almost as rapidly as their predecessors in silver and stamps.

In 1874 the writer acquired some of the fractional currency and with other paper money mounted and framed it and placed the same in Spencer Public Museum where it may now be seen. During the time of the "shinplaster" currency, Luther Hill supplied Spencer with all that was needed, made redeemable at Leicester bank. No sample, however, of this issue has been found, though diligent search has been made, but the fac-simile of a bill is shown which was issued by Mr. Hill from Lawrence, Kansas, where he had a store, and this is substantially a representation of the Spencer notes.

COPPERHEADS

This was a name much used during the Civil war to designate northern men who sympathized with the Confederacy. It is probable that in every considerable community north there were some who belonged to this class, although in New England the percentage was small. It is thought there were not over twelve such men in Spencer, nearly half of whom lived in and around Spencer depot, as the village now known as South Spencer was then called. These men were strangers to that intense feeling of patriotism which animated the mass of the people, and seemed to be as impassive, immobile and dead to the supremacy of the Northern cause as men of stone. On the other hand they were all alive with enthusiasm at every Southern success, and having from youth been in the habit of expressing their views without let or hindrance they were very much surprised to find their words of praise for the South and of condemnation for the North aroused so intense a feeling of indignation among their fellow citizens. But they soon awoke to the fact that they unconsciously had aroused a spirit that would brook no opposition and to learn that there was one subject, at least, on which free and unrestrained speech would not be tolerated, even in law abiding Spencer.

Three of them were separately taught lessons in patriotism without bodily harm or injury to property, and these lessons were heeded by all of that class, on the ground probably, that discretion was the part of wisdom. One of these cases, that of Ruel Jones, was treated in Volume 2, page 131.

Another is that of Fiske Guilford, a well-to-do farmer living a mile or more southwest from Spencer depot on a farm now owned by Aaron D. Woodbury. He was one of the most persistent offenders of northern patriotic sentiment, and he had been advised by some of his friends to place a bridle on his tongue, but to no purpose. His words at last aroused an intense feeling of indignation which soon crystalized into action, and resulted in a body of union men, most of whom afterwards served as soldiers, marching one evening to the residence of Mr. Guilford, surrounding his house and demanding his presence outside. They had brought with them the stars and stripes all nicely mounted, hammer and nails and a ladder. If he came out of his

own accord no harm should befall him, but if he resisted he would be taken out by force, whatever the consequences. So after a little parleying he very carefully opened the door and faced his accusers. He was then commanded to nail up the flag staff on the south-east corner of his house near the roadside. This he did and was then requested to salute the flag. He complied with this command also but in so feeble a voice that it plainly showed to what extent he was acting under the dominion of fear. But his action was satisfactory to the crowd, who, after warning him not to take down the flag, left him to his own reflections. It was some three weeks after this before he put in



THE FISKE GUILFORD HOUSE

an appearance at Spencer depot and then it was as a meek and inoffensive citizen. He had learned a lesson. "Old Glory" continued to wave at his home long after the war ended and until it was utterly frayed out. Mr. Guilford was a penurious man. Having broken a leg, he refused the assistance of a surgeon on account of the expense; blood poisoning set in and he died, leaving behind the money he so much valued, a small portion of which would probably have purchased for him additional years of life and strength.

Another ease developed at South Spencer as the result of an understanding between Daniel K. Rathbun, station agent, and Charles H. Giffin, freight agent. Spencer depot at this time was

the only telegraph station in town, and with the intense war spirit then prevailing there was nearly all the time quite an assemblage of men at that point to hear and discuss the latest war news. Messages were taken off the wires by the operator as they passed along between more important stations. A man in middle life frequented the place whose expressed sentiments were as obnoxious as those of Fiske Guilford. To teach him a lesson Rathbun and Giffin outlined a plan which young men from the village helped execute. Rathbun obtained a rope suitable for hanging, and one evening when all was ready, came out of his office, threw it to the boys and said: "Boys, now rope him." At the same time Giffin said in a loud voice: "Rathbun, you get that kettle of tar and I'll get the feathers." The latter part was all bluff; no tar and feathers had been provided, but the offending party sensed a serious situation and like a frightened hare, at once fled from the station double quick over the tracks, pursued by the crowd with all the speed at their command. The pursued party made for the home of Thomas Sullivan, a long low one-story building. Here he gained entrance, bolted the door, called on Mrs. Sullivan to save him and crawled under the bed. The woman was a known fighter and threatened to kill the first man who should break the door, but no attempt was made. Rathbun and Giffin had followed on and at this stage commanded a retreat as they thought the scare effectual. It surely had been and the party thereafter was very guarded and discreet in his utterances. He was thoroughly indignant however at the treatment and knowing that Henry F. Adams, son of Francis Adams Jr., deputy sheriff, was one of the crowd he appealed to the sheriff for advice as to what legal action he should take. Mr. Adams replied: "If my boy has violated any law have him arrested, same as you would any other man." Discretion however prevailed and no arrests were attempted.

Another copperhead advised his son, a youth of fourteen, to write a school composition denouncing the North in scathing terms. This he did, but it was not allowed to be read. Miss Sarah Fales, teacher at District No. 9, told the boy that such essays were out of order and never again to bring such a composition to her school. The command was heeded.

