















THE MAINE BUGLE

Its echoing notes your memories shall renew From sixty-one until the grand review.

Published Quarterly, January, April, July, and October, and will be the Organ of the "Men of Maine" who Served in the War of the Rebellion. No Other State has a Prouder Record. It will Contain the Proceedings of their Yearly Reunions, Matters of Historic Value to Each Regiment, and Items of Personal Interest to All its Members. It is also the Organ of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, and will Publish the Annual Proceedings of that Society, and Contributions from Members of the Various Regiments, North and South, which Participated in the War of the Rebellion.

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THE MAINE BUCLE.

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THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN IV.

JANUARY, 1897.

CALL I.

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

By the Rev. R. L. Howard.

For many reasons, the closing of the Mississippi river was one of the first things attempted by the Confederate government; Columbus, Ky., was occupied, partially fortified, and the river chained; New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and Memphis were made important points, and the resources of the Rebellion were taxed to provide armed cruisers to coöperate and effectually resist all Union advance by the Father of Waters.

The same reasons were equally cogent at Washington, and soon the Mississippi floated a noble fleet of iron-clads under Commodore Foote; the Western army assumed large proportions and became uniformly victorious; one after another the rebel strongholds fell, until the Upper Mississippi was unobstructed, and, New Orleans having been taken, there were left to the Confederacy but two points of strategic importance on the river, Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

Of these, Vicksburg was naturally by far the stronger, and was speed-

ily strengthened until it was held to be nearly impregnable, and from a river approach quite so. All serious danger from our gunboats being out of the question, an approach in the rear through the heart of the Confederacy could alone succeed, and that they confidently expected to easily defeat in the open field.

The fall of 1862 having brought large reinforcement to our armies, witnessed the first serious attempt to reduce this stronghold, which was from the rear. Grant, leaving his summer camps at Memphis, Jackson and Bolivar, Tenn., moved by the way of the Mississippi Central railroad through Holly Springs and Oxford, Miss., while a force under Hovey should move from Helena, Ark., toward Grenada to strike the army confronting Grant, if possible, in the rear. This movement failed through the swift riding of Van Dorn's cavalry, and the capture and burning of Grant's supplies at Holly Springs, Dec. 20; and the army, which had reached a point seventeen miles south of Oxford,

retraced its steps northward and later concentrated at Memphis.

Through conflicting orders from Washington, involving a possible change of command from Grant to McClernand, a movement under Sherman was precipitated by the way of the Mississippi and the Yazoo against Vicksburg, and the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou was fought Dec. 29, in which it was hoped to capture Haines' Bluff, and so effect a lodgment eleven miles above the city from the Yazoo.

But Pemberton's army was back in force and Sherman was defeated. Could Grant and Sherman have communicated after the capture of Holly Springs, this defeat would not have been.

Following this there was a conflict in authority, which kept things pretty much at sea for several weeks, Grant being in command and McClernand almost in a state The Union of insubordination. army was in force at Memphis, Helena, Lake Providence, Milliken's Bend, and Young's Point: the river was exceedingly high, rendering operations anywhere except upon the levees, almost impossible, with no prospect of a speedy fall; the country and the war department were clamoring for action and results, while the stronghold itself was serenely sitting upon its Walnut Hills, smiling defiance in our faces as we looked upon it from our fleet above and from Young's Point, our out-most post.

A few words about the location and strength of Vicksburg at this

point would seem to be in order. The city occupied the first high ground on the east side of the river below Memphis called the Walnut Hills. These hills, which are simply a succession of clay or dirt waves, crests and gullies, reach an elevation of about 200 feet, lying for a long distance on the east bank of the Yazoo river which empties into the Mississippi nine miles above Vicksburg, and reach that river just above the city. Between the Yazoo and the Mississippi, and in Louisiana, west of the latter river, the ground is very low, at high water nearly covered, and cut up in every direction by lakes and bayous unbridged, rendering the movement of an army and its transportation almost impossible. The river, as it approaches Vicksburg, runs southeast toward Warrenton below it, so that vessels would be under fire from batteries six miles below the city before the upper batteries could be brought to bear. It then turns sharply to the northeast, passing above the city, turns short to the east and then southwest, and sweeps down under the bluffs and batteries in a comparatively narrow channel, every foot of which is within easy range of every form of gun.

To gain a foothold on these hills, to lift our army and material of war out of these Mississippi marshes and lagoons, was the first thing to be done. Many plans were tried, the details of which would far exceed the limits of this paper, all of which were unsuccessful only as they furnished employment, which allayed

discontent until the time came to strike.

Grant decided that when the waters subsided sufficiently, he could move his army through Louisiana west of the river, and effect a lodgment on the east bank below the city, if he could only find how to cross. This would give him a foothold near the city, in an unexpected and so unprotected quarter, on high ground, and leave open to him two plans of action, to move north against Vicksburg direct, or to first strike with Banks at Port Hudson. Acting upon this plan, the first thing to be done was to run the Vicksburg batteries by our gunboats, and a sufficient number of transports and barges to convey our subsistence below and to cross the army. The coöperation of Admiral Porter was secured, the transports were manned for the most part by volunteers from Logan's division, and on the 16th of April at 10 p. m., the gunboat fleet in the following order,—Benton, Lafayette, Louisville, Mound City, Pittsburg and Carondelet, followed by the transports Forest Queen, Silver Wave, and Henry Clay, towing barges, and the gunboat Tuscumbia bringing up the rear, ran the batteries. The scene was terrific. For more than two hours, every vessel was under fire, and all were struck many times. All ran the gauntlet in comparative safety, however, but the Henry Clay. She was disabled; a shell burst in the cotton packed near her boilers, setting her on fire: she was deserted by her crew and burned to

the water's edge. Following this, six more transports and twelve barges started to run the batteries on the 22d of April, five of the transports and half of the barges getting through safely. Grant was then secure in the means to cross the river below, as soon as he could get his army and transportation there over the Louisiana bayous and mud.

On the 29th of March, McClernand's Army Corps, the 13th, had moved by the way of Richmond, La., with upwards of two thousand feet of bridges to build, and the roads for the most part but little above water. But the water was falling, and if the advance could be made it must be. It was made with only one mishap, the loss of one gun, a thirty-two pounder, which broke through a pontoon bridge.

On the 25th of April, McPherson followed from Milliken's Bend with two divisions of the Seventeenth Corps, Sherman with the Fifteenth following later.

Grand Gulf, a point on the river just below the mouth of the Big Black river, was found to be strongly fortified, and was engaged by our gunboats on the 29th of April, while our troops were watching the engagement on the Louisiana shore, awaiting ferriage. The result was a failure to us, owing to the commanding height of the batteries. That night, our land forces marched below Grand Gulf; our fleet ran the batteries, and April 30 we were crossed from De Shroon's plantation in Louisiana, to Bruinsburg in

Mississippi, and bivouacked unopposed on solid ground, in high feather at our success. My own regiment, the 124th Illinois Infantry, crossed on the gunboat *Mound City*. Grant says in his Memoirs, page 480, "When this was effected, I telt a degree of relief scarcely ever equaled since."

McClernand, who had the advance, moved out from our landing before sunset, hastening on the road toward Port Gibson, while McPherson's web-footed soldiers, as they called themselves, dried their shoes and footings once more, listened to speeches from Governor Yates and E. B. Washburn of Illinois, and enjoyed a good night's rest in the tall grass of Bruinsburg. We had then about 20,000 men in Mississippi, increased a week later to 33,000, to attack upwards of 60,000 with.

McClernand met the enemy about five miles out, under Bowen, at Thompson's Hill, and skirmished till morning, when a battle was fought, in which the enemy was defeated, and retreated rapidly on Port Gibson, one brigade of Logan's division of McPherson's corps sharing in the conflict.

The enemy immediately evacuated Grand Gulf, which Grant occupied and made a base of supplies till he could concentrate his army in Mississippi and cut loose from any base, "casting the net," as Burr calls it, "for a haul of fortune." What Grant then did was stubbornly opposed by Sherman. He knew nothing about subsisting

an army away from the base of supplies. It was not military. But the lesson of the next few days bore splendid fruit in him in his march to the sea.

From Thompson's Hill to Raymond, no engagement with the enemy was had. They seemed to be paralyzed. Pemberton at Vicksburg and Johnston at Jackson were not coöperative. May 12, Logan and Crocker, of McPherson's corps, met Gregg at Raymond and defeated him after a severe contest of about two hours. May 13, McPherson struck the railroad running from Vicksburg east at Clinton, while McClernand was a little below the same road, still nearer Vicksburg. On the 14th, Jackson, the capital of the state, was taken by McPherson and Sherman, with but little loss, Johnston retreating towards Canton. On the 15th, our forces at Jackson faced about and moved rapidly towards Vicksburg, and on the 16th, the Battle of Champion Hill was fought between Pemberton and three divisions of Grant's army, Hovey of McClernand's corps, and Logan and Crocker of McPherson's. This was a most disastrous affair for Pemberton, who had thought to fall upon Grant's rear as a surprise and defeat him in detail. So he had moved out of his stronghold to try his fortunes in the open field, and was himself surprised, losing about 6,000 men, killed, wounded, and captured, and 30 pieces of artillery. A lieutenant in a Tennessee regiment, a former business partner of the writer of this paper, informed

him after the surrender of Vicksburg, that a battery which his regiment was to support went into position six times in the battle, and was finally captured without having fired a gun. Had McClernand come up, as he was repeatedly ordered to, with his other divisions, it would have been impossible for any part of Pemberton's army to escape.

The next day, the enemy was driven across the Big Black river with additional loss; Grant's forces were between Pemberton and Johnston, effectually preventing a union, and could the river have been crossed, it would have been a race to Vicksburg. But Pemberton had burnt every bridge, and the 17th was spent in effecting a crossing, which was accomplished by early evening of the 18th, and by the morning of the 19th the investment of Vicksburg was fairly complete. Sherman had the only pontoon train and crossed first near Bridgeport, having the right of the army. He struck at Haine's Bluff on the Yazoo the afternoon of the 18th, where he made his unsuccessful attack the previous December, and soon drove in upon their main works in the city below, opening up our communications with the transport fleet in the Yazoo, or "the cracker line," as the boys called it. When this was accomplished, he having been the pronounced doubter among Grant's generals. Sherman saw the near victory, confessed his mistake and made a touching, personal surrender to the wisdom and generalship of his commander, which greatly

endeared him to Grant's heart ever after.

The order of the investment of the city was as follows: Sherman with the 15th corps held the right. extending from the river above the city east and south, with three divisions under Steele, Tuttle, and Blair. McPherson with the 17th corps, held the centre, Ransom's brigade of Quimby's division connecting with Blair's left, then Logan's division on the Jackson road and Crocker on his left. McClernand with the 13th corps, consisting of four divisions under Hovey, Carr, Osterhaus, and A. J. Smith, held the left, to which was added later Lanman's division of the 16th corps, and Heron's division from Arkansas. Our line extended, when complete, about fifteen miles, while that of the enemy was only about seven.

It was confidently thought the city could be easily taken by storm after the humiliating defeats the enemy had suffered at our hands, involving the loss of over 6,000 prisoners, as many more killed and wounded, 27 heavy cannon and 61 field pieces, besides an immense amount of material of war, burnt at Jackson and thrown away in their hasty retreats. Also that our communication with our base of supplies on the Yazoo at Haine's Bluff would convince them of the futility of their struggle. Therefore, a charge was ordered for the 22d of May, at 10 o'clock, with unshotted guns and fixed bayonets, in column of brigades. In this, we seemed to reason

that the enemy being securely corralled between our army and our gunboats, we could certainly capture them. But of two things we were in almost entire ignorance. We knew very little of the strength of their rear intrenchments, and had no conception of the fact that their force behind their works was at that moment equal to ours which was attacking them.

The charge was made, unsuccessfully, at the hour appointed, and repeated two or three times later in the day, at different points, but only at our cost. The enemy had a perfect view of every approach we were able to make, and could so concentrate their fire upon every accessible point as to effectually resist us, and the night found us, officers and men, well satisfied that it was to be a siege, and not an assault, that would give us Vicksburg. Grant says, "I now determined to outcamp the enemy and incur no more losses."

This immediately subjected our army to a work almost Herculean. Besides being in a constant battle with an entrenched enemy our equal in numbers, we had to provide for our comfort and protection from the elements.open up roads eleven miles to Haine's Bluff for our supplies and siege trains in the rear of our long line, and to plant our batteries, dig our rifle-pits, and throw up our intrenchments to more than equal theirs. Ere the close of the first week, the fighting, which had eased off a little for the first few nights, became incessant, and

thenceforward, whether it was work or rest, it was all under fire. add to this, the heat was excessive, showers were frequent, and our water, which all had to be gotten from the ground in the gullies of our swarming soldier camp, was very poor. Not an able-bodied soldier in the rear of Vicksburg then but what held his life in his hands, whether in range of an enemy's bullet or not, and how base is the detraction of such men to which we are often compelled to listen to-day! Later a tent was brought up and pitched to each command, that the accumulating writing might be done under its shelter, but save the protection their own ponchos and dirt "cherbaugs" gave them, the besieging hosts at Vicksburg took, by day and by night, what the heavens sent them.

With Grant's army, there were only six siege guns, 32-pounders. Admiral Porter supplied a battery of navy guns, which were hauled, as all our later heavy guns were, from the Yazoo. Our field artillery was planted at every available point. A mortar fleet was stationed under the near bank of the river running north before its southern sweep, which threw its heavy, fuse shells almost unintermittently, to the great delight of our boys on night duty. who could watch the ascending and descending lines of light bursting over the doomed city, and to the equally great discouragement of the besieged, who soon resorted to burrowing in their clay hills, for safety. We had no mortars in the rear except as we made a few of wood and banded them for close use upon the lines.

Our rifle-pits were pushed in every available direction, closer and still closer to the rebel lines. No night but witnessed some gain made, and an opening upon them from some new and nearer point. New batteries also, well protected, at shorter range, continually surprised and harassed them, while our covered ways of approach were everywhere, connecting batteries and trenches, till our work could be prosecuted as safely by day as by night.

Meantime, the enemy in our rear were not inactive. We knew we were between two fires, and the besiegers were in a measure themselves besieged. The least possible slip or oversight on our part might be disastrous. Johnston was an able and wily foe. He had crossed the Big Black behind us and was only from fourteen to twenty miles away. Consequently, our overworked besieging force had to be weakened by heavy detachments under Blair, Osterhaus, and others, sent to the rear to reintrench outward, while Kimball, with a brigade from the Sixteenth Army Corps, later a full division from the same corps under Sovy Smith, and still later two divisions from the Ninth Army Corps under General Parke, arrived and took the place of our absent rear guard and relieved us from our fears.

During all this time—in fact from before the Battle of Raymond—our army had marched, fought, worked

in silence, save when broken by powder. Not one note of music had been heard, not even the call of a bugle. But the cannonading had often been terrific. After our guns were planted, from two to four and six times every twenty-four hours, it would seem that our artillery strove to realize pandemonium. From our heaviest guns to our smallest brass pieces, how they would break out of comparative stillness, and boom, and shriek and tear together, some of them just at our heads, more with their shells screaming over us, till heaven and earth seemed crashing together and all was ablaze with hurtling death!

So the last week in May and nearly all of June wore away. Not a moment that our sharpshooters were silent, not many when the spiteful answering "zip" from the long, dirt lines of the enemy before us, was not heard. Not a foe was in sight. But somehow from among those sand-bags the smoke would curl and the minié would come, and woe to the exposed head! Our casualties were not great, but they were continuous. With bullets all the time in the air, somebody had to be hit, men off duty as well as on. I saw Captain DeGolyer of a Michigan battery skirmish safely with a section of it, at one time fully exposed at less than half rifle range, to be fatally wounded by a descending spent ball, later, while resting in his tent, far in the rear. Most of the losses of my own regiment during the siege were of those off duty.

The 18th of June, General Mc-Clernand was relieved of the command of the Thirteenth Army Corps by General Grant, and General E. O. C. Ord was assigned to it. Then, for the first time in the campaign, was there harmony between the commanding general and his lieutenants. About this and everything else of general interest, it was a great relief for us volunteer soldiers, sweltering in the trenches, to talk. Meanwhile, we could feel that the hold upon the beleagured city was tightening,that the end was approaching. Several points were being undermined. Particularly was this the case in front of McPherson, just to the right of the Jackson road, and on the evening of the 25th of June, 1,200 pounds of powder were exploded in the hope of effecting an entrance through the rebel works. The result was very damaging to us, however; a good many noble lives were sacrificed and no advantage gained.

On the 1st of July, the experiment was repeated at their expense; one of their forts was blown into the air with its occupants, most of whom were buried where they fell, as we subsequently proved, but one of whom, a negro, was blown inside our lines, and was sketched for *Harper's Weekly*, by Theodore Woods, an artist then with us. This colored man I personally saw, as he came into General Logan's command.

July had come: come with its fearful heat: come with indescrib-

able weariness; come with its 4th on its front and all its pulsing patriotism; come demanding a finish somewhere, an end of this terrible thing; and the end came. The 3d of July, Grant says about ten o'clock, my memory would say later, the unusual occurred. What it was, we hardly knew, and so we asked, "What is that?" In our immediate front, at several points on their rear lines, dirty rags that might once have been white were displayed on short sticks. firing ceased; and while we looked and wondered, first the top of a hat, then a whole hat, such as it was, appeared and moved along as though borne by a head beneath it. We had stopped firing and began to lift up our heads to see. Almost in a moment, the blue and the gray were confronting each other in their long lines almost within reach, locating by their presence every trench and danger point from which the leaden death had just been so fiercely leaping. "How are you, John?" and "How are you, Yank?" rang pleasantly along the line as from brothers, and in a few moments the inevitable commerce in coffee. hardtack, and tobacco, had asserted itself, as though that was the only thing remaining to do. Once a shot or two were heard, and every head went down on both sides. Some stentorian voice cried out, "Down heads!" and the command was easily obeyed; but some one commanded still louder, "Cease firing!" and we straightened up to look down no more at Vicksburg.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon, General Grant, accompanied by Generals McPherson, Ord, Logan, and A. J. Smith, passed down a covered way just at the left of my regiment and debouched near the rebel lines, a few rods distant, to be met by three horsemen, who rode slowly over the enemy's works and proved to be Pemberton, Bowen and Montgomery. A conference was had of an hour or more, in plain view, under a willow oak of about a foot in diameter, which, as Pemberton's oak, has probably furnished more timber than any other tree on the continent. The conference ended, the rest of the day was uneventful-The air was thick with rumors, but they were not deadly, like minnies, nor deafening, like shells. Silence for the first time with many of us began to get in its emphasis. The lines seemed to move apart from each other as the night crept on, farther than they had been for weeks, and we actually felt lonely. But few could sleep; a peculiar leaden sensation stole over us all, which forbade slumber. We were mentally alert, keenly so. It was the physical that oppressed us,that feeling as though we each weighed a ton.

And so the Fourth drew on. With the morning, came a change; an utter reaction; not heavy, but light we were. We scarcely involved gravitation. We needed to anchor ourselves lest we should go up. We knew nothing more, but it was the Fourth of July and we felt that we were victors. The long battle was ended; the strain was over and there behind those earthworks lay our vanquished foe. He must be vanquished, else why so still.

To my own command, about nine o'clock, came an order to black boots and prepare for inspection,—the first order of the day: no detail; no fatigue; how strange! A moment later, and from a house on our left burst forth the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" from our brigade band, of whose exist-



REV. R. L. HOWARD.

ence we were most oblivious, so long had it been since we had heard it. It was so sudden, so unexpected, so wonderfully sweet, so perfectly sympathetic, so gloriously triumphant, that it made captives of us all. We trembled with emotion, we wept, many of us, like children. And just then, in our front a movement was noticed. The enemy were astir. Glistening bayonets

could be seen over the top of the works as of marching men, and a moment later, over those same works, keeping time to our music, came the vanquished host in arms, and formed their lines at the subdued word of command; we heard the low order, "Stack arms," and the rattling click of obedience, and for miles, as we could see them from our post of vantage, the disarmed foe returned over their so long and stoutly-defended line of works into the fallen city.

Soon we were ordered to "fall in," as the First brigade of Logan's division of McPherson's corps took possession, and were on our march past their gun stacks, over their sand-bags and trenches, and through their own wan and dirty ranks into the city. The day was excessively hot, the way was long and dusty, but it was the Fourth of July, and victory, and when the flag of the Forty-fifth Illinois was thrown out from the cupola of the City Hall, we shouted and shouted again as it is given to but few mortals for cause to shout.

So ended the siege of Vicksburg, with 31,600 prisoners, 172 cannon, and about 60,000 muskets, besides a large amount of ammunition. It was mine to have charge that afternoon and night, for I was then in command of my company, of about

three fourths of a mile of the line before which we had been so long fighting, and look in the faces of the half-famished prisoners. Their wasted frames and pallor, as well as their lips, bore testimony to the straitness of the siege, while the many graves by twos and threes. put in everywhere in places sheltered from our fire, where the men in the trenches had buried their slain comrades, attested at once to their valor, and the terrible punishment we had inflicted upon them. When we learned later, as we did from casual statements and not from their records, that whole organizations had been wiped out in the siege, and put that with the 31,600 prisoners and their previous losses, the whole campaign on our part looked like exceeding temerity, if not rashness, and the issue as from God and not of man.

But it was accomplished, the Confederacy was hopelessly divided, the river once more—as four days later Port Hudson fell—"flowed unvexed to the sea;" the inspiriting effect upon our people, and the moral effect upon Europe were immense; Grant's fame was raised high enough above criticism to enable him to finish the war, and Sherman educated to march to the sea.

A MAINE BOY IN THE TENTH OHIO CAVALRY.

Dedicated to his Brother, Bradbury Smith, of Companies G and A, Ninth Maine Infantry.

I am the youngest son of George Stillman Smith, formerly of Calais, Maine, who married Elizabeth Page Bradley, youngest daughter of the Rev. Caleb Bradley of Westbrook, Maine, popularly known as "Parson Bradley." I was born in Calais, December 31, 1847, and named Frank. I enlisted October 15, 1862, at Sandusky, Ohio, as private in the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, Company D. Captain J. D. Platt, Colonel Smith commanding, measuring five feet, five inches in height, and weighing 115 pounds. The regiment was stationed in barracks at Cleveland, Ohio, when I joined it, and remained there till February, 1863. The barracks were barn-like structures, and some of the time were very cold with heavy winds, making guard duty very trying. While here, I caught a bad cold and the consequences were serious. weather was so cold that the guards were relieved once an hour. Here we received horses and equipments, consisting of Sharp's carbines, single breech-loader, Colt's volver, and sabre, were taught company drill, and occasionally had a regimental drill. Although I suffered from the effects of my cold and from diarrhea, I kept on my duty until we left Cleveland, excepting one occasion, when excused by the captain. In February, the regiment was transferred

by rail to Cincinnati, thence by boat down the Ohio river and up the Cumberland river to Nashville, Tenn. Here we camped a few days, when we marched to Laverne, beyond Murfreesboro, to the front, and performed our first outpost and picket duty. We then went on an expedition called the "Snow Hill scout." I was very ill, barely able to mount my horse. We rode all day, and at night I was detailed as a vidette. The next day, the pursuit was resumed after "Morgan." I rode with my company, although very sick, there being no place for a sick man except in the saddle. I rode in great distress till afternoon, when I partially lost consciousness, but remember being taken from my horse, wrapped in my blanket and laid beside the road under a tree. one of the men volunteering to remain with me. The troop passed on and went into camp at dusk. when Sergeant Waldron back, put me on my horse, brought me to camp and placed me in an ambulance wagon. That night my blankets were stolen off me. The troops being on the march, I followed in the ambulance, and was delirious considerable of the time. In a few days, the scout was over, and we returned to camp and I was sent to the general hospital at Murfreesboro, sick now with typhoid pneumonia; here I remained sev-

eral weeks, till able to get out of bed and dress without help, when I was sent with a squad of equally able-bodied men, to the regiment. I was unable to walk, and rode in an ambulance to the picket line, and thus reported to my company officers, who immediately sent me to the "field hospital," near Stone river. I was suffering very severely with diarrhoa. After enduring the misery of this hospital about two weeks, I concluded I could get along as well at the regiment, so I took "French leave" and joined my regiment near Murfreesboro. Unfit for duty, I was placed in the regimental hospital. The diarrhoa troubling me badly, I made up my foolish mind to physic my interior arrangements; so I prescribed for myself, and took a heroic dose of salts. The next day, as luck would have it, the troops moved back to Laverne. I was furnished with a horse and rode to that place, some fifteen miles. The day was a blistering one and the dust very deep, surrounding us like a cloud. My heroic dose kept me mounting and dismounting, and I suffered for water. I offered a darkey boy who carried a canteen of water for an officer, fifty cents for a drink; he refused, but after seeing my sick condition, gave me a drink, refusing the pay. The water, though warm, refreshed me. The troops remained at Laverne a few days, when there was a forward movement, and I was placed in an ambulance and taken to the field hospital, Murfreesboro. In a few days, was sent back to

Nashville to the general hospital. This was in June and part of July. 1863. I remained under treatment several weeks. The surgeon in charge would reply to my request to go to my regiment, "Let me see your arm." I would bare my arm and present it for inspection; it was about as large as a good-sized turkey leg. He would say, "You can't swing a sabre with that arm." He finally consented, about the middle of July, to let me go to my regiment at Shelbyville. Here we remained encamped, doing reconnoitering and picket duties till after the Battles of Mission Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and Chickamauga. My health improved slowly, and although I performed duty, it was painful and exhausting. We were not in the Chickamauga battles, but in sound of the guns. While it was in progress, I was sent with a detail of twenty men and an officer back to Bridgeport. We had to swim our horses across the "Big Sequatchie." It had been raining, and the river was booming. We took three days' rations of hardtack, and an appetite. At Bridgeport, a regiment was breaking camp, and we were glad to get some of the salt pork they were throwing away. We returned to camp in four days and then one battalion of four companies, including mine, went to the Sequatchie valley, where we scouted and picketed. Our scouting was very exciting and dangerous. Our supplies were short, and we were reduced to living principally on corn-meal. We soon moved to Chickamauga, and

lived on shorter rations than at Sequatchie, for there we had plenty of corn for horses and men, but here little, and our horses suffered especially. I think that at least half of them starved to death. We remained here nearly two months, with nothing to do except to keep alive. The day that the first train came in with provisions, our regiment, or what was left of it, marched to Bridgeport, leading those horses which were able to walk, and turned them over to the quartermaster. We proceeded to Laverne, where we were remounted and newly equipped with the same kind of arms. We were then ordered to Ringold, Ga., General Kilpatrick was in charge of our division; General Smith D. Atkins commanded our brigade, which was the Second, of the Third Cavalry division. Shortly after our arrival, General Kilpatrick took two companies of our regiment and drove in the rebel pickets. In a few days, the whole regiment proceeded toward Ringold till we could plainly see the breastworks. general formed us in line to charge, first at a fast walk, then trot, then halt; he was evidently trying our mettle. We did not charge, but returned to camp. While here, I slowly recovered my strength. My bunk-mate was Jack Shepard of Sandusky; he endeavored to keep my spirits up, and was a good friend. At this camp were two rewho were half-brothers. "Andy and John"; John was homesick, he was an old bachelor; he would say, "Andy, I'm going

to die," and Andy would drawl out, he was a young boy,—". Die and be damned, how can I help it?" John din n't die. While here, I was promoted to corporal. Our next move as a brigade was "On to Resaca." Our regiment was in advance. A detail of four men, including myself, was ordered by General Kilpatrick to move on in front of the brigade till we reached the rebel videttes, then to fire at them and either charge or wait till the regiment came up, who were ordered to immediately charge down the road as soon as they heard our shots. The plan was carried out. After we sighted the pickets we fired, and charged upon them, and they fell back to their reserve rapidly. The brigade followed closely and soon received a hot fire on the left flank. General Kilpatrick was wounded at this time. We drove them across a field and into the woods. when they rallied and drove back our skirmishers, killing a few and capturing some. The first shelling I was under was here.

This engagement was the commencement of the Battle of Resaca. Of the four ordered in advance, the only damage was, that one horse was shot through the nose. It was a pretty hot place for a while. During the day, while in company line, a spent ball struck Ed. Slater on the leather gun sling across his breast and made him very sick for a while, and off duty for several days. After this battle, pushing on toward Atlanta, we reached Cartersville, and soon

after, the whole brigade went some fifty miles to a place called Frogtown, across the Eltiwa river. While on this scout, we captured and I think hung, three bushwackers. We were gone three or four days and returned to Cartersville.

The next morning, Captain Platt, Lieutenant Bolum and twenty men, I among them, returned to the same place, Frogtown, ostensibly for buried money. We arrived there about sunset and went into camp in a farm-house lane off the main road, the lane ending at sixty yards in a deep gulch or ravine and thick brush. We tied our horses to the fence, took off saddles and bridles and made ourselves comfortable, putting out videttes in the road on each side of the lane. The night passed quietly. A negro told Captain Platt where a mule was hidden near-by and George Slackford and I were told to go with him and get it. We started at daylight, and when we returned, which was in about half an hour, the saddles were on the horses but not clinched. We threw our saddles on our horses and I was in the act of mounting, when the rebels came rushing down the road, following our pickets in and shooting at men and horses. Our men scattered, jumped the fence and ran into the brush. The officer in charge of the rebels was killed. He was within twenty feet of me; I had my revolver out by this time and was using it. I heard him call to some one to surrender.

and then shot, I think it was at Shackford. I had a six-shooter and used it three times on the officer; I was somewhat excited and don't know whether I hit him or not. Lieutenant Bolum and two men were captured; I escaped to the brush, and there found two of our men. They heard the rebels cry to rally and thought it was Captain Platt calling; when told it was the rebels, one left me instantly and returned to camp that night, finding a horse and riding it in. other stayed with me. I have forgotten his name; he was a recruit and very much rattled. We were across the gulch and up the bank high enough to see the rebels easily, while we were hidden from view. They were regarding the dead officer and soon deployed through the woods to look for " Yanks."

When I saw them start, we ran down the hill, crossed the brook and lay down in the thick brush till they passed; then we went in the opposite direction till we came to a bridge, where I saw two rebs posted on the watch. We waited our opportunity and slipped across the road into a cornfield, and kept quiet till the rebels returned from their hunt for us, and soon after they left for their own camp.

My companion was too much excited to know what to do and I took the lead. Our first effort was to find the ford, cross the river, and get back to Cartersville. We went to a house and inquired the way; a man told us correctly, but I was

too suspicious to believe him and went to another house where I saw a man sitting in the doorway reading a book; I called to him and he came to the road, and, after a little conversation, said that if he had known any Yankees were in the lane where we were surprised, he could have warned us. He was a Union man; his name was John Howard. He wanted us to stay with him till he could make arrangements to go with us to Cartersville as refugees. He took us out to where his father and two brothers were hiding in the woods away from the conscript officers. One of the boys was a deserter from the rebel army. man seemed to be seventy years old.

We stayed in the woods at this hiding-place till the next day at night, the woman bringing us something to eat, corn bread and string beans. I think the woman was the old man's niece; their names were Howard, and John was the leader of his party; he was married; we started for Cartersville at night and should have crossed the river, but were persuaded by the old man not to do so, as he thought he could take us through all right. We had a little corn bread in our pockets and traveled all night; it was as dark as pitch. We crossed a small stream on a foot log without seeing stream or log.

After daylight, we passed a big plantation where several men were sitting on a porch; as soon as we passed, they came after us, and we put into a cornfield and got down to the river, when I wanted to make a raft and cross, but they were frightened and wanted to go back home and take another start, and persuaded me, till I agreed to stay with them, although I thought that the proper way was to cross the river to the Cartersville side, and where our troops were.

We were now out of food; we stayed in the wood all night; it began to rain in the morning and poured all day. The Howards seemed to have lost their bearings, and John started to hunt up the proper way; we did not see him again till we got back to his place, as he could not find us afterward. Toward evening, we came into the main road, called the Atlanta road; it was still raining. We had just got into it when we heard whooping behind us, and here came three rebels mounted. They rode up and said "A pretty wet day, boys," we replied "yes," and they went on. We then being somewhat alarmed, left the main road and kept in the woods, keeping the direction towards Howard's. This was late in the afternoon; at dark we sat down under a tree. rained torrents and was pitch dark. We were all soaked through. passed a miserable night, cold to shivering, hungry and tired.

At daylight, the youngest Howard boy went to a house and played rebel; got some breakfast, stole a piece of bread, and returned to our hiding place in the brush,

and divided with his father and my comrade, they being the worst used up. We traveled all day, till an hour or two before sunset; the day was pleasant and it was Sunday.

This day we chewed the young corn, no corn having yet formed, and we also had a few green apples; this was all we had to eat for sixtyfive hours. A hour or so before sunset, the Howard who had been a rebel soldier, recognized the neighborhood, said he had "sparked all over it" in former years, and proposed that we wait till dark, and he would take us in a straight line to his sister-in-law, she being a rebel soldier's widow. We did so, and arrived there at about eleven o'clock that night. She recognized the situation and made us welcome. From a trap door in the floor of the house she pulled out a chicken; it was soon killed and cooking, with corn bread and rye coffee, upon which we feasted. The Howards then started for their home, and myself and comrade were shown to a granary and locked in. Our hostess, although a rebel soldier's widow, sympathized with father's Union sentiments. The granary was built very roughly, and the cracks in the walls were so large that any one could see us from the outside. In the building were some large grain boxes, into which we got and went to sleep. In the morning, Mrs. Howard gave us some of her husband's clothes to put on while she washed ours. The first day we were there, some men

came to get the grindstone. She came to our quarters, took it out. locked us up again, while we laid low in the grain box. Two girls came to see Mrs. Howard, and noticed my companion through the cracks in the house, and to satisfy them were told that we were her nephews, who were trying to get home from the rebel army to see the folks. I was here about two days, and, John Howard returning, we resolved to get some horses and ride to Cartersville. My comrade decided to remain where he was. and he reached the regiment in about a month all right. We explored this neighborhood several days, trying to find horses. We finally found one in the woods. chained to a tree and padlocked. Howard left me then, and went to meet a darky, who was to have a horse or mule for him. I waited till after dark and then tried to break the lock. I pounded it to a shapeless mass, but could not get the horse free.

I then struck out for Howard's according to his directions, but missed my way and found myself back at Frogtown. Dogs began to bark and follow me to the number of five or six, and as they were close at my heels, I plunged into a negro shanty for safety. I found here six or more darkies, men and women. One had just left Wheeler's army and said that he would be there the next day, or the day following. I told them I wanted to find John Howard's, and one of them went and showed me the way.

I approached John's house very softly: I wanted to catch him asleep, as he said "nobody could do it." I rapped at the door, and his wife said that "John had gone out." I then rapped on the fence, and he came forward. I told him of Wheeler's coming, and he said we had better leave for Cartersville at once. His wife got up and baked us a few biscuit which we put in our pockets, and then we started, John, the ex-rebel, and myself. We approached the Eltowah river cautiously, and seeing no pickets, took off our clothes and forded it: it was very swift. We were now on the right side of the river, and struck out for Cartersville, sometimes in the road, and sometimes skirting the road. In the twilight of the first, John who was ahead and watching, suddenly plunged into the brush, and we after him: directly, three or four rebs on horses passed us.

We then took off our boots so as to make less noise, and could hear approaching steps. I was beginning to feel worn out with such a long march, having walked continuously twenty-four hours. I was almost walking in my sleep, and was just about to call to John, when I saw him suddenly disappear over a fence; I was awake instantly, and over I went, and, looking through the brush, saw ten rebs walk by, talking about the ford where we crossed the day before; as soon as they passed, we put on our boots and "lit out." The ex-rebel Howard said he knew a man in that

vicinity that he had worked for, that he was a Union man, and proposed that we go there, which we did after a walk of two miles. We were well treated and got breakfast of corn bread, fresh fish, and rye coffee. Here we rested a few hours and then took to the road for Cartersville, which we kept, as we were liable to meet our own troops any moment.

We reached our pickets about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were taken to the commanding officer, to whom I told our story. He directed me to conduct the How-



FRANK SMITH.

ards to the provost marshal's and tell him their story, which I did. They were well received, given quarters and food, and went to work for the government. I saw them again in a few days at work, and have not seen them since. A small squad of the Tenth Ohio Cavalry were guarding some horses, and the provost marshal gave me a pass to them, where I arrived that afternoon. As I approached them, they were talking about the scouting mishap and of me, and I heard

Slackford say, "Smith's gone up this time." I called out, "The—he has." They were a surprised crowd, and such a cheering and welcome as I received was pleasing indeed.

I stayed here ten days, and then the sergeant in charge insisted on our returning to the regiment, as we were out of provisions. So we started on the train toward Atlanta, as our regiment was in the vicinity of that city: and when we reached Marietta, we found the train was not going any further, so we went to the "Soldiers' Home," got something to eat, and went to bed. Next day, we took the train and went to the front, which was within three or four miles of Atlanta, reported to the commanding officer, and tried to draw rations but could not, and could not join our regiment, for it was on a raid around Atlanta. We stayed here all night and were fed by some infantry soldiers with whom we fraternized. We then took the train back to Marietta, where we reported to the commanding officer, who allowed us to draw rations, and gave me a pass for the squad to our own regiment, wherever it was. Next day, we started again for the front, hearing that our regiment was at Sandtown: on this train were a lot of bounty jumpers in the charge of a Michigan regiment, and one of the guards was Rily Lockwood, that I afterward knew in Humboldt county, California. The colonel of this regiment advised us to go to a rendezvous of stray men in that vicinity, and stay till we learned

where the Tenth Ohio Cavalry was. We went to this camp and the officer in charge set us at work building a magazine; we did not enjoy it very much. We were a ragged and dirty lot, and saucy, no doubt. About the third or fourth day, we heard rumors that troops were going into Atlanta the next morning; we were anxious to go in also; we were out of rations, and while returning from work, we crowded about a bakery, and one of our squad stole a sheet of bread, which was our supper and breakfast. Our squad consisted of six or seven men, and when called for work next morning, instead of " falling in," we made a break into the brush for the picket line where we were stopped.

I said, "We want to join our regiment," and showed our pass. The guard said, "You have no arms," and we replied that we would take our chance of being captured, and we were allowed to go, and were in Atlanta among the first troops. We reported to the commanding officer, who countersigned our pass and gave us three days' rations, and told us to take it easy till we found our regiment, which we proceeded to do. In a day or two, prisoners and troops came pouring into the city, and among them we saw Frank King, one of our company boys, who told us where the regiment was, and the next day we stole some horses from the government corral, and went to it, which was at Sandtown fifteen miles away. My horse was a mule that was skin and bones, and cost me a vast effort of whip and expletive to move. I thought then it was better than walking. I now have some doubts on the subject. It fell with me once.

We reached the regiment at reveille, and our appearance caused a great deal of merriment among the men. I found that Captain Platt and all of the men on the scout. with the exception of those mentioned, got safely back to the regiment in a day or two, minus their horses. Lieutenant Bolum was sent to Andersonville prison, and was exchanged and reached the regiment at Owl Rock Church. The regiment moved the same day to Owl Rock Church. The next day, I was detailed to cut wood, and my mate Slackford was sent with a foraging party to gather cattle. He was mounted on a mule, and when they were attacked by a party of rebel cavalry he could not escape and was killed with eight or nine others of the detail. Immediately after joining the regiment, Captain Platt promoted me to third duty sergeant, and we moved from Sandtown to near Atlanta, and a detail of fifty men was made from the Tenth Ohio Cavalry to reconnoiter with Captain Platt in command, who detailed me as the orderly sergeant. While on this duty, we found twenty-five rebs, and captured fifteen of them after a few shots and a sharp hunt through the woods. A man on foot has the advantage of a man on horseback in the woods.

After returning from this recon-

noiter, the regiment started with the army to Savannah. We were on the right flank to look out for Wheeler and Hampton's cavalry, and we had skirmishes with them almost every day. We had a regular battle with them at Waynesborough, and our brigade color bearer was killed. In this battle, our regiment charged on and captured the rebel barricades. After getting inside, our company was scattered somewhat. I found myself alone, and came upon a man at a farm-house. I called him to halt and snapped a revolver at him twice: it did not shoot; he ran around the house, and while following him, I came upon two more rebs. I presented my useless revolver at the three and ordered them to surrender; they threw their guns under the house, and I stood them in line, till some of the Ninety-second Illinois mounted infantry came up, and I turned them over to them as prisoners. The Illinois chaps looked savage, as though they would have killed them if I had not been there: they took them to the rear, and I lost the credit of their capture.

In this engagement, my horse received a bullet in the shoulder just in front of my leg. Shortly after the battle, in a day or two I was detailed to take the place of the dead brigade color bearer, and I received a written order from Captain Platt, now major, to turn in to the company officer my carbine and cartridge box, and report with my sabre and revolver to Captain Smith, assistant adjutant-general of the

Second Brigade, Third cavalry division. I went to turn in my gun and Lieutenant Bolum made some objections,—in modern parlance he "kicked." He did not want to lose such a grizzly old veteran from his command. His kicking was of no avail, and I prepared to leave. My old chum, Jack Shepard, helped me clean up as well as I could, and I reported to Captain Smith; he looked me over, smiling, and said, "Why, are you a sergeant (I was very young in appearance)? You will have to have some stripes." He was one of the best men I ever met in the army, and there were lots of them at these headquarters, commencing with General Smith D. Atkins, commanding the brigade, and Captain Platt was equal to any in gentlemanly qualities.

My last detail was sometime after the "grand march to the sea" had begun, and we were nearing Savannah, and supplies were very short: the country was cleaned out of provisions, and our foragers could find but little. In a few days, Savannah was taken, and our brigade went into the country one day's ride and found an abundance of hams, sweet potatoes, cornmeal, sugar, and sorghum. My duties were easy, and very agreeable; to take care of the brigade flag, to put it out in front of headquarters in the morning, take it in at night, and follow the general with it in my hand while on the march or in action. The flag was about two and one half by five feet, in two stripes lengthwise, red and white, a blue dart

diagonal and two stars to designate the number of the brigade, staff eight feet long. What a contrast was this service, compared with my first miserable ten months! It seemed a little like an illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

The great march having ended, the cavalry was reviewed by General Sherman, in Savannah: it took us all day to get to the reviewing ground and back to camp. After this review, our troops moved through South Carolina, to near Aiken, where our brigade had a skirmish, and one of General Kilpatrick's staff officers was shot through the body, but not killed. The troops were hotly engaged, and the "rebs" had a hand-to-hand fight over the Ninety-second Illinois flag, but did not get it. The "rebs" were strong, and pushed us four or five miles back, to our barricades. The staff and orderlies having all been dispatched on errands, I found myself following General Atkins alone, who had a fine horse, called "Old Blue," that could go like the wind. I had a little mare, lately captured, highspirited, and with a mouth too tender for a curb-bit, and during this mêlée, I had as much as I could do to manage her, hold the flag, keep up with and follow the general, who rode at the top of "Old Blue's" speed. While on the march, as the army moved toward North Carolina, the three cavalry brigades forming the Third division would sometimes move in three columns, and, on one occasion, Wheeler's

and Hampton's cavalry got between General Kilpatrick's headquarters and the Second Brigade, and at daylight, attacked and captured the headquarter horses, pillaged the wagons, and released the prisoners, Kilpatrick narrowly escaping capture. "Kill's" Scouts, of eighty picked men, were in advance, and, hearing the noise, came rushing back, and the cry, "The Second Brigade is coming," was started, and the "rebs" took the alarm, and left. Many were killed at this time. All through this campaign, marching through the Carolinas, I had a good time. made headquarters from camp to camp, in houses, sometimes in towns and sometimes in country places, and reached Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where we remained two or three weeks.

Here, General Atkins captivated, captured, and afterwards married a judge's daughter, whose name I now forget. I used to hear her playing the piano and singing, to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," these lines:

"For Atkins's boys are marching through—
Hide your mules, O hide your mules."

General Atkins was always affable and kind, and a splendid orator; he was often called out by his men to make them a speech, and would do it in fine style. This was about March, 1865, and during our progress we entered the towns of Hillsborough, Greensborough, and Raleigh, where we had a skirmish, and passed through to Concord, where we went into quarters.

Peace was declared, and we saw the rebels on their way home, and every other man seemed to have a gun. The time of the Ninety-second Illinois having expired, General Atkins, who was once colonel of that regiment, went home, and I joined my regiment at Chapel Hill, accompanying Captain Cockley of the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, who was on the general's staff. I found they were detailed to guard some seminary buildings. This was in July, 1865. Here I remained till August, and then our regiment was ordered home. We took the train for Richmond. Va., thence boat to Baltimore and cars to Cleveland, where I received an honorable discharge; a veteran, seventeen years and eight months old.

This my story, without the scratch of a pen to assist my memory. I have done the best I could. Now you try, my comrades who may read this account.

ADVENTURE AT FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

By Lieutenant Jeff L. Colburn, Company A, First Maine Cavalry.

After our charge through Farmville, our regiment remained on the western side of the Appomattox about an hour, dismounted, supporting a battery which was shelling the enemy, and then returned to the city, recrossing the river by fording just below the dismantled bridge above referred to. Captain Freese, who had not been with his company since being wounded at Sailor's Creek two days before, rejoined us while marching up the principal street, and rode along at the head of "A" Troop to the high ground at the southwest outskirts of the city, where the regiment bivouacked for several hours.

As we were marching out from the city along a street skirted by suburban residences, Captain Freese suddenly exclaimed, "By the Gods, Sergeant, there's a reb in that house, or I'm a sinner! Take a detail and ride around upon the other street, and interview him. You can't get in at the rear for the high fence. I'll leave a detail here to watch this side. Hurry up now." We had just received orders to be on the lookout for the enemy's stragglers, and wheeled the first set of fours in "A" Troop out of column, and galloped along a cross street to a street running parallel to the one on which we had been marching, and soon approached the house at its western or principal front, where the main approach was located. As we neared the house at a walk, we had a good opportunity for taking in the situation.

As has been said, the house was located upon elevated grounds in the southwestern suburbs of the city, and was one of those really fine, old mansions in the pure Grecian order of architecture so common in the South thirty years ago. A broad portico extended along its entire front, whose massive, Ionic columns gleamed ivory-white through the scant, spring-time foliage of the trees. A broad walk bordered by some flowering shrubbery led up to the portico from an artistically-arched iron gateway, and it was plainly to be seen that the place was the home of people of wealth and refinement, for it had an air about it that impressed the beholder as embodying the select in architecture, horticulture, and landscape gardening, which imparted an air of sober elegance rarely attained, and only accomplished by the student in love with the grand and the beautiful in all things, especially as pertaining to the spot that is, and is to be, his home.

We had been commenting upon the beauties of the place, which seemed to be quite deserted, but, as we dismounted at the gate we noticed that the portico was occu-

pied by a party of young ladies. Then for the first time during the day I gave a thought to my personal appearance, my attention being called to it by a remark made by one of the squad. He did n't use the exact words, perhaps, but in substance, said, as he caught a glimpse of the girls in the portico. "Well, I'll be d-, Orderly, if you have n't struck it now, for you are one of the toughest looking subjects for an Anglo Saxon on this North American continent." "Me? I! Why, won't I do?" "Do! You'll have to do of course, but you won't do for an Anglo Saxon, and scarcely for a New Zealander, unless you have a ring in your nose, and a letter of recommendation." But it could n't be helped. There I was, mud besplashed from head to foot, dried and undried with reddishbrown Virginian soil, my long, jetblack hair and moustache as unkempt as night and day field service during our week's " vacation " from winter quarters could promote; up and down my six feet of anatomy, from the bottom of my high-topped cavalry boots to the top of my lowcrowned, black felt slouch-hat, army blouse and pants, black and white checked flannel shirt, collar rolling away over a magenta red silk scarf tie about my neck, face begrimmed with a compound of dirt, sweat, and smoke, and a fiery, red, week-old streak across my jaw.— . . . Besides, there is no doubt but what I would have been a great curiosity to the bevy of beauties upon that hamtico even at my best, but, as it

was, I fully realized that I beat the record, and wished myself out in the street again, even back amid the Dinwiddie pines, anywhere but there, I thought, as I fumbled about an inside pocket for a small oval glass and handkerchief, and while unscrewing the cap off the glass, another one of the cranks suggested, "I would n't, Orderly, you'll loose what little confidence you've got." You see Colonel Cilley being a methodical man had assigned all of the cranks in the regiment to "A" Troop, and "A" Troop had parked them all on the right. Anyway, they were all there at the gate and near vicinity, and I reckon they must have suspected it up in the portico, for the last remark of that military hybrid inspired a sound altogether too resonant for an echo up in that direction, else the acoustic properties of the place were immense.

Anyway, it added the last straw to the camel's back, and in my desperation I caught at the idea of being generously civil instead of generously clean, and so unclasped my belt and slammed the whole armory upon the ground as I started on the charge up the walk. As I proceeded, I not only snatched at a few alto bars of "My Maryland," but at a white flower temptingly nodding by the way, and now I think of it, we-I and that flower-must have constituted a floral syndicate of the first magnitude. As I proceeded up the walk, you may be sure that the situation within that portico was not neglected out fror.

under the rim of my slouch-hat, which had been pulled down to stay; and if I should live a thousand years, what transpired within the next few minutes would be as fresh in my memory as at this writing, and would transport me back to the scene of thirty years ago this very day and hour, restoring even the minutest details, that would reawaken the old spirit of adventure, and thrill my heart with a sense of ludicrous satisfaction rather than of bitterness, which would, as now, guide my pen seemingly without effort of nerve or will. At my approach, the ladies had arisen, and were turning away as if to retire from the portico, seeing which, in my desperation, my hat came off with a jerk, and all my good resolutions, that respect for decency must be my excuse for lack of gallantry, were dissipated in an instant, and as I was just starting in to blurt out my little piece which had been carefully conned while on my way up the walk, "Ladies, I deeply regret the necessity which compels --," when a door was jerked open under the portico and a very beautiful young lady from sixteen to seventeen years of age came sailing out into the portico with the air of a tragedy queen as she swept across the floor. She made an imperious gesture towards her companions as she said, "Let me deal with this fellow!" My story, I know, should proceed direct, but I beg a little indulgence from my readers. Having tried to fairly describe my own dress and appearance at that moment, I may be allowed to try and describe that of my " antagonist " also. As strangely contradictory as her light blonde features, blue eyes, and auburn hair were to the darker personnel of the group of lovely women about her, none the less so was her magnificent attire utterly at variance with the time and place and passing events, for the very atmosphere about her seemed spiced with the chill of the ice winds, while her dress suggested some great social event. The groundwork of her dress was of some soft, faintlytinted stuff that matched her complexion, but was almost completely enveloped by a mazy film of creamy tinted lace whose intricate meshes like delicate tracery, revealed to the eve of the initiated the handiwork of deft and patient fingers long before her day in climes beyond the seas. A sash of the same delicate tint as the underdress, a diamond of great brilliancy flashed at her throat, and another upon her white, perfect hand. A single, creamy flower of exceeding beauty, with yellowish, pistillated, bell petals drooped at her corsage, sustained by a simple clasp of pearl; and as she moved down upon me with her flashing eves and imperious bearing, I felt like diving under the hedge, and probably should have, had I not heard the chuckle of the squad at the gate, as her words, "Let me deal with this fellow," reached them.

As it was, when the chuckle came up my hat went down with

slap upon my head and then I calmly, even deliberately, folded my arms and stood meeting her fierce, level gaze, awaiting the first act as though it was nothing but an every-day occurrence. "By what right, sir, might I enquire, do you intrude upon these private grounds?" -and a moment later-" and might I also inquire if it ever occurred to you that gentlemen usually remove their hats in the presence of ladies?" "Certainly, Miss, make all the inquiries you choose. As for the habits of gentlemen, I'm not posted; it has, however, occurred to me that 'fellows' always remove their hats under certain conditions," (taking a side step and again raising my hat to the party beyond her). "As for my rights here, I respectfully refer you to the president of these United States." "These United States," (sarcastically)-" I'd have you know, you dirty apology of a Yankee, that the president of these Confederate States does not permit such vile things as yourself to intrude upon gentlemen's private grounds here or elsewhere in Virginia." "So I have been advised, Miss, elsewhere in Virginia, and so I am led to infer here, that is, if your rhetoric counts, but unfortunately for you, such is not in evidence, just at present, either here or elsewhere in Virginia. However, I am willing to take your word for it, if you persist in insisting that such is the fact, that is, under oath of course, so hold up your right hand, please, Miss. O Lord, deliver

me and make me truly repentant for my sins!" She struggled to speak, but the words were so hot that sought utterance that they crisped each other and died like choking things upon her lips. I continued, "Still, my dear, inasmuch as you have succeeded in enlisting my sympathy, I cannot refrain from warning you in advance that all such testimony will fail; and that the day of resurrection only will see your claim established upon the basis of your hopes." I had spoken in subdued tones from the start, and my concluding sentences were uttered almost under my breath. And one might have heard a pin drop upon the floor of that portico while I had been speaking, and as I concluded, she seemed by a spasmodic effort to break away from an awful enthralment, extending her clasped hands as she turned her gaze heavenward. I wish I might describe her appearance during that moment's attitude, for she made a picture one might in a lifetime seek again in vain; for she was not only a very beautiful woman, but of exceeding grace in every outline and motion of her slender, willowy form, while every lineament of her refined, aristocratic features was enhanced by an instant's transformation in that upward glance of mute appeal to heaven. You may call this sentimentality, bosh, or whatever you like; better that, than to imagine me so much of an idiot, dunce, numskull, as not to be observing or appreciative enough

to be able to recall and describe the situation about that portice at Farmville, Virginia, even though thirty years have elapsed since that day, for I do not wish to be accounted for in any such way, especially in this line of thought.

She was standing a few paces back upon the portico, I upon the greensward close to its edge, our eyes upon a level, as I concluded my plea to the jury and she her appeal to heaven. Then her hands unclasped and dropped by her side, as she took a swift step or two forward, and the floor of the portico quivered as she furiously stamped upon it. "You lie, you wretch! Leave my presence or I'll set the dogs at you, you dirty, cowardly, Yankee cur!" Well, now let me get my breath once more before I continue, after a choking gasp or two, as I did that day and moment I am trying to describe.

It had been more than a hundred years since my ancestors had flourished down on the James river, during which time the coming man of my race had failed to put in an appearance at least in the sense of the McAllister-Wilde ilk. but in most others had some celebrity and especially in the line of standing considerable punishment, either within or without the province of etymology, but I here have to confess that the sudorifie, diuretic essence of my tragedy queen's sassafras proved altogether too stimulating, and for one short breath I lost my temper in front of a woman, and, turning spitefully

toward my squad at the gate, made a peremptory motion, determined to summarily end it all, when a new actor appeared upon the scene in the person of one of the young lady occupants of the portico who had been standing behind my antagonist and of whom I had only a momentary glance as I approached. As my antagonist was about to ring up the curtain again with another stamp, the young lady hastened forward and laid her hand ever so lightly upon the shoulder of her furious companion.

"Madge, you must not! You shall not! The gentleman has been civil and shall not be abused in such a shameful way any longer." I had turned on the instant and sent a negative motion toward my squad. "Gentleman! Insult!!" With infinite scorn in her tones, "as if I— I (choking) were mistress here." "Fortunately for us all, Madge, you are not," (in quiet even tones) "and it remains for me now to apologize for the indiscretion of my guest. Sir," she continued, stepping forward, "we," (using the plural with a comprehensive motion of her hand that might have been construed as including, and I really believe she meant to include, the entire Confederacy.) "we are very sorry for the abuse you have suffered here. Yes," (raising her voice) "and I wish to apologize in the name of the Confederacy," (and then after a moment) "you were acting under orders when you called here, sir?" "Acting under orders? Yes, Miss."

"Can I be of any service to you, sir?" "I believe so. I am come to er-investigate as to the truth of a report that a Confederate soldier is within this house," and with just the faintest tinge of grim humor in my tones, "perhaps you will kindly simplify matters and er-substantiate the report." " Not up to date, sir," assuming the same strain, "but to be frank with you, a Confederate soldier was quite recently here but is now upon his way across the river to rejoin his command," looking me straight in the eye, and I would have wagered my life I thought that she told the truth, and it was more for the purpose of prolonging the interview than from any other motive, I am free to confess, that made me ask, "You are quite sure, Miss? You may unwittingly be mistaken." "It may be that you doubt my word, sir?" -the red haughtily tinging her cheek. "Very well then, let-"" I beg your pardon, Miss, I do not doubt but what you honestly believed that there is no Confederate soldier within this house, but you will save us both some inconvenience by making a slight exploration of the room just behind you as the drapery of the windows prevents my doing so. Will you kindly oblige me by raising the sash and parting the drapery?" Just at that moment the draperies within were slid aside, the low French window sash slid up, and a middle-aged soldier in gray stepped forth upon the portico with the words, "I surrender, sir. I cannot allow this

young lady to perjure herself on my account, for she really believed me to be miles away at this moment." Many exclamations of surprise and alarm followed from the group within the portico, followed by some tears, but the soldier in gray soon quieted all alarm and, turning toward me, said, "I wish to thank you, sir, for your forbearance and to apologize for the unmerited words of my daughter." "Do not distress yourself, sir, on my account, and as for your daughter, she probably only gave expression to a sentiment that has been taught her every day of her life since she lisped." The eyes of the man in grey did look dangerous just for a moment as he almost fiercely turned upon me, but the next moment softened, as he said, "Possibly, you are right, sir. I am ready to accompany you." "If, sir, you will pledge me your word of honor that you will report within the hour to the provost marshal of Farmville"—the Confederate soldier took some swift steps forward and extended his hand-" a thousand thanks, sir," and while his small, delicate hand remained within my large, dirty one, he gave his pledge: "Sir, I pledge you my word of honor that within the hour I will report to the United States provost marshal of Farmville." "That, sir, is all that is required, and, as my business here is now at an end. I have the honor of wishing you all good-day and goodby;" turning away down the walk and mounting, we rode out to camp.

And, here and now, let the writer assure all who may chance to be interested in the Farmville portico adventure (in Virginia, or elsewhere,) and especially the most interested parties in what followed at Farmville, at Appomattox Court House two days later, and years

later in the rotunda under the great dome of our national capitol at Washington, that he has never for a moment doubted but what the young lady spoke, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," when she called him a "dirty Yankee" that day at Farmville.

A STORY OF ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS IN A REBEL PRISON IN TEXAS.

By Freeman H. Chase, M. D., Twelfth Maine Regiment.

At the time the federal army was surrounding Port Hudson, Company F, of the Twelfth Maine, under the command of acting Lieutenant Alfred Straw, was detailed to cut and raft logs to take down Grand lake to Brasier City, to to build a fort. This the company did with forty-five men. Brasier City was then filled with the debris of the army of convalescents, sick men, odd details, with no heads or organizations.

I was then in St. James's hospital, sick with "break-bone" fever, as was Captain Farrington. I joined my company, and found the boys in most miserable quarters. After great effort, I got the company removed to Thibodeaux.

Rumors were constantly coming that we were to be attacked by Taylor's army. We could get no orders to remove four miles, where there was a good fort and some 3,000 organized troops. Right here we were suddenly attacked, and

getting behind the levee, gave them one volley, destroyed our guns as best we could, killed the commanding officer of the Second Texan Rangers, and surrendered to our captors.

In three days, forty men were paroled.

Lieutenant Straw was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs, put in a hospital, and not holding a commission, was pardoned, while I and all other commissioned officers were held and sent to Texas, forty-two of us in all, for a thirteen months' imprisonment. A large part of the officers were nine months' men whose time had nearly expired, many Twenty-third Connecticut men and others from more than twelve different regiments, odd details from the army.

After the men were paroled, Captain Page, Lieutenant Lyon, and myself were sent with the rebel army, five days' riding in a cane wagon, loosely guarded. We were well fed and kindly used.

We were entertained by the campfires of their highest officers, including General Moulton and others. We were with them when they received their defeat at Fort Milo, and when Port Hudson fell, and our troops landed at Fort Donaldsonville. We saw their dismay, and were hurried across Berwick bay to join the other thirty-nine officers who had been there during the time. I noticed one particular thing in their military affairs. They paid close attention to shooting, and not to fine drill. They had more officers than we did, and in action, to "shoot dead," as they called it, was the order, and they knew how to do it.

Had we done the same, it would have been better for us.

I joined the rest of our party, and after three days we made our bundles, and started on our four weeks' journey of 500 miles, more or less, for Tyler, Wight county, Texas, where we spent thirteen months, until our happy, ragged, hungry party arrived on board Uncle Sam's immense transport at the mouth of Red river, of which more anon.

Some of our squad were taken in camp, and carried their dress suits, etc., etc. Others of us had simple fatigue suits of blue flannel, of which I was one. Some had a quantity of greenbacks. Others, none of any amount, to their misfortune. I had, luckily, \$135. We expected to have our money taken from us, but we were not troubled until we had arrived, four weeks after, in our prison stockade. But

we took care always to conceal our wealth, and it proved wealth indeed! As for myself, I put \$50 in the waistband of my pants, more in the lining of my hat, kept \$25 in case I was searched, so as not to appear too poor (although I gave up \$10 from my \$25 afterward); this money was never troubled by our guards. Money was much, looking to our imprisonment, and had much to do with forming our "chumships."

As we marched along, two and two, easily, bundles on our back, we formed and found our mates. Lieutenant Babcock of the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth New York and I fell together, and formed a friendship for our future. He was a tough, honorable, and hardy man. We slept together, came out of prison together, and parted at New Orleans, and a kinder, better friend I never shall know. He had \$125, which had much to do with our partnership, no doubt. It was not policy to have an impecunious chum. It was splendid weather. The guards were kind. We made short marches. and received such food as they could take from the people. We staved at Shreveport and rested four days. Then we went on board one of the Red River steamers, crowded, and for four days fed on watermelons and sour milk. Then came a march of 200 miles, and we were at our prison camp in the forest—our home for the next year.

While we were having our four days' rest in a large hall at Shreve-

port, on the border of Louisiana and Texas, we all received a strict examination. As is well remembered, an order had been issued "That General Pope's and General Butler's officers, when captured, should be turned over to the state authorities to be dealt with according to the law," which was understood to be imprisonment in jail and to be hung.

General Merton, with some of his staff, held a court martial over us. and Captain Noblett and Lieutenant Shurf of the Twenty-first Indiana, and myself, were found among the unlucky ones, and we were gravely told that we should be taken to the jail, and there held for trial. Captain Noblett was an old Mexican soldier. and he defied them to their faces. but in three days we moved on to the steamer, and were not troubled. But not so fortunate were a captain and lieutenant who were officers of a negro regiment, who were taken from us in irons, put in Shreveport jail, held in close confinement for four weeks, then released, and found us at our barracks, unburt, where, you may believe, they were received with due honors. They were brave men, and showed no fear. They were many times during our imprisonment threatened, but came to our lines with us. It shows what stuff men are made of.

A large forest of some 500 acres belonging to a Union man, on a rise of ground, a splendid stream running through it and a fine spring, two miles from Tyler, was our quarters. There were magnificent trees of all kinds, and among these our barracks were built.

On our march from Berwick Bay to Shreveport, we had a guard of forty mounted men, under charge of Lieutenant Carter. He had been a prisoner in our hands, and no doubt he was in heart a Union man and sympathized with us, as did many of the guards, for they used us kindly and well. On going on board the steamer, our guard was changedthirty men, under the command of a drunken Dutch lieutenant. We were not so well treated, and had to stand some abuse, but at every landing to take in wood the negroes supplied with monstrous watermelons. boiled sweet potatoes, and sour milk.

On leaving the steamer, we had a ten days' march before us, and a new guard of thirty-five men. The captain was an arrant rebel, and was a captain of a company of irregulars. most of them wealthy men's sons. We did not see much of him, but the guard seemed to be under the command of a sergeant, who was a curious character and our friend to the backbone, seeming to have perfect control of the men and no regard for the captain. He was six feet tall. rode a black stallion, well mounted. well dressed in Confederate clothes, weighed 200, a giant in strength, but homely in face, with a harelip and cleft palate. Well do I remember his voice and his kindness to us, loading his horse with our baggage and making his men do the same. He told us about our march ahead, conducted us over a barren waste of twenty-five miles, and, as he promised us he would, stopped at Washington two days, where his father, a doctor, attended to our wants. We were fed,

held a dance, and rode ten miles on our way in two-horse teams, with food furnished by the people for two days. This sergeant cared nothing for the Confederates, and darned them constantly, and his father, the doctor, was just as outspoken.

We were quartered in a fine place, with beautiful summer, and forty-two officers, all hearty men save two. They had built for us a barrack of boards some fifty by thirty feet, with berths and plenty of straw, had given us axes, Dutch ovens, tin plates, etc. We were surrounded with immense trees, walnut, oak, and mahogany, etc., and had plenty of good water.

We soon organized ourselves for our future comfort. The Confederates furnished us the regular ration and plenty of beef, and having money concealed, although we had been questioned and had surrendered some, choosing our stewards and organizing a weekly prayer-meeting, we spent four months in better comfort than we really expected as prisoners of war.

We were guarded by a regiment of Louisianians of about 200 men. Colonel Tyler, the commander, was a member of the "Christian Band" persuasion, and a minister. His regiment had undertaken to take a small fort at Milliken's Bend, guarded by negroes, and had met with a signal defeat, and were so cut up that the remainder were not fit for the field, and had been sent to guard us.

We were kindly used by the colonel, for four months; half of us, by giving our parole, could go out and play base-ball, drill at wooden-sword exercises, etc. He would preach to

us every Sunday, taking into our camp many of his men, unarmed, but, unluckily (by mistake, he said), he prayed for the success of Jeff Davis, and his services were no more attended.

We had met with disaster at Galveston, and six companies of the Forty-second Massachusetts had been captured; and also officers of gunboats on the coast. After our camp was formed, fifty officers were sent to join our camp. There had also arrived some fifty men from the Indian Territory, and others also. So our camp was enlarged by putting around us a stockade covering some twenty acres. On the arrival of our new recruits, different arrangements had to be made for our accommodation. We formed into messes, and, material being abundant, commenced to build log-houses for the coming winter. We joined into messes under different names. My mess, the largest, was called "The Big Mess;" others under names called "The Fifth Avenue Mess," "The Undaunted Mess," etc. Our principal street was called "Fifth Avenue." My mess consisted of eighteen. Our fine log-house was thirty feet square, two rooms; one for sleeping, the other for kitchen, with a large fireplace made of rockchimney of sticks and mud, where we could burn walnut and oak logs Wood was then four feet long. abundant all around us. We had comfortable quarters. We had among us men of all calibres and trades, and a master mechanic put up our buildings. All of our houses, ten in number, were built on the same plan, only our mess was the largest.

I, knowing something of medicine, had charge of the medicine left by our Confederate doctor, and, ignoramus as I was, my services were constantly required.

We filled up the winter by cardplaying, checker and chess-playing, and such things as eighty officers would naturally get up to pass away the time. We even published the Camp Ford News, issued once in two weeks. Hundreds of incidents occurred during the winter, a few of which I will relate.

We were in constant fear of tarantulas, centipedes, rattlesnakes, and hoop-snakes, and many others. We had to police our quarters constantly. The tarantula we dreaded; although their bite is not sure death, it seems to depend upon where a person is bitten. Many recovered, after some swelling and pain; but if over an artery or vein, where the virus would be quickly absorbed, it is more dangerous.

A Texan soldier, bringing in some brush to fix his dugout, on throwing it down felt something clinging to his throat, over his jugular vein. The boys took it off and killed it; it was a large one. Within five minutes his neck commenced to swell. This was our first case. It was said if you could get the patient drunk, he could be saved. We at once raised \$200, Confederate money, and \$10, greenbacks, and in one hour got, by the messenger sent to Tyler, two miles away, one quart of Texan rum. We got it all down him, but it did not affect him, as far as we could see. He became insane, and in twenty-four hours he died in dreadful convulsions, swollen to such a degree that you

could not recognize his features. I watched him from the first to the last.

As we were sitting by our big fireplace, one evening, five of us, all at once there was a commotion in front of us, and a rattler came out of a hollow log on our fire. over the coals, mouth wide open. We went over backwards or in any fashion to get out of the way. He went through our open door; an outcry was made, and the camp turned out, armed with sticks and clubs. He was found coiled up under a corner of our house, and killed, and next day he was exhibited as a curiosity. He was six feet long. Three negroes came in to buy him. He was sold for one barrel of sweet potatoes or yams. The colored men use the skin, get the oil for medical use in rheumatism, use the rattles, heart, and other parts for charms. which they carry in a bag to protect them from certain evils.

We dug the usual tunnel, among our other efforts to escape, under the supervision of a colonel, who was an engineer. We started from a loghouse some eighteen feet from the back part of our stockade, went down four feet, then dug fifty feet to get under the stockade to open it under a tree some ten feet from the stockade. You can imagine how thirty of us worked, night and day, with an old knife and a bayonet, for two months, dragging out our dirt, and hiding it where we could, with candles for light which cost us fifty cents apiece, Confederate money. We had got our tunnel completed to within two feet of the surface, where we awaited the favorable opportunity. About this

time, General Banks was defeated at Red River, and 3.500 prisoners came to our camp. At once, 500 negroes were sent to enlarge our stockade, and it was carried sixty feet further away, taking in our tree. This ended our tunnel plot, but the fun came afterwards.

After the new prisoners had been taken in, one night it had rained for quite a while; the inside guard, about one o'clock at night, stepped over the mouth of the exit of the tunnel, and the ground giving away, he disappeared at once into the earth some eight feet. You can imagine his terror and his vells, and the consternation of the guards, as they came rushing in at dark midnight, with lanterns, and took him out of his hole. It was all investigated the next day, and we were strictly watched after that. Of course, we knew nothing about it, but it was long a subject of talk in our camp, as well as among the guards, only it was looked upon in different lights.

We had organized a band, consisting of two violins, a triangle, a banjo, and a drum. We had made a dancefloor, and used to choose partners, and dance to the music of our improvised band. The headquarters of our band was at a house near the stockade, where the leader lived. When they held their rehearsals, it was noticed that the guards outside the stockade would leave their posts, and gather near this place, to listen. Twelve of the officers, after weeks of preparation, made their sacks of pemmican, hired two hardy boys from Kansas, when the time came, to dig out the bottom of one of the stockades, and pull it out so they could escape; but it was to be immediately pulled back in place, and nothing said. All worked well.

The band played about nine o'clock, evenings, and the gnard left their posts. The men pulled out the bottom of the timber, and the twelve brave fellows went out and started for freedom, 200 miles away, to meet Banks's army, which was then on retreat, unknown to them. But it happened that some of the men had got wind of the matter, and before the Kansas boys could put the timber back in place, some dozen of them made a rush, notifying the guard. giving the whole thing away. They kept, outside the camp, six bloodhounds for the purpose of capturing prisoners, under the charge of a keeper. They were instantly put on our boys' track. Our men had got a mile or more away, and, on hearing the baying of the hounds, knew they were discovered. They instantly divided into three parties. hounds caught the first party within an hour, the second party within six hours, and they were brought back to camp, kindly used, and honored for their bravery by the guard and all, although it resulted disastrously. The other two, a captain, and a lieutenant. escaped, and arrived safely at New Orleans, after many adventures, where they reported our condition, and, no doubt, had much to do in hastening our exchange, some three months after.

A word about these hounds. Their scent is marvelous. We were told afterwards, that the scent could be destroyed by throwing cayenne pep

per in your tracks or rubbing the soles of your shoes with onions or garlic, but the question was where to get the stuff. These hounds are drilled. It is said they will not attack a white man, but will jump at a negro's throat. The negroes are in great fear of them.

We eked out our rations by selling our buttons and other trinkets we had with us; for two of our coat buttons we could buy from one to two bushels of ripe sweet potatoes, much different from what we get in Maine. Grapes (wild) grow everywhere in the woods, and from them we made wine and other things. They gave us some coarse shirts, and a few things, but you should have seen our apparel as we arrived under the old flag and made exchange.

The prisoners had arrived from Banks's defeat, and 100 officers, more or less, were added to our officers' quarters. We took them in. We helped them build their quarter, but it crowded our camp, and made our life still more disagreeable. They came into our camp after a march of 200 miles, -yes, more than that -men and officers cursing and swearing, blaming everybody for their defeat. The Thirteenth Corps men said they had never been licked before; that they fought in detachments and had no chance, and they were more than right. They brought us news from the outside world, and settled down (as they had to) to prison life. stories were told for weeks. But our quiet times had gone; crowded, short rations, sickness, abuse, and all of the "hellishness" of a prison camp were upon us. For what reason? Who was to blame? If God is just, some one must answer. Many stories could be told of our old squads during the next three months' residence in Camp Ford, until the happy day came

Amid the cheers of the camp, leaving behind us many officers, who had been prisoners over one and one-half years, especially naval officers, for the rebels, having no navy, had nothing to exchange for them; giving those left our houses, and all we could leave them of our valuables, we made our march. Some of the men died, and others left on the way, but without stopping to relate incidents of our march, we reached the mouth of Red River in their dirty old boat. There, under the white flag, we were hailed by two of our gunboats, who halted us, came aboard, bringing tobacco and many other things.

The shake of friendly hands was more to us than you can imagine.

Uncle Sam's large transport lay some one half mile below us. We were counted off, and on the way met our equivalent of officers from New Orleans, fat, jolly, nicely dressed in Confederate uniforms and an extra suit on their back. As far as we were concerned, the comparison can be well imagined, but it is not in my power to portray it.

We were received joyfully on board of our transport, as you can well imagine; food was furnished us, and all was done that Uncle Sam's bounty could do; and our comrades desire.

Next morning we were in New Orleans. There we received our instructions, were examined by the surgeons, and got our orders. A good part of

our forty-two were nine months' officers, whose time had expired a year ago. They were sent home and mustered out, with full pay. Others of us of the Nineteenth Corps were furloughed home to rejoin our commands in the Shenandoah Valley or other places where their regiments may have been serving.

Our original forty-two, who went to Texas, stuck together, more than a band of brothers. Our troubles. our isolation, our privations, and our ioint misfortunes cemented us together. Not a serious trouble occurred during our thirteen months together. Bickerings from our nervousness were soon forgotten. One old man, a quartermaster, died and was buried in our camp. Another lieutenant died on reaching New Orleans and freedom. We were signally exempt from serious sickness. We took stringent rules for our health, policing our camp and our daily life. All seemed to be fine men. We had a weekly prayer-meeting and Sunday services, and a number were baptized. We had a literary club for discussions, published The Camp Ford News, had a base-ball club, a cavalry drill, a dance ground, and a chess club. Card playing was universal, and dozens of other things got up to pass away our time. United States officers generally have good educations, and we had among us men of many trades, and if anything was needed to be done, some one was able to do it. Some always gay, some story tellers, mechanics, and others ready speakers and athletes. We had a gymnasium, organized by Lieutenant Dana of the Twelfth, signal officer, who was with us, taken at Sabine Pass, who was an immense favorite in our camp. He was a favorite in the colonel's family who guarded us, and seemed to be well acquainted with certain young ladies of the household.

We had two other officers from Maine, Lieutenant Hammond, of the Navy, and Lieutenant Page; also, second lieutenant of a colored regiment. When the new recruits arrived, we had officers from nearly all the loyal states. Kind-hearted, generous, brave boys were they, all loyal to the flag and our country. Many have now gone to their long home. Would I could take the survivors by the hand!

Our camp was enlarged to some 3.800 men, many of them were robbed of money and clothing, and old rebel clothing given them in return, yet many of them concealed their money, and were often caught gambling, and their money confiscated. Greenbacks were worth ten to one of Confederate script. Constant dickering was going on with the guard.

Rations were mostly corn bread. Lying in brush houses and dugouts, suffering with cold during that Texas winter, with its horrid "Northers," they were by no means subdued. They would sing "John Brown," "My Maryland," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other Union songs, and if stopped by the guard, would commence before they could leave the gate. They stole a fine revolver from the hip of an Arkansas captain, whose pouch was unbuttoned, and, although the whole camp was searched, it was never found.

A number of men were killed and wounded by the guard firing into our camp or getting over the dead line, and many abuses occurred, of which I have not space to relate. Rebel officers were often coming to see us from rebel regiments passing by; citizens and ladies came often and brought us tokens of regard and friendship. They were not so bitter there as in other parts of the South, but we sometimes got bitter sneers, and were asked the usual questions:

"What did you'uns come down here to fight we'uns for?"

Some of our boys made "rings of bone," carved "chess men," and other mechanical things, which readily sold to the guard. We built a hospital of which Lieutenant Delamater and myself had charge. Gifted surgeons, we!—but we did the best we could, and did relieve much suffering, for our services were in constant demand. I had taken one course of medical lectures, before enlisting, and though small anyway, it saved me from manual labor, for which I was very grateful.

Twenty men of a Kansas regiment were brought into our camp as prisoners, from the Indian Territory. Three of them, who had the smallpox, were put in a camp outside. It gained no headway among us.

Colonel Ross, chief of the Cherokees, whose tribe was loyal to us, had a son by his white wife, brought into our camp. He could speak Creek as well as Cherokee and English, and was a favorite with us from his gentlemanly manner. There came in with him a full-blooded Creek Indian, named "Ok-chi-o-maltha." Ten of

his tribe had been captured, but all had escaped or killed themselves before going to our camp, and Ok-chi had made many attempts to do it. For days he would not eat the food given him, but making a bow and arrow out of a common stick, would sit motionless near the stockade and kill "cherry birds," put leaves or paper around them, roast them on the ashes, strip them of their feathers. and eat them without salt. He was full of Indian superstition, was a curiosity to us, but was looked out for, and interpreted to us by "Ross." the Cherokee.

Our camp was constantly getting news from rebel sources, mostly from those papers printed on old newspapers, brown paper, anything they could get hold of, always reporting disasters, of our forces being defeated, immense slaughter, which at first depressed us badly. But we soon found out the plot, and the extent of those lies, and knew how to gauge them.

But one subject was always uppermost in our minds and kept us on the *qui vive*—exchange; on that subject, we would try to believe anything in our favor; that news was made favorable, no doubt, to keep us quiet in our imprisonment, and from natural human kindness.

The forty-two of us sent to Texas were very fortunate, compared with those taken in other places, especially in Virginia, where food was exhausted and the prisons were crowded. We were the first Union prisoners sent to Texas, and the country had not been exhausted. Again, officers are much better used. They are at once taken

from the men, and as there are only a few of them compared with the rank and file, perhaps their better education, and the influence they would exert should the officers who guard them fall into their hands afterwards, and from the courtesy among officers the world over, and many other reasons, made their case much easier.

But among the common soldiers, their case, at the best, was deplorable. They were starved, crowded, and abused, even with us, to the bitter end, and what redress could they get? Had I space, I could relate scores of instances of rebel cruelty.

We had among us eleven Free and Accepted Masons, of which I was, luckily, one. We were always used well by our "Fraters," and the obligations well lived up to. Many were the kindnesses we received, and as far as I know, they did all for us they could. They seemed to be as desirous of finding us out and helping us, as we were to receive their tokens of brotherly love and friendship. has been said of the power of this "Ancient Society," and I can say that from my long imprisonment, it has not been overrated. Many a prisoner has escaped, and hundreds helped more than will ever be known.

It was fortunate for me, also, that I had some knowledge of medicine, and from my slight knowledge I was enabled to do favors to the guard, especially in one case where a Georgia sergeant, and a South Carolinian, fought a duel. It was thought I saved one's life. From that I had many privileges of parole to go into the forests and get wood. You may well

believe I used this for myself and for my comrades.

All exchange of prisoners of war had been stopped for over a year, and General Banks, although defeated, had many prisoners in his hands, and had arranged a cartel, and 1,200 men of his army, prisoners, were sent to the Red river, some 200 miles, for exchange, in midwinter. Thinking their case was sure, before leaving our camp they gave away all they could spare to their chums, left, and started on their long march. They were gone five weeks. The cartel of exchange was revoked, and they came back to our overcrowded camp barefooted. You can imagine their feelings, and ours. Their sufferings were beyond words to express. Many died on the way, hungry. We were all afflicted with body lice scurvy. God knows how those men, even more than those left in camp, suffered. But, as God willed, in two months they again left (what remained of them) for God's country, with us, forty of the old mess, as I will relate.

We had been raised to the highest pitch of hope, and then again depressed, so that we sank into a state of almost helplessness. But the time came. We were taken outside, fortytwo, the old squad, Butler's men, and paroled, the 1,200 of Banks's men, and finally started on our trip to the Red river, marching 200 miles, taking their dirty old crowded steamer. Sick, ragged, dirty, and almost starving, we bore it patiently. We were allowed much liberty, for who would escape at that time? We had enjoyed very good health, but on the influx of the new prisoners, we became afflicted with scurvy, and diarrhoa, etc., and were a pitiable lot, with teeth and gums sore, from which many of ushave neverrecovered. I, for one, lost all my teeth and have none now, nor can I wear them.

I was fortunate, as I had been in New Orleans for over a year, and found my dress suit there, and many old comrades and friends, among them my captain, Farrington, on General Reynolds's staff, who was not remiss in his kindness to me, and who obtained me a furlough home, which I made the most of and rejoined my regiment, the old Twelfth Maine, at Berryville, on their start up the valley.

I went through that campaign until the affair of Cedar Creek. I was by no means in good health, and that the thirty days' furlough I received from New York city was a bonanza to me, can be well imagined.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, U.S. Army.

(CONTINUED.)

THE PROVOST GUARD AND WASHING-TON'S DEFENSES.

The provost guard, or "City Guard" of Washington, was comprised of a battalion of Regular Infantry, Battery K, Fifth U. S. Artillery, Troops A and E of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, and the Sturges Rifles (Illinois Volunteers). The infantry was practically Sykes's battalion with some changes, and was made up as follows: Company I, First, C and G (perhaps H) of the Second, B, D, G, H, and K of the Third, and G of the Eighth. The companies of the Third and Eighth were quartered in Franklin square, which had been occupied by the Twelfth New York Volunteers, Colonel Daniel Butterfield, booths or low board barracks being on the north side, with the company streets running north and south. Company I of the First Infantry was quartered near the corner of H and Eighteenth streets. All of the Second, except H, were located in a large warehouse in Georgetown, known as "Forrest Hall."

A, D, and I Companies of the Second Infantry, are reported to have arrived August 5, from the Pacific coast, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hannibal Day, and also taken quarters in "Forrest Hall."—(National Intelligencer.)

Colonel Day was made provost-marshal of Georgetown. These troops were joined, a few days later, by Company F of the Eighth, and October 22, 1861, by B, E, G, and I, of the Tenth Infantry, under Captain N. A. M. Dudley, which were at first located at "Camp Anderson," but afterwards assigned to the quarters at Franklin square. Early in 1862 (about Jan. 1) Company I, Ninth Infantry, and Headquarters, and A, D, E, F, G, H, I, and K Companies of the Fourth were on duty with the provost guard,

and Jan. 5, 1862, Companies B and C came from the Pacific coast via the Isthmus of Panama, and were quartered with the balance of the Fourth in Duff Green's Row, on Capitol Hill, and were placed in charge of the Old Capitol prison, besides guarding the bridge over the Anacosta river, and patrolling. A part of the Sixth Infantry (D,) was quartered near Judiciary square; Major George Sykes's quarters were on the north side of K street, facing the square, west of the house afterwards occupied by the secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, which was next door west of the house now (1896) occupied by Senator John Sherman. The line officers occupied houses on the south side of I street, facing the square, and on the east side of Fourteenth, between H and I streets, while some of the bachelors occupied the old "Chain Building" (among them Lieutenants J. A. Snyder and J. A. McCool), which was located on the north side of H street on the southeast corner of an alley leading through from H to I, now the Fredonia. All the kitchens, non-commissioned officers' mess, etc., were located at the northeast corner of K and Fourteenth streets, where the Hamilton House now stands. Our brother, after about August 18, was in the old John B. Floyd house, as stated. This was No. 345 I street (old number), which was, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, that now (1896), occupied as a dental college, three doors west of the alley which runs from I to H street. The Central guard-house, which was for the temporary reception of prisoners ar-

rested by the provost guard, and where the officers on daily duty had to remain, was located on the south side of Louisiana avenue, west of Ninth street, about midway in the block of market houses, nearly opposite where Harris's or the Bijou theatre now stands. Among the officers with their regiments or temporarily attached for duty with the guard, were Major Innis Palmer, Captains D. Davidson, Jesse A. Gove (promoted to be Colonel Twenty-second Mass. Vols., killed at Gaines's Mills, June 27, 1862), C. S. Lovell, George L. Willard, N. A. M. Dudley; Lieutenants Averill, Hamilton, J. D. Drouillard, J. B. Williams, Dangerfield Parker, Isaac Helm, Andrew Sheridan, James A. Snyder, Joseph A. McCool, John W. Whitney, W. H. Penrose, H. B. Noble, C. D. Mehaffey, Francis E. Davies, George H. Butler, Oliver P. Gooding, and W. L. Kellogg. Lieutenant Frederick Devoe of the Third Infantry was the adjutant.

On August 2, 1861, General Andrew Porter, provost marshal, issued "G. O. No. 1, from Headquarters, City Guard, Provost Marshal's office," and all officers and men without leaves of absence or passes, were ordered to be arrested, and reports made daily from the Central guardhouse to him at headquarters.

After the Battle of Bull Run, the streets of the city fairly swarmed with troops, either mustered out and going home, or coming to the front, all militia or partially-organized volunteers, not yet leavened or disciplined. The music of the bands of the incoming regiments filled the air. Many officers and men were absent without

leave from their commands. The hotel corridors were filled with embryo brigadiers, and all was excitement, bustle, and seeming confusion. In fact, it was a small bedlam. The provost marshal had charge of a class of duties which had not before, in our service, been defined and grouped under the management of a special department. The following subjects indicate its sphere: "Suppression of marauding and depredations, and of all brawls and disturbances." "Preservation of good order, and suppression of drunkenness beyond the limits of the camps." "Prevention of straggling on the march." "Suppression of gamblinghouses, drinking houses, or bar-rooms, and brothels." "Regulations of hotels, taverns, markets, and places of public amusement." "Searches, services, and arrests." "Execution of sentences of general court martial, involving imprisonment or capital punishment." "Enforcement of orders prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors (liquor houses were not allowed to keep open after 9:30 p. m.), whether by tradesmen or sutlers, and of orders respecting passes; desertions from the army, prisoners of war taken from the enemy, countersigning safeguards, passes to citizens, within the lines and for purposes of trade." "Complaints of citizens as to the conduct of soldiers." There was a limited censorship of the press. With these multifarious duties, the reader can imagine of what importance this command was in the city, directly after the Battle of Bull Run, and the commencement of four years of horrible war.

It was the office of duty then for this small band of disciplined Regulars to restore order from chaos, sift out the good from the bad, and keep the wheels in motion. Washington bore no resemblance to the beautiful city of to-day. The streets were wretchedly paved, or not paved at all; they were worse lighted, and when it rained they became almost impassable. An air of shabby, dirty neglect everywhere prevailed. The guardhouse was constantly besieged with visitors, and crowded with people brought in for examination. Officers of every grade, from brigadier-general down, were arrested, and if unable to give an account of themselves, were placed in the guard-house until their cases could be investigated. The officers of the guard acted in the capacity of magistrates. Saloons, houses of ill fame, and dens and dives of all descriptions, had sprung up like mushrooms; but one of the most prolific sources of trouble to the "City Guard" was "Canterbury Hall," the old variety theatre. What old soldier who visited Washington about this period does not remember this marvelous dispenser of amusement and good cheer to the volunteer soldier, from his dull and monotonous camplife on the other side of the river, and what a temptation it was to take a "French leave," just for a few hours of boisterous entertainment within those festive walls? It was on the south side of Louisiana avenue, between Four-and-a half and Sixth streets, now occupied by lawyers' offices. All had to be visited, day and night, and cleaned out and purged. But soon system and good order reigned at the national capital.

General McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac and the defenses about Washington, July 27, 1861. He says of that period: "Many soldiers had deserted. and the streets of Washington were crowded with straggling officers and men absent from their stations without authority, whose behavior indicated the general want of discipline and organization." "The restoration of order in the City of Washington was effected through the appointment of a provost marshal, whose authority was supported by the few regular troops within my command."

G. O. No. 2, July 30, 1862, was issued, appointing Colonel A. Porter, Sixteenth U.S. Infantry, as temporary provost marshal; "he will be obeyed and respected accordingly." "The energy and ability displayed by the provost marshal and his assistants, and the strict discharge of their duty by the troops, produced the best results, and Washington soon became one of the most quiet cities in the Union." The Washington Intelligencer of August 13, 1861, says: "The guard in Washington is doing excellent service. Our city now exhibits perfect order, night and dav."

Extracts from our brothers' letters will give the reader a partial idea of the life and duties performed in those days in and about the city of Washington: "Camp Trumbull, Arlington, Va., July 31, 1861. Our battal-

NOTE. The companies of the Second and G of the Eighth came into the city on the 30th of July. The companies of the Third on August 1, 1861.

ion is now very small; the Second and Eighth have left us and gone into the city to act as guard. Colonel Porter is appointed military commander, and he wants the Third also; we will know this evening." "Ebbitt House, August 2, 1861. Colonel P. has been made provost marshal, and ordered us over immediately.

"Although I am almost dead with fatigue. I will answer your letters. We are in Washington as a military guard of the city. My company is quartered in a splendid house, directly opposite my room at the Ebbitt, and all the others are very near." (Some were around the corner on the south side of Thirteenth street.) "We marched over from Arlington in one of the most terrific rain storms I ever witnessed. We got drenched through and through."

"I have been patrolling the city all day, and oh, how warm! But I was relieved at parade. I do not know how long we will remain here, but should judge the time will be quite long." "Mr. Goodwin, M. C., has a room opposite mine, on the other side of the street. I go to see him very often, and like him very much. Mr. Fessenden invited me to call on him, but I have not had time to do so." "I met Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, on the morning of the Battle at Centreville. He introduced himself,

NOTE. It is stated to the writer by one of the old sergeants of the Third U. S. Infantry, that upon arriving in Washington, after marching from Arlington in the drenching storm, the command was marched into a hall on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, now occupied by Gay & Co., stove and hardware dealers, where they remained at least one night.

and we had quite a talk. He knew you when you were at Bridgton." "Have just learned that two lieutenant-colonels and three captains of volunteers have been lodged in the guard-house for want of proper passes."

"Central Guard-House, August 4. Have just returned from Mrs. King's, wife of Horatio King; passed a very pleasant evening with herself and son, and received an invitation to tea for to-morrow evening. I spent the evening with Mr. Goodwin, M. C. He seems very kind, and very anxious to do something for me."

August 18, 1861.

"I am on duty as officer of the patrol, and have just brought them in for the men to get their suppers. I go out again about half past eight, and remain out until eleven or twelve. I made a seizure this afternoon of five soldiers in a low den, and carried them to the guard-house; but as a general thing the streets are pretty clear of volunteer officers and soldiers, and the city is now very quiet. We move our quarters to-morrow, two streets above the present one. Booths have been constructed in a large open place, and our soldiers are to occupy them. The officers are to have two furnished houses very near, but we will not get into them for a week, as the furniture has not all arrived. I think each officer will have two rooms, and we will all mess together; as we are now situated, we draw no commutation, and have to pay very largely to live." "I suppose you have heard all about the mutiny of the Seventy-ninth N. Y. Volunteers.

We were ordered to march to their camp and quell it, and remained from II a. m. until I p. m. When I arrived home, I found a note from John, saying he had enlisted and was then at the depot. I immediately jumped into a carriage and drove down, but found that he had left. I found where the regiment he had enlisted



CARTER BROTHERS.

in was encamped, and started for it; after wandering about until II p. m., I found it, and learned that the recruits had not arrived. I could not go up the next day, as I was on duty, but the following day I drove up; found him, got permission to bring him home with me; dressed him up in citizens' clothes, and had him one day and a half with me; got him sworn in, gave him a blanket and a few necessaries, and started him back again.

"I was very much pleased with the colonel, and his regiment generally.

I gave John all the good advice I could, and promised to come and see him as often as I could. This afternoon I saw his regiment march over Long Bridge, and do not know where it is bound for. Will find out, and see him again.

On the morning of Aug. 14, 1861, General Porter, provost marshal, received the following order:

Headquarters Division of the Potomac,

Washington, D. C., Aug. 14, '61. Brigadier-General Andrew Porter, Provost Marshal, etc.:

GENERAL: The brigade commander of the Seventy-ninth Regiment New York Volunteers having reported that the regiment is in a state of open mutiny, Major-General McClellan directs that you proceed with a battery, the two companies of the Second Cavalry, at the Park Hotel, and as many companies of regular infantry as you may deem proper, to the encampment of that regiment. On your arrival there, you will order such as are willing to move to march out of the camp, leaving the disaffected portion of the regiment by themselves. You will then order the latter portion to lay down their arms. and will put them under a strong guard. The ringleaders you will put in double irons. You are authorized. if necessary, to use force to accomplish the object. Report the result as soon as possible.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. N. Colburn, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The alleged causes for discontent

were the refusal to allow them to go home on furlough to visit their families, and to reorganize by filling vacancies among their officers, etc. But the true cause arose from discontent in relation to their term of service. Having enlisted during the first excitement, for two or three years, or for the war, when they saw the three months' regiments returning home after the disastrous Battle of Bull Run, their dissatisfaction broke out in open mutiny among the men of the Second Maine, and Seventy-ninth New York. In the case of the former, sixty-three men were sent to the Dry Tortugas, there to serve out the rest of the war as prisoners at hard labor. The case of the Seventy-ninth New York was covered by G. O. No. 27.

The execution of this order was entrusted to Colonel A. Porter, who took with him a battalion, a squadron. and a battery of regulars. They were drawn up to surround the mutineers, who promptly submitted. The ringleaders were placed in irons, and marched to the guard-house under a strong escort of cavalry. The colors were taken from the Seventy-ninth, and were sent to General McClellan's headquarters, which at first were on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Nineteenth street, afterwards moved to the old "Dolly Madison" house, or later known as the "Commodore Wilkes' house, located at the southeast corner of Lafayette square, now (1896) occupied by the Cosmos Club. The colors were returned to this regiment in just one month from the time they were taken from them, as a reward for good conduct and for gallantry in a skirmish at Lewinsville, Va. It redeemed itself by good service in connection with General T. W. Sherman's expedition to South Carolina, and subsequent deeds upon the battle-field, as did also the gallant old Second Maine in the Army of the Potomac, whose colors had not been taken from them. The following letter explains itself:

Headquarters
Army of the Potomac,
Washington, Sept. 14, 1861.
General W. F. Smith,

Chain Bridge:

The colors of the Seventy-ninth will be sent to you to-morrow. Please return them to the regiment, with the remark that they have shown by their conduct in the reconnoissance of the eleventh instant, that they are worthy to carry the banner into action, and the commanding general is confident they will always in future sustain and confirm him in the favorable opinion he has formed of them.

(Signed) GEO. B. McClellan,
Major-General, Commanding.
(Rebellion Records, vol. v. p. 168.)

At the time of the mutiny the Seventy-ninth (Highlanders) was encamped on the east side of Fourteenth street, between that and Tenth, and just south of the southerly slope of Columbia Heights (but what is now Florida avenue and S or T streets). Lieutenant W. W. Averill, afterwards a major-general, commanding the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, was battalion adjutant. When the command marched out, he read the order for the Seventy-ninth to lay down their arms.

One very comical incident connected with this event, is related by Captain Edward Lynch, U. S. Army, retired, who was then at General Sykes's headquarters. When the battery had been posted, and the infantry and cavalry had surrounded the camp, and it looked as though the wretched mutineers were about to be blown from the face of the earth by this formidable array of regular troops; the Adjutant had ceased reading the order commanding them to surrender when a very tall, thin sergeant of the culprit Highlanders marched out, holding a very long pole, and waving from the end of it was an empty, striped bed tick, which, after a few moments of grotesque pause, mingled with some surprise and amusement, was recognized as the flag of truce by which the stubborn members of Seventy-ninth, now driven to this last resort, wished to convey to Sykes's regulars that they had unconditionally surrendered.

Although he had strongly advised against another brother's enlistment, when he returned from this unpleasant duty it was to find the note awaiting him (already referred to) stating that this brother had enlisted the Fourteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was then at the depot. Our eldest brother, John H. Carter, who had enlisted under the president's first call in Company E., Fourteenth Massachusetts Volunters. was mustered into the service August 16, 1861. The regiment was mustered into the service July 5, 1861, at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. It left the state July 7, 1861,

(Washington Intelligencer records its arrival August 10, 1861), and was immediately placed upon garrison duty in the various forts about Washington, garrisoning principally Forts Albany, Runyan, Tillinghast, Craig. and Scott, most of which it built. On the first of January, 1862, in accordance with orders from the war department, it was changed into the First Regiment of Heavy Artillery, and consequently received fifty new recruits for each company, and two additional companies of one hundred and fifty men each to fill it to its maximum standard and complete its organization. In addition to their duties of garrisoning the forts, they were, with the exception of one short period, employed in throwing up new works and connecting all with infantry parapets and covered ways, and building bomb proofs. It was laborious; they were unused to it, and they chafed under such work. Our brother was not a very frequent writer; many of his letters have been lost. Although his life in the forts was comparatively monotonous and his service devoid of severe hardships until 1864, his journal of events have a smack of humor to them, and a decided interest in connection with those more important movements of which the defenses of Washington seemed at times to be the central point. On Sunday, August 18, 1861, it marched across Long Bridge and took up its quarters in Virginia. In Company E, Fourteenth Massachusetts was also a consin, Lewis Powell Caldwell from Amesbury, Mass., but born in Readfield. Me., who as a first lieutenant

and battalion adjutant of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, was mortally wounded by a shell in the charge upon the enemy's works at Petersburg, Va., June 16, 1864, dving on the 17th. His father, William Powell Caldwell, also from Redfield. Me., was a private in the Third Maine Volunteers, was detached for duty with the Mississippi River flotilla in February, 1862, and had charge of Mortar Boat No. 38, in the operations about Memphis, Island No. 10, and Vicksburg, and died from the effects of a congestive chill on the ordnance gunboat Judge Torrence, July 14, 1863, and was buried on the Louisiana shore August 20, 1861. General McClellan directed the provost marshal to hold in readiness to march at a minute's warning, the entire guard to put down a mutiny in Colonel D.) Baker's California regiment. "Should any portion of that regiment mutiny (and there is now some reason to suppose that they will), you are authorized to use force if necessary to quell it. If they refuse to obey, you are authorized to fire on them." It was not, however, necessary to use this display of force, and our brother's letters do not mention this incident.

August 28, the young regular writes as follows: "We are on duty every day, and the duties are not very pleasant. Since I commenced this letter, I have had no less than twenty persons to see me, and have had to talk with them all." "I enjoy army life very much." "John is now encamped on the Virginia side. I will try to make him comfortable and

will go to see him as soon as possible. We were under orders to be ready at a moment's notice last night, but did not have to move. General McClellan keeps everything to himself and none of us know anything of the movements, but rest assured that Washington will never be attacked, and if they do they will get most wocfully whipped."

Our brother of the Fourteenth writes his first letter from the John B. Floyd house September 5, 1861. "Through Gene's influence I have been granted a furlough until tonight." "There are better writing facilities here than at Fort Albany, which is about five miles distant. I got up early, answered to my name at 'roll-call,' and immediately started for the city, furnished with a pass by Brigadier-General Richardson who commands our brigade. I am very much pleased with a soldier's life, taken as a whole, but sometimes our duties are severe, for instance: We had to be up at five o'clock for rollcall; breakfast at six; guard mounting at seven; and such as are not on guard have to go on 'fatigue duty,' which consists as follows: Chopping down the woods and digging trenches around different forts with pickaxes and shovels, and I feel about as lame and stiff as a man can feel who is unused to such work. Monday I was on guard, Tuesday I was detailed for 'fatigue,' but when we had worked during the forenoon and started for 'dinner,' I with two or three of my comrades 'fell in the rear' in the bushes, and started for Blenker's brigade, about two miles distant, and we had a good time.

We got any quantity of melons, tomatoes, and peaches on the road. for the white population have nearly all left, and there are nothing but niggers left." "Gene has now gone to General Porter's office to prefer charges against his orderly sergeant, whom he left in charge of some government prisoners while he was at dinner. The sergeant got very drunk and G. says he will 'break' him for it, as it was a very important duty. G. is quartered in the traitor Floyd's former residence, and a splendid house it is, too. Our camp is in a constant state of alarm, and we sleep on our arms every night in case anything should happen. Twelve men from each company in our regiment, joined by an equal number from the Michigan and New York regiments attached to the brigade, went out last night to attack a rebel work on Munson's Hill, about three miles distant, and were successful, driving devils from the fortification taking a number of prisoners, who are now in our little guard-house, including one captain. The country here is literally swarming with troops, and you may expect to hear some good news soon. Everything is kept secret from the soldiers, and we all move in the night. All you see in the papers is 'gammon.' Banks with his whole army is within five miles of us, he having moved very secretly under orders from McClellan (who is a general whom our country will be proud of soon), and you will soon hear of a great Northern victory, for our army is now thoroughly organized, and if we do not beat them now we never can." "Our

lieutenant-colonel had a narrow escape the other day, while out scouting with several other officers from other regiments, one of whom was wounded quite severely in the leg and hip, and it is doubtful if he recovers; but they gave shot for shot and some were seen to fall, and they had their flag at half mast all day; our men had telescopic rifles. It is believed here that Jeff Davis is dead." Our brother of the Eighth Infantry writes now as follows:

"Sept. 21, 1861. This is the only paper to be found in the vicinity of Long Bridge, where I am stationed to-day." "John's regiment guards one end of Long Bridge, and we guard the other.

"I have been second in command of Company B since the fight at Bull Run. Last night, Lieutenant Bell, commanding Company D, was relieved from duty with this regiment and ordered to turn over the property belonging to the company to Lieutenant Carter. The Major has put me in command of a company. Nothing new has come to light; troops arriving constantly. We have artillery and cavalry in abundance. Jeff Davis and his angels cannot take Washington now. I think we shall advance about the middle of next month."

Our recently enlisted brother writes from Fort Albany: "I stood guard yesterday and last night, and so have to-day to do as I like. This

Note. It is a well-authenticated fact that on several occasions one brother was at the north end of the bridge, in command of the guard, examining passes, while the other brother was a sentinel at the south end, performing the same duty.

forenoon I went over to Mason's Hill, recently occupied by rebel forces. I should think they lived pretty much on green corn by the piles of corn cobs piled up around their works. I then went about a mile beyond, and came to a little onestory school-house, and you would have laughed to see the caricatures written on the walls with charcoal pencils, and chalk, making game of the 'd-n Yankees,' as they term our soldiers. Here are some of the inscriptions: 'Yankee race-course to Bull Run.' Lafayette Guards, Mobile, Alabama, a terror to the Yankees.' 'D-n the Yankees.' The walls are covered with just such stuff as this. Some of our men went out the other day and captured an orderly sergeant, and when they brought him into camp we had quite a lively time. They put him in the guard-house, where an Irishman was confined who bears the sobriquet of ·Happy Jack.' He is a great favorite with the whole regiment, but has got just about enough of the devil in him to keep in the guard-house about all the time. No sooner is he out, than in he goes again. When they put Secesh in he seemed very much pleased and welcomed him with a speech, shook hands, asked after the health of Jeff, and then took out his knife and asked for a loan of the few remaining buttons he had on his clothes. We expect to have a new uniform in a few days, of the artillery pattern, as we are an artillery regiment. We are making great progress in our drill on the guns, and can now fire them very rapidly. I have a fine chance to see all the lead-

ing men of the nation here, and scarcely a day passes that we are not honored by a visit from 'Old Abe,' or a member of his cabinet. I was on guard at the gate of Fort Runyon, the other day, and along come two officers and simply said, 'The President,' and pretty soon along came 'Old Abe,' in a splendid carriage, accompanied by a young lady, followed by Secretaries Cameron and Seward, also accompanied by ladies. We are quite alone here now, for all the troops have moved, God knows where. At night they are with us; in the morning they are gone. Mrs. Greene, the colonel's wife, arrived here the other evening, and the next day after her arrival she presented each company with three bushels of sweet potatoes. In the evening we turned out and proceeded to his quarters and gave her cheer after cheer. and sung 'John Brown's Chorus.' Colonel Greene is very popular with his men, and is a very kind man."

Our brother in Washington now writes: "Oct. 2, 1861. I have not got command of my company yet, but expect to have it in a few days. Lieutenant Noble, now in command, was ordered away, but owing to some informality, the provost marshal (under whose command we all are) refused to relieve him. He has been to the War Department twice, and expects to get away soon. I am now acting adjutant, and have to form all guard mountings and all parades, but am not relieved from any other duty. I am officer of the guard this morning, and am rather glad that I am, for otherwise I would have to attend the funeral of General Gibson, in full

uniform. The Second, Third, and Eighth, joined in one regiment, and under command of Major Sykes, act as escort, and it is raining like guns."

"Oct. 13, 1861. I thought I had written you that I had left Major Sykes's immediate command, and had joined the Eighth, where I have command of my own company, G. The captain, Dodge, who was my instructor at West Point, has a leave of absence for one year. The first lieutenant is on parole, and I, being the next in rank, take command of the company. I am the only graduate with the Eighth, and Captain Willard, who commands the Post, makes me his right-hand man. I am acting adjutant, and have to form all parades and guards; all my duties together keep me pretty busy most of the time. I ask Captain Willard's advice in everything, for Major Sykes told me he was a model captain, and I find him very attentive to his duties, and he has a splendidly equipped company. I mean to be a good officer or none at all. You shall never hear anything of me that shall wound your pride. If you should, however, doubt of the performance of my duties heretofore, or my conduct as an officer and gentleman, I refer you to Colonel Davies, whose regiment (Sixteenth N. Y. Vols.) I drilled when I first came to Washington; to General Sykes, who commanded us at Bull Run; or Captain Willard, who commands the two companies of the Eighth stationed at Washington. We have been under orders since last night to be ready at a minute's notice with two days' rations. I went to see General

Sykes last evening about the movement, and he said that the rebels had advanced to make a reconnoissance of our position, but a second report was that they were retreating. I thought then it was only a feint to cover the retreat of their main army, and my supposition has been confirmed this morning. McClellan is following them slowly but surely. O'Rorke goes with the expedition which ——" (The remainder of letter cannot be found). (Colonel Patrick O'Rorke. 140th N. Y. Vols., killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.)

Our brother in Virginia writes: "Four-Mile Run, Oct. 15, 1861. I am out on picket duty, about one mile and a half from the fort. The whole army has advanced, and we are now alone. There are three of us out here under charge of a corporal, and will remain during the week, when we will be relieved. We got some boards and have made us quite a shanty, covered with our rubber blankets to make it waterproof. Our duty is to examine passes, and is not very dangerous, but we have to be up night and day; two hours on and four hours off. I don't believe there will be any fighting for some time yet, unless the rebels attack us, and that seems to be the general opinion here. McClellan's plan seems to be to feel his way, and to keep near the enemy, so that when they make a final stand his troops will be fresh. He now has an immense army around him. I think there could not have been less than 200,000 men around here before they advanced, and all day Sunday the roads were crowded with army

wagons and troops. If he does not beat them now, we had better all come home. I am almost homesick, now the troops have left, for everything is so quiet. I hope something will turn up, so that we can have a share in some of the fighting, but it does not look much like it now There is really nothing to write about, for we are kept entirely in ignorance of any movements. When you see a regiment moving, and you ask them where they are going, they do not know, not even their officers. We get most of our news from papers we receive from home."

Our brother of the provost guard writes, Oct. 22, 1861: " I am officer of the day, and have to remain in my quarters, or near them, during the day and night of my tour. It is raining very hard, and I shall not take my patrol out unless it ceases. I have been discussing army matters with Captain Willard, commandant of the post, most of the evening, and he has just left my room to go down town to hear the news, if any, of the Leesburg fight, in which Colonel Baker (U. S. senator from Oregon) was killed. I think he was a very brave man, but he knew very little about army affairs. Never mind; we will not speak ill of the dead. He died in a good cause, while gallantly leading his men, so the papers say. But why feel sad and discouraged at the loss of one man? Before this war is ended, the soil of Virginia will be soaked with as good blood as ever flowed in the veins of Colonel Baker. I now command a company of eighty men. When I took them the company books were very much behind-

hand; the returns, muster-rolls, descriptive rolls, and all papers were made out wrong, and I have had to correct them. The company had no clothing; many were in the guardhouse; they were not properly fed, and they had no company fund. Now my books are correct; so are my papers; the company has plenty of clothing; I have very few in the guard-house; they have plenty to eat, and their quarters are kept clean. I have a company fund amounting to seventy dollars. Captain Willard congratulated me this very morning on the marked improvement of my company since I took command of it. I received a short note from John to-day; he is coming over to spend the day with me some time this week."

On the 26th of October, he was promoted to be a First Lieutenant, Eighth U. S. Infantry.

On the 28th of October, there occurred a tragic incident which cast a gloom over the entire provost guard. Sergeant Joseph Brennan, Company A, Second U. S. Infantry, was shot dead by Private Michael Lennahan, Company D, of the same regiment in Georgetown. He was tried by a court, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. He was kept confined in Georgetown until the night before the execution, when he was brought in a closed carriage to the guardhouse in Franklin Square. On the morning of January 6, 1862, he was taken to an open lot just north of where the Lutheran church now stands (on Thomas Circle), between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. All the details of the execution were

arranged and carried out by the provost marshal, Lieutenant Frederick Devoe, acting adjutant of the battalion, read the death warrant to the prisoner at the scaffold, and the law was then and there carried into effect. His spiritual advisor was Father Walter of St. Patrick's church. He met his doom with firmness. Several detachments of infantry from the provost guard were detailed to proceed to the place of execution, whither they marched without music.

Our brother in Virginia, says, October 28, 1861: "I spent Sunday with Gene. Our encampment is about four miles from the city in Fairfax County, Virginia, on a high hill overlooking the town, the Potomac running between. I got a pass Friday night and started early in the morning for the promised land. After walking about half a mile, I got into a sutler's wagon and rode the remainder of the way. I found G---, who was officer of the day. I shaved off the extensive beard which I have cultivated during my residence on the 'sacred soil': changed my dilapidated uniform for a nice suit of black; went to Brown's hotel and got my hair cut, and I think I made quite a decent appearance for a volunteer. I had a splendid breakfast and then went out with G-, with the patrol under his charge, and he took me through most of the principal parts of the city, and after arresting about half a dozen officers and soldiers, without proper passes, and taking them to the guard-house, returned to his quarters, and then we had a splendid

dinner. I think he (G--) has more authority here than any mayor or police judge at home. Here are some of his doings: While we were going around he spied three soldiers going into a rum-shop, the proprietors of which he had before warned; he followed them with his men, and entered just as they were taking a 'smile,' he arrested the soldiers for having no papers, searched the shop, and poured all the liquor into the gutter, and marched the proprietors (a man and a woman) to the guardhouse, where they will have to come down with twenty-five dollars for the The guard also brought in three men detectedin smuggling liquor across the river. He (G——) ordered the liquor (four barrels of whiskey) poured out and the three poor devils to be discharged.

"I spent the afternoon very pleasantly; about six o'clock I resumed my garb of a 'sodger,' and soon after invaded the 'sacred soil,' and reached my quarters about eight, after spending one of the most pleasant days within my recollection.

"There is nothing new to write about with the exception that six regiments just passed here, going over to the navy yard, where they are going to embark down river, to clean out the rebel batteries on the river. Don't come out here to fight, Bob, if you do you will be sorry; mind what I tell you. To-day is pleasant for a wonder. Last night I like to have frozen, it was so cold, and the rats and the mice are as thick as mosquitoes in warm weather. I found a nest in my knapsack this morning, and you ought to see one

of my best shirts: it is a beautiful looking garment now."

"November 3, 1861. We usually have a grand review and inspection on Sunday, but for the last forty-eight hours it has been blowing a perfect gale, and I began to think the Lord was about to deluge the land again, for such 'tall raining,' I never vet witnessed. About ten o'clock last night, just for a change, our tent took a notion to come down, and you never saw such a time!! Down came guns, cartridge boxes, crossbelts and all, and such a scene! We were all wet through, and therefore could not get much more moist, so we formed around our 'fallen house.' and sang 'Glory Hallelujah' about ten minutes, the men as happy as ducks in the mud. It took us about half an hour to put our tent up, and you can judge how luxuriously we spent the night. We turned out at daybreak; picked up our things from the heap and they are now out drying on the bushes. I got out my old clothes from my knapsack; changed my socks; cleaned my gun; went after the bread with two or three others; had my breakfast, which consisted of baked beans, bread, and coffee, and here I am writing you. Most of the time we live very well. but whatever we have I never grumble, for I think as you do, that it does no good, and I gain by it, for the other day seven men were detailed for guard duty at the canal, and they have to sleep in the open air. However, it was soon found out that but six were required and each one was anxious to be let off. The captain came out and said, 'Carter, you need

not go, for I never hear you grumble about anything.' So much for not grumbling. It was a sad day here when we learned of the Battle of Ball's Bluff, but it did not dispirit the men, and only makes them more anxious to fight. A fellow in our tent lost a father in that battle, and God help the 'Secesh' who crosses his path. There seems to be but one sentiment among our men-that of revenge for the barbarities of the rebels, and when we win a victory they will be as cruel and relentless as were our enemies. There have been great fears for the safety of the fleet during the storm, but there is a report in camp this morning that it is safe. If that should fail, it would almost be a death-blow to our hopes and we should feel that there would be but one thing left for us to doto give them battle at Manassas; and we are bound to whip them when we do at whatever cost of life. All we need is officers. The men are full of fight, and if the officers do their duty the men will know no defeat."

"Nov. 7, 1861. I have to write evenings as I have to drill most of the day with pick-axe and shovel. I have been wanting to go out to Falls church for some time to visit N----, but I had not the face to ask the captain for a pass, as I have had so many recently, but yesterday two of my comrades got passes to go there, and one of them named Harris did not feel well, so I went on his pass. There is a provost guard that goes out every day, composed of two from each company, who pick up all who are caught one mile from camp, with out a pass from the captain, countersigned by the colonel, and they are court-martialed and have to go through the 'knapsack drill," in the ditch around the fort. I knew two men, and if we were overhauled my name was Harris. When we came back the provost halted us, and examined our passes; the two boys from our company said, 'How are you, Harris?' and everything was lovely; I had a splendid time; saw N- and another fellow who used to work with me, and while I was walking about the camp, who should I meet but Mose N., formerly of Portland. He is homesick and 'wants to go home,' but I think the young man will pass the remainder of the season here. I went with him over to the Second Maine, and there I met Horatio S, also of Portland. He is a second lieutenant; was with his regiment as a private at the Battle of Bull Run, and has had a pretty hard time generally. The regiment lost about one hundred men in that disgraceful fight. Vice-President Hamlin was out there on a visit. There are any quantity of rumors every day in our camp, but they all end in Just for the fun of the thing, when we returned last night we started a story that the Twentysecond Massachusetts had had a bloody fight, beating the rebels at all points, and in less than five minutes, all through the camp it was. Bully for the Twenty-second! they are the boys!! Three cheers for the Wilson boys!! etc."

"Nov. 9, 1861. I have only time to acknowledge receipt of the generous box. It is nearly 'taps,' and I expect to go out on picket again to-morrow

night. The blanket and quilt will be very comfortable while I am out, as it is very cool nights and we have no tents, and are allowed no fire. Yesterday, I went into the fort and who should be there but John A. Poor of Portland, accompanied by his wife, wife's niece (Mrs. Dr. Gilman), also Ex-Governor Williams of Maine? John A. recognized me in a moment, so did Mrs. Gilman, and I had quite a talk with them. Mrs. Poor met Gene in Washington. The past week has been a very uncomfortable one for us in our tents, and we have suffered considerably from wet and cold, but have plenty of 'salt horse,' and good bread to eat.

"Nov. 27, 1861.—A grand review of all the regular troops took place. The infantry was commanded by General George Sykes; cavalry by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Emory, and the artillery by Colonel Henry J. Hunt; the entire command under General Andrew Porter."

"December 2, the young lieutenant says, 'I gave my company a small dinner on Thanksgiving day. I feel very proud of my company, and I know they would fight to the death for me. They keep their quarters very clean, and always look splendidly in all parades. Captain Willard (the commanding officer) says the company has improved vastly under my command. I received an invitation from Mrs. Ex-Governor Anderson to dine with her on Thanks-

NOTE.—On Nov. 12, 1861, the abstract from the consolidated morning report of the Army of the Potomac shows that the "City Guard" had an "aggregate present for duty equipped,"—1,078, infantry, 123 cavalry, and six guns. Aggregate present, 1,418.

giving day, which I accepted. She says she was acquainted with Mother before she was Mrs. Carter. If we should have another officer join us, I think of applying for a leave of seven days, and I know General Sykes will endorse it, but at present I am alone with my company, and the army regulations expressly state that when there is only one officer to a company, he shall not be granted a leave of absence. I shall call upon Senator Fessenden and Morrill as soon as possible. I am on duty, as usual, and feel very tired, for I have patrolled all day with a vengeance. I think I am known in the city of Washington better than Abraham Lincoln, and I have the reputation of being a mighty military man when on duty. I would make a mighty good detective, for patrolling makes a man keep his eyes and ears open, and quick on his feet."

"Dec. 24. Christmas Eve, and I am on duty as officer of the day, but I am not on duty to-morrow. As much as I desire to see you all, I would not leave my company alone. I know that my company loves me, and I have been made sure of the fact by receiving a very large, ornamental fruit cake, with a very respectful note signed by men whom I have had occasion to punish very severely, but they know I did it justly, and out of no ill will towards them. My company funds and papers are all in admirable condition, and as soon as another officer joins the command, I shall apply for a leave. I applied in person to General Porter, yesterday. to send more offcers to us. and I think we shall be reinforced very

soon. I shall expect J. over to see me to-morrow. I give my company a Christmas dinner to-morrow, consisting of turkey, oysters, pies, apples, etc.; no liquors. I am called to quell a disturbance and must close this short note."

Our brother in Virginia says, Jan. 9, 1862, "It is pleasant to-day, for a wonder; it has rained continually for about six weeks, and it really makes me feel in good spirits to see the sun again, together with the glorious news of the continued success of our arms in all quarters. The picture you spoke of, in Harper's Weekly, is an exact copy of our quarters, only they look much better on paper than they really are. They are made of pine logs, the crevices being 'chucked up' with mud and chips. The roofs were first covered with straw, then with mud, and finally with tarred paper, which makes them waterproof. Our battery (E) occupies the first two tents from the telegraph wires. I am an inmate of the first tent. The buildings at the left are an old barn, belonging to an old 'Secesh,' named Roach, and out-buildings belonging to his house; also some tents used by the tent and picket guard. The officers' quarters are not in view, nor the fort. We still keep up our infantry drill, which, to me, is far preferable to the very hard work of handling heavy cannon. It has already given me the asthma and pleurisy badly, and to-day I can hardly 'wheeze,' but I suppose it will be all the same in the end. There is not much mercy shown down here to a sick man. I never was better in my life than when I commenced to work on heavy guns. The men, as a general thing, are dissatisfied with the change; many have deserted, and doubtless many more will do so."

Our brother of the regulars now went home on a seven days' leave. and returning Jan. 14, 1862, writes: "I saw Captain Pitcher, acting commander of the regiment, Noble, Worth, and Ferris at Fort Hamilton in New York. They all received me very cordially, and invited me to dine. The regiment is picking up fast, and I think before many months the gallant old Eighth will shine with its usual lustre. I found Captain Willard and all very well, and very glad to see me. . . My company has suffered under green hands, but I will shortly bring them into the beaten path. The inspector-general was about this morning and went away, saying, 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high!' I am officer of the day, to-morrow, and shall meet my old friends once more."

On the 28th of January, 1862, the following order was issued:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
Jan. 28, 1862.

Order No.

Ordered—That the commanding general be and is hereby directed to relieve Brigadier-General C. P. Stone from command of his division in the Army of the Potomac forthwith, and that he be placed in arrest and kept in close confinement until further orders.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

And now occurred an incident that caused the provost guard no little

excitement, although all the details were kept very secret. This was occasioned by the following letter:

"Headquarters of the Army, "Washington, Feb. 8, 1862.

"GENERAL: You will please at once arrest Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, United States Volunteers, and retain him in close custody, sending him under suitable escort by the first train to Fort Lafayette, where he will be placed in charge of the cammanding officer. See that he has no communication with any one from the time of his arrest.

"Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) "Geo. B. McClellan,
"Major-General."
"Brig.-Gen. Andrew Porter,
"Provost Marshal."

Two lieutenants, Dangerfield Parker and J. A. Snyder, with Sergeant C. B. Heitman of Company B, Third United States Infantry (our brother's old company), and about fifteen men were sent, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night, Feb. 8,1862, to make the arrest. General George Sykes accompanied the guard. They halted in front of Lord Lyons's (British minister) house on H street (now known as the Admiral Porter house). General Sykes went in; there seemed to be a reception or ball; he soon reappeared. The guard was then marched to a house on the west side of Seventeenth street, between H street and the north side of Pennsylvania avenue. General Sykes disappeared again. Soon he returned with a gentleman whom none of the officers or the guard knew, and proceeding to the "chain building" already referred to, on H street between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, occupied by some of the officers of the guard, he was placed in a room on the upper floor, and Lieutenant James A. Snyder and a sentinel placed outside the door. He was taken to Fort Lafayette on the 9th. by Lieutenant Dangerfield Parker. Sergeant Heitman was offered the detail of sergeant of the guard to accompany him, but declined.



GEN. GEORGE SYKES.

Our brother at Fort Albany says, Feb. 23, "It is all talk about the soldiers not having sufficient to wear. I don't believe half of them were ever so well clothed in their lives. If we were called upon to advance upon the enemy to-morrow, we should be compelled to throw a large portion of our clothing away. I am pretty well now. Don't write to any of the doctors, for it won't do the least particle of good. Our lieutenant is a doctor, and he has done me more good than they could do at

the hospital. Our regiment has been placed in the division of General McDowell, but we are not brigaded. Washington's birthday was celebrated by the Grand Army' in fine style. There was nothing to be heard all day but the roar of artillery, and such a roar I never before heard. It must have been fine music to our friends (?) at Manassas, who, by the way, are making tracks for Richmond, or some other sacred spot. The Army of the Potomac will soon give them a trial of their steel. It is impossible to move an army now, for the roads are in a wretched condition, the mud being two or three feet deep in many places.

I have not seen Gene for a fortnight; we can get no papers since we have been in McDowell's division, so I don't expect to see him very often."

Our brother of the provost guard writes February 24, "We have only two officers for duty; Lientenant Martin and Fisher have joined their own regiments (companies), and I am alone with my company. I am officer of the day now, but I have just come back from patrolling; very wet (got caught in a rain storm), and not being fond of travelling about in the rain and mud I will take the liberty-being commanding officer of the Post pro tem,'-to remain at home during the morning. The streets of Washington are perfect rivers, and unless a person can swim, it is very dangerous for short persons to attempt to navigate them. I have a pair of very large boots and do not have very much trouble. I suppose you received the news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson with as much joy as we did. I hardly believe you felt as glad as I did, for I felt, father, for the past two or three months that our country was in a bad way. I feared that England would interfere and I knew if she did we were ruined, for our blockade would be raised; Sherman (T. W.), would be cut off; our forces at Ship Island and Pickens would have to surrender, and we were totally unprepared for a war with such a power; and rivers, lakes and large cities were not defended as they should be and we had no navy, compared with that of England. When the news came that France intended to aid the South, I thought indeed our cup was full. I felt so badly about it that I would frequently find myself almost in tears, and Capt. Willard felt as I did. I told him one day that I thought if they would allow us to attend to our own affairs and remain away, we would crush out this rebellion very soon, and in six months after we would whip France and England both together if they did not keep quiet. I have no doubt that they think, or have thought, that the South was more powerful than we, but Forts Donelson and Henry and Roanoke will convince them to the contrary. I only wish I had been at Donelson. I see almost every day the capture or death of some of my old friends; Capt. Dixon, the chief engineer and builder of Fort D., was killed in his own work. I know General Buckner quite well. He married a sister of Kingsbury, who was in the class above me, and who was adjutant of the Corps. You have heard me speak of him as being a very fine fellow. Buckner was here when I reported, and was going to take a position in our army."...

"We are only waiting for good travelling and the grand advance; we will have bloody work, for we are bound for Richmond, and by the aid of God we will be there before long. Frank is here; I was with him all day on the 22d. He was taken in Texas, and refused to give the parole that many did, and was consequently detained a prisoner since March. He has just been exchanged; he was well treated (being a regular). He says the troops are half clothed, half fed, and not paid at all. Richmond and New Orleans are under martial law, and there is no business anywhere. Everything is very high. General McClellan told him that his course was very praiseworthy. Frank don't know what to do; he will remain about here a week and make up his mind. Our uniform is to be changed, and in my next letter I will describe it to you."

"Fort Albany, Feb. 26, 1862. I will write you just a word or two, as perhaps I may never have another opportunity. We have just received marching orders and don't know at what moment we go. The orders are that we go with only four wagons and two days' rations. The officers are to take nothing but a carpet bag. I shall take nothing but my blankets, rubber and woolen. If I escape uninjured I shall then send for the rest

NOTE: First Lieutenant Royal T. Frank graduated from the Military Academy in the class of 1858. He was from Maine. He is now Colonel First United States Artillery, and commandant of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Va.

of my valuable wardrobe. The Colonel has just been talking to us about our canteens, haversacks, etc., but be sure, boys,' he said. 'and have plenty of powder and shot.' He has got fight in him. I have got fifty pounds and I shall try and shoot. Give love to Mother, and tell her not to worry." "I have not heard from Gene."

Our brother of the regulars now writes: "Feb. 27, 1862. I write in great haste. We are under orders to hold ourselves in readiness at a moment's notice to have two days' rations cooked, and to have all company property stored. I am all picked up and ready to start anywhere at any time. If anything happens to me send to John Golden, Massachusetts avenue, between First and Seventh streets for my effects. and you will receive them instanter. Good-by to all." "February 28. I have been in my room since yesterday evening with my knapsack packed and all ready to move. I believe that Banks attempted to take Williams Port, and got defeated, and this is the cause of all the getting ready, etc. Yesterday morning the Fourth United States Cavalry went off somewhere, and returned this morning covered with mud. I did not see any of them, consequently do not know where they went. Captain Willard has been promoted to be Major in

Note: Major George L. Willard was appointed a brevet second lieutenant. Eighth United States Infantry, June 28, 1848; Major Nineteenth United States Infantry, Feb. 19, 1862. He was captured at Harpers Ferry, Va., September, 1862, and was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, while in command of the Third brigade, Third division, Second corps."

the Nineteenth Infantry. He just left my room, after telling me privately some good news. The provost marshal-general of the Grand Army, General Andrew Porter, has applied for Major Willard to command a battalion which is to move with him. Major asked me how I would like to be adjutant. He says I am not sure of commanding a company, and now that Frank is here, he may be ordered to take command at any moment. If I act as adjutant I will have a horse to ride, which is a very fine thing to have in the field, a la Sparrougrass.' Major wishes to have me very much. I rather think I shall like it. It is very cold and windy here, and I hope if we move, we will wait until it is a little pleasant. I am busy with my muster and pay-rolls, and have to see that my monthly return is made out properly."

Our brother at Fort Albany writes. March 5th. "We still continue here. but do not know at what moment the 'long roll' will summon us to march on the enemy. It has been understood by us till recently that we were to be stationed here permanently. but such is not the fact; we advance with the "Grand Army." By accident I met with a late H. paper, and in it I saw a 'Call' for a meeting to drum up recruits for the "Web-footed Fourteenth," giving these individuals to understand that this regiment would see none of Jeff's friends. It is too bad for them to be so deceived. I suppose Major Wright has been to H.to recruit. He thought when he left that we should not advance, but we have received different orders sincehe left, and I am glad of it."

Our brother of the provost guard writes, March 10, 1862. "We move this morning at twelve noon. We are on the provost marshal-general's guard. The entire army moves, good-by. God bless you all!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE CENTRAL GUARD-HOUSE.

By General J. P. Cilley.

The mention in the narrative of the "Four Brothers in Blue," of this military adjunct to the military rule of the city of Washington during the War of the Rebellion, will recall to many an old soldier something of personal experience. April 7, 1863, while disabled by the wound in the right arm and shoulder, I was detailed as judge advocate on the staff of General Martindale, military governor of Washington, and was assigned to duty as examining officer

at the Central guard-house, and remained on this duty till August 1, 1863. The services of this detail were unique, and the experiences varied; most of the ordinary duties of a police judge, with those of the chief of police, were united in one person. Before relating one of these incidents, a description of the guard-house may be appropriate, and the following is taken from the history of the Fourteenth New Hampshire regiment:

"The Central guard-house had been used as the common city jail before the war. It was not a very strong prison, nor was it well constructed as to convenience or sanitary advantages. It was small, and looked more like the engine-house of some New England fire company than a jail. It was built of brick, with stone floors, and consisted of a main building some forty feet square and two stories high, with an L extending forty or fifty feet to the rear from the centre of the building. This L was two stories high, and was divided into cells on each floor, located on each side of an alley down the centre. In the main building, on the first floor, were rooms used as offices for reception, and trial or examination of prisoners, propertyroom, and guard-rooms. The second floor consisted of one large room, No. I, into which most of the prisoners were sent at first, especially if citizens. There were usually from fifty to one hundred prisoners in this room. All kinds and grades of people, from the soldier found drunk on the streets, to men arrested for murder, and even what could now be termed 'Suspects,' found their way to the Central guard-house.

"Captain J. S. Cooper, of the Tenth New Jersey, was in charge of the Central guard-house, having under him two officers, taking twenty-four hour tours, alternately, from noon to noon; and an ample guard, with sergeants and other subalterns.

"May 26, Lieutenants Stark Fellows and Carroll D. Wright (now United States commissioner of labor) were detached from the Fourteenth

by order of General Martindale, commander military district of Washington, and detailed for duty at Central guard-house. Lieutenant Ira Berry. Ir., afterwards relieved Lieutenant Fellows; and Lieutenant Solomon of the One Hundred and Seventyeighth New York relieved Lieutenant Wright the last of June. Lieutenant Berry relieved Captain Cooper, and was placed in charge of the prison. Other officers of the Fourteenth, among them Lieutenant George F. Blanchard, were subsequently on duty at the Central guardhouse. During this summer of 1863, the property clerk was Sergeant F. C. Horner of the Seventy-sixth New York, and the clerks were R. N. Washburn of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, J. P. Cherry of the Seventy-sixth New York, and J. B. Davenport of the Twentieth Massachusetts."

There were from twenty to forty cases of arrest and detention to be examined into daily. The cases were duly entered in a docket, and under the name of each culprit was the cause of his arrest, and a few notes giving some additional facts. I will give one incident to show the range of investigation demanded.

One morning, as I entered the building, I noticed in one corner a huge pile of canteens, jugs, and bottles. I expressed some surprise at this display, and asked the prison clerk what was up. He smiled, and suggested that a reference to the docket would further perplex me. I opened the docket, and among the first entries read the names of some three women, charged with smug-

ging hour across Long bridge, that the liquor was found in their possess on, and a note in form of an order from General Martinfale stating that one of the omen raid child in the narriage when arrested, and directing me tu find out if it was her oaby or a borrower one. The suggestion of such an endeavor was annalling to a young unmarried officer. While I penterved Captain Cooper langting internally, personally, laughing was the most remote achievement from m) mind. The order seemed absurd, and its execution impossible. but a distinct order it as, and as such could not be avoided or Tynored. I had no heart to take up any other case, but held my breath as I meditated what I could do to solve or to avuid the positive command. At last it came slowly through my pe plexed brain that every mother must remember the late of borth of her child, the place where born, the time it was weaned, and when its first t the was cut. I summaned the supn sed mutaer before me. Her voice and her vaule appearance proclaimed Der nationality to be Irist. It iccurred to me, as I saw these marked racial traits, to produce in her mind the impression that I believed her to be of German ungin, and that she mas lying when she should claim Irish birti. S. I commenced harsa-I for actually I was thoroughly vexed with the requirements i the

orden "Where were you born?" She sephed. "In Dunnybrook, near Duoliu. I replied quickly, "Impossible, you are Dutch built and Dutch voices: you must mean near Hamburg. She held to Dublin, and I burled a willey of questions at her. asking her the date, and a lot of facts about her early life and marriage, and introduced tenderly, as tending to sustain my impression if nationality. the late of birth of the child, where born, when weamed, teeth out, etc. I ment over the ground three times with varied sequence of question; all ber dates and places agreed excent those concerning the child, whose date no borth, place of birth, when weamed. etc., did not agree, and then looking her square in the face. I said, " You are lying concerning that child. It is not your own caill. You have given three dates of its birth, and two places where born, and have weaned it at different times. She started. and trembled, and said nothing for a minute, when her incorn Irisa wit. with an Irish bull to it. and a nomality weapon of defense here brought but execution. "Hoo, hoo, hoo! Hoo. ing, hop " and the tears actually ran dien her ineeks as she continued her Book how I was preparing on involuntary association to accompany her tears, when she said. " If vou had doubted ho the father was I would not have cared; but to dough was the mother is. Has, has, has,

HISTORY OF THE ELEVENTH MAINE.

This history is another illustrious example of the good work of regimental associations. Its accurate and exhaustive account of the personal services of its members could not be secured without concurrent action. The mere matter of the post-office addresses of the survivors is worth the full cost of the book. The services of this regiment extended in time from October, 1861. to February 2, 1866, in space from Virginia to South Carolina and Florida, and in battles from Yorktown to Appomattox. Its interesting story and historic record form a volume of royal octavo size and fill 505 pages, of which 161 are devoted to the personal history of its members and the roster of its men.

A complete review of this history was in contemplation but its excellencies were found so numerous that its merits are best presented by giving a taste of its good qualities in a few extracts from its pages and a portrait of its one-armed hero. General Hill.

WITHDRAWAL TO THE JAMES.

The morning of June 30. 1862, exhausted men could be seen lying fast asleep everywhere—in the fields and the woods on the safe side of White Oak Swamp, even in the dusty road. All our army had crossed by White Oak Swamp bridge except Heintzelman's command, which crossed farther to the north, by Brackett's Ford, destroying the bridge after crossing.

From daylight, as fast as the packed condition of the roads to the James would permit, all troops but those of us who were to form the rear guard of the day (the divisions of Smith and Richardson, two brigades of Sedgwick's division, and Nagle's brigade, all under the command of Franklin, to lie here and hold Jackson at bay), were moving slowly to positions towards the next selected position at which to make a stand-Malvern Hill. That Jackson was on the other side of the bridge, we knew. The rattle of the skirmishers' rifles told us that, and just about noon he announced his presence by suddenly opening on us with thirty pieces of artillery. One moment there was nothing above us but a cloudless sky, the next the air was full of shrieking shell, bursting in white puffs of smoke, and showering down a storm of broken iron. Newcomb notes: "The scene was terribly sublime."

So startling was the suddenness of the change it was not strange that, as the Second Corps chronicler puts it, "there was a scene of dire confusion." And to add to it, the men in charge of a pontoon-train drawn up by the roadside, waiting for an opportunity to lumber away, unhitched their mules, mounted them, and fled for the James.

The confusion lasted but a few minutes, and in it the Eleventh had no share. We were lying in the edge of the woods that bordered the great cleared field in which the



GEN. JONATHAN A. HILL, ELEVENTH MAINE.

troops and trains were massed, and perhaps had an advantage in all being wide awake. At any rate, we were not a bit demoralized. Scarcely a man started to his feet, all waiting for the word of command. It came quickly, and from the mouth of General Nagle himself, who, riding up to us and seeing our immovability, while the troops around us were in evident confusion, could not restrain his delight at our coolness, as he cried out, "Fall in, my Yankee squad;" for the Eleventh was few in numbers now. We fell in, and, as he proudly led us across the big field to a new position, we stiffened our necks and neither dodged nor bowed to the storm of iron beating down upon us. We had made a hit, and we knew it.

Taking position behind the rails of a torn-down fence, the Eleventh lay listening to Jackson's cannon while watching Hazard's battery as it swept the White Oak Swamp bridge with a storm of grape and canister, that kept even Jackson at bay. The cannoneers fell one by one-were thinned out until the officers, not yet killed or wounded. dismounted and took places at the guns. It was whispered that the ammunition was giving out-was almost gone-a few rounds more and the last shell would be fired. and then Jackson and his thirty-five thousand men would pour across the bridge and up the heights to learn what sort of stuff Franklin's force was made of. But this was not to be. Just as we were gathering ourselves for the apparently fast-coming struggle, there came a yell from the

rear, a sound of desperately galloping horses, and, with slashing whips, Pettit's guns came tearing on at the top of their horses' speed, General Nagle, who had brought them from the far rear, leading them into position. Ours, as did all the regiments, massed in the big field, rose and cheered Nagle and the artillerymen as they swept by. Inside of a minute from their first appearance, the guns were in position, unlimbered, and were sweeping the bridge with grape and canister.

Away on the left, at Glendale, there was fighting, and hard fighting, too. Our men were so hard pressed that Franklin felt obliged to return to Sedgwick the two brigades that he had borrowed from him. And our first colonel, now General Caldwell, who had been with us during the day, commanding a brigade of Richardson's division, marched away with his brigade to render effective service in beating back the masses of the enemy.

The rebels had attacked at several points in their efforts to break through the lines that covered our retreating supply, ammunition, and artillery trains, but always unsuccessfully. But not until about three o'clock did the attack of the day begin, A. P. Hill and Longstreet charging McCall at Glendale, and overwhelming him after a desperate struggle, in which McCall was captured, with guns and many of his But Hooker was on his right rear and Kearney on his left rear, and their divisions closing in and uniting with that of Sedgwick, now in McCall's rear, with three brigades (the two lent to Franklin had now returned), and Caldwell's brigade and one of Slocum's arriving in time to take an active part in the battle. Hill and Longstreet were held until night, through taking a wrong road, and Huger not at all, being taken off by a misleading message from Holmes, whose division, drawn from the south bank of the James, did not reach a position on the New Market road until a day later than Lee intended it should.

Before the attack on McCall, an attempt had been made to dislodge Slocum from his position on the right of the Charles city road, his line extending to White Oak Swamp and covering Brackett's Ford. Slocum resisted with a sweeping artillery fire similar to, and as effective as, that with which we were holding Jackson at bay.

Late in the day an attempt was made on Porter, now at Malvern Hill with Keyes. Holmes and Wise moved down from Richmond by the river road, and made a feeble attack; but the concentrated fire of thirty pieces of artillery on their column, and the shells of the gunboats, forced them to beat a hasty and disorderly retreat.

The only attack of the day was a sharp skirmish that took place with the enemy's cavalry on the Quaker road, an attack that caused McClellan to fear other attacks of the sort. But the enemy was now weak in cavalry, Stuart having remained on the other bank of the Chickahominy to crowd Stoneman down the Peninsula.

Taylor states that Stuart did not

reach the rebel army until after the Battle of Malvern Hill, adding, "Had he been brought over Long bridge two days earlier, McClellan's huge train on the Charles city road would have fallen an easy prey to his cavalry, and he could have blocked the roads through the forest."

The night of June 30th, after dark, we prepared to retreat from White Oak Swamp bridge. The abandoned pontoon-train was set on fire, and by its flaring light we fell back, and daylight found us in position with our own division at Malvern Hill. Newcomb writes, "We did not move from the field until nearly ten o'clock at night," and that "daylight found us weary mortals in a large wheat field on the bank of the James, not far from Haxall's."

MALVERN HILL.

The Battle of Malvern Hill was fought during this day. General "Dick" Taylor gives the Confederate view of the battle. We quote:

The Union right was covered by Turkey creek, an affluent of the James, the left near the river, and, protected by gunboats, which though hidden by timber, threw shells across his (McClellan's) entire left front. Distance and uncertainty of aim saved us from much loss by their projectiles, but their shriek and elongated form astonished our landward men, who called them "lamp-posts." After noting that the rebel artillery labored under a great disadvantage through its inferior elevation, and that it was brought into action in detail, only to be overpowered, he adds, of the rebel

plan of battle, that it was to be a dual "mass and charge," the left attack to be made by Jackson, the right by Magruder, Longstreet and A. P. Hill, in support. But it was late in the afternoon, after three o'clock, before the dispositions were made, when the orders were for D. H. Hill, of Jackson's force, to attack with the bayonet as soon as he heard the cheers of Magruder's charge. At about five o'clock, hearing a shout and firing to the right, and supposing it to be Magruder's attack, Hill led his men to the charge, to be beaten off with serious Four brigades were sent to his assistance, but could accomplish nothing. About sunset, and after Hill's attack had failed, Magruder led his men forward with a similar result, losing heavily.

General McClellan describes Malvern Hill by stating that "it is an elevated plateau, about a mile and half by three quarters of a mile in area, well cleared of timber, and with several converging roads running over it. In front are numerous defensible ravines, and the ground slopes gradually towards the north and east to the woodland, giving clear ranges for the artillery in those directions. Toward the northeast, the plateau falls off more sharply into a ravine, which extends to the James river." He adds: "From the position of the enemy, his most obvious line of attack would come from the direction of White Oak Here, therefore, the line was strengthened by massing the troops, and collecting the principal parts of the artillery."

General McClellan gives his formation from left to right: Porter's corps, the Sixth, Sykes's division, on the left, then Morrill's division of the same corps; then Couch's of the Fourth corps, then Kearney's and Hooker's of the Third corps, then Sedgwick's and Richardson's of the Second corps, then Smith's and Slocum's of the Fifth corps, then Peck's division (ours) of the Fourth corps. The right extended in a backward curve nearly to the river. McCall was placed in rear of Porter, where the weight of the attack was expected to and did largely fall, and Commodore Rodgers's gunboats were stationed off that flank to cover the approaches from Richmond.

About nine o'clock, the enemy opened with artillery, and rebel skirmishers felt along our line from the left as far as Hooker. From them, until in the afternoon, there was heavy firing by the batteries of both sides, and a continual rattle of skirmishers' rifles, with now and then a rolling volley, as the troops of the two sides came into view of each other. At three o'clock, a heavy fire of artillery opened on Kearney's left and on Couch's division. was speedily followed by a brisk attack of infantry on Couch. attack was made by Anderson's brigade, of D. H. Hill's division. It charged against the right of Couch, and became engaged with Palmer's brigade (late Deven's), to be repulsed, leaving the flag of the Fourteenth North Carolina in possession of the Thirty-sixth New York.

At half past four o'clock, D. H.

Hill, under cover of an artillery fire, led his men into action, attacking Morrell; but Morrell's front was guarded by fourteen rifled Parrott guns and eleven field-pieces. Hill's assault was speedily broken, and his column driven back with a heavy loss.

About six o'clock, Magruder's charge was made. Magruder's plan was as simple as formidable; to mass fifteen thousand men, and charge the batteries and supporting infantry. Hurled against an ordinary line, this mass would have broken through by sheer weight, but, hurled against a concentrated artillery fire and massed infantry, his brigades and their reënforcements were shattered before they could reach our lines. Mc-Clellan describes this attack and its fate. After stating that at six o'clock the rebels opened with their artillery on Couch and Porter again, at once pushing forward their columns of attack, he says: "Brigade after brigade formed under cover of the woods; started at a run to cross the open space and charge our batteries. but the heavy fire of the guns and the cool and steady volleys of our infantry in every case sent them recling back to shelter, and covered the ground with their dead and wounded. In several instances our infantry withheld their fire until the attacking column, pushed through the storm of canister and shell of our artillery, had reached within a few yards of our lines. Our men then poured in a single volley and dashed forward with the bayonet, capturing prisoners and colors, and driving the routed columns in confusion from the field." Darkness ended the Battle of Malvern Hill, though it was not until nine o'clock that the artillery ceased to fire.

I must confess that I slept through most of the uproar of this battleslept the sleep of the thoroughly tired out; and I understand that all that could of the army did so. too, refreshing tired Nature against the hour of need. Many of the troops actually engaged had to be awakened to do their brief part in repelling an assault, and that done, would lie down and fall asleep again. And I do not believe that even observing Maxfield heard a sound of the battle, else his diary note for the day would have been a more elaborate one than it is: "Arrived where our teams were encamped soon after daybreak, and, after taking a short nap, moved a short distance and stopped in the edge of a wood so as to be in the shade, remaining there all day." Newcomb notes: "We lay in the edge of the woods, as Keyes said, like a snake in the grass." When darkness set in, the retreat was continued. The movement was now by the left and rear, Keyes's corps covering it.

Newcomb notes, for July 2: "We were turned out at one o'clock in the morning, and told to get our breakfasts. During the night long trains of wagons were passing us. As soon as it was daylight we were again in line. About nine o'clock it commenced to rain, and continued to pour for twenty hours, with very little cessation. We were marched hither and thither during the day. Night found us about four miles

down river. During the day some Western regiments from Shield's division came into the field. This little circumstance lightened our spirits wonderfully. The main incident of the day was the taking of a rebel battery, a short distance from us, at the point of the bayonet. It had been firing nearly all day upon our teams. Major Campbell rejoined the regiment from his home, where he had been on sick leave. He left us at Bottom's Bridge."

McClellan's new position was selected by Commodore Rodgers, who declared to him that it would be necessary for the navy to fall back from Malvern Hill to a point below City Point, as the river channel was so near the Southern shore that it would not be possible to bring up the transports, should the enemy occupy City Point. Harrison's Landing was, in his opinion, the nearest suitable point.

As indicated by Newcomb, troops, batteries, and trains moved towards the Landing all the night of July I and the morning of July 2. The heavens opened and torrents of rain descended. Our division lay in a covering position, to oppose any advance the enemy might make, but Lee had given up the chase. With our troops already on the James, under cover of our gunboats, he knew it was madness to pursue further.

So, quite unmolested, the sodden, tired men, the trains of wounded, our batteries and wagon trains, floundered through mud into Harrison's Landing, and not till all were past us, the last wagon and the last

straggling man, did we of the rear guard move into that haven of rest and safety for the beaten battered, exhausted Army of the Potomac."

A MINOR INCIDENT OF SERVICE.

On the thirteenth of July, 1864, our regiment was on picket under command of Major Baldwin. It was posted in the woods before our works. During the day the major advanced a force of twelve men of Company C, under command of Captain Nickels, and made a descent on the enemy's picket posts, capturing two men. There were features of this little diversion that make it worth recording here. Colonel Baldwin writes of it as follows: "I had charge of the regiment on picket. As the general had expressed a desire to know what was going on in his front, I desired to go through the woods in front of our line and find out what there might be beyond. The day was especially propitious for such a movement, as the rain had thoroughly soaked the dry leaves and twigs so that we could go through the woods as silently as cats, while by bending down low we were completely hidden by the green undergrowth. I invited Captain Nickels to accompany me, and he, of course, accepted the invitation with his customary alacrity. We then selected a number of cool, steady men. After enjoining strict silence upon them, and giving them a short drill in moving forward, backward, and by the flank at a signal, we started forward."

We will let First Sergeant Miller, of Company C, tell the rest of the story: "When we were deployed.

Captain Nickels took position on the right, and ordered me to take the left. We moved forward, and soon entered an almost impassable thicket of small trees, the foliage of which was thoroughly saturated with water from the recent rain. By reason of the dense growth, we obliqued to the right and left to find accessible passages, and I soon became conscious that the line was broken, and that five men were with me, and the balance were with Nickels. I took a hasty run to the right, but as I saw nothing of Nickels or his men I returned to the left, and ordered the men to oblique to the right, and try to make a connection before we should encounter the enemy. the extreme left was the recruit Morse, who, by the way, was an old hunter, and a dead shot. He carried a rifle with which he had been presented by Colonel Plaisted. ran down the line, which was halted, until I came to this man, who was at the edge of the woods bordering a road which was parallel with our line. I hastily glanced up and down this road, but as I saw nothing, I ordered Morse to follow me, and try to connect the line. When I came to the other men, they informed me that Morse had been talking with a Reb. I replied that he had been talking with me: but they insisted that such was the fact. So I ordered a halt, and questioned Morse, who admitted that he had bidden a Reb 'good-morning,' with the remark that it was very wet. I asked him why he did not order his surrender, and he 'allowed' that that was a part of the play with which he

was entirely unfamiliar. So I immediately ordered him to return to his old position, with two men, while I entered the road with the other two. and performed a front and flank movement on the rebel position, which was accompanied with yells and oaths sufficient to bring any ordinary "Johnnie" into submission. At my request, he came from behind a pile of wood, with which he was surrounded, but I ordered him to return and bring the musket, which he, in his haste to obey, had forgotten. After making my capture, I immediately started to find Nickels. I had not gone far before I heard shouts and yells, in which, I was sure, the familiar, stentorian voice of the commander of Company C was freely mingled."

I did not witness the proceedings of this capture, but Nickels told me at the time how it happened. He said: "When I came out of the thicket, I entered a growth of large oak trees, free from underbrush, and I at once saw the location of my man, who held a position in a road running back to the rebel line, the position of the post being between two hills. I saw my method of capture, which must be bloodless, if possible. I left a part of my men in front, with instructions to keep running from tree to tree, to attract his attention, while I made a detour with the balance to come down on his flank. It worked like a charm. and if you ever saw a surprised lad of eighteen summers it was my boy of the rebel post when he discovered the muskets with which he was covered upon turning his head at the command, 'Surrender!' But he was plucky, and ordered us to surrender, against the great odds with which he was confronted. And that was the cause of our lusty yells, to prevent him from being rash enough to shoot, and to prevent my men from shooting him.

"We returned to our line with the prisoners, whom we invited to breakfast with us on the baked beans and hot coffee with which the cook had just arrived. The young fellow, who was fiery, and took his capture at heart, at first declined, declaring that he had just partaken of a breakfast much better than we could offer, but when we opened his haversack, he had to acknowledge the corn. The old man was past sixty, and declared the Confederacy a failure, which raised the indignation of the youngster, who called him 'grandpa.' After breakfast they were sent to General Foster."

GENERAL HILL BREAKS THE DUL-NESS OF HIS CAMP LIFE.

There was a constant desire at headquarters to know what was going on in our front, and scouting parties were out almost daily, often taking desperate risks to get the coveted information. Boldness and quickness of wit were imperative necessities in the make-up of the scouts, and these qualities often extracted these venturesome men from most embarrassing situations. Our own General Hill, then our lieutenant-colonel, was one of the boldest of our scouts, often volunteering, despite his rank, for the dangerous service, just to escape the dulness of camp life. An adventure of his in this month of July will give an idea of the risks he and other brave men ran, and of the nonchalance with which they faced unexpected dangers.

General Foster had requested him to go out through the big corn-field already told of, and learn what he could of the force of the rebels in our front, and to do it in his own way. Taking a couple of orderlies with him, Colonel Hill rode into the interior until he judged that he was a mile from the river. Not having seen any rebels yet, he then bore to the left, to strike the river way above us, intending to ride down along the river bank to Deep Bottom.

After riding for about a half-mile toward the river, he suddenly rode into the rear of an undeployed rebel picket force of about twenty-five men. As they clustered around him, their officer laughingly asked the colonel where he was going. Personally, the colonel felt very sure that he was going to Richmond, however much against his will, but putting on a bold face, he answered that he had ridden out to get the news by exchanging papers with them. "This is pretty cool," said the rebel officer; "let me see your papers." Luckily, the colonel had a copy of the New York Tribune and one of the Philadelphia Inquirer in his pocket, and luckily, too, a rebel sergeant here said, "This is the same officer that sent us a paper the other day." This was so, the colonel, a week before, when officer of the day, having effected an exchange of papers with this sergeant through the medium of one of our men, when the sergeant must have taken a sharp look at the officer, who moved so coolly along a dangerous picket-line. "Well," said the good-natured rebel lieutenant, "I guess I will let you go; you look as though you were telling the truth. But I must say you took a good deal of pains to come so far, and to come in our rear, too."

The colonel answered that he got lost in riding out, and was trying to find his way into camp, when he rode up to them. Drifting into a general conversation, each party covertly tried to learn a little something concerning the other's force on that side of the river, until the colonel embraced a good opportunity to make

his adieus. As he rode away with his eager orderlies at his heels, the Confederate officer, on whom the real purpose of the colonel's mission had dawned, but who was too honorable to take back his given word. called out: "Remember this, you can't play at exchanging papers with me again." With this friendly warning from the "good fellow," as General Hill rightly calls him, ringing in their ears, the little Union party spurred its horses into a magnificent burst of speed that quickly took it out of all possible danger of having to obey a recall.

UNION VETERANS' UNION.

The Union Veterans' union of Maine held in Auburn, October 30, their third annual encampment, and it was a notable gathering from the fact that all the comrades are veterans in the strictest sense, all of them being battle-field soldiers.

The national organization was born at Washington in 1886. It is composed of honorably discharged Union soldiers, sailors, and marines of good character, who served at least six months continuously, unless sooner discharged on account of wounds or injuries received in the line of duty during the Rebellion between the years of 1861 and 1865, part of which service must have been at the front, and he must have participated in one or more engagements. Its objects are to unite in bearing each other's burdens; to care for the widow and orphans; to keep alive

the memory of our participation in the events and perils of war, and to preserve and perpetuate the principles for which we fought; to recognize the rights of the Union soldier to positions of public trust, and their preferment over all others for employment under the government, he being fitted and qualified for the position he applies for. It is banded together for mutual protection, for mutual benefits and the advancement of the real veteran before the people and before congress, using all honorable means. It is strictly a soldier's organization. It appeals to the soldier's dignity and pride. Into its ranks no man can come who has not heard the zip of the Minie ball and the screaming of shot and shell; he must have been baptized with fire, else he cannot pass its sacred portals.

This, in brief. is the Union Vet-

erans' union. In Maine the organization has had an encouraging growth, its present strength being eighteen commands (the commands being similar to posts in the Grand Army of the Republic), with a membership of 460,—a net gain of 134 for the year.

ENCAMPMENT

was held in Grand Army hall on Main street, Auburn. Colonel Emerson, commander of the state encampment, is an Auburn man and a member of Sedgwick command, which does the honors of entertaining the veterans of the union in this state. The colonel was in his happiest mood, and he had a hearty handshake and earnest words of welcome for every new comer. The forenoon session was devoted wholly to busi-First in order came the address of Department Commander Emerson. This was followed by reports of the several officers.

THE COMMANDER'S ADDRESS

was as follows:

Comrades of the Third Annual Encampment of Maine, Union Veterans' Union:

"We have assembled for the purpose of reviewing the work of the past, for the transaction of such business as shall seem wise for the future, and for the election of the proper officers to attend to the affairs of this department for the ensuing year. Our annual encampment affords a pleasant opportunity for fraternal greeting and reunion; but delightful and attractive as these are, we are to remember that they are but

happy incidents, and must not be permitted to beguile us from the performance of the important duties with which a noble constituency has charged us. The Union Veterans' union now comprises so many of the surviving soldiers and seamen of the late war, and its precincts are so distributed over our country, that the states and the nation listen with interest, and attach weighty importance to the deliberations and acts of its encampments upon all matters calling for legislative or congressional action. It has become the representative and exponent of the Union soldiers and seamen, and as such holds their especial interests in its keeping.

"The social character of our organization is most delightful, but that comrade greatly underestimates its mission who regards this as its chief virtue and office. The Union Veterans' union has serious duties and a high calling. To the consideration of these I extend to you a most cordial welcome, and invoke upon your deliberations that interest which secures attention, that charity which is both kind and tolerant, and that wisdom which seeks the good of all. This union of comrades is organized for the welfare of all honorably discharged soldiers and seamen, our mission is for the good of all who need assistance in their decline of years while they live.

"To the Department of Maine, for the honor conferred upon me one year ago, I wish to extend my fraternal regards. I only wish I could have been more efficient in the work; but Maine has made a good healthy

gain in the last year, and has a strong influence in the national department. The convention held at Binghamton, N. Y., August 18-21, wielded a strong influence in the interest of all honorably discharged soldiers and seamen. The convention was greeted with a welcome from His Honor the Mayor, George E. Green, who turned over the city, with pleasure, to the honorable scarred veterans, who treated the charge with sobriety, morality, and humility. A more detailed account of the convention will be given by General C. W. Wood, the commander-in-chief, whom we have the honor of having present at this convention.

"Comrades, while we bid farewell to the year, with its pleasant memories that have passed on through the flight of time, we look forward to a glorious future. The Department of Maine Union Veterans' union is under obligations to the brave men who stood shoulder to shoulder to defend a grateful country in time of its great peril. What makes this organization possible, will soon pass into that great future from whose bourne no traveller returns. To the officers of the department, I wish to return my thanks for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have performed their duty in our year's labor, always prompt when duty called. I wish to extend the thanks of this department for the kindness received at the hands of the Ladies' Relief and Mireck Command, No. 2, at Brunswick last year, The detailed reports of the past year's work will be given by the subordinate officers of this department, I have no doubt, in a clear and able manner."

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S REPORT.

Auburn, October 30, 1896.

Maj.-Gen. Chas. S. Emerson, Commander of Department of Maine.
U. V. U.:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to herewith submit my report, as adjutant-general of this department for the year that has now drawn to a close:

When you assumed command of this department, it consisted of fifteen precinct commands though two or three of them merely held an existence without much sign of life. Our first move was to put ourselves in touch with each command, ascertain its condition and encourage them to work together for the upbuilding of the order in this department. We found that most of the comrades were in full sympathy with the principles of the order, but in some places where the field is small, and but few are eligible to our ranks, it is hard to maintain a command, and in such places we consider it better to let the command surrender its charter, and advise the comrades. when practical, to transfer their membership to larger commands.

According to the adjutants' reports from the third quarter of 1895, ending September 30th, there were three hundred and twenty-six members in good standing, and on September 30th, 1896, the adjutants' reports give four hundred and sixty, making a net gain of one hundred and thirty-four.

The following is a detailed report of the growth of the order in this department the last year, ending September 30, 1896:

Whole number Sept. 30, 1895, 326

GAINS.		
By muster,	178	
By transfer,	2	
By reinstated.	I	
Total,	181	
LOSSES.		
By death, 4		
By transfer,		
By suspended, 10		
By discharge, 2		
By commands surrend'd		
	47	
-		
Net gain.	134	134
Total membership,		460
1 Otal membership		

During that time there have been five new commands organized, namely, Custer, No. 16, at Foxcroft, with fifteen charter members; Elisha N. Jones, No. 17, at Brewer, twenty charter members; Gorham A. Folsom, No. 18. at Oldtown, nineteen charter members; Abraham Lincoln, No. 19, Skowhegan, twenty-four charter members; Edwin P. Hill, No. 20, Bucksport, twenty-three charter members. Two commands, R. M. Stevens, No. 7, of Biddeford and Eben Whitcomb, No. 11, Searsport, have surrendered their charters and returned their supplies. ber 6th, I received official notice that Bailey command, No. 14, at Mechanic Falls had voted to surrender its charter, but the property has not yet been received. O. O. Howard command, No. 9, at Lisbon holds no

meetings, but the indications are that they will immediately start up again, and we may expect to see a good, live command there. From most of the commands we receive the most encouraging reports, and as will be seen by the above figures. a good, healthy growth has taken place during the year, notwithstanding the number lost by discontinuance of some commands.

The order can now be considered in a good, healthy condition in the department. As its principles become better known to the old soldiers, the most friendly feeling is manifest towards it by those who are not eligible to its ranks, and those who are eligible are rallying to our standard.

The department officers have been hindered in rendering prompt returns to headquarters by the negligence of a few of the adjutants and quartermasters of precinct commands in making their quarterly returns. I trust that there will be an improvement in that respect in the future. Most of the officers have been very prompt.

I thank you, General, and all of the comrades throughout the department, for the pleasant relations that have existed between us.

Respectfully submitted,

J. EDWIN NYE,

Adj. Gen. Dept. of Me., U. V. U.

REPORT OF QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Lewiston, Me., Oct. 30, 1896. To the Officers and Members of the Department of Maine, Union Veterans' Union, in reunion:

COMRADES :- I have the honor to

make the following report for the year ending October 30, 1896: Cash received from all sources, see cash book, \$317.78.

Cash paid out on all accounts, see cash book. \$302.41; cash balance on hand. \$15.37.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. & L.,
PHIL P. GETCHELL,
Ass't Q. M. General.

Department of Maine, Union Vet erans' Union.

REPORT OF INSPECTOR GENERAL.

AUBURN, ME., Oct. 30, 1896.

To the Department Commander and Comrades of the Union Veterans' Union of the Third Department Encampment:

Comrades:—I herewith submit my annual report as inspector-general for department of Maine for the past year. I would most respectfully report that I have attended to all the duties pertaining to my office as called upon by our worthy department commander. I first inspected the command and installed the officers of the M. J. Jackson Command, No. 4, in Lewiston. I found this command in a fairly prosperous condition and under the adverse circumstances, having all property and records destroyed by fire, the colonel and several members of this command deserve the highest praise in even keeping this command at the front.

I next inspected and installed the officers of Sedgwick Command, No. 5, at Auburn. I have no words of sufficient praise to extend to this, one of the youngest and largest commands in the state. I have had

the pleasure of visiting several commands in the United States and have seen none more enthusiastic or better conducted than Sedgwick Command, No. 5, and I am much pleased to report that all the commands of this department are in a fairly prosperous condition, and I expect during the coming year a prosperous and healthy increase.

Respectfully submitted,

W. S. Norcross.

Assistant Inspector-General.

REPORT OF CHIEF MUSTERING OFFICER.

Augusta, October, 1896.

Col. J. Edwin Nye, Adjutant-General Department of Maine U. V. U. Comrades:

I have the honor to report that during the year five new commands have been instituted. On April 30th. Charles W. Lowell Command, No. 16 (afterward changed to Custer) was organized by Colonel F. E. De Meritt and myself at Foxcroft with fourteen charter members. On May 8, Elisha N. Jones Command, No. 17, was organized at Brewer by Colonel De Merritt with twenty charter members. On May 12, the same comrade organized Gorham A. Folsom Command, No. 18, at Oldtown with nineteen charter members. On May 25, Abraham Lincoln Command, No. 19, was organized by the same comrade with twenty-four charter members. On June 6th, Edwin P. Hill Command, No. 20, with twenty-three charter members, was organized by Comrade De Merritt at Bucksport, Me.

I regret to say that it was impossible for me to give the time required for a canvass of localities for new commands, and therefore have not been more successful in gaining a greater membership, nor do I deem it advisable to charge more than the charter fee to any new command as long as the amount of \$10 is the amount set down in the rules and regulations of your Union. It will always be a source of dissatisfaction with the comrades when the whole sum collected is withheld.

Respectfully submitted, in F., C. & L., LEWIS SELBING,

Mustering Officer.

The report of the committee on credentials showed sixty-three delegates present beside thirteen members of the department entitled to seats, making about a hundred veterans all told.

A feature of the session was the remarks of Chaplain-in-Chief Ayer.

The several reports were referred to the executive committee as follows:—

William S. Noyes, Charles O. Wadsworth, Lewis Selbing, M. H. Dorsey, W. H. Niles, Frank F. Goss, Emander Gilpatrick.

Commander Emerson appointed the following committee to meet Commander-in-Chief Woods in the afternoon: Comrades Lord of Saco, Goss of Auburn, and Perkins of Waterville.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After the nomination of the various elective officers, Department Chaplain P. R. Goodrich addressed the encampment on the noble work of the Women's Veterans' Relief Union, and the importance of encour-

aging that auxiliary, and advocated their establishment in every command. He stated that the president of the State Union and several associates were in the anteroom and would be pleased to present their cause. Department Commander appointed Comrade W. S. Norcross a committee to escort the ladies to the hall, and a recess of ten minutes was declared.

The committee presented Mrs. Elizabeth Hackett of Saco, President of the Department of Maine Women's Veterans' Relief Union, and associates. Mrs. Hackett advocated the claims of the Union to the earnest support of the commands, and made known the principles and object of the Union, and stated that there were two Unions in the state: one in Saco, the other in Brunswick. When the ladies retired, the encampment was again called to order, and committee appointed to escort the commander-in-chief to the hall, entered and presented General Charles W. Wood of Worcester, Commander-in-Chief of Union Veterans' Union. The encampment received him with due honors. Department Commander Emerson invited him to a seat on the platform and in behalf of the Department of Maine, gave him a hearty welcome.

General Wood responded in earnest and eloquent words, expressed his pleasure in meeting and greeting the comrades of Maine, and complimented the department on having such a large and earnest encampment, spoke of the interest in the order throughout the country, as he found it in his visit to all of the encamp-

ments, and asked the support and coöperation of all comrades.

On motion of Comrade H. G. Lord. voted that a committee of three be appointed to ask the legislature of Maine to protect the button of our order from being worn by any person not a member of the order. Comrades H. G. Lord, W. H. Miles, and J. W. P. Johnson were appointed that committee. The executive committee reported that they had examined the reports of the officers and recommend that they be accepted. Report adopted.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

The third annual encampment of the Union Veterans' Union of the Department of Maine assembled in Auburn. Oct. 30th, 1896, with a full appreciation of the importance of their utterances, do hereby

Resolve. That we desire all veteran soldiers and sailors to fully understand, that the organization of Union Veterans' Union is not antagonistic to any other organized body of survivors of the late War of the Rebellion, but on the contrary, is in full sympathy with them all, and stands ready to labor hand in hand for the general fraternity, and to further all action to advance their interests.

Resolved. That we present to our senators and representatives to congress our earnest request that the joint resolutions already passed, may be given the full force of positive law, to the end that in all governmental appointments, preference shall always be given to veteran soldiers and sailors, all other requirements being equal.

Resolved. That as battlefield soldiers, we greet all veterans and only desire to remind them that the best soldiers make the best citizens, and need not caution them that in the great battle of life we must be "on guard" for God and nation.

Resolved. That we extend our earnest thanks to all transportation lines that gave reduced rates to the encampment, also to Sedgwick Command. No. 5, Union Veterans' Union for the earnest hospitality shown, and to the ladies of Auburn, who so pleasantly served us.

Resolved, That the proceedings of the third annual encampment be published in full as nearly as possible in the Maine Bugle, and thus become an official record.

Report accepted and resolutions adopted.

Colonel J. W. P. Johnson recommended that a flag be purchased for the use of the department, and Comrades Johnson. Savage, and Getchell were appointed a committee to receive contributions for that object. More than half the needed amount was then raised.

The hour for the election of officers was reached, and comrades William T. Eustis. A. B. Perkins, and J. P. Cilley were appointed to receive, sort, and count votes. The following were elected:

Department Commander.—M. A. Murphy, Lewiston.

First Deputy Commander.--J. W. P. Johnson, Gardiner.

Second Deputy Commander.—George M. Lovering, Waterville.

Surgeon General.—Dr. W. S. Norcross. Lewiston.

Chaplain.—E. R. Goodrich. Brunswick.

Executive Committee.—W. S. Noyes, Evander Gilpatrick, Lewis Selbing, C. O. Wadsworth, L. D. Carver, F. F. Goss, M. H. Dorsey.

Commander-elect Murphy appointed J. Edwin Nye of Auburn as Adjutant-General, and J. M. Fernald of Lewiston as Quarter-master General. The officers were installed by Chief Mustering Officer Lewis Selbing.

Voted, That the thanks of the department be extended to the retiring officers.

General Emerson thanked the comrades for the hearty support given him during the past year.

Voted, That the Adjutant-General have printed and sent out twenty-five copies of the department commander's address.

Voted, that the thanks of the department be extended to Comrade J. P. Cilley for publishing the proceedings of the encampment. Closed.

THE EVENING CAMP FIRE.

After partaking of the two banquets of dinner and supper, served by the wives and daughters of the Sedgwick command, and ladies of Auburn.

Colonel Emerson, of Auburn, past department commander, and master of ceremonies, called this campfire to order at half past seven o'clock. The Grand Army hall was filled with the battle-field soldiers of the Union, members of the Grand Army, and the prominent citizens of Auburn, who were present by special request, the latter including doctors, lawyers, and ministers.

The welcome was by Mayor Harris, and was a welcome that was a welcome. No one could doubt the mayor's sincerity, as he spoke of the grand work of the veterans, and of his respect and esteem for them and their organization.