Another copperhead lived at Spencer depot and later had a son in each of the contending armies. When the 10th regiment of soldiers started off on the cars for Springfield, cheer after cheer followed them. This was too much for the pent up indignation of this man. The day was warm, his house filled with women and windows all open. He was outside on the lawn with a few male companions. As he

heard the cheers he became wild with frenzy and three times throwing high his hat into the air gave each time vent to his feelings in language too vulgar to print or to hear. His wife admonished him of the presence of women. He didn't care a d---. He had got to express himself, but it appears he cooled down after this, for in the days following he maintained a commendable silence regarding his love for the Southern cause.

PINE GROVE CEMETERY

Mr Benjamin N. Kinney, the eminent sculptor of Worcester, and intimate friend of Wm. Otis Bemis, the Spencer artist, (see Vol II, Page 12) in his frequent visits to his former pupil and friend, noticed, as he passed by, the beautiful location for a cemetery on the bluff overlooking Seven Mile river and on the Hillsville road. He acquired the property and laid it out for burial purposes in 1815 and thus became a real benefactor to the town. The leading citizens of the town, perceiving the desirability of the location for the purpose, mentioned, took measures to purchase the same, which they did in August of the same year for the sum of three hundred dollars and one burial lot. Later they organized under the laws of the state corporation, called the Pine Grove Cemetery Association. This corporation has been and now is one of the most beneficent institutions in town, doing a public work of the utmost importance without ostentation or parade or money compensation to the men who have had the direction of its affairs. Additional land being required, an adjoining tract was purchased in 1854 of Washington Hill and another in 1873 of Waldo Wilson. The Corporation now has ample space besides one of the most beautiful and desirable locations for burial purposes in Worcester county and the property is yearly made more attractive as funds for permanent improvements become available.

Following are the names of donors to the permanent cemetery fund with the sum contributed by each. This money is safely invested in savings banks in the name of the Corporation and the interest annually applied to the maintenance of individual lots, excess, if any, for the general care of the grounds. The sum should be largely increased and doubtless will be.

LEGACIES.

David Prouty Fund	\$5,000	Henry R. Green Fund	\$200
Richard Sugden Fund	5,000	Sarah E. Green Fund	200
Andrew Bravo Fund	1,500	Geo. F. Grout Fund	200
Nathaniel Myrick Fund	1,000	Wm. L. Thompson Fund	200
Theodore C. Prouty Fund	1,000	Daniel Clapp Fund	150
Ann Maria Guilford Fund	800	Annetta Russell Fund	150
Thomas Clark Fund	500	Wm. Henshaw Fund	100

Geo. P. Prouty Fund	\$500	Ezra Bennett Fund	\$100
Henry W. Bemis Fund	500	Henry H. West Fund	100
Wm. White Smith Fund	400	Ann E. Cummings Fund	100
John L. Bush Fund	300	Vian A. Snow et al	100
Mary B. Cutting Fund	200	Hiram Howe Fund	100
Charlotte Rice Fund	200	John Moore 2nd	100

OTHER PROSPECTIVE FUNDS.

Jeremiah Grout Heirs Fund	\$100
Martha L. Grout Fund	200
D. B. Learned Fund	150

The following citizens have served the Corporation as treasurers:

1847 to 1855,	Charles E. Denny
1855 to 1862,	Jeremiah Grout
1862 to 1863,	John L. Bush
1863 to 1866,	Jeremiah Grout
1866 to 1867,	Eli J. Whittimore
1867 to 1877,	Theodore C. Prouty
1877 to 1879,	John N. Grout
1879 to 1890,	John Boyden
1890 to 1897,	Henry P. Howland
1897 to 1904,	E. Harris Howland