The evident happy condition of the encampment was intensified by two ludicrous stories by General Wood, who started the pleasures of the evening's varied entertainment. His remarks then took a serious turn and he delivered an eloquent and touching speech on the war and its lessons. He paid a glowing tribute to the noble work and sacrifice of women in the war, illustrating the patriotism and devotion of women by a case coming under his observation. A mother's four sons had gone to the front with her consent and wishes of God-speed. Three of them had been killed in battle and the fourth had been wounded and brought home to be nursed by the mother. A neighbor called in one evening and they were talking about the taking off of the three boys and the critical condition of the fourth. "Mary," said the neighbor, "this is all your own fault. You should never have consented to let the boys go to war." "No." said the mother, "I'm not sorry I let them go. They were good boys and I loved them with a mother's love, but they died in a good cause-fighting for their country. No, I'm not To tell the truth, if I'd known thirty-five years ago that the war was coming I'd have had more boys to send out."

The unexpected ending of the

story brought down the house, for many of the comrades were getting out their handkerchiefs in Rose, M. A. Murphy, Rev. C. A. anticipation of a very pathetic close. General Wood closed his remarks with land. Col. W. T. Eustis of Dixfield. quotations from the poem. "We've Dr. B. F. Sturgis, Dr. Beede, Col. drank from the same canteen," and received a hearty round of applause.

Appropriate remarks were made by Judge A. R. Savage, Rev. H. R. Towne, Col. I. D. Carver of Rock-C. V. Emerson, General Cilley of Rockland.

THE COLOR-BEARER.

By Isabelle Buker Chase.

When night had donned her sable robe And pinned it with a star, While Luna's silvery crescent Shone through the blue afar, Upon Virginia's battle plain, Mong corses stark and drear, With feeble breath and glazing eve. Lay a wounded volunteer.

A comrade held the dying head Upon his manly breast. Watching with tender, pitving glance The suffering soldier's rest; When from his fitful slumbering. With sobbing, gasping cry, The wounded hero started And murmured—" Must I die?"

"I'm not afraid! no, not afraid! 'Tis sweet to die to-night, Knowing I've served my country well For God, the truth, and right; I only sorrow for the ones Who'll miss me so at home— They'll wait and watch for weary days, The boy who cannot come.

· But God will help them bear, I know, For they so gladly gave Though tearfully, their only boy The dear old flag to save; You'll see them when you're mustered out, 'Tis but a few short days. I should have gone to them with you, But God's are not our ways.

"Tell my darling only sister,
I longed to see her face;
To sit with her at mother's feet,
The dear old childhood place;
But tell her—are you crying, too—
That while she loved me so,
God and my country needed me;
How glad I was to go.

"Tell her, she will be proud to know
The boy who went to sleep.
With only you to soothe his rest,
And stars his watch to keep;
That he was brave and fearless, too,
And fought, till low he fell,
And never flinched—God bless dear Sis,
"Tis hard—and yet—'tis well.

"My mother—dearest loved of all,
To feel her kisses now
Fall on my burning cheek and lips,
Her dear hand on my brow,—
Don't think me weak—my heart is brave,
I do not fear to die,
I only miss dear mother so,
And long to have her nigh.

"How she will mourn her 'darling boy'—
She always called me so,—
Her last words when she sobbed—'good bye,"
But bravely murmured—'go'—
Tell her I loved her best of all
Next to the dear old flag
And, listen close—you'll not forget—
That once—thank God—the rag
Of rebel down, the stars and bars
I trampled 'neath my feet,
While all unstained our stripes and stars
Waved 'Victory' complete."

A gasping sob—"I'm mustered out"— While angels stood in wait And bore a trusting patriot soul Up through the "Golden Gate."

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

By Frank J. Bradbury, Tenth Maine Infantry.

I have written of marching out to Cedar Mountain and the engagement the next day, and will now give from memory a little story of our falling back from the rise of land in the wheatfield from our too far advanced position, and running guard after returning to camp two days later. Right here Corporal James H. Mansfield of Company G was shot by a Minie ball, and I think in the groin. When about falling, two comrades near him caught the wounded soldier, and by permission of Commander Lieutenant H. R. Millett bore him from the field. If I remember correctly, the soldiers who carried Mansfield from the field were Charles F. Greenleaf and Sergeant Zebedee Cushman of Company G; a shell bursting near at the time caused Cushman to stumble over a log or stump, and he was also quite badly injured and carried further to the rear. Cedar Mountain fight occurred Saturday, August 9th, 1862. The enemy pushed us a mile or two from the field and threw out a strong picket front.

Sunday following was a warm day with a fearful thunder storm in the afternoon. The enemy would receive no flag of truce on Sunday, but on Monday allowed the dead to be buried and our wounded succored. In marching back to Culpeper on August 11th, after the engagement on Saturday only about half the men were in the ranks, who were engaged

in the struggle. Historian Gould says that one hundred and seventy-five men were killed and wounded in the regiment. and those who were not hit in the body, showed the effects of bullet or shell in gun, cartridge or cap-box, canteen, or some part of the clothing. I am very positive now it must have been on Tuesday morning, August 12th, when I was detailed for the hospital in Culpeper Village. I think it quite late in the day on Monday before we reached Culpeper and the camp.

All this is preliminary to what I have to say. On getting partly settled in camp that Monday night, August 11th, I received from Comrade Zebedee Cushman who was hurt in carrying Corporal Mansfield from the field, a verbal request by some soldier imploring me to find his blanket, knap-sack, and bring them to him that night at a meetinghouse hospital in Culpeper, where he was confined. After considerable of a search I obtained most of his things. Now when ready to proceed on my errand of mercy a greater obstacle stood in my path. It was now after dark and the guard had strict orders to let no one out without a pass. A sick and suffering friend or soldier with limbs aching on the hard benches in a near house of God made no difference to him; those were his orders and those orders were facts. But I was desperately interested for the comrade that night,

and I took the bundle of things and stealthily made my way to a dark, unfrequented part of the line, where the guard's eye did not lurk. My impression is that the little village of Culpeper was hardly a third of a mile from our camp. In my roundabout way to escape the guard and in the darkness, I met with falls, torn clothing, and a few scratches. But in due time I appeared at the oldfashioned church in the village and the guard at the door let me pass without a challenge. I had decided to put on a bold front and push right along, trusting to my knapsack and things to help out or give me entrance.

The quaint church with the long rows of wooden seats with high backs and little low pulpit in front was now filled with wounded men from the battlefield, scattered about in all directions and attended to by men detailed from the ranks. I found my disabled comrade lying in a pew, stretched at full length on a hard seat, and his tears, thanks, and benedictions on the hand of an humble private richly repaid me for all my trouble and trials. fair Southern town, where the long sunny days are laden with the perfume of flowers, men, women, and children had been sold on the auction block to the highest bidder, by the dissolute master for the greed of gold. Inside this little church where I was standing, to say a word of cheer to my injured comrade and which is also called the house of God, the sainted minister had time and again eloquently told to all the people around of the blessed institution of slavery, which was divine by edict of the Holy Bible and the crack of the slave-driver's whip, but now the day of reckoning had come; the frightened parson had fled from the pulpit and the quiet town of Culpeper. The Northern men were marching and the drums were beating, and only a little way out of town the men of the South and North had met as Greek marshaled against Greek in battle array, and the red clover and golden grain were stained with the warm life blood of the contesting legions.

In that clover field under the eastern slope of Cedar Mountain where the Confederates were planting their death-dealing cannon; in the bright sunshine of a summer day and its foreboding stillness, Corporal Mansfield fell upon his knees in rear of our battle line, spread down his rubber blanket and called to Edward Burke, Horace Dresser, and Pompey Mason to join him in a game of cards. The boys of Company G gathered to hear Chaplain Knox say words of encouragement and that right living was the best way to life. Some played cards, and a few for money. They were not bad men. They respected the chaplain at all times and remembered his visits to them in sickness. The camp became to be irksome when long in quarters, and the boys were not used to such confinement. The good chaplain had said to the soldiers on a Sunday, that it was a sin to play at games for money and that the God-fearing, praying soldier at the front fought bravely and the enemy always feared him.

So it may be true, but Corporal Mansfield played at a game of cards in the agitation of the impending battle and coolly talked of the game and the issue of the contest, in which they were engaged. And a short while later on that clear August day the bugle sounded the advance and not one of the Tenth Maine band were found lurking in the rear, and like heroes they boldly marched to the front, and here Corporal Mansfield received his mortal wound in the fatal wheat-field and

marching on, driven by the enemy to the dividing river. Hungry, hardly a moment of sleep, always alert and watchful, bearing up under disaster in our extremity, many a heroic soldier fell exhausted in the valley of the Rappahannock, and so on past the gleaming capitol, and on the day at Antietam where the fate of the nation hung in the balance, our fearless "Pompey" Mason faced the Confederates in the cornfield and gave his life in the struggle with the

THE BUGLE CALL.

By Frank J. Bradbury, Tenth Maine Infantry.

Bugler, bugler, your thrilling war sound, -No more is heard on the famed battle ground; Soldiers would rally at your battle-call, The bravest and best, the sooner to fall.

The night dews are chill; the bivouac is cold,
The old veteran's limbs are stiffened and old;
The long march is done, the campfire burns low,
The picket will challenge no more the dread foe.

Bugler, bugler, there is peace and sweet rest, Over the river in the camp of the blest; The march has been weary, the night damps cold, Rest, comrade, rest, in the great Captain's fold.

ECHOES.

OUR MOTHER ENGLAND.

H. M. Williams, captain First Bucks Rifle Volunteers of Wolverton, Eng., writes:

I have much pleasure in inclosing post-office order for the amount of my subscription to the Maine Bugle for the current year. I am much interested in the Bugle. I have also been greatly interested in the excellent history of the First Maine cavalry, which I obtained through you. I wish you and the Maine Association every success.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.—
THE CHARGE OF JUNE 18, 1864.

James H. Sherrill of Catawba, N. C., writes Major Fred C. Low:

I attended the annual reunion of Confederate veterans at Richmond, June 30 to July 3, and during my stay in that city I visited Petersburg and the old trenches around that city, and am now prepared to write you definitely what troops confronted your regiment June 18, 1864. was Colquitt's Georgia brigade, and was known to our troops as Colquitt's Salient. From your description of the ground over which you charged, I concluded your regiment was in our immediate front. were only a short distance to the right of Colquitt, and relieved his command on the evening of the 18th, or morning of the 19th. During my entire service in the war I never saw as many dead on such a small piece of ground.

On seeing the monument erected

to your dead comrades I at once recalled our correspondence, and am glad I can furnish you the desired information. While we were there an officer of Colquitt's command came up, and we had a long talk over the charge of your troops and their defense. He had written a history of the engagement as he recollected it, and read it in my presence. On March 25, 1865, our regiment charged your works on the same ground your regiment made the charge in June, 1864, and was forced to retire after taking your first line of defense and your fortimmediately on the hill which our boys designated as Fort Hell. You called it, if I remember correctly, Fort Steadman. I regret I did not take the Georgia officer's address and send you. Your regiment surely walked into a slaughter-house, and my recollection is that your troops were cut down near our line. Our brigade occupied the trenches from the Petersburg and City Point Road to our right as far as the Crater nine months, except when we were taken to our right once or twice near the Weldon Railroad to drive your forces back, but never absent more than two days at a time. I would not undergo the sufferings we endured there during the winter of '64 for a world like this. It was an absolute impossibility to procure firewood to make us comfortable, and the moment our heads were above the works we were picked off by your sharpshooters. We had a pleasant time at Richmond, and apparently more old "Vets"

84 ECHOES.

present than we had troops during the war. The monument and grounds at Fort Steadman need attention. Hope you will be able to strike up a correspondence with some of the Georgia boys. May God in his Providence bless you in your declining years.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN-CHIEF, G. A. R.

Major Thaddeus Stevens Clarkson of Nebraska, who was elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. at the annual encampment at St. Paul, was born at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1840. He moved to Chicago in 1857, and enlisted April 16, 1861, in Company A. First Illinois artillery, as a private, serving three months and reenlisting for three years. In December, 1861, he was promoted to first lieutenant and adjutant, Thirteenth Illinois cavalry, serving during 1863 on the staff of Brigadier-General J. W. Davidson, and by assignment commanding Battery K, Second Missouri artillery, for six months during the Arkansas campaign of 1863. He was made major of the Third Arkansas cavalry December, 1863, and commanded the same until near the close of the war. He was elected department commander of Nebraska in 1890, and junior vicecommander-in-chief in 1891. He was appointed postmaster of Omaha, Neb., in 1890, by President Harrison, serving four and one-half years.

BUNKER HILL, MASS., AND SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, S. C.

Francis J. M. Titus, of Joelton, Davidson Co., Tenn., late corporal Company F, Seventh Indiana cavalry, writes:

It is with feelings of profound gratitude I join your association. Patriotism is to me a jewel of intrinsic worth and no language can adequately express my ardor and zeal in its behalf. It is with profound pride I refer to the record of my father, also that of both my grandfathers; one lies buried at Bunker Hill, the other sleeps on Sullivan's Island, while father was wounded at the Battle of New Orleans. I am left alone as the last vidette on the field, so let me shout "Hosanna for the land of the noble free."

MAINE HAS MUCH TO BE PROUD OF.

Charles B. Price, superintendent River division, Allegheny Valley Railway Company, Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

I congratulate you on your excellent publication. The state of Maine has much to be proud of in the record and reputation of her fighting regiments; and she is a second time fortunate in the manner in which the history of her sons is being preserved.

IT IS A GRAND BOOK.

Bradley Smith, lieutenant Company A, Ninth Maine Infantry, of San Jose, Cal., writes:

The history of the First Maine cavalry was received in due time. It is a grand book. A state should be proud of its soldiers of the late war. When it came, I read it as I eat watermelon—bite a piece out of the middle and then cat both ways. It should be in the private library of

every citizen of Maine, and in every public library in the United States.

THE THIRTIETH MAINE.

C. L. Coffin, 354 Ohio St., Bangor, Me., writes:

I insisted at my reunion that some action should be taken to have some historic articles pertaining to the Thirtieth Maine appear in the Bugle; that the regiment's records were something to be proud of by its members and also by the state. I will at once correspond with the prominent comrades of the regiment and see if there can not be something interesting attained for January, 1897. There is a lack of interest; perhaps if some one would introduce the subject in the Bugle, others might follow.

COMPANY G, TWENTY-EIGHTH MAINE.

Lieutenant John F. Perry, of Minneapolis, Minn., late of Company G. Twenty-eighth Maine Infantry, writes:

I was pleased and interested to see in the July number of the Bugle a partial copy of the morning report book of Company G, Twenty-eighth Maine infantry, my old company. It refreshed my memory greatly. I notice a few slight errors. Capt. Augustus Thompson, who is now living in Lowell, Mass., should read Augustine. He is the inventor and proprietor of Moxie, a nerve food. It also says the names of the two men from Company G, taken prisoners, are not given nor known. Their names were Madison T. Jones and Charles E. Pinkham. You will find their names as members of Company

G, Twenty-eighth Maine, in the adjutant-general's report, 1863. Both were young, especially Jones, and were great friends. I think they belonged in Washington, Me. They were captured by being surprised on picket post, not even firing their guns. They were on the only post across the Bayou LaTourche, when the flag of truce was sent in to Major Bullen, commanding the post to surrender, or clear the town of Donaldsonville of women and children. His reply was that he would do the latter but would not surrender. In consequence of this demand the pickets were doubled that night and two more men of Company G were sent across the bayou, and posted some distance from Jones and Pinkham, and when the enemy approached, after passing Jones and Pinkham's post, and capturing them, the men last sent across gave the alarm and secreted themselves under a house and escaped capture. The comrades will all remember that the houses in that part of the country stood upon piling to keep out of the water during the wet seasons. The men sent over the bayou who gave the first alarm were Timothy Robinson, a man of forty or more years,

Note.—Charles E. Pinkham, after his discharge from Company G, Twenty-eighth Maine, enlisted December 19, 1863, in Company L, Second Maine cavalry, and served till discharged at Augusta, Me., December 26, 1865. He was pensioned for injury of right ankle, disease of head and eyes and nervous prostration, results of typhoid fever and small pox, and died at Liberty, Me., January, 28, 1884, leaving a widow, Isabella, whose maiden name was Campbell, and three minor children, Everett M. C., Mary G., and Hattie L.

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and Eli R. Perry, my younger brother, at that time nineteen years of age, and a corporal in Company M. When the guard was doubled, the call was for volunteers and not a detail, and as Robinson and Perry happened to be in the first file they were sent over the bayou, told to keep good lookout and give the alarm and take care of themselves. Robinson was from the interior of the state.-I do not recollect just where. He was a good soldier and a level-headed man. He must be a very old man if living. My brother died eleven years since, near Crook City, Black Hills, So. Dakota, His remains lie in the cemetery in Crook City, beside his little daughter. He has one son and one daughter living in Tacoma, Washington. After serving in the Twenty-eighth Maine, he enlisted and was afterward commissioned second lieutenant in Capt. Oliver J. Conant's Company "B," Maine Coast Guards. Captain Conant, who is a member of Libby Post, Rockland, will remember him well. I hope you will pardon this long-drawn epistle, but that old morning report book of Company G is responsible for it. revives old memories as they have not been for years, and I could go on in this strain for hours, but it would probably interest no one so much as myself. Perhaps I am excusable because I have none of my old comrades within shot to talk these old matters over with, and this old report seems like an old friend. I can account for most of the breaks in the report. The first, from January 14, 1863, to Jan. 30, 1863, was at

the time we were en route from East New York to New Orleans, etc.

THE SIXTH OHIO CAVALRY.

Captain A. W. Stiles of Delaware, O., late of Sixth Ohio Cavalry, writes:

You certainly are entitled to great credit for the able management of the "BUGLE." I read it with much interest, every number is so intensely interesting to me. Your regiment (First Maine Cavalry), was one of the best in the service.

FORT BLAKELY.

James J. Dow, Superintendent of Minnesota School for the Blind, Faribault, Minn., late of Company F. Second Maine Cavalry, writes:

Comrade Charles W. Sanborn enquires in the July Echoes what Maine regiments were at the capture of Fort Blakely in April. 1865. A detachment of the Second Maine Cavalry was the only Maine organization on the Mobile expedition. Indeed no Maine troops except the Second Cavalry were in the Department of the Gulf after the fall of 1864. After the surrender of Mobile this detachment of cavalry accompanied the Sixteenth Corps to Montgomery. I do not know the wounded man referred to.

I prize the BUGLE very highly and trust it may long continue to wake the memories of the "sixties."

Note.—We wish to return our compliments to the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, for their leadership and valuable help in the days of '61-5, and our desire that their good comrades would renew our happy acquaintance by giving facts of their service.

ON THE SECOND GUN OF FIRST SECTION.

George W. Ranger, Farmington, of the Sixth Maine Battery, Light Artillery, writes:

Thomas W. Thorndike was in the same section with me from October. 1864, to time of discharge, 1865. We did not serve the same gun, however, he being on the first, and myself on the second gun of the first section. I did not see the occurrence when his foot and leg were injured. I do. however, remember him as an excellent man, always cool in action and a boy of good habits. A man who served in the Sixth Maine Battery from October, 1864, to March, 1865, in Fort McGilvery in front of Petersburg, was liable at any time to incur injury of which Rhodes speaks. There were few days during the five months we were in McGilvery, but we were in action and many times such action was very sharp. It was the nearest fort on our line during the winter of 1864-5 to Petersburg, and the enfiladed situation, together with the prominence of the work. made it a target for many heavy guns. I visited the place a short time ago and it is a wonder how Thorndike or any of us got away safe.

FEELING REAL SMART NOW.

Isaac G. Chandler, West Stoughton, Mass., of the Twenty-second Maine and the First Maine Heavy Artillery, writes:

I feel thankful for the BUGLE; I have three this year. I like them so much I hope I shall be able to take them as long as I am able to read

them. My health has been poor ever since I got my garden stuff in last fall. I suppose I worked too hard: I have not done anything since. I had to go to the hospital, and was under the doctor's hands from the middle of January until April; since then I have gained so I am feeling real smart now. I would like to go to the Reunion in August. I do not know as I shall ever again have a chance, when both of my regiments will meet in one week. The Twentysecond meets the 13th of August, First Maine Heavy Artillery the 21st and 22d. Money is all the trouble this time. I get the great sum of \$8 per month. I want to go so bad; it's no use, I have got to stay at home.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

Hon. E. M. Tuton of Company E, Tenth New York Cavalry, of Bentley Creek, Penn., writes:

The Maine Bugle reaches me every quarter. Let the good work go on.

A SURPRISE.

Captain A. J. Crockett of Rockland was very pleasantly surprised a short time ago when a stranger walked up to him and asked him if he remembered any of the men who were with him on the gunboat *Rhode Island* in 1864. The gentleman then introduced himself as Lieutenant Edward E. Bradbury, U. S. N. Mr. Bradbury was master's mate on the *Rhode Island* during the Rebellion and lost one arm at Mobile Bay. Captain Crockett remembered him well, and it is needless to add the gentlemen had a very pleasant chat.

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SENDS KINDEST REGARDS.

John E. Crawford, Company B, Twenty-fourth Maine, Company F, First D. C. Cavalry, and Company C. First Maine Cavalry, of Fort Jones, California, writes:

I came to California in February. 1866, and went to Virginia City, Nevada. I worked six months, and then I came to Siskiyon County, Cal., where I have made my home ever since. I have followed mining, of which I cannot say much. I lost the sight of my right eye in January, 1877. You would scarcely detect the injury, only a scar across the pupil. I learned the carpenter trade when I first came here, and I find plenty of work at good wages. We have a few acres and a very nice pleasant home, seven miles west of Fort Jones. I was married in 1870, and we have four boys and six girls; our oldest daughter is twenty-five and our youngest, Lucy May, is two years; our oldest boy is twenty-two, and he cast his first vote for McKinley. We are gold men and do not want any fifty-cent dollars. Our family has always been very healthy, and we are blessed with very good children, and the older ones are a great help now, for wages are always good here. We have six inches of snow now (November 30th), the earliest ever known, and we are actually having about the coldest weather I ever saw in California, but it does not last long. Give my kindest regards to all old comrades.

A PLEASANT EVENT.

One of the most delightful events of the season occurred at Friendship.

September 7, '96, when Captain M. B. Cook, late of Company B, First Maine Cavalry, entertained the comrades of P. Henry Tillson Post, G. A. R., of Thomaston and the ladies of the Relief Corps and a few invited guests at his residence. One hundred and thirty-one sat down to the bountiful repast in Cook's hall, prepared by the genial captain and his estimable wife and daughter. Cook's hall and the old family homestead across the way were thrown open to the guests, and settees disposed about the lawn and croquet grounds for their convenience. At two o'clock Captain Cook called the assembly to order and, after extending hearty greetings to the visitors, called upon Senior Vice-Commander Fales for remarks. He was followed by Comrades Cushing, Woodbury, Mears, Burton, Strout, Speed, Hewett, and many others of P. Henry Tillson Post, Rev. Mr. Nutter of Friendship, Edward K. Gould, Esq., of Rockland, and representatives from the Relief Corps. All the remarks were bright, pithy, and patriotic, keeping the audience in excellent humor.

Among the incidents was Comrade Strout's gallant allusion to the ladies, which brought upon him showers of bouquets from every part of the hall, greatly to the discomfiture of that gentleman and the amusement of the audience. The introduction of Comrade Speed, a veteran of more than eighty winters, as the oldest Grand Army comrade in P. Henry Tillson Post brought forth a chorus of cheers. Leaning upon his staff, the old veteran delivered a most touching address. It was one of the best

speeches of the occasion. The meeting closed with three lusty cheers for the host and his estimable wife. It was indeed an open-handed and open-hearted affair on the part of Captain Cook and his wife and his estimable daughter, Mrs. Abbott.

THE SIXTH MAINE.

September 30, Houlton, through the instrumentality of one of her citizens. Frank W. Titcomb, extended her hospitality to over one hundred survivors of the gallant old Sixth Maine regiment. Mr. Titcomb was a member of the regiment and he conceived the idea of having them here with him to give a sort of gigantic housewarming at the opening of his new hostelry, the Titcomb hotel. The comrades were glad to respond to his cordial invitation, and now the citizens of the town have united to give them a taste of genuine Houlton hospitality. Some of the veterans came in Tuesday evening but the majority of them arrived on the early trains this morning. As many as could be accommodated spent the night in the immediate rooms of the hotel, while the remainder were distributed about town.

In the forenoon the comrades assembled for a short business meeting, and the rest of the day was spent in sight-seeing about town. In the evening the visitors were tendered a banquet in Music Hall by the citizens, some of whom welcomed them most cordially to the town, after the feast of good things had been discussed. The following day was devoted to informal enjoyment and sight-seeing, and the reunion terminated with a

mammoth camp-fire at the residence of Mr. Titcomb. The citizens were heartily glad to see the veterans, and did their best to show it.

THE DEAR OLD BOYS.

Joseph T. Darling of Malaga, Cal., late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I fear I cannot go back East to one more reunion of the dear old regiment. Make it a point to give my love and best wishes to every comrade you see and tell them as I grow older in years I love them more and more, the dear old boys of the First Maine Cavalry.

We are now in the midst of the raisin packing season. Fresno county is the busiest place in the whole country. The picking and gathering is over, and now we are packing raisins, figs, and dried fruit. You can get an idea when I tell you we shall send out over three thousand cars of raisins, twenty-five thousand cars of dried fruit, and hundreds tons of figs, nuts, olives, etc., besides oranges and lemons wheat, thousands of carloads. are getting good prices this year, which we have not had for four vears past. I am one of the members of the Malaga Co-operative association, which has caused the better prices.

It is now midnight; all of Malaga is wrapped in slumber, and I alone am guardian of the night, for I am night watchman of the packing house.

Last year we packed from this house one hundred and sixty-five cars of raisins, so you see it is no small affair.

ONE ASSOCIATION ONLY.

James H. Merritt, Portland, Me., late of Company E, FirstMaine Cavalry, writes:

I regret very much that I was not able to get to Waterville. I intended to go but was prevented. I hope the boys will all stick together and make one grand association of the old First Maine Cavalry. We did more service in the First Maine than we did in the First D. C., and we ought to be, as we came home, one organization. The BUGLE is very interesting, and getting more so every year. When a fellow gets into one it carries him back to the old scenes of thirty odd years ago. Our ranks are thinning out fast, and the boys should stand shoulder to shoulder in these last days. Does any one imagine what condition the country would have been in but for them? We are now on the wane.

THE PETERSBURG MINE.

This article, which appeared in the July Bugle of 1896, is the clearest and most exhaustive account which has been given to the public. It was taken from the history of the Fortyeighth Pennsylvania Infantry, written by Major Oliver Christian Bosbyshell, treasurer of the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, and is a fair sample of the excellent qualities of that history. Glory in war is said to consist in being killed in battle and having your name wrongly This warlike honor was gazetted. done the Major by presenting his name with an extra c in it, viz.:-Bosbyschell, instead of Bosbyshell.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES WHITE BIXBY.

This well-known and highly esteemed resident of Somerset county died at his home in Athens, July 3. 1896, after a long and distressing illness. He was born in Athens, April 3. 1834. His father, George Bixby, was born in Boxford, Mass., near Newburyport, in 1788, and his mother, Rachel White, in Bloomfield in 1794. He was a millman by occupation, and was an excellent allround mechanic. In 1858 he was happily united in marriage to Lovey J., daughter of the late Rev. Comfort Taylor. Two children were born of this union, Martha A., who died

when a child, and Maria Laura, wife of Robert Hayden. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Thomas E. Martin, whose husband was formerly mayor of Annapolis, Md. In 1863 Mr. Bixby enlisted in Company B, Thirtieth Maine regiment. Soon after he went South he was quite ill, and while unable to continue in the field in active service, he was very efficient in hospital work. He had been town clerk and supervisor of schools, and at his death he was one of the trustees of Somerset Academy and president of Athens Hall association. In 1895 he represented his district in the legislature. He was a man of

commanding presence and his character was strongly marked.

DR. E. S. COAN.

Dr. E. S. Coan of Auburn died May 30, 1896, after a long illness, at his home, corner of High and Drummond streets, in Auburn.

Dr. Elisha Skinner Coan was a native of Exeter. He was born Jan. 26, 1843. Early in life he decided upon the practice of medicine and surgery as an occupation. He was a student in the office of Dr. David Evans of Garland, later he attended the Maine Medical School at Bowdoin College, and graduated in July, 1870. He first located in the practice of his profession in Bradford, going from there to Garland. He came to Auburn in December, 1887. Dr. Coan was in the Civil War, going to the front in Company D, Twentieth Maine regiment, in July, 1862. He remained with this regiment until October, 1863, and from that date to June, 1865, he was in the United States Signal Service Corps, in the Army of the Potomac.

At the meetings of Burnside Post of Auburn, of which he was an honored member and at one time the surgeon, it was a treat to listen to Dr. Coan's army reminiscences. He was well posted on the features of many of the great battles. He had a way of going into details and bringing them out in a most interesting manner. He was a warm friend of all comrades of the Grand Army.

He became a member of the Congregational church while living in Garland, transferring his membership to the High street Congregational

church upon his removal to Auburn. At one time he was supervisor of schools in Bradford and in Garland; he was also interested in the schoolboard. In the eighties he represented the Garland district in the legislature. Two years ago he was president of the Auburn Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Coan married Miss Mary Abbie Swett of Garland twenty-five years ago. He leaves a widow and four children: Newton Swett, Marion Sadie, Anna Estelle, and William Frederick Coan, the last named being the youngest, fifteen.

Comrade Coan's war record was the very best. He served on the color guard of the Twentieth Maine, and was one of the survivors of that guard who stood by the colors at Gettysburg.

MELVIN W. EVELETH.

Mr. M. W. Eveleth of Colorado Springs, Col., died there, May 10, 1896. Mr. Eveleth formerly lived in Maine, and had many friends in Lewiston, Auburn, Durham, Lisbon, and Portland, and was once connected with several dry goods establishments in Portland. In 1880 President Harappointed him postmaster, which he held until March, 1893, resigning on account of ill health. About seven years ago Mr. Eveleth had a severe stroke of paralysis, since which time he has been a great sufferer. At the age of fifteen years he ran away from home and enlisted July 30, 1862, in Company F, First Maine Cavalry. Promoted corporal, 1863, sergeant in 1864, and mustered out in June, 1865. He was at Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antie-

tam, Gettysburg, Mine Run, in the Wilderness, in front of Petersburg, and with Sheridan's raid around Richmond. He was wounded slightly twice, but not enough to disable him. The hardest service that he ever saw was with Dahlgren in his famous raid around Richmond. Mr. Eveleth was a very quiet man, congenial and pleasant, and during his long years of service in the post-office was very popular. While his health permitted he was prominent in city affairs. He was an ex-commander of the Grand Army post of Colorado Springs, and one year was senior vice-commander of the Department of Colorado and Wyoming. He leaves a widow, but no children.

ROBERT GILPATRICK.

Robert Gilpatrick, a life-long resident of Waldoboro, and a veteran of the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers, died April 3, 1896, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Gilpatrick was a gentleman who had many friends. He leaves a widow and five children, Evander and John R. of Waterville, William of Lansing, Mich., Mrs. S. M. Doe of Rockland, and Miss Clyde Gilpatrick of Waldoboro, who were all present at the funeral, excepting William. A detachment of Borneman post, G. A. R., attended the funeral, and the casket was draped with the American flag.

HON. DAVID R. HASTINGS.

Hon. David R. Hastings died at Fryeburg, Jan. 13, 1896. Major Hastings was born in Bethel, Aug. 25, 1823, and was a member of the famous Bowdoin college class of '44, having for classmates Judge Virgin,

General S. J. Anderson, J. S. Palmer, Judge Goddard, and Samuel F. Gibson. He studied law with Judge Appleton, and opened a law office in Lovell in 1847. He came to Fryeburg in 1864, was a member of the national Democratic convention in 1868, 1876, and 1884; was county attorney in 1853, 1854, and 1855; candidate for congress several times, and overseer of Bowdoin college, and president of the board of trustees of Fryeburg academy; reporter of decisions, and published volumes sixtynine and seventy of the Maine re-Enlisted as major in the Twelfth Maine regiment in 1861, and was in service at New Orleans one year; was taken sick with fever, and was discharged. In 1850 he married Mary J. Ellis, by whom he had two children, Alice O., and Edward E. Hastings of the law firm of D. R. Hastings & Son. His widow and children survive him. Until his health began to decline, several years ago, Major Hastings was a very active and enterprising man.

JAMES HAWLEY.

The news of the sudden death at Portsmouth of James Hawley was peculiarly sad intelligence to the writer of this paragraph, whose fortune it had been for a number of years to be closely associated in official business with the deceased, and for whom he entertained the highest respect and esteem. James Hawley was a genuine man, true as steel in every relation of life, and so cheery, intelligent, and companionable as to render the association peculiarly pleasurable. For nearly

thirty years he has been an employé at the Custom House, connected with the weigher and gauger's department. Socially, he was justly held in high esteem in all the circles in which he moved. In Bosworth Post, G. A. R., he was deservedly popular. For a quarter of a century he was on the burial committee of the Post, and if the amount of genuine benevolent work which he has performed in the caring for the sick and the burial of the dead is duly credited to him on the books of the recording angel, surely will the spirit receive most cordial greeting in the resurrection world. The deceased leaves a wife, two daughters, and a son. The children are finely educated. One daughter has graduated at the Gorham Normal school, and is now teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y. Deceased had just passed his sixtieth birthday. He was in the U.S. Navy during the war. His native place was Bridgeport, Conn., where resides the aged mother, ninety-two years of age, whom he has taken great pains to visit every year, and for whose care and comfort he was always solicitous.

LEWIS E. HOVEY.

Lewis Edward Hovey died April 23, 1896, at Skowhegan, in his sixty-seventh year. In the year 1864 he enlisted in the Seventh Unassigned infantry, and served until the end of the war. Mr. Hovey leaves three children, one daughter, who resides in Dexter, Me., the other two residing in Skowhegan,—Mr. Fred Hovey and Mrs. Nellie Vosmus. During these many years of Mr. Hovey's infirmity his daughter, Mrs. Vosmus,

has patiently and lovingly cared for him. Mr. Hovey was a man of a very genial and happy disposition, and a devoted Christian. His Christian character was beautifully exemplified during the later days of his life, for though blind and a great sufferer he was ever cheerful and happy. The interment was in charge of Russell Post, G. A. R., of which he was a worthy member. He joined the Post in May, 1884, but owing to illness was unable to attend its meetings for several years past.

WILLIAM L. HYDE.

Chaplain William Lyman Hyde peacefully and painlessly entered into rest eternal July 31, 1896. His birth occurred Dec. 27, 1819, at Bath, Me. He was graduated from Bowdoin college in 1842, and afterwards from the Theological seminary, and in 1849 was ordained a Presbyterian minister.

In 1852 he married Frances Elizabeth Rice at Wiscasset, Me. 1856 he removed to Dunkirk, N. Y., and served the Presbyterian church there as pastor until he went to the war as chaplain of the One Hundred and Twelfth regiment, N. Y. infantry, in which capacity he remained until the regiment was mustered out at the close of the strife. Afterwards he was pastor of churches at Ripley and Sherman, and still later principal of the public schools at Ovid. He came to Jamestown twelve years ago, where he has since resided. Mrs. Hyde's death occurred May 17, 1892. He is survived by two sons and a daughter: Henry Warren Hyde, M. D., of Cripple Creek, Col., and Frederick William Hyde of Jamestown, and Mrs. Sanford C. Meddick of Ovid; one brother, Henry A. Hyde, resides at Bath. Me.

Chaplain Hyde was a zealous comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, and had for a number of years prior to his death been chaplain of Post James M. Brown, 285, of Jamestown. In May last at Utica he was elected chaplain of the department of New York state.

SAMUEL LIBBY.

Samuel Libby enlisted July 24. 1862, in Company E, Eleventh Maine Infantry; discharged August 7, 1863, at Newbern, N. C., from hospital; was drafted September, 1864, in Company D, Ninth Maine Infantry, and was discharged from hospital at Beaufort, N. C., June 30, 1865. His death was caused by diseased liver and respiratory organs, contracted in the service, Nov. 18, 1895; aged sixty-five years. He was the son of Benjamin and Susan (Knowles) Libby of Corinna. He married Charlotte A. Crowell of Dexter, Me., who survives him, with three daughters,— Mrs. Eugene Waldron of Malden, Mass., Mrs. Frank Ames, and Mrs. Charles L. Ouimby, and six grandchildren, all boys.

DANIEL R. MADDOCKS.

Daniel R. Maddocks died at his home in Belfast, April 23, 1896, aged 85 years. He was born in Boothbay, Me., and is the last of a large family of children. When about ten years of age, he moved to Freedom, where he spent the earlier portion of his life, and where he married Miss

Mary Tyler, who died a few years ago. About sixty years ago, he came to Belfast, and engaged in the boot and shoe industry, employing several men, which business he continued until within a few years. He had a family of five children, one of whom, Mrs. Jonas B. Ferguson, survives him. He represented his ward as alderman in the city government two years, and filled the local offices many times. When the war broke out, he joined the Nineteenth regiment, Maine Infantry, and became its drum-major.

CAPTAIN PARKER T. RIVERS.

Captain Parker T. Rivers died November 9, 1896, at the Soldiers' Home, Togus, aged 52 years, 7 months. He was born in St. George, Knox county, and was a veteran of the late war, member of First Maine Cavalry, Company B. He was a true soldier, serving nearly three years, and was in the hospital for eight months with typhoid fever.

After the war, he followed the sea, and was one of the most successful commanders sailing out of the Kennebec, establishing a record in the hard pine trade while in the schooner Satilla. He was afterwards in command of the Carrie S. Bailey and Belle Higgins, and during the last six years of service was in the Normandy.

Last year he had a paralytic shock, and was obliged to retire. A short time ago, he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home, and later he was granted an original pension.

He leaves a widow and one daughter, who reside in Bath. The re-

mains were taken there for interment.

DR. ALFRED P. ROGERS.

Dr. Rogers was born in Belfast, Me., June 20, 1837, and died at his home in Canon City, Col., April 26, 1896. He was converted at the early age of eleven, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he remained faithful until God called him to join the Church Triumphant.

In 1861, he enlisted in Company B, First Maine Cavalry, but by a fall from a horse was disabled for service, and in consequence was honorably discharged from the army.

In 1864, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah McCann, of Ashland, Me. Two daughters were born to them, the younger of whom died in infancy; the older, Mrs. Ida Waters, has been permitted, all through these days and weeks of pain, to minister in love to her devoted father.

In 1876, Dr. Rogers began the practice of medicine in Washington, D. C. After twelve years of successful work, he was compelled, on account of failing health, to seek a change of climate.

Dr. Rogers's faithfulness and devotion to his church made him a valuable helper in all its work. His counsel was sought in all matters of business; his aid was given to every movement touching the progress of Christ's kingdom in our midst. Because of these things, many mourn their loss, but none are so bereft as the devoted wife, in her loneliness, and the loving daughter, with her family.

THEODORE SAUNDERS.

Hon. Theodore Saunders died July 3, at the Soldiers' hospital in Togus. It was a sudden apoplectic attack, and ended life in an hour and a half. Mr. Saunders died at the advanced age of nearly 87. In his last days he was totally blind. His faculties were unobscured to the last.

Mr. Saunders was at one time a student in Colby university, in the same class with John Bradbury, who has preceded him a little. He was a man of natural gifts and large intelligence, and able to express himself well before an audience.

Before the war he was chairman of the selectmen in Waterville, and superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school. He was a sergeant in the War of the Rebellion, after which he went to Colorado, where he at one time owned considerable mining property. While in Colorado, he took a part in politics, and was a member of the state senate. He leaves a brother in Augusta and a wife in Waterville. His children died young.

PHARON P. SPRATT.

Mr. Spratt had been a great sufferer from asthma ever since his discharge from the service, but the immediate cause of his death was Bright's disease. He was fully conscious until within four days of his death, and made full arrangements for everything, in view of his departure. When talking with him, I asked him if he had any message for his old comrades; he said, "Tell the boys that I had hoped to meet them at their next reunion, but the Master

orders it otherwise." His funeral was largely attended at his home, services by the Rev. Mr. Pember, of the First Universalist church of Bangor, with the flag of his country draped about his casket, and the Grand Army service. As his pastor remarked, he was "a devoted husband, an upright, honest citizen, a devoted Christian, and loyal soldier."

He died at Eddington, January, 1896. He enlisted January 4, 1864, in Company G, First D. C. Cavalry; was transferred, with others in his regiment, to the First Maine Cavalry, and was assigned to Company I. He served until mustered out June 20, 1865.

FRANKLIN L. START.

Franklin L. Start, who was a member of Company F, Twenty-Sixth Maine Infantry, and Company B. Maine Coast Guard, died at Camden, April 14, 1896. from disease incurred in the service. He moved from Natick, Mass., a number of years ago. and spent nearly the whole of his life upon his farm on Lake City road, Camden, and for one season was proprietor of Lake City Inn. He was a genial, whole-hearted, and honest man, and was one of the most esteemed and respected citizens of his town. He was born in Cambridge. Mass., in 1843. He leaves a widow, Annie S., who was the daughter of John and Mehitable (Richards) Horton, of Camden, who was born in March, 1845, and married him November 1, 1871; also seven children: Eugenia A., b. Nov. 10, 1874, and m. E. L. Horton, June 30, 1894; Caroline F., b. June 8,

1876; William F., b. Feb. 3, 1878; Jessie H., b. Dec. 2, 1879; Josie B., b. Feb. 13, 1882; Emma F., b. Nov. 16, 1884; George H., b. Nov. 6, 1888. After his discharge, June 24, 1865. he was in business at Natick. Mass., and resided there until 1879, when he returned to Camden and bought his father's farm.

G. F. STETSON.

George F. Stetson died July 23, 1896, at his home in Rockland, at the age of fifty-eight years.

Mr. Stetson was a member of Company C, Fourth Maine, and had a splendid war record, being one of the heroes of Gettysburg. At that battle he received a gunshot wound in the throat and fell head downward on a grassy slope. Here he was found by the late Josiah C. Spear, who gave him up for dead, and turning him so he would rest easier, placed a knapsack under his head and bade him farewell. Mr. Stetson was taken prisoner by the Confederates and recovered to be paroled.

The deceased was a rigger by trade, but for the past fifteen years had been unable to work, being troubled constantly by the effects of the old wound, which finally resulted in his death.

He was a man of high principles, honest, upright, and industrious, and highly esteemed by his comrades and by all who knew him. He leaves a widow.

ENOS MERRILL TOBEY.

Enos Merrill Tobey son of Lewis and Phoebe (Parsons) Tobey, was born in Whitefield, July 17, 1839, where he resided until he was sixteen

years of age, when he removed to Bath. He lived in Bath four years. He enlisted in the Seventh Maine, Company B, Aug. 21, 1861, for three years. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Antietam, and confined in Libby prison. He was exchanged and sent to join his regiment then at Portland, recruiting after its heavy losses at Antietam, but his health was so broken that he got a furlough and came back to Bath, where he was put under the doctor's care, and received his discharge on surgeon's certificate of disability, May 29, 1863, at Portland. Recovering his health, he made two trips from Boston to Jamaica and the West Indies on the steamer Tropic, with his brother-inlaw, Robert Shea, of Bath, this he shipped for about eight years, running between Liverpool, England, and North Shields. He then returned to Bath, and in 1879 settled in South Gardiner. The following year, July 18, 1880, he married Mary E. Edgecombe, daughter of John Edgecombe. He lived in Gardiner until the date of his death, June 4, 1895.

The procession was headed by the Hildreth Post, escorted by the South Gardiner drum corps, marching from the church to the grave at Mt. Hope cemetery, where appropriate services were held under the auspices of the G. A. R.

He leaves to mourn his loss, a widow, an adopted daughter, two sisters, Mrs. Edward Merritt, of Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. Robert Shea, and a brother, Wm. H. Tobey, of Bath, and an aged mother, now in her ninety-fifth year. The bearers were C. L. Austin, O. D. Jaquith, Thomas Key-

non, and James H. Lowell, three of the above belonging to his regiment, the Seventh Maine.

LEVI W. TURNER.

Levi W. Turner, an old soldier and sailor of the Rebellion, died suddenly May 22, 1896, at his home, 24 Winthrop street, Malden, Mass., of heart trouble. The deceased was born in Lincolnville, Me., and for a number of years was captain of vessels engaged in the Africa and East India trade.

During the war he served as master's mate in the navy, and was afterwards transferred to the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, in which he was sergeant. For many years after the war Mr. Turner was a messenger in the Charlestown navy-yard. He was a member of the Kearsarge association, H. G. Berry post, No. 40, G. A. R. He leaves a wife and daughter.

AUGUSTUS B. VARNEY.

Mr. Augustus B. Varney, a native of Portland, died at his home in Salisbury, Mass., May 27, '96, aged forty-eight years. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Twelfth Maine volunteers, and served nine months. After the war he removed to Salisbury. For several years he has been one of the best known master mechanics of Newburyport. The deceased was the youngest member of post forty-nine, G. A. R., at Salisbury.

JEWETT TURNER.

Jewett Turner, of North Haven, died May 19, 1896, at the Maine General hospital at Portland. Mr. Turner had been suffering for some time, and was taken to Portland for

treatment. He appeared to be recovering, when embolism occurred, which caused his death. Mr. Turner was about sixty-two years of age, and one of the most prominent and highly esteemed citizens of North Haven. He was a member of the Eighth Maine in the war and proved himself a gallant soldier. He leaves besides his widow, two daughters, Mrs. L. C. Foss, of China. and Miss Lenora Turner of North Haven, and a son, Charles, who graduates this year from Colby. Mrs. Turner was a sister of Leander Thomas, formerly of Rockland.

ELISHA VOSE.

Elisha Vose, Company D. First Maine Cavalry, died June 25, 1895, of cancerous tumor of the large intestine. The immediate cause of death was the shock of the operation in removing the tumor. Comrade Vose was mustered Oct. 19, 1861, wounded at Shepardstown. July 16. 1863; in hospital at Baltimore and Washington, 1863 and '64; mustered out Nov. 25. 1864, at expiration of service. See history First Maine Cavalry, page 522. He was a devoted member of General J. L. Reno post of Spokane, Washington, a good citizen, kind neighbor, and beloved by all who knew him. He married a widow Lowe, in St. Paul, Minn. They have no children. His wife survives him, and is a worthy member of the Ladies' Relief corps of J. L. Reno post. The burial service of the Grand Army of the Republic was used. The members of Reno post and members of General John Sedgwick post, Ladies' Relief corps, Sons and Daughters of Veterans of this city, together with a large number of citizens, made the largest Grand Army funeral ever attended in Spokane.

LAUREL MUNSON.

Laurel Munson, an esteemed citizen of Houlton, died at his residence, Oct. 14, t896, after a painful sickness of more than a year, aged fifty-six years. Mr. Munson was born in



Houlton in 1840, and has always resided there.

When twenty-one years of age he enlisted in Company E. First Maine Cavairy. In the famous charge of his regiment at Middletown, Va., May 24, 1862, Mr. Monson was one of the four men out of seventy-three in his company to bring his horse safely out of the action, by galloping through the lines of the enemy. In that battle he was wounded and so severely injured that he received his discharge in consequence. In 1866 he commenced his business career by open-

ing a grocery store at the corner of Kendall and Bangor streets, in which location he remained till the time of his death, a period of thirty years. He was much interested in the growth and prosperity of his town and the county, and was always ready to do his part in advancing the same. He was always a large-hearted, broad-minded citizen, full of sympathy for any one in distress, and of good will for all. He was a member of Monument Lodge of Masons, and of A. P. Russell post, G. A. R. Three children, one son and two daughters, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Munson, the son, A. Beecher Munson, only survives, who, with the bereaved wife, will receive the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

REV. S. C. FLETCHER.

Rev. Stephen C. Fletcher died at the residence of Samuel Copeland, Dexter, Dec. 10, 1896. He was smitten with a stroke of paralysis in October, but rallied from the shock and for the first few weeks continued to improve wonderfully. But a chronic heart trouble, with which he had been afflicted for some time, reasserted itself and steadily reduced his strength.

Rev. S. C. Fletcher was born in Skowhegan, June 23, 1833. He attended school at Bloomfield academy and graduated from Colby University in 1859. He became principal of Bloomfield academy, which position he filled until the spring of 1862, when he organized a company in Skowhegan and went into the Seventh Maine regiment. He was in the Army of the Potomac through-

out and saw a great deal of fighting. He was promoted for gallantry at Petersburg, and held rank of lieutenant-colonel at the close of the war.

After the war was over he entered Newton Theological Seminary and graduated from it in 1867. His first pastorate was in Wilton, N. H., where he remained for seven years. From Wilton he went to New London, N. H., where he remained fourteen years, doing remarkably good work. In 1888 he went to Dexter. and was pastor of the Baptist church there for five years, when failing health compelled him to give up his pastorate duties for a time. rested a year and then took charge of the Baptist church at Monson, where he had been pastor three years when his last illness came.

In 1863 he was married to Miss Vesta C. Marble of Waterville, whose death occurred in June, 1895. Deceased leaves three children, Mrs. Emmeline F. Dickerson of Mt. Hermon, Mass., Edwin N. Fletcher, pastor of the Baptist church at Fairfield, and J. W. Fletcher, a student at Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa. He has two brothers living in Skowhegan.

CHARLES T. PETERS.

Of Charles T. Peters, a well-known veteran who died at Bluehill a few weeks ago, it is said that when he fell, wounded, at Fredericksburg, his brother, Lt. A. C. Peters, saw him, and cried out, "Charley, you down?" Instantly the reply came: "Only stopped to rest." Such were the boys in blue who went from Maine.

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CAMPAIGN IV.

APRIL, 1897.

CALL 2.

THE TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

The Tenth New York Cavalry and the First Maine Cavalry served so many years in the same brigade and division, under the two glorious Greggs, that the enjoyment of one, even at this late day, is the joy of the other. We present a well known countenance of one of its members. Captain John T. Pratt of Chicago, colonel 1895-'96, and a few extracts from the speeches made at their last reunion, held at Buffalo, October 6. 7, and 8, 1896. This mention of the Tenth was intended for an earlier issue, but was crowded out; however, its qualities are so good that they improve with age, like good wine, and I think the reader will enjoy both the sparkle and bouquet of their assemblage.

Colonel E. M. Tuton of Bentley Creek, Penn., presided, and spoke as follows:

"It becomes my duty, by the authority of the Tenth New York Cavalry, to preside at this meeting, and I suppose that it naturally follows that I am expected to say something. Many of you know little of my history. I came to you sometime in the early part of 1864, about the time you veteranized. I enlisted in 1863, and came to you as a recruit. I have never regretted joining you. It has been a source of pride to me at all times, as I have looked back

through those years. Shortly after I joined you, Sheridan, the peerless perhaps one of the best cavalry generals ever known to civilizationtook command of the Army of the Potomac. Grant said of him: 'As a commander of troops, as a man capable of handling any number of men, there is no man living greater than Sheridan.' So, my friends, with Sheridan for a subject, and the Tenth New York Cavalry for a text, it seems to me I should not fail in words of credit to the cavalry service of the Army of the Potomac during my connection with it. History tells us that when Sheridan was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps he made inquiry of General Meade as to Stuart. Meade replied: 'Never mind about Stuart; he will do about as he has a mind to, anyhow.' You recollect that we crossed the Rapidan, and on the 9th of May, I think, the horsemen of the Army of the Potomac cut loose from it, and went forth under a leader whose soul was in the work, and in two days we had reached the railroads, ripped them up, and you know Stuart followed up our rear to the yellow tavern, where we fought, and the Southern cavalry were scattered to the winds, and Stuart, the pride of Virginia chivalry. went down before that valorous leader and the cavalry of which you



CAPT. JOHN T. PRATT.

and I were a part. It seems to me, my comrades, that was a glorious finish. Then there was the Trevellian raid. We went up there and each of you had a part and share in that experience. You know our record; you know what we did there, and you know the commendations we received; and I glory in our share of it. Then, again, you recollect we fell back and came around through Spottsylvania battle ground, down to the White House, and over across to the James, and our division, under the lead of the gallant, brave, cautious, but fearless Gregg, (applause), in whom every man in the Second Division who was a soldier, had confidence-you know what we did there. It is true we were forced to retreat, but retreat upon that occasion was the better part of valor. Before we retreated, however, the purpose for which we were sent had been accomplished. Then, again, you recollect our campaign on the southern side of the James, the Boynton plank road, the Jerusalem plank road, the Prince George Court House, Stony Creek, and many others in the early winter of 1865. All these campaigns you and I took part in, and then came the glorious, final triumph of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. If we can speak well of what the cavalry did before that, what can we say of the closing nine days' battle from Dinwiddie to Appomattox? Many of you took part in that work, and its history is not unknown to you. It is a crown of glory upon every comrade here."

The Chairman.-The next com-

rade I will introduce to you is Captain John P. White of Nebraska.

Comrade White.—"Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I want to say, there never was a man in the Tenth New York, or in the Army of the Potomac, or in the Army of the United States, who had greater love for you all than I have. My experience with you in the long term from 1861 to 1865, has endeared you all to me. I was there at the beginning. as you know, and I was there at the finish, as you know. This is the first opportunity I have since had of meeting you, but my heart has been with you ever. Out on the prairies of Dakota, when I was riding my plow, I was lost to my surroundings, and was here in Buffalo. I was in Syracuse, and I was with you all through those proceedings, and, as I say, I was lost to all surroundings there. I have always thought of you, and it has given me great satisfaction and great pleasure to have been remembered so kindly as I have been in your communications to me after each and every one of these reunions. To-night I have been living over again our whole experience with the grand old Army of the Potomac. I have been to Syracuse, where we joined Company A with my conrrades here, some of them, one of them who went with me. my dear old comrade. Mark Brownell. (Applause.) We were born in the same town, and his little wife was born on an adjoining farm, and she used to encourage us with her letters. I love to think of those ladies who helped us with their letters, and encouraged us while we were there. I

remember the band playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' - mine hasn't caught up yet. (Laughter.) I have been carried on through from the time we went to Elmira; from there to Gettysburg-I was there riding in the same seat with the first man who fell in the Tenth New York Cavalry, John R. Congdon. We had been home on a short leave of absence. to my home in Cortland, and I remember John had been in the hospital, and we joined at Elmira and went on to Gettysburg, and he was so glad to see the boys in a field there at Gettysburg. Mind you, this was away back in the first year of the war, and we were sent to Gettysburg to get us away from New York state, because we were going home on French furloughs-you know what those were-going home without asking. Little we dreamed in those days that there would be a Battle of Gettysburg, but we were going along on the cars, and as we approached Gettysburg, he stepped to the platform and waved his hat to the boys on drill in the field, and I saw his form flying past the window, for his head struck the bridge, and he was knocked from the train. The next day (Sunday) we buried him. was the first soldier buried in Gettysburg cemetery. We went from Gettysburg to Havre de Grace, and were stationed on the road from Baltimore to Haverstraw. It was our fortune to be at Back river, where the real battle was fought. On Back river there had been a wood schooner seized by a rebel company recruited in Baltimore. Lieutenant Weed of Company A, and eleven others of us-I was fortunate enough to be one of the eleven-took our old muskets that were left us there by the Fourth New York Infantry, and with one load in the musket and one in our pockets, we started out to put down the Rebellion. We plodded through the sand about seven or eight miles down Back river, and as we went through the woods we got sight of the detectives. We went to the edge of the river, and there we saw the schooner, and there were only one or two in sight. Of course they had a crew, the captain and a cook; but the crew was down below. and their forces were also hid. There were four or five skiffs moored beside the river, and we arranged, up behind the trees, just what skiffs we would go for. We broke for them. The gunwales of the skiffs were shallow, and pushing off and grasping and plying the oars as we did, we were constantly striking our knees. But we finally got there. As we got there an officer and one or two men pushed off from this wood schooner for the opposite shore. As we rowed up beside them, they flocked up from below on deck. I think there were twenty-six of them, but I am not positive of that. They gave a cheer for Jeff. Davis and the Confederates, and up went the old muskets. They didn't finish the cheer. If they had I guess we would have shot; but I was glad we didn't have occasion to shoot, for I think if those old muskets had gone off they would have kicked us all overboard, and would have been drowned in the mud. However, we went on board and ordered them below, and Lieu-

tenant Weed, afterwards Major Weed, put off to the other shore after those who had escaped, and in the meantime a revenue cutter had come up to the mouth of Back river to intercept these same fellows, and they saw Weed and his men, and thought they were the men who were trying to escape, and they ordered them to round to. Well, Weed didn't round to, and they put a little shot across his bow. rounded to. They found out that he was after the same parties they were, and he said he had captured the schooner and these men, and they all went after the other three, and afterwards captured them. waiting for them to return, we saw a carriage drive down to the water, and they unhitched the horse and tied it to a tree, and one or two of the boys put over there to see what they were after. It seems it was some of the friends of those Confederates, who had provisions for them. I was not one of the boys who went. They rowed over to the shore, and as soon as the people on shore saw they were boys in blue, they put for the woods, and left the carriage there, and the horse tied to the tree. The boys found that the baskets were well filled with boiled ham, and crackers. and sandwiches, and such things as that, and they brought them back. The detectives took the carriage and horse in their possession, and went to Baltimore. We tantalized the Confederates with the good things that were sent down to them; but we finally divided up with them. We showed that fraternity that our good Comrade Truman C. White

thinks we ought to show towards them. (Applause.) It was calm that night, and the marines hitched on, and our boat was towed down. We could n't sail, as there was no breeze, and they got us down near the mouth of the river; then the breeze sprung up, and we set sail and came out into Chesapeake bay, and there we met the revenue cutter. They came over to see us, and the officers of the cutter put two officers on board with us, and we set sail for Fort Henry, wasn't it? (A voice: 'Fort McHenry.') Well, we marched our prisoners up there and had a good breakfast, and then we were sent to General Wool's headquarters to report. We thought the Rebellion was crushed. General Wool came out and complimented us personally for the great deed we had done, and we started for Back river, about six or seven miles, and when we got there Company A was formed on either side of the road, and Joe Gay, the Irish bugler, as we called him, and Eli Kerner blew, as well as they could, 'Behold, the Conquering Heroes Come.'

"That was our first battle. Of course it was a bloodless battle, but we thought we had achieved a great victory, and we had no doubt but in a week or two we would be marching home. We were mistaken about that. It was three years after that before we came home. I have been carried back to-night all through those different marches and engagements from Leesburg to Appomattox, and at Appomattox, I am proud to say that the Tenth New York had the honor of making the last charge

ever made in the Rebellion. Captain Van Tuyle of my squadron was on that charge, and was captured on the last day. He had been a good soldier. We returned from there after the surrender, to Petersburg, and then made our long march down through North Carolina to join Sherman, when the news came that Johnston had surrendered. Then we We went marched back again. through Richmond just one year from the day that we had fought there, and where we left many of our dear comrades, the 11th of May, a year from the day that Stuart was laid low. Custer, you remember, commanded us on our return march from Petersburg to Washington, and his good wife accompanied him, and rode in the saddle by his side all the way. It has been my fortune to be located within sight, where I could look across the river to where Custer went forth to his death, and I can tell you the people of North Dakota have a great love for General Custer, whom we fought beside. I want to tell you a little incident that makes us old soldiers feel good, and shows that we are appreciated. I had been in poor health for many years in the East, and I went out to Dakota to rough it. I went out on a soldier's claim. I went there in 1883, and I lived there until three years ago, the time of the World's Fair, and I have not been East since. I could make five dollars and a half more a load for my wheat to haul it seventeen miles than I could two and a half miles at my own station, so I worked until eleven o'clock at night sacking my wheat, and then hauled it to the sta-

tion. On my way I drove up to a house to water my team, and a man came out, and he said, "What state you from?" I said, "New York." He said, "What county?" I said, " Cortland." He said, "I acquainted in Cortland county. have a brother-in-law there—Charley Darling." I said, "I am acquainted with him." He said, "Turn out your horses and come in and have dinner." Well, I went in to have dinner. It was about eleven o'clock, and as I went into the sitting-room I looked on the wall, and there I saw our dear old Lieutenant King's picture. asked him, "Are you any relation to Lieutenant King?" He said, "I should think so—he is my father." I said, "I was in the regiment with Lieutenant King." And then came in the daughter, a young lady, and she felt so pleased that there was a man there who had been in the regiment with grandpa. She said, "O Mamma, come here, quick. Here is a man who was in the regiment with Grandpa King." I tell you it made my heart burst with joy to think that we are all appreciated for what we tried to do. We had a good talk. Chester King was this man's namea member of the Eighth New York Cavalry. He told me about his brother-you remember the boy who was in our band, who beat the cymbals for us. He went home, and afterwards was commissioned in a colored regiment and served his time out.

The Chairman.—I will now introduce to you Comrade C. W. Wiles.

Comrade C. W. Wiles.—In September, 1780, West Point, on the

banks of the Hudson river, was commanded by an American soldier by the name of Benedict Arnold. The British Army lay south of the fort, and among its officers was one by the name of Major John Andre, an educated and brilliant man.

Arnold had communicated with the British commander, and informed him that for a certain amount of gold he would deliver the fort and garrison to the British.

Major Andre was disguised as a citizen and sent up the river in a boat to arrange with Arnold for the surrender of the fort. After a conference he missed the boat, and found that he must return to his army by land, and was given a pass by Arnold, through the American lines, which he safely passed; but outside of the lines he met three men who he supposed were British soldiers, and not being cautious, betrayed who he was, and they arrested him. When he found that they were American soldiers he offered them a gold watch and money to allow him to escape, but they brought him in and delivered him to their officers.

Arnold, in the mean time hearing of his arrest, made his escape in a boat, and reached the British lines. Andre was tried as a spy, and executed.

Those three American soldiers were Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams. The congress of the United States gave each of them an annuity of \$200, and a silver medal. On one side was engraved the word "Fidelity," and on the other, "Love of Country." As a further mark of esteem and honor, three counties in

the state of Ohio were named after them, a perpetual monument to their patriotism—Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams.

In 1864, when Jeff. Thompson and a party of Confederates were in Canada planning for a raid through Ohio and Indiana, to release the Confederate officer imprisoned at Johnson's island, near Sandusky, and create a diversion to draw our troops from the South, a Confederate officer. Captain Samuel B. Davis, who had been on duty at Libby prison, and who was a distant relative of Jefferson Davis, was detailed to make his way to Baltimore, Md., and Columbus, Ohio, and thence to Canada, to consult with Thompson and arrange for the raid into the states.

On his return after consultation with his friends at Columbus, on the train near Newark, O., two private soldiers recognized him, and after consulting together, they approached him and said, "Is your name Davis, and were you not an officer at Libby prison?" He assured them that they were mistaken, but they persisted that they saw him at the prison, and recognized him. So sure were they that they arrested him, and took him off the train at Newark, and turned him over to the provost marshal. That night, in the jail where he was confined, he burned in a stove a large number of papers which they failed to find on him.

He was taken to Cincinnati, tried at a court martial before Judge Advocate Colonel Bond, and sentenced to be shot as a spy.

Before his time for execution, by the influence of friends, the president commuted his sentence to imprisonment at Fort Warren, Boston, and after the war closed he was released.

A short time since, Colonel Bond, who is now a lawyer at Cincinnati, received a call from a fine looking stranger, who said to him, "You do not recognize me, I presume." Colonel Bond could not remember him, but the stranger said, "I am Captain Samuel B. Davis, whom you once sentenced to be shot." Colonel Bond, after some conversation, asked him to tell what his mission to Canada was, and whom he consulted with in Columbus, O. Captain Davis said, "I shall never tell what my journey was for, nor whom I saw, as they or their descendants are now living, and it would greatly embarrass them if I told what I know."

Amid the stirring events of that year, the simple act of these two soldiers was forgotten, and no one knows who they were. How different their reward from the three who captured Major Andre!

In answer to a letter of inquiry C. W. Wiles wrote as follows: "The

facts were mainly given to me by General J. S. Jones of this city, and I have no doubt they are authentic. You will see that the name is Samuel B. Davis, and General Jones informs me that he has no doubt the monument you refer to is for this same man, as he was a remarkably brilliant man, and his plea before the military court was one of the most eloquent ever heard. After his sentence, Senator Salisbury of Delaware, though of opposite politics from Mr. Lincoln, took up the case, and sent Mr. Lincoln a portion of his address before the court, and urged clemency for such an eloquent man, and the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and after the close of the war he was released.

Note. The similarity of the names, Samuel B. Davis and Samuel Davis, to whom the Confederate veterans are now using strenuous efforts to erect a monument, is so marked that the history of each of these men should be more fully presented, and we ask the attention of the editor of the Confederate Veteran to such endeavor. [Ed. Bugles.]

BUCKLAND MILLS.

By S. A. Clark, First Vermont Cavalry.

October 17 and 18, 1863. General Meade had pretty good evidence that Lee's army was falling back, evidently to make winter quarters. The cavalry under Pleasanton was at once thrown forward to find out Lee's direction and probable intentions. Lee had well covered his infantry movements by his cavalry under the

leadership of that prince of Southern cavalry leaders, J. E. B. Stuart. A few days before this event at Brandy Station, Killpatrick and Buford had crossed sabres with Stuart, somewhat to the discomfort of Stuart. But to-day matters were somehow changed. Stuart had some 7,000 men to Killpatrick's 3.500. The

morning of October 19, 1863, Killpatrick was instructed to push forward on the Warrenton pike to try to develop the enemy's position. Mead, with his army, was to follow up. The Second corps was to move on the left to protect Killpatrick's flank. It seems the movements of both sides were more or less a mistake, as neither army seemed to have the information it should to make a successful move. When Killpatrick began his advance Stuart was at Buckland with Hampton's division. Fitzhugh Lee with his division was at Auburn. Stuart, with Hampton's division, fell back before Killpatrick's advance, hoping to draw him far enough so that Lee, with his division, could strike his rear, and together they expected to crush him. It was a well planned scheme, and only lacked a little of success. What that little was we shall see. Custer having the advance, forced the passage of Broad Run, at Buckland Mills, stopping here to feed his horses. Killpatrick took Davis's Brigade and pushed on to, and bevond, New Baltimore after Stuart. Even when Killpatrick started, Fitzhugh Lee's column was in sight, loitering along the edge of the woods, waiting for Killpatrick to get a good start, so he could more effectually cut him off. Killpatrick, seeing the troopers of Lee, supposed them to be his flank protectors, as he was apprised troops would be sent for that purpose. Killpatrick, of course, gave no further thought to his flank, but pressed on after Stuart. Fitzhugh Lee, from his position, no doubt could not see all of Custer's brigade, and supposed the men he saw were just rear guard feeding their horses. Lee's and Killpatrick's suppositions were at fault, and well-nigh cost them dear, as Lee came out in sight of Buckland Mills, and he was somewhat surprised to see Custer in his path. Nothing daunted, Lee threw out a skirmish line a mile long, stoutly supported by mounted men, and attacked Custer at once. Custer had no alternative but fight or run, and he was not of the running kind, and at once made preparation to fight. Custer formed his line with his left resting on Broad Run, where he posted a section of Pennington's guns, supported by the First Vermont cavalry. His right extended through a woods and along a ridge on which he placed the balance of his battery. Custer hardly had his men in position before Lee struck him. At the first sound of Lee's guns Stuart turned upon Davis and Killpatrick, attacking them in front and flank, forcing them back to Buckland, inflicting serious loss, and causing quite a stampede. stampede placed Custer's flank in a very critical position, and his line had to be quickly withdrawn to meet the new emergency. Pennington's guns kept up a raking fire until the enemy were within twenty yards of the guns on the right. They then limbered up and took the guns across the run. Custer and Pennington in person were with the left flank when the attack began.

The two guns on the left were protected by two companies of the First Vermont, and they were getting pretty well crowded when Lieuten-

ant-Colonel Preston, taking Lieutenant Clark of Company F, who was commanding Company L at this time, made a dash into the woods to the left of the guns, and began such a holloaing, cheering and firing our revolvers rapidly, as to convey the impression that a heavy flanking party was on Lee's flank. The ruse worked long enough for Pennington to limber up his guns and fall back, which he did, Custer in person with the First Vermont, fighting every foot. Though pressed in flank, and nearly in their rear, they kept with the guns, and crossed the run in fairly good shape. There was no denying Killpatrick's division was pretty well scattered, but Custer, with his men, was in no way demoralized, although pretty well squeezed. McClellan, in the "Life of Stuart," says: "Custer was a hard fighter, even in retreat, and he succeeded in saving his artillery, and recrossed Broad Run without serious disorder."

Returning to Lieutenant-Colonel Preston and the men with him:-When Custer fell back with the guns, Lee's men came down the road on which we were making such a fuss, a brigade strong, paying little heed to us, as the run was said to be impassable, and they felt pretty sure of us. They were on our flank and front, and felt sure they could take us in later. It looked very much that way to Preston and myself. But we worked on the plan of "not captured until you are caught." Colonel Preston placed the men in compact form, making a bold front, and requested me to look for a crossing of the run. Good luck showed us a crossing, which was an old mill race or something of the kind.

We quickly passed over a few men, dismounting them to protect the crossing of the balance of the men, which was quickly and quietly done. It was now getting dark, and we found ourselves in a thicket of scrub pines, equally hid from view of the enemy as of our own men. By going single file, and twisting and turning, and guessing at our direction from the sound of firing, we kept moving until we came near the main pike, on which we saw troops moving by in the dusk. We could not distinguish who or what they were. Keeping our men in the shade of the woods, Colonel Preston rode forward and discovered the troops to be the Sixth Corps, just relieving Custer's tired men on the pike. The Sixth Corps quickly sent Stuart the other way. We were not long in finding our regiment, who were somewhat surprised to see us, as they felt sure we had been captured. We were equally glad to find ourselves safe with so little loss. I think one or two men were captured. All the men with Colonel Preston that night were every inch heroes. time after that event, General Killpatrick called a counsel of the officers of the division at his headquarters, and explained how he was taken in by Stuart. Owing to his instructions from headquarters, he thought his flank would be protected. After explanations and congratulations, a lively evening was spent at Killpatrick's headquarters.

THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATE INFANTRY.

The history of this regiment from its organization till the midsummer of 1862, is set forth in a piquant manner in letters written by Jesse W. Reid to his wife. These letters. by their presentation of the local atmosphere and environment of the events, are valuable and interesting. With the consent of the author, a few are given for an insight into the Battles of Bull Run, and a complete sepresented, showing the auence movements of the regiment on the Peninsular, and the battles of that campaign. These letters have the literary merit of raciness, and a certain rough flavor of the soil which adds to their descriptive value. Mr. Reid, now old and destitute, was a typical soldier of the lost cause, uneducated, but possessed of plenty of mother wit. He was nearly forty years old when in the war, and in his second term of service took his son with him, who served till April o, 1865, and surrendered at Appomattox Court House. The next day this son was taken sick with measles and carried with the sick to Farmville, where he remained until sent to Greenville, S. C., where he arrived May 20, 1865. His parents had not heard from him after the surrender, and supposed him dead.

War records and histories of the South are scarce, and few in comparison with those of the North. This history of the Fourth South Carolina, by the diary and letters of J. W. Reid, is commendable, as com-

ing from the trenches, camps and battle-fields, and written by a Confederate private. It discloses, better than anything before in print, the sentiments and feelings of a typical Confederate soldier. It will be read with interest by old Union soldiers.

S. S. Crittenden of Greenville, S. C., who has charge of the publication, which he offers to the public at fifty cents per copy, writes:—"The author is destitute, and occasionally a pathetic figure upon our streets." The last chapter in the book shows a similar pathos, as it portrays the wandering of the aged veteran, mourning the loss of wife and home.

Prince William County, Va., July 23d, 1861.

I scarcely know how to begin, so much has transpired since I wrote to you last; but, thank God, I have come through it all safe, and am now here to try and tell you something about the things that have just happened. As you have already been informed, we were expecting a big fight. It came; it is over; the enemy is gone. We left Camp Holcomb the day that I finished my last letter to you, the 17th inst., and by a rather forced march got to this place the same day. On the 18th, a battle was fought four miles from here, at a place called McLane's Ford, which would have been called a big battle in any of our previous wars. Our men drove the enemy back. give any of the details, as our regiment was not in it, but bad as it was,

it was only a skirmish by the side of the one we have just had at this place. On Saturday last, the 20th, it became evident that the longlooked-for battle was approaching. I need not undertake to describe to you the terrors of a big battle, so that you could comprehend how awful the sight, and how terrible the sound is, or would be to you. The very best of historians, or writers of any kind, would fall short in doing so, and of course it would not reasonably be expected of me to do so; but I will now proceed to give facts as they occurred under my own observation. On Saturday night I happened to be on guard. It also happened that I was on post (or vidette) just before day on Sunday morning at which time those of us on post nearest the big road heard the enemy approaching. We gave the alarm, and in few minutes the regiment was formed in line of battle on the hill overlooking Stone Bridge, on Bull Run creek. This was just about daylight. The enemy did not keep us long waiting. Just at six o'clock they fired their first gun (a cannon). It went over us, and in a few moments afterwards a regular firing was going on. Language fails me in giving a description of last Sunday's It seems almost a miracle that I could remain ten long hours in such a battle and now be here, unhurt, writing to you; but such is nevertheless the case. An unseen hand has carried me through safe. When the battle commenced, the only troops on the ground were Wheat's Battalion, of Louisiana, and the

Fourth Regiment of South Carolinians, commanded by Colonel J. B. E. Sloan, of which regiment you are aware that I am a member. These troops were placed as follows: Six companies of our regiment were placed on the hill, as above stated. Captain Dean's company, to which I belong, and Captain Humphry's company were placed at the foot of the hill, some two hundred yards in rear of the regiment, to act as referee. Captain Anderson's and Captain Killpatrick's companies were placed the one above, and the other below, the bridge, in advance of the regiment, to act as skirmishers. Wheat's Battalion was placed a half mile or so up the creek to our left. This was precisely the position of what troops were here when the battle commenced, as above stated. half past seven a regular firing was going on, and our cannons were only two in number, all we had at that time. About this time it was ascertained that several thousand of the enemy had crossed the creek higher up and had attacked Wheat's Battalion in large numbers. At this juncture the six companies under Colonel Sloan were ordered by General Evans to go to Wheat's assistance. The two companies of regulars (to which, remember, I belonged) were ordered to occupy the position that had been occupied by the other six companies on the hill. Just after this our reinforcements commenced coming in to Wheat's assistance, but none to our assistance on the hill overlooking Stone bridge. By this time the battle became pretty hot, the enemy

still advancing in large numbers. Our reinforcements were also coming in rapidly by this time. The firing had not ceased for a moment from the time it first commenced; the balls and shells poured amongst us like hail. About 12 o'clock two small cannons came to our assistance (we on the hill). They fired a few rounds only, the enemy advancing in such overwhelming numbers that the ten cannons ceased firing, and was compelled to fall back. The two companies above mentioned also fell back a few hundred yards. We had not left our position but a few minutes till the enemy was occupying the position that we had just left. All this time the battle was raging tremendously, higher up the creek. The enemy had crossed the creek by thousands, but our men up there were standing their ground bravely. I did not know how or at what time Killpatrick's and Anderson's companies got away from the creek, but they did get away somehow, and fought till the battle ended in another part of the field. A little after roclock our two companies got around to where the hottest of the fight was going on, and there remained amid sulphur and smoke, balls and shells, death and carnage, until the battle ended, late in the evening, because we failed any longer to find a foe to fight. They were gone. The victory was complete. We are now occupying the same ground that we did before the battle. As this letter can't go before to-morrow, I will finish in the morning.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION OR INVASION, GERMANTOWN, FAIRFAX Co., Va., Sunday Morning, 10 o'clock, August 18, 1861.

Last night, after I laid down, Mr. Phillips called me up to read a letter for him that he had got from home. On opening it, I found a few lines in it that you sent to me. It is unnecessary for me to say how magnificent it made me feel. You say that you were to trade with old Tom Appler for a cow. My advice is to do so if you can, for the cow would certainly be of more service than the horse. You also say that you have a good many watermelons, but that they do you no good because I am not there to help eat them. Don't let that make any difference, for I have something here that I would like to divide with you; but as we can't divide what we have, we will strike off even, and each one partake of what we have, and eat it with as much relish as we can. I have a good mess of beans to-day, and can get more any time I want them by paying for them. I also have apple pie very often. Peaches are not ripe here yet. I also get plenty of roasting ears. I have eaten beef till, if you were to see me, you would take me for a Virginia bull. In this letter I send you two kinds of tomato seed; one kind is as large as my fist; the other kind is small, and has a neck like daddie's powder gourd. I suppose that you think I write mighty often; so I do; but I also suppose that I don't write any oftener than you want to hear from me, and

especially at a time when there is so much sickness amongst us. The most fatal complaint among us now is measles, and as you already know, I have had them. I have had the measles, the mumps, the whoopingcough, the itch, the scald head, the hives, the thrash, and all those little fancy complaints; so I don't know that I need fear from anything now but thunder, Yankee missiles and typhoid fever and hypocondria. mess are all sick, more or less; the most of them less. Jim Loftin and myself are the only ones of my mess that are complaining of being well. I have no war news. Everything is as dry as a bone, and it is painfully hot. I have no doubt but you read a great many exciting things in the paper; but let me assure you that all that is in the papers are not Gospel truths. I told you in my last letter that I was out of money, but that the Lord would provide, and so He did. He and Jeff Davis and company on vesterday drew five dollars in Virginia shinplasters that are not worth a fig outside of Virginia, but they will pay postage anyhow. I will write again soon.

> Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, GERMAN-TOWN, VA., September 4th, 1861. A HISTORY OF POCKET KNIVES.

I have two pocket knives—one a white pearl handle, the other a black handle. I aim the white handle for you, the other for Irving. The white-handled one I found while at Leesburg, and could find no owner; the black-handled one I got as follows:

I was walking over what I could of the battle-field, late in the evening, after the battle, and came across a Federal soldier shot through the bowels. The knife was laying close to him. I picked it up and offered it to him. His reply was, "Keep it, friend; I shall need it no more; I am mortally wounded and cannot live to see another sunrise." I gave him a drink of water from my canteen, which I had just filled, and told him that I had some of my friends to see after that evening. He then gave me a package of letters, requesting me to destroy them. I promised to do so and did so. He said that I had given him his last drink of water. Next morning I found him dead, with another letter lying on his breast. I opened it and read it, and from the tone of it supposed it to be from his wife; it was at least some female, who advised him to meet her in Heaven, if they never met on earth again. They never met. I hope they may meet in Heaven. He told me that he was a regular from the State of Maine, but I cannot recollect his name. Could it be possible that my bullet hit him? I hope not, but I fought right in front of where he was. I left him for other scenes equally distressing, and destroyed his last and, I suppose, most cherished letter. This is some of the history of our cruel war. When will it ever end? Our advanced pickets are within five miles of Washington City, and are skirmishing every day with the pickets of the enemy. There is no telling what it may lead to. I at this moment hear cannon firing in that direction. Oh, dear me, I have a kind of dull headache. If I have to close this letter abruptly you may know where I am.

EVENING. 5 O'CLOCK.—I have had news from that firing. It was some of our men trying to drive a portion of the enemy from a position that they were occupying between here and Washington. They succeeded in doing so. I have not heard what the loss was on either side.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

Army of Occupation or Invasion, Germantown, Fairfax Co., Va., September 11, 1861.

I have just received a letter from W. P. Brown, in which he informs me that you are well and doing well. I also got a letter from Silas Crow. He informs me that he saw you on the 31st of August. He also says that you are well. Everything about us is as it was when I wrote last, all quiet; but it cannot remain so always, and the sooner it changes, the better; for if I remain in this place inactive much longer, I will turn to a high land terrapin or an oyster. My idea is that the sooner we fight, the better. There is bigger and perhaps lousier heads here than mine, but still I have head enough to form my own conclusions and my own ideas about things. I am glad cool weather is coming. The first thing we all know Christmas will be here, and then it will not be very long till the glorious 14th of April will be here.

As to my own part, I am ready, willing and wanting to take another crack or two at the Yankee Doodles and let them take a crack at me.

Just as I wrote the above we were called out to drill, and here is a list of those of my company present: Peter Brown, John Manning, and J. W. Reid. Sergeant G. W. Belcher was our officer in command. Such as this is a little disheartening, even to a soldier, but I am well aware that the greater portion of the men are not dangerously sick. Quite the reverse. But those on guard vesterday and the guard of to-day were excusable, according to army regulations. from drilling; so that there were about ten in all that were able and willing to drill or do duty of any kind. I will be on guard to-morrow.

If you don't mind I will be as good a cook when I come home as you are. I am chief cook and bottle washer here now. I now have some pig, or mule—I don't know which—on cooking for dinner. I am going to stew it down, so that I can have some sop—vulgarly called gravy. I always want to use the best language that I can, and therefore I call it by its grammatical name, sop.

THIRTY MILES BELOW RICHMOND, VA., May 11, 1862.

An unseen hand has carried me safely through another storm of balls, shell and other missiles of death and destruction, and I am here to-day not only able to write, but unhurt and untouched by an enemy's weapon. Nothing less than God could have carried me safely through such an awful day, a day I never can forget. I presume you have already heard from this battle, though not from me. I know your apprehension and anxiety concerning me, but the army has been marching ever since the battle.

I have had no opportunity of writing until now, and even if I had had an opportunity I could not have written for want of paper. You see this is written upon the blank pages of a memorandum book.

I will begin at the first and tell you as nearly as I can how it has been with us since I last wrote you.

All the troops about Yorktown left camp just after dark on Saturday night, and marched loiteringly all night, only getting about ten miles from camp. On Sunday, the 4th, we traveled about twelve miles. My battalion passed Williamsburg about four miles and put up for camp. The enemy was close behind our rear guard all day, and late in the evening there was a considerable skirmish with them near Williamsburg. About an hour after dark we, (that is, Mattison's battalion), were sent back below Williamsburg on picket guard, after traveling all day and the night before. It was a very dark night, cloudy and drizzling rain. We nearly ran into the enemy's lines before we knew it. Three men were put at each post, with orders to stay awake all night, and for one of us to crawl out toward the enemy's lines, and find out, if possible, their position. I crawled out to a fence about one hundred yards in the rear of my post two or three times through the night. I could distinctly hear them talking while at the fence, but could see nothing on account of the darkness.

Thus we passed the night of the 4th of May, the rain descending slowly. Just at daylight the enemy commenced snapping caps on their guns—to dry the tubes, I suppose.

I will admit that I never felt so nervous in my life. I did not feel half as badly when the battle was regularly opened. I never shall forget the bursting of those caps.

A little after daylight they appeared in large numbers and soon attacked. We held our ground as long as possible, giving them as good as they sent, until about 7 o'clock, when they came in such overwhelming numbers as to force us back on our main lines, a distance of about six hundred yards, with the loss of several of our men. I lost all my clothing and blankets. In falling back, we had a slanting hill to go down and when we got to the foot of it our artillery opened fire on the enemy over our heads. This stopped them from following us. We then took a circuitous route, so as not to be in the way of the artillery, finally got around and went into the fort, near the main road to Williamsburg. While skirmishing that morning, we left several men killed or wounded, who fell into the enemy's hands. While Thomas Stacks and another man were carrying off Archibald Sadler, who was wounded, the man who was helping was shot dead and a Miniè ball struck Stack's canteen and tore it all to pieces. Stacks left Saddler, and he is now in the enemy's' hands. He is badly wounded. A ball went through my overcoat, but did not graze the skin.

The fort into which we went is called Fort Richmond. We (Mattison's battalion) remained in the fort amid a storm of shell, cannon and musket balls until late in the evening.

The fighting was going on all this time to our right and left without a moment's intermission. The noise was deafening. The sight was sickening. A continual roaring was going on the full length of our line. Oh, the slaughter that was made that day—the slaughter of human beings, brother against brother.

The fort, as I have said, was on the main road, and it was here that the heaviest attack was made, but the nine pieces artillery we had in the fort and the infantry backing it kept the enemy at a distance all day. Two or three times during the day they attempted to charge and drive us out of the fort, but were just as often repulsed with heavy loss. Late in the evening a brigade or two of our men came up from our right wing and engaged the enemy directly in front of us. At this juncture of afiairs our battalion was taken out of the fort and ordered to storm a fort the enemy were in possession of, up to our left. We obeyed the order, and with a corporal's guard undertook to storm a fort well supplied with artillery, and perhaps ten times our number of infantry to back them. We made a bold but unsuccessful effort to drive them out, and being repulsed, filed off into a strip of woods somewhat out of range of their guns. Just after this a whole brigade of our men made a charge on the fort, but were driven back with considerable loss. Our battalion had also lost several men. One of my company named Grantt Milford had his leg shot off at the thigh and died in a few minutes. While we were lying flat on the ground, a cannon ball struck about two feet from Willis Dickson, going under the ground, and raising him off the ground a foot or more, but not hurting him seriously. There were a great many narrow escapes.

About the time that brigade made its unsuccessful charge, night came on and ended the slaughter.

We had then been marching, or fighting, or on guard, two days and nights, and I was completely broken down. It had also been raining the greater part of the time. My clothing was wet, my body nearly frozen, and in this condition we were again ordered on guard. We were ordered to go into an empty fort and remain there as a guard. I flatly refused to go in the condition in which I was. I would have died first. I left ranks and went to a house in Williamsburg, where I remained all night, of which I shall try to give you a description hereafter.

I shall not undertake a description of the battle. A description of one is a description of all big battles. I will only remark that the firing did not cease for a moment from early dawn until dark, in fact, firing was going on in places until after dark. The losses on both sides were heavy. When the battle ended each army occupied about the same position they had at the beginning. I will give you my opinion about it hereafter.

Yours as ever,

J. W. Reid.

THIRTY MILES BELOW RICHMOND, VA. May 11, 1862.—

I stated in my last letter that I refused to go on guard the night after the fight. I plainly but modestly told

my officer that I could not and would not go. An officer, whose name I shall not mention, told me to step out of rank and say nothing about it, and that he would say nothing. The darkness favored me in getting away unnoticed, so I gave myself the word of command, "About face," deployed off in single file, and made my way to Williamsburg, about half a mile away. I found the people had vacated their houses, but badly as I felt, I did not take the liberty of going into a house without leave from some one. I finally found an old negro in a kitchen, cooking his supper. I said, "Uncle, can I stay by your fire to-night? I'm very tired, wet, and cold, and I need a little sleep." "Yas, boss, more'n welcome. I's heah by myself, sah, and will be glad of a little company. If you is an Infedret so'ger, come in, sah. I guess you knows how to 'have yo'self, sah;" I told him that before the war, I had some faint idea of good behavior, but that under existing circumstances I hardly knew whether I could behave myself inside a house or not, as I had not been in one for a good while, and had not slept in one for more than a year, but that at any rate I would treat him civilly. "Come in, boss, I knows you's a ge'man by de way you looks an' talks. 'Spec' you'd like sump'n ter eat. Take a seat by de fire, sar, an' I'll have it ready terrecly. De white folks is all gone up towards Richmond, an' da tole me dat if any o' de Infedret so'gers come here to give 'em anything they wanted, sar."

I took the good old darky at his

word, and was soon at a good fire, drying myself and eating a snack. I lay down by the fire and got as good a night's sleep as I ever had. In the mean time five others of my command had come in, and they also remained all night. Next morning about sunrise I walked out into the vard, and behold! the town was full of the enemy, but none of them had quite gotten up to where we were. Our army was gone. I called up the other men and hastily evacuated Williamsburg. In passing the suburbs of the town, we found a large quantity of clothing and blankets some of our men had left. I got as much as I wanted and went my way rejoicing. I had returned the things I borrowed from the enemy on the 21st of July last, but now I am about as well off as before the fight. Of all the mud I ever saw, we trudged through it that morning. My overcoat draggled in it. It was about the consistency of fritter batter, and knee-deep. There was no way of getting around it. After going about two miles, we overtook the battalion, acting as rear guard as usual. We joined them and waded on. We traveled all day and until some time after night. That day Captain Hall got sick and had to stop. I stayed with him until a wagon happened along, and I got him into it. This wagon had been delayed in some way. Our wagons were in front.

After we had camped that night, we drew some flour, but had no way of making up dough or baking it. I made up some of it on my oil-cloth, and baked it in a tin plate I always carry with me. I put it up before

the fire, Johnny-cake fashion, and, behold! it was good. Most of the men were so worn out they did not attempt to cook, but lay down and went to sleep. Just after I lay down, orders came to go to the ordnance wagon, about three hundred yards off, and draw cartridges, as the enemy were fast approaching. Not a man of my company could be stirred. I went by myself and got a hundred-pound box of cartridges for my company. I might as well have brought acorns to them then. It was now about two o'clock. I then told some of the boys not to disturb me until I woke of my own accord, orders or no orders, unless the enemy were upon us, lay down and went to sleep. About 8 o'clock next morning I awoke refreshed, and in a short time resumed the march, the enemy following close in our rear.

Do n't be alarmed. Yours as ever, I. W. Reid.

CAMP TYLER, VA., May 14, 1862.

When I wrote my last letter, on the 11th, we were on the march. continued marching day and night until we reached this place. have had a dreadful time of it. are near the Chickahominy river, and our camp is in sight of President Tyler's home. Tyler died in Richmond since I came to Virginia. We are not very far from Jamestown, the oldest town in the United States (un-united, at present). I am anxious to see the place and perhaps may see it as we go on to Richmond, for I fully believe that is our objective point, or in the neighborhood of it. It was on this little river (the Chickahominy) that the Indian girl, Pocahontas, saved the life of Captain Smith, before this country was settled. Pocahontas afterwards married Captain Rolfe, an Englishman, and visited England with him. But these are not the times I am writing about, or, at least, I should not be.

I believe that in my statement of the fight at Williamsburg, I failed to state that a considerable portion of the enemy were making their way up the James and York rivers so as to cut us off from Richmond, but some of our forces at West Point and at some point on the James river, the name of which I have not learned, were keeping them back, and it was fortunate for us that they did so, for it would have been "Farewell, landlord; farewell, Jerry," with us if they had landed. Of course, we will have more fighting to do, and that soon, but I am getting like a man I once knew in Edgefield, when speaking of the torments of the wicked after death. He was of opinion that they would get so used to the discomforts of their abode that they would cease to mind it. I have gotten so used to fighting that I do not mind it much.

I bought three pounds of manufactured tobacco last night—the best I ever saw. I am chewing it now. It rained all night last night. I stuck up some sticks, put up my oil-cloth, and kept myself dry. I let Rufus McLees stay with me. He is sick.

I have just this moment learned that the enemy has driven in our pickets. We shall have to fight or "skeedaddle." If we fight, I will write when it is over, if living; should

we do the other thing, will drop you a line when we halt. I prefer the skeedaddling if I could have it my way.

I hear heavy firing down toward West Point. The doctrine of Hardshellism teaches that what is to be will be. Perhaps there is truth in predestination.

I am almost bomb proof, but if it is foreordained that I shall die to-day, tell your people that Jesse died at his post.

Nothing more until McClellan comes. Firing continues.

Yours as ever,

J. W. REID.

Camp five miles below Richmond, Va.,

Tuesday, May 20, 1862, 2 p. m.

I told you in my last letter we would either fight or skeedaddle, as the enemy had driven in our pickets. Sure enough, on the next morning, the 15th, we skipped and crossed the Chickaheminy river, not far, it is said, from the spot where Pocahontas performed her act of heroism over two hundred years ago. We came on some eight or ten miles, and camped in the woods during a hard rain.

The next morning before daylight we resumed the march. We had just drawn some flour, and most of us had made dough, indulging in the anticipation of a good breakfast. I had saved a little coffee for a rainy day, and this was a day that answered that description. We had eaten nothing the day before, and the rain kept us from cooking anything that night. Just about the time our dough was ready to cook,

orders came for us to march, as the enemy were nearer to us than we wished them to be. That day we passed Fort Holly, or Holland, and about 10 o'clock halted in an old field, and then I baked my dough. which I had brought with me. Most of the boys had thrown theirs away. I used my tin plate again, made some coffee, and fared sumptuously, eating like a half-starved Bengal tiger. We came on that day to Laurel church. Nothing worthy of note occurred while there, except that one of our boys was made to mark time on the steps of the church for a turn of two hours, for shooting at a squirrel (which he missed), it being against orders to fire a gun at that time. It was ludicrous to see him at it, but I felt truly sorry for him.

We left Laurel church and came to this place, a distance of one and a half miles. We are not far from Drury's Bluff, on the James river, and but a short distance from Richmond. There is trouble ahead of us, and we can't tell what a day may bring forth. Try to keep in good spirits and I will do the same.

Yours as ever,

J. W. REID.

Richmond, Va., May 29, 1862.

We left camp near Drury's Bluff on the 27th, and came on this place. We are now almost in the city of Richmond, on the side next to the York river. A fight was looked for yesterday, but it has not come off as yet, though hourly expected. There is heavy skirmishing going on nearly all the time in plain hearing of me. The enemy is said to be in possession

of Hanover Station, a few miles above here. A general engagement, such as has never been in modern times, is imminent. Both armies are very large, the enemy's forces being the largest. But we have great confidence in our generals, and in ourselves, too. I think we will most assuredly drive them back, but it will cost us something. More men will be engaged in this battle, should it open, than have ever been before in modern warfare, the great armies of Napoleon not excepted. A battle with ten or twenty thousand men engaged is called a skirmish. We read and boast of the great battles fought by Washington and others. Washington never had more than fifteen or twenty thousand men with him at any one time, and never fought as big a battle as that of Williamsburg, the other day, and that was a skirmish compared to the one now pending.

The armies will be counted by hundreds of thousands. I apprehend that before this letter ends there will be more men killed than Washington or Lord Cornwallis had in their combined armies.

I see but little in the papers about our fight at Williamsburg. I suppose the reason is that we fell back from our position. Now, the reason for our doing so is very plain to me. I think it was not because we were worsted in the fight, but that the enemy were trying to force their way up the rivers to cut us off from Richmond. And again, I believe our generals were falling back on Richmond, in order to shorten our lines. A good piece of generalship it was,

too, though I have no doubt it will be currently reported we were whipped. I am not whipped yet. I think we'll change this tune if the engagement takes place. The enemy cannot get above us on the river. To do so they will be obliged to go by land, and if they do that they will encounter a Stonewall that they cannot scale. It is Stonewall Jackson, who is harder to manage than granite rock.

I forgot to mention that we drove the enemy back from Drury's Bluff, badly damaged, as well as from West Point.

I have just gotten information that Stonewall Jackson has administered another flogging to the enemy. Hurrah for Jackson! And report says that he took four thousand prisoners. Another report says twentyeight hundred. I split the difference, and say three thousand, and risk stretching my blanket; but I suppose he did take one full regiment of infantry, which was from Maryland, and a regiment of cavalry from -(confound the name of the place, I am so forgetful)—anyhow, they are from Europe. I know this much is true, for they have just been brought to Richmond as prisoners of war. The latest news I heard from Jackson was that he was playing the devil with the enemy at Harper's Ferry. It is thought Jackson will see Washington city by the time Lincoln sees Richmond, Va. It is also said that Jackson has possession of a portion of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

No more news at present, but there will undoubtedly be some for me or some one else to tell, before long. Keep cool. Yours as ever,

J. W. REID.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 2, 1862.

Though the earth has again trembled with the boom of cannon, and the atmosphere been darkened by dust and smoke, I am still here, and strange to say, am unhurt.

To begin at the first, I will say that on the night of the 30th of May a tremendous rain fell, and it was reasonable to suppose that the Chickahominy would be very much swollen; and as it was understood that a division or two of the enemy were on this side of the river, it was very reasonable to suppose that they could not recross to the other side in the swollen condition of the stream. Neither was it probable that they could be reinforced from the other side. This, I believe, is the reason the attack was made by General Johnson. (This, you understand, is merely a supposition, but I think it very reasonable.) Let the causes have been what they may, the attack was made, the results of which I will endeavor to describe.

As I have said, a tremendous rain fell on the night of the 30th, and we found it impossible to cook anything for supper. I can say, for my part, that I was wolfishly hungry in consequence. Indeed, I could not sleep comfortably with an empty stomach, and got up about two o'clock, made a fire and put some peas on to cook. The peas were so black they would have made good ink. About the time they were pretty well done I heard the familiar sound of the long roll beating at General Longstreet's headquarters, and in a few minutes it was beating at the headquarters of

the different brigades and regiments. I knew what was up. I called some of the boys and told them what was going on. Just then that awful, solemn roll that has called so many of them to gory beds, took up the peal, and thundered in midnight gloom from our own camp. The sound of galloping hoofs resounded on all sides, as couriers dashed away with orders to the different headquarters. I felt a little lonesome when the long roll beat from our headquarters. In a short time all hands and the cook (myself, on this occasion), were up, and getting on equipments. order came to be ready to march at daybreak.

Everything was in confusion and uproar, but notwithstanding this I ate my peas, and felt ready for anything.

Early in the morning of the 31st of May all was in readiness. The wagons were brought, and orders given that one man from each company should be detailed to remain and see that everything was loaded. The wagons were to remain until further orders. I was detailed from my company. I saw that everything was loaded. As I have said, the wagons were to remain in camp, for no one knew how the battle would end. I thought I did, but I did not. So my command took up the line of march and left me in camp.

After the loading was finished, being under no orders, we would have been excusable in remaining, but not caring to stay out of a fight simply because I could do so, I determined to go on and risk my chances with the balance. Accord-

ingly, about eight o'clock, Wheeler Gilmore (who was detailed from another company), and myself started alone to overtake our command. We came up with our battalion in an old field, where they were leaving all the baggage they had brought with them, preparatory to going into action. The firing had already commenced but a few hundred yards in our front. We joined our decimated company, and went on to receive at the very first the deadliest fire any company of men ever received.

Remember hereafter, that when I speak of our command I mean Mattison's battalion, which is now a mere corporal's guard.

We marched through a pine thicket, along a big road, and then through an old field, and right in front of us was a battery of nine cannon, supported by a considerable force of infantry. They were but a few hundred yards in advance of us, and immediately opened fire. Our numbers being so small, we made a flank movement to our left, making for a thick piece of woods that was but a short distance away, as we thought we would be sheltered from the storm of ball and shell which played havoc in our ranks.

We were every moment expecting reinforcements. I knew they would come to our assistance soon, for I had passed them on the road.

When we had got within thirty yards of the woods, a large force of the enemy, who were hidden in the underbrush, rose up as though springing out of the ground, and poured among us the most destructive fire we have yet experienced.

Of my own company of ten or twelve men, George Driver was shot in the mouth and killed, Judd McLees, killed, shot in the head; Wheeler Gilmore, mortally wounded, besides several others more or less injured. Elijah Herring was slightly wounded and fatally scared. Of the battalion, Major Mattison was wounded, Captain Griffin killed, Adjutant S. S. Crittenden wounded, both the Harlans wounded, and so many others killed and wounded that I cannot at present give their names.

All this was done in less than ten minutes. When Major Mattison fell some one called out, "Retreat." My captain, D. L. Hall, and about ten others of my company, were all there were left of us. The other companies of the battalion, what was left of them, remained, and we did what shooting we could while lying on the ground amongst our dead and wounded comrades.

It was but a short time before the expected reinforcements joined us, when we drove the enemy out of the woods with considerable loss on their side.

We in the centre kept driving the enemy back slowly until they got to their camp, where they made a bold stand, but they could not stand the Southern charge. They finally gave way and left all their camp equipage behind them. We followed them about a mile further, when night came on, and the slaughter ceased. We got a good many cannon and small arms, and a great many other things unnecessary to mention. We took between five hundred and one thousand prisoners; I am not certain of the exact number.

Honesty compels me to say that the wings of the Federal army did not give back as did the centre, and that threw us into a crescent or horse-shoe position, being in advance of both wings of the Federal army, and on that account alone we came back that night to where the fight commenced.

There was some firing on the Federal wings that night, and a few shots next morning, but the great fight of Seven Pines was ended.

General Johnston is badly wounded. I don't know, as yet, who will succeed him, but it is said that it will be R. E. Lee of Virginia. I know but little about him. They say he is a good general, but I doubt his being better than Johnston or Longstreet.

This is the first fight we have had that our side made the attack, and if it is a victory I never want to be in a battle that is not a victory.

We got a great many provisions of all kinds in their camp, bacon, flour, sugar, coffee (already ground and sweetened), and almost every other kind of dainty, besides several barrels of whiskey, one of which had a bullet hole in it, from which several of the men filled their canteens. My old friend, J. J. Pitts, when he had got himself and his canteen both full, thought himself as rich as John Jacob Astor.

Among other things I got, and by the way, not before I needed it, was a hat, new for me, but somewhat frazzled by its original owner. It fits me to a fraction.

Remember that, although this was a terrible fight, yet it is by no means the great, decisive battle we have been expecting. It is yet to come, and assuredly will take place.

Yours as ever, J. W. REID.

NEAR RICHMOND, Va., June 3, 1862.

I have only time to write a few hurried lines. We are ordered to fix up to move. This thing of fixing up has pretty well played out with us, as we have gotten to a point where we have nothing left to fix. I can be in readiness at any time in five minutes. After receiving the order we may not go to-day, but if we don't it is quite evident we will go soon. We won't go very far, for I don't think we will evacuate Richmond and go farther south. We can't go far the other way, for there is a crowd out there that won't let us pass without the countersign. mean McClellan and his army.) We may not go far, but in all probability it will be a rough road to travel.

I understand the enemy is landing below here in large numbers. Hard times ahead of us.

Mr. J. J. Land is at Richmond sick. He has sent for me. but I cannot get off.

I will now have to stop writing and do what little fixing there is to do, and be ready for the word. I will write a line as often as I can. I know you feel anxious about me at these trying times. I have still some cheerfulness, notwithstanding the threatening storm. This storm will surely come, and it will be accompanied by heavy thunder. Try to be cheerful. Yours as ever,

J. W. REID.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA., June 7, 1862.

Well knowing your anxiety for me, I will drop you a line as often as I have the opportunity. Though surrounded by war, pestilence, and dangers seen and unseen, I am still untouched, and enjoying good health. How thankful I feel for the almost miraculous escape of all these threatening dangers!

As stated in my letter of the 3d, our army expected to move, and this has been done. We are near Seven Pines battlefield, about three miles from Richmond. It has been raining almost ever since our coming, and we had to take it as it came, having no other clothing except that on our backs. Bird Phillips brought our blankets in a wagon from the old camp. We are waiting for the ball to open. The fight is certainly coming on, and it is the opinion both of my superiors and inferiors, that it will take at least three days to decide it, and if this should be so I almost envy the ticklish position occupied on one occasion by Jonah of old.

To make it worse for us, there is a great deal of sickness in our army, and soldiers are dying at the hospital almost daily. A man of my company, Rufus McLees, died at Richmond on last Wednesday. He is the man I took under my oil-cloth one rainy night during the march from Yorktown. His brother was killed at Seven Pines the other day. They were good boys, the sons of Jeff McLees, and well liked in the company.

Five of my company were carried to the hospital yesterday, namely,

Warren McGee, J. J. Pitts, John Gordon, Jim Lofton, and Elijah Herring. Herring says a cannon-ball struck his musket at Seven Pines, and gave him a jar he has not yet recovered from. If a cannon-ball had struck his gun it would have jarred his soul out of his body.

Mr. Land and Wheeler Gilmore send for me to go to Richmond. I cannot go. John McClinton is with Gilmore. No more news at present.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,

Sunday, June 15, 1862.

All cry and no wool, all talk and no fight. It really seems to me that McClellan, as well as some of our own generals, had better handle the spade than the sword. Both sides are ditching every day. I think if we had fewer ditches and more Stonewalls it would be better for us, though I'd rather dig ditches than to fight in them. I don't see the sense of piling up earth to keep us apart. If we don't get at each other sometime, when will the war end? My plan would be to quit ditching and go to fighting.

There will be no pleasure here or at home till the war closes. More than this, the longer it lasts the larger the war debt will be, the less able and the fewer of us there will be to pay it.

The enemy is down in the river swamps, but I don't think they will remain there long, on account of sickness. There is a great deal of it in both armies. We have, it is said, about thirty thousand men at the various hospitals. About one third of my company is sick. This is the

condition of the other companies, indeed, of the entire army. Can I be blamed for wanting to fight and end the matter?

I am quite well but for the fact that my shoe has rubbed my heel until it was blistered, and I have to wear a slipshod. My heel has risen, and is quite sore. I am excused from duty on account of it, but if a fight comes up I will go into it and let my heels take care of themselves unless it turns out that my heels have to take care of me.

Monday Morning, June 16.-Nothing very important. Day before yesterday evening General J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, made a reconnoitre in the rear of the enemy. He took about one hundred and fifty prisoners, and about two hundred horses and mules, and a great many other things, besides burning a train of three hundred wagons. It is not known how many of the enemy were killed, but his own loss is enormous, it being one man killed and two wounded. The enemy has had Stuart surrounded three times, but he has always cut his way out.

We were drawn out in line of battle yesterday, stacked arms, and were told to hold ourselves in readiness at a moment's warning. That order is still in force. We had another heavy rain yesterday, and that may stop active operations for a day or two.

I hear considerable firing down toward the Chickahominy. Perhaps it is only a picket fight, as they are quite common.

I don't apprehend a general engagement at present. There is not enough stir going on for that. I can

tell pretty well when a battle is brewing by the stir that is made. There will be none to-day.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

Camp Near Richmond, Va., June 22, 1862.

No very alarming news. There is more or less firing going on all the time along the line. There is not a great deal of damage done, however.

Day before yesterday a heavy firing was going on for several hours over toward Seven Pines. Orders were expected every moment for us to march, but no orders came. I asked leave of my officers to go and see what it meant. They gave me permission to go, and a caution to look out for No. 1. In fact, the officers were as anxious to know what was going on as I was.

I went about three fourths of a mile and met a Colonel Somebody—wounded. I asked him if he thought a general engagement was likely to come on. He said, "No. it is only a picket fight, but I am painfully wounded." I went a little further, but saw so many being carried off wounded that I concluded it best to return to the command, where I described what I had seen and heard. All were interested, and crowded around me, evidently appreciating what I had done.

It was curious to see that the lame walked and the sick were suddenly and miraculously made well as soon as I reported it not a general engagement. It is well known that heavy firing will create alarming symptoms in dysentery and other complaints.

Perhaps it would be interesting to

know the current prices here for some articles in general use. Coffee is \$2 per pound; sugar, 50 cents; molasses, per quart, \$1; chickens (the size of a robin), \$1 apiece; eggs, per dozen, \$1: butter (some of it old enough to stand alone for its rights), \$1.25; little fruit pies the size of the palm of my hand, 25 cents. I could at this moment eat \$5 worth of them. If J. J. Astor had to feed me on these dainties for twelve months at the present price, he would be bankrupt.

Yesterday I bought a loaf of bread for twenty-five cents, but it was hollow, and, though as big as my head, would not have weighed two ounces. I gave part of it to John McClinton and Warren McGee, because they were sick. Then Tom — came to me with a long face and said: "Mr. Reid, I feel dreadful bad to-day, and I wish, if you please, you would give me a piece of that 'pone.' He really looked as though he had come from the valley and shadows of death. I said, "Tom, you old hog, go to my haversack and get it all." He accordingly went and took about half. There was nothing the matter with him, though he can look like a ghost whenever he chooses.

Mrs. Land sent me word she would kill a goat when Joe and I got home, and as Joe can't come she can kill half of one for me and the other half when Joe does come.

Monday Morning, June 23d.—A good deal of stirring this morning. Before this reaches you, the ball may be opened. If so, I will send you a line as often as I have the opportunity. I feel confident from personal observation that the decisive moment

has arrived. In a few days how many of us may be in eternity who are alive and well to-day! Who will it be? God alone knows. May the God of Abraham and Isaac, the God of Jacob and of all mankind, be with you and with us all. Take anything that happens as easily as you can.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

On a Halt, near Richmond, Va., June 26, 1862.—In my last letter I said that a battle was coming on. This morning at an early hour our entire army was in motion, some going in one direction, some in another. Longstreet's division, to which I belong, marched some six or seven miles, toward the upper part of Richmond, and halted about two miles from the city, where it still remains, awaiting orders.

It is about a mile to the Chickahominy, and the entire Federal army of about 200.000 men, are on the other side of the river.

We have a large army, which is being placed in position. There are some troops a little in advance of us, but I suppose our body will soon join them. We expect every moment to hear from them. Will await further operations.

Four o'clock p. m.—A circular has just been read to us, announcing that Stonewall Jackson is in the rear of the enemy's right wing. I have just heard General Anderson say that he did not know why the attack had not been made, as the time appointed for it had passed.

Later.—Thank God, I hear the roar of Jackson's artillery. That he

is there is an indisputable fact, the evidence of which is a heavy cannonading.

A Few Minutes Later.—Firing has commenced just in our front, said to be from Hill's division.

We are ordered to prepare for action. Marching orders! We march to the front.

Good-by,
J. W. REID.

BATTLE-FIELD NEAR MECHANICSville, Va., 3 o'clock p. m., June 27, 1862.

We are ordered to the front, the firing still going on in advance of us, and over in the direction of York river, where Jackson opened the fight. The York river is still further on, rather to the left of our front.

By the time we reached the Chickahominy river (a creek up here), it was night, and very dark. We were halted about the time I reached the middle of the bridge by which we crossed the stream. We remained standing for some time, when orders came to rest where we were until further orders, for us to remain with our equipments on and arms in hand.

I made my way over the bridge and lay down on a beautiful sand bar by the river. I fell asleep, and for a time forgot I was a soldier on a battle-field. Very early in the morning I was aroused by the familiar boom of cannon and rattle of musketry. I was nearly frozen, for the damp sand had chilled me through.

We took up the line of march, and were soon engaged.

All day the fight has been going on along our lines.

Jackson is still in the direction of

the York river, from which he is trying to keep the enemy, who have gradually given back, but they have disputed every inch of the ground. The place where we commenced is called Mechanicsville.

I cannot convey an idea of the awful confusion and strife going on at this moment. Marching orders.

Six o'clock p. m.—Still among the living, though I am here only through the blessing of the great God.

We have gone through an awful day.

Many of my companions in arms are killed and wounded and I am now among the living and the dead writing these lines to you. I hope we are halted for the night. I cannot give a list of the killed and wounded among your acquaintances. But what you desire most to know is, is Jesse alive? He answers "Yes."

Battle-field, 2 o'clock p. m., June 28.—Still among the living, though surrounded by dead. To-day it seems that if Vesuvius and Ætna were in eruption with their awful rumbling and belching out burning lava streams of death and destruction, it could not exceed the uproar and terrors which transpired here since the battle opened this morning.

I shall not attempt a description. Four hundred thousand men engaged in the work of extermination; the noise of the battle, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, cannot be described on paper. And all this is going on around me.

Our command is resting a little. I presume that every ambulance in the army is flying to and fro, carrying the wounded to Richmond. Then many

from the city are helping in the same work, and are removing the suffering at this moment. Many brave men have fallen to-day. The gaping, bleeding wounds of the wounded and dying are pitiful, but not more heart-rending than will be the agony of breaking hearts at home.

Marching orders. Hope for the best.

Just Before Sunset.—We are slowly but surely driving the enemy before us, but it is costing us a great deal to do so. They give back in good order and often turn on us and give us as good as we send. We are now several miles below Mechanicsville, at which place the ball opened.

I don't know under what name these several battles will be known; it should be Legion! For they are many in number and the end is not yet.

As it is now nearly dark, I shall have to close this letter. I will send it by wagon to Richmond. I will commence another to-morrow, if spared. Captain Hall says I am bullet proof. I hope it may be so. Be cheerful.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

BATTLE-FIELD BELOW RICHMOND, June 29, 1862.

Still alive to tell of the state of affairs among us. To give a description of the fighting now going on would be a repetition of what I have previously written. Each day is an echo of the one preceding it. Death and destruction on all sides, and no cessation of hostilities.

We march and fight all day and sleep on our arms at night. The

enemy is slowly giving back and we are getting them down into the peninsular, where the rivers are not so far apart. It is said that Jackson is keeping them from the York river. Their only chance that I can see is to take to their boats on the James river, which I suppose they will soon be compelled to do. If we had a navy on the river we would get them about the same place Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

We march again.

June 30th.—Still marching and fighting. The earth is fairly shaking and the heavens are darkened with smoke.

When, oh when, will it end?

There is no firing immediately in our front just now, but I am momentarily expecting it. It cannot last much longer, but alas, the lives that will be lost before the close!

McClellan will soon have to surrender or take water. Marching orders.

July 1st.—Longstreet's division has sustained such heavy losses in this protracted struggle that they are not doing much fighting.

The enemy is still falling back in good order, fighting as they go. They undoubtedly cannot hold out much longer.

It is now getting dark and dismal. I will lie down among the dead and wounded, and get what rest I can.

Yours as ever, J. W. REID.

July 2d, 5 o'clock p. m. — The greatest battle of the age is over, and I am spared to write you. The enemy have made, it is thought, their last and boldest stand. It was the most obstinate and terrible battle yet

fought. There are hundreds of dead bodies all over the field. At one place where the enemy had a battery, there are hundreds of dead bodies on a plot of ground no larger than a small garden. When the charge was made on this battery, the enemy poured a very destructive fire of grape and canister among us, killing a great many. No stop; the charge was made, the battery taken, the enemy dispersed. Hundreds of them were killed in trying to make their escape.

It is thought the fight is over. The enemy have taken shelter in some white oak swamps, and I think by morning they will be in their vessels, homeward bound.

Mattison's battalion has lost, in killed and wounded, about half of what few men we had at the beginning of the fight. To have seen the glorious old Fourth regiment one year ago, and to see it now, one would naturally cry out, "Oh, cruel, cruel war, what mischief hast thou done! Farewell, Fourth regiment; farewell, Mattison's battalion!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Phillips is safe with the wagons. Joe Land was alive yesterday; Willis Dixon, unhurt; Riley Burress, killed; Silas Crow, killed; Thomas Stacks, wounded; Lieutenant S. P. Haynie, mortally wounded; Sam Couch, wounded; James Lofton, badly wounded; James Skelton, wounded in the head, and will die; Matthew Cox and both the Winter boys wounded. I cannot give the names of all our neighbors and friends who are killed or wounded.

Their names are legion, for they are many.

Let this letter be read to all the neighbors. I will close in the morning.

July 3d, 7 o'clock, a. m.—I have a chance of sending this letter forward, for we are twenty-five miles below Richmond, and the enemy is out of our way. I don't think you need be at all uneasy about my being in another fight before my time is out again. I think what we have just gone through will satisfy all parties concerned, at least for a while.

I feel both happy and sad. Happy because I am safe, but sad and sorrowful that so many of my companions are dead, whom I have known for a long time. I grieve that Mattison's battalion is no more.

Yours as ever, J. W. Reid.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,
July 11, 1862.

After I had finished my letter of the 3d, there was little more done. We followed the enemy a mile or two further, but no stand was made after the bold stand of which I have already told you. They had taken to their vessels and departed, leaving thousands of their army on the field. Our army has also lost thousands, among the number, brave Major Wheat, a gallant soldier. He was wounded in the chest, and as he fell, mortally wounded, he cried out, "Bury me on the field, boys." We complied with his request, and buried him where he fell.

I cannot give you a list of killed and wounded among our acquaintances. It would take several sheets of foolscap paper. For about twenty-five miles the ground is literally strewn with dead bodies. When or where has it ever been equaled? Certainly not in any of Napoleon Bonaparte's great battles.

After following the enemy as far as we thought necessary, and waiting until we were certain they had gone, ascertaining that fact, we began on the 8th, our march back toward Richmond. We got back to our old camp yesterday, and are occupying the same ground we did before the battle began.

A sadness pervades the army. How many of our brave comrades, who left this place to the call of battle, have gone to a bourne from whence none return! When I think of the heart-rending wailing of the mothers, widows, and orphans at home, a tear unconsciously trickles down my cheek. Everything here is as still as a graveyard. Not one amongst us but has lost a dear relative or friend in this great struggle. There has been such noise and confusion of late that the stillness reminds me of a cotton factory when it suddenly shuts down. Still, still as death. The weight of dreadful silence is almost as terrorizing as the battle itself.

A great many of our wounded are dying, as are men daily dying from sickness also. I can truthfully say that this is a time that tries men's souls.

I said in a former letter, "Farewell, Fourth regiment, farewell, Mattison's battalion." I must also add, "Farewell, Wheat's battalion." It has been with us so long, and in so

many dark places! It is gone like our own glorious old Fourth. What few there are left of both battalions will hereafter go into other commands. In fact, we were attached to another regiment during the fight just ended.

And now, in a few days, if justice is done, I will bid farewell to my comrades in arms (except the few who are to come with me), and come home to those who are still dearer to my heart than the comrades I will leave behind, than those who have stayed with me through scenes I cannot describe.

This is the last letter I will send you from Northern Virginia, if all things work as they should, and I think there is no doubt of their doing so.

I forgot to mention that General R. E. Lee was in command during the reign of terror just past. He is all right. He led us to victory. He is a chip of the old block or blocks, Richard Henry Lee, and "Lighthorse" Harry Lee, of Revolutionary days.

I know of but one bad move made by any of our officers, and that was by a colonel, whose name I shall not mention, who, in making a charge, took his men up in column by companies or divisions, that is, one company behind another, when they should have been scattered as much as possible. They were torn all to pieces. It was not from a want of bravery on the part of the colonel, but of good tactics.

I will now close this long letter. I remain yours as ever,

J. W. Reid.

THE FLAG OF THE SIXTY-FIRST.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—This poem relates the story of the loss of the only battle-flag taken from the Germans in the Franco-German War of 1870-1871. The encounters before Dijon occurred on January and 23, 1871. The events sketched in the first and second stanzas occurred in December, 1870, and the early part of January, 1871, covering a period of time considerably longer than one would infer from the reading of those stanzas. It will be seen that they were subsequent to the surrenders at Sedan and Metz, so that the French were sustaining a defensive warfare, crippled by an overwhelming burden of defeat. The seat of war was in the hilly country between the Vosges mountains and the Cote D'Or, and the commanders were, on the German side Von Werder, and on the French, Bourbaki and Garibaldi, between whom there seems to have been neither a very definite understanding nor cordial cooperation, which is not strange, when one considers how radically different had been their military training and Garibaldi's youngest experience. son, Riciotti (pronounced Re-shot-te), mentioned in the last stanza of the poem, gained considerable reputation in the conduct of certain military operations connected with this campaign. The peculiar form of the original poem is preserved in the German form. translation. The Mömpelgard, of the name of the French town, Montbeliard, is re-

tained. The author of the poem, Julius Wolff, born 1834, poet, dramatist, and novelist, is one of the leading literary men of Germany. He served in the army during the war. I do not know that he participated in this campaign.

Before Dijon—Stop! Ere I tell the story,
Let some one easier this bandage make,
For my poor arm doth surely ache!
Now listen to the tale of glory.
The Garibaldians in the mountain regions,
A motley throng, watch of the passes kept,
Up from the Loire Bourbaki swept,
To raise the siege of Belfort with his legions.

Delay was dangerous. Werder had assembled The insufficient force at his command At Mömpelgard, and in the hand Of fate three days the battle trembled. We then, our camp in front of Paris breaking, Set out for their relief. The Second corps Had with the Seventh gone before, The frozen road by way of Orleans taking.

And at Dijon him of Caprera met we.

'Twas an adventure in a lion's den;
For he had fifty thousand men,
We but two regiments, and yet we
Attacked him boldly and deceived him badly,
Covering the flanking march the field that
won.

'Twas midnight when the fight begun, Which, as to us, ended, alas, how sadly!

A little while for us the battle tarried.

The twenty-first was busy on our right.

Then we were ordered to the fight
And with a shout the hills we carried.

Our foes before us fled and even let us
Chase them into the town. At the first street
The houses covered their retreat,
And from the walls a murderous volley met us.

In a deep stone pit, with the bayonet carried,
When they a sortic made, we shelter sought,
And found, or so awhile we thought,
As the steep walls the bullets parried.
Then with a deadly fire did they assail us
From the great factory upon the bank,
A raking fire on the right flank.
"Charge, Company! Let not a soldier fail us."

With steady drum-beat and flag waving proudly Straight forward marched we as if on parade, And yet it was a march that made

Full many a brave man's heart beat loudly.

A leaden volley swept a path before it,

The reaper, Death, did strike and cut and mow And where his heaviest swath lay low,

Down sank the flag and with it he who bore it.

From out the pile an officer did pull it.

He shouted—"Follow me," and rushed ahead. A moment more and he lay dead,

His bosom torn with many a bullet.

At once the adjutant, his fall espying,

Sprang from his horse, caught it, and swung it high,

Then came a film across his eye,

And his pale lips did kiss the cold earth, dying.

"Let come what will, press on!" Two soldiers grasp it.

One is shot down. With his last breath he

"Save thou the flag!" The other falls Across the staff as he doth clasp it.

The captain gets his death wound. Those remaining

Are but a knot surrounded by the foe,

Whose ranks they break, and straightway go Back to the pit, its friendly shelter gaining.

None thought of his own wound while we were staying

There in the horror of the night so black.

"The flag is gone and must come back"—

This was what each to each was saying.

A small detachment was sent out to seek it, And each man in it on his death march trod; Not one returned. Almighty God!

The word of doom, didst thou against us speak it.

"Who volunteers? Each man of us was ready

To take his chances when he heard the call, And six, on whom the lot did fall,

Left on the quest with courage steady.

And only one, crippled, begrimed, and gory,
By foes pursued, his way did backward make.
He hid his face, no word he spake,

The tears he shed told all too well his story.

On the next morning, so Riciotti told it,
Beneath a pile of heroes on the ground,
Soiled, torn, half-burned, the flag they found,
And fast a dead man's hand did hold it.
Brothers in arms, when greeting to us giving,

Of all the colors ours alone you miss,
We ask you to remember this—

'Twas taken from the hand of no man living!

—Lewis Frederick Starrett.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY IN FALL OF 1864.

By Major Charles F. House.

Perhaps the brief paper which I have prepared will not come up to expectations, for it in no way relates to the fierce engagements nor the unprecedented losses sustained by our army during Grant's campaign from the Rapidan to Appomattox, the only campaign in which it was my fortune to participate. I shall speak principally of my own regiment and particularly of my own company, for the field of observation of a man in the ranks is necessarily circumscribed, but by consulting records of

the war, I shall give a little general idea of the movements of that part of the army with which we were immediately connected. I pick up the thread of my talk at a point where our Third Division of the Second Corps occupied a portion of the Petersburg line, with the First Maine Heavy Artillery on the extreme left, resting on the Jerusalem Plank road at a point known as Fort Hell. I shall not speak of the siege directly, but of a little movement to the left, a side issue, so to speak, such as came

occasionally to break up the monotony of life in the trenches.

But, before proceeding, I will stop and give a little description of this noted fort, not from my own pen, but from an old letter, written in 1864, which I found in an ancient copy of the *Portland Press*. The author of the letter was evidently a man of intelligence and education, who, I suspect, was Captain Adelbert B. Twitchell, then in command of the battery referred to. It so accurately describes the place and the mode of life within this infernal region, that I give it entire.

SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY, FORT SEDGWICK, alias FORT HELL, DECEMBER 6, 1864.

To the Editor of the Press:

Summer seems to linger in the lap of late autumn and early winter. We have had a succession of warm, sunny days, very grateful to soldiers in the bivouac and in the trenches. This dry and pleasant weather enables the patriot army to continue active operations in the field to a much later period than any previous season during the war.

To change position seems now to be the order of the day in the Army of the Potomac. Our battery occupied its position in Fort Welch near the extreme left of the army, for over six weeks, a longer period of rest—if there be such a thing as rest at the front—than has been vouchsafed to us since the commencement of the year's campaign. We had prepared winter quarters for men and horses, dug wells and had everything in order for the inclement season, when,

presto, came the order to change position with the batteries of the Second Corps. We were ordered into Fort Davis, at the left of the same corps line, and were congratulating ourselves on having the safest position on that line, as neither picket nor sharpshooter could bring his gun to bear upon us with any great effect, when we were taken aback with the order to change. This time we were ordered into Fort Sedgwick, but known throughout the army as "Fort Hell," and five days and nights here have convinced us that the name is not inappropriate. Fort Hell is situuated on the Jerusalem Plank road-I was not aware that the Jerusalem road passed so near this place-and is directly in front of, and about two miles distant from, Petersburg. The rebel main line is about five hundred yards distant, and the two picket lines, which are also well entrenched, are situated about midway between the enemy's main line and ours, and in some places are not more than ten rods asunder. Unless there is some movement of troops in our rear or men expose themselves conspicuously on the crest of the works, there is but little musketry firing in the day time. But, as twilight approaches, the ball is opened by a single musket shot, and then a fusilade commences which continues throughout the entire night. Sometimes the firing is by volleys and again singly, in succession from right to left and vice versa. Miniés plunging through the air over our heads produce a variety of sounds. Sometimes it is like the hissing of a goose, again

it is like the melancholy sighing of the wind through the pines, or moaning through the chinks of a dilapidated building, or, as fancy might say, like the wailing of doomed spirits, which gives greater significance to the name of the place. Sometimes they strike against the trees, producing a sharp report like the firing of a pistol, tearing off the bark and throwing the splinters in every direction.

Like the ancient Briton, the men live in caves and holes in the ground. As one passes along the rear of the line, he will find the surface all covered with mounds of earth, through the apex of which the blue smoke curls and circles skyward, while the occupants of these subterranean abodes will be seen standing at the mouth of their holes or popping their heads in and out, reminding one of a colony of prairie dogs, or, with the difference in color, of the snow huts of the Esquimaux. Here the men, in comparative safety, can cook and eat their food, and get a few hours of rest and sleep after their long and weary vigils on the picket line. These habitations, however, are not always proof against the heavy mortar shells with which the enemy sometimes greet us, for, only a day or two ago, I saw a 64-pound shell plunge into one of these mounds, and the next instant blankets and camp furniture were thrown twenty feet into the air, and the ground for some distance around was covered with the debris.

Descensus in Averno facilis est, says Virgil, but our Avernus is not so easily accessible, for approaching it from the rear, about half a mile distant, a covered way commences which pursues a zigzag course, the front always protected by a ridge of earth, and from this main branch numerous other branches lead to other points on the line, producing a complete labyrinth of ways, so that one uninitiated might travel for half a day and then find himself at the starting point, and not recognize this point after he had reached it. Very unlike the common idea that "broad is the road, etc."

The rebel works in our front are as strong, or stronger than ours, and much more regular and uniform in their appearance. This is owing to the fact that a great portion of their line was built before our troops occupied this position, when they could operate more deliberately, while ours were thrown up under a constant shower of Miniés, shot and shell. In these beautiful days we can look across the rebel lines and see the church spires of Petersburg gilded by the bright sunlight, and hear the music of the church-going bells, which is almost the only reminder we have of the civilization we have left behind us.

The rebel, Roger A. Pryor, was captured in front of our old position at Fort Welch by a captain of the Ninth Corps, and was brought into the fort. He wore a slouched hat, a neatly fitting suit of Confederate gray, and top boots. He seemed a little crest-fallen at his capture, though seemingly confident of a speedy release.

To-day, a portion of the veteran Sixth Corps, late from the valley, is

relieving the Fifth on our left. This seems to indicate a speedy resumption of active operations, if the weather continues favorable.

The Thanksgiving dinner provided by our Northern friends did not reach us in season for that festive day. But a bountiful supply of of the American bird was received on the day following. We received

Turkeys hot and turkeys cold, Ditto young and ditto old, Ditto tender and ditto tough, And, thank the Lord, we had enough,

and more too, for which the donors have our sincere thanks.

Our company is now enjoying good health, and, so far as I am able to judge, though I confess my means of judging correctly are none of the best, I think the health of the army never was better.

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The only observation that I will make in passing, is that the Seventh Maine Battery must have received of that Thanksgiving dinner in excess of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, in about the ratio of sixteen to one.

Now to return to my narrative.

It was near the last of September, 1864, when the Tenth Corps on our right was relieved by the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps, thus leaving the whole line from the Appomattox to the Jerusalem Plank road, guarded only by the Second corps, while the Tenth was sent north of the James River to co-operate with the Eighteenth corps in the movement against the fortifications in front of Chapin's Bluff. As soon as this movement was well inaugurated, and Lee's attention

called to the defense of Richmond, a movement was made on our left by two divisions each of the Fifth and Ninth corps. On September 30, near Poplar Grove church, the divisions of the Fifth corps made a successful assault on the enemy's works, carrying two redoubts and some lines of rifle pits, but the divisions of the Ninth, while working still further to the left, were attacked and driven in on the Fifth corps lines, which, however, were held. At this juncture a part of Gibbons's division relieved our Third division, and we were hastened to the scene, being transported by cars Grant's military railroad. We reached Warren's headquarters near evening, and camped for the night in a pouring rain, but made ourselves as comfortable as possible under our shelter tents. The next morning, October 2, lines were formed by three divisions with orders to carry the line of works that the two divisions had failed to do two days before. The lines moved forward in good order, only to find the position abandoned. Pushing on through the dense forests, we soon struck the enemy's skirmishers, who disputed every inch of ground until they reached a second line of works. strongly built, and bristling with cannon and musketry, and extending beyond our left, so that it was impossible, with our force at hand, to turn their flank, but rather we were in danger of being flanked ourselves. To guard against this movement on the part of the enemy, four regiments of our brigade were refused on the extreme left. Here the lines

hugged the ground, in order to avoid the shots from the enemy's guns as much as possible, while our second brigade made a reconnaissance to develop the strength of the enemy. This being accomplished, it was not deemed expedient to push matters further, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon the troops were carefully withdrawn from the position, and the next few days were spent in strengthening the new line of works established by the Fifth corps on September 30.

October 5 we marched back, our Third division to its old position in the Petersburg lines, to the right of the Jerusalem Plank road. In this movement the First Maine had no special duty to perform, but conformed to the general movements of the line; but in one way it was a positive benefit to the regiment. After the terrible losses at Spottsylvania and Petersburg, and intervening battles, during the early part of the campaign, in which 1,181 of our men were killed and wounded inside of thirty days, besides our heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, during the siege, and the scores who had fallen out on account of sickness and had been sent to Northern hospitals, so that the regiment was reduced to about 200 men, it had become a serious and much discussed question whether this regiment, with ranks so depleted, under circumstances so discouraging, and with nearly all our old officers either dead or disabled by wounds, would ever again be like its former self, not in numbers, to be sure, but in steadiness under fire, courage, and devotion to duty, which

marked the early part of its career in the field. But this affair of October 2. demonstrated the fact that this remnant of the First Maine Heavy Artillery still contained the material of good and true soldiers, who could be depended on in any and every emergency. When ordered to advance on the double-quick, over an open field, in the face of a galling fire, there was no hesitating, but with closed ranks and firm tread, the regiment rushed in with the expectation of storming the works, and the steadiness with which they held their position in the woods under the terrible shell fire to which they were subjected, showed they had the staying qualities as well. And when they retired from that field, they were a hundred per cent. better than when they went in, for the men now had full confidence in themselves, and in their new officers; and the officers in their men, and from that time forward although we had not a Colonel Chaplin to lead our battalion, and but a single one of our old-time captains to lead our companies, we knew we should hold up the honor of our once grand regiment.

But to return to the particular part our regiment played in this affair. In being transported over the railroad on the afternoon of October I, but a limited amount of rolling stock was at hand, and several trips had to be made.

On this account, a part of our men went on one trip and the rest on the next, but we all got together before dark, and as our men hurriedly pitched their tents and gathered fuel to boil their coffee, with a torrent of rain falling and mud near ankle deep, with a miserable night before them, and the uncertainties as to what to-morrow's battle would bring, our men would have gladly exchanged their field camp for their more comfortable bunks in the gopher holes of Fort Hell, even though there was a possibility of making a bed-fellow of a bursting mortar shell before morning. But the night wore away, and with a breakfast of fried pork, hardtack, and hot coffee, we were ourselves again and ready for business. Our regiment was held in reserve until it was discovered that the enemy had fallen back, when we were put into the front line with skirmishers in advance, and so moved up until we neared their second line of works. Breaking out of a thicket into a narrow clearing, the order "double quick" was given, and we dashed across into the woods beyond, mid a shower of bullets, the most of which, however, passed harmlessly over our heads. This was a heavy growth of timber, with a dense undergrowth "as thick as the hair on a dog," into which we picked our way for fifty to sixty yards, and were then ordered to lie down. We remained in this position some five or six hours until we were withdrawn. Here the fire from the enemy, both artillery and infantry, came in sharp and low, and it was only by the most persistent hugging of the ground that we escaped the musketry fire. On our left was the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, and the writer here saw three men in their right company shot through the head in as many minutes,—men

who let their curiosity to know where the bullets were coming from get the better of their judgment. Although we generally escaped the Miniés, we were not so fortunate in regard to the bursting shells. Company C. Private James H. Grover was killed; in Company D, Privates Rodolphus A. Tufts was killed, John Potter slightly wounded, and Charles A. Jones taken prisoner; besides another man, whose face was cut by a piece of Tufts's skull bone thrown by the bursting shell, and in Company F, Privates Owen D. Bradford was killed; Charles H. Maddocks, mortally wounded, dying on the 27th of the month; Amos E. Hardy lost his right arm, and Corporal Fred A. Chamberlain was less seriously wounded, making in all four killed and dead of wounds, four wounded and one prisoner.

When the regiment marched back to its old place in Fort Hell, we entered the covered way at about three o'clock in the morning, and without disturbing the men who then garrisoned the fort, we lay down and slept till daylight, when we relieved the troops who had occupied the place during our absence. In being assigned to positions in the fort, the different regiments occupied different positions from those they had left, and the First Maine, instead of occupying the flanker on the right of the Jerusalem Plank road, were assigned to a position in the front of the fort, just to the left of the big bombproof built to the left of the road. while the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania was placed between our left and the extreme left of the fort. Along this

part of the fort were a large lot of rough tent-poles and spring-beds or rude bunks, made of small poles. It so happened that the space between the extreme left of the fort and the bomb-proof was a little short for the two regiments, and as the Ninety-ninth went in first, when our regiment got into position, our Company E lapped by the right company of the other regiment, and, as a matter of course, both companies began to take possession of the poles and bunks. The men, tired with their night march, had lain down without shelter in the covered way for a short nap, and awoke numb and stiff with the cold, and naturally, under the circumstances, were a little fractious; in fact, they were in just that state of mind and body when it was a mighty easy thing to pick a quarrel with any of them. Both companies claimed the ground and the poles, and both made vigorous protests against the other's meddling with what each claimed as his own. Words grew warm; in short, the air was blue with oaths, foul names, threats and challenges. Fighting words passed back and forth until, as if by common consent, the contest narrowed down to a tall Pennsylvania sergeant, and Private Charles Eaton of Company E. After a little spicy talk between the two, which would not bear repeating on these pages, the sergeant aimed a heavy blow at Eaton, which he neatly dodged and struck the sergeant with his shoulder. well down on his abdomen, and running him back a few steps against a bunk, tipped him over on his back, caught him by the throat with his

left hand and commenced to put in fierce blows with the right. Seeing this, our Company E Irishman, John Fitzgerald, who stood holding his gun by the muzzle in front of him. exclaimed in perfect ecstasies, "Kill the dum son of a gun," but the everpresent son of the Emerald Isle was with the Pennsylvania's also, and stood very near Fitzgerald. remark seemed to roil his temper, for the next instant a heavy backhander across the mouth came near laying our man on his back. The Irish was now up on both sides. Fitzgerald recovered his balance, changed hands on the muzzle of his gun, and aimed a swinging blow at the brain of his antagonist with all the venom of a mad man. Quicker than a flash the Pennsylvania Irishman sprang on his foe, throwing his arms about his neck and thus avoiding the blow. Then throwing himself backward, he knocked the gun from Fitzgerald's hands, caught it in the air, and struck an equally fierce blow, but it chanced to hit fairly and harmlessly on the well-filled cartridge-box which rested on the right hip of our man. By this time, the four combatants were seized and held by their comrades until their tempers cooled off, no harm resulting from the fierce fight except a black eye for the Pennsylvania sergeant.

One little incident of this October 2d affair, and I am done. We had a man in our company, whom we will call Benton for the sake of concealing his identity. I presume every company had one of the same sort, who had a very decided opinion that the rear was a much safer place than

the front in time of action. On this particular morning, when we fell in, although I was a corporal at the time, my captain placed me in the line of file closers, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, remarked, "I want you to stay with Benton to-day, wherever he stops." You may be sure I kept a sharp eye on him. He tried his old game of dodge while moving through dense woods, but whenever he thought he had got out of sight of the men, he always found I had him yarded. I got him into his place in

line about the time we started to charge across the open field, but at the sound of the first bullet, his knapsack grew heavy, and he declared he could not keep up. I told him to throw it off, but he allowed he would stay by his knapsack. I then tried the virtue of the point of my bayonet against his anatomy, while another man dropped back and caught him by the coliar, and he was thus hustled along amid the jeers of the company, actually the first time he was ever under fire.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE

On the Peninsular—Gen. McClellan's Headquarters—Seven Days' Battle.

By Captain Robert Goldthwait Carter, U. S. Army.

(CONTINUED.)

On the 28th of February, 1862, it had become known that General Andrew Porter was appointed provost marshal general of the Army of the Potomac, and having applied for a battalion of regulars as provost guard, with Major George L. Willard, Nineteenth United States Infantry in command, and the order having been received to move on the 10th of March, it crossed the river and went into camp the same day, near Fairfax seminary.

The following officers composed the staff of General Porter: Major, W. H. Wood, Seventeenth United States Infantry; chief cf staff, Captain James McMillan. Seventeenth United States Infantry; acting assistant adjutant-general. Captain J. W. Forsythe, Eighteenth; lieutenants. J. W. Jones, Twelfth, C. F. Trowbridge. Sixteenth, and C. D. Mehaffey, First United States Infantry; aide-decamp, General Andrew Porter; provost marshal, General Amey of the Potomac.

The provost guard was now composed as follows: a battalion of infantry under Major G. L. Willard, the latter being Companies F and G, Eighth Infantry, under Captain Royal T. Frank and First Lieutenant Eugene Carter, with two Companies, B and D, of the Seventeenth. At general headquarters, two companies,

A and E, Fourth United States Cavalry; Lieutenants J. B. McIntire and William O'Connell, one company, Oneida Cavalry (New York Volunteers), one company, Sturges Rifles (Illinois Volunteers).

The Sturges Rifles was a single, unattached company of eighty-three men, organized at Chicago in April, 1861, mustered May 6. It was equipped and subsisted for nearly two months by the munificence of Mr. Solomon Sturges. The commissioned officers were Captain James Steele, First Lieutenant N. W. Sheldon, Second Lieutenant Foster. It was armed with Sharpes rifles. It served as body guard to General McClellan in West Virginia, and accompanied him to Washington, reaching there July 26, 1861. From that time it was a part of the headquarters guard. It left the army at Falmouth, Virginia, and was mustered out November 27, 1862.

Our brother at Fort Albany writes March 11:

"Last night the long roll beat in all the encampments for miles around, and the 'Web-footed Fourteenth' sallied forth to see what was up. We soon learned that this regiment was not to move at present. Soon we saw General McDowell with his division approaching, followed by Blenker and his division. The whole army was moved. About 12 o'clock we discovered that Long Bridge was covered with troops, and in about half an hour they approached, and it was rumored that they were regulars; so of course I was interested, and I waited patiently for nearly three hours for the thousands of cavalry,

and over one hundred gun pieces of artillery to pass us. Then came the regular infantry; Gene's company was the first, he in command. He is in fine spirits, and looking as healthy as a buck. His two companies, with two companies of cavalry were selected for a body guard to General Porter, the provost marshal, but would not accept until they were assured by General McClellan that they would have the same privileges of promotion as if they were to be in the thickest of the fight. In all probability, unless we have a reverse. which we shall not, Gene or myself will be in no very great danger of losing our valuable lives.

"It is very hard marching, as the mud is very deep. He will probably sleep on the ground to night. I walked by his side nearly to Munson's Hill, and then bade him adieu, and I felt almost like cursing my fortune, that we were not permitted to advance with him."

Our brother of McClellan's headquarters writes from Fairfax Seminary, March 19:

"I have been on the jump for the past two weeks. One week ago last Sunday night, at I o'clock, we were ordered to march at 12 the next day. The Major succeeded in getting plenty of transportation, and we started very well provided for.

"I have one large tent for the rations of my company. I took a wall tent for myself, and a small one for my servant, my carpet-bag and camp bed, three blankets, and a pillow.

"We marched about three miles the first day and bivouacked. In



LONG BRIDGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

passing Fort Albany, I found John on the lookout, and he walked along with me for three miles, and then started back, looking as forlorn as possible. The first night was some cold, but we managed to make ourselves comfortable. Reveille was beaten at 4 o'clock, and we started towards Fairfax court-house at 6; arrived there at 2 p. m. and went into camp very near General Mc-Clellan's quarters. We remained

there until last Sunday (16th) morning, and then received orders to report at headquarters at Fairfax Seminary.

"The Friday and Saturday before, it rained very hard; my blankets, boots, and everything I had got wet. My throat troubled me considerably. We marched on Sunday to within two miles of the Seminary, and therefound an overflowed river, which we could not ford with our wagons; we remained here for an hour, not knowing what to do, but we were informed that we could go back a mile

and find a cross-road which would bring us into the main road to Washington, and then we could take the main road to Alexandria, which is very near our present camp.

"We started, and such a road I never saw before; mud knee-deep. We finally arrived at our destination, after having marched about twenty-five miles. Our wagons had been stalled, and we had nothing to cook or eat with. We remained totally inactive for two hours, and just at dusk our wagons came up, our tents

were pitched, our fires were lighted, and supper cooked.

"Of course we felt like new men. The next morning we arranged our camp, and now we have everything comfortable. General Porter and staff are with us; General McClellan and staff are very near, and the medical director and chief of ordnance directly behind us. We are to be changed from provost guard duty to the guard of the commander-in-



FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA.

chief. I think I shall decline the staff appointment offered to me and keep my company. I have seen enought of 'mounted orderlies' duties.

"Frank commands one company of the Eighth, I command the other. Two companies of the Seventeenth are with us, and the officers and men are worse than those of any volunteer regiment in the service. I went over to Washington this morning, saw John on my return. I think we shall embark in two or three days,

but where we go to, I know not. I wish we could have a chance to fight, for I want a brevet captaincy. General McClellan says that we may have a chance."

Our brother of the artillery now writes:

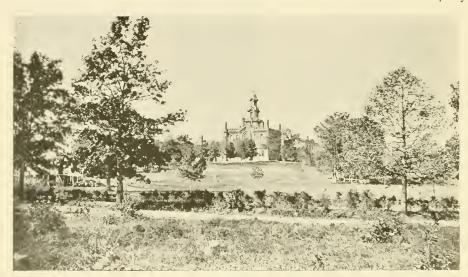
"March 19. To-day I saw Gene; since they marched a week ago Monday, I have heard nothing from him; but to-day as I came from the provost guard, the boys told me that my brother had been to see me, and that

are now a part of the body guard of 'Little Mac.'"

"CAMP PORTER,

ALEXANDRIA, March 25, 1862.

Your letter reached me this morning, and found me, as usual, officer of the day but no patrol duty to perform. The duties now are comparatively light, there being six officers to divide with. I am alone with my company, but I have applied for my second lieutenant. I think I told you that Frank commands one company



FAIRFAX SEMINARY, VA.

he was out by the roadside, feeding his horse; so I went and found him. He is pretty well tired out, having marched from Fairfax last night, and is now camped about a mile from Alexandria. McClellan with his whole army has returned. Banks has about 45,000 men beyond Manassas, and McClellan, with nearly 200,000 men, are embarking on board steamers for God only knows where. There is 'some game up.'

"The two companies of the Eighth

of the Eighth, and I the other. We are very good friends. I have been to W. twice since we came back from Fairfax, and obtained all I needed for a long campaign. As we go with General McClellan, it becomes us to look as well as possible, so I got my uniform coat and pants, woolen shirts without collars, and one hundred paper collars. Now I can have a clean collar every day, and shall not be put to the trouble of having them washed. All the regular infantry

have embarked. I rode down to Alexandria yesterday and saw General Sykes and all the officers. The General said he wished I was going along with him; and I really wish I was, for I know they will see enough fighting, and God knows I had rather fight under General Sykes as my immediate commander than any man living. I feel now as though we were isolated, mere tent raisers: but I will content myself with General Porter's promise to give us a chance, and he is a good man and a brave soldier. I hear nothing of our moving, but I know when we do go, we go on board the Commodore with General McClellan."

"I have been drilling my company as skirmishers for the past week, and firing with blank cartridges; it is the best practice we can give them, for it teaches them to be cool under fire. This morning Frank was sick, and Major Willard took command of the company, and challenged me to have a sham battle with him. Friday night, March 28, General McClellan was serenaded by the band and glee club of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and they were cordially welcomed by him, who made them a brief but spirited address."

General McClellan, with headquarters of the army, embarked April 2, 1862, from Alexandria on the Steamer Commodore; Companies F and G of the Eighth, on the Steamer Wilson Small for Fortress Monroe. They arrived on the 3d, and went into camp one mile from Hampton. Leaving Hampton on the morning of April 4, the march was resumed slowly across Newmarket Bridge,

and through Little Bethel, and headquarters were located in a house at Big Bethel very near where Lieutenant John Greble of the Artillery, and our brother's instructor at West Point, had been killed ten months before. On Saturday, April 5, three miles beyond Big Bethel, the Halfway House was reached, once a roadside hotel; there had been a store connected with it, the windows to which had iron bars; it was now deserted. About one-half mile from it "Rosedown" was passed, a plantation house three stories in height, of some pretensions. It was painted white, and had large chimneys and many outbuildings. W. Russell, the owner of this place, stood outside. and answered the numerous questions put to him. He claimed to be a Union man, complained that the Confederates had burnt up his fences; his slaves, many of them, were nearly white.

This was about twelve miles from Yorktown. Camp and headquarters were at Chesapeake Church at night. On the 6th, after a long, tedious, and slow march across Howards's bridge and through Cockletown, during which cannonading could be heard in the advance, camp was made near Yorktown. General McClellan was in a hut in a deserted Rebel camp. On the 7th, the camp of the general headquarters and provost guard was five miles from Yorktown, near Dr. Powers's. rained all night, the 7th, and all day of the 8th. Remained in this camp until the 11th, reconnaissances, skirmishes, and cannonading going on most of the time. The roads were

horrible from the recent rains, and the baggage, most of the time, was far in the rear.

On the 11th, camp was moved further to the front, and nearer to Yorktown. This camp they occupied until the siege was raised. It was between two small branches of the southeasterly arm of Wormley Creek. It was situated on a magnificent plateau in the midst of about 30,000 men, and was about one mile from York river. A little to the right of camp one could obtain a good view of the river, and a walk of about half a mile around the woods, Yorktown, Gloucester Point, and a long line of the enemy's works could be seen. To the south of camp was a ravine through which ran a small creek, along which were some fine springs. It was about two miles from the enemy's line. A short distance to the rear was a large swamp, reeking with malaria, along which ran the camp of the One Hundred Fifth New York volunteers.

A very thick wood of pine, elm, and sassafras almost surrounded the camp, but it was soon all cut away. Facing camp, and but one fourth of a mile to the front, Prof. Low had his apparatus for filling his balloons, which, during the siege of Yorktown, could frequently be seen almost daily above the trees for short reconnaissances of the enemy's works.

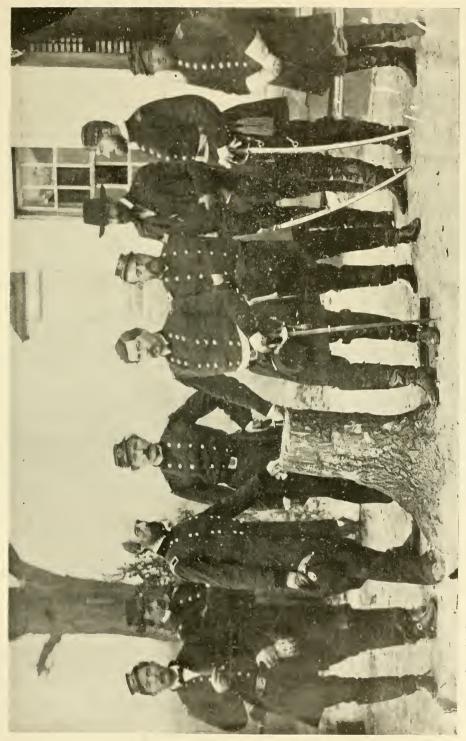
A detail of the Fifth New York Volunteers (Duryea's Zouaves), which had been attached to Skyes's Regular brigade, pitched the headquarter camp, and laid out the ground about them, and a detail was made daily for guard duty over General McClel-

lan's quarters, which were very near regimental headquarters of the Fifth New York.

The camp was laid out in the form of a great parallelogram or rectangle. with the staff tents on the long sides, and the commander-in-chief on one of the shorter sides, the guard tents being upon the other. On the side occupied by General McClellan, a space, 100 feet square, was marked out, around which sentinels walked day and night, and upon which no one was allowed to approach without a pass or unless they had urgent business with the general. In the centre of this square two large tents were pitched alongside with a small space between them. One of them was occupied by General McClellan, and the other by General Marcy, his father-in-law, and chief-of-staff. Both were furnished alike, with stove, table, lounge, camp bed, camp stools, desk, and toilet articles. In front of these a street 100 feet wide (width of the rectangle) ran to the guard tents on the other side of the camp.

Upon each side of this street the staff tents were pitched, all arranged according to rank from General McClellan's tent. In these were the provost marshal, adjutant-general, inspector-general, quartermaster-general, the heads of departments, aides to the commanding general, etc.

A line back of the staff tents were devoted to subalterns, servants, etc. Outside of all, the horses were picketed; and further away was the headquarter train in park. It was an immensely imposing affair, and nothing like it was ever seen in the Army of the Potomac again.



7. Prince de Joinville. 8. Compte de Paris. GEN. MCCLELLAN AND STAFF, TAKEN AT GEN. MORELL'S HEADQUARTERS AT MURIE'S HILL, VA., OCTOBER, 1861. Commencing at the left-r. Capt. Martin McMahon. 2. -

The provost guard extended all through the camps; picked up stragglers and contrabands, and if they had passes they were released, if not, they were sent to the nearest guardhouse, from which the soldiers were sent to their respective regiments, and the contrabands to the nearest subsistence department, if they were wanted there for labor, or, if not, they were kept by the guard until otherwise disposed of. All stray horses and mules were picked up and returned to the herds to which they belonged. It took charge of all rebel spies; all prisoners of war, who were turned over to them by their captors. Stolen property of every description was traced up, and a thousand and one duties were performed by this headquarter and provost guard that would fill columns to enumerate. It was a terror to all evil-doers. A writer has well said: "Better order never was kept anywhere on the continent than in the Army of the Potomac."

The entire camp was named by G. O. No. 115, dated April 12, 1862, "Camp Winfield Scott." On the same day, in the forenoon, the enemy sent up a balloon, but it remained up only a few minutes, and it was surmised that it was a failure. One of the most exciting incidents that happened near headquarters was the ascent of General Fitz John Porter in one of Prof. Low's balloons, early on the morning of April 11. The rope broke a few hundred feet from the ground, and away he went, rising higher and higher over the enemy's works. There was great excitement for a time, and cavalry were ordered

to saddle up and capture it. General Porter did not consider it wise to pull the valve when he saw he was going towards the enemy's lines, although many shouted for him to do so; but soon, at a high altitude, a fortunate countre-current set him back, and opening the valve, he descended within a few rods of head-quarters, landing directly on top of a soldier's shelter tent.

Batteries sprang up in every direction, and the army, sat down before Yorktown for a long siege. One of the most remarkable of these batteries, and one with quite a history, was Battery No. 1, which was the first to open on the enemy's works, on April 30, only a few days before the evacuation. It was located at the mouth of Wormley creek on the banks of York river. It was built by details from the Fifth New York, and the First Conn. H. A. directly in front of Farinholt's house in his peach orchard. Its guns were 1-200 and 5-100 Pdr. parrots, and it was garrisoned by one battery, First Conn. H. A., Captain Burke.

The plantation had been apparently abandoned by the whites, and Farinholt was said to be a lieutenant in the Confederate army; but on May 5th, during the advance of the army through and beyond Yorktown, a great many stragglers came into headquarters and were sent to the provost guard, from the rear guard of the fleeing. Johnnies." and among them was Farinholt and a neighbor by the name of Davis. Farinholt stated that he had been impressed into the Confederate service. He narrowly escaped being shot and ar-

rested several times during his hazardous escape. He sent in a note to headquarters saying he wished to "take the oath of allegation," and the "oath of allegiance" was at once administered.

On the night of the 18th, the camp was alarmed by heavy and continuous firing of artillery and musketry. General McClellan sent some of his staff officers to ascertain the cause.

many of their dead behind. We are anxiously awaiting to hear the result of the battle of Yorktown, and feel sorry that our regiment was not permitted to participate in it; yet I know that the army must suffer much, as they have had nothing to shelter themselves with, since they have been there, with the exception of little booths, formed of rubber tents.

"I fear we shall have a desperate



BATTERY NO. I. YORKTOWN

On the 21st of April Companies A, F, H, and K of the Ninety-third New York Volunteers were attached to the headquarter guard, and Major Granville O. Haller was assigned as commandant of headquarters.

On the 25th of April our brother in Fort Tillinghast wrote as follows:

"I can, with full confidence assure you that I am freed at last from that interesting species of vermin called 'lice.' After a long and desperate siege, they have evacuated, leaving fight there, and I worry for Gene's safety; yet I trust he will be spared.

"I see by the papers that Frank Fessenden was badly wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. I sometimes think that this will be a long and bloody war, though 'Jeff' is seeing bad times now. I thought when I 'enlisted for a soldier,' that I should have returned ere this, or have become 'food for powder;' but God only can see the end.

"There is nothing here to keep up

one's spirits, for we are away from everybody and everything, with the exception of the Arlington House, the residence of the traitor Lee, and formerly of Washington, the Father of his Country. It has been a splendid place, but now everything has been destroyed, the magnificent forest around it having been cut down, and the flower gardens neglected. The pictures have nearly all been taken away, and the house much injured. The rooms are very large, and there is a long entry running the entire length of the house, adorned with stags' heads, and a few splendid paintings still remain. Lee's 'niggers,' about fifty in number, still occupy their quarters, and make themselves useful by washing for the soldiers, etc. Arlington has been until recently the headquarters of General McDowell.

"Last week I was confined to my bunk two or three days, having got wet through while on guard, and taking cold.

"I witnessed the battle between the forces of Gene and Willard. It was a desperate engagement. Nobody killed on our side; the loss of the enemy unknown."

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, May 4, 1862.

"I may not have a chance to write again for some time. The enemy have evacuated Yorktown, and we are pressing hard upon their rear guard. They commenced last Friday night, and have left a large amount of munitions of war behind. Our bands, which for two weeks have been as silent as the grave, are now playing with all their might, and we

hear nothing but 'Yankee Doodle,' ' Hail Columbia,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' and 'Dixie.' We can hear the cannonading going on very distinctly, and it cannot be very far from us. I wish I were with the advance. I expect we will all move to-morrow, and follow up the retreating army of Secession so fast that we will give them a general battle before many The reason for evacuating seems to be their fear of our gunboats. We will whip them in a fair, open field fight, and they will find a vast difference between fighting three months' Volunteers, and our present army.

"We have had a very lively time for the last three days; solid shot and shell whistling over our heads, and falling about us in every direction. You cannot imagine the noise made by a hundred-pound rifle shell whizzing through the air, even at the distance of half a mile from you. It seems like three or four engines going at the top of their speed, and when it bursts-thunder and zounds: what a noise!! But I have heard their music so often, that I scarcely notice them now. I wish John was with this army, I know he would be better contented than he is now. He used to take so much pleasure in coming to see me when I was at the seminary. He would walk miles to see and spend the day with me.

"I have just been talking to the major; he has just come from head-quarters, and of course has heard all the news. This morning we sent out a strong reconnoissance composed of horse artillery and cavalry. We met the rear guard of the enemy, and a brisk

skirmish took place; full particulars not received. The Sixth Regular Cavalry lost about thirty men, and captured fifty prisoners (privates), and one captain. I think that Johnston intends to throw about sixty thousand men upon McDowell, and keep forty thousand behind entrenchments for our benefit.

"The Rebels have erected batteries again at Acquia Creek. Our officers are almost satisfied that we would have had to fight at Yorktown for months before we could reduce it, and it was owing to the over-caution of General Robert E. Lee of the Confederate army that it was evacuated.

"We will follow them very closely. Our advance is at Williamsburg tonight. Many have been killed by the explosion of torpedoes, which the Rebels placed in the ground all about their fortifications. Our gunboats have gone to West Point, and all our supplies are being carried there as rapidly as possible. Prisoners are being brought to us very fast; many, deserters. Signals are flying in every direction, and rockets of all kinds and sizes.

"I must get some rest, for I think we will move to-morrow. I have been kept awake for some nights past by heavy cannonading.

"France will recognize the Southern Confederacy in less than a month, for the purpose of dividing us on Mexican affairs. If she does, I hope every man and boy in the great North will shoulder his musket and give himself to his country.

"We do nothing but drill from morning until night.

" During this terrific cannonading,

to one of the youngsters attached headquarters thought he would play a practical joke upon General——, so he asked him to come over and see one of the great shells the enemy had pitched into the headquarter camp. When he arrived the young fledgling showed him an immense oyster shell obtained from the York river, much to the disgust of the dignified general.

"General McClellan, leaving everything behind, taking only his immediate staff, went to the front to conduct the pursuit. His temporary headquarters in Yorktown were at the Anderson house. On that day he had no dinner or supper, and on the morning of the 6th he had no breakfast but a biscuit, nor dinner: all his baggage was back in camp. He was out in a heavy rain until late at night. He slept in his clothes and boots, and his bed was a buffalo robe and horse blanket; he was without even a hair-brush or tooth-brush; his headquarters during that night on the field of Williamsburg were in the Whittaker house, but, on the night of the 6th, were in a fine house which General Joe Johnston had been occupying, in Williamsburg.

"The provost guard had been kept busy, guarding prisoners, deserters, and attending to the many duties incident to the excitement and bustle of breaking up Camp Winfield Scott.

"At 12:30 p. m. on the night of the 7th, General McClellan sent a despatch to General Marcy to bring up headquarters at once to Williamsburg. It moved at early daylight, and passing through Yorktown, overtook the general by 2 p. m. on the 9th, at Williamsburg, and moving out late in the afternoon of the same day, camp was pitched at Ewell's Farm, three miles from Williamsburg.

"Starting at 5 a.m. on the 10th, at 11:45 a.m. headquarters had moved through James City, Burnt Ordinary, by many churches and chapels, to Barhamsville, where camp was pitched near an old church, Roper's meeting-house, in a pine grove. Here they remained until the morning of the 13th. On the night of the 12th, the army was up and gathered for miles about this place. It was a beautiful, bright moonlight night. The band of the Second Dragoons was serenading headquarters, and fifty other bands near by were sounding off "tattoo." It was a grand and inspiriting scene.

On the 13th, moved at 6 a.m. from Roper's church to Cumberland Landing on the Pamunkey river, where a temporary depot was established. This place sprang into importance almost in a single night. From a little landing with an occasional oyster boat tied up to the wharf, it had become an immense seaport with a forest of masts, government transports, and trading vessels crowding each other, and every indication of busy life and commercial importance.

The army was visited here by Secretaries Seward, Bates, and Welles, Frederick Seward and wife, Admiral and Mrs. Goldsborough. Admiral Dahlgren, who were guests at General McClellan's headquarters. They were taken about camp in ambulances; a number of ladies were in the party. On the 14th, the army

had a grand review in their honor. It was a most magnificent spectacle. When Secretary Seward rode around one of the regiments from Massachusetts, he remarked to General Mc-Clellan, "This is 'old Massachusetts." God bless her!" "Yes," replied General McClellan, with a smile, pointing to the line which was nearly double that of any other, "it will take the Rebels a long time to get around this regiment." It rained on the 14th and 15th, and on the 16th, headquarters left camp in a heavy rain and marched to White House, the home of the Lees. Here a very singular incident came near depriving the commander-in-chief of his wagon train with all headquarter baggage, etc. The roads, from heavy rains, were horrible. In coming to White House, it had missed the road where it forked; had taken one leading directly into the enemy's lines, and was only rescued and turned back by some of our cavalry, and then only after a skirmish with the enemy's scouts and pickets.

General McClellan was, therefore, compelled to take up temporary headquarters in the house. As soon as the wagons arrived, he moved to about one-half mile in rear of the Landing, and pitched his camp as usual. This was about one mile from Dr. Macon's. He neither occupied the house himself nor allowed others to do so, but placed a strong guard about the entire grounds and property.

On the 17th of May it had been determined by General McClellan to break up, if possible, the enemy's depot of supplies on the Pamunky

river above White House. He designated a portion of the headquarter guard to accomplish this important Under verbal orders from task. General Andrew Porter, the command started at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, under Major George L. Willard. It was composed of Companies F and G, Eighth. United States Infantry, under Captain Royal T. Frank and First Lieutenant Eugene Carter, and Lieutenants A. T. Smith of the Eighth. and F. A. Field, Eleventh Infantry; ten men of Company B, and fifteen men of Company D. Seventeenth Infantry, with Assistant-surgeon J. H. Frantz, and thirty-four men of the Sturges Rifles, Captain James Steele; a total of one hundred and forty enlisted men.

They embarked on the light draft tug boat Seth Lowe, where Captain Murray, United States Navy, was found, who commanded the United States steamship Sebago, with whom Major Willard had been directed to coöperate; Captain R. B. Ayres's Battery F, Fifth United States Artillery, came aboard with two 10-pounder Parrott guns of his battery.

Steaming slowly up the river, about 10 o'clock the gunboat Currituck, Captain Nicholson, was overtaken. The Pamunkey was a beautiful river, with high bluffs and a most picturesque scenery. It was so narrow, however, that at times the boats were brushing the treetops along its banks, and one could almost leap ashore. The bluffs were thickly wooded, and it was expected that the enemy might have a concealed force along the shore.

Frequently the Currituck got aground. White flags were flying from nearly every house that could be seen. Few whites were discovered. But at Putney's mill or ferry, the negroes came down by couples and families to make grimaces and gestures of welcome. Captain Ayres said they reminded him of the Mojave Indians when he made his exploration of the Colorado river. They reported that at Smith's store, ten miles from White House, the enemy had a strong picket of thirty. At 2 o'clock the "Thoroughfare" was reached. the narrowest part of the river, where the boats could not turn around. The stream widened into pools, however, and at times one could see stretches of country, covered with waving grain, gently sloping meadows, farmhouses, large plantation mansions and picturesque negro quarters, which Captain Ayres said "made a man weep for very admiration."

The stream was found to be obstructed at several points by timber felled from opposite sides, so that the tops met and the branches were interlaced in the middle of the narrow channel.

It was decided that the quickest way to get rid of the barricades was to run them down. Putting on a full head of steam, a run was made at them and they were run down with the greatest ease; the boughs were crushed to splinters, while the piles that had been at these points were so bent over that they could no longer impede navigation.

Shortly after 2 o'clock, dense smoke was discovered ahead. At 3 o'clock a point was reached, about twenty miles from White House, where a boom of two or more sunken schooners or canal-boats effectually barred the way. In the distance a number of Rebel steamers and schooners could be seen, with a line of the enemy drawn up on the high bluffs.

These boats were filled with stone, and it was found impossible to raise or remove them. This was at a place called Bassett's Landing, fifteen miles from Richmond. command, with the exception of a small picket-guard left with the boats, was now landed on the left bank (North side), and the little force set out on its hazardous march. It proceeded two or more miles in the direction of Richmond, pushing its way through a thick undergrowth for nearly a mile. The mounted pickets of the enemy retired. Things were beginning to look very interesting, and like a fight, with the possible chance of being cut off from a retreat to the boats, when, suddenly, with a flash of blue smoke, a hollow explosion, and a burst of flame, the Rebel craft were ignited, and soon were completely enveloped in flame; at the same time the enemy ran away without firing a shot.

One propeller and one large sound steamer, the *Logan*, and a number of schooners, variously estimated at from ten to twenty, were counted, all of which were totally destroyed. The command was so close that the noise and the crackling of the burning timbers could be distinctly heard. The object of the expedition having now been accomplished, the command at 4 o'clock returned to the steamers.

During its absence, a sailor from the Currituck reported a body of troops on the south side of the river, drawn up in line of battle, at a point nearly opposite the burning vessels. The sergeant of the picket that had been left behind, sent a negro to ascertain if this was correct. He returned in a few minutes after the command had re-embarked, and reported a large force of the enemy drawn up in the road leading from the burning fleet to the Chickahominy river, and just within a line of woods some distance from the Pamunkey. The return was at once made, the steamers having to back some distance before they could turn. About half way down, a small force of the enemy's cavalry was seen, but they were not molested. It was learned from the negroes that these vessels had contained about 20,000 bushels of corn, besides coal and other stores, one negro stating that he had been engaged in hauling the corn to the Chickahominy Swamp.

All along the banks of the river were collected herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, driven thus far in the retreat of the enemy from Yorktown. The little battalion reached White House between 8 and 9 p. m., creating much excitement and no little enthusiasm about the headquarter camp. General McClellan said of this expedition: "It was admirably managed, and all concerned deserve great credit."

While at White House, an artist of one of the illustrated newspapers started to walk from Yorktown to Williamsburg, but was stopped by a company of cavalry some little distance from Yorktown and told it was dangerous to proceed. Two Massachusetts soldiers had been found hanging to trees, shot, and with their throats cut. Two had been shot the day before, and they had been scouting between the two places.

The steamers brought many persons who came provided with coffins to remove the friends killed in battle. These mournful processions were the first thing that struck one oddly while at White House. These visitors soon became so numerous and persistent that the authorities at headquarters began to seriously consider a return to the old Roman method of burning the dead.

Millions of dollars worth of supplies were shipped to this point, and until it was destroyed it assumed the proportions of an immense city.

On Monday, May 19th, headquarters moved from White House at 7 a.m., to Tunstall's Station on the York railroad. This was the most beautiful camp of the entire campaign. It was at G. Bosher's plantation, on the summit of a high hill overlooking the entire country, and commanding a superb view in all directions.

The country was highly cultivated, being covered with fine plantations. Towards Richmond, about seventeen miles distant, the bivouacs of almost the entire army could be seen, stretching out in every direction, and at night the countless fires made it almost a fairy scene, grand and brilliant beyond description. It was about six miles from White House, three quarters of a mile from the Pamunkey, two miles from Lipscomb's. On the 20th, General Fitz John Porter's entire corps was reviewed, a magnifi-

cent spectacle as seen by all the officers on duty at headquarters. Rained heavily also on 24th. Cool nights and fires necessary.

May 22d, moved to near Cold Harbor, two miles from New Bridge and seven or eight from Richmond, and on the 26th moved at 2 p. m. nearer to the Bridge, at Dr. E. Curtis's farm. This was about three quarters of a mile northwest of Gaines's grist-mill and about a mile from the Chickahominy river, five miles from Richmond. It rained hard at 3 p. m.

Our brother in the artillery writes from Fort Tillinghast:

" May 25, 1862.

"We are now having some excitement in camp, as we received marching orders to-night, to be ready to march at a moment's notice, and the cooks are busily engaged cooking 'salt horse' for a march."

"When I write again, I shall probably be out of this place. If we do not move from here for a day or two, I will get one taken (photo), so that you can see how your hopeful son looks since he went for a soldier.' I have not heard from Gene since he left, and think it strange. It is of no use to try to write, for there is such a 'hubbub' it is impossible. The boys are dancing, bellowing, and having a good time generally; they feel so good that there is a chance of at least getting sight of a 'Secesh.'"

May 27, an important event occurred at headquarters, in the capture by some of General F. J. Porter's troops, of the mail bags en route from Richmond to Fredericksburg. There were about 500 papers in the bags, among them the Richmond *Dispatch*

of that date. General Porter gave it in charge of our brother who took it immediately to General McClellan at headquarters. It doubtless furnished good material for post-prandial reading.

On the night of May 31, General McClellan made his headquarters on the field at Fair Oaks, at the Tyler house. It is related that about ten o'clock on this night he ordered all camp followers, including newspaper correspondents, without exception, to turn out on fatigue duty, and assist the details of soldiers in their work repairing the roads, and getting the artillery out of the mud.