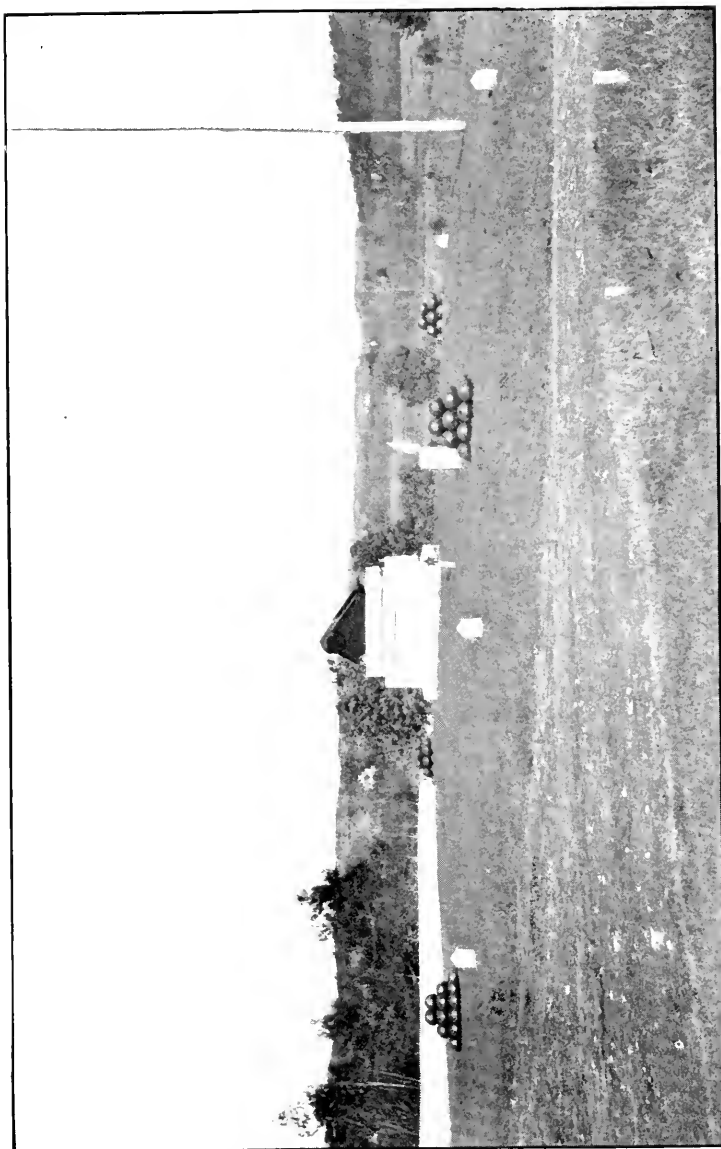
The Soldiers' Lot

One of many charitable acts of this association, as its records show, was the free gift of land for a soldiers' and sailors' burial lot. The enacting vote was passed at a meeting held March 26, 1897 and is as follows:

Voted that the Corporation set apart a plot of ground to be forever used as a burial place for deceased soldiers and sailors who have served in the United States service and that Post 37 G. A. R. of Spencer, Mass., be invited to select a committee to join with the directors in selecting a suitable lot and that they be allowed to beautify said lot at their discretion subject to the approval of the Cemetery Corporation

Voted that Dr. A. A. Bemis be invited to join Post 37 G. A. R. and the directors of the Cemetery Corporation in selecting said lot.

Complying with the above request Post 37 G. A. R. chose Charles H. Allen, George P. Clark and Jarvis H. Jones a committee to represent them. The committee of the whole in due time met at Pine Grove, and after viewing several sites, decided on the present location as in all respects most desirable. They



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AND GROUNDS, PINE GROVE CEMETERY, SPENCER

sey in their report to the town in 1899: "Realizing the importance of a spacious lot, our selection was a plot of land on a knoll in the northwest part of the cemetery commanding a view of most all parts of the cemetery, and prominent in sight of the road. The lot is to be of oblong dimensions with a gravel walk around it, a circular avenue bounding the front and three ornamental plots of land, one on each end and one in front."

The committee completed their work and reported to the town meeting held April 2, 1900, as follows:

"The Committee submit their report on the completion of the burial lot for soldiers and sailors at Pine Grove Cemetery. The lot was finished in time for the Memorial Day services of 1899, which were held at the consecrated spot over the grave of the first soldier to be buried therein, Elias H. Freeman. The grading of the land on the site chosen and the markers placed thereon met with the general approval of the public. Spencer may feel proud that they now have a final resting place for her brave men who have and may render their country service in her time of need, especially those who are left at last alone without the ministrations of family friends. We may well feel proud of our burial lot; it is surpassed by no other town of our size."

CHARLES H. ALLEN,
 JAMES H. AMES,
 ALONZO A. BEMIS,
 GEORGE P. CLARK,
 E. HARRIS HOWLAND,
 JARVIS H. JONES,
 HEZEKIAH P. STARR,

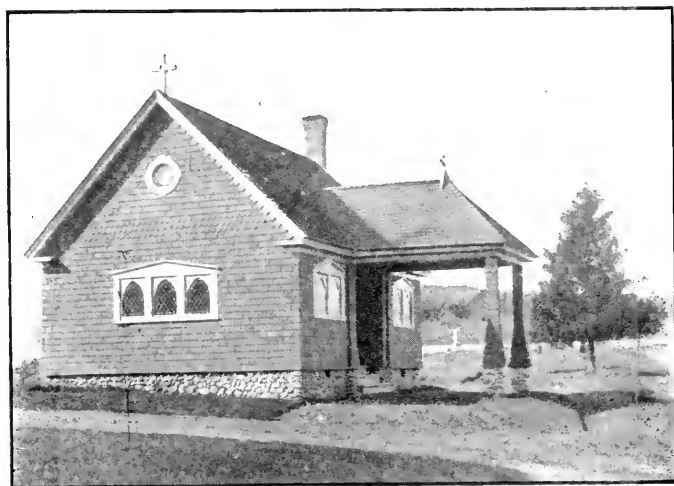
Committee.

The expense of fitting up the grounds and furnishings amounted to nearly four hundred dollars, borne largely by the town. The mortar and four stacks of cannon balls were secured as a loan to the town from the United States, through the kindly representation of Congressman Joseph H. Walker of Worcester.

Keith Memorial Chapel

Mrs. Mary Ann Keith, donor of the Memorial chapel in Pine Grove cemetery was the daughter of Zepheniah and Prudence Lathé of Charlton, Massachusetts, and was born March 1, 1809. She died at East Douglas, March 4, 1901, aged ninety-two years, four days, the widow of Royal Keith, whom she married in July, 1879. Her first marriage was to Daniel Clapp, June 10, 1829.