Our brother of the regulars writes from Camp at New Bridge, Va, near Richmond, June 2, 1862:

"I feel it my duty to write to you this evening, or I would be asleep at this moment. I have written so much of late that I am heartily sick of the sight of pen and ink. I was a recorder of a garrison court martial and I had to write up the proceedings, and it all amounted to nearly fifty pages. I will now endeavor to write you often, and keep you posted as well as my position will allow.

"You have heard by telegraph that the Army of the Potomac has had a bloody and desperate fight. Our left and centre are on the other side of the Chickahominy; the left advanced some. We had one bridge across the river. The recent rains and the cutting away of the dams by the Rebels above, induced them to send about sixty thousand men down to attempt to clean out Heintzelman's entire corps, consisting of thirty thousand men, on Saturday.

"They were determined to drive him into the river, which had risen fearfully, and drown as many as escaped them. They attacked our extreme left (General Casey's division) and drove us back, Casev's division behaving shamefully, skedaddling in all directions before a charge made by South Carolinians; but Henry Ward Beecher's pet lambs started it—the First Long Islanders. Old Heintzelman was up and dressed, and before night he had gained all that had been lost except twelve guns, which are now in the hands of the enemy. Very little artillery was used, as the position was unfavorable.

"Night closed the scene. Report circulated that Generals Palmer, Casey, and Negley were killed; afterwards contradicted. Generals Franklin's and Fitz John Porter's corps, which occupy the right, were under arms, and old "Bull" Sumner's, the centre corps, prepared for action. The attack commenced on Sumner's corps very early Sunday morning, but he had prepared two lines, covered by skirmishers, and it was evident that he intended to retrieve himself from his temporary disgrace at Williamsburg.

"He led his corps in person, assisted by General McClellan, who rode in front of our skirmishers. 'Old Bull' was grand! His face as smooth as a mirror, and burning with enthusiasm. We had three corps engaged during the two days. Finally we gave them a polishing touch with our cold steel, and they skedaddled. Three thousand men will cover our losses. I know nothing of theirs, only two thousand went into Richmond wound-

ed, and they now lie as thick as leaves about the battle ground.

"Our men fight splendidly. They would let the Rebels fire, and then give three cheers for the 'rat killers,' and sing out 'Bully for you—you fight pretty well!'

"General McClellan regards it as a complete victory, and we know from deserters and contrabands just from Richmond that they have no hope of whipping us.

"Wait until Generals Fitz John and Franklin touch them up with our regular brigade under General Sykes and our one hundred and four pieces of reserve artillery; and if everything else fails the provost guard will arrest the entire army. We took two of their brigadiers. I am very healthy, but suffer some from the heat. I weigh ten pounds more than when in Washington. I have received letters from K., B., and W., and will answer them when I get to Richmond. Don't be alarmed about Washington. If General Mc-Dowell cannot take care of 'Stonewall ' Jackson, 'Little Mac' will send Fitz John up with a small portion of the Army of the Potomac. This army never yet met with a reverse, and it never will. I had charge of five hundred and fifty-nine rebels taken at Hanover Court-house for one day and night. None escaped me."

For the next week the floods descended, overflowing the river, flooding the roads and fields, and making movements of any kind almost impossible. The bridges were carried away, and there was a constant fire from the enemy upon the working parties. On the 6th,

Colonel Sweitzer, one of General McClellan's aides, was fired upon while carrying a flag of truce into the enemy's lines. June 8th General Prim and staff of the Spanish army arrived, stirring up headquarters to its depths. He came to White House Landing on the mail boat Nellie Baker. Accompanying him were Brigadier-General Milans del Bosch, chief of staff, Senor Justo San Miguel, Colonel Deutenre, Colonel Cortazar, Señor de Sales, and Señor Peres Calvo, the latter one of the most talented and widely-known writers of Spain.

Captain Joseph Keller, First New York Excelsior Cavalry, escorted them. They were received at the White House Landing by General Van Vliet, Lieutenant-colonel Rufus Ingalls, Captain C. Sawtelle and Captain Rankin, who escorted the party to Forest Station on the railroad: here they were met by the Prince de Joinville, and Count de Paris, the French princes attached to General McClellan's staff. The ride from here to headquarters could be likened to the "Slough of Despond" in Bunyan. They rode through Generals Heintzelman's and Sumner's to General Hooker's camp, where they lunched; then to General W. F. Smith's camp, where a brigade was reviewed in the mud; thence to General Keyes's, and over the late battle-field of Fair Oaks. and finally brought up in the headquarter camp near New Bridge, much the worse for wear, being met by Generals Marcy, Andrew Porter, Seth Williams, and others.

General Prim was informally introduced to all the other officers at headquarters. He was a dark-faced, black-haired, bright, young looking man of about forty-five. He spoke only French and Spanish. General Milans, his chief of staff, spoke English and was the source of much amusement among all the officers. He seemed like the man in the play; he had iron grey hair and beard, with long, fierce mustachios of the Spanish cavalier type, and wore a loose,



GEN. ANDREW PORTER.

green coat well covered with silver embroidery; red pants tucked into his boots, and a funny little monkey cap perched on his head; a riding whip or stick was suspended from his buttonhole.

On the 9th, a grand review was given in their honor, the corps reviewed being Fitz John Porter's, and lasting from 2 to 3 p. m. It was witnessed by all at headquarters, and was considered a grand success, mak-

ing a great impression upon the Spanish general, but not quite as brilliant as that given to Secretary Seward at Cumberland Landing.

It took place in a large open field on the right of the road from Gaines Mill to Mechanicsville.

After the review, the party went with General F. J. Porter to the new bridge, upon which a large party was at work, and while there they were fired upon by the enemy. General Porter, taking charge of a battery near at hand, returned the fire with so much vigor that the enemy's guns were silenced, much to the delight of General Milans. On the 10th it rained in torrents; a programme had been laid out, but General Prim decided to hasten his departure. He was escorted to the station by Lieutenant T. B. Dewees of the Second Cavalry, and upon the arrival of the train at White House Landing he was again escorted to the boat by Colonels Van Vliet and Ingalls, and Captains Sawtelle and Rankin.

On the 12th, camp of the provost guard was moved to the south side of the Chickahominy at Dr. Trent's house. This was named by General Orders the same day, " Camp Lincoln," and was about one-half mile from the river, beautifully located on a high hill. General McClellan had his tent under two large walnut trees near the house, while the others were massed in a large field back of the house. While here the heat was intolerable. On this day there was heavy artillery firing, and on the 14th several arrests were made of citizens for giving information to the enemy.

On the 15th, a large party of ladies arrived in camp with Senator—. A heavy rain came up while they were at lunch in General Mc-Clellan's tent. About every evening camp was enlivened by a skirmish going on at some part of the line, and hearing the report of officers whose duties had called them to different points along the front.

On the 17th, the weather was again clear and bright, the mud commenced to dry up, and the river was falling rapidly; the bridges were nearly finished.

Our brother writes, June 18, 1862 as follows:

"Camp Lincoln. For the first time since the campaign commenced, I am a little unwell. I have a slight cold, and am inclined to be feverish, but it will all pass away, and I shall be the same lively, fat, jolly fellow as ever. I have not written to John, because I imagined that his regiment was with the standing joke, McDowell's army, and I did not know how to direct, nor do I now; but I will send to you when I write. It will be a long day before I get a leave of absence, and I may take an insane notion to get killed in front of Richmond."

Our brother of the artillery also writes, June 22, 1862:

"I received a letter from Gene last night dated Camp Lincoln, across the Chickahominy, and he was momentarily expecting a fight. It was a short letter; he did not say anything about receiving any of my letters, so I suppose he did not get them. I directed to General Andrew Porter, Provost Marshal General, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, with his direction inside. I have entirely recovered from the asthma, but still have the grass cold, and suppose I shall have until fall, as the natives all skedaddled, and there is no one to do the haying.

"They do not pay much attention here to haying, building no barns to store it as at home, but stacking it in the open field. They can keep their stock out to pasture nearly all the year round, as there is no snow to amount to anything. Mother, I wish you were out here for a short time to have some of the strawberries and cherries. The former have about gone. The 'Secesh' strawberries beat anything I ever saw at home, both for quality and quantity, wild and cultivated.

"I have foresworn 'salt horse' and army rations, and intend to live on fruit during the summer, as the owners have cleared out, and the soldiers have it all their own way. As I write now, there is a bushel basket setting in my barrack, nearly filled with splendid cherries, and the boys gather about it, eating and talking over the war, when they shall get home, etc. After cherries come blackberries and blueberries: the bushes are full, and the peach-trees already begin to hang low with their weight of peaches. This is no country for apples, there being very few; but peaches even grow in the woods. I cannot live on such stuff as we get to eat, and the sutlers are robbers; vet we must trade with them or go without. I have already eaten so much salt meat that I am covered

with humor. The boys now 'tap their shoes with salt horse.'

"Lewis heard from his father last week; he was at Memphis, in good health, and enjoying himself generally. Lewis has been promoted to a second lieutenant. I am glad of it. The choice lay between himself and another sergeant. The colonel came up, and submitted it to a vote of the company, and he was voted down; but the colonel changed his mind, and they tossed up a cent, best in three," and Lewis won. He now acts as lieutenant, and the colonel has recommended him to the governor."

On the 23d of June, Camp Lincoln was visited by a terrible storm—thunder and lightning—and almost a hurricane, blowing down tents and trees in all directions.

On the 26th and 27th the attack was made upon the right flank of the army, which finally terminated with the change of base to the James river. The cannonading all day long was incessant on the 26th, and on the 27th, as it grew nearer, and the tide of battle surged towards the river, it became evident that a change was to be made at once.

About 2 p. m, headquarters commenced to move over to Savage's Station, and by dusk the camp at Dr. Trent's was practically abandoned. At 11 p. m., General McClellan called a council of war in front of his tent at Dr. Trent's, at which all corps commanders, personal aides, chief of engineers, the Prince de Joinville, Count de Paris, and the most trusted of his staff were present.

A large fire was built in front of, and they sat under, the arbor that

had formed a pavilion to one of the tents, only one of which was now standing. General McClellan here informed all of his intended change of base, his reasons, choice of route, and method of execution. Our brother had charge of the guard around the bivouae fire. It did not adjourn until 2 a.m. of the 28th. Before daylight he went to Savage's Station, and there remained all that day and night, directing the withdrawal of trains, destruction of supplies, etc. Headquarters left Savage's between 2 and 3 a.m., on the 20th, and moved across White Oak Swamp to a large clearing. It drizzled, and there was a dense fog, which did not lift. The day and night at Savage's, and the intense strain and excitement of trying to stem the almost irresistible tide of fugitives and stragglers streaming to the rear, had almost exhausted the little provost guard, and now occurred a little incident which strongly demonstrates the necessity of having such a wellorganized force for use in such an emergency.

The object of the enemy was to gain possession of the Quaker road in rear of White Oak Swamp, and thus cut off the retreat; a result which would have been most disastrous, if not absolutely fatal to General McClellan's plans. Early on the 29th, it was seen that the position of affairs was critical, owing to the fact that our line of movement had become known to the enemy. General McClellan was busy in examining the ground, keeping the trains in motion, and posting troops in such position as to cover their passage

from attacks by way of New Market and Richmond roads. The columns were debouching from the swamp to the south side, and had reached a point near Willis Church, when an attempt was made by the enemy's cavalry to cut the lines. There was a sharp fight. Had Stuart's cavalry at that moment not all been on the north side of the Chickahominy, this attempt to check the retreat might have proved successful. As it was, it came near being so and creating a general panic. The provost guard, almost exhausted from their fortyeight hours of unremitting toil and vigilant watch, was deployed across the road in line of battle, and standing like a stone wall, it held all the wouldbe skedaddlers to their work.

Everything seemed on the point of going to pieces. All realized it, and the gallant little command, led by tired officers, who stemmed the rout at Bull Run, never did better service to the country than when it checked the threatened panic on the Quaker road. It is just such little acts of firmness on the part of a handful of men, that have in times past saved great armies from defeat and total annihilation.

It is said that on this occasion, a well-known New York regiment fled to the rear in a perfect panic, and were not only checked by the provost guard, but were arrested and sent as prisoners to headquarters. On June 28th, Whitehouse was in charge of the Ninety-third New York, four companies of which were now attached to the provost guard. A signal station, about thirty or forty feet high, had been built on top of the

house. At a given signal on this day, which was one gun fired for this purpose, the immense stores which had been accumulated all about the house were fired by Lieutenant Swain, Company B, of that regiment, and they were totally destroyed, including the mansion itself.

At 5 a. m., on the 30th, head-quarters were at a house about three miles south of White Oak Swamp, but as soon as all the troops had crossed, and the bridge was destroyed, it moved via Quaker road, across Turkey Creek bridge to Haxall's Landing, arriving soon after noon. From here our brother writes a hasty note,— "Bivouac near James river,

July 1, 1862."

"We have been fighting for three days. Communications cut off. Regular brigade covered itself with glory. Loss very heavy. I am well, and have to work very hard."

During the night of July 1, or early on the morning of the 2d, headquarters moved to Harrison's Landing, six miles from Haxall's, and camp was located at the Harrison House, where William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, was born.

For fully five miles up and down the James river, and for three miles back, the country was covered with the camps of the Army of the Potomac. It was about twenty-five miles in a direct line from Richmond, and eight or ten miles from City Point. On Monday, June 30, the French princes left headquarters for Fortress Monroe, on the gunboat Jacob Bell.

On the third of July, before camp could be made comfortable, our brother was detailed with his company to escort 480 prisoners of war to Fort Columbus, New York harbor. Lieut. J. A. Mehaffey accompanied him. They were placed on the United States transport *Hero*, Captain Hancox, and arrived at Fort Monroe about noon on the fourth.

Reaching New York on the sixth, they were turned over to Colonel Loomis, commanding, and Lieutenant Casey, provost marshal of the post, and the return was made immediately. Among the prisoners was Lieut.-Col. Edward Pendleton, Third Louisiana Artillery (see list of prisoners in the New York Herald, July 7, 1862), and 53 officers, two colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, and three majors.

He arrived back from this arduous trip July 9th. On the same day President Lincoln arrived on the steamer Ariel, with Assistant Secretary of War Watson, Frank P. Blair, Ir., and General Negley. On the way up the James river, the steamer grounded on Kettle Shoals, and while the crew were getting her off, the president and his party improved the opportunity to go in bathing. He reviewed the army, commencing in the afternoon and continuing into the evening, which although bright moonlight, was too dark to distinguish his features, thus proving a source of disappointment to the thousands of men who had never seen him. While at Harrison's Landing he visited the Galena, the Monitor, and Maratanza, and left the next morning at 10 a. m., on the Ariel for Fort Monroe.

On the 18th our brother wrote:

"Camp near Harrison's Landing, James River, Va.,

July 18, 1862.

"It is so warm here that writing seems almost out of the question, but I know you will expect a letter. If you would like to see the location of our camp, get a *Herald* of the 16th, but do n't pay fifteen cents for it as I do every night. Our camp is directly opposite Jordan's Point. The line of officers' tents is situated on a high bluff, so near its edge that we can jump into the James river.

"Our camp is in a thick wood we have cleared up until we have a large place for parade and drill, and upon the whole, I think we have the best camp in the Army of the Potomac. I was a little sick for two days after I returned, but now I am as well as ever. I did not have time while on my Northern trip to eat. The change of climate, diet, water, and living generally, made me almost sick, and honestly I felt like a new man when I arrived back at camp. I was very uneasy while on my way from Fortress Monroe to Fort Columbus, for I knew that one company was a very small escort for the number of prisoners I had with me, and I knew they were a determined and bloodthirsty set.

"The steamer was a miserable old hulk to go so far in. I kept my eyes open, and if they had attempted any outbreak, many of them would never have lived to see the 'sunny South' again. I kept the leading spirit, Colonel Pendleton, under my eye constantly, and although our intercourse was very friendly, he knew his life was not worth a copper if any movement was made. I am trying for the adjutancy of the Eighth. If I do not get it, I am thinking very strongly of taking a lieutenant-colonelcy of a Maine regiment, with Frank as colonel.

"Maine men fight well, and I would rather be with them than any other volunteers. I can command my company for a very long time yet if I wish it, but regular officers are thought so little of now . . . that almost anything is preferable to remaining in the regular service.

"Our paymasters 'skedaddled' so fast on the famous 'flank movement,' that they have not yet made their appearance and consequently we are all short of cash. John will now see all the activeness he wishes; I hope and trust he will come out safe. Impress him with the necessity of keeping clean, and being careful about his eating. Tell him never to throw away his knapsack, and always to have three days' rations on hand."

"July 24, Provost Guard Camp, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA.

"I have been upon a court martial for several days, and have been pretty busy. I suppose we will adjourn tomorrow unless General Williams sends us another batch of cases, and I sincerely hope he will not, for I am tired of 'hanging.' Dr. Frantz, our surgeon, left us this morning, and with him as faithful a negro as ever breathed. The doctor has been with us since we left Washington, and has always messed with me. We took Jerry from the guard-house (he was a contraband) at Yorktown, and

he has been faithful and true, while others 'skedaddled.'

" Poor Jerry allowed two or three large drops to fall from his eyes when he bade me good-by, and I acknowledge I felt badly. The doctor goes to Fort Monroe as medical purveyor. We were fast friends, and I felt sorry to have him go. Our new medico is a very fine fellow; he messes with me, and we bid fair to be as fast friends as Frantz and my-Major Willard has recommended me for a brevet, and I reckon I will get it. General Porter promised when we started out on this duty, to give us all a fair chance, and those who attended to their duties well would be remembered. I think the General recommended Major Willard, Captain Frank, Lieutenant Smith, and myself for the Pamunkey expedition.

"Major W. received an order a few days since to send in a list of officers in his command, whom he considered worthy of brevets, and he wrote a long letter to the General, recommending Frank, Smith, and myself. He showed the letter to me. I do not care for the brevet so much, but it pleases me to be mentioned as highly as I have been. A soldier's life is very uncertain, especially in battle, for we cannot tell when or where, as 'Old Bull' Sumner says, 'the h—l the balls will strike.'

"This is a bloody war, and 'doubtful things are mighty uncertain.' The Army of the Potomac is flourishing, and the provost guard is on the top wave. We have a boat to ourselves, and we row, fish, and sail, waiting for reinforcements. The health of the army is rapidly increasing, and if you will only send the loafing, cowardly devils that got home under the plea of sickness, and had their certificates signed by rascally surgeons, we will do something as we are. The entire Southern Confederacy cannot move us one pin, unless they, by some means, cut off our communications with Fortress Monroe. Our gunboats are the little fellows that play the deuce with them. I have never said much about the · flank movement' for many reasons, but I will now tell you the truth about the matter."

Note.—While at White House, G. O. No. 125 was published, strictly prohibiting all officers of the army from communicating in private letters the strength, position, or movement, etc., of the army, under penalty of punishment for giving information to the enemy.

"We had to keep what force we had across the Chickahominy; it weakened our right flank and line of communication, and we could not strengthen it, because we had not the means. McCall was attacked; he was supported by Fitz John Porter, and together they drove the Rebels back; in the meanwhile, 'Stonewall' Jackson was at Hanover Junction, twenty-five miles from Mechanicsville. In spite of the gallant trio in front of Washington, he made a forced march to outflank Porter and succeeded. They were rapidly reinforced from Richmond by rail. and Porter could not get away as it was intended.

"The intention was to have him come off during the night, cross the swamp, and leave the Rebels in the dark, and go into Richmond the next morning, or else to the James river. Porter had to fight desperately to get away at all; he had not 30,000 men under him, and he had to fight three times that number. The regular division alone fought 20,000 all day long at the Gaines house.

"John Edwards lost two guns through the confounded wilfulness of a brigadier-general. John acted splendidly, and is one of the best artillery officers in the service.

Note.— Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel John Edwards, captain Third U. S. Artillery, was born in Portland, Me.; graduated from the military academy, July 1, 1851.

"Well, Porter retreated. Headquarters moved to Savage's Station. On Friday evening, all the generals commanding corps had a council of war. I commanded the guard around the bivouac fire. I saw them adjourn. The next morning the movement commenced. We left Savage's Sunday. I saw General McClellan at White Oak Swamp, and he was very cool. I saw him the morning of the Battle of Malvern Hill, and he was a little excited. I was very near him and heard him give his orders, and any one who says he is not a competent general lies. His retreat was conducted with most consummate skill; the turning moment was when he arrived at the river."

It was the letter dated March 4, 1862, from Camp Winfield Scott, in which he prophesied that France would recognize the Confederacy within a month, and he hoped every man and boy in the great North would shoulder his musket and

give themselves to their country, that hastened the enlistment of the other two brothers of this quartette, and called forth the following letters:

" Aug. 2, 1862.

"I feel very sad, more so than I ever did before, for I feel as though I should never see all my brothers again. I believe as you do that two better boys were never born, and to lose either by sickness or wounds, I know it would be a crushing blow to me, but I feared it, and now that it is done, my experience enables me to give them some good advice, and you must see that they follow it. They are coming from a Northern climate into a much warmer and unhealthy one; the heat and water will affect them. I know. Give them some Jamaica ginger; it is the best thing in the world. Tell them to be careful what they eat, and never under any circumstances whatever to eat fried meat. They can eat fried pork when fried upon a stick.

"This one thing, together with what is called 'fried hardtack' (hard bread fried in fat), has caused more sickness than anything else; I know it! Tell them never to throw away their knapsacks, haversacks or canteens, and shelter tents, if they have them.

"Tell them to always keep their clothes in as good order as possible. Get them commissions if you can, commissioned officers if possible, if not non-commissioned, and get them into an old regiment by all means.

"Your idea of sending them here into Captain Thompson's regiment is an admirable one, and you must do it. All depends upon the commanding officer of a company. My company has not averaged three sick men per day, and during the entire month of July, I did not have more than three sick. I allow no frying, but give them plenty of bean soup and hard bread. I draw onions, cabbages, and potatoes often, and fresh beef once or twice a week.

"Frank's company is like mine, and we pride ourselves upon having the two model companies in this army. I think the two other companies of the Eighth will be ordered here, and the provost guard will then be the Eighth Infantry under the command of Captain Pitcher. Major Willard is going to take command of a volunteer regiment (One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York), and wants me to be major.

"I expect Mother will feel terribly sad at parting with Walter and Bob. Tell her to keep up, for she is a noble mother. You also, my dear Father, must not allow it to depress you. Look upon the bright side; but I write you with a heart overflowing with sadness, that you will be extremely fortunate if you ever see all of your four sons again.

"If any of us should fall, you must think that you are not alone in your sadness; that there are many homes more miserable and desolated by the loss of sons and brothers as dear to them as yours are to you. Everything is quiet. The Rebels attempted to shell our camp the other night, from across the river, but we soon made them skedaddle."

"Aug. 4, 1862.

"I feel this evening as if I would be unworthy to be your boy, if I did not write to you. I know that your hour of trial and bereavement is at hand, for you are to part with your last and youngest boy; but, Mother, do not allow it to affect you. If they are with the Army of the Potomac, they shall never know what it is to want for anything as long as I have enough; and if they should be wounded, they should be cared for and taken to my own tent.

"But do not think of such things. It will be a godsend if they both get into the same company. Send them to Captain Thompson's company. I will see him to-morrow, and my word for it, they will receive a hearty welcome.

"I wish the government would draft; there are a few people in this world I would like to see driven to the battle-field; and it must be done sooner or later, for we are in need of men very much. The Rebels are straining every nerve and filling this state with troops, and I really would not be surprised to hear at any moment that they had forced their way to Washington; but Richmond falls at the same moment, and then their supplies are cut off, and if we have reinforcements, they are all bagged.

"Important movements are on foot, but it is a secret. We have crossed the river in large force, and whipped their cavalry in a fair fight. General Hooker advanced and seized Malvern Hill this evening. General Burnside is coming up the river, and Fort Darling will be taken in a short while.

"Major Willard leaves us shortly to take a volunteer regiment. He has

offered me a majority, and I shall accept, provided I can obtain a leave. My health is excellent; I weigh twenty pounds more than when in Washington. My duties are now light, and I have an easy time.

"Our camp is the envy of the army, and our position as provost guard sought after by all the regulars; but the Eighth Infantry was noted while in Washington for the prompt discharge of all duties (and they always have been), and we will be kept here against all aspirants. It is extremely warm, and the flies are very troublesome. Good-night! God bless you, my dear Mother, is the prayer of your loving son." All was "quiet on the James."

On August 13, our brother went home on a short leave of absence, while the army was remaining inactive at Harrison's Landing. He joined headquarters again about September 1, at or near Washington, and marching with General McClellan again in command of the army, through Rockville. Clarksville, Urbana, and Frederick, we met him on the battle-field of South Mountain.

Alas! how near we came to following his sage advice, the advice of a regular officer to two volunteer privates, in an old regiment from Antietam to the siege of Petersburg, during the next two years of bloody struggle, will be most amusing to note, and a gentle retrospect at this period always reminds the writer of a non-combatant friend who visited us at Fredericksburg about the time of the Burnside "Mud March." He was attached to some state commission. He distributed some of "Dr.

Hall's Laws on Health," gave us all sound advice, a most learned and valuable lecture as to how to take care of our health, and hastened home himself the next day, having caught a most violent cold while sleeping on our rough pole bunk in the damp, although we had nearly stripped the tent that night for blankets to keep him warm.

From this time on, the fates of the "Four Brothers in Blue" were joined together, and the anxiety which each displayed for the other was never relieved night or day until news from the battle-field denied or confirmed the many rumors that were ever flying about in camp or on the march.

When near by, miles would be

traversed to gain each other's camp, and on more than one occasion, he the regular—whenever in a position where he could do so, rode over the battle-fields to gain news of us, or satisfy himself that we were not among the wounded or the silent dead.

- "So nigh to grandeur is our dust, So near is God in man; When Duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must!' The youth replies, 'I can.'
- "Swift as the summons came, they left The plow, 'mid furrow, standing stil'. The half-ground grist in the mill, The spade in earth, the axe in cleft,
- "They went where duty seemed to call, They scarcely asked the reason why. They only knew they could but die, And death was not the worst of all."

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER, NORTH CAROLINA.

Read by General Adelbert Ames, before the New York Commandery of the Lova Legion.

About the first of December, 1864, when in command of the 2d Division. 24th Corps, of the Army of the James, then before Richmond, Va., I was notified I had been selected to lead my division in a movement, by sea, against some point of the Confederacy on the Atlantic coast.

At that time, Wilmington, N. C., was the port through which the Confederacy received a large part of its munitions of war, and whence was shipped to England, in payment therefor, much of its cotton and tobacco. Wilmington was situated on the east bank of the Cape Fear river. thirty miles from its mouth, which was guarded by Fort Fisher.

Our navy was untiring in its efforts to blockade that port, but was not successful.

The order from General Butler to General Weitzel, relative to the expedition December 6, 1864, was:

"The major-general commanding has entrusted you with the command of the expedition about to embark for the North Carolina coast. It will consist of 6,500 infantry, two batteries, and fifty cavalry. The effective men of General Ames's division of the 24th Corps will furnish the infantry force. General Paine is under your orders, and General Ames will be ordered to report to you in person immediately."

My division of three brigades was composed of New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana troops, about 3,300 in number. General Paine had a division of colored troops.

We embarked at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., December 8, and our transports reached the place of rendezvous off New Inlet, N. C., Thursday, the 15th. Friday. Saturday, and Sunday, we awaited the coming of the navy.

Admiral Porter, commanding our fleet, arrived Sunday evening, the 18th. The next day the water was too rough to make a landing on the ocean beach. Towards evening, a northeast gale coming up, the transports were sent to Beaufort for coal and water, as the ten days' supply had run short, where they were delayed by the weather and the difficulty of getting coal, until Saturday, the 24th.—Report on Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 122.

I did not go to Beaufort, as my ship on which I had one of my brigades was well prepared for such an emergency.

General Butler, followed by his fleet of transports, returned to New Inlet on Saturday, the 24th of December, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

The powder boat, which played such a notorious part in this expedition, had been exploded at about two o'clock on the morning of the same day.—Report on Conduct of the War. Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 123.

The idea of the powder boat was General Butler's, but it was approved of and adopted by the navy, which furnished the vessel and its share of the 215 tons of gunpowder used. The navy held control of this experiment from first to last.

The explosion was untimely, and a failure. Commodore Jeffers of the navy reports: "A part of the programme required that the vessel should be grounded, which appears not to have been the case."—Report on Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 250.

Commander Rhind writes: "That, owing to the want of confinement and insufficient fusing of the mass, that much of the powder was blown away before ignition and its effect lost."—Report on Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 252.

Admiral Porter reports: "That the powder was finally exploded from the effects of a fire kindled in the forecastle. No results of value were to be expected from this mode. It was proposed only as a final resort, in order to prevent the vessel, in any contingency, from falling into the hands of the enemy."—Report on Conduct of the War. Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 250.

Commander James Parker, U. S. Navy, stated to the New York Loyal Legion, October 5, 1892: "We all believed in it (the powder boat) from the admiral down, but when it proved so laughable a failure we of the navy laid its paternity upon General Butler."

Colonel Lamb, in command, describes Fort Fisher as follows: "At the land face of Fort Fisher the peninsula was about half a mile wide, Cape Fear river being on one side and the Atlantic ocean on the other.

This face commenced about a hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berm to the top of the parapet, at an angle of 45 degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than 25 feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high, from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted in barbette, Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each (there were twenty heavy guns on the land face), there were" (some eighteen) "heavy traverses, exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bomb-proof, the latter ventilated by an air-chamber. Passageways penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs of the guns.

"The sea face was a mile long, and for a hundred yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land face.

"As a defense against infantry

there was a system of subterrene torpedoes extending across the peninsula. five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that an explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berm of the work. extending from the river bank to the seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance on the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in rear of the land face."—Century War Books, Vol. IV. p. 641.

This strong work had, at the time of our first expedition, a garrison of 1,400 men, 900 of whom were veterans.—*Century War Books*.

Colonel Lamb had been incited to the utmost by General Lee, who had sent him word that he "must hold the fort or he could not subsist his army."—Century War Books.

On the morning of the 24th the fleet of Admiral Porter moved in towards New Inlet and opened fire on the fort. The character of this bombardment, and the demands made by the admiral on his ships and sailors, I will let him tell.

In his letter to the secretary of the navy of the 24th of December, 1864, he says: "I have the honor to inform you that I attacked the forts at

the mouth of the Cape Fear river to-day, at 12:30. . . . After getting the ships in position we silenced it in about an hour and a half, there being no troops here to take possession. I am merely firing now to keep up practice. The forts are nearly demolished, and as soon as troops come we can take possession. We have set them on fire, blown some of them up, and all that is wanted now is troops to land and go into them." - Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 121. The admiral failed to mention, in his letter, the fact that I had offered 1,000 men and co-operation, although, in his testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war, he said: "General Ames had a thousand men there, and he sent on board and told me he was ready to land."-Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 97.

In his letter of the 26th he says, referring to the bombardment of the 24th: "In an hour and fifteen minutes after the first shot was fired not a shot came from the fort. that the batteries were silenced completely, I directed the ships to keep up a moderate fire, in hopes of attracting the attention of the transports, and bringing them in."-Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 123-124. In this same letter of December 26th, Admiral Porter says, speaking of the bombardment of the forts on December 25th: "The firing this day was slow, only sufficient to amuse the enemy while the army landed. In the bombardment of the 25th the men were engaged firing slowly for seven hours .- Con-

duct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 125.". Everything was coolly done throughout the day, and I witnessed some beautiful practice."—Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, pp. 125–126.

In a letter to the secretary of the navy, December 29th, after the fleet had left, and the transports had gone back to Hampton Roads, he writes: "At no time did I permit the vessels to open on them with all their batteries, limiting some of them to about two shots a minute, and permitting the large vessels to fight only one division of guns at a time; and the bombardment cost only a certain amount of shells, which I would expend in a month's target practice anyhow."—Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, pp. 109–170.

Such are the salient features of the reports of Admiral Porter.

General Whiting, who was in the fort, and who commanded that military district, says the slight damage done by this cannonading was repaired at night, and that "the garrison was in no instance driven from its guns. the palisade was in perfect order, and the mines the same, the wires not having been cut."—Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expetion, p. 107, Vol. II.

General Weitzel testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War: "I made a reconnaissance of the fort and saw that the work, as a defensive work, was not injured at all, except that one gun, about midway of the land face, was dismounted. I did not see a single opening in the row of palisades that was in front of the ditch; it seemed to be perfectly intact." - Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 72.

All in the fort agree that Admiral Porter was mistaken as to the effects of the cannonading.

So much as to the condition of the fort.

On the morning of the 25th, all our transports anchored near the shore some two or three miles north of the fort, and the troops immediately began to land.

I had been selected to storm the fort with my division.

My report on December 28th is as follows: "Brevet Brigadier-General Curtis and 500 of his brigade were the first to land, and were taken towards the fort by General Weitzel for a reconnaissance. It was dusk when I reached the front. I then heard that the First brigade was to remain where it was until further orders, and that if any attack was made the responsibility would rest with the officer in immediate command. At this time I did not know that it had been decided not to attack the fort. Upon the report of Curtis that he could take the fort, I sent his brigade forward to make the attempt."— War Records, Vol. XLII, Part 1, p. 981.

In his report Curtis says: "On my arrival at this point I received orders from General Ames to return and re-establish my lines as they were, and, if possible, to occupy the fort, and I at once ordered my skirmishers forward, etc. . . . enemy, having cover of the darkness, opened on the skirmishers as they advanced, with musketry and canister, but did not prevent their establishing the line in its former position, with the reserves in close proximity." -War Records, Vol. XLII, Part I. p. 983.

Curtis made no further effort to take the fort, as I had ordered him to do, but sent word to me that he was occupying his former position.-War Records, p. 983, Vol. XLII.

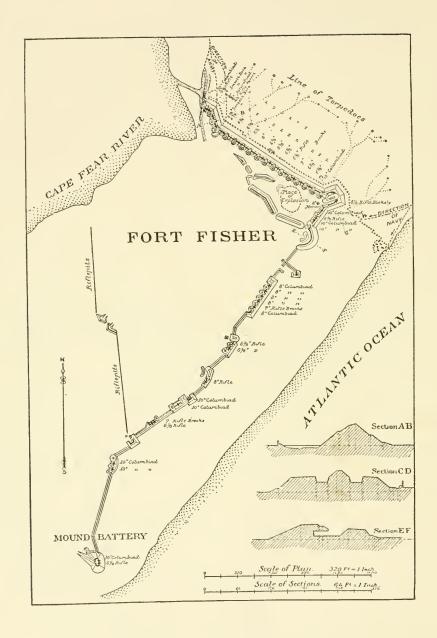
Why he failed to assault the fort after I assumed the responsibility and gave the order, I have never At this time an order reached me to return to our ships, which we did, and the first expedition ended.

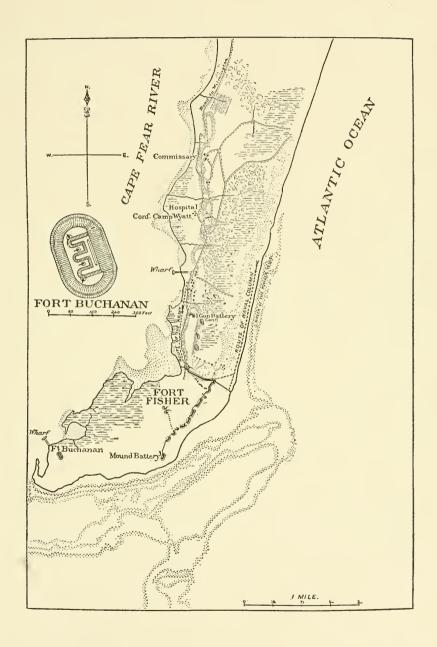
An incident occurred which had much to do in giving an erroneous idea of the condition of the fort and garrison.

One of our lieutenants approached the fort and captured its flag, which had been shot away by the navy, and which had fallen with the flagstaff on the outer slope of the parapet to the ditch

On this point General Weitzel testifies: "I sent for Lieutenant Walling and questioned him about it, and he told me that a shell had knocked the flagstaff outside and on top of the parapet, and the flag hung over into, or outside of, the ditch. Thinking that probably the Rebels had not observed it, he crept up on his hands and knees to the palisading, found a hole in it that one of the shells had made, crept through the hole and up to the flag, and got it and got away with it without being observed." - Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 77.

Let us see why our expedition terminated thus abruptly.





Weitzel had been ordered by Butler to land and make a reconnaissance. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War he gave his experience during the war in charging and defending field works, and continuing, said: "After that experience, with the information I had obtained from reading and study—for before this war I was an instructor at the military academy for three years under Professor Mahan, on those very subjects-remembering well the remarks of the lieutenant-general commanding, that it was his intention that I should command that expedition, because another officer selected by the war department had once shown timidity, and in face of the fact that I had been appointed a major-general only twenty days before, and needed confirmation; notwithstanding all this, I went back to General and told him I considered it would be murder to order an attack on that work with that force." - Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, pp. 72-73.

Colonel Lamb says, with reference to the loss of his flag: "I had no fear of an assault, and because, during a bombardment which rendered an assault impossible, I covered my men, and a few straggling skirmishers, too few to attract attention, got near the fort and some gallant officers thought they could have carried the work, it does not follow that they would not have paid dearly for their temerity if they had made the attempt."—Letter of Colonel Lamb, dated, Norfolk, Va., January 20, 1890.

General Whiting speaks to the

same effect. — War Records, Vol. XLII, Part I, p. 993.

Now, who is to say that Weitzel, Whiting and Lamb were mistaken as to the situation that day? Is it the brave soldier who crept unseen through a hole in the palisade to the parapet and took a flag from a staff which had been shot away?

Is it Admiral Porter who wrote to the secretary of the navy January 17th, 1865? "I have since visited Fort Fisher and the adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder, even now, how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England."-Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 190. In a letter of the 16th of January to the secretary of the navy, he says: "I was in Fort Malakoff a few days after it surrendered to the French and English; the combined armies of the two nations were many months capturing that stronghold, and it won't compare, either in size or strength, to Fort Fisher." -Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 184.

I have no hesitancy in saying that they were not mistaken, though it is true that without personal knowledge of the character of the fort, and, for the time, believing Curtis, I ordered him to take it on his assertion that he could do so.

What was not possible December 25th, was made possible January 15th, through an efficient bombardment on the part of the navy and the coöperation of 2,000 sailors and marines and an additional force of 1,400 infantry.

January 1st, 1865, Grant wrote to Secretary Stanton: "The fact is, there are but two ways of taking Fort Fisher, operating from the water; one is to surprise them whilst there is but a small garrison defending the place; the other is for the navy to send a portion of their fleet into Cape Fear river.".

. . He continues: "In the three days of good weather which elapsed after the army had reached the scene of action, before the navy appeared, our troops had the chance of capturing Fort Fisher whilst it had an insufficient garrison to hold it. The delay gave the enemy time to accumulate a force. . .

. The failure before was the result of delays by the navy."—
War Records, Vol. XLVI, part 2, p. 4.

So, of Grant's two ways of taking the fort, one by surprise failed, as he said, because of the delay of the navy, and as to the other, Colonel Comstock reports to Grant, January 9th: "There is no hope, at least at present, of the Admiral's trying to run by Fort Fisher."—War Records, Vol. XLVI, part 2, p. 80.

Grant ordered and intended that Weitzel should have command of the expedition. North Carolina was in Butler's military department.

His order retained Weitzel as his subordinate.

Though Grant may have intended and ordered certain action on the part of our expedition in December, 1864, on the first of January, 1865, he wrote the secretary of war, as just quoted, that there were but two ways to take the fort—by surprise or by the occupancy of the river by the navy. There was no surprise, the navy was not in the river, the bombardment of the fort was ineffectual, Weitzel decided against an assault, Butler acquiesced and ordered the expedition back to Virginia, saying to Weitzel at the same time that he (Butler) would assume all responsibility, as he could stand the blame better than could Weitzel, the professional soldier.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War was composed of the leading men in congress at that time. Much experience in the investigation of military affairs had made them, to say the least, fairly capable judges. They could command any witness, they were critical and severe in their examinations, and their conclusions were reached without fear or favor. Honest Ben Wade was their chairman. This is their decision:

"In conclusion, your committee would say, from all the testimony before them, that the determination of General Butler not to assault the fort seems to have been fully justified by all facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained."—Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, Vol. II, p. 8.

Few can comprehend the penalty General Butler had to pay for his action on this occasion. The war was within a few months of its end. and he had hoped for a share of the honors conferred on those who served faithfully and well, but he was sent home, and the whole nation condemned him for the failure. General Weitzel, one of the best of men, and one of our ablest generals, was humbled in spirit before the storm of censure and ridicule. But all that came after the capture of the fort on our second expedition.

PART II.

The second expedition was started without delay. January 2d, 1865, General A. H. Terry was put in command. On the 3d, we left camp, began re-embarkation on the 4th, and completed it on the 5th.

I had 3,300 picked men in my division. General Paine had the same number in his. There were added a brigade of 1,400 men under Colonel J. G. Abbott and two batteries of light artillery of three and six guns each. Colonel Comstock, who represented Grant on our first expedition, returned with us on the second.

The transports put to sea on the morning of the 6th. A severe storm drove them into Beaufort.

The troops were landed on the 13th, some two miles north of the fort.

Upon landing, the first work on hand was to establish a line of

breastworks from the ocean beach to the river to keep the enemy in the direction of Wilmington from interfering with our operations.

A reconnaissance was made. Terry reports: "As a result of this reconnaissance, and in view of the extreme difficulty which might be expected in landing supplies and the materials for a siege on the often tempestuous beach, it was decided to attempt an assault the next day, provided that, in the mean time, the fire of the navy should so far destroy the palisades as to make one practicable. decision was communicated to Admiral Porter, who at once placed a division of his vessels in a position to accomplish this last-named object. It was arranged, in consultation with him, that a heavy bombardment from all the vessels should commence early in the morning and continue up to the moment of the assault, and that even then it should not cease, but should be diverted from the points of attack to the other parts of the work. It was decided that the assault should be made at 3 p. m., that the army should attack on the western half of the land face, and that a column of sailors and marines should assault the northeast bastion. The fire of the navy continued during the night. At 8 a.m. of the 13th, all of the vessels, except a division left to aid in the defense of our northern line, moved into position, and a fire, magnificent alike for its power and accuracy, was opened," and continued all day

Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday, till 3:30 p. m. "Ames's division had been selected for the assault. . . . At 3:25 p. m. all the preparations were completed, the order to move forward was given to Ames, and a concerted signal was made to Admiral Porter to change the direction of his fire." — War Records, Vol. XL VI, part 1, pp. 397-8.

The situation at this time was as follows: Some two miles north of the fort General Paine had established a line of breastworks, from ocean to river, facing north, with his own division on the left and Colonel Abbott's brigade on the right. On the sea beach, about half a mile from the fort, were 2,000 sailors and marines under command of Fleet Captain K. R. Breese. On the east were sixty-four ships of war, under Admiral Porter, cannonading the fort. My three brigades were in line, one behind the other, ranging from three to five hundred vards from the fort, the left of each line nearly opposite the middle of the land face of the fort. the right near the river. A body of sharp-shooters were pushed forward, and the whole division was covered from the fire of the enemy, as far as possible, by the inequalities of the ground and slight pits formed by throwing up the sand.

Terry, Comstock, and I were in a small advanced outwork about half a mile from the fort. My able and gallant adjutant-general, General Charles A. Carleton, has made the following record: "General Terry turned to General Ames and said: 'General Ames, the signal agreed upon for the assault has been given.' General Ames asked; 'Have you any special orders to give?' General Terry replied: 'No, you understand the situation and what is desired to be accomplished. I leave everything to your discretion.'" Thus was given me the unrestricted command of the fighting forces.

At once I directed Captain Lawrence of my staff to order Curtis, commanding the first brigade, to charge, striking the parapet at the end nearest the river. The palisade had been sufficiently broken and shot away by the fire of the navy to permit the passage of the troops. As I approached the fort I watched with anxious eyes the charge of the First brigade.

Captain Lawrence heroically led the charge of that part of the brigade which advanced at this time. He was the first through the palisade, and while reaching for a guidon to plant on the first traverse his hand was shot away and he was dangerously wounded in the neck, but with this lodgment on the first traverse, the force of the charge was spent. I quickly ordered Colonel Pennypacker's brigade, which was close at hand, to charge and sweep down the parapet to the ocean. - War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 417.

I will not attempt a description of the battle. It was a charge of my brigades, one after the other, followed by desperate fighting at 178

close quarters over the parapet and traverses and in and through the covered ways. All the time we were exposed to the musketry and artillery of the enemy, while our own navy was thundering away, occasionally making us the victims of its fire.

The official reports of my officers give no adequate idea of their gallant deeds, but they must supply the form and coloring of the war-like scenes of that eventful Sunday.

Colonel Daggett, in command of the First brigade, January 17th, reports: "At about 3 p. m., General Curtis having received orders to that effect from General Ames, through Captain Lawrence, the brigade advanced to the charge, so as to strike the sally-port, that having been deemed the only vulnerable point of the work, and, after a desperate struggle, the advance of the brigade reached the parapet of the fort and scaled it to the first traverse, where the guidon of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York was planted—the first colors on the fort."—War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 418-9.

Major O. P. Harding, who came out of the fight in command of the Second brigade, reports: "The brigade was ordered to assault the fort, which was done in a gallant manner and under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, and entered the fort through a sally-port near the river. The Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel J. W. Moore, was the first to enter the fort, closely fol-

lowed by the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, commanded by First Lieutenant John Wainwright. The colors of each of those regiments reached the parapet about the same time, those of the Ninety-seventh borne by Colonel Pennypacker, and of the Two Hundred and Third by Colonel Moore. Colonel Pennypacker was seriously wounded while planting his colors on the third traverse, and Colonel Moore fell dead while passing the second traverse, waving his colors and commanding his men to follow. After entering the fort the brigade became somewhat broken up; nevertheless, both officers and men behaved gallantly until its capture." -War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 419-20.

"After the fall of Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman, Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, who fell on the sixth traverse, I commanded the regiment until about 5 p. m., when ordered by General Ames to take command of the brigade, which I immediately organized."

Capt. H. B. Essington, commanding Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, reports: "The regiment charged on the right of the Second brigade, and was the first regiment of the brigade to enter the fort, going in with the First (Curtis's) brigade. After having assisted in capturing the first two mounds, a portion of the regiment went to the right and stationed themselves behind a bank in the open field south of the fort. The latter portion then charged across

the plain, by order of the commanding general (General Ames), until opposite the seventh or eighth traverse, where they threw up an embankment with their tin plates and shovels, which they held until the fort surrendered, keeping up a steady fire on the enemy."—War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 420,

Let me say, in passing, that Colonel Pennypacker's conduct in leading his brigade with the colors of his own regiment, placed him second to none for gallantry that day. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of his example to his brigade.

Entering the fort and passing to the rear of the parapet at the west end, I made an examination of it from that position, and decided to use my third brigade, Colonel Bell's, with its left by the parapet, right extended south and west inside the fort, and charge into the angle formed by the land and sea faces. I ordered Bell forward with his brigade to report to me. tenant-Colonel Johnson, commanding the Third brigade, January 19th, reports: "Colonel Bell was ordered by General Ames to remain near him for the purpose of receiving orders." Unfortunately, Colonel Bell was killed in the advance, gallantly leading his brigade. The part of his brigade which reached me was in a somewhat disorganized condition. I formed it as best I could for the charge. Owing to the obstructions of the demolished quarters of the garrison and the fire of the enemy from the front (the angle had been partially filled in and was protected by a curtain), and from the right, as well as the fire of our navy, the advance was checked. The men were in a very exposed position, and as no advantage could be gained there, I ordered them to join the other troops in pushing seaward on the land face of the fort. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson further reports: "The brigade entered the fort conjointly with a portion of the First (Curtis's) brigade, at the left bastion, a portion moving along the terre-plein and a portion on the ramparts, parapets, and slopes, some of the officers and men in the advance with officers and men of other brigades. all vying with each other."-War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. *421*.

Owing to the contracted space in which the fighting was done, brigade and regimental formations were impossible. What was accomplished was through the heroic efforts of small bodies of officers and men.

From time to time I sent to Terry, who was in the earthwork half a mile away, reports of the progress I was making.

I had previously learned that the sailors and marines who had made an attack on the sea angle had been quickly repulsed.

As the sun sank to the horizon, the ardor of the assault abated. Our advance was but slow. Ten of my officers had been killed, forty-seven wounded, and about five hun-

dred men were killed and wounded. Among the killed was one brigade commander, the other two were wounded and disabled. I now requested Terry to join me in the fort. It was dark before he and Comstock arrived. I explained the situation.

Colonel Abbott's brigade, which had been relieved from its position in the line facing Wilmington, by the defeated sailors and marines, had been ordered to report to me.

I decided to make my chief effort with the reënforcements by moving the troops by the flank between the palisade and the foot of the fort until the head of the column should reach the northeast angle by the ocean, then face to the right and rush the men up and over the parapet; and at the same time continue the struggle for the traverses. Colonel J. C. Abbott, commanding Second brigade, First Division, in his report of January 15th, says: "Reaching the fort about dark, I reported to General Ames. By order of General Ames, I first threw the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, Captain Trickey commanding, along the portion of the north face of the work already occupied by his troops, and relieved them; also by General Ames's order, I threw out the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, Captain Marble commanding, as a picket in rear of the work, the right of the line resting on Cape Fear river. During this time the enemy occupied all the eastern and about one third the northern face of the work. At

about 9 o'clock, by order of General Ames, I then proceeded to dislodge the enemy from the remainder of the fort. I then advanced the Seventh New Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel Rollins commanding. They at once and gallantly charged up the slope enveloping the sea angle of the work, meeting a sharp fire from the enemy, who were stationed behind the parapets, and in rear of the main work."—

War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 410.

Captain William H. Trickey, commanding Third New Hampshire regiment, reports January 18th: "I was directed by Colonel Abbott, commanding brigade, to move my regiment to the extreme advance held by the second division, and open fire upon the enemy; was thus engaged for nearly an hour, having, to a great extent, silenced the enemy's fire; was then directed by Colonel Abbott to take and hold, with twenty men, the next traverse in front, the remainder of my command being left in several traverses to keep up the fire upon the enemy. We took the traverse, as directed, driving the enemy out. Thinking we could go farther, we charged and took the next two, with a like result. After taking the third traverse, having met with considerable resistance, I did not deem it prudent to go farther with so few men, and opened a vigorous fire upon the enemy, who was rallying for the recapture of the traverses; we held the enemy in check until the arrival of the Seventh New Hampshire and Sixth Connecticut, who charged and took the remainder of the work."-War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1. p. 413.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rollins reports: "At 10 p. m. moved my regiment inside the fort, and was ordered by General Ames to take two traverses, and three, if possible, the number not then taken. I moved over the third traverse of the fort, and advanced rapidly inside the stockade until I reached the battery on the northeast angle of the fort, where I formed the right wing of the regiment, leaving the left in support. I then ordered a charge, and captured the three remaining traverses and batteries, then pushed on by the right flank, and by so doing cut off the angle of the fort, moved to the right, and, by a rapid and determined advance, captured the remaining traverses and batteries of the fort proper."—War Records, Tol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 414.

Thus, after some seven hours' fighting, more than five of which were after dark, the land face of the fort was occupied and all resistance ceased. The enemy fled to the shelter of Battery Buchanan, at the end of the point, two miles away. Terry took Abbott and a part of his brigade and marched to Battery Buchanan .- Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 190.

Abbott reports: "I was met by the adjutant-general of the general commanding the enemy's forces, who tendered the surrender of the battery, upon which I referred to General Terry, who would soon arrive. . . General Terry having arrived, received the surrender of the work and the force."— War Records, Vol. XLVI. Part I, p. 410.

Colonel Abbott was mistaken. Terry was too late. Captain Lockwood of my staff had already received the surrender.

It was after ten o'clock. The task set for us at half-past three was finished. Our work was done.

The statement of their achievement is the highest eulogy that can be passed upon our soldiers.

A grievous accident occurred early the next morning, which killed and wounded one hundred and thirty of our gallant heroes. It was the explosion of the magazine of the fort. A board of enquiry was organized, and found "that the following are the main facts, viz.: 1. Immediately after the capture of the fort, General Ames gave orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel M. Zent, to place guards on all the magazines and bomb-proofs. 2. Lieutenant-Colonel Zent commenced on the northwest corner of the fort, next the river, following the traverses round, and placed guards on thirty-one entrances under the traverses. The main magazine, which afterwards exploded, being in the rear of the traverses, escaped his notice, and, consequently, had no guards from his regiment or any other."- War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 430.

General Bragg reports that the defenders of the fort numbered, all told, about 110 commissioned officers and 2,500 men—their casualties being over 400. A few escaped across the river, in boats, under cover of the darkness; the rest became our prisoners.—Century War Books, Vol. IV, p. 661.

Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war, had been visiting Sherman at Savannah, after his march through Georgia, and on his way north called at Fort Fisher, where he had an interview with Terry.

Upon Stanton's arrival at Fortress Monroe, Va., he sent a despatch to President Lincoln, marked " official," dated Tuesday, 10 a.m., January 17, 1865. In this despatch, Stanton mentions Terry, my brigade commanders, and some regimental commanders, but omits my name altogether. Among other things, he says: "The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of 3,000 troops of the old Tenth Corps, led by Colonel Curtis, under the immediate supervision of General Terry."

This is not true, as the official reports show, in any other sense than that Curtis's brigade first reached the fort under my immediate orders, with Terry half a mile away. An earlier attempt to make public these facts has been impracticable, as the volume of the war records covering this event was not published till 1894.

With this as a preface, I will add

to the extracts of the reports of some of my subordinate officers already given, the report of General Terry, who was my only superior officer. He says: "Of General Ames I have already spoken in a letter recommending his promotion. He commanded all the troops engaged, and was constantly under fire. His great coolness, good judgment, and skill were never more conspicuous than in this assault."—War Records, Vol. ALVI, Part 1, p. 399.

These official reports show, as Terry says, that I "commanded all the troops engaged" from the first act, when my aide, Captain A. G. Lawrence, led the first brigade into the fort, to the last act, when the garrison surrendered to my aide, Captain H. C. Lockwood.

— War Records, Vol. XL VI, Part 1, p. 417.

The sailors and marines who assaulted in column the northeast angle of the fort along the sea beach, were a body of 2,000 men, made up of detachments from different ships. Naturally enough, Captain Breese found it, as has been stated, an unwieldy mass. The 1,600 sailors were armed only with pistols and cutlasses. Thev were quickly repulsed. reached the parapet. Once checked, they turned and fled, losing 300 in killed and wounded. Admiral Porter testified: "I suppose the whole thing was over in fifteen minutes, as far as the sailors were concerned, for they were cut down like sheep."—Conduct of the

War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 103.

Later, this force was sent to the line of entrenchments facing Wilmington, relieving Colonel Abbott's brigade, which reported to me. Of course Admiral Porter expected his sailors to carry the fort, but, alas! he had been deceived as to its defensive capabilities, which deception resulted in the apparently needless sacrifice of his gallant sailors.

Our navy, in its ships and armament, was the most powerful that ever existed up to that time. In officers and men it never had its equal, and never will till an equally enlightened, powerful, and liberty-loving people again rise, in their might, in a struggle for self-preservation.

As to the effect on the fort of the second bombardment, Colonel Lamb writes: "The land armament, with palisades and torpedoes, had been destroyed. For the first time in the history of sieges, the land defenses of the works were destroyed, not by the act of the besieging army, but by the concentrated fire, direct and enfilading, of an immense fleet, poured upon them without intermission, until torpedo wires were cut, palisades breached so that they actually afforded cover for assailants, and the slopes of the work were rendered practicable for assault."—Century War Books, p. 654.

Why the first expedition was a failure and the second a success has never been rightly understood.

The military situations have been obscured by the contention between General Butler and Admiral Porter, though the most amicable relations existed between the army and navy.

It has been believed that the fort was in the same condition on both occasions, and that it was but poorly garrisoned on the first. Those who so held were in error in both particulars.

According to Badeau, Grant's historian, "Curtis declared that the fort could have been carried on the first expedition, and that at the moment when they were recalled they virtually had possession."—Badeau's History of U. S. Grant, Vol. 111, p. 316.

This declaration has been accepted as the truth.

We can examine the facts, now that the official reports have been published, and form our own opinions on this point, which has been the pivot of the whole controversy.

It appears from Curtis's report that he had "pushed the right of his skirmishers to within 75 paces of the fort, and had sent back to his reserves for 200 men with whom to possess the fort, but his messenger was there informed that orders from the department commander bade him retire," which he did.

— War Records, Vol. XLII, Part 1, p. 983.

Let us see what these 200 men would have had to do to make what Curtis calls a "virtual," an actual possession of the fort.

Colonel Lamb had a force of 1,400 men, 900 of whom were veterans. Whiting, Lamb, and other officers commend the discipline, skill, and gallantry of the garrison. I will not take time to quote from their reports. They all show that the officers of the fort were keenly alive to our movements. Colonel Lamb states that he intentionally kept his men hidden from view. He was perfectly familiar with the surroundings, both within and without the fort.

Now, the one question to decide is, Could those 200 men, sent for by Curtis, have taken possession of that palisaded Malakoff fortress, with its garrison of 1,400 men?

Lieutenant-Colonel Barney, who commanded our forces behind the picket line, nowhere intimates that we had any kind of possession of the fort. Even Curtis reports, officially, that his skirmishers were met with musketry and canister, and that he retired under a heavy fire.

In making a decision, Lamb's report must not be overlooked. He reports,—"That it was dark at 5:30, when the fleet ceased firing. No assault could be made while the fleet was firing. When the firing ceased, the parapets (which were 20 feet high) were at once manned, and half of the garrison (700 men) was stationed outside the work behind the palisade, which was 9 feet high and pierced for musketry."-Century War Books. What soldier will say we had "virtual" possession of the fort under such circumstances?

The second expedition took this question from the realm of speculation.

Three weeks after the first attempt we were back again before the fort, which, because of the efficient bombardment of the navy, was far less capable of resistance. A column of 2,000 sailors and marines were to make a gallant assault on the sea angle simultaneously with ours, thereby to create a diversion, greatly to our advantage.

Curtis had in his brigade, now forming the first line, more than twice as many men as he had before the fort on the first expedition. Again I gave him the order to take the fort. Did he take it? No. His brigade, led by Captain Lawrence, made a lodgment on one corner of it,-a lodgment so uncertain that I immediately ordered up Colonel Pennypacker's brigade, which, inspired and led by him and Colonel Moore, reached the third traverse and made our foothold secure. Such are the official records of the battle.

I wish to touch one other point. Badeau writes in this same history,—
"The fighting was continued from traverse to traverse, until at 9 o'clock the troops had nearly reached the bastion. Bell had been killed and Pennypacker wounded, and Curtis now sent back for re-enforcements. The advance party was in imminent peril, for the guns from both bastions and the mound batteries were turned upon them. At this crisis a staff officer brought orders from Terry to stop fighting

and begin intrenching. Curtis was inflamed with the magnificent rage of battle, and fairly roared at this command, 'Then we shall lose whatever we have gained. The enemy will drive us from here in the morning.' While he spoke, he was struck by a shell, and fell senseless to the earth. The hero of Fort Fisher had fallen, and the fort was not yet carried. Ames, who was near him, sent an officer to Terry to report that Curtis was killed, and that his dying request was that the fighting might go on. It was also Ames's opinion that the battle should proceed. caught the contagion, and determined to continue the assault, even if it became necessary to abandon the line of defense towards Wilmington. Abbott's re-enforcements were at once ordered forward, and as they entered the fort, the Rebels on the bastion gave way and Fort Fisher was carried." It is due to Badeau to state that he says in a note that he "obtained the account of this assault from a paper written by an aide-de-camp to General Curtis."-Badcau's History of U. S. Grant, Vol. III, p. 342.

This remarkable statement deserves a moment's consideration. If it be true, then all the chief honors must fall on one head. But it is not true. If Terry gave orders to stop fighting and begin intrenching, who can believe that it was through the "contagion caught" by him from Curtis that the fight continued, or that he would "abandon the line towards Wilmington" to try uncertainties at

Terry reports,—"When Bell's brigade was ordered into action I foresaw that more troops would probably be needed, and sent an order for Abbott's brigade to move down from the north line, at the same time requesting Captain Breese to replace them with his sailors and marines. I also directed General Paine to send me one of the strongest regiments of his own division; these troops arrived at dusk, and reported to General Ames."—War Records, Vol. XLVI, p. 399.

This treatment of Terry, and the ignoring of division, brigade, and regimental commanders find no justification in the facts. Terry is entitled to every honor due his position. Pennypacker and Bell cannot be swept aside so lightly, nor the regimental commanders, whose names I need not give here.

I would say specifically to that reference to myself, that I did not send any request, "dying," or other, from Curtis to Terry that the fighting might go on.

If Terry intended my division to stop fighting and begin intrenching, he did not send the order to Curtis, one of my brigade commanders, nor would Terry send re-enforcements to Curtis over my head.

According to this aide, Curtis was wounded at 9 o'clock, while criticising Terry's order to stop fighting and begin intrenching. I say in my report that Curtis was

wounded "a short time before dark" on that brief winter's day.

I saw him in, and emerge from, a covered way at the west end of the parapet. He approached me and began to speak: almost at the same time a shot struck him down. Colonel Daggett, who succeeded to the command of Curtis's brigade, reports two days after,-" Curtis was seriously wounded about 4:30." General Carleton, who was with me at the time, and picked up his sword as he fell, says Curtis was shot at about 4:30. And yet Badeau would have us believe that Curtis was wounded while criticising Terry's order to stop fighting and begin intrenching, at 9 o'clock, some four hours after Curtis fell senseless at my feet.

In fact, he was wounded before dark, about an hour and a half after the battle began, and some four hours before the fort was taken. The exact minute is of no importance. Participants in a battle are poor judges of passing time.

In this instance, it is fixed accurately enough in the official reports of Daggett, Abbott, and myself, as well as Carleton's statement of his recollections.

General Terry says, in his official report of the battle,—"Brigadier-General Curtis and Colonels Pennypacker, Bell, and Abbott, the brigade commanders, led them with the utmost gallantry. Curtis was wounded after fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand; Pennypacker, while carrying the standard of one of his regiments, the first

man in a charge over a traverse; Bell was mortally wounded near the palisade "— War Records, Vol. XLVI, Part 1, p. 400.

This is all, literally all, Terry says of exceptional services by Curtis. "Fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand" is most commendable under the circumstances, but it does not in itself justify claims for exceptional honors.

My report (War Records, Vol. NLVI, Part 1, p. 416) says: "The conduct of the officers and men of this division was most gallant.

- . . Where the name of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be submitted, I shall at present only be able to give a few of those most conspicuous. It is hoped all may be properly rewarded.
- "Brevet-Brigadier General N. M. Curtis, commanding First brigade, was prominent throughout the day for his bravery, coolness, and judgment. His services can not be overestimated. He fell a short time before dark, seriously wounded in the head by a canister shot.
- "Colonel Pennypacker, commanding the Second brigade, was seriously wounded while planting his colors on the third traverse of the work. This officer was surpassed by none, and his absence during the day was most deeply felt and seriously regretted.
- "Colonel L. Bell, commanding Third brigade, was mortally wounded while crossing the bridge in advance of the palisading. He

was an able and efficient officer; one not easily replaced.

"Colonel J. W. Moore, Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, behaved with the most distinguished gallantry. He was killed while passing the second traverse of the fort, in advance of his regiment, waving his colors. Few equaled, none surpassed this brave officer."

My report on Curtis is not less generous than Terry's; but it was not intended to, and I doubt if it does, sustain his pretensions of this day.

The official records, written thirty-two years ago, must be the foun-

dation for all claims of honor and distinction. Nothing can now be added to them or taken from them. By them we all must be judged.

Misrepresentations greatly injured General Butler, and deeply humiliated General Weitzel. Truth has been outraged—truth overslow in the pursuit of falsehood, not always the most agreeable company.

In this paper, I have attempted to right a wrong. I have given few opinions of my own. I have called up the actors themselves, and have let them speak in their own words—sometimes under oath—always under a sense of grave responsibility.

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

By General F. P. Cilley.

The paper on Fort Fisher, read by General Ames, is almost entirely one of authorities, each statement being drawn from official reports and recognized history, but between its lines, to a soldier eye, a brilliant attack, unequaled in modern wars, is depicted. three brigades of the division delivered their timely blows with the cadence and force of a trip hammer. Under the heroic leadership of Ames's staff officer, Captain Lawrence, the First brigade made a lodgment in the first traverse, and then the Second brigade, accompanied by Ames, was launched, followed by the Third, capturing

the second and third traverses, and the division obtained a grip on the stronger than Malakoff tower. Captain Breese, of the navy, officially sets forth his admiration,-"Being a witness to the assault of the army after our repulse, I can not but express my admiration of the extreme gallantry of its attack. It was the most inspiring sight to see how splendidly our brave soldiers did their work." The determined work of the division from the closing hours of the short winter day till ten o'clock at night, as it assaulted one traverse after another. or the gallant work of Abbott's brigade, as, at nine o'clock at nigh

they moved by the flank between the palisades and foot of the fort, and climbed up the slope enveloping the sea end of the fort, can never be adequately described. This crowning work of General Ames's military career renders a notice of his previous army service appropriate. I remember, with most pleasing accuracy, my first meeting General Davis Tillson. The Fourth Maine Infantry was being organized at the time. In referring to this regiment, General Tillson spoke of a young cadet about to graduate at West Point, whom he thought would make an admirable lieutenant-colonel and a fitting support to Colonel Berry. The name of the cadet was Adelbert Ames. He was tendered the appointment, but the military authorities at Washington decided that his services were needed with the battery of light artillery to which he would be assigned. This battery at the Battle of First Bull Run was stationed to the right of the celebrated Henry House, and was exposed to disastrous infantry fire. Ames was severely wounded, but in his disabled condition stuck to his guns, and kept them at work on the enemy till ordered to retire from the field. For this gallantry, a medal of honor was bestowed on him, and Maine first knew his heroic qualities. When the Twentieth Maine was raised, Ames was

made its colonel. He took hold of this regiment as a baker is supposed to take hold of dough, and drilled it with such persistent and continual effort that officers and men were tempted to declare they hated the man, but as this regiment advanced from shelter of the houses at Fredericksburg over the open fields which stretched on and up to the stone walls on Mary's Heights, Ames went to the forefront, and the men heard the voice of command they had learned to obey. They felt the value of the man and the quality of work he had wrought in the ranks of the regiment, and from that moment forward they took pride in their commander and gave him unqualified homage. During its entire service, the value of Ames's military labors was apparent in the conduct and history of this regiment. Ames soon advanced to the command of a brigade, was a special aide to Hooker at Chancellorsville, and stood with Howard's guns at Gettysburg; did valiant work in South Carolina, and before Petersburg and across the James. His whole career was marked by a faithful and complete performance of all military duties assigned him, with a gallantry and personal bravery seldom equaled, until the darkness of that winter night of Jan. 15, 1865, was made luminous with the capture of the Fortress by the Sea.

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MARYLAND.

Henry E. Challis, late of Co. G, First D. C. Cavalry, and Co. L, First Maine Cavalry, who was severely wounded at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1865, and now resides at 1617 W. Lexington street, Baltimore, Md., writes:

I commend to my comrades the work entitled "Cole's Cavalry or Three Years in the Saddle in the Shenandoah Valley," edited by a friend of mine, C. Armour Newcomer. If a notice of the book in the Bugle can secure the sale of a few copies, you will be doing me a great personal favor and also help in a good cause. Comrade Newcomer has kindly offered to turn over the proceeds to the "Relief" fund of his post; a new post just formed. You are aware that "Public Sentiment" in Maryland is not what it is at the North. The Maryland legislature several years ago donated the Confederates a "Home" at Pikesville, in this state, and every two years (its sessions are biennial) appropriates \$10,000, for the maintenance of the inmates. Now the Union soldiers do not object to that, provided they will do as much for us. So far, they have legalized Decoration Day; prohibited any except an ex-Union soldier from wearing the button, and have appointed a commission to classify and arrange the records of the various regiments, officers, and men sent into the Union army

from Maryland. Many of our comrades are very poor, and when thrown out of employment or prostrated by sickness, they and their families must have assistance or be cared for by the city or state. I hope many will see their way clear to assist Comrade Newcomer. All remittances will be gladly received and the proceeds placed where it can do the most good.

A BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

G. E. Dillingham, of Hesper, Winneshiek Co., Iowa, late of Co. C, Seventeenth Maine, and Hospital Steward of First Maine Heavy Artillery, writes:

Inclosed find money for the Maine Bugle for 1896-'97. Say, comrade, gold bug Cleveland times pinch and bite the West; National banks bust; farm products are low, money hides in the ground when patriotism is advancing. You remember, war times, how gilt edged patriots hid their gold and silver. When men are as patriotic to Uncle Sam with their gold and silver, as you and thousands of others living, and as many more silent in death, were in times of war, the government of the United States will enforce the Monroe Doctrine fully and aid Cuba to establish her independence by a congressional expression, accord to the patriots full belligerent rights. You and thousands gave time, talent, health, privation, loss of opportunities in business, to perpetuate liberties to

protect life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, and promote the general welfare of the people of the United States.

TIED HAND AND FOOT.

James F. Howard of Hallowell, late of Co. K, First D. C. Cavalry, and Sergeant of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, who was wounded at Dinwiddie Court House, writes:

Four years ago my wife had the grip and it caused softening of the brain, so she has lost her reason. I have had to dress and undress her now three years, and now I have to feed her and tend to all her wants, have spent all I had on her. I can't hire any one to take care of her. I have no means to pay them so I have to do it all myself. I have been confined to the house for fifteen months, have not been out of an evening, cannot attend the post meetings or decoration ceremonies, am tied hand and foot, all I get to live on is eight dollars from the United States, and five dollars from the state.

ONE OF MANY.

William W. Cunningham, Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, of West Holyoke, Mass., writes:

I have been kept poor all the time since my discharge on account of the hurt I got. It lays me up one half the time and the other half I must do light work for which I must take small wages, and now I am getting old I am worse than I used to be. I only get eight dollars pension, which is a mere pittance.

MY WIFE WILL NOT LET ME GIVE UP THE BUGLE.

John R. Stearns of Oshkosh, Wis., late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I received the January, 1897, Bugle. I have had all I could do for the past two years to keep the wolf from us. I had two families to support. My son got burned out in the prairie fire and lost everything. He stayed with me all the fall and winter, and in the spring he got to work; but the business shut down all summer. While at work, he got a bed and a few dishes, and I let them have all I could spare. This winter I have bought all his wood he had to burn and most of his provisions, but he went to work again three weeks ago to-day, five days in a week, for eighty cents per day; I always have had two dollars per day, and since McKinley was elected I was cut down fifty cents on a day, but they say they will give us back our old wages in April. When I get my pension in April, I will send you the money, and also a picture and a little sketch of my doings in time of the war. My wife will not let me give up the Bugle under any circumstances whatever; she is as much interested in them as myself.

READ IT ALL.

A. M. Benson, captain Company K, Seventh Infantry, captain Company H, First D. C. Cavalry, and captain Company C, First Maine Cavalry, of 27 Kilby street, Boston, Mass., writes:

The last Bugle is received and to-day I have read it all. I am sure, General, nothing pleases me more than reading the accounts of the brave ones who went to the front to battle for the right. Were I a letter writer, I would give you something of the war, but you know how unfitted I am for anything of the sort; but whether I do write or not, I can truly say no one loves the old comrades of the First Maine Cavalry more than I do, and I shall ever esteem it the greatest honor of being one of its members.

NINE-MONTHS REGIMENTS.

Joseph T. Woodward, West Sidney, Me., late adjutant Twenty-First Maine Infantry, writes:

I am much pleased with the October number of the Bugle, which you sent me. The article from Dr. Huston is quite correct so far as the sanitary conditions under which the short-time regiments were placed. I think as to the point he makes that "It seemed that the men lost their spirits at East New York and never recovered them afterwards" (p. 359), the list of killed and wounded at Port Hudson in the siege of that place and the charges on the rebel works, May 27 and June 14, 1863, and the number of reënlistments, show that while these unfortunate conditions had a most serious effect, the spirit of the survivors was not broken. At the time these regiments were raised, the government, I suppose, could not spare the veteran regiments, inured or acclimated in the

South, from their position before the principal armies of the Confederacy, and these new troops must be used to strike a blow in the Southwest, and if used up in that service, it was their fortune in the contest.

It was, of course, true that the transport ships were old and illy adapted in their sanitary conditions. The "tween decks" of our ordinary ships, crowded with improvised tiers of bunks of rough scantling and boards, in four ranges of three bunks high and four wide on each side and eight wide in the centre, having two narrow aisles running fore and aft, so that each inside man in the bunk for four must pass three comrades to reach the aisle from his place, as well as their belongings, stored in a third part of the low space between the decks, having only the ventilation of the ordinary hatchways, was bad enough in fine weather for healthy men, but in a storm, with heavy sea, a thousand men so packed, a large majority in the paroxysms of seasickness, one above another, in bunks constructed of open boards, were soon in a condition that it is hardly possible to describe. While it was endured as other hardships of war were met, yet it left its effects on the constitutions of all who passed through such ordeals.

It is wise to place these facts, as Huston has done, on record, and as others have done as to other commands, as a part of the history of that period in which were settled, by the arbitrament of war, the great questions that then disturbed our conditions of life and threatened the existence of our country.

Wishing you all success in your part of the good work in every blast of the Bugle.

MY HEART IS WITH THEM.

William H. Kimball of Burnham, Me., late of Company L. First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I am somewhat in arrears, which is due to carelessness on my part. I would ask your pardon for this delay and remit the amount due. For as a comrade of the old First Maine Cavalry, I am anxious for the Bugle to keep blowing, for it reminds one of the old camp life and freshens our memory of the Boys in Blue. Although I was not with the boys at the front, still my heart was with them. Owing to an attack of pleurisy fever, contracted while exposed to the cold winter of Maine and only sheltered by thin canvas tents, while encamped at Augusta, I was unable to go with the regiment farther than Washington, D. C., where, the first of May, 1862, I was discharged and returned to my home. I remained until February, 1865, when I again enlisted as a recruit, and joined Company E, Fourteenth Maine Volunteer Infantry, at Savannah, Ga., and served till October, 1865, when we were mustered out at Augusta, Me. I attended the reunion of the First Maine at Waterville last fall and enjoyed the occasion very much, although I met only a few boys from old Company L. I shall endeavor to attend the reunion at Belfast this year and hope to meet many of the boys whom I knew so well when I served with the best regiment that ever went out of Maine or any other state.

REGARDS TO MY FORMER COM-RADES.

Augustus J. Burbank, Chicago, Ill., quartermaster-general G. A. R., late captain Company G, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I am this morning in receipt of the January number of the MAINE Bugle, a very interesting number. I had expected to be present at the coming Department encampment of the Department of Maine, G. A. R., but at the request of the commander-in-chief, will accompany him to the dedication of the Grant monument in New York on the 27th of April, instead of to the encampment. I had hoped to meet at Lewiston a number of the members of my company (G) of the First Maine Cavalry. Please present my regards to any of my former comrades who may inquire for me. I hope I may meet you and others of the First Maine Cavalry at the coming G. A. R. encampment at Buffalo.

MAINE'S VALIANT SONS.

G. E. Dillingham, of Hesper, Ia., late of Company C, Seventeenth Maine Infantry, writes:

I cannot fully express how much I prize the MAINE BUGLE in this middle West. Though farm prod-

ucts are low and money slow coming, I think I must have the MAINE Bugle. I have been in the West since December, 1865, but delight to read and talk of experiences of Maine's valiant sons. As I read accounts in the Bugle of regimental and battery reunions at Maine's beautiful summer resorts, I earnestly long to be present. wife and daughter, though members of the Friends church, witnessed the grand parade of the G. A. R. National Encampment, last September, at St. Paul, and appreciated the same. I remained at home, caring for an aged mother, as both myself and wife could not be away at the same time. I hope to meet, health permitting, many Maine comrades in Buffalo this vear's encampment. May blessings crown you and yours and our comrades, as time unsteadies our certain march steps along "The Valley of the Shadow of Death!"

THE WRITINGS OF MY OLD COM-RADES VERY INTERESTING.

William H. Wharff, of San Francisco, Cal., late of Company C, Eleventh Maine, writes:

I send you two dollars for the Maine Bugle for 1897. Please send one copy to my brother John, at Jackson, Amadose county, Cal. I would not now be without it, as I find the writings of my old comrades very interesting. Thanks for the note you added to my article in the July number (1896). I find my diary states that we learned of the capture early Sunday morning

(not Saturday), as I stated by error. Since I wrote the article, I have received a most excellent history, entitled "The Story of the Eleventh Maine Regiment," compiled by our historical captain, Albert Maxfield, and his associates in the work. No survivors of the regiment, or the widows or children of its members, should deprive themselves of the pleasure of reading it. While my term of service was nearly all in the last year of the war, I have always been thankful that I was assigned to that gallant old regiment of many victories, and that it was my lot to share in some of its many engagements. I find the article on the "Petersburg Mine," in the July number, very interesting.

DEAR TO ME.

Frank J. Bradbury, of Norway, late of Company G, Tenth Maine Infantry, writes:

My reading is very limited, on account of my war disabilities and generally failing health, but the Bugle is very dear to me here, and I think will be in the camp over the river.

THE "DAVIS AFFAIR."

L. P. Norton, of Homer, N. Y., late of the Tenth New York Cavalry, writes:

I will refer your letter to Colonel Pratt, and I have no doubt he will supply you with the half-tone cut for your Maine Bugle. I will also refer it to Colonel Wiles, and no doubt an arrangement can be

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made to furnish a correct account of the Davis affair. We were so closely associated together on our old brigade under Kilpatrick, that the First Maine boys seem like our own, and surely we ought to be willing to assist each other in bringing out all the facts possible, to keep green the memory of the valiant deeds performed and sacrifices made for the one glorious cause of saving the nation.

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PRESERVING FACTS FOR HISTORY.

Captain A. H. Keene, of Whitman, Mass., late of the Fourteenth Maine and One Hundred Ninth United States Colored Infantry, writes:

I heartily approve of your plan for gathering and preserving facts for history relative to the part our Maine boys took in the late war. I was particularly impressed with the importance of immediate action, at the reunion of my regiment, the Fourteenth Maine Infantry, at Portland, in August last. Of the 2,800 men mustered in the old and new regiment, fifty was all that could be gotten together. The sources for the necessary facts for the work you have in view are fast growing less. I shall be glad to aid you in any way that is in my power; vide January Bugle, 1896, p. 84.

RECRUITS.

Born, March 9, 1897, Evelyn, daughter of Francis E. and Julia A. Jewett, 6700 Glades avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Comrade Jewett was corporal in Company K, First

Maine Cavalry, and was captured during Sheridan's raid to Richmond, May 15, 1864, and was for a long time prisoner of war.

A BENEFIT TO THE ORDER.

General Charles W. Wood, commander-in-chief of the national command, Union Veteran Union, of Worcester, Mass., writes:

I have just received a copy of the January number of the Maine Bugle, and I congratulate you upon the production thereof. I have never seen a copy before. I was pleased at the minute detail it gave of the Department convention of the Union Veterans' Union at Lewiston. I have thought it would be of benefit to the order in Maine, as well as in other places, if I should send a copy of the Bugle to each department of the order.

BETTER WITH AGE.

Oren M. Harrington, late of Company B, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I am well pleased with it, and think it, like wine, grows better with age. Accept my thanks, and long may the Bugle blow!

EACH NUMBER WELCOMED.

W. D. Hatch, late of Company F, Seventh Maine Infantry, of Portland, Me., writes:

I will answer to the last call of the MAINE BUGLE, but not as reluctantly as we sometimes answered to the shrill notes of the warlike bugle when it called us from our

comfortable quarters in camp to pack up and start out on the long and weary march, under the scorching rays of a Southern sun, or to wallow knee-deep through mud and mire, drenched to the skin by the pelting rain, then to pass our compliments to the valiant foe, who were ready to receive and return them again with interest. tones of the Maine Bugle are like the notes of the silver trumpet, pleasing to the ear. Each number is as welcome as a letter from home when we were boys in blue, and every old soldier remembers with what solicitude we would watch for the mail. It brings back to remembrance the days of "Auld Lang Syne." It is exhilarating as wine mellowed by age. Those who do not read it, are losing If they only knew how interesting its contents are, every old soldier in Maine would become a subscriber.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

S. S. Crittenden, of Greenville, S. C., late adjutant of the Fourth South Carolina Confederate Infantry, writes:

I have read with a great deal of interest the issues of the Maine Bugle which you so kindly sent me, and admire both the intense devotion and brave patriotism which pervade its columns. We have several Maine men with us, and I will lend the copies to them. Mr. Frank Nichols, of your state, succeeded me as mayor of this city in 1890, and is a prosperous merchant.

Mr. Thomas C. Gower, lately deceased, amassed a large fortune here, and was for thirty years a leading citizen. He was from your state also. On the 25th of August next, the Division of South Carolina United Confederate Veterans have a reunion in this city. I extend vou a cordial invitation to be pres-Those with any feeling of bitterness towards the North are extremely rare. For my part, I recognized at the very beginning of the war that the soldiers on each side were inspired by the same high motives and promptings of devotion to what they deemed the right. They were equally encouraged by their noble wives, daughters, and the women of both sec-

Have just commenced advertising "Reid's History of the Fourth South Carolina Confederate Infantry," and am receiving orders from old soldiers of every Northern state. They are both more able and more inclined to buy books than our veterans, and are immensely pleased with it. Its sincerity and truth, though written by an uneducated man, impresses them.

COMPANY H, ELEVENTH MAINE VOL-UNTEERS.

The organization of Company H. Eleventh Maine Volunteers, as shown by the original muster-roll, contained ninety-one names; Royal P. Nash of Gray, enrolled twenty-four men, Nelson P. Smith of Brownville, enrolled twenty men, Charles A. Fuller of Corinth, en-

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rolled twenty men, and Ezra W. Gould of Sebec, enrolled twentyseven men. In the light of subsequent events it may be said in justice to the above-named gentlemen, that each fully expected with the assistance of others associated with him, to be allowed to recruit a full company, and promises of positions were made accordingly. The order to report in Augusta with their men, and the consolidation of the several squads into one company, rendering it impossible for them to fulfil their promises, were therefore a bitter disappointment to every member of the company and it was as keenly felt by those who made the promises as by those to whom they were made.

November 12, 1861, the company was organized and mustered, a majority of its members having been mustered in November 4th, with Royal T. Nash, captain; Nelson P. Smith, first lieutenant; Charles A. Fuller, second lieutenant; Ezra W. Gould, first sergeant; William F. Haskell, George E. Morrell, Nathan J. Gould, and Joseph Harris, sergeants; Alvin Morrill, Cyrus W. Perkins, Albert L. Rankin, George W. Smith, William H. Girrell, James Ellis, Dustin Sands, and Silas Howard, corporals; William S. Pinkham, musician; John E. Gould, wagoner: and seventy-three privates, left on the 13th, for Washington, D. C., where they arrived on the 16th. Soon after their arrival in Washington, D. C., December 26, 1861, Captain Nash saw fit to make a

change in the non-commissioned officers of the company by appointing Luther Lawrence, first sergeant; Ezra W. Gould, James M. Thompson, Nathan J. Gould, and George W. Smith, sergeants; Alvin Morrill, Seth A. Ramsdell, Joseph Harris, Daniel M. Dill, James Ellis, Cyrus H. Perkins, Dustin Sands, William H. Girrell, corporals.

HIS SERVICE WHILE IN THE TWENTY-SECOND MAINE.

Isaac G. Chandler, late of Company M, First Maine Heavy Artillery, and Company I, Twenty-second Maine Infantry of West Stoughton, Mass., writes:

I enlisted September 10, 1862, in a nine-months regiment, went into camp at Bangor, started for Washington in October, stopped in Beach Street Park, Boston; stopped in Washington one night, then crossed Long Bridge to a peach orchard, arrived there without any tents in a rain storm. Then took steamer S. R. Spalding for Fortress Monroe, then up the James river to Newport News; I do not recollect dates, then aboard the S. R. Spalding again for New Orleans, then to Baton Rouge: there we stopped until spring; then we went to Franklin city, stayed there on guard-duty awhile, then back to Port Hudson, under fire forty days, stopped there until August, 1863, then up river, home to Bangor, discharged August 15, 1863. I afterwards enlisted in Company M, First Maine Heavy Artillery.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN IV.

JULY, 1897.

CALL 3.

A PRIVATE'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. GEORGE L. BEAL.

By Frank J. Bradbury of his Regiment.

When the sudden word came on the morning of Dec. 11th, 1896, that General Beal was dead, we knew he had been mustered in to the greater army enrolled beyond. I was thinking of those days so long ago, in the Southern lands, when he was our colonel; a man of commanding physique, seated on a fine horse, and riding at the head of his noble regiment, marching to the music of the best band of musicians from Maine. It was the most inspiriting sight I ever beheld. Thus I look back through the mists of memory and see him also in places of peril, always brave and confident, well to the front where danger lurked. Again I see his bosom swell and his voice fill with pathos, as in the shades of evening, after a sanguinary struggle, he could only muster a company, when a few hours previous he was leading a regiment of stalwart men. In the bivouac by the Rappahannock, in those trying August days in 1862, he fasted with his men, morning, noon, and night, General

Jackson having confiscated our rations. The rain kept our clothes soaked; lying or standing, the destructive shells of the enemy dropped down among us.

"Wild was the night, yet a wilder night Hung round the soldier's pillow."

One night on this prolonged retreat from the famous Rapidan to Maryland, the men had made beds from a haystack. The colonel did not wish to see what they were doing, knowing they were suffering from swollen joints and blistered feet. The brigadier ordered that the men stand to arms during the time and that the hay should be returned. Colonel Beal did not have the heart to humiliate his men, so he disregarded the command. The general repeated the order, and gave the colonel a brief time to execute it. At the end of this time, a note came, ordering our colonel to turn over his command to the lieutenant-colonel and consider himself in arrest. The army marched the next morning, and the brigadier heard groans as he rode along on

his charger, and our colonel rode amid the cheers of his men. After all the fuss of the brigadier, and the red tape so profusely measured off that night, we venture to say, on the reputation of an old soldier, that many a Tenth Maine man arose refreshed from his bed of hav the next morning and was able to proceed on his way.

Another incident shows a similar trait. An old farmer, a warm friend of General Beal, called at my place, and in our conversation said the town had met a great loss in the deaths of General Beal, Drs. Bradbury and Jones, all three taken away recently and suddenly. Continuing, he remarked that a few years ago a gentleman called at his house, saying he was from Massachusetts. During the conversation the visitor said he was a member of the Tenth Maine, commanded by Colonel Beal, every inch a soldier and a noble man. He said that some time in the night after the Battle of Cedar Mountain, he could not sleep. He strolled a distance from the regiment, then few in number. He saw an object on the ground, and as he approached, saw it was Colonel Beal, sitting or kneeling on the ground, his head bowed, hands over his face. He inquired, "Are you sick, Colonel?" "Oh, no, no," he answered, with emotion,—"My boys, my boys!"

Colonel Beal was like a father to us in our days of extremity, and faithfully guarded the men's rights at all times. Frequently when we went supperless to our camp, or took our station with empty stomachs on the picket line, we knew his voice had been raised for us and all resources exhausted in our behalf. In the camp beyond the river, where neither wars rumors of wars ever come, are gathering the hosts of Grant and Lee. The roll broken on the battle-fields of Virginia and on the march to the sea, grows longer as they join and answer. "Here." Green be his resting-place and blessed be the memory of the departed one.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE CAMP OVER YONDER.

BY FRANK J. BRADBURY.

Brave soldiers in tents, hear the musketry rattle;
Forward light brigade! so often thrust at foe.
See Hooker rise up in grand anger of battle;
Blow the bugle softly, blow sweet and low.

The march and the struggle, how gloomy the morning—

The great shadow coming on hearthstone and land.

Cheer up, comrades, for there 's a bright dawning When officer and private all obey the command.

The colonel commands the men to cease firing,

Blow the bugle softly, blow sweet and low; Bring the stretcher, soldiers, the general is dving.

Blow the bugle softly, blow sweet and low.

There's a beautiful camp we'll join over yon-der,

Blow the bugle softly, blow sweet and low. Recruits are coming by thousands and stronger; Blow the bugle softly, blow sweet and low.

John B. Adams, a veteran of the late war, and one of the heroes of Gettysburg, died at his home in Skowhegan, April 12, 1897, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was born in Bingham, in 1835, and was the son of John Adams. He enlisted in Company C, Nineteenth Maine regiment, and was terribly wounded at Gettysburg. He was shot through the body, and also had two bullets in one leg. He remained for some months on the field of battle in a hospital tent, where he had the unwearied care of his devoted wife. Very few soldiers ever rallied from wounds as severe as his. Russell Post, of which he had been a member, rendered the impressive Grand Army burial service. Chaplain Emerson of the Post, who was a comrade of the deceased, made some appropriate remarks. He leaves widow, two sons, Nathan of Lewiston, and George, of Skowhegan, and one daughter, Mrs. P. Steward, of East Madison.

Cook H. Abbott died ——, Eighth New Hampshire, G. A. R. Post, Waterborough.

Captain Mark D. Ames, a leading citizen of South Thomaston, died at his home February 20, 1896, aged about sixty-eight years.

Captain Ames was a native of North Haven and was the son of Hezekiah and Sally (Schofield) Ames of that place. In early manhood he removed from North Haven to Lincolnville, where he married Nancy Mathews, who survives him. For many years he followed the sea, and May 17, 1864, he was appointed acting ensign in the United States navy, serving till the close of the war. During the period of his service in the navy, he was in the United States ships J. L. Lockwood, J. M. Martin, and one other, the name of which is not at hand. At the close of the war he returned to Lincolnville and pursued the vocation of a farmer.

About sixteen years since, he came to South Thomaston and bought and settled on the farm which he has occupied up to the time of his death. He was very frequently, it may be said almost constantly, elected on the board of selectmen and commonly chosen chairman.

He was a member of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R. Besides his wife he leaves two sons, George Ames of North Warren and William D. Ames of Stony Creek, and one daughter, Mrs. William Clark of Seal Harbor.

Stephen Andrews, died August 26, 1896, corporal Company K, Thirteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Waterborough.

Charles B. Annabel, died November 9, 1896, sergeant Thirty-first Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bath, Maine.

Otis Anthony, died August 20, 1896, Company B, Thirty-first Maine, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

Richard S. Ayer, died December 14, 1896, captain Fourth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Liberty.

Captain Richard W. Black, died March 25th, 1897, at his home in Augusta, after an illness which began March 4th. Two days later the sickness was pronounced to be pneumonia, and, for a week, the deceased was critically ill. He recovered from the pneumonia, but in his weakened condition, notwithstanding the best of care, he steadily failed till he passed away.

Captain Black had been a resident of Augusta since 1865, and had held the responsible position of pension agent for the Augusta office during the past three years, having been appointed to that office by ex-President Cleveland in March, 1894. His profession previous to his appointment was that of law. In this he made a specialty of war claims. The deceased was fifty-eight years of age, having been born in Palermo, in 1839. He was unmarried. Of a large family he was the youngest, and is survived by three sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Joseph Neal of Augusta, and one brother. A number of relatives reside in Augusta, among whom is Mr. Herbert A. Black, a nephew, who is now studying medicine in Bowdoin college. The deceased worked his way through two years at Colby, and took his degree at Union college in Schenectady, New York, where he graduated in 1860, when he began to study law. He served in the late war as captain in the Corps d'Africé, three years, as a member of the Second United States. He had served as

commander of Seth Williams Post, G. A. R., and was highly respected by his comrades. He was a Mason, and a member of Trinity Commandery of Augusta.

Sewell Brassbridge, died December 1, 1896, sergeant Company A, Thirteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Monroe.

George B. Briggs, died January 18, Company A, Second Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Brooks.

Uriah W. Briggs, died June 29, 1896, first lieutenant Company F, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Mechanic Falls.

Charles F. Brown, died Standish, March 24th, 1897. was the son of Joseph and Katherine (Keaton) Brown, born in Limington, November 4th, 1832; he married Susan D., daughter of Matthias and Abigail (Sanborn) Hutchinson, and have Fred H. Brown, Ernest A. Brown, and Frank E. Brown. Served in Company C, Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, was a member of Charles A. Warren Post, No. 73, Department of Maine, and had held the offices of quartermaster, and senior vice and commander.

Joseph Brown, died March 11, 1896, G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

Charles Burgess, died April 23, 1896, corporal Company K, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Bath.

Benjamin F. Buzzell, died January 8, 1896, First Maine Heavy

Artillery, G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

Byran Castner, died December 3, 1896, Company A, Twenty-first Maine, G. A. R. Post, Waldoborough.

Thomas G. Chamberlain, died August 11, 1896, lieutenant-colonel Twentieth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bangor.

Homer Child, died —, Company G, First Maine Cavalry. See page 563, Hist.

Albert R. Clark, died June 19, 1896, Twelfth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Pittsfield.

Eugene B. Clark, died August 17, 1896, Company B, Thirtysecond Maine, G. A. R. Post, Calais.

George W. Clay, died January 13, 1896, Company E, Sixth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bluehill.

Warren C. Clay, died May 22, 1896, Second United States S. S., G. A. R. Post, Bluehill.

Joseph Chapell died July 19, 1896, Company A, G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

Laurence Cobb was born in Westbrook in 1821, and has lived in Lee for the last forty years. Enlisted September 26, 1864, in Company F. Ninth Maine, mustered out April 16, 1865. Died March 22, 1897. He was an honored member of Charles D. Thompson Post for twelve years, and was buried under the auspices of the Post.

Richard P. Connor died February 21, 1896, Company C, Eleventh Maine G. A. R. Post, Cherryfield.

Quinlan Connell died April 24, 1896, Fourth Maine Battery, G. A. R. Post, Portland.

John S. Corliss died December 24, 1896, Company I, Sixteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Island Falls.

Charles Coy died September 11, 1896, Company H, Twenty-eighth Maine, sergeant, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

Another member of the Twentieth Maine regiment has been mustered out. Comrade Leander Crawford, who enlisted in Company I and was mustered into the United States service August 29, 1862, and discharged for disability January 10, 1863, died at Wellesley, Mass., December 31, 1896, aged fifty-four years. He had been a resident of Wellesley twenty-one years, filling the position of superintendent of buildings and grounds of Wellesley college.

Allen J. Crooker, died at his home on Pleasant street, South Paris, March 12, 1897. Mr. Crooker was a native of Portland, born in 1823, but lived in Norway nearly all his life. He married Hannah L. Millett. They had one son, Allen Trowbridge Crooker of this town. After the death of his first wife, he married Mrs. Louise Smith, who survives. He also leaves three brothers, George Crooker of Norway, John Crooker

of Livermore, and Cyrus Crooker of Wadleigh, N. H. Mr. Crooker was a private in Company G, Second D. C. infantry in the late war, and belonged to Harry Rust G. A. R. Post of Norway.

Cornelius Crowley, "the old umbrella man," a somewhat quaint and curious character, but an honest and industrious man, died September 11, 1896, at Rockland, aged eighty-five years. He was a member of the Fourth Maine Battery, Light Artillery, serving three years. He leaves one brother, James P. Crowley, at whose home he died. He was born in Ireland, and was the son of James and Ellen (Ryan) Crowley, but had been in Rockland many years.

John C. Cummings, died August 25, 1896, Company F, Twentythird Maine, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Thomas Dealy, died May 17, 1896, Company G, Twenty-fourth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Winthrop.

William H. Dearborn, died August 8, 1896, Company E, Thirtieth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Cornish.

James Dees, died January 19, 1896, musician, Company C, Fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

Phineas W. Dill, died May 12, 1896, lieutenant, Company H, First and Tenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Lewiston.

John F. Dixon, died in Wells, Maine, January 31, 1897, after a long sickness. He was the son of Oliver and Betsey (Knight) Dixon, and was born August 20, 1838, in York, married Elizabeth Goodale of Wells, who, with a son and daughter, survives. He enlisted at Newport in Company C, Fourteenth Maine Infantry, and was a member of Abraham Lincoln Post, G. A. R.

Royal F. Dodge, died August 14, 1896, Company G, Twentieth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Caribou.

Orin Downs, died October 1, 1896, Company C, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Mechanic Falls.

James P. Dunham, died May 15, 1896, Company F, Twenty-third Maine, G. A. R. Post, Norway.

Roswell C. Dunton, died August 13, 1896, Company B. Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Lewiston.

Marshall Dyer, died June 23, 1896, Company A. State Guard, Second Lieutenant, G. A. R. Post 165, Bangor.

Elisha Emmonds, died November 20, 1895, Company K, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Waterborough.

William M. Erskine, died March 6, 1896, Company K, Eleventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

Luther B. Farnham, died November 29, 1896, Company F. Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post. Livermore Falls.

William Farris, died April 8, 1896, unassigned, G. A. R. Post, Oxford.

Elijah C. Fenderson, died December 30, 1896, Company A,

Twenty-sixth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Monroe.

Prentiss Mellen Fogler, who died at his home in Augusta, March 21, 1897, was born at South Hope, November 29, 1838. He was the son of Mary D. and the late John Fogler. His early days were spent on the farm and in school. While a youth, he was employed as a clerk in stores in Rockland by John Jameson and A. P. Waterman. At the age of seventeen, he began teaching school, which he followed at intervals successfully for several years. During this time he identified himself with various reformatory movements, taking an active part in temperance, education, antislavery, literary topics, schools, politics, and religion, at times delivering addresses on various topics and showing high oratorical powers and argumentative ability. completed his studies at Westbrook seminary at twenty years of age. At about twenty-two, he married Miss Carrie E. Hull of Union, who still survives him.

August 29, 1862, he was mustered into Company I, Twentieth Maine regiment, as second lieutenant. November 1, 1862, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and on March 26 he was advanced to captain of the same company; subsequently, for meritorious services he received the title and rank of brevet major. He was discharged June 4, 1865. General J. L. Chamberlain, when elected governor of Maine, selected Major Fogler from among many applicants for the important

position of private secretary. He had always been blessed with excellent health until after a sunstroke at Petersburg, Va., while at work on the fortifications; this, with the general effects of army life, greatly injured his once strong constitution.

About the year 1870 he was elected register of deeds in Kennebec county, which position he held for twenty years. During this time he adopted an original system of indexing, which was superior to anything hitherto used, and which has been adopted largely in other counties.

He was never addicted to the use of ardent spirits or tobacco in any form. He was a great reader and took an active interest in all the great movements of the day.

He struggled heroically against disease for a long time. An accident by burning a few weeks ago hastened the end of his useful career. He was a member of the G. A. R., and had given excellent memorial addresses in various towns in Maine. Besides his wife, he leaves three accomplished daughters—Helen, Grace, and Gertrude Fogler; three brothers—Henry H., John W., and Lyman S.; and one sister—Mrs. Martha Vogler. His venerable mother also survives him.

Benjamin F. Foss, born in Oldtown, 1844, enlisted October, 1861, in Company A. First Maine Cavalry, served three years, was a prisoner of war at Middletown, Va., May 24, 1864. Lived in Lee since the war, died March 27th, 1897.

James A. Foss, died March 13, 1896, Company C. Sixth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

James E. Foster, died September 30, 1896, Company F, Seventh Maine, and Company I, First Veteran Volunteers, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

Joseph H. C. Frost, died August 13, 1896, Company G, Sixtieth Massachusetts, G. A. R. Post 111, Portland.

William F. Frost, died February 9, 1896, Company C, First Maine Heavy Artillery, and Company C, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Winthrop.

Charles Gallison, died March 13, 1896, Company E, Twenty-fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

Otis B. George, died October 30, 1896, Company F, Eleventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

William W. Gerry, died February 25, 1896, Company H, Twenty-third Maine, G. A. R. Post, Norway.

Isaiah Getchell, died July 25, 1896, sergeant Company K, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

Ludwig Goetz, died —, sergeant U. S. Marine Corps, G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

John C. Greely, died September 21, 1896, Company F, Twelfth Massachusetts, G. A. R. Post, Winthrop.

Henry Hackett, died December

30, 1896, Company I, Sixteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Lisbon.

Charles Hale, born in Lee, 1835, lived in Lakeville the last forty years. Enlisted August 13, 1863. in Company E. Sixteenth Maine, and was discharged in 1865. Was junior vice-commander of Charles D. Thompson Post at the time of his death and was buried under the auspices of the Post. Died October 17, 1896.

Cyrus Hall, died October 26, 1896, Company A, Sixteenth Maine. G. A. R. Post, Mt. Vernon.

Joseph G. Hall, died April 14, 1896, corporal Company E, Thirteenth Maine, and United States Navy, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

George F. Ham, died—, Company K, Eighth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Dover.

Eben Handy, died March 30, 1896, Company H, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, China.

William M. Hanson, died February 21, 1896, Company A, Twenty-fifth Maine, and United States Navy, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

William N. Hardy, died May 29, 1896, Company E, Twenty-fourth Maine, corporal, G. A. R. Post, Farmington.

D. S. Harrington, died March 10, 1896, unassigned, G. A. R. Post, Gardiner.

Albion L. Hatch, died September 23, 1896, Company F, Twenty-fourth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Washburn.

Calvin Heald, died June, 1896, Company D, Twelfth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Lovell Center.

John Hellier, died January 10, 1896, United States Navy, G. A. R. Post 111, Portland.

James H. Higgins, died August 1, 1896, Company C. Fifth Maine, and Company K, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Saco.

James G. Hill, died July 11, 1896, Fifth Massachusetts, G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

George Holmes, died January 28, 1896, Seventh Maine Battery, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Lewis E. Hovey, died April 23, 1896, unassigned, G. A. R. Post, Skowhegan.

Thomas P. Hutchinson, died September 12, 1896, captain Company H, Twenty-eighth Maine and G. coast guard, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

J. S. Hysum, died May 28, 1896, Company G, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Stephen M. Johnson was born in Dana, Mass., 1808. Early in life he came East to Springfield, Me., where he built the first hotel, and afterwards settled in Lee. He married Harriet Lee, daughter of Stephen Lee, for whom the town was named. He enlisted March 6th, 1865, in the Nineteenth, unassigned company, having one son at the front. He was the oldest member of Post No. 77, and an honorary member at time of his death.

Two sons and one daughter had fallen victims to diphtheria and his wife and two sons and a daughter had died of consumption, thus leaving him alone until his death in 1896.

Henry M. Judkins died at his home on upper Main street, March 16, 1897. He had been in feeble health for a number of years, and confined to the house nearly all of the winter. He was born in Greenwood, July 11, 1839. He served in Company B, Thirty-second Maine Volunteers, from March, 1863, to the close of the Civil War, and drew a pension for disabilities received in the service. Since the war he has lived in Norway, with the exception of several years' residence in Bethel. He married first Esther Davis. They had twelve children, eight of whom are living. He married second Evelyn Waterhouse, who survives. They have had two children.

C. H. Keith, died November 21, 1896, Company C, Eleventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Cherryfield.

Nathaniel H. Kemp, died September 20, 1896, Company H, Sixth Massachusetts, G. A. R. Post, Eastport.

Jeremiah Kempton, died December 7, 1896, Nineteenth, unassigned company, Maine G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Charles H. King, died May 30, 1896, United States Navy, G. A. R. Post, Caribou.

John W. Lang, died June 23.

1896, Company B, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bowdoinham.

Rufus A. Larrabee, died January 13, 1896, Company A, Thirteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Monroe.

William H. S. Lawrence, died July 13, 1896, Company G, Second Maine, first sergeant, G. A. R. Post 165, Bangor.

Daniel Leathers, died December 10, 1896, First Maine Cavalry, p. 653 Hist.

Andrew J. Light, died May 12, 1896, Company A, Thirty-first Maine Infantry, G. A. R. Post, Hermon.

Timothy J. Looney, died January 17, 1896, United States Navy, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

William M. Low, died March 18, 1896, Company E, Sixteenth New York, G. A. R. Post, Corinna.

Benjamin P. Lowell, died June 26, 1896, Company I, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

William H. Macartney, died November 9, 1896, Company B, Twenty-first Maine, musician, G. A. R. Post, Oakland.

David R. Maddocks, died April 24, 1896, musician, Company D, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

George L. Marson, died October 28, 1896, Company H, Fifteenth Maine, corporal, G. A. R. Post, Windsor.

George W. Martin, died October 26, 1896, surgeon Fourth and Sixth Maine, and Second Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Horatio Martin, Company H, Second Maine Cavalry, died by suicide, April 2, 1896, at Rockland. Mr. Martin, who was a cooper by trade, and had a shop on Granite street above Union, went to his work as usual in the morning. At noon he did not come home to dinner, and his wife became alarmed about him. He was found behind a pile of headings, stretched as if asleep, but examination showed that life had been extinct many hours. A note written on a barrel head by the deceased, said: "Please take my body to the undertaking rooms, and have Mr. Burpee lay me out before taking it home. You will find my clothes at home. Have the funeral Sunday. Poor health led me to do this awful deed." The deceased was a man of 56 years, and much respected by all. A member of Edwin Libby Post, he enlisted at Appleton, December 18, 1863, in Company H, Second Maine Cavalry, and served with credit until mustered out at Augusta, June 22, 1865. He was wounded during war. He leaves a widow, to whom goes out the profound sympathy of all.

Patrick McAvery died recently, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bradford.

George A. McClusky, died Aug. 4, 1896, G. A. R. Post, Calais.

Ezra McGlauflin, died July 11, 1896, Company B, Seventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Presque Isle.

Patrick McGuire, died February 12, 1896, Company H, Twenty-eighth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

Alexander McKinnon, died, Company I, Fourteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bangor.

Rufus H. McQuellan, died, Company G, First United States Infantry, G. A. R. Post, Yarmouth.

Captain Heman N. Moore, for thirty years a prominent and popular resident of Grand Rapids, Mich., died suddenly of heart disease, about one o'clock, November 3, 1896, at his residence at No. 148 Washington street. Deceased was born at North Anson, Maine, in 1842. His father died when he was 13 years old, and as oldest son he was placed under responsibilities which necessitated immediate activity. The family moved to Grand Rapids in 1859. In July, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, Eighth Michigan Infantry. After one-half vear's service he rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and was transferred to Company K, Seventh Michigan Cavalry, Custer's brigade, where he acted as captain three years. He reached the rank of brevetcolonel, and was discharged December 13, 1865. He was in thirteen regular engagements, and was wounded at Antietam in the left arm, and July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, he received a sabre cut on the head, his horse was killed and he was captured, but escaped in a few days. After his transfer he was in nineteen severe engagements.

He was married in Grand Rapids, on February 4, 1864, to Ellen L., daughter of Gains S. Deane. For a number of years, Mr. Moore was engaged in mercantile business. He was appointed postmaster by President Arthur, December 20, He was captain of the 1882. Grand Rapids Guard at the date of its organization, in 1872, and was first lieutenant of the Grand Rapids Grays, an earlier company. In 1878 he was the Republican candidate for mayor. Deceased leaves, besides his widow, three children, two daughters and one son. daughters are Mrs. Frank B. Forbush of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Z. E. Knapp of Chicago. The son is H. Bruce Moore of Grand Rapids, aged 19 years.

Alden Moulton, died January 29, 1896, United States navy, G. A. R. Post, Monmouth.

James Nash, died August 3, 1896, Company H, Thirtieth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Gray.

Frank S. Nelson, died November 10, 1896, United States navy, G. A. R. Post, Oakland.

Andrew J. Oberton, died June 4, 1896, Company E, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Phillips.

Charles H. Otis, died November 1, 1896, corporal, Company B, Thirteenth New Hampshire, G. A. R. Post, Springvale.

C. A. Packard, died December 4, 1896, Company G, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Gardiner.

Frederick Paine, died June 3, 1896, Company B, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Eastport.

Charles Parcher, died March 4, 1896, Company K, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

David A. Parsons died, Company G. Twenty-fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Benjamin S. Patten, died December 18, 1896, Company C, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Springfield.

Franklin Perry, died August 11, 1896, Company E, Thirteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post 111, Portland.

Levi B. Pert, died January 16, 1896, United States navy, G. A. R. Post, Bluehill.

Isaac T. Pettee, a well-known Rockland citizen, Union soldier, and member of the Edwin Libby post, G. A. R., died at his home on Lisle street place, February 6, 1896, aged fifty-six years, of malarial poisoning. He was born in Gouldsboro, Me., and was the son of Joseph and Caroline (Tilden) Pettee of that place. In early life he followed the sea. He entered the Union service, December 11, 1863, as a private in the Second Maine Battery, and was honorably discharged June 16, 1865. He was highly esteemed by the officers of the battery and by his comrades, as he was by those of our citizens who knew him personally. leaves a wife and many friends to mourn his loss.

Charles T. Peters, a well-known veteran of Company K, Sixteenth Maine, died at Bluehill January 1, 1897. It is said that when he fell, severely wounded in the leg in the Battle of Fredericksburg, his brother, Lieutenant A. C. Peters, saw him, but in the wild rush and excitement could only call out: "Charlie, you down?" Instantly the reply came: "Only stopped to rest." In about twenty minutes, the lieutenant was also "down" with a wound in his side.

Lieutenant Augustus C. Peters, whose name appears above, died at Bluehill, January 14, 1897; he was commissioned as second lieutenant Company K, Sixteenth Maine, to date from August 14, 1862; he was wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, by a gunshot wound in his left side, the bullet penetrating his body and lodging permanently in his backbone, as he always supposed, from the pain it caused him. He was discharged March 30, 1863, on account of this wound, and was till the time of his death a prominent citizen of Bluehill.

Ruel Philbrook, died November 9, 1896, Company C, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Washburn.

John E. Pierce, died March 13, 1896, Company C, Thirty-ninth Wisconsin, first sergeant, G. A. R. Post, Monmouth.

Benjamin S. Potter was born in St. Albans in 1821; lived in the

town of Lee for several years; enlisted August 24, 1861, in Company C, Seventh Maine; discharged January 15, 1862; died December 8, 1896.

Henry C. Powers, died November 5, 1896, Company F, Coast Guard, G. A. R. Post, Norridgewock.

Josiah D. Pulsifer, died January 6, 1896, paymaster, U. S. A.

James C. Randlett, died December 31, 1895, captain 128 United States colored troops, and Company G, Twentieth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Portland.

John C. Reed, died September 5, 1896, Company E, Eleventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Ellsworth.

Isaac A. Reynolds, died June 12, 1896, Fifty-eighth Massachusetts, G. A. R. Post, Fort Fairfield.

Martin Richards died at the Soldiers' Home at Togus, December 19, 1896, aged about sixty years, and thirty-three of those years were spent traveling through the New England states, Lower Provinces, New York state and many other places as showman, under the name of Dick Martz. Mr. Richards was born in Searsmont, Maine, where he received a common school education, and in 1856, went to Massachusetts, where he made his home in Lowell fourteen years, and then moved to Camden. He was in the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, and was one of the first to enlist in that regiment for the front. He was a member of the George S. Cobb Post. A wife, three daughters, and two sons survive him. Al Martz, the well known showman, is his oldest son.

Daniel Roberts, died March 12, 1896, Company D, Second Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bradford.

Daniel S. Robertson, died August 25, 1896, Company A, Coast Guard, G. A. R. Post, Monroe.

Arthur W. Robinson, died February 4, 1896, Company D. Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

George E. Robinson, died October 3, 1896, Company C, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Calais.

Zenas B. Rogers, died October 4, 1896, Company K, Thirty-first Maine, G. A. R. Post, Dover.

Osborn Rokes, died October 4, 1896, Company F, Twenty-sixth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Camden.

Thomas H. Rose, died August 8, 1896, Company B, Twenty-second Maine, G. A. R. Post, Waterville.

Levi Severance, died November 15, 1896, Company F. One hundred and twenty-third Pennsylvania, G. A. R. Post, Freeport.

Charles H. Skillins, died September 19, 1896, Company C, Fortyseventh Wisconsin, G. A. R. Post 111, Portland.

William B. Small, died April 21,

1896, Company G. Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

John A. Smedburg, died November 10, 1896, Company D. Seventeenth Massachusetts. G. A. R. Post, Unity.

Caleb Smith, died——, Company E, Twenty-fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Lisbon.

Charles A. Smith, died January 19, 1896, Fifth Maine Battery, G. A. R. Post, Phillips.

Johnson Smith, died June 6, 1896, Twenty-seventh Maine unassigned company, G. A. R. Post, Gray.

James S. Spencer, died May 16, 1896. Company G, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Hampden.

Amos V. Stanchfield, died September 30, 1896, Company C, Eighth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Sherman Mills.

John Staples, died February 26, 1896, Fifteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bluehill.

Joseph R. Stewart, died April 10, 1896, Ninth Maine unassigned company, G. A. R. Post, Phillips.

William R. Stackpole, died August 2, 1896, Company F, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Hallowell.

Isachar L. Stockbridge, of Dixfield, died April 9, 1897, aged nearly 70 years. Mr. Stockbridge was a private in Captain Winter's Company D, in the Twelfth Maine regiment, a member of the L. D. Kidder Post, G. A. R.

William P. Stone, died December 13, 1896, Company E, Eleventh Maine, G. A. R. Post, Thomaston.

William G. Stratton, died May 23, 1896, Company H, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Sidney.

William A. Swan, died December 11, 1896, Fifth Maine Battery, G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

George W. Tabor, died September 17, 1896, Company H, Tenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

James P. F. Toby, died October 8, 1896, second lieutenant. Company B, Thirty-first Maine, G. A. R. Post, Machias.

William F. Todd, died January 29, 1896, Company I, Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, G. A. R. Post 2, Portland.

Luther Tripp, died June 19, 1896, Company B, Seventeenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Arthur W. Verrill, died May 3, 1896, Company C. Twenty-eighth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

James M. Walker, died January 4, 1896, Company K, Ninth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

At Scarboro, December 24, 1896, William II. Webster died, aged 64. Comrade Webster enlisted in Company E, Fourth New Hampshire, in August, 1861; re-enlisted in the field in 1864, and continued with his company until mustered out as corporal in 1865. He was in all the important battles where his regiment was engaged. Since the

war he had lived at Scarboro. He was a member of the G. A. R. and U. V. U. He is survived by a widow, one daughter, two sisters, and a brother, J. W. Webster, the present Department Chaplain of Maine.

Charles L. White, died December 24, 1896, Company G, Fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Henry W. White, died May 19, 1896, Company C, Second Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Llewellyn L. Willey, died August 11, 1896, Company H, First Maine Cavalry, G. A. R. Post, Newport.

R. W. Willey, died August 12, 1896, Company H, First Maine Heavy Artillery, G. A. R. Post, Cherryfield.

Henry Williams, died October 11, 1896, musician, Company F, Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bowdoinham

Nathaniel B. Wilson, died June

25, 1896, Company B, Twenty-fifth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Gray.

Joseph F. Winslow, died August 12, 1896, Company B, Third Maine, G. A. R. Post, Strong.

William A. Wood, died March 9, 1896, Company F. Nineteenth Maine, G. A. R. Post, Bowdoinham.

John H. Young, died very suddenly February 10, 1897, at his home in Rockland. Mr. Young came home at about I o'clock, and lying down on the bed, shortly expired. Mr. Young was 73 years of age and leaves a family. He served through the war with the Fourth Maine regiment. Most of the time he held the position of ordnance sergeant and performed his duties faithfully and ably. Mr. Young was a ship carpenter by trade and a very capable one. He was for some time after the war employed at Hewett's wharf and afterward was for a long time foreman at the North Marine railway.

ANCESTRY AND BIOGRAPHY.

ABINGTON RIDLEY. — MILITARY RECORD.

Enlisted in Company C, Eighth Maine Infantry, September 7, 1861, discharged December 31, 1863, reenlisted January 1, 1864, in same company and regiment, discharged January 18, 1866. Promoted to corporal May 6, 1864, to sergeant January 16, 1865. Of my military experiences I cannot say much,

but I may say that the most conspicuous incident in my memory is the fact that I was at Appomattox on the Sunday morning Lee surrendered.

FAMILY RECORD.

Daniel Ridley¹ had a son Matthias Ridley², born in Saco, Maine, February 29, 1796, married Nancy Pratt, born January 15, 1801.

daughter of Isaac and — (Taylor) Pratt, she died 1880, residence Wayne, Maine, a farmer, and had ten children, all born in Wayne.

- 1. Clark Ridley³, born June 25, 1819.
- 2. Matthias Ridley³, born March 7, 1822.
- 3. Nancy Ridley³, born December 30, 1824.
- 4. Hannah Ridley³, born July 17, 1826.
- 5. Mary Ridley³, born May 26, 1828.
- 6. Isaac Ridley³, born June 12, 1831.
- 7. Sophronia Ridley³, born January 1, 1833.
- 8. Delania Ridley³, born November 15, 1834.
- 9. Abiah Ridley³, born April 11, 1838.
- 10. Abington Ridley³, born July 5, 1842, married March 24, 1864, Harriet E., daughter of Didymous and Harriet (Gould) Edgecomb, born February 15, 1843; residence Vancouver, B. C., and have three children: 1, Leon A. Ridley⁴, born in Columbia, Oregon, July 24, 1871; 2, Harold E. Ridley⁴, born in Granville, B. C., May 29, 1875; 3, Oscar E. Ridley⁴, born in Granville, B. C., February 25, 1880.

PERSONAL HISTORY AND FAMILY OF CHARLES H. SMITH OF WELLS.

I, with John Bragdon, enlisted on the quota of Wells under call of July 2, 1862, to go in Seventeenth Maine. An attempt to split the company caused the Wells boys to

be transferred to Eighth Maine, and the rest of the company followed, about one hundred in all; thus we went into a regiment at the front, and of course were inferior animals, but after months of butting against the charter members, it dawned upon them that sand was a very good element to possess, and we then enjoyed equal rights, which included our share of fighting, and to-day it is honor enough for any of us to claim membership in the old Eighth Maine. My experience was like the others with the regiment. I was in all its fighting from the time I joined it until October 27, 1864. At Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, had the bone of left arm injured below elbow by piece of shell, though not reported wounded, nor treated for it. On June 18, in front of Petersburg, after we had taken rebel rifle pits, orders were given to advance. I supposed all would obey. A few of us started, went two or three hundred yards and dug gopher holes and held a skirmish line; no one gave any orders so I assumed command. We fired at right oblique at a battery that was sending canister into our brigade and drove them to the rear. Then we signaled the brigade that we were short of ammunition by holding up our cartridge-boxes, and they crawled up in a rim of bushes beside Appomattox river and threw them to the nearest and they were passed on to the others. At 4 p. m. there was another charge, and we advanced close to the enemy's works and laid there awhile and

then came back to our gopher holes where the brigade had formed. At dark we were relieved by another brigade, and that night I received acknowledgment of my conduct from Lieutenant F. A. Wood, commanding my company.

I was with the regiment until October 27, 1864, near Fair Oaks, Virginia, while on skirmish line after the Nineteenth Wisconsin had, as we supposed, captured a fort, but learned too late that they had been captured themselves, and at least sixty-five of our regiment had to give up. I had my skull injured by a bullet. I do not think I was ever reported wounded, as my connection with the regiment then ended. I spent a few days at Castle Thunder, then went to Sandersburg, North Carolina, returning to our lines March 2, 1865, about fifteen miles from Wilmington, North Carolina. I was in prison one hundred and twenty-six days, where the death-rate was thirteen and one half per cent. a month; arrived home March 16, and did not go back, as the war ended April 9.

FAMILY RECORD.

First known of the Smith family is I, Roger Smith¹ came from England and settled at Biddeford, Maine. Of his family I only know of two sons, very likely there were more; 2, Dominicus², who had a son 3. Dominicus³, who had a son 4, Elisha⁴, and had two daughters, one died not married, the other married Fred Nason of Biddeford; I know nothing more of that branch of

the family; 5, Roger Smith² (Roger¹), father of my grandfather, had thirteen children; 6, Benjamin³ born 1779 in Biddeford, died 1860, in Biddeford; 7, Cleopas³ lived and died at Biddeford, large family; 8, Jordan³, born in Biddeford, lived in Kennebunkport, had large family. Ruth³ married Joseph Wilds, died at sea, and she married Noah Curtis, born and died in Biddeford; 9, Sally3, married Aaron Nason, born and died in Biddeford; 10, John³ married, died at sea in War of 1812; 11, William³; 12, Joseph³; 13, Polly³; 14, Abby³ were not married; 15, James3, died at sea when a young man, not married; 16, Roger3, born in Biddeford 1798, married first, Polina Curtis, had four sons, married second, Jane Huff, by whom he had large family of sons and daughters. Eben's post-office is Cape Porpoise, Maine; the widow lived with Eben at Kennebunkport, Maine.

16, Benjamin Smith³, (6) (Roger², Roger¹) born at Biddeford 1779, died 1860, married 1801 Susan Kimbal, born 1780, died 1835, daughter of Luther and Hannah Kimbal, served in the War of 1812. There is a solid shot at the house of G. G. Hatch which was fired from an English man-of-war, near Biddeford Pool, which fell close to my grandmother Smith's sister as she was coming to visit her, and my father went out and got it and kept it as a war relic; this is all I can tell of the Smiths in old wars; my grandfather Kimbal was in the Revolution and two of my grandfather Hatch's brothers were in some war. Benjamin³ had seven children:

17. Edmund Smith⁴ (24), born at Biddeford 1802; 18, Mary Smith⁴. born 1804, married Joseph Thomas of Biddeford, she died at Wells, Maine, 1887; 19, Sarah Smith4, born 1806, died at Saco, 1869, married George Wakefield, and had George W. Wakefield⁵, residence Saco, Maine; 20, Benjamin Smith⁴, born 1802, died at sea 1856, married Myra Goodrich, married second, Sarah Fletcher, had two daughters, one of whom was Serena V. Smith⁵, born February 1, 1834; 21, Susan B. Smith⁴, born 1814, died 1888, married W. N. Hatch of Wells, and have G. G. Hatch of Wells; 22, Joseph Smith⁴, born 1817, died 1852: 23, William Smith4, born 1819, died 1839.

24, Edmund Smith⁴ (17) (Benjamin³, Roger², Roger¹), born at Biddeford, 1802, married Sally Curtis 1826, married second, Joanna Hatch.

FIRST WIFE'S CHILDREN.

25, Francis Smith⁵, born in Biddeford 1828, married 1862, Thomas W. Buzzell, residence, Wells, Maine: 26, Martha Smith⁵, born 1830, died 1872: 27, Edmund Smith⁵, born 1833, died at Wells, 1857.

SECOND WIFE'S CHILDREN.

28, Luther H. Smith⁵, born 1835, died at Wells, 1854: 29, Charles H. Smith⁵, (32), born 1837: 30, Christopher M. Smith⁵, born Wells 1839, died 1891, married 1889 Sarah Dikeman of Wells; 31, Olive A. Smith⁵, born 1842, died s. 1874.

32, Charles H. Smith⁵ (29) (Edmund⁴, Benjamin³, Roger², Roger¹) a farmer and millman, born in Biddeford August 8, 1837, married 1858, Serena V. Smith, daughter of Benjamin and Myra (Goodrich) Smith (20) born September 1, 1834, and have,—

1, Ida L. Smith⁶, born 1858, s; 2,
Mary E. Smith⁶, born 1860,
married 1884 S. Wallace
Bragdon of Wells: 3. Etta
C. Smith⁶, born 1862. married 1883 J. Herbert Caine
of Wells: 4, Albert H.
Smith⁶, born 1866, married
1888, Maretta, and have
Charles N. Smith⁷; 5. Shirley S. Smith⁶, born 1868,
died 1888; 6, George W.
Smith⁶, born 1871; 7, Frank
E. Smith⁶, born 1874.

GEORGE F. WHIDDEN.

My birthplace was St. Davids, Charlotte county, N. B., the date July 18, 1828. My father, Benjamin Whidden², was born in the town of Clinton, Kennebec county, Maine, October 9, 1796: died at Presque Isle, May 3, 1863. His father's name was George Whidden¹, who died in Canaan, Maine, in 1803. My father's mother was Mary Runnells, the daughter of Benjamin Runnells, who lived in Skowhegan and was once the owner of the site where Augusta now stands. My father, at the age of

sixteen, enlisted in Captain Vose's company of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, in 1812, and served till the end of the war. He was at the Battle of Sackett's Harbor, of the taking of Fort Erie, of Chippewa, Williamsburg, Little York, and Lundy's Lane. In the last, he was severely wounded while storming the heights in Colonel James Miller's command, who took the thirteen cannon planted there. After the war, he went to St. David's and engaged in lumbering, and was married in 1826. My mother, Cynthia Foster³, born in 1806, died May 2, 1887; was the daughter of George Foster², of St. David's, N. B., who was the youngest son of Colonel Benjamin Foster of Machias, one of the earliest settlers from Massachusetts to that place. The Centennial History of that town, edited by G. F. Talbot (if I am not mistaken), gives quite a history of the old residents and genealogy of the families, and among them, of Colonel Benjamin Foster.

My father and family moved from St. David's to Presque Isle, Aroostook county, in 1840, when I was twelve years old, and we were among the first settlers of the town. He cleared a farm, and it has been my home ever since. I had one brother (Daniel), who died at ten years, and five sisters, four now living,—one in Maple Lake, Minn., two in Houlton, and one in Fort Fairfield. Emma died in 1860, aged nineteen years. I am well acquainted with the history of

this town and almost consecutively have been in some office of the town since I was of lawful age. The first treasurer, then clerk, and about every grade of town office. Was a deputy sheriff four years before and during the War of the Rebellion. Held a commission from Governor Israel Washburn, in 1862, to patrol the northern towns of this county to look up deserters from the army, and those on surgeon's leave and furlough. Was a member of the house of representatives in 1867. My occupation has been a carpenter, mill owner, and farmer in a small way, and these are my occupations now. In 1864, in October, was drafted into the service of the United States, and served till the end of the war in Captain Ezekiel R. Mayo's Third Battery of Light Artillery, and was discharged at Augusta, June 19, 1865. As that battery was in the artillery reserve all the time I was with it, I cannot say that I was in any battles. We were harnessed and limbered up for the Fort Steadman affair, heard the thunder and rebel yell, but fortunately did not have a hand, except in caring for the wounded enemy. Saw the pyrotechnic part of the attack on Cedar Level, one rainy night, standing at my gun for an hour or more. There I heard the rattle of musket fire and the cheer of charging line, saw the flash of skirmish line, heard the whiz of bullet, and the growl of a rebel shell and its explosion in the mud of the Appointion. On the second

day of April, in the morning, was with the president, Abraham Lincoln, for a half hour, who talked with us, and handled and questioned about our guns, asking the names of their parts, and how to use them, and aim them. At that hour we could hear the thunder of the guns at the front, and he cheered us with the belief that we would celebrate the coming Fourth of July at our homes. The most cheering sight I had in my service was a few days after, when going to Petersburg with our horses and limbers to haul away captured cannon we met a squad of 11,800 rebel prisoners, for it foretold that the prophecy of the president would come to be true. I was detailed as one of twenty men and three officers to guard our ammunition chests from Fort Abbot to Washington, where we placed them in the arsenal. This was about the 6th of May, 1865. Since my return from the army I have followed same occupation as before. Am a member of Wade Post, No. 123, served one year as its commander, and receive a pension of twelve dollars per month for rheumatism and heart trouble. The hardest part of my army service was on the detail handling those heavy chests of ammunition, lifting them so many times, and the severe exposure several nights with small or no rations, no tents, and no fires, those cold, frosty nights and damps and chills produced rheumatism, which has never left me. Were it not for such pain I should almost be too happy to be willing to leave this world. I rejoice that our old flag waves over the Union and that it is undivided, and I believe in the prosperity and glory of our country. I have had five children:

1, Jessie Fremont Whidden⁴, born November 5, 1856, died May 6, 1895, married June 5, 1881. John Gosnold: 2, George B. Whidden⁴, born October 19, 1858, married February 19, 1882, Alice McGlauflin; 3, Rev. Cassius C. Whidden4, born April 9, 1860, at Presque Isle, married May, 1892, Anna Dodge of Damariscotta, residence Dover, Maine; 4. Annie M. Whidden4, born August 8, 1863, died, September, 1863; 5, Hope M. Whidden⁴, born October 29, 1875.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OAKES, EAST TAWAS, MICHIGAN. ARMY SERVICE.

I enlisted at Orono, in Captain J. W. Atwell's Company I, Eighteenth Infantry, as a private; was made corporal at organization of company, and when regiment was transferred to Heavy Artillery, January 1, 1863, or soon after, I was promoted to sergeant, then first sergeant, then second lieuterant: all at Fort Sumner, Maryland. Was promoted to first lieutenant in the field before Petersburg, in August, 1864, and in November of same year to captain, and assigned to command of Company L. I had previously been in command of Company C, and later of K, by special detail before the last promo-

tion of captain, which was prompted by service at Boydton road, October 27, 1864, the place where the rear was anxiously sought by many non-combatants for weary hours, and to their dismay found it not until night's sable curtain was The brilliant soldierly drawn. qualities of Hancock were here strikingly manifested to the whole command (Second and Third Divisions of Second Corps, and Cavalry Division, which included the First Maine Cavalry, I think), for he was in the "Bull Pen" with the rest of us. My name appears in the last volume of War Records, with that of P. A. Gatchell, adjutant, in Special Order, Corps Headquarters, in connection with that section of Batteries C and I, Fifth United States, which was captured by the Johnnies and recaptured by the sons of our Uncle Samuel, at that time. I was in the Grant campaign with my regiment from Spottsylvania to Appomattox (except a short time in field hospital at City Point, with malarial fever), and received no wound worth mentioning. Was fourth captain in rank when mustered out, September, 1865. Will write a detailed account of Boydton Road some time later, if you wish it.

ANCESTRY.

Grandfather supposed to be Peter Oakes¹, of whom all that is known is that he was born in Massachusetts, moved to, and resided in, Temple, Maine, and was a farmer, and had sixteen children:

1, Peter²: 2, Susan²; 3, John²: 4,
Mary²; 5, Edward²; 6, Nathan²; 7, William²; 8, Sylvester²; 9, David²; 10,
Gideon²; 11, Samuel²; 12,
Obijah²; 13, James²: 14,
Thomas²; 15, Jonas²; 16,
Jonathan².

Nathan Oakes², born December 8, 1801, Temple, Maine: lumberman; married, first, Bethial T. Whitney; married, second, Martha Hewey; Martha died October 8, 1874: Nathan died June 8, 1867, at Mars Hill, and had six children:

1, Lucy A.3, born at Orono, November 3, 1827; married Frank Murphy, 1847, died 1865, had one son, Nathan Oakes Murphy⁴, now delegate in congress from Arizona; 2, Nathan Oakes3, born July 13, 1829, in Orono, died in California: 3, Benjamin F. Oakes³, born June 22, 1838, in Upper Stillwater; resided in East Tawas, Michigan; 4. Susan E. Oakes³, born May 17, 1840, married, January 28, 1868, — Preble; 5, Mary F. Oakes³, born November 9, 1843, died September 7, 1864; 6, George E. Oakes³, born July 21, 1846, resides in Port Jervis, New York.

Benjamin Franklin Oakes³, born in Upper Stillwater, June 22, 1838; married, July 26, 1868, Charlotte R., daughter of Joel and Matilda J. Valley, born December 14, 1848; resides in East Tawas, Michigan, and has four children:

1.Louise M.Oakes⁴, born August 30, 1871: 2, Herbert R. Oakes⁴, born September 24, 1873: 3, Stella M. Oakes⁴, born May 29, 1876: 4, Frank C. Oakes⁴, born January 5, 1881.

ISAAC W. TILDEN.

Elihu B. Tilden¹, born at Long Island, Maine; died in Boston, August 11, 1864; married, first, 1844, Louisa Nutt, who died in 1852; married, second, Nancy Nutt, June 28, 1854. First wife had three, and second wife, six children:

1, Isaac W. Tilden², born in Camden, January 10, 1845; 2, Frances A. Tilden², 3, Mary J. Tilden², both died in infancy; 4. Charley F. Tilden², born August 10, 1855, died January 22, 1863; 5, Elihu E. Tilden², born January 22, 1857, died July 12, 1861; 6, Alex. A. Tilden², born September 22, 1859, died September 20, 1891; 7, Mary J. Tilden,² born March 20, 1861; 8, Addie A. Tilden², born October 18, 1862, died September 28, 1863; 9, Frances A. Tilden², born January 1, 1864, died December 30, 1881.

Isaac W. Tilden², born in Camden, January 10, 1845: married, first, January, 1873, Lorraine E. Paul; she died; married, second, December 16, 1884, Amanda A. Ott, born October 13, 1861, daughter of Samuel and Margaret Ott, resides in Rockport; laborer; first wife had one, and second wife had five children:

1, Hattie A. Tilden³, born July 28, 1873; 2, Charlie D. Tilden³, born April 27, 1889; 3, Lizzie F. Tilden³, born April 20, 1891; 4, Ralph E. Tilden³, born May 27, 1892, died June 9, 1892; 5, Jessie M. Tilden³, born September 10, 1894; 6, Fred J. Tilden,³ born September 25, 1896.

Musician in the First District of Columbia Cavalry, January 12, 1864, and transferred to Company D, First Maine Cavalry; discharged June 21, 1865. Pensioned at ten dollars per month, certificate No. 264,891, for fever and ague, and chronic diseases.

VIRGIL D. SWEETLAND.

I enlisted January 2, 1864; a member of Company M, First Regiment Maine Heavy Artillery. My first engagement was at Spottsylvania, May 19. It was a terrible battle. Where my company stood was an open field fight, not as much as a tree or a rail fence between us and the enemy. It was at short range, and they were all in plain sight when the fight commenced. We stood in line of battle for more than two hours; I did not leave the ranks till the regiment left the field. I was struck in the left side with a bullet, breaking a rib short off. The next day I was sent to a hospital, fifteen miles away, and walked the whole distance. I returned a few days before our regiment made the fatal and desperate charge, June 18, 1864, in which I participated. When we fell back, my comrades

all around me had fallen, and I had bullets shot through my clothes. I was with my regiment all through those hard campaigns around Richmond and Petersburg, and at the surrender of Lee.

I have one more event to record and then I will close. As we were charging the enemy's works the 6th of April, 1865, a comrade of mine had his leg shot clear from his body. I took my last towel and pocket handkerchief and bandaged his leg the best I could under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and my life was in danger every second. I was promoted corporal, and was discharged September 11, 1865.

Pension certificate 87,077. I draw twenty-four dollars per month. My grandfather Sweetland was a soldier of the Revolution.

ANCESTRY.

Stephen Sweetland³, whose father came from England, was born in Providence, Rhode Island; removed to Hope, Maine; married Mabel, daughter of William and Sarah (Wade) Hayden, of Scituate, Massachusetts. The widow, Sarah, and children came to South Thomaston, and died there January 16, 1831. Stephen had six children:

1, James², married Mary Lovett;
2, Josiah², married Priscilla
Pendleton; 3, Sarah², married Joshua Lassell; 4,
Ruth²; 5, Lydia², married
Elihu Daggett; 6, David².

David Sweetland², born May 20, 1799, in Cushing, Maine; married

Susan, born February 27, 1806, daughter of Nathaniel and Susan Palmer. He was a farmer; resided in Palmyra, where he died April 6, 1889; his wife died November 29, 1896, and had three children:

William P.3, born in Hope, 1828; 2, Samantha I.3, born in Hope, October 22, 1832; 3, Virgil D.3

Virgil D. Sweetland³, born September 7, 1837, in Palmyra: married, October 19, 1882, Ida M., daughter of David and Mary Robinson, born September 14, 1859; is a clergyman, and now resides in Palmyra, and have three children:

William V.⁴, born August 16, 1883; Mary L.⁴, born April 24, 1886; Wayne F.⁴, born November 10, 1891.

JOSEPH II. FERGUSON.

I first served in the Mexican War eighteen months, was a recruit in the old Ringold Battery under Taylor. I volunteered in Company E of the Eleventh Maine Infantry, September, 1861. I served three years and was in all its battles, never was wounded, but was hurt in the back and injured one of my ears on Morris Island, firing heavy guns, so at last it came to a running sore for three years and left it perfectly deaf. I have not done the least mite of work for ten years and have not been able to sit up a great part of the time. I did not apply for a pension until they passed the Mexican Invalid

Act: I was then sixty-one years old. I got eight dollars per month. I got an increase and now draw twelve dollars. I had only one uncle, who with my father served in the War of 1812, one on land and the other on the water. When I enlisted in the Eleventh, I lived in the town of Bradford, Penobscot county. I have lived here in Easton, Wisconsin, seventeen years. I will try and write some of the incidents that I have seen; dates I cannot give and cannot write myself; can hardly hold a cup of tea steady, so as to drink it; this is written by my wife. My father, Stephen Ferguson¹, born in Old York, Maine, married Eunice Dam, and died in Gardiner, Maine, and had Joseph H. Ferguson², born in Dixmont, August 11, 1825, married May 1, 1849, Mary Anna, daughter of Thomas and Mary Conely, born August 22, 1833, residence Easton, Wisconsin, post-office Wausaw, Wisconsin, farmer.

WILLIAM NASH.

Grandmother Nash, née Aikens, was born in New York City. Her father was a merchant, and being a Tory, after the Revolutionary War was driven from New York and his property confiscated. He went to Nova Scotia while grandmother was a child. The family was of Scotch descent. Possibly grandmother's father may have come from Scotland. Why I think so, is, that there was said to be property in Scotland for the heirs of Aikens, and Robert Nash, father's

brother, went there about twenty years ago to look it up. He found many relatives, but no property for heirs in America. The family seems to have traced their lineage more from the mother's side than from the father's: possibly it was because the father died (was drowned) while the children were young, while the mother lived to be quite old.

Grandfather William Gamage was born in Bristol, Maine, and died there in 1862, aged about 67 years. Mother thinks, as he used to talk about a pension, that he was a soldier in the War of 1812, but is not sure. His father, Joshua Gamage, was born in Salem, Massachusetts. Grandmother Abigail Gamage's maiden name was Thompson, and her father's name was Joshua; she died in 1865, aged about 70 years. They had twelve children, of whom eight are now living, two sons and six daughters. Both families were New England people as far back as we have any knowledge.

- 1, William Nash¹, born in Ireland about 1771, drowned about 1815, married Elizabeth Aikens and had the following children:
- 2, John Nash², died; 3, William Nash², residence Toronto, Canada; 4, Thomas Nash², died; 5, Robert Nash², residence Toronto, Canada; 6, Tobias Nash², died (10); 7, Catherine Nash², died; 8, Eliza Nash², died; 9, Elizabeth Nash², died.

10, Tobias Nash² (6), born in Guysboro, Nova Scotia, April 28,

1811, died in Bristol, Maine, December 6, 1893, married November 28, 1843, Eleanor Gamage, daughter of William and Abigail Gamage, born December 10, 1823, and have

11, William Nash³, born August 22, 1844, residence, Portland; 12, Udevilla Nash³, born January 14, 1847, died January 15, 1865; 13, Tobias Nash³ Jr., born July 13, 1850, died September 22, 1851; 14, Eliza E. Nash³, born October 7, 1852, married 1886 George C. Webb of Deer Isle, who died 1889, residence Portland; 15, Caroline G. Nash³, born August 9, 1855, residence, Portland; 16, Minette Nash³, born April 2, 1860, died March 3, 1887, married Charles H. Brown of Portland.

17, William Nash³, (11) born in Bristol, Maine, August 22, 1844, married June 1, 1871, Caroline W. Dyer, born June 4, 1842, daughter of James and Lucy Dyer, and have one daughter, Grace J. Nash⁴, born December 25, 1871, married June 14, 1894, John Howard Hill, residence, Portland. Served in Company I, Twenty-first Maine Infantry, during its full term, now a clothing merchant in firm of William Nash & Co., Portland.

ORA C. WYMAN.

Francis Wyman, born in Scotland, came to Vassalboro, Maine, and was a farmer, and had,—

2, Edward Wyman², born in Vassalboro, died in Augusta, March, 1852, married Matilda, daughter of Oliver and Sarah Gerrish, who came from Liverpool, England; his wife died November 20, 1854, and had,—

- 3, Ora C. Wyman³, born April 19, 1822, in Vassalboro, married January 23, 1844, Lucy P., daughter of William and Catherine Hallowell, born September 15, 1829, residence, Caldwell, Mich., and had,—
- 4, Andrew H. Wyman⁴, born December 2, 1844, died September 25, 1847; 5, Salome W. Wyman⁴, born December 13, 1847, died June 28, 1866; 6, Cynthia B. Wyman4, born March 11, 1849, died January 4, 1872; 7, Edward Wyman⁴, born September 25, 1850; 8, Lucy M. Wyman⁴, born November 20, 1852, died March 25, 1874; 9, Carrie A. Wyman4, born August 21, 1855; 10, Ora E. Wyman⁴, born December 22, 1861; 11, Joseph F. Wyman⁴, born June 15, 1870, died September 8, 1888, in Michigan; 12, Sarah Matilda Wyman³, born June 15, 1827, married Frank Hallowell, and he died at Carrollton, Louisiana, a member of Company C, Fourteenth Maine Infantry.

I enlisted in the Fourteenth regiment, Company C, Maine Infantry, on January 28, 1862, and in one week was on the cars for Boston; there took transport for Ship Island. A few days out the cook died and I was detailed to cook for the regiment; we were a month getting to Ship Island. A few days before

we landed, I commenced bleeding at the lungs and landed under the doctor's care. In a few days, I was detailed to cook for the colonel and staff officers and remained until we arrived at New Orleans. In a short time I was returned to my company for two weeks, then was detailed to cook in regimental hospital for sixteen months, then returned to my company again, January 1, 1863. The most of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans at New Iberia, Louisiana, I re-enlisted at this time; we went from New Iberia to New Orleans and took steamer Arago for New York, and cars to Augusta: we had thirty days for furlough home and thirty days to recruit. After our sixty days were out we took cars to Portland and steamer to New Orleans. We were drifting about from Morganza Bend to Sabine Pass, till July, 1864, when we left New Orleans for Washington, and thence to the Shenandoah Valley. and dodged around there until October 19. At Cedar Creek I was taken prisoner and went to board in Jeff Davis's den in the Libby building, Richmond, and Salisbury, North Carolina, Florence, South Carolina, and round back to the rebel hospital in Richmond until I was about starved to death and insane. Near the 9th of March, 1865, I was exchanged, got around somehow to Annapolis, Maryland, and obtained a furlough home for thirty days. By some means I got home, but I cannot remember how. When my thirty days were up I went to

Augusta, reported, and on May 29, 1865, received my discharge, thankful that I was still alive.

FRANCIS POOR, OF BROWNFIELD, MAINE.

I was born June 4, 1837. I was married July 13, 1862; I had a son born to me July 30, 1863. I enlisted December 19, 1863, to serve three years or during the war. I joined my regiment, Company A, Eleventh Maine, at Morris Island. In April, 1864, we were assigned to the Third Brigade, First Division, Tenth Corps, and joined General Butler's command at Gloucester Point, Virginia. On the fifth of May, landed at Bermuda Hundred, was in the engagement the 7th; Port Walthal Junction, expedition towards Petersburg, in battle front of Chester Station the 10th; battle at Drury's Bhuff from May 14th to 16th, 1864; then the 17th, engaged at Bermuda Hundred, engaged June 2. I was wounded in right foot and sent to Fortress Monroe hospital and from there to David's Island, New York, where I received a furlough for thirty days, and returned to my home at Brownfield, Maine: after the thirty days expired, I returned to David's Island and joined my regiment again. August 26, 1864, was at Petersburg in the siege of that place, from the 26th of August until the 28th of September, 1864; in the capture of the heights of Spring Hill, October 7. Engagement on New Marker Road, Hatcher's Run from March 31 till April 2, 1865. Helped

capture Fort Gregg and Baldwin, and on the oth was at the surrender of Lee's army on the banks of Appomattox river. I stood guard between the guns and rebels on the bank of the river in the first detail and served until February 2, 1866, when I was discharged at City Point, Florida, and went with my regiment to Augusta, Maine, received my discharge, and returned to my home at Brownfield, Maine, February 10, 1866. March 18, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, on the 31st of March we engaged the enemy, remained exposed to their fire, skirmishing continually until the 2d of April, when I was near being shot; was on the skirmish line and behind a great oak tree. I was on

my knees, the breech of my gun was on the ground and leaned against my shoulder; a Minié ball struck my gun near the lock, tore a hunk from the stock and went to the ground; if it had not hit my gun it must have passed through my bowels. Another little story: After the works at Hatcher's Run were carried, my Company, A and B, were put on as skirmishers; we charged through old tents where the rebels had their winter quarters and the logs still remained standing; I saw a rebel running from me; his white haversack hung down over his hip; I aimed for that haversack and fired, down went Johnny, haversack and all, over the bank; I saw no more of him.

ECHOES.

WHO WAS THE DEAD SOLDIER?

Henry C. Whitaker of New Market, Tennessee, late of Company A, Second New York Cavalry (Harris Light) writes:

Only a few moments ago I read your "Editorial Personal" and I am chiding myself for the oversight or neglect in failing to make earlier response to the Bugle's "money calls." It is said that when men become sixty years old, or older, they have a more vivid recollection of the scenes and incidents of their boyhood or young manhood period than they have of more recent events, and that their minds dwell more upon the retro-

spective than upon the prospective. If this is a fact, it may possibly account for the forgetfulness of some of the Bugle subscribers who, like me, have passed the sixty mile post, and need to be reminded to "ante" or to show their hands when "called." Likewise, if the earlier recollection theory is correct, we shall have the pleasure of recalling the memory of various war scenes and incidents which have lain dormant in our mental storehouses these many years, and thus be able to supply our children with some "new chestnuts" as well as to furnish material to keep the camp fires burning. And right

here I am reminded of seeing in June, 63, a dead man who, we were told, belonged to the First Maine Cavalry, in a piece of woodland about fifty feet from a stone fence which ran at right angles with the road going from Aldie to Middleburg, Va. The body lay about fifty feet north of the road. The Rebels had occupied the west side of the stone fence, which bordered the woodland, and we understood that the First Maine charged but failed to dislodge all of them. When our regiment, the Second New York Cavalry, came up, my squadron of not more than twenty men, led by Lieutenant Lord, also made an ineffectual attempt to dislodge them. We charged up the road, jumping over two or three dead horses, and came back much faster than we went in. But shortly after this repulse, we went into the woods, dismounted, and got possession of the stone fence, which furnished us a delightful position to pick off some Rebel gunners who were shooting at us with shells which did not explode. It was at this time that we discovered the dead cavalryman referred to, whose death, the mystery of which is my excuse for writing so much in detail, was to us a puzzling problem, as he had no scratch of sabre, mark of bullet wound, or blood or bruise on him. I think his belt and weapons had been taken and his pockets emptied. One of our boys suggested that he might have been hit in the armpit when the arm was

raised for a front cut, and when lowered, the wound had closed and prevented the flow of blood, but on examination that theory failed to connect; another comrade thought his neck had been broken by falling from his horse, but that could not be verified: another thought he had fallen in a fit, while an irreverent cuss said the dead man had simply been scared to death. So I submit the problem for you to solve: What caused his death? Did he really belong to the First Maine Cavalry, if so, what was his name, and has he been properly accounted for? If he has not been identified as a First Maine man, it is possible that he was a Rebel dressed in our uniform, as we found two or three dead Rebs clad in gray in the woods, in which, we were told, the First Maine had been engaged. I am not positive if the woodland in which the dead man was found was east or west of Middleburg, but I think it was on the west side.

Note.—Tobie's history of the First Maine Cavalry gives the names of the casualties of Aldie as five killed; eighteen wounded, of whom one died; two wounded and prisoners, of whom one died and five prisoners; names of all given in full.

At Middleburg the casualties were ten killed, nineteen wounded, five wounded and two prisoners; names of all given in full, page 672. I think Comrade Whitaker must refer to the Battle of Middleburg. A full account of these battles appears in the above history, pp. 158–175.

A TASTE OF EARLY ARMY EXPERI-ENCES,

Oscar C. Wallace of Malden, Mass., late of Company F, First D. C. Cavalry, and corporal of Company D, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I was born in the town of Cushing, Knox county, Me., in October 24, 1844, son of Peter and Sarah Jane (Burton) Wallace.

In January, 1864, while at school, I whispered to my chum, saying, "Fred, let us get dismissed and go and enlist now." Fred was always with me in whatever I proposed in those days, so he said, "It is a go!" We put our books away and asked to be dismissed. "Is it necessary?" we were asked. "Of course," we replied, and thus got away all right from school. When I walked into the house at home, my mother said to me, "What are you at home now for?" "Well," said I, "Fred and your humble servant are going to Augusta to enlist," but I could not help smiling as I made the remark, so it was taken as a joke. But to Augusta we went, and as soon as the recruiting officers found out that we were talking of enlisting, they hustled to grab us. Nothing was too good for our youthful appetites. Each and every such officer tried to catch us by promising everything from a corporal up to a major-general. Well, after having all the fun we thought we could contain in Augusta, we went back over the road and stopped at a tavern, I think, in Jefferson. The landlord's

name was Folsom. There we enlisted, I think, with Charles D. Jones of Warren, in Company F, First D. C. Cavalry, to do duty only in the District of Columbia. but we found out in a few months that was a chestnut. We were also promised a short furlough to go home before we went to Washington. About the 8th of February we found out that we would be moved to Washington in a couple of days. A good many of us wanted to go home and see our people before going South, and, if my memory does not fail, quite a number of Company F boys took French leave. If any such boys happen to read this account, some of them must remember what a time we had to obtain teams. I remember that Fred and I paid twenty dollars for our conveyance; some boys paid as high as thirty dollars. We managed, after a night's ride, to reach Thomaston about five o'clock in the morning, and the following morning we were back to Augusta to start for Washington, and in the confusion escaped all punishment.

The boys may want to know the name of my companion Fred. His full name is Fred L. Farnham; present residence, Cushing, Me.; transferred from First D. C., to Company C, First Maine Cavalry, and mustered out with regiment.

Well, you all know about our trip to Washington, our big feed in Boston, and how the guards tried to keep us in the depot at Philadelphia, how we got past them and up ECHOES.

town, and some of the boys, not getting back in time to catch the train, came on to Washington the next day, how we helped ourselves to baskets of fruit taken from the hands of fruit venders just as the train started, etc. Arriving at Washington and in a few days mounted, I was on the detail that went to the corral after our horses. I believe we took out four horses each; that is, three besides the one we rode. I thought at that time I knew something about the good qualities of a horse, so sized one up and made up my mind that he was what I wanted, and by getting the captain to intercede for me, when the horses were assigned, I got the horse I wanted.

I remember the first time Lientenant-Colonel Conger gave us such a run, through mud, over fences and ditches, and through woods, etc., that now and then he would sing out to me, "Why do n't you hold that horse back?" The colonel had a good one, but my horse had caught the excitement and the fact was, I could not hold him, so if I did get mixed with the colonel's horse once in a while, I was willing to be forgiven. While in Washington, I was orderly for Colonel Conger, and I well remember one night about twelve o'clock I had to go down town with him. By the way, he slept down town every night. This particular night

it was thundering and lightning, and we made good time down. He dismounted and went into his house, and I started back to camp, leading his horse. The rain had commenced to fall. The thunder frightened my horse, and he was in such a hurry to get to camp, while the colonel's horse wanted to hang back, that I came pretty near getting dumped. Finally, I jerked his mouth so much with the bit that the next morning, when I went down after the colonel and he undertook to mount, that horse felt the pressure of the bit and ran back suddenly and splashed the colonel over with mud and water.

- "Orderly, have you been jerking this horse's mouth with the bit?"
- "No, sir," and I tried to explain, but it would not go.
- "Do n't you do it again," was his forcible order.

Now, comrades, I have given you this little taste of my earlier army experience and hope it may awaken echoes in the memory of those who served with and remember me. I received the Bugles for 1896 all right. Do not forget me, but send me the Bugles right along and I will attend to the rest. I am now serving my second year as major of Gordon Forest Command, No. 12, U. V. U., of Malden, Mass. Gordon Forest was the first man killed from Malden.

THE HISTORY OF THE THIRTEENTH TENNESSEE CON-FEDERATE INFANTRY.

We have received from General A. J. Vaughan a copy of his personal record of the Thirteenth Regiment, Tennessee Confederate Infantry, which was commanded by him during part of its service.

We are fully convinced that the most vivid and realistic pictures of the great struggle from 1861 to 1865 are contained in regimental histories written by participants. Such histories may contain only fragmentary views of the war, but such views are generally photographic and accurate as far as their vision extends. From them, the future historians of the war must draw their record of life and obtain the necessary coloring of individual effort. All such histories, when viewed in this historical condition of atmosphere, are valuable. We presented in the April Bugle copious extracts from the history of the Fourth South Carolina Confederate Infantry, in the form of personal letters written in the field; we also presented in the same issue a parallel set of personal letters from the Union side in the articles which have excited wide interest, as the "Four Brothers in Blue." The only fault we are tempted to find in the history of the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry is its meagreness; every one who reads it will wish the account was more complete and that it contained more details. We present only a short extract, wherein the author, General Vaughan, gives an account of his lost leg, and why he wrote such an account.

MY LOST LEG.

Among the most intimate friends of my evening time, I have found infinite comfort and cheer in two, who for twenty years have been a part of my life. These two, the Hon. James M. Greer, and Mr. James F. Hunter, having made me almost a part of their family lives, I wrote out for their boys, Allen, Autry, and Rowan Greer, and Douglas Hunter, this account of how I lost my leg, and print it here without apology to my readers.

Soon after Sherman's army was so signally repulsed on the Kennesaw line, he again commenced his flank movement, which forced our army to fall back.

On the 4th of July, 1864, one of the hottest days of the season, our army arrived at Vining Station, just below Marietta, Georgia, where it was formed in line of battle, with orders for each brigade to intrench and throw up breastworks.

I was busily engaged all the morning in superintending the work, which was about completed between 12 and 1 o'clock, when, with my staff, I retired to a large spreading oak tree, about 150 or 200 yards in the rear of my line of works, to rest and to eat my scanty rations. No fighting was going on

at this time except an artillery duel between a Federal battery some distance off and a Confederate battery on my line.

After I had eaten up all the rations I had, I concluded I would take a smoke. Matches in those days were very scarce and hard to get: so I always carried with me a small sun-glass to light my pipe when the sun was shining. After filling my pipe I noticed that the sun was shining through a small opening in the foliage of the tree under which I was sitting, and I remarked to Colonel Dver, my inspector-general, that I could light my pipe through the little opening. He replied that he would bet me a drink of pine-top whiskey that I could not. I accepted the bet (as I was then not as punctilious about betting as I am now), and just as I was in the act of drawing a focus on my tobacco, a shell from the enemy's battery came whizzing through the air over my line and exploded just as it struck my foot and the ground, tearing off my foot and making a hole almost large enough to bury me in.

My staff were lying around under the shade of the tree, but none of them were struck by the shell or any of its fragments. Dyer, who was standing over me at the time, had nearly all his clothing torn off, not by the shell or its fragments, but by the gravel that was thrown up against him. He received seventeen flesh wounds, none of which proved very serious. As soon as the shell exploded he

involuntarily started to run to get behind a tree. A few days before this Colonel Dyer and myself, while walking in the rear of our line on Kennesaw Mountain, noticed that a soldier with all the canteens of his company swung around him, was going after water for his company, when a shrapnel shell came over, exploded, and riddled him with balls; yet he walked, or rather ran, some little distance before falling, and then fell dead. Colonel Dyer told me that he had this man in his mind's eye while running, and he expected every moment to fall dead.

The shock from the explosion of the shell was very severe, yet the tearing away of my leg was accompanied by neither pain nor the loss of much blood. In addition to the loss of my foot I received another wound on my other leg which was rather remarkable. I had a cut below the knee about four inches long and down to the bone, as smooth as if it had been cut with a sharp knife, yet neither my pants nor underclothing were torn. It was so smooth a cut that when pressed together it healed by first intention. None of us were able to conjecture what made this cut. Before I would allow my removal I made my staff find my sun-glass and my pipe. The rim of my sun-glass was broken.

As soon as it was known that I was wounded, the surgeons of my brigade and division came to my assistance, and bound up wounds as best they could, and gave me some morphine and whiskey. I was then put in an ambulance and started to the field hospital.

In going to the hospital I passed by General Cheatham's headquarters, who, hearing that I was wounded, came out to sympathize with me, and suggested that as I was looking very pale he thought that some stimulant would do me good, and gave me a stiff drink. I then began to feel pretty good and proceeded on my way to the hospital. I had not gone very far when I passed General Hardee's headquarters. He had heard of my misfortune and came out to see me. He also said I was looking very pale and that I ought to have some stimulant, and gave me a big drink. I continued to feel better, and again started toward the hospital, and in a short time passed General Joseph E. Johnston's headquarters. He came out to see me and also said that I was looking very pale, and that some stimulant would do me good. He happened to have some very fine apple brandy and gave me a big drink, and down it went. From this time on I knew nothing until I awoke on the platform at Atlanta at sunrise next morning.

The amputation of my leg at the point selected was an unfortunate one for me. My brigade surgeon, Dr. R. W. Mitchell, was absent at the time of my arrival at the field hospital, and the point of selection for the amputation was determined by a consultation of surgeons before he returned. If my leg had been cut off higher up it would have relieved me of the many days of suffering I have since experienced.

From Atlanta I was carried on a freight train in a box car, in the hottest of weather, to Macon, Georgia. Dr. Mitchell accompanied me, thinking I would die before I reached the place. My sufferings were intense, but I survived, and was taken to Mrs. Josie, the wife of a quartermaster of my division of the army, who cared for and treated me as kindly as if I had been her own child.

Thus I lost my leg, and I have never seen it since.

GENERAL NEWTON M. CURTIS'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE LOYAL LEGION OF NEW YORK, ON FORT FISHER.

We present below the reply of General Newton M. Curtis to General Adelbert Ames's article on Fort Fisher, which appeared in the April issue of the Bugle. We regret we cannot give the entire reply, but we give all which, by quo-

tation marks, as reported in the New York papers, indicates that the words were copied from the written defense by General Curtis.

General Curtis says: "There have been lately some romantic inventions in the story of Fort Fisher."

This declaration will have a happy relish to General Ames, or to any reader of General Ames's article. That article is made from the official reports of the Union and Confederate officers who participated in the attack, and from other authenticated sources. General Ames plainly states that these reports were not accessible till their recent publication by the government. The stones taken by General Ames from this now available quarry, fit each other like the blocks in the pillars of the Parthenon, and their completed structure is as solid as the pyramids: while in contradistinction, the story told by General Curtis has hardly a single statement backed by official or accredited report. He commences by insinuating that General Ames disparaged the navy, which is an evident untruth. He continues in a series of remarkable romantic inventions of conversations and statements known only by him or various parties who are dead, so purely inventional that they do not hold together. See how delightfully he wabbles from "inviting General Ames to breakfast," to "threatening to send orders by one of his own officers." What has all this to do with taking Fort Fisher. except a preliminary kicking up of dust to obscure the whole subject? Notice, also, how confidently General Curtis states that General Terry "informed him (Ames) that he had known me (Curtis) for many vears, and that he (Terry) had entire confidence in my (Curtis's)

ability, and that he would give me (Curtis) orders." See how lordly he asks General Terry "to send another brigade to push us in," and how he threatened to exclude a staff officer of the division commander from accompanying the brigade. Again, examine his clincher, "that General Lawrence did not lead the First brigade," viz.,—" He fell near the stockade." The historical fact is, he was shot on the parapet. Now consider Curtis's request, made in advance, that Terry " send a brigade to push us in." Was not the First brigade pushed in by the Second and Third brigades acting under the personal orders and impelling power of General Ames? Do not official reports, made at the time, show that part of the First brigade went in with the Second brigade, and part with the Third brigade? If General Curtis will tell exactly when and where he entered Fort Fisher, it would throw some light on his conduct that day. He raises only one square issue wherein he can be confronted with any official report, or by any living witness, and that is when he says "he went out on the dune to survey the sea bastion, and was shot twice." General Ames says that Curtis came out of a bomb-proof and approached him. and while talking with him, was wounded. On this sole issue, is Curtis correct, or does Ames tell the truth?

Ames is supported by Lockwood and Carleton, while Curtis's statements stand as unvouched for as

his report of conversations held between Terry and Ames. Did or did not Curtis from a place of safety, and in approaching Ames in a place exposed to danger, receive his wound? General Curtis commences his article by raising dust and confusion in regard to matters foreign to the assault on Fort Fisher. In his very eagerness to prove a negative, which is not in the case, viz., "That he did not attempt to sail away without General Ames, so that he might command the division," he raises a strong presumption that that very object was the object of his peculiar conduct which he has so minutely and absurdly pictured. In like manner, in his conclusion he viciously insinuates, for a like cloudy purpose, that General Ames made reflections and an attack on the navy, and that he disparaged General Terry by stating where his headquarters were. All the official maps show the identical place of such quarters. General Ames's statements agree with the maps, just the same as every word of his address agrees with the official reports and authenticated accounts. Such innuendoes and dust only befog the subject, and tend to force the conviction on candid minds that General Curtis's so-called defense is made of that kind of material. It may be a fair sample of the magnificent rage and roar depicted by Badeau from a paper written by an aide-de-camp of General Curtis.

General Curtis opened his paper with a eulogy of the navy, and a

tribute to what he called their splendid work at Fort Fisher. General Curtis then went on and told briefly the story of the first expedition against the fort, which was a failure. In his estimation. he said, the fort could have been captured then by an assault, but General Butler called the troops back after they had landed and made considerable headway. General Butler afterwards reported to the committee in charge of the conduct of the war, General Curtis said, that it had been impossible to take the fort. There was an investigation, and General Butler was upheld.

"General Grant sent an officer to me," said General Curtis, "ordering me to appear before him. It had previously been suggested that I go and see General Grant, but I declined to do so, having heard that General Butler contemplated making charges against me of disobedience of orders in the face of the enemy, and not wishing to be misunderstood, I went to General Grant when ordered to, and told him that I still believed the fort could have been taken by an assault. Two questions were put to me at that time. They were: 'Do you think the fort could have been taken?' and, 'Do you think the fort can be taken now by an assault?' I replied in the affirmative to both. General Grant believed as I did about the matter, and the second expedition was ordered. It was commanded by General Terry.

"General Ames was to proceed

on the Atlantic, and he sent word to Captain Gray, her commander, to reserve quarters for himself and staff. So that he might have no complaint two sets of quarters, one on the upper deck, and one in the cabin, were set aside for him to choose from; but General Ames did not appear, and neither did Captain Lockwood, although all of their other officers were aboard at the time they were expected. I was seated in my quarters when an officer brought sealed despatches, addressed to the senior officer on the Atlantic, to me. I declined to accept them, and told him to take them to General Ames, for whom they were evidently meant. The officer came back with word that General Ames was not on board, so I opened the despatches and found orders for the Atlantic to leave at four in the morning. were to proceed to Cape Henry, where we were to open our sealed orders.

.. At the proper time we sailed. At breakfast time I sent an officer to invite General Ames to breakfast with me, but the officer said that General Ames had come on board late and that he didn't want to disturb him. Off Cape Henry, General Ames not having appeared, Captain Carleton, of his staff, brought the sealed orders to me to open. I declined to assume the duties of the division commander and ordered him to take them to General Ames. Again he said that he didn't want to disturb the General. I then threatened to send the orders by one of my own officers unless he went immediately. He started to find General Ames, but in a few minutes came back with word that the General was not on board. I then opened the orders, and in accordance with them we proceeded to a point twenty-five miles off Beaufort, N. C. There General Ames came on board with Captain Lockwood from a hospital ship. He immediately accused me of sailing away without him, so that I could command his division. I demanded a retraction of this statement and got it. Afterward General Ames requested General Terry not to give me any special duty. He said that I was not to be relied upon and that he couldn't consent to be responsible for anything that happened if I had any command. General Terry informed him that he had known me for many years, that he had entire confidence in my ability, and that he would send me orders.

"General Terry, in planning for the attack on the fort, asked me for my ideas on the matter. I told him I thought the Second Division could carry the fort, if protected by the guns of the ships. He then told me that I had been selected to make the assault, if one was made.

"On the morning of the 15th, General Terry came ashore and told me that General Ames was to attack the west end of the parapet. He seemed pleased at the preparatory work done by my brigade, and asked me what my plan was. I told him it was to go from rifle-pit to rifle-pit and not draw the infantry fire from the fort until we were close up. If the infantry rose, the ships were to pound it back, and when they could no longer do that, we would charge. If we did not get in there, I asked General Terry to send another brigade to push us in. General Terry ordered me to carry out this plan.

"General Ames, with the Second and Third brigades, halted behind us. Captain Lawrence, of General Ames's staff, wanted to go with my brigade, and I consented on the condition that he should agree not to interfere with any of our plans. He went with us, and it would be a serious imputation on a gallant gentleman to say that he interfered and himself led the charge. Captain Lawrence did not lead the First brigade. He fell near the stockade.

"At 4:45 o'clock we captured the seventh traverse, and then came the word from General Ames to fortify our position and wait until the next morning to resume the attack. I pointed out the two steamers loaded with Confederate soldiers waiting for a chance to land. At the same time I sent back for reinforcements. General Ames sent me spades. I threw them over the parapet to the Confederates. We gathered the men together, and at 5:15 3-10 o'clock that forenoon we made the assault. You can understand why I am so accurate about the time. General Ames alleged that General Curtis fell wounded at 4:30 o'clock. Shortly afterward, I went out on the dune to survey the sea bastion and was shot twice.

"Until recently, no one has seen fit to suspect that the Battle of Fort Fisher was fought otherwise than as I have stated. But lately there have been some romantic inventions. The indignation displayed on a recent occasion was not so much on account of the attack on a certain officer as it was on the navy and the troops. Success without the navy was impossible that day. The statement, too, that General Terry established his headquarters at a safe place, or did any of the unworthy things that have been attributed to him, is absolutely untrue."

ENCAMPMENT OF MAINE DEPARTMENT, G. A. R.

'n

The thirtieth encampment of the Maine Department of the G. A. R. opened at City Hall, Lewiston, April 16, at 1:30 o'clock. There was a large attendance, everything considered, and the blue coats were everywhere to be seen about the city building.

Commander L. D. Carver called the encampment to order, and after the usual preliminaries read his address, which was an interesting and forceful document. Among other things, he said:

"I congratulate you, comrades, that you live among people who

love and honor you. The loval people of Maine have not forgotten their country's defenders, nor grown cold in gratitude for their services. They are not classed among those who assailed the men who saved the nation in its hour of peril. I hope the time will never come when we shall cease to talk of the war for the Union or become unmindful of its lessons. The future historian, as he traces the pathway of human advancement, will declare that it was the surrender at Appomattox which gave to civilization its grandest onward step and which secured for the world the fullest enlargement of human liberty. The Union soldiers should never forget the place their bayonets and sabres gave them in history. It is the mission of the Grand Army of the Republic to see that no man who helped to write the pages of history at Malvern Hill and Antietam, at Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and from Atlanta to the sea, is a tramp or a pauper; to see that no widow or orphan of the men who gave the best years of their lives to the nation's cause is uncared for. This is a great country, but nowhere between the Atlantic and the Golden Gate, between the lakes and the Gulf, is there any room for any other flag than the stars and stripes."

He then reviewed the statistics of the encampment, which showed that there were 8,839 in good standing and while the department lost 742, 332 were gained. The receipts from the per capita tax di-

minished \$65.80. During the year he had personally visited twentyfive posts and made four visits to the Bath Orphans' Home, which he found in splendid condition. At present sixty-two children are being cared for there. He complimented the legislators for increasing the State pension appropriations to \$75,000. The applicants for help had increased from 1,402 in 1893, to 2,071 in 1896. He congratulated the Woman's Relief Corps for their noble work in keeping struggling posts together, and recommended that Memorial Day hereafter be celebrated on Sunday in Maine. He also urged the posts to consolidate and go in a body to the National encampment, instead of dividing into sections as has been the custom.

After the commander's address, the annual reports of the various officers were presented.

Assistant Adjutant-General Miller made the following report:

The department has lost one post during the year. Hildreth Post, No. 56, South Gardiner, voted to surrender its charter previous to the last encampment, but the post property was not received at department headquarters till several months later. No new posts have been organized during the year. The department, therefore, numbers 165 posts, Nos. 54 and 103 being vacant.

The report further shows that the number of members in good standing December 31, 1896, was 8,429, a decrease of 410 during the year.

The membership of the department of Maine having dropped below 8,500, the representation to the national encampment is reduced to eight with one "at large."