He was a well-to-do farmer who owned the farm on Pleasant street of Joseph Butler, recently deceased. She was known in Spencer only as Mrs. Daniel Clapp. The couple were well mated and were active and efficient in caring for the sick and promoting every good cause. Mr. Clapp was the town sexton. In those days the town took charge of burials and paid the bills. Mrs. Clapp therefore became familiar with the needs of cemetery work, and "her interest in the cemetery was manifested more particularly after the death of her younger son, Carlos, a youth of some thirteen summers. He was a great lover of flowers



THE KEITH MEMORIAL CHAPEL,
Pine Grove Cemetery, Spencer.

which led her to cultivate them there, and her work seemed to perpetuate his memory in that way. At the time of the burial of Daniel Clapp, who had been living for many years at Shrewsbury, George B. Clapp of Boston, the eldest son, proposed that a suitable sum of money be raised to build a chapel and agreed to head a subscription paper with a generous sum. Mrs. Keith promised to double the amount, but the proposition did not meet with a hearty response and later she decided herself to donate a sum sufficient for the purpose as the desire was still dear to her heart. Her purpose was carried out in her will, which provided a legacy of one thousand dollars. Her recollections of Spencer dated back to her early married life, and her happiest hours

seemed to have been connected with its people and her ministrations to their needs when sick. Her death closed a long life of industry, integrity and usefulness."

The legacy in due time came into the treasury of the Pine Grove Association and was duly acknowledged in appreciative words on its records. A committee was appointed with power to obtain plans and let contracts. After carefully canvassing the matter a satisfactory plan was adopted and the contract for building the same awarded to S. Gleason Warren. The structure



MRS. KEITH,
Donor of Keith Memorial Chapel

was finished in the autumn of 1902. The first service was held in January following under the auspices of Post 37, G. A. R., and over the body of William A. Sloane, a former resident, but later of New Hampshire, which was brought here for interment.

The following appreciative letter from the pen of Rev. Mr. Masseck well illustrates the value of the chapel.

Spencer, Mass., January 10, 1903

To the Editor of the Leader:

Having just returned from the Pine Grove Cemetery, where for the first time I was called to use the new Chapel, I wish to express

my gratification that we have such a great convenience provided for the public. It has been a bitter cold morning. To have conducted such a service as that of the G. A. R. at the grave would have been to expose a large number of veterans to just the conditions that might have injuriously affected their health. But the new chapel made it possible to conduct all the exercises in perfect comfort and without any risk. I want to express my appreciation also of the excellent taste shown by the building committee in the erection of this building. Its exterior appearance is very fitting for the place and purpose. It is neat, simple, beautiful. The crosses that surmount it symbolize the Christian faith in an immortal life and are most appropriate. The interior is also beautiful in its simplicity. There is now an opportunity for the furnishing of the room in perfect ecclesiastical character and it would seem to me that here many friends could place memorials for the dead. The possibilities are readily perceptible to one who has seen such buildings in other places.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK L. MASSECK,
Pastor Universalist Church.

A little later Mr. Isaac L. Prouty voluntarily contributed money to pay for furnishing the Chapel, thus completing the good work inaugurated by Mrs. Keith.

THE WORTHINGTON GOLDEN WEDDING

The Worthington family, so intimately connected with Spencer, was distinguished during the Civil war for sending ten men into the service. Everyone of them went who could and the story was well told at the golden wedding of the founders of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Orin S. Worthington, held at Town Hall on the evening of Oct. 29, 1866.

This wedding appears to have been the most noted and largely attended of any in Spencer history. The leading citizens and influential families were well represented, in fact the hall was packed to its utmost capacity, eloquently testifying to the esteem in which the aged couple were held. The Spencer Brass band and Spencer Glee Club discoursed appropriate music. Hon. James Draper, the oldest and most distinguished citizen of the town, presided.

At 6:30 the meeting was called to order. Rev. James Cruickshanks, the leading clergyman in town, offered prayer.

Capt. Jeremiah Grout then gave a brief history of the family as follows:

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Allow me to relate a very brief history of this aged couple, who have come up here to-night, with seven of their eight children surviving and with quite a number of grandchildren, surrounded by a host of friends and invited guests, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedded life, and to renew their promises pledged to each other in their early days. This I do for the information of those who are expected to speak on this occasion, they not having an intimate acquaintance with the family.

"Mr. Orin S. Worthington and Miss Suanna Whittemore were married at Mansfield, Connecticut, October 28th, 1816—fifty years ago yesterday. Five years subsequent to their marriage they moved to this town, where they have now resided

forty-five years, and where they have lived a peaceful and industrious life—not only in their family circle, but with their neighbors and townsmen generally.

“They have had a family of twelve children, ten sons and two daughters. Four of that number are not living—three sons and one daughter. Three of the four died young, at the respective ages of one and one-half, twelve and nineteen years. The



CAPT. JEREMIAH GROOT.

Born in Spencer June 7, 1796. Died in Spencer April 21, 1869.

other, the lamented John M., was instantly killed by a bullet from a rebel gun in the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19th, 1864, aged twenty-eight years, where his remains now repose.