Assistant Quartermaster-General W. H. Smith reported as follows:

Cash on hand Feb. 26, 1896,	\$1,150 28
Receipts for sale of supplies and p	er
capita tax,	2,603.85
Total,	\$3,754.13
Total expenditures,	3,088.47
Cash on hand, 1897,	\$ 670.66

ACCOUNT OF SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Cr.	\$1,038.55
By cash received for supplies, \$893.15 By supplies on hand Apr. 10, 1897, 398.21	1,291,36
Balance in favor of supply department,	\$252.81

ASSETS OF LEPARTMENT.

Cash in treasury	Apr.	10,	1897,	\$670.66	
Supply on hand		. 6	6.6	398.21	
Office furniture	6.6	4.6	6.6	260.00	
					\$1.328 87

The chaplain's report was full of interesting matter, as was that of the department inspector, which shows that \$2,541.53 was spent by the department for charity during 1896.

National Commander T. J. Clarkson of Omaha at 4 o'clock visited the encampment at City hall, whence a committee consisting of Past Department Commander John D. Anderson of Gray, and Comrade C. S. Crowell of Lewiston, had been sent to greet him. Commander Clarkson was accompanied by the following members

of the national staff: H. R. Sargent of Portland, A. S. Bangs of Augusta, W. J. Clayton of Bangor, George E. Andrews of Portland, Samuel H. Pillsbury of Kittery, Captain G. H. Smith of Houlton, Fred D. Aldus of Camden, and K. Bangs of Freedom. Upon arrival at the hall, Major Clarkson was received with cheers and was escorted to the stage, where he made remarks.

EVENING CAMP-FIRE.

At 8 o'clock the assembly was called to order by Colonel Nelson Howard, a past commander of the Maine department, who spoke very briefly in welcome of Major Clarkson.

After a selection by the orchestra, Colonel Howard introduced Acting Mayor Callahan, who welcomed the veterans in a very neat speech in behalf of the city.

The second speaker of the evening was Commander Carver of the Maine department. He esteemed it a great privilege, the memory of which he should carry to the grave, that he could welcome the commander-in-chief to the old Pine Tree State. He wished him to understand that he was among friends who wanted him to stay with them a long, long time, and if they couldn't make him have a good time they would leave him so that no one else could. He closed by expressing his thanks to the ladies for their attendance and their aid to the Grand Army.

The chief speech of the evening

was made by Commander-in-chief Clarkson, who was very warmly received and who spoke in part as follows:

"This splendid audience here, upon such a night as this, is a surprise to me, and vet I don't know that anything really surprises me in this grand old Pine Tree State." He referred to the meeting of the national encampment in Portland a few years ago, saving: "Coming from Nebraska, a state which has more land to the acre, less pine trees and more public speakers (myself excluded) than any other state in the Union, my first experience in Maine was a charming one. No encampment that we ever had so thrilled the old boys as that at Portland. I remember particularly the fish. We have no fish in Nebraska. We have but one river and that is a thousand miles long, a mile wide and six inches deep, and there is no room for fish." He then went on to speak of his present trip through the country, which he said had been an educational one to him. He spoke of being one day in Portland, Oregon, and a few days later in Portland, Maine, and the thought came to him that we do not realize the magnitude of the country.

He said that Nebraska raised last year eight hundred million bushels of corn and he had sometimes wondered where under heaven they were going to dispose of it. He came East, and here in New England he found prosperous cities and towns so near to-

gether and numerous that they can't find names enough for them but call them North, South, East, and West so-and-so, and he wondered where on earth they got their living. Then he remembered the eight hundred million bushels of corn in Nebraska and the wheat fields of Minnesota, and the cattle of the Dakotas, and his questions were answered.

He said that his trip through the South had been one of education to him. He got enough of the South in 61, and never wanted to go there again, but was invited to go by the Southern Grand Army men. He did not want to go, but they insisted, and he went. He visited Nashville and addressed an audience, fifty per cent. of whom were Confederate veterans. He talked patriotism just as he would talk in Maine, and he was never more enthusiastically received, and never was his patriotism more patriotically greeted. He found the same all through the South.

He said that the work of the Grand Army was not completed. It should raise up a generation of patriots. He believed the flag should fly from every school-house, and in military training for the boys, because the best way to secure peace is to be prepared for war. He also wanted the school histories changed so that the children should learn the truth regarding the causes and results of the war, which they do not now, and closed with a brilliant peroration addressed to the flag. At the close of his address,

Mrs. Inzetta Small of this city, presented to him in behalf of the National Woman's Relief Corps department of Maine, a beautiful basket of flowers, which he feelingly acknowledged.

"Comrade" Dennett of Company K. First Maine Cavalry, was on the programme for two selections. He gave first, "Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats," and for an encore "Parson Watkins's Farewell," and for his second selection "Williamson Breckenridge Caruthers of New Jersey." As usual, he made the hit of the evening, and if he would have consented, the delighted veterans would have kept him going until morning.

The last speaker was Ralph Waldo Emerson of this city, who was introduced as one of the rising Sons of Veterans, and who made a brief speech upon the glories of American citizenship. The meeting closed with the singing of "Marching Through Georgia" by the quartette, the entire audience joining in the chorus.

THE ELECTION.

There were exciting scenes at the election of officers Friday forenoon. Not a quarter of the members had heard that Rev. Mr. Southard had decided to withdraw his name.

Some wanted to make nominations in the forenoon, and to cast the votes right away after dinner, but to this proposition there were objections.

Instantly, all was excitement, and a motion to proceed to the election

at once, was carried with a shout of decision.

When the commander, Colonel Carver, secured order, and called for the nomination of candidates, the big form of Rev. Mr. Southard loomed up, and there was instantly a hush. You could have heard the whispering of the password down at the stairs, where the sentinels jabbed a bayonet at the breast of every man who tried to slip by unnoticed.

Mr. Southard straightened up, and said that he loved the Grand Army more than himself, that peace and good-will were worth more to the satisfying of his heart than were place and honor, that though his friends had urged him to become a candidate for the place of department commander, he was now going to withdraw, and he knew no man more fitted for the place than his friend, Hon. Leroy T. Carleton of Winthrop.

He then continued to speak when the applause was such that he could, and placed in nomination, with the eloquence of which he is more than master, Mr. Carleton, and he moved that as there had appeared no other candidate, the adjutant be instructed to cast the vote of the department for Mr. Carleton. The motion was seconded by a shout of applause. Mr. Southard and ex-Gov. Robie were appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Carleton, and inform him of his election.

Mr. Carleton made a short speech. Captain Bolster of South

Paris was elected senior vice-commander by acclamation, and the name of Mr. Ivory Emerson of Lewiston was placed in nomination for junior vice-commander. Mr. J. J. Chase, son of Uncle Solon Chase, was nominated for the same place by a speaker, who said that he saw him being led from the field, one eye gone, and the other hanging by a shred. He thought the place belonged to him, as he had served well the previous year. Mr. Emerson rose in a gallaut manner and withdrew his name, and seconded the nomination of Mr. Chase. He was unanimously elected, and made a short speech, being led out on the platform by a brother veteran, and saving that he was glad that he had sacrificed his eyes and anything else he had lost, in assisting to wipe out the lie that had existed on the face of Old Glory previous to '61. '

After the election of Mr. McGregor as medical director, and of Mr. Webster as chaplain, the following council of administration was elected: Patrick Snell, Winthrop: Hillman Smith, Auburn; Stanley Plummer, Dexter; Edward Riley, Livermore Falls; H. H. Blackwell, New Portland.

Commander-in-Chief Clarkson was installing officer at the afternoon session.

The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The continued prosperity, future integrity, and defense of the nation is dependent on the patriotism and efficiency of the rising generation;

WHEREAS, The Grand Army of the Republic has repeatedly adopted resolutions favoring the adoption of military instruction in public schools, thereby improving the physique of our youth, inculcating lessons of patriotism and duty as citizens, both in times of peace and war, and preparing them to render effective service in times of national emergencies;

WHEREAS, Bills have been repeatedly intro duced into congress, authorizing details to be made from the United States army for instruction work in the public schools, and

WHEREAS, Such bills have heretofore failed of enactment, be it

Resolved, By the 30th annual encampment of the Maine Grand Army of the Republic, that it heartily commends such legislation to the attention of the senators and representatives in congress from the state of Maine, and requests them to use their influence to have a bill for this purpose enacted.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each senator and representative in congress from this state.

Resolved, That the thanks of this department to the legislature of Maine for the liberal appropriations made for state pensions to our disabled comrades, their widows, and orphans, for the year 1807-'98.

Resolved, That the thanks of this department be extended to Custer Post and the city of Lewiston, for their splendid entertainment, and the several railroad and steamboat lines for reduced rates to this encampment.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial Day is one of hallowed memories and holy associations; its proper observance appeals to loyalty and patriotism. We cannot view the prevailing disposition to convert it into a day of sport and pastime, save as a desecration which deserves the severest condemnation of all patriotic citizens.

The department accepted Knox Post's invitation to meet in Lewiston again next year.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, United States Army.

WHAT TWO RECRUITS SAW AND DID IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC WHILE WAITING TO JOIN THEIR REGIMENT.

"How they went forth to die!
Pale, earnest thousands from the dizzy mills,
And sunburnt thousands from the harvest hills,
Quick, eager thousands from the city streets,
And storm-tried thousands from the fishers'
fleets."

What Northern man, or he who was a boy at the outbreak of the war, can look back upon those stormy days, and not remember the flushed face, the eager glance, the heavy, anxious hearts of all? Who does not recall when that fateful spring of 1861 opened, fraught with wild rumors of political troubles and national disasters, the thrill that darted through his heart like an electric shock, and the swelling, choking sensations in his throat, when the amazing, almost stupefying announcement came flashing along the wires of the attack upon Fort Sumter?

The flag, "Old Glory," our "Stars and Stripes," had been mocked, spit upon, torn down, and trampled under foot. This certainly meant war, and if the great and powerful North had been blind or asleep before, and had turned a deaf ear to those who had for a long time seen the storm coming, she could no longer resist this practical appeal to the patriotism of her sons.

The resolve came instantly—that come what may, the insult must be atoned, and "wiped out."

Men and women, girls and boys, became as it were one power. Business—except with the more avaricious and sordid—was almost entirely neglected; rosettes of tricolored ribbons, tiny flags, and medallion pictures of the President, were worn upon the breast or in the hair of everybody. The warlike and inspiring sound of drum and fife was heard all over the land. Men of brains and means hurried forth with their cool heads and ready pockets to direct and bring dire confusion and chaos to a standstill, and to stay the tide of excitement until order could reign and system regulate.

The writer was too young to go, but his heart was continually fired, and many a day in the corn-field, his hand grasped the hoe with a firmer grip, and he almost imagined each blade of corn a rebel of the deepest dye, and until he awoke from his warlike thoughts, there was danger of total destruction to the innocent crop of his imaginary foes.

During these troublous times there was no spirit for work. Amidst this inspiration of war, throbbing and wildly surging through his veins, he had obtained consent of his parents, and following the bent of his own inclinations, although but fifteen years of age, on April 20, 1861, had started in a perfect deluge of rain for Boston, and attempted to enlist in Company G, (Hale Guards) Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, from Haverhill, Massachusetts. It was already filled to overflowing; this, and his age caused him to be peremptorily rejected.

He was, therefore, doomed amidst the vibration and clamor of war to wait, and sigh and wish. What a year of expectancy and wistful waiting that was! How many nights did we toss on our pillow, too excited to sleep: and how busy were our restless brains! Bull Run came like a thunderbolt upon our confused senses. At last, 1862 came along, crowded with fast thickening events. A special call for 300,000 more troops had been made: our army had met with repulse on the Peninsula, and our brother's letter of May 4th from General McClellan's headquarters seemed to inspire anew the patriotic ardor which we had attempted to suppress and stifle during that long vear of waiting, hoping; of anxiety and fears.

We watched the companies drill, saw them depart one by one for the "Front," first our eldest brother, then an uncle, and many cousins and kin. How we did chafe! Many an aircastle did we build, only to have it rudely torn down, by an awakening to a stern realization of our duties. The constant cackling of loud-voiced politicians.

and the "stay-at-home" warriors, with their ever-ready cry of "On to Richmond!" was daily heard.

Things looked gloomy, indeed. The writer had grown in a year, and was large for his age. Why could he not pass for eighteen years of age? He determined to try again. He went to the nearest rendezvous at "Camp Stanton," Lynnfield, Massachusetts, where the Thirty-third Massachusetts was then being organized, but his conscience began to prick. Like the "Immortal George" he felt that he could not stifle it for so trifling a cause. Upon announcing to the recruiting officer that he was sixteen, he was immediately rejected: resulting in a decidedly cold bath to our zeal and patriotic ardor, now at the boiling-point.

There was not then that eagerness displayed for such young volunteers as was afterwards shown in the war.

There was no other way than to gain the necessary stretch of two years in our age. We felt then, and have always felt since, that the Lord would forgive us, and in a few days, that gain was announced at the same rendezvous, and to the same officer, and we were greedily examined, accepted, and upon reporting in Boston, our enlistment papers were made out by Lieutenant W. H. White, Twenty-second Massachusetts, August 5, 1862, who was recruiting for that regiment.

His office was on the west side of Sudbury street, about half way down to Haymarket square. Our brother Walter, three years older, here joined us for the same regiment, and on the same day our little squad was transferred to Camp Cameron, North Cambridge, and was on that day mustered into the United States service by Captain J. B. Collins, United States Army, and we were now full-fledged recruits for Company H, Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers.

The writer was now the youngest of four brothers in the Union army. Our informal or unofficial enlistment was made at a large and enthusiastic war meeting held on the village common in front of the First Congregational church, at Bradford, Massachusetts, July 23, 1862, at which our father presided. An interesting account is given in full in the Haverhill Tri-Weckly Publisher of July 24. Our father explained his reasons for consenting that such youthful sons should thus be given to the cause; he might urge as a plea against their going into the service, that two were already in the army; but at the conclusions of his remarks "he brought them forward and gave them to his country, and with them some eight or ten more, youthful and strong—the very flower of the community. The scene was indeed a thrilling one, and will form a brilliant record in the history of the war."

Many letters were written from Camp Cameron during our brief stay, giving a description of our plain barracks, with the hard. board bunks; the cold nights in which we tried to sleep; the many friends coming to see us, and filling us so full of the good things of this life that the writer had a serious attack of cholera morbus, etc., etc. We were all happy and jolly in this camp, but, oh, my! weren't we raw? All was hurry and scurry; sergeants, who had been sent from their regiments for this purpose, were organizing and assigning the recruits, now pouring in under this second call, to squads in barracks. They were supervising the issue of clothing, rations, etc.

There was no time for drill. We lay upon the hard bunks first without mattresses or blankets, and then with a straw tick and only a few old quilts, sent to us from home.

We marched on guard with one set of old muskets for all the reliefs; many were minus locks, bayonet, gun slings, etc. How strange it all seemed to our young imaginations! How proud we felt as we grasped that worthless old weapon—harmless as a club—and paced up and down that peaceful beat, as we had been diligently instructed to do, in the dark hours of the night!

The 12 o'clock, and "A-a-a-l-l-s w-e-e-e-l!" rang out in the still, clear air, as it went forth from No. 1, at the guard-house, and happy boys were we when our turns came, although we were afraid our voices trembled just a little, as we reflected upon the fearful responsibilities that seemed to be resting upon us with such a crushing weight.

How we peered forth into the night, that no object should escape our vision, or sound our ear, and oh, how mean and guilty we felt when we heard the threatening voice of some old soldier, who was returning from a "French leave," say "Sentinel, turn your back and walk the other way," and a large watermelon shot over our beat, followed by the precipitate rush of its several owners! But they were no enemy! And this was not the "Front," but only "Old Camp Cameron," and, as soon as our consciences cleared up a little, we felt better.

At last, all was ready for our departure, and on Friday, August 15, 1862, we left via the Fall River Line steamer *Metropolis* for New York. Our dear father and mother followed us into Boston, with eyes full of tears. We marched to the tap of the drum, and were, in our ill-fitting, grotesque uniforms, the proudest boys in the world.

Four of us had sung as a quartette, and our "John Brown's Body," "Marching Along," and "We Belong to Gideon's Band," rang out at intervals, the outpouring of happy hearts. The parting from our parents was a sad one, the first in our young lives, and had it not been for the excitement of the occasion, and the jolly companionship of our comrades, it would have proved too much for us. We left them sorrowing over the last boys they could send to war.

We slept on the floor of the cabin on the boat, for we were now soldiers, and enjoyed our sleep. Upon arriving in New York the next morning, we were marched to the barracks on Franklin street. Here we met with our first experience of filth and wretchedness. The hard side of our plank was coming uppermost.

Sour, greasy, loathsome food, and cold slop coffee were issued, at which our stomachs revolted, and we cast it aside; and the mouldy, floors made vermin-laden bodies rebellious. Our letters say, "We had some string beans for dinner that would have puzzled mortal man to dissect. I don't believe the like of them was ever seen before. I don't see how any one could have gone to work to get up such a unique mess. It was an insult to a soldier to offer such a mess to him."

Late in the afternoon we left New York by boat, via South Amboy and Camden, for Philadelphia. Arriving at C., we crossed the ferry at the foot of Washington avenue, and were glad to find ourselves in good old Philadelphia. A walk of a few yards along the avenue, and around the corner to Otsego street, brought us to the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment saloon, which was fifty yards south on the latter street. A few moments later, after a refreshing wash, we were waited upon by a bevy of Christian ladies. overflowing with sympathy and kindness, who served to us the first good, wholesome, clean food since our enlistment, and which we relished exceedingly.

The little, low, narrow cars on the Camden and Amboy road were dimly lighted with candles a part of the night, which cast a sickly glimmer over all. They were redolent with the stifling odor of bad pipes, worse whiskey, strong onions, and the villainous exhalations of many perspiring bodies. The air in the famous "Black Hole" of Calcutta could not have been more foul.

We were tired out, sleepy, and non-combatant. We tried to be cheerful-for recruits-by singing our old songs, and attempting a feeble sort of a joke now and then, but occasionally a regular old-fashioned growl escaped us. The candles went out, leaving us in impenetrable darkness and gloom. The road was rough, and most of the night a burly, drunken Irishman, over flowing with bad whiskey and pugilistic ambition, amused himself, but nobody else, by passing along the narrow aisle, bumping our drowsy heads against the seats, snatching our caps off and throwing them away into the darkest portions of the car.

If we mildly demurred in our desire for peace, he threatened to thrash us, "knock a lung" out of us, etc., and as we did not want that to happen so soon after we had enlisted, and before we had actually seen the "front," we patiently bore it for a while. Then two of us, our stalwart brother and myself, got near to where a light from one of the small windows glimmered in, and watching our opportunity when

the bully was passing, energetically "knocked him out in one round," into a corner, extracted the "benzine" from his pocket, poured it out, and as the result, enjoyed peace, if not comfort, the remainder of the night.

He never knew who or what hurt him, and the next morning, wore upon a smiling face, somewhat disfigured by a mourning eye, the happiness he felt that the whiskey had "let go."

At six o'clock we were again about to move, and taking a train from the corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, over the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, were soon speeding on our way to Baltimore, which we reached about 12, and after taking a light lunch of crackers, cheese, and coffee, kindly furnished by some good Samaritans at the depot. we were placed in a cattle freight train, and after jolting slowly on, seeing for the first time in our lives the tobacco fields, the negroes working, the large plantation houses and quarters far removed from the road, etc., we arrived in Washington, completely exhausted by our travels on land and sea, and overcome mentally and physically by this continual round of excitement to our youthful senses.

We were sent to the "Soldiers' Retreat,"—an excellent name for a very vile place. Oh, *such* a retreat! So soothing and quieting!(?) Where leather pies at exorbitant prices, and chicory slop for coffee, boiled in the same ket-

tles with greasy pork, prevailed, causing our cake-and-pie-nurtured stomachs to revolt and the filthy floors made our bodies shrink away and shiver.

At night, to our New England ears Pandemonium seemed to be "turned loose." It was, we believe, sometimes called the "Soldiers' Rest." Oh, what a Rest! If we rested there during those exciting nights and days of our embryonic soldierhood, we have never been able to realize or appreciate it after the lapse of more than thirty-five years. It now stands (1897) just north of the B. & O. depot, on New Jersey avenue, and is used as a freight office.

"Nineteen thousand eight hundred and sixty volunteers arrived in Washington from the 15th to five o'clock on the evening of the 22d. All had to be fed one meal, and too much credit cannot be awarded the commissariats at the 'Retreat,' Messrs. Donahoe and Searles, who are at work night and day, personally superintending this vast boarding and sleeping saloon."—National Intelligencer, August 23. 1862.

RATIONS FOR RECRUITS.
WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANTGENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20, 1862.

ORDERS No. 113.

· Detachments of recruits will be furnished with at least two days' cooked rations before starting from the depot for their regiment. If delayed in any city en route, a detachment will be marched to the 'Soldiers' Rest,' where additional cooked rations will be issued to the men to last until their arrival at the next 'Rest,' or at the destination of the detachment, according to circumstances.

"By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

Our first letter is dated "Washington, D. C., Sunday, August 17, 1862, five o'clock p. m." We have been in Washington just one-half hour, having come through Baltimore to-day. We have eaten our rations at the volunteer receiving room, consisting of the most horrid coffee and bread, so George Ball says (I did not eat any). We are now in the recruiting barracks for the night.

We go early in the morning to our various regiments; where, or how we know not. It is expected that we are to march to Fort Albany. I have sent word to John to that effect. Probably it will never reach him. There are over 1,000 men in the room where I am writing. Some are playing cards for money; some cursing: some playing games, and in general singing, and doing things contrary to our New England Sabbath rules. Edgar, George, and myself are in the middle of the room. stretched out full length, and are the only ones that are writing home, and it was only to relieve your anxiety that I know you at this present moment feel, that I

endure the disagreeable position in which I am now placed.

"We stopped in New York all day Saturday, after coming in the Metropolis from Fall River. We marched about two miles up Broadway to Franklin street barracks. At night we started for South Amboy, about forty miles, in a ferry steamer; we got there about eight: traveled all night in cars that were about six by ten; stopped about three or four hours on the road near peach orchards. The boys got out and got all they wanted; that was about twelve o'clock at night; we didn't have lights in the cars, neither did we have places to sleep in, but we were crowded in like sheep.

"Arrived at Camden about four o'clock; crossed the river to Philadelphia, where we were splendidly treated; went into the far-famed Cooper establishment, and had a nice breakfast at five oclock; the only good meal that we have had since we left home. 'God bless the Quaker city!' Why, Mother, the truth is, soldiers are of no account, and are treated like dogs wherever they go; but I am bound to stick by, and do my best. I never experienced such a passage as I have on my way thither. We have ridden day and night, and suffered all the hardships of common cattle. I have not slept but once, and that was on the Fall River steamer. We all slept on the floor. Bob is now well and sends his ambrotype.

"We had an awful night's pas-

sage to P. on the Camden & Amboy R. R. We were awake all night, surrounded by roughs and drunken soldiers. We had a small fight, and I left the mark of my fist on a drunken rowdy's eye. I cut it and blacked it, and no sooner had I got through with him, than Bob gave him a pelter that knocked him down.

"The bully insulted us, and squared off to hit one of our Twenty-second boys, and Bob and I pitched in. We are disgusted with our journey, and now only long to reach our regiment, even if the battle-field is open before us immediately, so long as we are in the midst of discipline. We marched through P., started for Baltimore at six, got into Baltimore about twelve; marched up West Pratt street, the famous place where they had the riot. Everything was quiet, it being the Sabbath.

"On the Susquehanna we crossed at Havre de Grace on a boat: the cars ran right on it, and then we crossed. We remained at Baltimore Depot until 1:30 o'clock, then they put us aboard the train for W. The cars were baggage cars with boards nailed in for seats. Well, now for the route. It beat everything I ever saw. 'Niggers' everywhere. The meeting-houses are different; the grass, the soil, the fences (what there were of them, for there are plaguey few). There are immense plantations of this great Southern corn and tobacco, growing in red soil, with no fences up in front, and the houses way up in the middle of the field.

"The train went about as fast as I could run all the way, forty miles. We had a good time on top, looking around. They stopped at the famous Relay House. I saw the viaduct where the First Massachusetts Battery guarded. We stopped again on the route to water up. I went up in a field to a plastered nigger hut. What a sight! About ten little 'nigs,' about of a size 'all going to see the 'sojers' Massa.'

She (the woman) gave me some native tobacco as a curiosity. We arrived at Washington about o'clock; went into this coop where we are all writing. I told the boys a little while ago that I was bound to go around and see the sights; they were afraid, because there were guards stationed at the doors, but I got out a good way, and went to see the elephant. I first walked to the capitol and went up into the dome, wrote my name, saw all the beautiful pictures that you have heard so much about, and all around the different rooms.

"From the top of the dome I saw Long Bridge, Arlington Heights, General Lee's house, and Fort Albany; I went down Pennsylvania avenue, and saw all the business part of the city: Willard's, the Treasury, the famous White House, the War Department, the Smithsonian institute, and Washington monument, patent office, etc. I walked through the gardens where portly senators and the high gentry of the land have trod. In fact, I looked at everything of impor-

tance in the city, and saw sights I never expected to see, and which I may never see again. I never saw such quiet in a city where military movements are carried on in such a grand scale. There is no life, no excitement; I never should know from its outward appearance that it was threatened by a rebel army, nor should I in the least dream that it was our national capital, except by its public buildings.

"It lacks all the supposed grandeur of a presidential city, a royal abiding place.

"I have just come back. I cannot write to you now as I would if I were in a nice place. This is full of men hollering, fiddling, etc., so I cannot write well. I had my picture taken in New York just for the fun of it; it isn't very good, but I thought, dear Mother, that you would like to see me as I am in uniform."

Alexandria was our next objective point. Our letters of August 19, say: "We started from Washington at 5:30 o'clock this morning, and after marching two miles, went aboard of a river steamer, and came down here to Alexandria. It is six miles from Washington, and the ride is fine. We are in an old 'secesh' house, quartered until further orders. We are to stay here in Alexandria to-day, and I am going to try and see John four miles from here. I couldn't help thinking of you at five o'clock this morning (only think of it!), when I got up and took my housewife to put on a button. I have put a side

pocket into my coat, and am really an adept in needle and thread yet. I spent a most horrid night in our barracks on the outskirts of the city. There were over 1,000 men, raw recruits, on the floor, and such a noise I never heard.

"I never slept a wink all night. It did seem like a hell upon earth; most barbarous profanity and hideous screaming were heard all night, and it was cold as Greenland, and I slept (?) cold.

"We have not been furnished with woolen blankets, and a hard, board floor, covered with filth, is not very pleasant. However, I do not complain, although I do wish the upper sides of the planks were a little softer.

" My resolves before I left Boston have been sorely tempted out here, but all my good principles still remain firm. We have to write any way, on our knees or on the floor. We don't know where we shall go to from this hole, for McClellan is moving, and therefore they do n't know where to send us; but I do hope, for Heaven's sake they will get us off soon, as I think this is the worst we shall see—this knocking around in Camp Cameron, and barracks in different cities. While I was out in the city (yesterday) George Ball was taken with a violent colic, and suffered everything for about an hour. When I got to the 'Rest' I found him bent up double in an empty barrack, with Frank Kimball over him, rubbing his stomach with whiskey. stayed and helped Frank, and soon he was himself again. Ed. Holt was sick all day, but Virginia air is improving him. Leroy Kimball is most miserable, and looks a fit subject for a hospital. We are tenderly nursing him. Bob is now well, and I was never better in my life. Loss of sleep and hard usage have thinned me a good deal in flesh, but my eye is bright in health. There is a certain something in my system that defies disease.

"We are all wondering why F. Kimball stands it so well. He is in first-rate spirits. Morrison, the one who lived at Nat. Carleton's, and threw down his scythe when his country called, has been well also, although he has eaten every kind of fruit and vegetable. He has already received the sobriquet of 'Gingerbread.' He eats the time, and after four of our recruits had died in the barracks in Washington, from eating poisoned fruits sold by the peddlers, and he was warned of his danger, he said he had made up his mind not to starve, even if he was poisoned.

"He wrote home that he was never coming back from the 'sacred soil.' He is a quaint specimen of the genus *homo*, and keeps us roaring at his remarks.

"I sent word over to John yesterday by Ed. Walton (who took advantage of his Fourteenth-regiment dress), when he went to Fort Albany, that Bob and I were in the city, and wanted him if possible, to come over and see us, as it was impossible for us to get over to see him. He sent word by Ed. that it was just as impossible for him to get over to Washington. We couldn't get a pass over Long bridge, so we have missed seeing him. When I found out that this was our route, I had 'lotted upon seeing him, and was very much disappointed.

"I have been all over the city; seen the Marshall House, where Ellsworth was killed, and the slave pen. It is a dirty place, this hotbed of secession, but the people seem kind and pleasant. They are obliged to, for the streets are full of Union soldiers. At night they place small American flags over 'secesh' residences, and if they are removed the occupants suffer well. They clean them out. It is amusing to see the inigs' in Washington. They are the most aristocratic personages I ever beheld. Here they are the most abject, and cringe at a white man. The teams and carriages have the most grotesque appearance. We shall probably stay here in Alexandria until we find out where McClellan has moved to, and then shall join our regiment. Stirring events are soon to happen in Virginia, and I know that in less than two weeks the 'raw recruits' are to go into the ranks to meet the foe.

"God help me to nerve myself manfully for the fight. I am hopeful, and full of bright anticipation. May I always be as happy as I am now! The streets are full of rumors—Pope retreating; then he is victoriously engaged; again, he is advancing. All our troops are

leaving Culpepper, and the sick and wounded of the Cedar Mountain fight are arriving in town, and it is a sickening sight to see them, without either arm or leg, and a gash here and there over their poor, languishing bodies. I have already seen enough among the wounded to lead me to hope that my lot may not fall among them.

"Quite a number of men for the Twenty-second from the hospitals, where they have been for the last few months, came along with us, to join our regiment. They gave me some heart-rending accounts. I was talking yesterday on King street with a young lieutenant of an Ohio regiment, who has a ball in his shoulder, and he says there is work ahead, and in our immediate vicinity. I shall soon be in the fight, I know. I went in swimming this morning with some of the boys, in the Potomac river.

"I send you my ambrotype." (It cannot be found.)

The weather was oppressively hot. Although under the control of a provost marshal, the results of the war were seen in the dilapidated buildings and filthy streets. The house we occupied, on the corner of King and Fairfax(?) streets, was alive with vermin, and what we first thought was the ground itch, prickly rash, or some other kindred disease incident to our new experience and change of climate, habits of life, food, etc., soon proved to our uninitiated recruits to be the genuine and unmistakable "grevback."

Owing to the non-energetic nature of the officer in charge of us, Captain H. P. Williams, Twentysecond Massachusetts, and some imperative duty, or mysterious business, that always kept him in Washington, we were left to shift for ourselves. Our resources were few, but we were compelled to rely mainly upon the little money we had, and so far as rations, clothing, or any of the ordinary allowances provided by the government for organized or unorganized bodies are concerned, we endured, and unnecessarily, while here, more than for the next two years, except on several occasions of extreme exi-

We marched through the streets

of Alexandria, singing, and as martyrs to the slaughter, our knapsacks on our backs, the perspiration flowing like water, to this old, deserted house. Our letters continue: "Alexandria, Va., Aug. 20, 1862. "We do n't know when we shall leave here. It may be this day, or to-morrow, or a week, but I hope we shall leave soon, as I am sick of this place already. The guard has just come up and says we may go at any moment, so I must hurry. What will Leroy do? He is sick with a fever up stairs. But we must go, and if he can't keep up, he will have to go into the Alexandria hospital. Poor fellow! I am writing on a board on my knee. I send you this card as a curiosity. The boys are having their pictures taken, and I got this to send to you.

"It is awful writing, but I can't help it, as I am tired holding this board. The order has come for us to go, and I must defer this letter till another time, when I know not. We go to camp about one and three-fourths miles from here, there to remain a few days."

From Alexandria we moved on the 20th of August to the heights in the rear of the south of the city. It was near Fort Ellsworth, and the camp, which was designated as "Camp Excelsior," was commanded by Colonel J. S. Belknap, Eighty-fifth New York Volunteers. It was on the summit of Shuter's hill, overlooking Alexandria, and between the Little River and Leesburg turnpikes.

On the crest of the hill, and but a few yards from our tents, was a small family burial lot, enclosed, which contained several gravestones, bearing the following inscriptions: "Elizabeth L. Carter, died April 17, 1846," "Mary B. Carter," "Fanny A. C. Dulany, died May 3, 1835," "Henry L. Dulany." This camp was also designated as "Excelsior Hospital," which afterwards became "Camp Convalescent." Our little squad of recruits, so eager to join our regiments, the exact whereabouts of which could not then be ascertained, formed the nucleus of what subsequently assumed huge proportions, and proved a burning disgrace to the country.

It was here that the sick and wounded men who had recovered from their wounds, were sent, until, in the following year, they had accumulated to many thousands.

It was here that a show of green-backs procured a man's discharge from the service as easy as tumbling off a log; here, in the early morning, the bummers and beats took a little gentle exercise up and down the steep hills in the vicinity, just before surgeon's call, and then religiously attending it, with hearts thumping from a hard run, and a generous display of the filthy lucre, were pronounced badly affected with heart disease, and booked for what they had long desired—a journey to "Home, Sweet Home."

It was here that red ink, or some other substitute, was skilfully used to simulate blood from the mouth and lungs, or the last stages of a consumptive, and the greenback "prolapsus" dodge was so successfully worked.

The camp was investigated by a committee of congress, and matters were, after a while, somewhat remedied, but for the greater portion of its existence it remained a perfect scourge to the army. There were many old soldiers sprinkled in among us, returning to their regiments.

Our letters describe it as "within a stone's throw of Fort Ellsworth, within plain view of Fairfax Seminary, and over across the valley, about one and one-half miles, is Fort Lyon, garrisoned by the Sixtyninth New York, who go home today, their time, three months, being up." "There are forts in all directions. Below lies the dirty, nasty

city of Alexandria. Oh, what a place! Full of 'niggers' and soldiers, and it looks as though the hand of God were upon it; it is under the guns of three or four forts, all of which can blow it to pieces. It is under army control, and the sick and wounded fill every house that has been confiscated. The result of war is seen in its dilapidated buildings, and miserable, filthy streets. All the slops of soldiers, fragrant with loathsome diseases, run foul in the gutters, and it is a sickening sight to walk through the streets of Alexandria. Verily, 'Old Virginia' will be but a vestige of her former self, when we have marched through her stricken domains."

"Saturday, August 24, 1862, Alexandria Heights, Fort Ellsworth, in Camp.

"After closing this letter the other day, we moved from Alexandria, and are now about two miles from there, towards Fort Scott. Our camp is situated splendidly; it commands a view of Alexandria, Fairfax Seminary, Washington city, and the Potomac river.

"We are now in better quarters, and begin to feel settled. Our camp is under control of a York colonel; I do not yet know his name. We are in small wedge tents, and five of us occupy one of them.—Ed. Holt, William Webster, Asa Fletcher, Bob, and your humble servant. We have hay on the dusty floor, and at night, rubber and woolen blankets answer every purpose of beds. Fletcher found a

nice mattress, filled with shavings, on the road to Fairfax Seminary, so we are all right there. But, oh, the dirt and filth of all our surroundings! It is perfectly awful. It is only the hope of future fight, and victory, that keeps us bright and and jolly. If we could only have the rations the government provides for us, we should be well satisfied: but we are deprived of them in some way. If we could only cook our own coffee, and draw our own sugar, I should be contented, for then I could use it as I pleased; but now one fellow pretends to cook for our mess or squad of Twentysecond boys, and most certainly he does n't put in my quantity of sugar in the coffee, and he throws in more grease than government allows; but I do not complain with a mean tone; I lump it all, and do n't care a snap.

"It is n't half what we have got to endure, for, as I see the war-worn veterans of McClellan's army wend their weary way along the turnpikes that pass our camp, and hear the horrid stories of Hooker's brigade, my heart grows sick within me, and I consider that I am now in a blissful state, only patiently waiting transportation to purgatory.

"From this camp the turnpikes are seen full of soldiers, moving forward to join the army. Regiment after regiment from Pennsylvania and New York pass us daily, and at night their camp-fires light up the surrounding country with thousands of beacon-fires, bidding the anxious hearts of our Northern peo-

ple to rejoice in their coming strength.

"It would do your heart good to hear the welcoming cheers of the troops as they pass the encampments of their brethren in arms. It is a glorious sight to us in our embryo state of soldierhood.

"We expect to hear from our regiment every minute. A report is going the rounds that they are to come to Alexandria, and go from there to join with Pope and Burnside. Kearney's division came up night before last, and have gone today; no one knows where, but if they did, they probably would not tell.

"There are about 3,000 raw recruits with us for the various regiments of all the states. I tell you if things do n't work at odds and ends. You will excuse the blots and general looks of this, won't you, Mother? I am away from the rest of the boys, and down in the woods, beside the hill, writing to you, and my poor contrivances, with the help of Virginia flies and mosquitoes, prevent a great display of writing faculties. I have been writing on a tin plate; it don't go very well. My handwriting is just about spoiled, but I can't help it. Good-night!

"Sunday morning.—I wish you would tell Mrs. M., with my kind remembrance, that her little Testament has not been laid aside, and that when we were in the cars from Philadelphia to Baltimore last Sunday, I read two chapters in it, while gambling and every kind of wick-

edness, was being practised in the car.

"It is a most beautiful day, but no one would ever know it was the Sabbath. Some of the Irish Ninth are drunk, gambling, howling, and every vice is going the rounds of the camp. It is monstrous! I have already seen sights that I never dreamed I should, and at Alexandria, I believe the fiends of hell are let loose while the Army of Potomac is passing through, for such noises and horrid scenes I never heard nor beheld before. People are killed there every day, and I saw there to-day two negroes dead on stretchers, on King street. Our young men from B. are very quiet; some are reading their Testaments, while others are writing. We have been singing psalm tunes, and it was a strange contrast to the rest of the camp; yet many gathered around, and seemed interested. We are going to have baked beans and roast pork for dinner to-day. Four of our fellows (old soldiers) borrowed my knife, and went to a 'secesh' house and stuck a pig, a little while ago, and we are to have a feast in consequence.

"I 'drew' (term for foraging from the plantations) some green corn and apples to-day, and I mean to have roast corn and apple sauce for supper.

"Last night we had some boiled rice; it tasted like salve, with lard for seasoning; you know I am very particular about that dish. But no more about the stomach now, although, talk as you may, it is a sadly-neglected function out here if you rely upon the government. That is 'honest' as Ball says.

"The first morning I 'drew' some hard bread and coffee, and cooked my own coffee; it was the first cup of that article that I ever cooked myself, but it tasted better than any I have yet had from Uncle Sam. I wish you would send me your method of making pure Mocha, as far as process is concerned, for you cannot expect it pure, when the raw material is two-thirds adulterated.

"Edgar, Bob, a New York Cavalry boy, and myself made the acquaintance of a Virginia planter (at the foot of the hill, across the road), where we bought milk of him, and he was very good indeed to us. We fell into the good graces of the 'nigs,' and they gave us peach pies, and flapjacks, etc. At night we patronized the 'nigs' again, and had a good treat; since then we have bought milk occasionally of them, and they generally throw in something extra. first night we had no tents, and no supper; 'Bob' and myself put up together on the ground, and about 12 o'clock it rained like guns; our rubber blankets saved us a soaking. but as it was, I got no sleep, and kicked it off and got wet. It was a perfect paradise, however, to the mean, lousy apartments at Alexandria, where the bedbugs, cockroaches, and filth were knee-deep. 'Bob' got bitten all over one night there. We did n't get half enough to eat there either, for we had no

plates or large dippers, and rations were not regular at all. One day we only had one small ration of bread and salt pork. I bought my grub, as did most of the others, even old soldiers returning to their regiments.

"The second night, we went into a tent where an old soldier of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles, two boys of the Seventh Maine, from Cape Elizabeth, and several New Yorkers were, and they cooked us a good supper. We sung all our good songs, and they were much pleased. The next day we were transferred to a new camping ground (us Massachusetts boys), and a mighty mean place it is; right upon a dusty plat of ground, with nothing green around us, and water most a mile.

"We have not had a single thing furnished to us yet; I have bought a dipper and two plates. . . . I do n't expect to get anything when I get to my regiment, for in the present move, the quartermaster's department cannot be attended to; so I shall buy as I need, as fast as I want, and draw commutation hereafter for articles I don't get from the government. Even the old regiments can't get clothes, and when they encamp they can't get enough to eat, and I am sure if provisions are not plenty, how can clothes be? I am all covered over with prickly heat, and my sufferings from it are almost unbearable; but I apprehend when I get through with this cruise, I shall be able to endure almost anything with reasonable patience.

"My neck is all burned to a crisp. The heat of the sun is severe. It penetrates away through. We are waiting to hear from our regiment. They are now at Acquia creek. While I am in my tent, the boys keep coming in, and it do n't take many to fill it up. They talk and laugh, and of course it is impossible to write, but wait a while and I will close this."

From this camp we made many visits to Alexandria, to Forts Albany, Scott, Craig, and Tillinghast, where we saw our brother, John, some cousins, and many friends whom we knew in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; also the Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, the latter near Hunter's chapel, in which we had many friends. Our letters describe these visits, with numerous amusing incidents, etc., but they are, while interesting, too voluminous for introduction within the limits of these papers.

On one of these visits we had learned that the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery was then under orders to join General Pope's army, and when the latter was wrestling with Longstreet and Jackson on the 25th of August, the "First Heavies" were ordered out, and that same day we learned that they were out beyond Fort Ellsworth, on the Fairfax C. H. road, near Cloud's Mill.

Our letters say: "Saturday

night, about six o'clock, we heard that the Fourteenth (First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery), was encamped about one and one-half miles up the road, near Cloud's Mill. Hardly believing it, we started with nothing but our canteens. We traveled about two miles, falling in with drunken soldiers of the First, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Massachusetts regiments, who, as soon as they found out that we were Massachusetts boys for the Twenty-second, were completely crazy to have us shake hands and have a drink with them. We shook hands with more than fifty, but nary a drink. Night was fast settling down upon us, and the encampments of Hooker's and Kearnev's brigades looked splendid.

"We soon got on the track, and got in the camp of the Fourteenth, and such a splendid sight I never saw. The camp-fires lit up the tents and fields for miles around. Some were roasting sweet potatoes, making coffee, etc. We found Lewis's tent, and found that John was on picket at Cloud's Mill, about three fourths of a mile from there, and would n't be in till morning; so, after seeing lots of boys that we used to know, we turned in' on four cents' worth of hav that Lewis bought, making one and one-third cents apiece-enough to keep our bones from getting sore.

"In the morning, I went down to the Mill, and found John asleep on the *soft side of a plank*. We woke him, and he was delighted to see us. He said after we left the fort the other day, he never expected to see us again. I tell you, Father, he is almost tickled to death to see us. It cheers him up; and to think that we should travel fifteen miles at one time (seven and one half out and back), and six miles at another time, it makes him feel glad.

"When he woke up, he said that rats as large as mules had been running over his body all night, and practising battalion drill. Cloud's Mill, if you remember, was the scene of a sharp skirmish at one time. It is an old wooden and brick mill, used once for grinding corn; now occupied by 'contrabands.' They invited us in, and gave us hoe cake, coffee, and fishthe best food I have had since leaving home. After staying with John about two hours, we again bade him good-by, and left him there, as he could not be relieved from guard duty. If it (the regiment) is not gone, I shall go again tomorrow."

The visit was repeated the following day, and our brother, having "foraged" a lot of cabbages and other vegetables, gave us a royal boiled dinner, which he cooked himself.

He writes:

"CLOUD'S MILL, August 26, 1862.

"I go in about ten minutes on my way to Warrenton. Can't write but a word. Have to destroy everything. Bob took dinner with me this afternoon. They are at Fort Ellsworth, and will probably follow shortly. Do not write until you hear from me. We shall now see fighting."

It was the last campaign of this regiment until the spring of 1864, when the movement across the Rapidan took place. It then joined Grant's army, and distinguished itself in nearly all of the bloody battles of the Second army corps, until the surrender at Appomattox, and we shall have occasion to refer to it often in following up the fortunes of our eldest "brother in blue."

But while in the fortifications, their restlessness and anxiety to join General Pope and engage in the second Battle of Bull Run became so great that when this, their first opportunity, and its inglorious result, became known in the Army of the Potomac, the "Heavies" were for a long time chafed most unmercifully by their veteran comrades, and they never manifested the same impatience for an advance from their fortified position.

Our brother thus describes his share in the "forward movement:" "FORT TILLINGHAST, Sept. 7, 1862.

"We have just been inspected by General Fitz John Porter, who complimented us highly. We were very foolishly ordered away from here some two weeks ago, but we are back again by order of General McClellan.

"We had a pretty tough time during our absence, having to lie in the woods for over two days, in line of battle, with two pieces of artillery, which we found abandoned by a New York battery. We lost about eight or ten men, who were taken prisoners, and took about the same number We saved a large in return. amount of property to the govern-Our colonel is a 'brick.' He was some distance in advance. when he discovered a regiment of cavalry approaching to overtake the wagon trains. He rode back 'double quick,' and immediately gave the order: 'Head of column to the right (into the woods)! Cannon to the front!' This checked the 'rebs.' There are four roads leading into Fairfax, but we only. had men to cover three, so the next day they got to our rear by the fourth road, and made a dash at our hospital, which was half a mile or so to the rear, capturing all the hospital stores, the two surgeons, a wounded soldier, the hospital steward (J. Riley of Haverhill), one ambulance, and one or two other teams, and teamsters.

"The surgeons were immediately paroled, and General Lee (W. H. F.?) sent his compliments to Colonel Green, saying that if he (Green) had camped in an open field the previous night, he would have captured and dispersed his entire command.

"The Colonel was slightly mad, the General being an old acquaintance of his. We afterwards captured two of his scouts, being taken in trees, watching our movements. Before all this happened, we heard heavy cannonading ahead, and knew that a battle was in progress; so the Colonel ordered us to unsling knapsacks in the woods,

and we were hurrying on to join in the battle, when old Lee came down on us.

"On our return, we found the knapsacks were ransacked by fugitive 'niggers,' who were running away, and by the poor soldiers of McClellan's army, who are hurrying forward; so we lost everything except what we wore.

"It would almost make you weep to look at the remnant of the beautiful army that left here but a few months since, so full of hope. Some of the regiments are not so large as our company, which numbers one hundred and fifty. There is now a large army of troops here, and there is some active movement on foot which, I hope, will soon wipe out our recent severe reverses. The men are all anxious to fight, except those in the corps of McDowell, who swear they will run at the first fire, if he leads them: for they know that he leads them to certain death and defeat. One and all denounce him as a traitor."

The Army of the Potomac, as our letters indicate, moved directly by our camp on Shuter's Hill, on the turnpike leading from Alexandria to Fairfax Court-House, to join Pope. Hooker's and Kearney's veterans were among them, and, going to their camps just beyond ours, we took from these well-versed "patriots," some of our first lessons of what was to come, especially in "drawing" articles not on the list of commissary rations, "chickenraising," etc., etc.

Our letters say:

"O Father, we are having exciting times! At the bottom of the hill is the main road to Manassas, and as you know, McClellan's army, a great part of it, has landed at Alexandria, and are reinforcing Pope at Culpepper and vicinity, which is about sixty miles from here.

"They all have to go on this road, and we go down and sit on a rock and watch them as they file along, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade. Such looking fellows I never saw! Some of them with straw and felt hats, look blacker than their hats; are dusty and dirty; beards all tangled, and, with their ponchos slung on their shoulders, they present a worn appearance.

"They all seem to feel discouraged to think that they have seen their brothers and friends shot down by their side, and then have had to turn right back and go way round up the Potomac again, and are now one hundred miles from Richmond. They all blow for 'Little Mac,' although they can't understand all their movements. Pope is fighting every day, and reinforcements are rushing along the roads by thousands. New regiments are camping all around us, and the night is made noisy by their continual cheering. We have about 2,000 men waiting to join their regiments, in camp here. Yesterday some went down on the road, and, as Hooker's and Kearney's war-scarred veterans filed along, they joined their respective commands, cheering and shouting.

"It seemed to give them confidence to think that the North was pouring in recruits, but they have suffered so much, Father, in the Chickahominy swamps, that when we talk with them, they discourage us a *little*, but only a *little*.

"I am writing on my knee, with poor ink and pen, and of course it looks awfully; I can only just write so you can read it, and that is all. I am covered with great *heat blotches* from head to foot, and they itch fearfully, which, together with mosquitoes and flies, is awful.

"When John told us the other day that Gene was in Washington the same day I was, and that he was on a leave of twenty days to go home, and I could n't see him, I could hardly restrain my feelings. Now, I suppose, he is at home enjoying himself, and I may never see him again. Oh, that we four boys could have met in Washington on that day! Would n't we have had a breakdown?

"The Twenty-second stopped at Acquia Creek, and went to join Pope in that direction. As soon as they get settled somewhere, then we shall move; but my opinion is that we shall remain here for a week or two. I hear the continual booming of guns. Last night they shot two or three 'niggers' in Alexandria; I suppose the soldiers were drunk. Edgar saw one 'nig' shot through the head."

On the 28th, being informed that General McClellan's headquarters were only about one and threequarter miles from our camp, we

struck out to gratify our desire to see him and make a personal inspection of his camp.

As we approached the headquarter tents, we saw the General come out of one of them, and immediately recognized him by his photographs, although we had mentally pictured him as somewhat nearer the heroic size—at least six feet.

Not content with absorbing all we could of the commander-in-chief, we strolled towards the rude, brushcovered stables, where we were soon pointed out the celebrated warhorse of the General's-Dan Web-We blush now to record the the fact that, becoming suddenly possessed of the devil, or the twin spirit of vandalism—not alone confined to us during that period of the war-we watched our chance, and, when the sentinel's back was turned, we deliberately cut off a lock of hair from Dan Webster's mane, and, secreting it in my pocket, coolly walked away.

We have always thought we were richly punished for that act, for we had scarcely started to retrace our steps, when a terrific thunderstorm burst upon us, blew down a part of the headquarter tents, and, before we got back to Fort Ellsworth, completely drenched us; and, besides, upon sending the trophy home, our parents, not fully appreciating our efforts as a relic hunter, carelessly placed it in a drawer with a lot of old scraps, where it became lost or destroyed.

Dan Webster was a magnificent dark chestnut, and under the sad-

dle, with a numerous mounted staff about him, was easily conspicuous by his glossy coat and fine action.

Our letters say:

"Little Mac' is about two miles from us in camp. Bob, Fletcher, and myself went down to see him last Thursday, and were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him. He is not half so handsome as his photographs at the North would seem to indicate. His moustache is brown, and he wears an imperial. He is short and quite broad-shouldered. He wore a dirty military coat and regulation pants, with high boots and an old Kossuth hat. gether, he was a very modest man in appearance. I wasn't much struck.

"While there, a heavy shower fell upon us, and the tents of his staff were all blown down; we got wet through. I saw his horse, Dan Webster, and he is a noble horse. I never saw a better-looking or more powerfully built one for speed and everything else requisite for his station;—a general's horse in every particular. Bob has some hair that he cut from his mane, which he is going to send home."

On that night, after our return from General McClellan's head-quarters, we saw a young man brought into camp in the agonies of death. He was the son of wealthy parents, and was in the last stages of delirium tremens; he gasped his last at 9 p. m., and we saw him pass into another world. The following day, another man, older, was brought in. He seemed to

have on the uniform of a Confederate artilleryman. He had been found wandering through our lines in a half-crazed state, and he died without having made known his identity.

It was our first experience with death in any form, and it made a lasting impression on our young minds, which the after horrors of many bloody battles hardly effaced.

On the 29th of August we moved through the fields and over very rough ground, to a point a little more than one mile directly west of Camp Excelsior, and just north of Fairfax Seminary, on a small branch of Cameron Run.

Our letter, dated in Camp near Fairfax Seminary, Sunday, Aug. 31, 1862, says: "We have moved to this place, about one fourth of a mile from Fairfax Seminary, perhaps the very spot where Gene encamped when he returned from his grand advance in the spring. We came here last Friday morning, and the first night slept with no tents; they were promised for last night, but when I got back from a long tour to the camp of the Thirty-fifth regiment and Fort Tillinghast, nary a tent did I find, and this morning I woke up to find it raining finely.

"I spread my rubber blanket, and stood it until I got up. We cooked our breakfast in the rain, consisting of 'drawn' rations from the fields on our route; apple sauce, roast corn, some bread, and mean coffee (although the latter I cooked myself).

"It is still raining, and the boys have put their duds in a heap, put their rubber blankets over them, and gone into some tents put up by some old settlers, while I have wandered over here to the Seminary, and under an old shed, free from the noise and bustle of the camp, am spending my Sabbath in writing to you.

"It is raining quite hard out, and once in a while it spatters through on my paper (letter badly stained), but the place is much better than a shelter in a tent where all the boys are talking and laughing, especially on such a wet day as this, when the cloth of the tents is just like a sieve. Fairfax Seminary is a fine building, and is now used as a hospital. It was the greatest seat of learning in the South before the war broke out; 'so they say.' It is certainly a beautiful situation, and the grounds give indications of former beauty. I should judge the buildings were all fine; everything is going to ruin here. 'It was, and is not,' may truly be said of every building in Fairfax County, Va. We have orders to go to-day, but very likely they will be countermanded, as it is almost impossible to join them (the regiment) while they are fighting as they are now.

"All day yesterday the cannons' roar was incessant, and the rumors among the various camps we passed through were very exciting. At the forts they were digging riflepits, and new guns were being mounted; the magazines were

open, and ammunition was being carried to the many places of convenience inside the battlements. You could hear very distinctly the boom of the guns towards Centreville, and I saw Sumner's Corps as it passed Fort Tillinghast, as also Meagher's Irish Brigade of Peninsular veterans, as they marched to reinforce our army, then and now in conflict with 'Stonewall' Jackson.

"I saw a straggler of the Twenty-second, Thomas Branigan, Co. G, when we were coming back. He said there were about two hundred and fifty in the regiment, able for duty, and they were then fighting at Manassas. He got out of cartridges, and being liable to capture in the rear, 'skedaddled' to Alexandria, and was making tracks for Fort Albany when we saw him, where he had a brother whom he had not seen for twelve months.

"He told me some pretty hard stories of his Peninsular campaign, and said as soon as he got rested, he should travel for the Twentysecond again.

"He hailed from Lawrence, (Mass.), and had lost his knapsack at Gaines Mill, and nothing covered him but a coat (ragged blouse) and pair of pants. He had his two blankets coiled about him, but his overcoat and sich were among the missing; a hard-looking boy and no mistake. We started for Hunter's Chapel early yesterday morning, and when we got there we found that the Thirty-fifth had changed their camp, and gone

down towards Fort Craig, near Fort Tillinghast, and we found them all there.

"We saw John; he looked pretty well, considering what he has been through lately; he has lost everything; I suppose you have heard of their march to Centreville, and of their narrow escape from capture by Colonel Lee of the rebel army . . . After some tall tramping, and the loss of all their baggage and duds, they have returned to their forts, satisfied, they all say, to remain there until the war is over.

"They are now putting the forts in a good state of defense. That is a smashing regiment, Colonel Green's, of 1800 strong. The Peninsular soldiers, as the Fourteenth passed, asked if it was not a division. Their own brigades scarcely vie with it in point of numbers.

"While we were there (before their advance), about five hundred recruits arrived, and they were received with shouts of joy. Many of them were taken in, I reckon, for they didn't expect an advance quite yet.

"Before I left Hospital Camp (Shuter's Hill), I went to see the Thirty-third regiment, Colonel Maggi, and stayed until dress parade was over at 6 o'clock p. m. I saw those two lieutenants we conversed with at Camp Stanton, if you remember, on the possibility of Bob's being accepted at 17 years of age, and whether or not there were any regulations to the effect that all under 18 were to be refused.

"They were glad to see us; it is a fine regiment; I almost wish I were in it. We have been kicked about so since we started! If Mc-Clellan had stayed at Harrison's Landing, we should have been with our regiment in good drill, and all right; but his moving away makes a heap of trouble for us, the government scarcely knowing what to do with us.

"I am afraid now that the Thirty-fifth will get drilled before us, and be off for the field before we are. They twitted us to that effect yesterday, and it was a little mortifying to me, when I remember what I said about old regiments before leaving home.

"Three days' rations were dealt out to us last night, and we were to have gone to-day. Upon some one asking the commanding officer what we raw recruits could do before the enemy, he replied, 'they can fight like the devil;' so in all probability, as soon as we get arms, according to reports and orders, we shall go to meet the foe with our regiment without even knowing how to handle a musket or come into line of battle. I can only say, 'Bully for that!' The sooner the better for me. This climate is making me terribly lazy. I lose all my strength here, and feel dumpish continually; I want to lie down constantly; there seems to be something in the atmosphere that absorbs all my vitality. The heat has been tremendous, and we have suffered terribly from it. All the recruits for Porter's Corps are in camp with

us; about a thousand men. It is not quite as pretty as the old place, but much better. I do not see a paper very often, but I hear that McClellan is commander-in-chief over the Army of Virginia, and that Halleck now is merely military adviser.

"One night I was troubled a good deal by something running about on my neck all night long; I suspected that it was an army of lice, and in the morning, I found outside my tent, by my corner (and I sleep close, for there were five in the tent) an old dirty shirt, all covered over with body lice, and they had been marching at close quarters all night.

"I found four large ones on my shirt, and three 'slimmers' inside, on the seams; and in the seams under my arms, and on my neck, any quantity of little eggs, or young divils, hardly formed. I cleaned them all off, but have scarcely gotten rid of them yet.

" It is perfectly horrid, and I lose flesh in thinking of it; who under heavens could have been fiendish enough to have put that shirt under my head? I know not! If the Irishman I whipped on board the Camden & Amboy R. R. had been in camp I should have thought him the guilty one; but he had joined his regiment. I have never found out the villain yet. We have all got to come to it, however, for all soldiers have lice; you can keep from it a short time, but when you are on the march, and maybe have thrown away soap and towels to

lighten your load, and bivouac on some old camping ground alive with these animals, it is certain that a lousy carcass is your lot for some time to come. It is impossible to keep clean in the days of adversity, but now, while we are stationary, and have everything pretty handy, we delight in our morning bath."

[Note.—Any old soldier will recognize the philosophy and logical reasoning of the above, also the grim irony of a recruit out in an open field, in a drizzling rain, alongside of two or three small water holes in a little creek or brook, of the color of red mud, and covered with grease and floating soap-suds from those above us, out of which we had to make our coffee, and in which everything was "pretty handy," and where we delighted in our "morning bath."]

"There are a lot of green recruits who keep firing their revolvers around camp, and bullets are constantly flying about us; it is n't very agreeable. I have been near enough to being shot. I have just got back to camp. It is still raining, and we are without tents; I am most wet through, things and all.

"Monday afternoon. September 1, 1862. We move to-night with two days' rations. The enemy are at Fairfax Court-House, ten miles from here. The battle Saturday was 'nip and tuck,' I could hear the cannonading all day long. To-day, the wounded are coming by the road; some shot through the arm,

leg, or hand. I have talked with them, and they all say that Mc-Dowell is a traitor, and should be shot as one. I thought I would write to let you know that we go to-night, for to-morrow we may be in battle; but if we do, God be with the right, and protect them from the bullets of the enemy. "Mac" went out by us last Saturday night, to take charge of the troops. The boys are in good spirits, notwithstanding our hard treatment, and are ready for the march."

The New York Herald of September 1, 1862, says: "The bustle and confusion of Alexandria exceeds that of any previous occasion, not excepting even the tumult of McClellan's departure for the Peninsula; the army wagons, regiments and stragglers block up the streets from daylight till the small hours of the morning, so that pedestrianism becomes almost impossible.

"The river is obstructed with shipping; the wharves groan beneath the weight of army paraphernalia; long trains of cars creep through the mass of humanity, and artillery now and then, with its deafening rumble, adds to the din, while a dense cloud of dust hangs above all the town, blinding the eyes and choking up the respiratory organs of every visitor of this modern Babel.

"All the restaurants have been closed by the authorities, and infantry patrol every street. All the hotels and boarding-houses were crowded beyond comfort, and hun-

dreds of officers go about the street disconsolate, vainly seeking for a place to lay their heads.

"Of course the 'secesh' element is jubilant. Delight upon the countenances of rebel sympathizers too plainly marks their long-nurtured hopes of deliverance from the 'Yankees,' and the bitter experience of former delinquents only checks the full expression of disloyalty.

"There has been continual anxiety all the morning relative to the engagement now going on in the vicinity of Centreville. It is 12 o'clock, and there is a lull in the cannonading, which has been very severe up to this hour. On every hill from Fort Ellsworth to the city, and on many of the roofs of the houses, crowds were observed listening to the distant cannonading. The 'secesh' families kept their houses closed, and occasionally would partially open their doors, and with dark and scowling features peer up the street, as if anxiously expecting Jackson."

The following morning we moved to the foot of Arlington Heights, and camped in the meadow near the spring on the north of the mansion. A letter dated September 3, 1862, in camp on Arlington Heights, near Fort Albany, Virginia, says:

"Night before last Bob just enclosed a few words to some of you at home, stating the fact that we were then under orders to march at a moment's notice with three days' rations That same night we stood in our

tent during a violent thunder-storm, until 8 o'clock, expecting every moment to leave. At that time the order came, and we packed our knapsacks and started. We marched about one quarter of a mile through the rain and Virginia mud, and then halted for equipments.

"I wet my feet all through, and only having one pair of stockings, they are in a bad condition. We had to wade across streams from our camping ground, and it was over our shoes. We stayed in this (that) place until 11 o'clock, raining all the time, and then after being partly equipped with poor arms (second-hand), we were ordered back to our camp, with instructions to be back with the rising of the sun, to renew the process of arming.

"There were about 4,000 men in all, mostly recruits, and on that muddy, rainy night, it was a scene I shall never forget; those men all mixed up, trying to get arms; everything was helter-skelter, and order and method were beyond looking for. It was a regular mob, and when you consider that the commanding officer gave us to understand that we were going to aid our regiments and that they were retreating, you can conceive of the whole arrangement somewhat; and remember, too, that not one of us had ever put on a belt, buckle, cartridge-box or cap pouch.

"What a picture we did present! Most of us boys went back to camp, but Edgar being sick, I got him a box and made him a bed, put my knapsack under him for a pillow, and he was provided for as comfortably as circumstances would permit. I slept next to him; I put eight or ten muddy muskets under me, and a box on one side, and got in between it and Edgar; my well-filled haversack was my pillow, but all I had to cover me was my overcoat; everything was in my knapsack under Ed.'s head, and I hated to disturb him.

"I threw away the quilt that John gave me, just before leaving camp, to ease my load, so that now I have only my rubber blanket, which, as I said before, was under his head.

"It rained all night long, I got wet through, I was very cold, and it did seem as though my feet would freeze. Early in the morning we were up, and Ed., after vomiting, was much better.

"The boys came over from camp, and about 10 o'clock, having been all armed and equipped, we started, we know not where. Some of our boys got Austrian rifles, some Enfield, and others the Springfield. I got the Enfield, and Bob got the finest arm of the whole lot, a fine United States Springfield rifle."

This letter does not give full justice to the scene on that night. We were marched across these streams in the darkness of a terrific thunder storm to an octagonal building, or as we always termed it the 'Round House,' which must have been on or near the Leesburg turnpike.

Our recruits represented every Massachusetts regiment in the field.

We were all mixed up, there was no organization, no discipline, no system in issuing anything. All was helter-skelter. Every kind of an old, rusty, worthless gun was handed out to us in the darkness, and we did not know one from the other. Ammunition for a Belgian was given to a man with a Springfield rifle; "buck and ball" was passed out for the Enfield, etc.

We were told that our regiments were retreating upon the fortifications; we were to join in the fight with them at once.

Not a man had ever put on a cartridge box or a buckle on a belt, and there was nobody to show us: besides, the rain was beating down in torrents; it was dark as Erebus, and the only light we had this wild night, was the flashes of lightning, reinforced (?) by one or two dim candles that frequently went out in the deluge of rain that struck them.

All was dire confusion. Belts, boxes, etc., were put on upside down, often without cap-boxes or bayonet scabbards, and, during our momentary excitement, through constant rumors of the near approach of the enemy, the appalling darkness of the night, the incessant flashes of lightning and the rattling and continuous booming of the thunder, could "Johnny Reb" have struck us just then, "John Gilpin's race" would have been as nothing compared with the "skedaddle" on that fearful night.

The average intelligence of those recruits marveled and chafed un-

der such a needless and disgraceful state of incompetency.

We stalked about awhile in the ever increasing depth of mud, and then taking some pieces of ammunition boxes and some old guns, filled with mud and water, we made a raised bed on the mire-trodden ground, and, in all the utter wretchedness and gloom, we recruits of but three weeks, just from our comfortable New England homes, wore out the night, while in our fevered imagination we were momentarily expecting the enemy upon us.

All day long, Sept. 2, the startling boom! boom! of cannon was heard, and to our yet uninitiated ears it sounded ominously, indeed. With our heavy loads, soaked bedquilts, with which we had been so kindly supplied by our friends in the forts, we were marched here and there and everywhere; first to Fort Tillinghast, then to Fort Albany, with nobody, apparently, in charge of us, who seemed to know where to go, or what to do with this huge recruit, "White Elephant," until we finally arrived at the foot of the slopes of Arlington, near the "Springs," just below the house.

Our letter continues:

"We marched to this place, about seven miles, and it came pretty tough on some of us. I assure you we were pretty well loaded. I had everything but a U. S. blanket; but my rubber blanket is heavier than regulation, and we had twenty rounds extra of cartridges, and our knapsacks were pretty well filled. I came near throwing mine

away several times; I should, had it not been for a very acceptable halt at the time being. . . . I hate to do it, but I tell you they pull on a fellow's back dreadfully; the kind of knapsacks that Father bought us have very narrow straps, and that, with no other straps, makes a very severe bind across the lungs; so much so, that it is painful to breathe.

"We had sixty rounds of ammunition, weighing six or seven pounds; our haversacks were filled with dry, sour bread, (melted) coffee, and sugar (sickening), and plenty of 'hard tack."

"Here we are this fine morning, all well and hungry, after a night's sleep on the cold ground. I slept well, but was cold. We are directly opposite the Capitol and a short distance from Fort Albany. Tillinghast must be back of us on the same road, only higher up.

"I think they intend to keep us here for drill, until our regiment comes up, for our captain in charge says that they will get to us before we get to them.

"What kind of drilling it will be I know not, but I think it will be poor, if I take our sergeant for a specimen of drill master. I am heartily sick of the way things are carried on.

"Oh, for a West Pointer to teach me the way I should go, before I reach or see my regiment! I am hoping for the best, however. That night we were out in the rain, I expected we should march to our regiments, and see fighting the next day, and we were disappointed enough to be toted way over here. I should rejoice in the privilege of sleeping on our banking at home, if I could have the rest of the comforts in close proximity daytime. I won't complain, though, for I knew it must be so, before I started. Last night, Fletcher, Webster, Ed. and myself separated from the rest, and slept in the woods. The mosquitoes troubled us somewhat, and the ants filled our haversacks, but with these exceptions, we were very comfortable.

"O my dear Mother, you can scarcely imagine the feelings I have towards you now, when I remember how far away from you I am, and how long I may be separated from you; and think, too, of your health and how often you are sick—when, I know not."

Here, while enjoying this bewildered state, and momentarily expecting to move out and join our regiment, now on the march, where we knew not, the writer "drew" some beans, and, squatted over a green wood fire, was industriously trying to stew them and to flank the smoke on the arc of a circle, when his brother of the "Heavies" found him.

There were nearly enough beans before boiling, to fill a quart tin; they now commenced to swell and I dipped out a few. They swelled more, and kept increasing—dropping over the sides—until, in my spirit of agony, and with eyes full of smoke, I was about to pitch

them into the fire, when a loud "fall in!" was given, and suddenly changing my mind—recruit-like—angry at being disturbed at my first culinary efforts, I dumped the mess of swelled and partially stewed beans into my haversack, nearly filling it. I inwardly resolved and outwardly shouted that I "would have stewed beans out of that mess anyway," when I got to the regiment, much to the

amusement of the brothers standing by.

Finally, on the 4th of September, after many trials and tribulations, we proceeded to join the regiment at Hall's Hill, accompanied part of the way by our brother of the "Heavies," to help carry the "plunder" and assist in "veteranizing" us. A new era now began to dawn upon our uneducated, undisciplined minds.

FOURTH MAINE BATTERY.

Under the fair skies of one of the rarest of June's rare days, Wednesday, the 23d, was held the fifteenth annual reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery, at Grand Army hall, Augusta, and once again have the survivors of that grand old body gathered together, to elect their officers, talk over old times, and to perpetuate the feelings of brotherly love born in their hearts when they fought side by side in the dark days of the Rebellion.

In point of weather, nothing better could be desired. It was nothing more than was to be expected, however, for the Fourth Maine Battery always has good weather. During the past fifteen years since their organization, there has been but one reunion upon which the sun did not shine.

The attendance was not as large as on some previous occasions, there being thirty-five members present. There are in all 110 members of the organization, but they are scattered over the country, from Maine to California.

The forenoon meeting was called to order at 11:20 o'clock by the president, Ethel H. Jones, and was followed by roll-call. A committee of three to select officers for the ensuing year, was appointed by the chair as follows: Abel Davis of Pittsfield, A. S. Baugs of Augusta, and F. C. Foss of Mt. Vernon.

The chair also appointed the following committee on resolutions: F. M. Mills of Skowhegan, Judson Ames of Montreal, Canada, and Lester Holway of Fairfield.

Treasurer F. M. Mill presented his report for the past year as follows:

The report was accepted, and President Jones, with a few well-chosen words, introduced to the company Hon. W. S. Choate, mayor of Augusta, who cordially welcomed the veterans of the capital city of Maine.

In response to the mayor's address, Comrade Ames of Montreal, spoke as follows:

"In responding to the words to which we have just listened, I feel how inadequate and feeble are my words to express the feelings that are entertained by every member of the old Fourth Maine Battery towards the beautiful city of Augusta and its good citizens.

"For many reasons your city has long had, and will always continue to have, a very warm place in our memory and affections. here, nearly thirty-six years ago, that we came among you and had our first experiences as in soldier life. It was here that we were organized as a battery, and spent the winter in camp life near the old state house. Well do we remember the many kindnesses shown, and the care given by your citizens to those of our sick in the hospital, and the hearty godspeed that was given us as we took our departure from you to enter upon the scenes of danger and hardship of a soldier's life upon the battle-ground. Upon our rolls were the names of many Augusta boys, honored and respected and loved as comrades for their sterling worth, and the good name of the battery was due in a large measure to their membership with us. Some of them are honored and respected citizens among you to-day; others, among whom are Phillips and Jimmy Allen, have passed to the other shore.

"The first names to be placed on the rolls of the battery were the names of Augusta boys, and if I mistake not, the first one to enlist in the battery is here with us today, and one whom we were always proud to claim as a comrade, and whose worth you all know. I refer to Comrade W. H. Brooks. The first one of our number to fall on the field of conflict was an Augusta boy, Byron Phillips.

"And after more than three years of active service on the field with the old Army of the Potomac, when peace had again dawned upon the nation, and the last armed foe had disappeared, it was to your good city that we returned, and the kindly welcome and greeting that were given us will never be forgotten by an old Fourth Battery boy. It was here that we, as comrades, separated to return to our homes and enter upon the more peaceful duties of life.

"To-day, as some of us again meet in your goodly city, many reminiscences of the past, of the days of our boyhood, crowd upon us, and as we walk your streets we almost expect to meet the forms and hear the voices of the comrades we knew so well, who have already answered to the final 'roll-call,' or are prevented by advanced age or infirmities from being with us.

"To us, who are now well past

the meridian of life, these scenes bring many pleasant memories and associations, akin to that of revisiting the old home after long absence, and we feel that we are among friends. Again in behalf of the Fourth Maine Battery association allow me to thank you for your kindly greeting and the generous hospitality shown to us."

At noon the gathering sat down to dinner, which had been prepared by the ladies connected with the battery in this city. About sixty people were present at dinner, which consisted of baked beans and brown bread, pies, cake, etc., and the way which the eatables disappeared spoke of good appetites and a keen appreciation of good cooking.

After a social hour at the tables, the meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The afternoon session was strictly of a business nature, lively and interesting. President Jones called the comrades to order at the appointed hour, and the committee on selection of officers reported the following, who were afterward elected by acclamation:

President—F. C. Foss, of Mt. Vernon.

Vice-president—Cyrus A. Sturdy, of Togus.

Secretary—J. A. Jones, of Augusta.

Treasurer — Marion Mills, of Skowhegan.

The greater part of the afternoon was devoted to discussion in regard to publishing a history of the association, which has been prepared by Comrade Judson Ames of Montreal. It will, when completed, be an interesting work, and embracing, as it does, a nearly complete record of the battery from the enlistment in 1861, to the present day, cannot fail to be of great value to every member of the association. Much remains yet to be done before it can be published, but doubtless the history will be printed next year.

The next reunion will be held with Bates Post, No. 15, of South Norridgewock, in June, 1898.

Supper was served in the hall at 6 o'clock, and like the dinner, was excellent, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

In the evening a goodly audience assembled to enjoy the programme that had been prepared for the closing session of the reunion. The exercises were of a literary and musical nature, and well rendered.

The opening number we give, a poem written by Comrade Blake, of Mt. Vernon, and read by Comrade A. S. Bangs. It was thoroughly enjoyed, especially by the boys of the old battery.

Dear comrades of the old Fourth Maine, Remember, you enlisted The great Rebellion to put down Alone and unassisted.

You went down South and tramped about, And tried it for a "spell," And though you did not quite succeed, You heard a rebel yell.

And then, ah! then, you had a taste
Of war's bitter fruits,
And thought it might be just as we
To have a few recruits.

But as the weeks and months went by, You called for more and more, And "On to Richmond!" was the cry, Way down to sixty-four.

Although you had them "on the run,"
Each day brought something new,
For when you were not chasing them,
Why, they were chasing you!

And thus with turn and turn about,
Quite busy did they keep you.
A new contingent to the front,
We boys went down to help you.

You well remember, well I know, How next the fun began. When at Germania Ford we crossed The river Rapidan.

With General Grant to show the way,
The still persistent "Yank"
Sought out the rebel front one day;
And next we tried their flank.

But let us flank them as we would,
By right and left the same,
The gallant leader always stood
Between us and our game.

And let us stop a minute here,
A tribute just to give,
For braver men have never died.
And braver do not live,

Than those who fought against us there,
Out-numbered as they were,—
Those men who marched and fought on foot,
And those who wore the spur.

But to the story to return:

Through all that long campaign,
Among the sturdy "boys in blue,"

Marched on the old Fourth Maine.

Down through the bloody Wilderness And Spottsylvania passed, Cold Harbor tried them once again, There, too, they held us fast.

Yet there, once more, their flank we sought, And moving past their right, We started off for Petersburg, And beat them out of sight.

There, too, again, by slight delay,
Unlooked for, unforeseen,
The "chance of war" has had its way,
And not what might have been.

Could those men in advance have known,
How near they were to winning,
They might have made that one last charge,
And sent the Johnnies spinning.

When tired out, and beaten back, For morning light they waited, And then made ready to attack With courage unabated.

They found, although the end seemed near,
It was not yet to be,—
They found awaiting them once more
The valiant hosts of Lee.

Oh! but we may not tell it all, Indeed 't were vain to try. Enough that men by thousands fall, And men by thousands die.

'T is part of history to-day,
And those who care to read
May find the Southron's valor matched
By still as brave a deed.

And through the long and deadly siege,
With carnage all abounding,
All those who cared to listen heard
The Fourth Maine guns still pounding.

And now, dear comrades, as our guns
Have long since ceased their clamor,
And as the tired cannoneer
Has laid aside the rammer,

We all admit the time is past
For bluster and for boasting.
To tell the simple truth at last,
'T was give and get a roasting.

Let others boast whate'er they may When ordered to unlimber, We tried the order to obey, And seldom "took to timber."

'T is true, we never lost a gun,
Nor had a prisoner taken;*
For though we never "saved the day,"
We always "saved our bacon."

* J. A. Jones and Sergeant Cleveland were taken prisoners at Frederick City, Md., and Charles Frost and John Sylvester were prisoners for a few months near Little Washington, but were let go very quickly when the Johnnies found that Frost had the small-pox.

J. A.

Again 't is true, and we admit,
With reference to the latter,
There were times when we thought it best
To limber up and scatter.

And as from year to year we stand Around the baked bean platter, To take each comrade by the hand, Then limber up and scatter,

May each year closer, closer bind, And may the tie grow stronger Until the last hand-shaking done, We meet on earth no longer.

And out into the great unknown,
My comrade, friend, and brother,
Poor human hearts have warmer grown
In beating for each other.

And, too, whatever be beyond
The casket and the pall,
The great warm, loving heart of God
Is beating for us all.

The other numbers of the programme were as follows:

Recitation, a Dutch dialect parody of "Barbara Frietchie,"

Miss Cassie Holmes

Song by eleven little girls.

Remarks, Maj. G. T. Stevens
Remarks, Hon. Edward Wiggin, Presque Isle
Duet, Lullaby, by two little girls.

Remarks, Abel Davis, Pittsfield
Remarks, Howard Owen
Recitation, a Dutch sketch, Miss Holmes
Recitation, Col. A. S. Bangs
Recitation, Mrs. A. L. Brown

The entire programme was thoroughly enjoyed and encores were numerous. Mr. Owen was at his best, and by his characteristic witty words kept the audience convulsed.

Mr. Wiggin was reminiscent, and his remarks about the Fourth Maine gave his hearers the idea that the boys would, in war time, steal anything they could lay their hands on, not even excepting the contents of Manchester clothes-lines or a man's hope of heaven. But he paid compliments enough to offset the allegations referred to.

Miss Holmes's recitations were excellent, and her song, "Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?" was especially fine.

Mrs. Brown's recitation was also a gem of the programme. We would like to publish the entire programme verbatim, but lack of space forbids.

At the conclusion, ice-cream and cake were served, and when a final adjournment was reached, it was the unanimous decision that the fifteenth reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery Association was the most successful.

AMES FAMILY RECORD.

Family name was originally Eames but the "E" dropped previous to 1780; family is supposed to have come from England about 1640, first settled in Massachusetts near Framingham and Groton and from thence moved to Andover and Pepperell and so into New Hampshire. Phineas was the first settler in the town of Sangerville, Maine, coming from Hancock, N. H., (where he was quite prominent in town affairs), in 1803. He first lotted out the town and built the first saw and grist mill in Piscataquis Co. The town was for several years called Amestown and later it was changed to Sangerville.

1. Samuel Ames¹, b., 1731, d. at Cavendish, Vt., 1808, aged 77; m., first, Sarah Ball, who died in 1790, aged 51.

CHILDREN.

2. Phineas Ames², b. about 1756, d. in Dover, Me., 1839, m. Mehitable Jewett; lived at Hancock, N. H., 1780 to 1803, when he moved to Sangerville, Me.

CHILDREN.

- 3. Daniel Ames³. (12).
- 4. Samuel Ames³, b., Hancock, N. H., d. at Dover after 1860; m.; has a son, Enoch Ames, res. at Exeter, Me.
- 5. Charles Ames⁸, b., Hancock, N. H., res. in Cornville, Me.
- 6. John Ames³, b. in Hancock, N. H.
- 7. Nathaniel Ames³, b. in Hancock, N. H., lived at Blanchard, Me., and has sons, John and Bowman; res., Blanchard.

- 8. Sally Ames⁸, b. in Hancock, N. H., m. Stephen Oakes, and moved to Ohio about 1840.
- 9. Phineas Ames³, b., Harmony, Me.
- 10. Mehitable Ames³, b. Sanger-ville, Me.
- 11. Betsey Ames³, m. Clarke Dorr, and res. in Dover and later in Dexter, Me.
- 12. Daniel Ames³, (3), b., Hancock, N. H., about 1787, d. about 1863, m., 1810, Mary, dau. of Samuel Weymouth, b.—d., 1838, farmer in Sangerville and Guilford, Me.

CHILDREN.

- 13. John Ames⁴. (25).
- 14. Mark Ames⁴, b., 1814, d., March, 1897; dau. Octavia m. Willis Coburn, living at Parkman, Me.
- 15. Charles Ames⁴, b. 1816, killed in Mexican War.
 - 16. Ruth Ames4, b. 1818, d. 1822.
- 17. Mahala Ames⁴, b. 1820, m. Daniel Sleeper, res. Golden Ridge, Maine.
- 18. Sabina Ames⁴, b., 1822, d. 1892, m. Sampson, and has son, Prof. E. P. Sampson, of Saco, Me.
- 19. True P. Ames⁴, b. 1824, d., 1856; son, Robert Ames in California.
- 20. Calvin Ames⁴, b., 1826, d., 1856; son, True C. Ames in Kingsbury, Maine.
- 21. Edwin L. Ames⁴, b., 1829, d., May, 1897; son Edwin Ames, living at Sebec, Me.
- 22. Arvilla Ames⁴, b., 1832. d., 1892, m. Currier, has son, Ralph Currier, living at Folsom City, Cal.
 - 23. Amy Ames⁴, b., 1835, d., 1855.
- 24. Francis M. Ames⁴, b., 1837, res. So. Dover, Me.

25. John Ames⁴, (13), b., Sangerville, Me., May 1st, 1812, d. at City Point, Va., June 27, 1864; member Co. A., 31st Maine Infantry, enlisting March 1, 1864; m., Dec. 3d, 1840, Evelyn, dau. Nathaniel and Charlotte Brown, of Vassalboro, Me., b. Dec. 4th, 1813, d. May 26, 1858; farmer, in Dover, Me.

CHILDREN.

26. Judson Ames⁵. (31).

27. Julia W. Ames⁵, b., Oct. 12th, 1843, d. about 1885, m., 1865, Charles Starbird, and has a son, Charles F. Starbird, who res. in Oxford, Me.

28. Marilla M. Ames⁵, b., 1845, d., 1852.

29. Ella J. Ames⁵, b. Dec. 4th, 1851, m., 1st, Virgil Dare, 1875, m., 2d, John Pope, 1887, now living at Yuba City, Cal.

30. Mary F. Ames⁵, b., 1853, m., Joseph Roberts, 1874, res. Crystal, Aroostook Co., Maine.

31. Judson Ames⁵, (26), b. in Dover, Me., Aug. 6, 1842, m., 1st, Millie C., dau. of Colonel Asa Littlefield of Augusta, b., 1843, d., 1873, m. Nov. 2d, 1880, Annie M Melius, b. 1844, dau. of William and Sarah Melius of Albany, N. Y., res. Montreal, Quebec, Superintendent Bell Telephone Co.

ARMY RECORD.

I was among the first to enlist in the 4th Maine Battery on Nov. 9th, 1861, being then nineteen years old. When the battery was mustered in on Dec. 21st, and the organization completed, I was appointed corporal and a year later promoted to sergeant, and December 21st, 1864, was promoted to orderly sergeant. In March, 1865, I was

recommended for a commission as 2d lieutenant, but Lee's surrender came before the commission. January 1st, 1864, I re-enlisted as veteran volunteer. I was not absent from the battery from its muster in on December 21st, 1861, until the muster out June 17, 1865, except for a thirty-five days' veteran furlough.

The winter of 1861-2 was spent in camp near the state house at Augusta in Sibley tents. In March the battery, accompanied by the Sixth Battery, was moved to Portland, and the 1st of April started for Washington, and for several weeks did garrison duty at Fort Ramsey near Falls church. The first of June we were recalled to Washington and receiving our guns and horses were sent up the Shenandoah Valley, where we were attached to Banks's Corps and for a time camped at Cedar Creek upon the ground made famous two years later by Sheridan's victory.

July 5th, we left Cedar Creek and the next month were marching and countermarching between Front Royal and Warrenton, and on the evening of August 8th, arrived at Culpepper. On the 9th, about noon we started for Cedar Mountain where Banks's Corps had encountered the enemy under Jackson, and moved at a trot most of the way. Upon our arrival, were placed near the left of the line to the left of a battery which was suffering severe loss from the enemy's artillery. As we galloped into position we found a hot reception, and the

wounded men and horses convinced us that we were having no picnic.