“Our aged and respected friend, Mr. Worthington, has experienced rather an eventful life. Being a carpenter by trade he has frequently been called upon by his townsmen to perform and execute certain jobs of work that other carpenters would reject, such

as taking down old buildings and rebuilding the same—often-times very hazardous, and at times has escaped instant death most miraculously. At the raising of buildings, where he was almost always present, you would find him in the most hazardous position upon the frame—walking as deliberately upon the highest pinnacles as upon the highway. And again, he was the only carpenter to be found who dared venture to make repairs upon powder mills, which were frequently necessary. But being pos-



ORIN S. WORTHINGTON.
Died Feb. 13, 1881; aged 80 years, 7 months.

sessed of an accommodating and adventurous disposition, he seldom, if ever, refused to do any such job he was called upon to do, however dangerous, or disagreeable. And here I will relate his escape from instant death, which would appear to be truly a providential escape. Some twenty-five years ago, with three other men, he was engaged in making repairs upon one of these mills. He stepped out of the door of the mill to go to a shop near by,

and when a few paces from the mill the powder ignited from an unknown cause, blowing the mill to atoms from its foundation, the timbers falling around him on every side. If he had been upon any other spot for rods around he must have been killed by the falling timbers. The three men whom he left in the mill were blown several rods away, and instantly killed. Thus we may conclude that he was not to be killed by a casualty, as the Indian said of General Washington, "He was not to be killed by a musket ball."



SUANNA WORTHINGTON.

Died Nov. 26, 1877, aged 79 years, 3 months, 26 days.

"This family has been particularly noted for its patriotism during the late war. The father, sons and grandsons, all alike, have manifested a loyal spirit and love of country such as few families can boast. The family have virtually furnished the army, during the late rebellion, with a platoon of ten eager and brave soldiers, namely, seven sons, two grandsons and one son-in-law--one-tenth of a whole company; and yet two left at home,

the father and one son, regretted that they were refused the privilege of enlisting in the service—one being too aged, and the other from inability.

“And here we may challenge our own state at least, if not all the loyal states of the Union, to produce a parallel case.

“And should not this sacrifice be highly esteemed, not only by this family, but by the inhabitants of this town who know that



BENJAMIN D. WORTHINGTON.

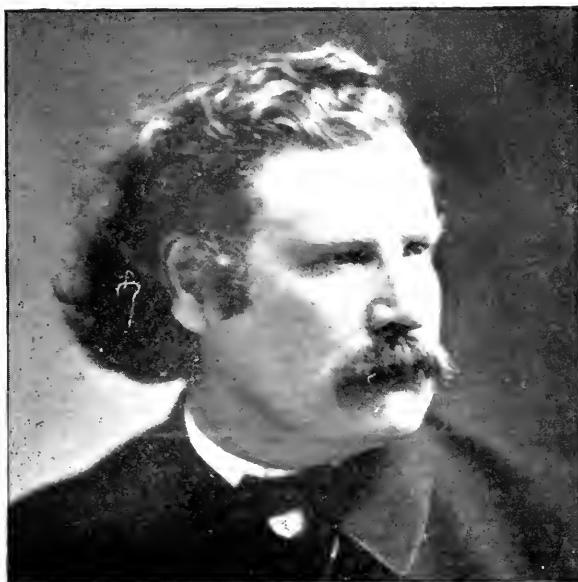
Devoted nearly two years in hospitals in the department of the Cumberland during the years 1862-3. Now living at Steubenville, Ohio; eighty years of age and totally blind.

they have such a patriotic family in their midst? They have sacrificed all the comforts of life, and even life itself for the good of us all. And in addition to the celebration of this golden wedding, we come up here tonight to manifest our appreciation of such voluntary services and sacrifice, by our voices and our contributions.”

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

BY REV. JAMES CRUIKSHANKS

Met this eve, kind friends, to greet you,
Met to swell this social gathering:
Gathering of the young and aged,
Gathering of the gay and joyous—
To express our words of pleasure,
Leave our tokens more substantial,
Tokens which shou'd speak of friendship.



REV. JAMES CRUIKSHANKS.
See Vol. II, Page 194.

Pardon me, on this occasion,
If I call my Muse to guide me
In my strain, though unpoetic,
Pardon me? I know you're willing
On this happy, pleasant greeting,
Though I touch on things most secret,
Things for fifty years a secret,
In the days of early manhood.

When your life was all before you
 Full of hope and full of pleasure,
 You were seized and taken captive,
 Captive in the snares of Cupid.
 Ruthless rogue! He held you captive,
 Nor released his grasp so tender,
 Till you yielded to the bondage—



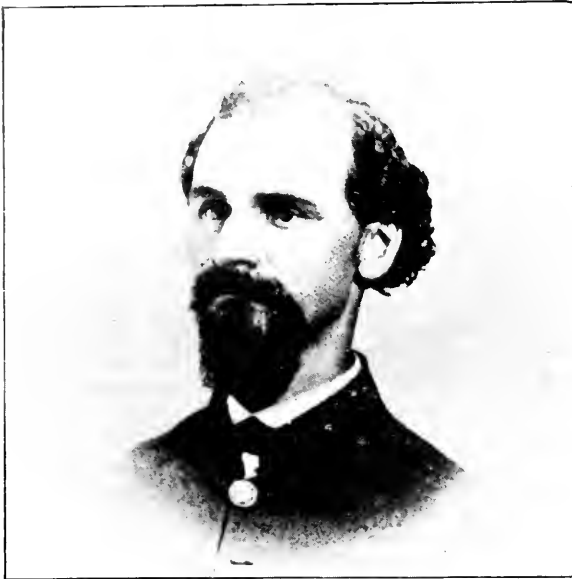
WILLIAM H. WORTHINGTON.

A natural born fighter. At the beginning of the war he was a pilot on one of the western rivers, getting \$50 a month and board. He however gave up this position and entered the service of the United States as a private in 1st Minn. Vols., for \$13 a month and board. He was in the following battles: First Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Siege of Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Gaines' Mill, Mechanicsville, White Oak Swamp, Chapman's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Antietam, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Brandy Station and Thoroughfare Gap. Was also in ten battles in the Mexican campaign under Gen. Scott, making a total of twenty-eight battles and he passed through them all without receiving a scratch. Promoted to Sergeant. Deceased.

Bondage which you've loved and cherished,
 Fifty years of sweetest bondage,
 Your companion, young and blooming,
 With her charms and winning glances
 Was the conscious, loving victor,
 Much has passed, sweet melting missives,
 Through the mail, perchance in secret,

Words of love were spoken, whispered
 In the kitchen by the chimney;
 On the sofa in the parlor;
 'Neath the elm tree in the moonlight;
 None but you, perhaps the angels
 Heard the accents of devotion
 That were uttered with responses.

Pardon me if I am touching
 On a period all too sacred;
 For 'tis part of the occasion
 Reaching from that joyous evening—
 Fifty years today precisely.



ORIN A. WORTHINGTON.

Was in service one year as one of the National Guard of the State of Ohio.

Time passed on with footsteps fleeting;
 Days were counted, hours were numbered,
 Till the happy day was settled,
 Settled for the mystic union,
 Joining hands in 'holy wedlock,
 Joining hands for life together,
 You commenced: the heavens were sunlight
 O'er your heads and all before you;
 'Twas a day you'll long remember
 For the hopes you fondly cherished.

Thus commenced your life-long journey,
 Thus you've traveled on together,
 Through the clouds and through the sunshine,
 Quaffing now the cup of sorrow,
 Then the chalice of enjoyment.

Time passed on with many changes ;
 Soon your hearts were cheered and gladdened —
 Gladdened by a little stranger
 Who appeared to bless the household
 With the voice of love and prattle,
 Adding care and welcome trouble,
 Sweetening life already joyous.



HAMMOND J. WORTHINGTON.

Volunteered but rejected for physical cause. Still living and makes his home in Spencer
part of the time.

'Twas a link of golden texture,
 Binding hearts already loving ;
 But the days were swiftly passing
 And new powers were quickly added —
 Powers to speak and powers to listen,
 Wonder of the happy household,
 Thus the little one was lisping
 Words which parent hearts are hearing,
 Words of love and words of wonder,
 When there came another stranger.

To be companion to his brother,
 Opening up new thoughts and feelings
 In your hearts so fond and loving,
 Then another, and still another,
 Till twelve in number blessed the household.
 Stout boys eleven — one gentle daughter,
 But shadows gathered round your windows,
 Clouds appeared, and one was taken,
 Then another, and still another.



ALBERT C. WORTHINGTON.

Impressed into the Rebel service June 1861 in Tennessee. Escaped to Union lines one month afterwards and entered service for one year in 2nd Ill. Vols. Cav. Was afterwards in 145th Ill. Vols. Inf., most of the time on detached duty. His wife also served as matron in the General Hospital at Union City, Tennessee.

Then a third, till four were taken,
 Thus life moved on with care and sorrow,
 Life and joy, and death and mourning.
 Time passed on, the children growing,
 The sons to youth, and then to manhood,
 Like birds, already fledged and seeking
 Another home in the wide world,
 They bade farewell, and left the roof-tree,
 To do their part in life's great battle.

In the meantime lo! the nation
 Is involved in revolution;
 Enemies, who long were working,
 Rose in mad and bold rebellion,
 Resolved to rule or else to ruin.

The blow was aimed and struck at Sumter.
 In a moment the whole nation
 From Atlantic to Pacific,
 Was aroused in indignation.



CHARLES D. WORTHINGTON.

Enlisted in the 3rd Rhode Island Battery for three years, Aug. 13th, 1861 and served until expiration of term. Promoted to Sergeant and was in the following battles: Ball's Bluff, Siege of Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Chapman's Farm, White Oak Swamp, Mechanicsville, Second Bull Run, Sharpsburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and the five battles around Petersburg. Wounded at Gettysburg. Resides in Spencer.

Quick the calls came, quick were answered —
 Calls for men both brave and noble,
 Nobly answered all your household,
 None more nobly in the nation.

All your sons, the seven in number,
 Hastened to their country's altar;
 There they made a full surrender
 Of their lives for the Republic!

And you, sir, and your companion,
 Nobly answered to the country :
 " Here they are, my sons, most precious ---
 Take them all, and they are worthy ;
 It is all I have to give thee :
 Take them — thou art worthy also ! "
 To your sons you answered grandly :
 " Go, my boys' gird on the armor ;
 Go equipped into the battle !
 Meet the foe with fearless courage,
 Meet them in the name of Freedom ;
 Strike them down as fiendish traitors !



JOHN M. WORTHINGTON.

Co. K, 10th Mass. Vols. Killed at battle of Winchester, Va. See record elsewhere.

Go, my boys, defend the banner —
 The sacred banner of the nation ! "
 They boldly went to martial music —
 Obeyed their father and their country ;
 'Mid shot and shell they fought like heroes ;
 From field to field they marched and conquered.
 Thus all went forth to face rebellion,
 All went out with flying banners :
 All returned with heroes' laurels,
 All but one, and he is missing !
 On the field he fell while fighting —

Fighting for the bleeding nation,
 Now he sleeps — the nation mourns him.
 With the victors he is numbered,
 And his name shall never perish.
 One was wounded — he is with us.
 He shall speak, and we shall hear him —
 He shall speak, for he is worthy —
 Worthy more than any present.



LIBERTY W. WORTHINGTON,
 Co. E, 34th Mass. Vols. See record elsewhere.

Copy by Currier

But I must not longer keep you
 For I see the time is passing,
 And we are to hear from others.
 Hence, kind friends, again we greet you,
 On this hour so gay and joyous,
 May this scene, with friends around you,
 Be an omen of the future ; —
 Bright and golden be that future ; —
 May the sky be bright above you,
 And the sea which lies before you
 Be ever free from storms and tempests ;

And at last, when life is over,
 'Tis our prayer on this occasion,
 That, to you and your companion,
 With your children and their children
 May be given a blissfull entrance
 Where sounds no more the shout of battle,
 But peace shall reign eternally.

The President then presented the couple a substantial donation of money in the following words :



SARAH ELIZA (WORTHINGTON) BLISS.

Wife of E. M. Bliss, who probably accomplished as much for the Union in her sphere at home as any one of her brothers did in the field. She was a tireless worker for the soldiers. Died Apr. 27, 1889, aged 57 years, 1 month, 20 days.

*Presentation Speech by the President.

"Mr. and Mrs. Worthington: You have now been inhabitants of this town forty-five years. I remember, Mr. Worthington, when you first entered this place—a young strong man. As for

*It is probable that this is the only recorded speech of Mr. Draper. There were few shorthand reporters in those days but on this memorable occasion there was one present in the person of Augustus S. Worthington. He took notes of the entire proceedings and thus to him the public are indebted for the preservation of this speech, which shows the trend of thought and style of language used by this notable son of Spencer.

your lady, I remember that she was handsome.* (Laughter) Since that time what changes have taken place! Where are the young people we then knew? Gone, or dispersed, except here



HON. JAMES DRAPER.

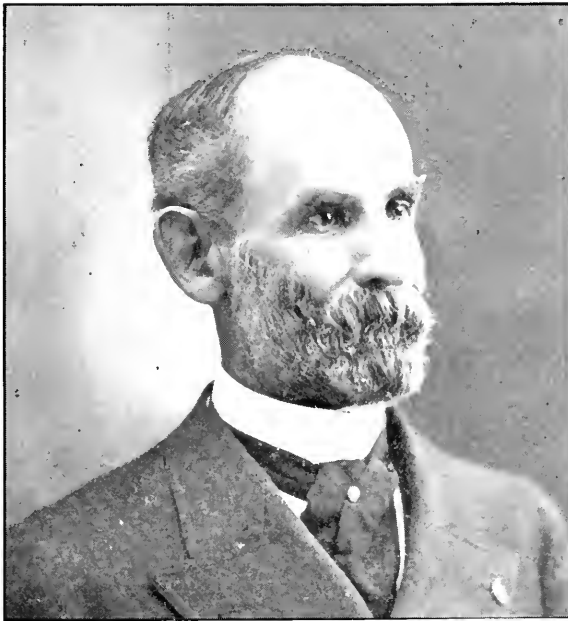
Copy by Currier

Born in Spencer Feb. 26, 1778. Died in Spencer Oct. 27, 1868. Author of History of Spencer. Appointed Justice of the Peace in 1806. This office then carried with it the authority to try cases. He became the Trial Justice of the town and continued to hold court until he became quite an old man and unable longer to fill the position with satisfaction to himself. In the meantime he had tried over a thousand cases. He was a delegate in 1820 for altering or amending the constitution, representative twelve years, senator two years, assessor twenty-seven years, town clerk one year, town treasurer twelve years and selectman ten years. Besides the above positions of trust of a public nature which he filled with credit he was largely employed in the settlement of estates and other legal business.

and there a few of us, like stars just above the horizon, about to set, never to rise again! When you came here the site of Spencer was almost vacant ground. Now it is dotted over with

*It was formerly said that Mr. and Mrs. Worthington were the handsomest couple who ever trod the aisles of the Congregational church.

steeple and spires, and houses and manufactories. We have mechanic shops that look more like palaces, and many school houses; and this spacious town hall did not then exist. This hall is now filled with the smiling faces of those who have come here to see you and your lady and family, to see what is called a 'Golden Wedding.' This is well, and I approve of it. When a man and wife have been married fifty years, it is well to look back at the ups and downs and zig-zags that have occurred in their lives.



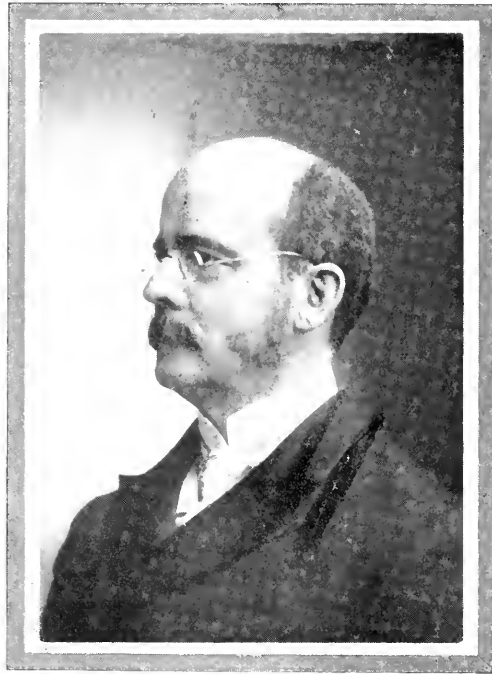
HENRY D. WORTHINGTON.

Served three years and three months in Co. H., 2nd Ohio Vols. Was promoted to Lieutenant and was in the following battles: First Bull Run, Ivy Mountain, Perryville, Stone River, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Hooker's Gap, Resaca, Buzzard Roost, Peach Tree Creek and Siege of Atlanta. Now living at Terre Haute, Ind., managing railroad interests.

It is well for you, if you have committed any mistakes, to see where you missed it, and endeavor to do better in the future. There is such a thing as family jars; if you have had any it is a good time to forgive.

"I have said we came here to see your 'Golden Wedding.' We have come also to thank you for your patriotism. A patriot is a man who loves and defends his country. I don't say that you

shouldered your musket; you are too old for that; but you must have used your influence. I understand that you have sent, directly, or indirectly, seven sons and two grandsons to swell the Union army. There is no parallel in this state, in this country—under heaven.* (Great applause) One of those soldiers was killed, and another returned maimed for life.



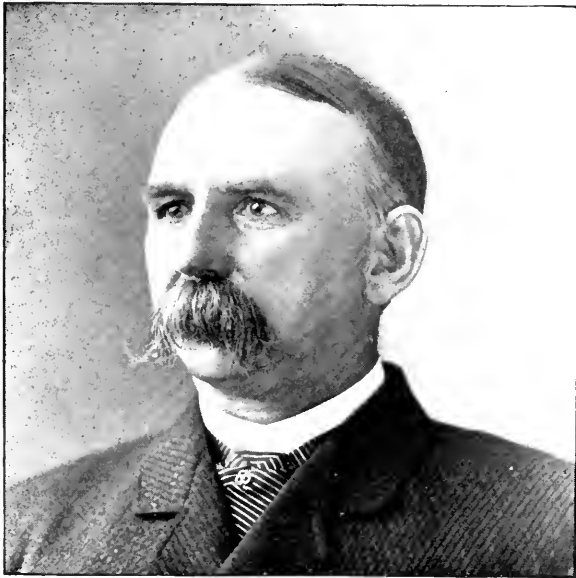
AUGUSTUS S. WORTHINGTON.

Enlisted as private in Co. D 98th Ohio Vols., Aug. 6, 1862 and discharged from the service by special order of the Secretary of War, Mar. 31, 1865. Was in the battles of Perryville, Resaca and Kenesaw Mountain. Wounded at Perryville and Kenesaw, the latter resulting in the loss of a leg. Mr. Worthington is a leading lawyer in Washington, D. C. Has been District Attorney for the District of Columbia. He is said to have amassed a fortune.

“Mr. Worthington, I have known you for a long time and I will say for you, that you have been an honest and industrious man, and that you have attended to your own business and have

*This claim was probably made under an excess of enthusiasm and not from actual knowledge for a more remarkable case had already occurred in Spencer, but the fact seems to have been lost sight of in the march of years. Samuel Bemis, the second settler, sent fourteen grandsons into the War of the Revolution. See Vol. I, Page 77.

let others attend to theirs. It is said that 'Diligence maketh a man rich' but there are few proverbs that are not liable to exception. I believe that you have not been successful in laying up a fund for your old age. This is no disparagement to you. Perhaps you did not 'work it well;' plans may have failed; there are accidents that cannot be avoided— flood, sickness, death and so forth. And if you have not been successful in laying up a sufficient sum for your declining years, your friends and neighbors have liberally contributed a handsome sum for that purpose. Capt. Grout is entitled to a great deal of credit in this matter. They have made me the trustee of this money. They have



EDWARD M. BLISS.

Son-in-law of Orin S. Worthington, private, Co. H, 13th Mass. Vols. Enlisted Jan 13, 1862 and discharged on account of wounds received at the battle of Antietam. Was in the battles of Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Chapman's Farm and Antietam. Living in Spencer. Has been postmaster and is now clerk in the postoffice.

collected in money and good vouchers a handsome sum, honorable alike to the donors themselves and to you who receive it. Freely take it; freely use it; freely it was given, and I trust you will use it with the discretion and economy that you have characterized all your doings. I hope your last days may be your

best days. May you enjoy peace, health, clear consciences and contentment,—the great blessings of this world. And, when the last summons comes, may you be prepared to meet it with resignation—lamp trimmed and burning, and when you leave these pleasant abodes, may you hear a voice saying: ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of the Lord.’”

Interesting remarks were also made by Rev. M. E. Wright, pastor of the M. E. church, Benjamin D., Albert S., Orin A. Worthington and Mr. William Mecorney of Worcester. The band played the “Mocking Bird,” then in the height of its popularity and after many introductions general handshakings and social chats the audience dispersed.

The number of battles in which members of the Worthington family engaged, including those of the Mexican war, is as follows:

William	28	Charles	23
John	25	Liberty	10
Henry	13	Augustus	3
Edward	8		
		Total	110
Wounds received	8	Killed	1
Prisoners	None		

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