The right section, at least, had no opportunity to sit down and rest, for after firing about sixty rounds the gun to which I was attached was struck and one of the cannoneers killed. Soon after, the other piece of the section was disabled by a shell breaking the axle, and both pieces of our section being unserviceable, we were moved to the left of the rest of the battery, where the fire was less severe. About dusk, the enemy came through the cornfield in our front; as the order came to limber up, I was engaged in replacing a wounded horse, and no horse was ever harnessed quicker; and we left the field with the enemy only a few vards in our rear. It was a wild ride for half a mile until we passed through McDowell's Corps in the woods, and the enemy following us met with terrific loss as McDowell's Corps opened on them at short range.

This was our first battle. We had been anxious to meet the enemy and we had had enough of it for one day. Remaining in the vicinity of Culpepper until the 19th, we moved back with the army at Rappahannock Station, where we were again engaged on the morning of the 23d. We drove one of the enemy's batteries from a hill near the railroad bridge as they were attempting to get into position.

The next day we again engaged the enemy at Sulphur Springs. Pope finding that Jackson was in his rear, Banks's Corps was assigned to the duty of guarding the trains and getting them back to Bull Run, but on the 30th we were completely cut off from the rest of the army, and burning the cars and baggage wagons we took to the woods and after one of the hardest day's marches experienced during three years' service we crossed Bull Run after dark and were placed in position for the night. Moving through Washington, we passed through Maryland and arrived at Antietam on the night of September 16th. The next morning our battery covered the stone bridge at Keedysville, and from our position we had an unobstructed view of the terrific conflict which raged from Dunker church to the east woods.

The 19th, we crossed the field still strewn thickly with the unburied dead of the enemy, and the sight was such as would make the stoutest heart grow sick and faint. During the fall we were stationed at Antietam Iron Works and Sharpsburg Fords, moving to Harper's Ferry in December, where we spent the winter doing picket duty on Bolivar Heights, removing to Maryland Heights in April, where we remained until June 30th, when we started to join the Army of the Potomac. Arriving at Frederick, we halted and on July 4th took possession of South Mountain and Crampton Gap, and waited for the army on its return from Gettysburg.

On July 9, we were attached to the Third Corps and, with the army, crossed the Potomac and

Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry and moved down the east side of the mountain, fought the enemy at Wapping Heights on the 23d, having for our support the Third and Fourth Maine regiments. This engagement was not very severe, and my most distinct remembrance of the day is watching some of our battery boys chasing a flock of sheep over the field between the picket lines, and that we had mutton for supper. From this time until the last of November, we were in camp in many places between Centreville and Culpepper, with an occasional foot-race with Lee's army between these two points. October 14, we had a sharp engagement with the enemy at McLean's Ford on the Bull Run. A section of Battery K, Fourth U. S., had been sent to General Mott's assistance at the ford, but, having smooth-bore guns, could not reach the enemy's battery, which was shelling Mott's brigade. A section of our battery went forward, and, before getting into position, the sergeant of the first piece was shot from his horse. Arriving on the ground, my piece was placed in the road raked up by the enemy's fire. Owing to an accident and the formation of the ground, the other piece had much difficulty in getting into position, and it was my piece singly against a whole battery. After firing fifteen rounds, a shell passed close to General Mott's head, and, turning to me, he said, "Better get out of here." This order we were not slow in obeving. The air was filled with pieces of shell and gravel from the road; one of the driver's whips had been cut in two in his hand and the harness nearly cut from one of the horses, but not a man or horse injured.

Falling back, we were soon sent to another position by the chief of artillery, and the rest of the battery brought up. In a short time we silenced the enemy's battery, and later learned that we had dismounted two of their guns. While here, a cannoneer who was carrying ammunition, dropped suddenly to the ground, within a few feet of me, and at the same instant, a shell passed over him, striking the ground a few yards back of him. Instantly he was on his feet, with the remark, "Lord, Sergeant, I escaped a great mercy!" was the quickest move I ever saw made, and I do not think he lost more than three steps on his way. November 7, we were engaged at Kelly's Ford, and the next day advanced to Brandy Station, where we remained until the advance to Mine Run, on the 26th. This was Thanksgiving day, and I well remember my Thanksgiving dinner of hardtack and raw pork, eaten on horseback. Crossing the Rapidan on the pontoon bridge, at daylight on the 27th, we waded around in the mud until the 29th, when we went into position in line of battle, and on the morning of the 30th, with the other batteries, had quite an interesting artillery duel with the enemy. On the morning of the 31st, after passing a night so cold that some of the pickets in our

front froze to death, we started on our return to Brandy station, and arrived at our old camp after just a week's absence.

Upon the organization of the army in April, we were assigned to the Sixth Corps, and with them crossed the Rapidan the 4th of May, and moved down the Plank Road the next morning. It was this day that we first saw our new commander, General Grant, and, had it not been for the three stars on his straps, we would not have believed that the plain looking officer moving along so quietly and with so little show, was the commander of the armies of the United States. During the Wilderness, we were not engaged, but on the last day were in position on the extreme right, and for a time anxiously awaited an expected attack that did not come. On the evening of the 7th, we moved towards Spottsylvania, and, after an allnight march, crossed the battle-field of Chancellorsville at daylight. The woods and fields showed very plainly how fierce and desperate had been the conflict of the year before, when Jackson drove back Hooker's right. Arriving at Spottsylvania, we occupied several positions from the 8th to the 11th, and on the morning of the 12th, moved to the front under a most severe artillery fire, in which we lost two horses, and were placed in position not far from the "bloody angle," where we remained under a most annoying fire the whole day, with no chance to respond. On the

22d, we moved again to the left, and, crossing the North Anna, took our position in line of battle about two miles south of Jericho Mills. Leaving our position on the evening of the 26th, with instructions to maintain perfect silence, we had an all-night march, with mud nearly knee-deep, and, crossing the Pamunky, were placed in position in line of battle. On the 29th, were out on reconnoisance with a brigade of infantry. A letter written at this time states that, since leaving Brandy Station on the 4th, we had been engaged every night, with one exception, either in building earthworks or on the march. On the night of the 30th we were not far from Hanover Court-House, and the Sixth about midnight, started hurriedly and made a forced march to Cold Harbor, where Sheridan was heroically holding the enemy in check. Upon our arrival, we were placed in position a short distance to the left of the Cold Harbor tavern, and for a while the enemy made it very interesting for us. In the afternoon we were subject to a severe cross fire, and had to change front. All night we were engaged in throwing up works and, after twenty-four hours on the front line, we were relieved and took up a position just in the rear of Cold Harbor tavern, where we lay for nearly ten days subject almost daily to a cross fire from the enemy.

Leaving here with the army, we crossed the James river at Fort Powhattan, and moving rapidly to Petersburg, were placed in position

near the Appomattox, where Fort McGilvery was afterwards built, and were hotly engaged the whole day. Our battery this day shelled the town, and we had good reasons to believe that we threw the first shell into the city. Two days later we were again hotly engaged near the same point and were under a very severe cross fire from the enemy but suffered the loss of only one man and two horses killed. From this time until the 20th of December, we occupied positions in nearly every fort and battery from No. 10 to Fort Hell; and were on the front line nearly all the time, except a few days on the Reams Station movement and a trip to Baltimore and Washington at the time of Early's raid on Washington. On December 20, we were moved to the left

near the Globe tavern, and, until the evacuation of Petersburg, remained on the right of the Sixth Corps. Our winter here was as pleasant as could be expected for troops in front of the enemy, and our loss during the winter was only one man wounded. Upon the evacuation of Petersburg, we were attached to a reserve artillery and moved back to City Point, where we remained until the 1st of May, when we started on our final march for Washington, and from there took up our journey on the 3d of June, for Augusta, and were mustered out on the 17th, having been in the service three and a half I was present in every engagement that the battery took part in, from Cedar Mountain until we reached Petersburg.

CAPTAIN ALBERT WARREN STILES.

The Sixth Ohio Cavalry served for many years in the same brigade with the First Maine Cavalry, and on the eventful day of April 9, 1865, stood with them in repelling the first assault of that memorable day. Since 1865, the wide range of land from Ohio to Maine has prevented any personal renewal of friendship, but from time to time communications from these Ohio boys have appeared in the Bugle. It is with pleasure we present the countenance of one of those Ohio heroes. Captain Albert Warren

Stiles, and give the following extracts from the "History of Ashtabula, Georgia, and Lake countries, northeastern Ohio":

Captain Stiles was born September 3, 1841, in Warrensville, Ohio, where his earlier years were passed. He attended the common schools of his vicinity until the fall of 1857, at which time he went to the academy at Twinsburg, Ohio, for one term. In the spring of 1858 he removed with his parents to Rome, Ohio, and from that time until 1861 he was engaged in teaching and at-

tending school. It was in the winter of 1850-'51 that James A. Garfield, the martyred president, taught school in the district where Albert Stiles lived, the former making his home with Mr. Stiles's father. Thus an acquaintance was begun which ended only with the life of the noble president.

April 24, 1861, when nineteen years of age, Albert Stiles enlisted



CAPTAIN ALBERT WARREN STILES.

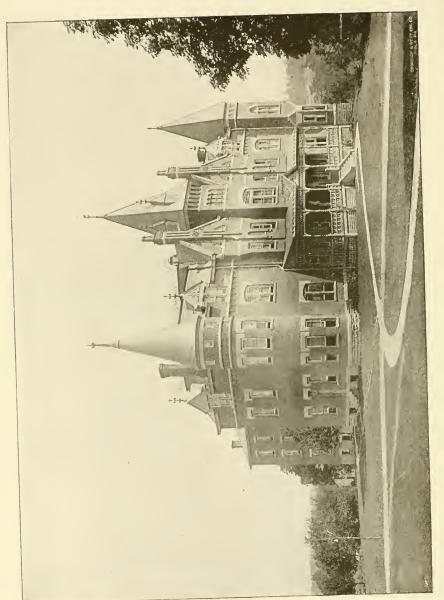
in the Civil War for the defense of the Union, having the distinction of being the first volunteer from his township. He was mustered into Company D, of the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteer Militia, under the command of Captain Robert W. Crane, and was in a camp of instruction at Camp Taylor, in Cleveland, Ohio, for a short time. He was then transferred with his com-

pany and regiment to Camp Goddard at Zanesville, of the same state, and from there went soon afterwards to the field of operations in West Virginia, serving under General George B. McClellan, in General Rosecrans's brigade.

His first experience in battle occurred on July 11, 1861, at Rich Mountain, West Virginia, and he was mustered out at Ashtabula, Ohio, August 29 of the same year. He soon afterward enlisted as a private in what was subsequently known as Company A, Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, after which his rise in rank was rapid and continuous. In the following November he was promoted to fourth duty sergeant; January 1, 1863, to first sergeant of Company A; May 9, 1864, to second lieutenant, Company D; November 12, 1864, to first lieutenant of Company B: and January 25, 1865, to captain of Company E, Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

He served under Generals Fremont, Sigel, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Stoneman, Pleasanton, Hooker, Meade, Sheridan, and Grant, and was in more than forty battles and numerous skirmishes.

When volunteers were demanded for particularly hazardous duty, he always offered his services, and on one occasion he volunteered, with one hundred and fifty others from his division, for a forlorn hope, during the second Battle of Bull Run, in 1862. The Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry found itself on the morning of April 9, 1865, across



FAMILY BUILDING, NO. 8.

the pike and within a mile of Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, having advanced the night before, about 10 o'clock, and captured the works abandoned by General Custer just before dark of that day. They were in turn attacked by General Gordon's forces of Lee's army, and were present at the surrender of General Lee. April 10 the brigade to which the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry was attached, General C. H. Smith commanding, was detailed to escort General U.S. Grant to Burkeville Junction, Virginia.

In January, 1865, Captain Stiles was detailed with a detachment of his regiment, to go to Ohio as recruiting officer for the regiment, and returned on the March 10th following. Like many others of his comrades in arms, he experienced the inhospitality of Libby Prison. He was wounded and taken prisoner in a mounted cavalry charge at Upperville, Virginia, June 23, 1863, and was sent by way of Winchester and Staunton, in that state, to Libby Prison, Richmond. He was soon afterward paroled and sent to camp at Annapolis, Maryland, via City Point and Fortress Monroe, Virginia. He resigned his commission at Petersburg, that state, and left the service June 29, 1865.

He then returned to his home in Rome, Ohio, and commenced life again on the farm. In the fall of 1869, he was elected sheriff of Ashtabula county, and assumed the duties of that office in the following

January, being re-elected in 1871, and serving until 1874. In 1878, he was again elected, and re-elected to succeed himself in 1880, serving until 1883. His record as sheriff during this long period was one of the best. In November, 1881, he followed up and arrested Holden of England and White of New York, for prize-fighting in the for the feather-weight county championship of the world. He was also successful in assisting in quieting a riot of dock hands at Ashtabula harbor, in 1876. He is a man of great courage, and whether as soldier, sheriff or citizen, has always acted with promptness and fortitude in the face of danger.

He was elected presidential elector by acclamation for the historic nineteenth district (so long represented by General J. A. Garfield), the first instance in that district in which an elector was selected by the unanimous vote since the organization of the Republican party. In May, 1886, he was appointed steward of the Ohio penitentiary by Governor (now Senator) Foraker, which position he resigned March 1, 1889, to assume charge, as superintendent of the Girls' Industrial Home. near Delaware. He was removed from the latter position by Governor Campbell, on May 1, 1890, for "offensive partisanship," but was appointed, in 1892, to the same position by Governor (now President) McKinley, and is the present incumbent of that place. The Home

SULPHUR SPRING.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—LOOKING NORTH.

is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Scioto river, and contains 350 inmates at present, ranging from the ages of nine to eighteen. Captain Stiles is peculiarly fitted for his duties by his great executive ability and kindliness of disposition, while his worthy wife makes a most efficient matron, and is in all respects a valuable assistant to her husband. As showing the large saving to the state accruing from his excellent management, it is only necessary to mention the expense of this institution under his predecessors in his present position, and that during his incumbency. The per capita expense in 1891 was \$128.58: the last year under his predecessor, \$120.49; and in 1896, \$97.29, which shows a large saving.

The captain was from boyhood a very close friend of the late General James A. Garfield, and took an active part in all that great general's campaigns. He has many letters written by the hand of his distinguished friend, acknowledging his obligations to the captain. From one of these we quote a few sentences:

" Washington, D. C.,
" October 17, 1876.

"My Dear Captain:— . . . Now that the fight of October is over, I want to say that I can boast of one thing that few men

can say with as much truth. I have as noble a band of friends as any man can have, and none among them have done better or more wisely effective work than you. You have not only worked for the general cause, but you have done very great service to me

"As ever your friend, "J. A. GARFIELD."

Captain Stiles is a member of the Loyal Legion of Ohio, and of the G. A. R. He also belongs to the F. and A. M., and is a member of the Presbyterian church.

September 24th, 1866, Captain Stiles was married to Miss Jane E. Crosby, the youngest daughter of Levi and Sarah (Leonard) Crosby, prominent residents of Rome, Ohio. They have had three children: Jay, born March 6th, 1869: died March 6, 1871: Maud born December 3d, 1876: Charlotte, born November 1st. 1878,—have developed into beautiful young women, modest, talented and accomplished, receiving a course of instruction in the city schools of Delaware, Ohio, while Maud has attended the Emerson School of Oratory and Physical Culture, Boston, Mass.

Thus briefly is given an outline of an eminently useful career, whose efforts have all been those of progress for himself, and benefit to his fellow-man.

CAPTAIN CLIFTON W. WILES.

The Tenth New York Cavalry was also associated with the First Maine Cavalry while in General Irving J. Gregg's brigade, and General David McM. Gregg's division, and the spirit of camaradarie, inherent in the cavalry service, will take pleasure in seeing again



CAPTAIN CLIFTON W. WILES.

a countenance of a member of that regiment. Captain Wiles was born in Cortland county, N. Y., and was reared on a farm, receiving a high school and academic education. He was just emerging into young manhood when the Civil War broke out,

and in 1862, at the age of eighteen, enlisted in the Tenth New York Cavalry, serving nearly three years with the Army of the Potomac, participating in all its battles and skirmishes, to and including the surrender at Appomattox.

Since his residence in Ohio he has been identified with the National Guard of this state, and is now inspector of rifle practice, with the rank of captain, for the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry, one of the best regiments of National Guard in the country.

He is connected with various fraternal organizations, and is an active worker in the G. A. R.; has served as aide-de-camp of the staff of several commanders-in-chief. He is a past colonel of Delaware Encampment, No. 107, Union Veteran Legion, and a past colonel of the Tenth New York Cavalry Veterans. Captain Wiles has full charge of the Delaware Water Company's plant, and is thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the business and the entire system.

He is superintendent, secretary, and treasurer of the company, and the number of consumers has doubled with a corresponding increase in revenues under his efficient management.

THE TWENTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

The Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry was recruited during the early part of July, 1863, by authority of Governor Curtin, under the President's call of June 15th for cavalry for six months' service. Company A was recruited in York county, B in Adams, C and G in Lancaster, D, H, I, K, L, and M, in Franklin, E in Bedford, and F in Cambria. The companies were equipped and mounted at Camp Couch, near Harrisburg, and were thence sent to camp of instruction near Chambersburg. The following field officers were selected and commissioned: William H. Boyd, colonel: Richard F. Mosson, lieutenant-colonel; Charles F. Gillies, Oliver B. Knowles, and John W. Jones, majors. The field officers were all experienced in cavalry duty. Colonel Boyd had commanded a company in the Lincoln Cavalry, which had attained distinction upon the Peninsula, and especially in skirmishing with the advance of Lee's army, in the Cumberland Valley, in the Gettysburg campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Mosson had commanded a company in the Seventh Cavalry. Major Gillies was a regular army officer, and Major Knowles had served with great gallantry under Captain Boyd in the Lincoln Cavalry. Most of the line officers and men had previously been in service. On the 23d of August the regiment was ordered to Harrisburg, where

a detachment, consisting of companies C, E, K, H, L, and M, was sent to Pottsville and Scranton, and Company B to Gettysburg. The remaining five companies, under command of Colonel Boyd, proceeded to Harper's Ferry, and during the fall and winter were engaged in arduous duties in the department of the Shenandoah.

In January, 1864, authority was given to reorganize the regiment for three years' service, and about the 1st of February its scattering ranks were concentrated at camp near Chambersburg, where the troops who did not choose to reenlist were mustered out of service: the remainder were mustered for the long term, and its depleted ranks were filled by new recruits. The field officers all remained, with the exception of Major Jones, whose place was filled by the promotion of Captain Robert Bell. On the 1st of April, Company D was ordered to duty at Scranton, Pa., where it remained for over a year. About the middle of May, the regiment was ordered to Washington, where, upon its arrival, it was dismounted, armed, and equipped as infantry, and sent by transport to join the Army of the Potomac. It arrived at the front on the 1st of June, and was assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division of the Fifth Corps, where it was associated with the Sixtysecond Pennsylvania, and Thirty-

second and Ninth Massachusetts, commanded by Colonel Switzer. The army was then in front of Cold Harbor, and at noon of the 2d, the regiment was sent to the left of the Fifth Corps, where it was ordered to throw up breastworks. These were hardly completed before the enemy opened upon it a flank fire from its artillery, by which Lieutenant Richard Waters was instantly killed. On the following morning, it was ordered a half mile to the right, to the support of a battery, and at seven the enemy brought its twenty-four-pounders into play, killing two men and three horses belonging to the battery. The regiment was subsequently ordered to the front line, and, in reaching it, was obliged to pass over a grain field which was raked by the enemy's infantry and artillery fire. The charge across this was gallantly made, but with a loss of eight killed and nineteen wounded. A gallant fire was kept up during the entire day from behind breastworks, and, notwithstanding this protection, it suffered considerable loss, the entire number being eleven killed and forty-six wounded. Colonel Boyd received a severe wound, on account of which he was subsequently discharged. Captain William Phillips, and Lieutenant Martin P. Doyle were also among the wounded. On the 18th of June it was again engaged in front of Petersburg. "We marched," says J. D. H., who has published a pamphlet of the "Travels and Doings" of

the regiment, "over the field where the second corps had been engaged the day before, and the ground was covered with their dead. We came to a halt in the woods, where we were ordered to lie down. The rebels then commenced to shell us. We lost a great many men, killed and wounded; among the latter was Major Gillies of the First Battalion, wounded in the knee. We were ordered forward, charged across a large field, and came to the Petersburg and Suffolk railroad. Here we halted and kept up a brisk fire with the rebels, who were behind their works in front of us, about half a mile. In the evening we were ordered to charge a large rebel fort. We fixed bavonets and went up the hill on a vell, while the rebels opened upon us a perfect hail-storm of iron and lead from their muskets and artillery. If Cold Harbor was hard, the fight of the 18th of June was harder. We charged the brow of the second hill, and the rebel fort lay directly in front of us, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. We could go no farther. He who went beyond this went to his grave. Four times were our colors shot down, and four times were they raised again. We halted formed, and while some carried rails and built works, others kept up a heavy fire on the fort, which effectually silenced their artillery. After building this line of works, we lay behind them, keeping up a fire with the rebels until morning, when we were relieved and taken



"EAST FACE."

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE 21ST PA. VOL. CAVALRY. (1821) REGT.),

By the Regimental Association and Friends. Dedicated October 4th, 1894.

Brevet Brigadier-General Oliver B. Knowles enlisted in the first company of cavalry for the war, Co. C, First N. Y. (Lincoln) Cavalry; mustered July 19, 1891. Promoted to major 21st Penn. Cavalry March, 1864, to colonel, November, 1864. Discharged July 18, 1865.



"West Face."
Brevet Brigadier-General
William H. Boyd

Raised the first company of cavalry for the war, Co. C, 1st N. Y. (Lincoln) Cavalry; mustered July 19, 1861, promoted to colonel 21st Penn. Cavalry, August 20th. Discharged November 4th for wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864.

to the rear." In this engagement the loss was eleven killed, seventynine wounded, and one missing. Lieutenant-Colonel Mosson and Lieutenant Henry G. Lott were among the severely wounded, the latter mortally. Major Gillies was incapacitated for further service, and was honorably discharged, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mosson was prevented from rejoining his command until near the time of its muster out.

The command of the regiment subsequently devolved on Major Knowles. On the 22d, the regiment was again engaged on the Jerusalem Plank road, losing two killed and three wounded. The regiment remained for some time in heavy work near the Ninth Corps line, where it was subjected to a vigorous shelling. On the 30th of July, upon the occasion of the explosion of the mine, it was under fire, and sustained some loss, Captain John H. Harmony being wounded, but no advantage was gained, and the routine of duty behind the works was resumed. On the 18th of of August, a descent was made upon the Weldon railroad, in which the Twenty-first participated, and was engaged in destroying the track, when the enemy attacked, but by the timely arrival of a portion of the Ninth Corps he was repulsed, and a portion of the road possessed was held. loss was one killed and twentyseven wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant James Speer Orr, mortally.

On the 30th of September, the brigade joined in the movement to the left, and at Popular Spring church came upon the enemy's works, which we triumphantly carried, with a loss in the Twentyfirst of sixteen killed and wounded. On the following day, the regiment was attacked while lying upon the ground, in a large open field, but held its position without serious loss. For its gallantry in this engagement, it received a complimentary order from General Griffin, in command of the division. With this battle closed the connection of the regiment with the infantry.

On the 5th of October, the Twenty-first was sent to City Point, where it was equipped and mounted, and ordered to the division of General D. McM. Gregg, in which it was assigned to the Third Brigade, composed of the First Maine Cavalry, Sixth and Thirteenth Ohio Cavalries, Second New York Mounted Rifles, and Twenty-first Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel C. H. Smith.

On the 27th of October the regiment was in a sharp engagement at the Boynton Plank road, where the division went to the support of the Second Corps. The fighting was severe, and the Union forces were obliged to retire, the cavalry holding the line until the infantry and artillery were well out of the way, and then cutting its way out after nightfall. The Twenty-first lost three killed, thirty-three wounded and eighteen missing. Captain

Elias McMullen, and George F. Cook, and Lieutenants Martin P. Doyle, Henry C. Pearson, John T. Pfoutz, and Henry B. Kendig were among the wounded, and Lieutenant William Chandler among the prisoners.

On the first of December, the division proceeded to Stony Creek station, destroying the station and rebel stores. The regiment was rear guard on the return march, and sustained some loss. On the 4th, Company E was detailed for duty at the headquarters of the Sixth Corps, with which it remained until near the close of its service. On the sixth, the regiment was again out upon the Bellefield raid, and one, Lieutenant John A. Devers, taken prisoner. In the meantime, Major Knowles was promoted to colonel, and Captain Richard Ryckman to major.

On the 5th of February, 1865, a heavy force of the Union army moved across Hatcher's Run, for the purpose of opening the way to the left and extending the lines towards the South Side railroad. It was met by the enemy, and heavy fighting ensued, but the Union forces held their ground. Gregg's Cavalry coöperated, and moved on to Dinwiddie Court-House, meeting some opposition, but having no serious fighting. Colonel Knowles had command of the brigade in this expedition.

During the winter, the Twentyfirst was recruited to the full maximum strength, and on the first of March was transferred to the Sec-

ond Brigade of the Second Cavalry division, which was composed of the Second, Fourth, Eighth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry regiments, commanded by General J. Irving Gregg. The dismounted men of the Twenty-first, comprising nearly half its entire strength, were ordered to City Point, under command of Captain James Mickley, and with the dismounted men of the brigade, participated, under command of Major Oldham, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the final assault of the defenses of Petersburg.

"On the 20th of March," says Major Bell, "the Cavalry Corps moved out on the left flank of the army, the Eighth Pennsylvania having the advance. By some mistake, this regiment mistook the road, which left the Twenty-first in advance, and gave it the honor of making the first charge in the campaign, striking the rebels near Dinwiddie Court-House, carrying their barricades, and capturing some prisoners, from whom important information pertaining to the rebel cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee was obtained.

The Twenty-first was not in the fight of the 31st, it having been detailed to hold a bridge over Stony Creek. When it was discovered that the cavalry line was unable to hold its ground, Colonel Forsythe, of Sheridan's staff, ordered the Twenty-first to throw up a line of works across the road in the rear of the Court-House, and said, with



STATE MONUMENT.

This monument rests on a natural rock foundation, and is in the form of an obelisk surmounted by a polished granite ball. On the west side, facing the Baltimore pike, is a handsome bronze horse's head. emphasis, "This must be held at all hazards until morning, when the Fifth Corps will be up." Fortunately, the regiment was undisturbed during the night. The Second Brigade was only partially engaged at Five Forks, it being posted to prevent any flanking attacks on the left.

On the 5th of April, the Second division struck the rebel wagon train, and captured a battery, destroying two hundred wagons and bringing in some nine hundred mules. The First Brigade made the captures, while the Second and Third did the most of the fighting. Out of 234 engaged, the Twentyfirst lost 98 in killed, wounded, and missing, in less than half an Adjutant Samuel Henry had two horses shot from under him. On the next day, the Twenty-first was in the fight at Sailor's Creek, capturing a number of prisoners, with the loss of Lieutenant I. Henry Triece, killed, and a few men wounded.

On the 7th, the brigade had a sharp, and, in a measure, disastrous fight, at Farmville. General Gregg was captured, and the regiment sustained some loss, mostly prisoners. At daylight on the 9th, our brigade, under Colonel Young, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was thrown across the main road to Lynchburg, upon which the rebel army was retreating, and had some sharp work, contesting the ground in front, while Rosser's cavalry hung upon its rear.

Finally, the Twenty-fourth and one division of the Twenty-fifth Corps came up, and the Second Cavalry Division turned upon Rosser, who was driven nearly a mile, when he made a determined stand. and preparations were made to charge him in force. The Second Brigade had the centre, and the Twenty-first led on the main Lynchburg road. At the sound of the bugle, the regiment dashed forward, driving in the rebel skirmish line; but by the time his main force was reached, it was discovered that the regiment was entirely unsupported. A precipitate retreat was made, in which some prisoners were lost. On the way back, it was greeted with glad tidings that Lee had surrendered, the other brigades having received the intelligence just as the Twentyfirst went forward.

From Appomattox Court-House, the brigade marched back to Burkesville, and shortly after to Petersburg. It had been but a few days in camp, when Sheridan moved with his entire cavalry corps for North Carolina. Upon his arrival at the Dan river, learning that General Johnston had surrendered, he turned back, and retired again to Petersburg. Early in May, the brigade was sent to Lynchburg, whence detachments were sent for provost duty to various points in the surrounding coun-Colonel Knowles, with a party of the Twenty-first, was sent to Danville, Va. About the middle of June, the entire regiment, including detached companies and dismounted men, was concentrated at Lynchburg, and on the 8th of July, was mustered out of service. The active duty of the regiment really commenced on the first of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, and virtually ended on the 9th of April, at Appomattox Court-House, a period of a little over ten months. In that time it had three field officers severely wounded, one staff officer slightly wounded: one had died of disease, and one was discharged to

accept promotion in the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment. The regiment participated in twenty-eight battles and skirmishes. We had four officers killed and fourteen wounded. We had one hundred and forty-seven enlisted men killed, and three hundred and twelve wounded. Others were stricken down and died from fevers and colds contracted by severe exposure to the cold and storms. These figures and facts tell the whole story.

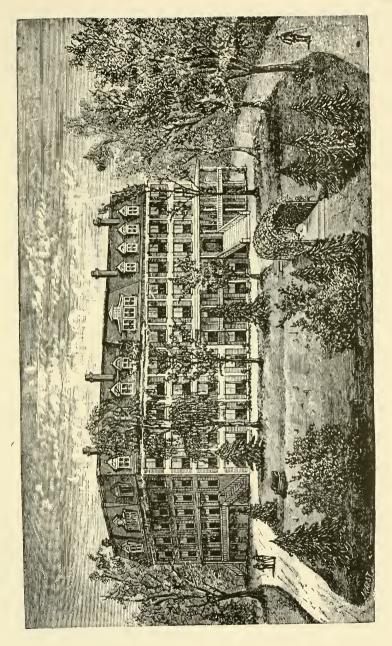
ROCKLAND INSTITUTE, NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

By J. P. Cilley.

It is with unusual pleasure we present the following tribute to the excellent character and work of our comrade, Captain Joel Wilson, A. M., late of First Maine Cavalry and now principal of a notable educational institute in New York state.

In the spring of 1861, in a rural New England village, a young boy was solving the problem as to how an education could be procured, with no resources save his own. He had taught the district school and with the money earned had attended the High school at irregular intervals. Hardly had the preparation for college begun at the academy, ere he was sought as an instructor in various classes, thus making a slender purse the longer go.

At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he had just been elected principal of a New England academy, taking charge of the same with most flattering prospects. He hoped the war might be averted and that duty would not call him, as that would mean disaster to all his youthful plans. But Bull Run came and went and with it the call for men. He hesitated not, and with one year's leave of absence, bade good-by to his tearful pupils and the next day was in a soldier's camp. With thousands of other youths, not less patriotic than himself, the young soldier is soon lost in that vast aggregation, representing the flower and strength of the nation, the "Army of the Potomac."



A year passed, the trustees extended the leave of absence another year, and then another, until four years of army life had changed the youth in his teens to a sunburnt, war-worn young cavalry officer. To narrate the army record of Captain Joel Wilson, of the First Maine Cavalry Volunteers, would be to record almost the entire history of that grandest of cavalry regiments. Captain Wilson was

seek the field hospital, hoping thus to rally from the strain of the long and terrible cavalry work. He had never had a furlough, he had never asked for one; he never meant to go home till his fighting work was done. For several weeks he lay in hospital at City Point, where every waking hour, both day and night, was solaced by the bursting shell, or whiz of picket shot, or roar of army volley, heeding little, car-



A SATURDAY TRAMP.

mustered in at the first organization, and was mustered out with the very last at the final disbanding of the regiment. He began at second Bull Run. He ended at Appomattox. Of best New England stock, of upright habits, correct morals, he became inured to hardships almost Herculean, and for four years, at every call of duty he always answered "here." When Sheridan returned from the great Trevellian Raid, he was obliged to

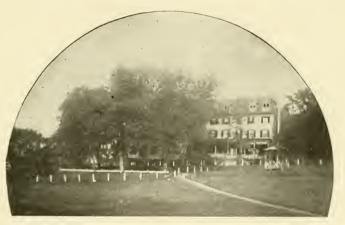
ing less, till the hospital train bore him north among New England mountains.

Soon we find him back again at the front, a year hence to return with a victorious regiment, bearing on its tattered battle-flag more emblems of heroic prowess than are recorded of any other cavalry regiment in the army. Hardly had the soldier become the citizen ere the work of education was resumed, and after all these years, we find him still in the harness, battling for the right, and fitting young men for lives of usefulness.

As principal of Rockland Institute, a preparatory school for boys, located at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, he lives in the enjoyment of honors earned, and the pleasures that come from seeing boys and young men develop into manly worth.

Of the many schools for boys and young men along the Hudson river, none stands higher for the excellent work performed, the care lions, the Rockefellers, Goulds, and Shepards, and again near by is where André, the spy, was captured; ride along the boulevard by the river's edge, and soon you see the granite block that says "'t was here he hung."

The life at Rockland Institute is that of home, the most careful supervision is ever over those committed to its care, yet in no sense is espionage allowed. Honor is the one manly virtue sought, and that every boy has some good point.



A GLIMPSE OF THE INSTITUTE THROUGH THE TREES.

bestowed, and homelike character of the institution. Its location is beautiful, situated high above the river; from its broad verandas almost twenty miles of river view are seen. The bay of Tappan Zee, with its three miles of latitude, is one of the most picturesque parts of the Hudson. Not far distant is Sunnyside, the home of Irving, a place of great historic interest, and will remain so as long as boys read his tales of Sleepy Hollow. Just across the bay are homes representing mil-

The institute is modern in every respect, with steam heat, hot and cold water. The rooms are large and well arranged. The grounds cover acres of shady lawn, with tennis, croquet, and athletic field. Returning from the war, Captain Wilson's horses formed the nucleus of his present stable, which is such as can be found in no other school, saddle horse, boys' ponies, some from the mountains of far-off East India, all for boys' school use, not only all trained to the saddle, but

can be driven as single, tandem, two, four, or six in hand. Health, pleasure, and benefit come from this feature of school life. It may be mentioned here that during the past year not a single case of sickness has come to the school. With little effort, such sanitary arrangements are observed that the most healthful results are obtained. Not long since, the school physician remarked that the school did not give him the patronage of an ordinary family.

The thoroughness which comes from an able corps of instructors produces the best results. far in Captain Wilson's educational work, no student recommended by him for college has been refused. His certificate admits to several leading colleges without examination. Associated with him as a power behind the throne, is Mrs. Wilson, not less devoted to the boys' work and life than is the Captain. A lady of great musical ability and aesthetic taste, her advice is sought by the boys on all occasions. The younger blood of the corps of instructors comes partly from his two sons, one a graduate of Lafavette, and later of the universities of Bohn and Heidelberg, Germany, the other of Cornell University. Both are young men of the highest Christian life and moral worth; also his young daughter, educated, not only in the solid work of school life, but already proficient in musical ability, and equally at home with her fingers upon the piano

keys, or with the lines of her six-inhand, which she skilfully guides.

To show that Captain Wilson is no exception to the adage that "blood will tell," it may be mentioned that four brothers and three sisters some years ago were teaching from Maine to Japan.

Rockland Institute is so well grounded in the favor of its friends and patrons that where they are, it has an endorser. At home, where best known, no matter who is asked, its merits are extolled. Strict in discipline, if doing right is called strict, no teacher is employed who uses intoxicants, nor can he indulge in tobacco in any form; and as examples are set in order to be followed, nothing of the above is allowed among the students.

Captain Wilson retains his interest in the old comrades, and where they are, he is in the midst, and calls upon him by them are never unheeded. Captain Wilson is a church communicant, a Mason, Knight Templar, Mystic Shriner, Grand Army comrade, member of the Loval Legion of New York, and society of the Army of the Potomac, also of the Young Men's Christian Association. We commend our comrade to those having sons to educate. We knew him in the army for four years. We have known him since, and those having sons to educate will make no mistake in placing them under his care. For more particular information regarding Rockland Institute, address him at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN IV.

OCTOBER, 1897.

CALL 4.

HISTORY OF CO. F, TWENTY-SIXTH MAINE REGIMENT.

By Lieutenant William F. Brown.

Under the act of the Maine legislature approved March 19th, 1862, the men of Camden were enrolled into three companies of state militia, designated as A, B, and C, and June 1st, a warrant was issued to George Esterbrook of Company A, Amos Barrett of Company B, and W. F. Brown of Company C, to act as orderly sergeants of their respective companies till the officers were duly elected. Company A included school districts one, two, three, six, and seventeen. Company B, four and eighteen, and Company C, the rest of the town. August 4th, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand nine months' militia. The quota allotted Camden was thus apportioned: Company A, thirty-five; Company B, twelve; and Company C, twenty-seven men. The 10th of September was the day designated for the draft. The several orderlies were ordered to enroll the militia and warn them to assemble for the purpose of the draft.

Excitement ran high; threats were made against the orderlies, if

they attempted to enforce the draft. Town-meeting was called to secure volunteers: one hundred dollars in bounty, to a man, was voted, but no one volunteered: another townmeeting was called, another hundred dollars raised, still no enlistments followed. Citizens subscribed five hundred dollars in addition to the town bounties, yet volunteers were few. On the day of the draft, September 10th, Company A had about twenty men enlisted, Company B, nearly their quota, but a part of their men were procured out of town. There was great excitement, the several halls were packed to hear the drawing of names. The orderly of Company C explained that the draft must be enforced, that he would enlist himself. He then signed the recruiting papers, and in thirty minutes thirty more names were added to the list of recruits. Dennis McCarty was sent to Rockport and Camden with a despatch that Company C's quota was full. Immediately, Company A sent a delegation with teams to West Camden and invited the volunteers to accompany them to Camden Harbor, where all had a grand time in parading the streets with martial music, speechmaking, feasting, etc., etc.

September 16th, the men left Camden by boat for Bangor, and then marched to Camp John Pope about two miles from boat wharf. September 17th, Philo Hersey, captain of Company I, presided at the election of officers. The votes cast for captain were eighty-three; A. E. Clark had eighty-one. The votes cast for first lieutenant were eighty-two; Wm. F. Brown had eighty. The votes cast for second lieutenant were eighty-two, M. E. Norwood had fifty-three and John S. Fuller had twenty-nine. A. E. Clark, W. F. Brown, and M. F. Norwood were duly commissioned by the governor.

The following non-commissioned officers were appointed: J. W. Coombs, orderly sergeant; J. S. Fuller, second sergeant; M. M. Lamb, third sergeant; Dennis McCarty, fourth sergeant; N. B. Millekin, fifth sergeant; H. H. Buzzell and W. E. Codman, Henry Ewell, Jr., C. Sumner, F. C. Long, Wm. Horton, Benj. Simmons, O. P. Eastman, corporals; W. E. Clough, fifer; George S. Kimball, drummer.

September 23d, the regiment was organized with the following officers:

N. H. Hubbard, colonel.

Philo Hersey, lieutenant-colonel. J. N. Fowler, major.

Richard H. Young of our com-

pany was appointed sergeant-major and Frank Milliken commissary sergeant. George Simmons was taken sick and sent to hospital October 2d, being the first man sick in our company. October 4th uniforms were issued to the men and we began to look like real soldiers. Our company was mustered into the United States service October 11, and October 12 had a leave of absence to go home, so we chartered a tug boat for seventy-five dollars to take us to Camden. October 18th the field and staff officers were mustered.

January 24. Saw a negro regiment for the first time to-day. They had just donned their new uniforms; they went through the evolutions splendidly; I don't see why the government has not used them for soldiers before unless they think that negroes, like mules, cost more than Yankees.

January 26. Was on picket duty last night; seventeen men from the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York attempted to desert by breaking through the picket line. We retook fifteen of them and expect they will be sent to Dry Tortugas.

January 28. Very cold last night, ground froze hard this morning.

January 29. Building bridges, one in rear of camp and one to city. H. H. Buzzell and Osborn Rokes got hurt on the bridges today. To-day we had thirty men on drill, sixteen on guard duty, fifteen on fatigue duty, five in the

cook-house, eight reported unfit for duty, the balance in hospital or detailed on various duties.

February 1. Gilman Barrows has been detailed as forage master.

February 4. We were on skirmish drill for the first time to-day.

February 6. Charles Heminway resumed his old place as company cook.

February 8. Paid off to-day. Our company will send home over nineteen hundred dollars; sixteen hundred dollars were sent to E. M. Wood by express to be given to their families. As the company received only about twenty-three hundred dollars this will leave them on the average three dollars as spending money for the next two months. So Company F is not quite so far demoralized as some of our good friends up North would have it. Express on money was I per cent.

February 14. Boys sending home valentines to their best girls. Levi Morton discharged from hospital to-day; Daniel Wentworth, a few days ago.

February 15. Was inspected by Colonel Birge to-day; he found lots of fault and sent Companies A and F to quarters to report next Wednesday for reinspection. He is a regular army officer and very strict. Our guns when we drew them were old, cast off, rusty Springfield rifles, discarded by these same regulars but good enough for volunteers and in the gale off Hatteras they were wet with salt water. Carried Stephen

Nichols to hospital to-day; he is sick with black measles. J. C. Thorndike discharged from hospital and returned to duty.

February 16. Drilled by Colonel Birge; he sent the adjutant to quarters because he did not have his straps on. The deserters from Captain Baker's company were sentenced for two years to Fort Jefferson, to wear ball and chain. C. J. H. Ness detailed as nurse in hospital; Augustus Horton detailed as cook.

February 18. Reinspected by Colonel Birge; he praised us for our improvement, and said he was not aware at the former inspection that our guns were old, cast-off ones, and promised us better ones. Philander Richards is very sick. Nathan Hopkins went to hospital two days ago.

February 22. We listened to an oration on the life of Washington.

February 24. Captain Clark is sick with chills and fever.

March 3. On picket, last night, the boys mistook a drove of mules, in the darkness, for rebels and fired three shots and wounded a mule, and the officers in charge ordered him killed.

March 8. John Keller returned to the company to-day. Received orders to be in readiness to march with three days' cooked rations.

March 9. Been busy all day, packing up.

March 13. At 4 p. m. we were on the march. Companies F, E, and B are detached from our regiment, and joined to the One Hun-

dred and Fifty-ninth New York, with a company of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. marched out on the Clinton road, which leads to the rear of Port Hudson, while the rest of our regiment, with the main army, marched on the direct road leading to Port Hudson, while others went by transport, and landed three miles below Port Hudson. Our skirmishers killed a man who was signalling to the rebels. At 12 midnight, we came to a halt at a bridge which the rebels had burned. We repaired the bridge, and lay down on the ground without shelter, to catch a few hours' sleep.

March 14. Got up at 4 a. m., and, after a hasty breakfast, proceeded on our march. Company F, acting as skirmishers, in two hours came to a bridge piled with dry rails, but the rebels, in their hasty retreat did not have time to apply the torch. After crossing this bridge, we saw what we took to be a big gun. Our colonel ordered our battery to the front, and, after firing three shells, ordered Company F to charge. charged, and found it to be a mock gun made of an old steam-pipe mounted on logs. Returned to the bridge of rails, and camped for the night. This has been a very hot day, and, as it was our first experience, our knapsacks were overloaded, but we are in light marching order now, for the boys have thrown away nearly half their belongings. E. C. Long had a partial sunstroke.

March 15. Left the bridge at an early hour, and returned to the bridge that was burned the first night, and pitched our shelter tents. We were reinforced here by two full regiments. In the meantime the fleet of gunboats had steamed up near Port Hudson. At 11 p. m. the guns from the fleet were heard. A heavy fire was kept up by the gunboats and mortar boats for an hour, when the reflection of fire was seen in the direction of the river, which proved to be from the burning gunboat Mississippi, floating down stream.

March 16. About two o'clock her magazine exploded and blew her into atoms. The gunboats *Hartford* and *Albatross* got above the fort.

March 17. Rained hard last night. Our camp is a pond of water, in places a foot deep. We had to move our tents to higher ground. The adjutant of our cavalry was captured by the rebels today. We pursued them, but did not recapture him, and returned to camp at 1 p. m.

March 18. We are about eight miles from Baton Rouge. We were called out about 1 o'clock last night, to stand picket. Many of the men have contracted severe colds from getting so wet. Here the boys found a plantation deserted by its rebel owners, from which they obtained for their own comfort sweet potatoes, poultry, eggs, pigs, and honey.

March 20. Packed up and started at sunrise. Rejoined our

regiment and encamped near the river. Here we received quite a compliment from the colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York, whom we had been under. The main army started for Baton Rouge at 2 p. m., while our regiment was left to guard the commissary stores until a transport should arrive. We put the stores on board when she came, and took up our line of march at sundown, for Baton Rouge. The rebel cavalry hove in sight just as our rear passed the angle where they intended to cut us off. Arrived at our old camp ground at 8 p. m., marching eight miles in two hours.

March 26. Our company are out felling trees in front of a new fort, just completed.

March 27. James Morton discharged from hospital and returned to duty. He has been sick in hospital three months. List of our company this day sent to the convalescent camp: Edgar Packard, John Keller, George A. Simmons, H.H. Buzzell, Rufus Shibles, William Ott, Seth Heal, W. E. Clough, John C. Thorndike, J. C. Whittier, E. C. Long, Ephraim Reynolds, James Nutt, Eben Philbrook, Philander Richards.

March 28. Struck tents at 4 p. m., and about dark, marched three quarters of a mile to a wharf, in a severe shower, and embarked on board steamer *St. Mauris*, and dropped down the river to Donaldsonville, sixty miles from Baton Rouge.

March 29. Arrived at 3 a. m.,

and encamped in front of Catholic church. They were holding a meeting, and some of us attended. Here we met the Twenty-eighth Maine. This place is on both sides of Bayou La Bourche. Got our supplies and took our march for Thibodeaux, thirty-six miles west of the Mississippi river; marched twelve miles and encamped for the night. Here was a sugar-house and the boys felt a little sweetening would do them good, but the owner was obstinate and asked for a guard. The officer of the day told him he would give him one, but he thought that the best guard would be to roll out a hogshead and let the boys help themselves, so he rolled out a hogshead and said, "Boys, help yourselves."

April 1. Passed Napoleonville, where was displayed the stars and stripes, and we gave three times three cheers. We marched ten miles and encamped at 2 p. m., tired out and foot-sore.

April 2. Company F is guard of the baggage, arrived at Thibodeaux at 11 p. m. and went into camp at 1 a. m., seventeen miles marched.

April 3. Transported by rail to Bayou Bœuf. They are building a signal station here one hundred and twenty feet high.

April 7. Regimental inspection. April 9. Started on our march at 8:30 a. m., marched ten miles to Brashear City.

April 11. Our brigade, which is a part of Grover's Division, went on board the gunboat *Laurel Hill*,

together with a full company of cavalry. The boat is so crowded that there is hardly standing room.

April 12. We are steaming up the Atchafalaya river with three flat boats in tow with a battery of six guns on board. There are a number of gunboats and transports in the fleet. We came to a halt at Indian Bend at 4 p. m., and sent a boat on shore to reconnoitre.

April 13. Moved up to Irish Bend this morning and landed under the protection of the gunboats, which shelled the woods where were stationed a force of rebels, the First Louisiana: we had a brush with them and wounded their lieutenant-colonel. We advance with five thousand infantry, twenty-four pieces of artillery, and a company of cavalry, and crossed a bridge which the rebels attempted to burn but had not time before we were upon them. Company F was thrown out as skirmishers and advanced, under a heavy fire from the rebel pickets. As they withdrew, we advanced across an open field to the outskirts of a wood: night coming on put an end to the contest and we were ordered back to an old sugar-house on Madam Porter's plantation.

April 14. During the night the rebels were reinforced and had thrown up intrenchments near the edge of the woods. We were ordered to prepare for action. At daylight Companies A and F were ordered up the road to the left, while the rest of the regiment, together with the Twenty-fifth Connecticut,

were ordered across the plantation to act as skirmishers; when they were near the wood the rebels opened on them with artillery and musketry; two guns of Nims Battery were ordered up to the right of the Twenty-fifth Connecticut. Isaac Clough of Company F was here, detailed to assist in handling one of the guns, which was in a very exposed position and had lost a number of its men. A battery of six guns was ordered up the road to the left when the battery came up with us; we were ordered to join our regiment by advancing with the One Hundred Fifty-ninth New York. There was some feeling between the three years' and nine months' men, the three years' men saying the nine months' men would run at the first fire. When we passed the gun on which Clough was stationed, he had his hat and coat off ramming home a cartridge. "What are you doing there, J. C.?" some of our boys asked. "I'm showing those three years' men that the nine months' men won't run at the first fire, and after we get through with the rebels I'll show them a little of Clam Cove's boxing practice."

Clough was wounded in the arm but still stuck to his gun until none were left except himself and a Frenchman. We advanced amid shot and shell to within twenty rods of the rebels' works and were ordered to lie down flat and load and fire in that position. Charles Hemingway and Hiram Pike, not hearing the orders, advanced about ten rods further. Our men for the

most part were cool. Isaac Tolman and Alex. Wetherbee forgot to withdraw their rammers in the excitement of firing, and after the battle a rammer was found embedded in a rebel's body. We had been in the fight forty minutes when we were ordered to fall back as the Rebs were flanking our right, but Companies A and E did not hear the order and it was then we suffered most. The Thirteenth Connecticut and Twenty-first New York came to our assistance and the batteries all opened on them and they retreated. They crossed Bayou Teche where the rebel gunboat Diana was sta-She shelled the wood where we were for three hours. scattering the limbs about our heads in every direction. Weitzel came up with his artillery, set her on fire and blew her up.

In this encounter we took over one hundred prisoners, one stand of colors, and destroyed a gunboat. The fight lasted one hour and ten minutes at the plantation and three hours near the gunboat. Our loss was four hundred. The One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York lost their colonel, lieutenantcolonel, and adjutant. Our regiment from three hundred engaged, lost as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Hersey, wounded in right shoulder necessitating resection, ten killed and sixty wounded; Company F lost Henry Ewell, Jr., killed, shot through the left arm, lodged in left side; he said "Captain, I'm shot;" the captain got to him just as he fell; he died almost instantly: George Farrer, killed, shot in right side; Nathan B. Hopkins, wounded in right arm; Simeon Tyler, wounded in arm by shell from the gunboat; Isaac Clough, wounded in arm.

The following is the list of Company F boys who were in the Battle of Irish Bend: A. E. Clark, captain; W. F. Brown, first lieutenant; W. E. Norwood, second lieutenant; H. M. Lamb, first sergeant; G. S. Fuller, sergeant; N. B. Milliken, sergeant; Henry Ewell, corporal; C. Sumner, corporal; W. F. Horton, corporal; B. J. Simmons, corporal; E. H. Eaton, corporal; A. E. Wetherbee, corporal; Privates F. J. Currier, Samuel Annis, M. N. Burns, S. C. Crockett, S. F. Conant, I. C. Clough, G. A. Farrar, J. H. Gardiner, F. N. Hall, J. W. Oxton, Hiram Pike, George Prince, S. F. Sherman, Isaac Tolman, J. B. Wentworth, J. F. Whittier, Wil-Webster, Alfred Miller, S. Kimball, Nathan Hopkins, E. S. Hopkins, G. F. Hosmer, P. A. Horton, Gage Hook, G. M. Payson, N. E. Pendleton, Osborn Roakes, J. Z. Keller, James Morton, Levi Morton, F. L. Start, S. C. Tyler, F. M. Veazie, Daniel Wentworth, E. H. Walden, R. H. Young, Charles Hemingway.

Company F lost a fraction over 10 per cent. of those members participating.

April 15. Have sent the sick and wounded to New Orleans.

Started in pursuit of the flying rebels at 6 a. m., and marched twenty miles to-day, took a number of prisoners. A man from the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York was shot while getting water from a rebel house, and the boys burned the house, but the rebel escaped.

April 16. Marched twelve miles to-day, and took some prisoners, and encamped for the night at New Iberia.

April 17. Started at 6 a. m. and marched until 9 p. m. in marching twenty miles, and I do not know how much farther we would have gone had the rebels not done us a good turn by burning the bridges which spanned Vermilion Bayou fifty feet wide. We had a little brush with them here. General Banks announced to the troops that he had news that Charleston, S. C., was taken, and cheer upon cheer went up, men threw up their hats, pranced around, hugged and kissed one another and had a grand jubilee, notwithstanding the hard day's march.

April 18. We are repairing the bridge to-day, and the boys are bringing in any amount of eggs, chickens, honey, and other goodies too numerous to mention. We have an expert in getting honey; he throws a blanket over his head and puts socks on his hands, deliberately goes up to a bee stand, lifts a hive, carefully places it on his head with the opening to the rear, and retreats in double quick, and the bees are so surprised that

they fly out and go right back to the old stand. A man was drowned here to-day in trying to ford the stream on a horse.

April 19. It rained or rather poured this morning; started at 11 a. m. in mud ankle-deep and sticky at that, and to add to our trouble we had to ford a bog one hundred rods wide with mud and water in places waist-deep. The country is mostly pasture land: thousands of cattle can be seen on the plains. We burned a house and outbuildings where a rebel flag was flying; marched twelve miles to-day.

April 20. Marched twelve miles to-day and encamped at Opelousas; here we shall rest a day or two.

April 22. Ordered to move to the other side of the city about a mile; this order came after sundown.

April 23. Had orders to pack up and move back one-half mile.

April 24. Our brigade was reviewed by General Banks to-day: Company F has but forty-six men.

April 29. At Burn's Landing. It is estimated that there is a million dollars worth of cotton here and thousands of hogsheads of sugar and molasses. Joseph and Daniel Wentworth are sick and have been sent to New Iberia. J. W. Oxton is sick and was sent to Brashear City. G.T. Payson has been down to Bayou Bouf with sick and wounded; he is on the ambulance corps.

May 5. Left Burn's Landing at 12 m., passed through Washington at 5 p. m., marched fifteen miles

to-day, passed about fifteen hundred contrabands, and a curious-looking set they were.

May 6. Marched twenty-five miles to-day.

May 7. Marched seventeen miles to-day.

May 8. Marched seventeen miles to-day.

May II. We have taken a rest of two days, moved four miles today to Hill's plantation thirteen miles out of Alexandria on the Red river.

May 13. Most of the army have gone to Alexandria, but we are under orders to march back to Brashear City, a distance of three hundred miles, to guard a train of contrabands, horses, cattle, and sheep.

May 16. Arrived at Washington at 1 p. m. Lots of our men have the jaundice badly.

May 17. James Morton is again sick and has been sent to Burn's Landing to take the boat for Brashear city.

May 18. Arrived at Burn's Landing to-day.

May 19. Lieutenant Brown has been detailed to-day to command Company B, all their officers being sick and gone to Brashear.

May 20. The company officers have permission to be mounted and it is good business for the darkies to catch horses and pick up bridles and sadles; a full outfit costs about one dollar and a half.

May 23. We are flankers to the train, which is made up as follows: The head of the column passes a plantation and notifies the negroes

to gather up everything they can find (of course the whites have all gone except a few who fly the French flag) and fall in at the rear of the column. The cattle and sheep are gathered, horses, mules, and oxen are harnessed into plantation wagons, all the household goods that their masters have left are loaded. Then the families. old, young and decrepit pile in; they dress up in the best the house affords, some wearing "missus" silk dresses, some much too large, some too small; some are in rags, some are jet black, some with light hair and blue eyes, as if amalgamation had been carried on quite extensively. By the time the rear of the column gets along they are pretty well provided with "master's" goods and fall in on their march to freedom.

May 25. The officers had orders, much to their regret, to turn in their horses and march the rest of the way on foot. We were joined here by an officer of the regular army, so red tape had to be used, for it is not according to army regulations for line officers in the infantry to be mounted. We passed Franklin at 4 p. m. and went into camp about 7 p. m., when our rear guard passed Centreville. The rebels attacked a few stragglers and wounded a few men and took a few officers of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts, and we supposed we were attacked by Dick Taylor's whole force, which we knew were in pursuit, so we were drawn up in line of battle to best protect our long

train. We left about midnight. Frank Start was taken sick and was obliged to ride on an ambulance.

May 26. Had our breakfast at daylight and passed through Pattersonville about 8 a. m., where we were joined by a gunboat which was sent up the bayou for our protection. Arrived at Berwick Bay about 1 p. m., and sent our baggage across to Brashear.

May 27. Crossed over Brashear to-day and expect to enjoy a few days' rest, which we very much need. We have averaged since we left Hill Plantation twenty-one miles a day in this hot, unhealthy country, and are about all used up. We have marched this long five hundred miles, including stops, in just forty-three days. Our train was over ten miles long, composed of ten thousand contrabands, two thousand wagons, ten thousand mules and horses, five thousand horned cattle, beside sheep not counted.

May 28. "No rest for the weary." Left Brashear by rail at 11:30 a. m., arrived at Bayou Bouf 12:30, and took on our baggage which we had left at this place, and arrived at Algiers opposite New Orleans at 6 p. m.; distance from Brashear eighty miles, mostly heavy woodland. Went on board of steamer Fulton, with the Twenty-second Maine, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, for up river.

May 29. Arrived at Baton Rouge at 3 p. m., where we were examined by the surgeon and the sick sent to hospital. Captain Clark left us here, having had a shock of sunstroke and was obliged to go to hospital. Lieutenant Brown took command of the company. Left Baton Rouge at 5 p. m. for Port Hudson, distance twenty-five miles; marched five miles in a severe rain and encamped for the night.

May 30. Levi Morton had a severe attack of rheumatism and was sent back to Baton Rouge. Started for Port Hudson at 4 a. m., and arrived there at 7 p. m.; that is, eight arrived and answered to their names. The men were so exhausted by the long march and the heat that they were obliged to fall out and straggle in afterwards. There was a short contest with the rebels about 9 p. m. They attempted to break through the lines, but were driven back.

May 31. Our company is very much reduced in numbers, only twenty-nine at roll-call this morning. We are encamped on the woods just back of the rebel fortifications. We are getting mortars from the boats and placing them in position. The rebs are short of ammunition, for they are firing all sorts of missiles—railroad iron. flatirons, etc.

June 1. We moved back a short distance, out of range of a battery.

June 2. Very heavy cannonading last night on both sides.

June 3. We are within one-half mile of the rebel works; have been mounting heavy guns all day. It took eleven pairs of oxen to haul one gun from Springfield Landing.

June 4. Very heavy firing on

both sides last night. To-day we are using but three or four guns, while the enemy seldom fire at all.

June 5. Moved up to support the batteries at 4 a. m. We are now lying in trenches covered with brush to keep off the sun. The mortar boats have been arriving all day; sent reinforcements to Clinton, as there was a little skirmish there last night.

June 9. All our guns opened on them at eleven this morning, and the reports averaged one a minute. No firing last night; were digging riflepits and trenches. Lieutenant Norwood has charge of a crew of men to lay bridges between here and the front. This afternoon a shell from our gun set fire to a building stored with corn within their works, and it burned to the ground.

June 10. The gunboats and mortar-boats kept up a constant fire last night, and the heavens were aglow with bursting meteors. There are now but eleven commissioned officers left in our regiment; the rest are sick and off duty.

June 11. We have now two hundred cannon and mortars mounted on land, and as many more on water. Those on land are all protected by cotton or sand-bags. Last night at precisely twelve all our guns, both land and river, opened on them, and the continual roar of four hundred heavy guns made the scene truly sublime, and, as if to add terror to the sublime, heaven's artillery opened and seemed to vie with earth's for the mastery. We never before saw so sharp lightning or heard so heavy thunder. The scene was ter-

rific and terrible. The enemy did not reply with any vigor. It commenced raining about half-past three, and put a stop to the little game of partridge shooting.

June 12. Opened a terrific fire on them at 11 a.m., and kept it up until noon, and then sent in a flag of truce, demanding their surrender. We are ordered to move on their works at 2 to-morrow morning.

June 14. Formed a line of battle at 2 a. m. We are held as reserve to Paine's and Grover's division: the other regiments of the brigade moved up to charge the rebel works. There is heavy firing to the front. Stretchers are being borne past us with wounded. General Paine of our division was wounded in scaling the works, but we cannot get him. We are now ordered to the front and pass over a hill. Bullets fly thick and fast. A man in Company D is wounded. We turn to the right and move at a steep pitch; our colonel is ordered to take charge of the brigade. Captain Barker of Company I takes command of the regiment. We are within twenty feet of the works. Orders are given to charge. Company A goes forward; Company F goes forward. Lieutenant Brown of Company F is here wounded and carried from the field, and Sergeant John O. Fuller takes command of Company F. We are repulsed along the whole line and obliged to lie in trenches under the rebel works all day and fall back during the night. Thus closed one of the most disastrous assaults of the war. Thus far we have lost eighteen hundred men in killed and wounded, without being

any nearer capturing the works than when we began. A scene at the field hospital during the battle: The hospital covers one-fourth acre of ground, surrounded by trees driven into the ground and bushes put up for awnings. There are several tables on which lie wounded soldiers. usually under the influence of some drug, and at each table one or more surgeons probing for bullets or amputating limbs. The limbs amputated were being carried out and buried as fast as taken off, and the men, as soon as their wounds were dressed, were carried to an old sugar house fitted up for a hospital.

June 15. The hospital was to-day surrounded by rebel cavalry, who demanded all the arms in the building, and the surgeon in charge ordered them delivered up, but before the order could be carried out, our cavalry came in sight and the rebels left. There are about twelve patients in a room; have three nurses by day. and five by night. Doctors visit at least once a day. At the officers' hospital they have for breakfast, coffee, roast beef, biscuits, butter, applesauce, and pie; dinner, mutton soup, chicken pie, beet pickles, cucumber pickles, apple-pie, and tea. Officers pay their own fare - seventy-five cents a day. Captain Clark of Company F has charge of a convalescent camp at Baton Rouge.

July 7. Since the battle of June 14. our regiment has guarded a section of the Twenty-first Indiana Heavy Artillery, within musket shot of the rebel works, and Lieutenant Norwood has been in command of Company F. Received despatches

from General Grant, announcing the surrender of Vicksburg. The boys made the welkin ring with shouts of joy. The rebs, learning the commotion, ventured to raise their heads above the ramparts and ask the cause. When informed that Vicksburg had surrendered. General Gardiner, in command of the works, sent an officer under a flag of truce to learn the facts. General Banks sent him a copy of Grant's official despatch.

July 8. Port Hudson surrendered to-day.

July 10. Our service in the field ends to-day and we are preparing for home.

July 25. Having gathered our sick and wounded, we embarked on board the river boat *Cheesman* for up river. Our men are exhausted and many too sick to move, but there is no alternative.

July 29. Samuel Annis of Company F died to-day, also Horatio N. Woodbury of Company D. We buried them both in one grave at a place on the river banks called Lake Bolivia. We made a coffin for Annis out of boards we procured from the captain of the boat, and Captain Clark of Company F engraved his name and age and date of his death on a board, and placed it at the head of his grave.

August 2. Arrived at Cairo, Ill. Sent a despatch home for our friends to meet us at Bangor Saturday next. Left Isaac Tolman, Charles Heninway, S. J. Currier, and Hiram Pike, who were too sick to proceed, at Mound City hospital. We took the Illinois Central for Chicago, thence

by the Lake Shore route to Buffalo. Here we left sick James B. Newall, Joseph Morton, and Minot Barnes. Arrived at Bangor about 10 a. m., August 9th, where we were met by our friends, and welcomed most cordially by the citizens of Bangor. In fact, people all through the free states on our way home gave us enthusiastic greetings.

August 17. Mustered out of the United States service by Lieutenant J. E. Crossman of the Seventeenth United States Infantry. The time since we arrived here has been spent in making out discharge papers and pay rolls. We have received news that Isaac Tolman died at Mound City on August 11, and James Newall, Joseph Morton, and Minot Barnes died at Buffalo about August 9.

The following names, ages, and rank denote the roll of the company as organized; the remarks denote the changes while in service:

A. E. Clark, 30, captain; W. F. Brown. 27, lieutenant, wounded June 14, 1863, at Port Hudson; W. E. Norwood, 21, lieutenant; J. W. Coombs, 41, sergeant, discharged at Fortress Monroe March 6, 1863, for disability; J. S. Fuller, 22, sergeant; H. M. Lamb, 30; Dennis McCarty, 29, sergeant, transferred to brigade band; N. B. Millikin, 24, sergeant, sick at home when discharged; H. H. Buzzell, 34, corporal, promoted to sergeant; William Codman, 21, corporal, promoted to color sergeant; H. Ewell, Jr., 29, corporal, killed in the battle of Irish Bend April 14, 1863; C. Sumner, 22, corporal; E. C. Long, 42, corporal; W. F. Horton, 29, corporal; B. J. Simmons, 26, corporal; H. B. Easton, 26, transferred to brigade band; G. S. Kimball, 18, musician; F. J. Currier, 19, wagoner, left sick at Mound City.

Privates.—Samuel Annis, 42, died July 29, 1863, on the way home; Samuel Ayers, 23; C. S. Ball, 22; B. O. Barrows, 35; G. S. Barrows, 44; M. N. Barnes, 18, left sick at Buffalo, on the way home, August 6, died August 9, 1863; E. S. Blake, 23; W. E. Clough, 20, promoted to musician; Isaac Clough, 42, wounded at Irish Bend, April 14, 1863; S. F. Conant, 19; S. C. Crockett, 21; H. A. Cross, 23; Edward Eaton, 22, promoted to corporal; G. A. Farrar, 18, killed at Irish Bend, April 14, 1863; Alexander Farrar, 42; Francis French, 28, died at New Orleans: J. H. Gardner, 29; W. B. Glover. 24, died at New Orleans; Freeman Hall, 29; Seth Heal, 37; C. H. Hemenway, 28, left sick at Mound City, August 2, 1863; Gage Hook. 34; N. B. Hopkins, 35, wounded April 14, 1863, at Irish Bend; Edward Hopkins, 24, left sick at Brashear City; Elbridge Hopkins, 24. sent to New Orleans, sick, April 9, 1863; P. A. Horton, 28; G. F. Hosmer, 21; J. S. Keller, 26; J. Z. Keller, 27; Stephen Michaels, 31; Frank Milliken, 26, promoted to commissary sergeant; Alfred Miller, 20; James Morton, 27; Joseph Morton, 37, left sick at Buffalo, died August 9, 1863; Levi Morton, 35; C. J. H. Ness, 38; J. B. Newell, 44, left sick at Buffalo, died August 9, 1863; James Nutt, 31: W. H. Ott, 40: J. A. Oxton, 35, discharged for disability April 29, 1863; J. W. Oxton, 22; S. E. Packard, 26; O. P. Paul, 40, discharged for disability January 31, 1863; G. M. Payson, 41; N. E. Pendleton, 21; Eben Philbrook, 44; Hiram Pike, left sick at Mound City August 2, 1863; George Prince, 22; Ephraim Reynolds, 22; P. F. Richards, 29; Osborn Rokes, 22; Cyrus Sherman, 27; Rufus Shibles, 44; G. A. Simmons, 25; F. L. Start, 19; G. E. Thorndike, 32, died November 24, 1862, at Alexandria. Va.; J. C. Thorndike: Isaac Tolman, 28, left sick at Mound City August 2, died August 11, 1863; S. C. Tyler, 26, wounded at Irish Bend April 14, 1863; F. M. Veazie, 18; E. H. Walden, 18; J. B. Wentworth, 20;

Daniel Wentworth, 32; Alexander Wetherbee, 27, promoted to corporal; William Webster, 22; J. C. Whittier, 44, detailed as wagoner; J. F. Whittier, 20; R. H. Young, 21, promoted to sergeant-major.

We were in the United States service eleven months and seven days, and by the above roll we lost a fraction over 22 per cent. We arrived at our home, Camden, and received a most hearty welcome. We think we did as much as any of the nine months' regiments and as much as some of the three years' regiments. The climatic diseases of the extreme South reduced our effective members, but we feel that we did our whole duty.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

[Omitted from page 298]

We left Camp John Pope at 8 a. m., October 23, by way of Waterville, Lewiston, and Portland, and arrived in Boston at midnight, stopped in Faneuil Hall until 10 o'clock, thence via New London by steamer City of Boston to Jersey City. There our hearts were saddened by the loss of Alonzo Clark of Company A, who was run over by an incoming train, and died in a few hours. Jersey City October 25 at 7:20 a. m., and arrived at Philadelphia at 2:30 p. m., where refreshments were served by the ladies. Arrived in Baltimore at 3:20 a.m., on the morning of the twenty-sixth, marched one mile and rested until 4 p. m., thence by rail for Washington, where we arrived at II: 30 p. m., got our supper, and slept in barracks. On the morning of October 27, we went up and viewed the Capitol, which was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and beheld for the first time men who had been struck by missiles of war. We took up our line of march, crossed the Potomac by the chain bridge, one and one-fourth miles long, and marched five miles to Arlington Heights.

October 28. Slept on the ground in a snow-storm, without tents. Our tents and rations arrived the next afternoon. John C. Whittier of our company was appointed teamster this day. We are brigaded with the Twenty-second, Twenty-fifth,

and Twenty-seventh Maine, under command of Colonel Fessenden of the Twenty-fifth Maine.

October 30. J. W. Coombs, on account of ill health, has exchanged places with H. I. Lamb, and now Lamb is orderly sergeant. We removed to Camp Tom Casey to-day.

November 3. Been out felling trees to-day, white oak and hick-ory. The logs are cut twenty-two feet long, to be used in building breastworks. The boys killed a possum, which was cooked for dinner, and made a most excellent dish. George E. Thorndike was taken violently sick with congestion of the brain.

November 11. Been out to Fort Crage to-day, building breastworks for the better protection of Washington. There are about fifteen miles of continual breastworks on this side of the Potomac, which are eight feet high above the ditch; the ditch is six feet deep and all mounted with heavy guns. Dennis McCarty and H. P. Easton are transferred to brigade band, and William E. Codman to colorbearer.

November 14. James C. Cleveland took dinner with us to-day, and right glad were we to see him. He has been very sick, and is now looking far from well.

November 15. Governor Washburn of Maine has been here looking after the Maine troops.

November 16. Left here this morning and marched to Alexandria, a distance of five miles,

where we embarked on the steamer *Pocahontas* for Fortress Monroe. Left George Thorndike at Alexandria.

November 19. General Banks not having arrived, we disembarked at Newport News. Monitor is in sight, the Cumberland spars are in full view just as she was sunk by the Merrimac; she went down with two hundred souls on board. We are encamped but a few rods from Hampden Roads near the mouth of the James The top of the frigate Congress, which was burned in the fight with the Merrimac, is in full view; the monitors Galena and Ironside are in sight. The boys have been bringing boards half a mile for floors to their tents to keep above the wet and mud.

November 20. Paid off for the first time, soldiers paid from September 10th to October 31st, officers paid from October 11th to October 31st.

November 27. J. W. Oxton was taken sick with fever and sent to hospital. Thanksgiving day we had sweet potatoes, fried steak, white bread, and boiled onions for dinner.

November 28. Mr. Paul has got his discharge for disability. Had notice of G. E. Thorndike's death at Alexandria, November 24, '62.

December 1. Charles Heminway was detailed as an assistant in hospital.

December 2. Re-embarked on steamer *Pocahontas* with sealed orders, to be broken only when

separated from the rest of the fleet.

December 4. The fleet of fifteen transports and their consorts were a grand sight as they steamed out of Hampton Roads at 6 p. m. sharp. Each vessel followed its leader. The first night a gale was encountered off Hatteras, which separated the fleet, driving our steamer a hundred miles to sea. Sealed orders were broken, disclosing Ship Island as our destination.

December 6. Made Hatteras again about 5 p. m. The bunks of Company F came down; many of the horses were thrown down and rolled against each other in their struggles; most of the men were seasick, and said that they enlisted to fight the rebels, but objected to fighting the elements.

December 8. Very pleasant, sighted land near the Savannah river.

December 9. Saw the Florida coast.

December 11. Passed Key West about 11000.

December 14. Arrived at Ship Island 7:30 p. m. The colonel has been on board the flag-ship for orders. Ordered to New Orleans.

December 17. Arrived at Baton Rouge at 8 o'clock, which was occupied by a few rebel troops, but a few shots dislodged them and the troops landed at 11 a.m. and went into quarters.

December 20. Our company was on picket last night.

December 23. James Morton

was taken down with typhoid fever and sent to hospital. The men are building a brick oven for our company. Levi Morton is sick with fever and Daniel Wentworth is quite sick. A large number of men are now sick. Salt is worth here one dollar per pound.

December 28. The state house is on fire, set by rebel prisoners. Butter fifty cents, cheese fifty cents, eggs one dollar per dozen, apples eight cents apiece, oranges one cent.

January 2. There are about twenty thousand troops here and still coming. Fred Hosmor is pretty sick; there are fifteen of our company unfit for duty. We are encamped on the battle ground of Baton Rouge, where the Fourteenth Maine under Nickerson fought so bravely.

January 3. Our company was out on picket last night, had a very rough and stormy night. We brought in five contrabands, paid twenty-five cents for a New Orleans paper.

January 8. On picket again: our picket line extends around and about two miles from camp. On each post are three men: one man watches while the other two rest two hours on and four off.

January 12. Were brigaded today with the Twenty-fifth Connecticut, and Fourth Wisconsin, under command of Colonel Paine.

January 13. Long roll called to see how quickly we could get ready for action.

January 22. We moved about

one-half mile up river and were brigaded with the Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York, under Colonel Henry W. Birge of the Thirteenth Connecticut. This makes seven times we have moved camp since we have been here. When we last moved, they told us it was for the winter, so we fixed up ever so nice, toted bricks nearly half a mile from an old building which was demoralized by Uncle Sam's big guns, and laid nice sidewalks the whole length of

our quarters, and built a nice oven to bake in, and just got everything in apple-pie order when came the aggravating order to move.

January 23. Cleared twelve acres of land for a parade ground. The way we get out stumps and other obstructions is to fasten a chain to them, then bend on about a hundred men or so, and something is bound to come. Man labor is cheaper than mule labor; the mule must be spared for there is more fuss made over a dead mule than a dead soldier.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, United States Army.

MARCH TO THE ANTIETAM—BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers was then a part of the Fifth Corps (Fitz John Porter), First Division (Morell), First Brigade (Martindale), now commanded by Colonel James Barnes, of the Eighteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was composed of the Second Maine, First Michigan, Eighteenth Massachusetts, Twenty-second Massachusetts, Twenty-fifth New York, Thirteenth New York, and First Berdan Sharpshooters.

It was merely bivouacked a few hundred yards southwest of the old camp it had occupied the previous winter, and the remains of its old stockaded Sibley tents were distinctly visible across the little run. It

bore evidence of its disastrous campaign on the Peninsula, and its march from Acquia Creek, via Bull Run, to this place. To the uninitiated eves of our recruits what a looking regiment it was! At the Battle of Gaines Mills they had "piled their knapsacks," had been nearly surrounded by "Stonewall" Jackson: had fought an unequal contest with great gallantry; had "skipped out" and lost everything, and were now without even shelter tents, blankets, overcoats, etc.; many were barefooted, and their clothes were ragged and torn. Some wore straw hats of every shape and color, others a black or white slouch, while many sported a vizorless cap of that unique pattern so well remembered by all old soldiers, almost impossible to describe, which had increased the

brown on their faces to a rich mahogany.

How mean we recruits did feel in our good clothes, spick-and-span-new. We felt like jerking them off as we had seen the drunken sailor (?) in the circus, and letting them go as far as they would.

Shortly after our arrival in this camp, the pickets of the Second Maine and First Michigan were driven in from the direction of Fair-Court-House. The sounded the assembly, across the hills, and the brigade with a battery was soon in motion. This was our first experience of actual war, and our boyish enthusiasm and eagerness to get into battle as soon as possible, was nowhere so prominently displayed as in the letters we wrote home after this event, and our disappointment at not being allowed to go with the regiment to the point of danger was keen and genuine. What did we come out for-simply to draw and eat rations? And when were we going to have a chance at a "Johnny"?

It was but an alarm, and they soon returned. The scenes about the bivouac fires that night as we gathered in groups and listened to the stories of our newly-found veteran companions of the Peninsular campaign, were vivid and soul-inspiring, and our fevered imaginations pictured with unrestrained eagerness the coming years and glory of service to our country.

Our letters say:

"In Camp, Twenty-second Regiment, Hall's Hill, September 5, 1862. I am at my new home, and my joy is

full. The way stations on the journey have been too disagreeable for a pleasant remembrance, and I consider the experience of them the forgotten things of the past, and am happy and contented in the present. Our little family of brave men were delighted to see us last night (only twenty-six in Captain Thompson's company), and at night the campfires were crowded with scarred and war-worn veterans' faces, anxious to hear from home. They have now been on the march for three weeks from Harrison's Landing, and arrived here night before last at the same company ground they left so full of hope and big in numbers last spring, now a small band of noble men, only numbering one hundred and fifty men fit for duty when we got here. I am now e pluribus unum and am glad I am in an old regiment. Henry Wilson was here to see them as soon as they arrived, and they say he cried like a child when he saw how devoid of everything they were. The regiment idolizes him as their benefactor, and as the one who is ever having an eye single to their well-being. He is the man above all others who has done so much for the poor soldier, and I say all honor to the kindhearted Natick shoemaker, a man worthy of high position in the senate chamber.

"Some of these poor chaps have had nothing to cover their poor bodies these cold September nights but a thin blouse and tattered breeches; their shirts gone, and their shoes and stockings; they lost everything at Gaines Mills. We are going to have new muskets and light blue pants; already does the regiment begin to assume order in everything after all the confusion and chaos of the last month.

"I am glad that I am here, for everything bids fair to be as gay as can be. We begin to draw rations as a company now, and it is cooked well. This morning I drew the first ration of coffee, and it was as good as it could be without milk and sugar. I drank it down with a relish, and I have not tasted it before for a week, not even of my own making, it was so sickening to my stomach.

"When we got here last night we met Captain Thompson, who was glad enough to see us; he is a man of few words, and very unassuming, but looks like a brave man, and every inch a soldier when on duty; at other times he mingles freely with his soldiers and eats with them, and has now an old hut made of leaves for his quarters, while the rest of the 'shoulder straps' have their fine tents, etc.

"Our lieutenants are both gone, the second lieutenant, Shute, being still at home. . . . Our other lieutenant (Salter) was killed before Richmond, but our drill-master, Billy Salter, brother to Tom Salter (first lieutenant), is alive, and we have commenced to like him very much; he is a genuine favorite, and the best-drilled fellow in the company; he is the best sergeant in the regiment, so Captain T. says.

"We have been drilled for the first time this morning, and I never felt better in my life. We were drilled in a squad without muskets, and went through the various steps and facings common to company drill: we were complimented by the sergeant, who said we should be able to take our muskets in hand in a day or two. It is even so, for our boys are all smart and intelligent; we learn quick, and have a good teacher, both worthy of each other. . . . John is now here; he came up with a fellow named West, and I will stop this letter writing in the hot sun until he leaves.

"John has gone now; he is going to the camps of the Twelfth and Thirteenth (Mass.) Regiments: when he gets back to Tillinghast (Fort), he will have to come a spread eagle on a cannon wheel for leaving without permission, so Captain Sargent told them if they went away. John received Gene's note asking him to be at the National Hotel, Washington, last Saturday, but he could n't get over. . . . I am sorry he has been so sick, and it is a great surprise to me to learn of the bare possibility of his being a Massachusetts colonel. It has been spoken of in several of the letters the boys received last night. We are all going up to Fort Tillinghast to get some beans Sunday, if we get a pass: John invited us. I mean to obey all rules and regulations now, but while in the chrysalis state I mean to hook, run guards, etc., etc.

"It meant nothing but red tape, so we didn't care; now we are in the regiment, and I am bound to be straight, as an example to others.

"When we got here last night the

pickets of the First Michigan and Second Maine were driven in (they belong to our brigade) by a brigade of rebels, near Fairfax Court-House. The bugle's call to arms sounded across the fields, and they were soon on the move with Martin's Battery (formerly Follet's, which went out with the Twenty-second). marched about a mile and were ordered back. The recruits were denied the privilege of going with them. Our pickets told some great stories. Tell Mother that we are soon to have some woolen blankets and some small tents. We slept on the ground last night; there was a heavy dew. I spread my rubber blanket and Edgar and I slept on it, with his woolen blanket over us.. . I hear that letter writing has been prohibited in the Army of the Potomac; I hope this will be allowed to go safely. The rebels are shelling the woods five miles distant, while I am writing; I can hear the cannon boom as plainly as though they were right here.

"There is a tremendous army about here, everywhere, in camps, and at night it is a sight to behold. I have to write with pencil now, for a few days ago I spilt my ink. Depend upon it, my dear sister, we are happy now and in good spirits."

" HALL'S HILL, Sept. 5, 1862.

"You can never know how I felt, after four weeks of jolting round, lying out in all sorts of weather, no tents, no blankets, nothing to eat but raw pork and 'hardtack' (so hard that it is almost impossible to break them), after all our hardships and

privations, and after our hard, hot, dusty march of yesterday, to get that letter. It was like a bright light, dispelling the gloom; like a shining star in the black, cloudy night. You need not think that I am suffering so much; this lying on the ground and eating this food is tough at first, and so is drinking bad, muddy water, but you soon get used to it, and it does not seem as bad as you imagine. I have seen the time when I would not honestly give the food that I have eaten to the swine, but now, when I am hungry, salt pork tastes as good as chicken and the hardtack as good as biscuits. So you see that it is all in getting used to these things.

"Now it was awful hard at first to put on my coat and lie down on the ground with a knapsack for a pillow, but now I can lie down with perfect composure and sleep; not as sweetly as at home, to be sure, for it is so awful cold nights here that you can 't do it. Sometimes we make up a hot fire, and all lie with our feet to it, and even then in the morning we are wet and shivering. The dew is like rain; the days are hot, though, and so it goes—hot days and cold nights.

"Probably you have seen pictures of soldiers lying about a camp-fire, have you not? If not, I must describe it. You will see some in their shirt-sleeves, some cooking, some smoking, some sleeping, some telling stories of their terrible campaign on the Peninsula—all this, with the bright glare of the fires all around, goes to make up one of the

most beautiful pictures that can be imagined.

"We are now near Ball's Cross Roads, where the sharp skirmish was. Fall's Church is about a mile from here, where another fight was. General McClellan is in command of the whole Army of Virginia: Pope's, Banks's, McDowell's, and Sigel's armies are all around us in a circuit of eight or ten miles; the rebels are about four miles from here. They do not think the fight will be here, but at Edward's Ferry, about twenty miles from here, near the famous Ball's Bluff battle-ground. We may stop here some time, and if I go on picket, which I shall probably do in a day or two, I will write you more exciting news; as it is now, it is quite dull, with the exception of the great masses of troops that are continually passing near us.

"I have changed very much since I left; as I sit now you would hardly know me. I am under a tree in shirt-sleeves, writing on an old barrel head, and my black face and hands, shaved head, etc., make a roughlooking youth of me. You ought to see the other fellows, some that left home a year ago. I hardly knew them. They have been on the march twenty-one days, and are all exhausted and beaten out.

"This morning I went foraging, and got corn, potatoes, cabbages, beets, etc., to make a grand boiled dinner. It was a great treat, after living so long on nothing; it tasted like home. It is fun to see the boys roasting corn and potatoes, frying meat, and making coffee. I can

cook most anything now in a rude way. Excuse this penciling, as it is almost impossible to write with pen and ink; also excuse the general looks and writing. It has blown away twice and has got soiled. I am very tired, as I am sitting with my back against a small tree. I have been on drill once since I commenced this letter, and as I expect to have to drill again in a few minutes, I will close."

We wrote many letters from here, describing little matters and incidents about camp, and our first impressions, etc., but although interesting, they would prove altogether too voluminous for the limits of these articles.

At dark on the night of the 6th. we were suddenly ordered to move. This was to be our first march beside the veterans from the Peninsula, and our pride was touched. It came hard; every strap cut at every step. The "bureau" was full of good things, and hung off like a camel's hump enlarged. Every movement was painful. Nothing could be heard but the tramp, tramp, the clink, clink, of the tin dippers or coffee cups against the bayonets, and the low murmuring of voices as we moved rapidly along in the darkness.

The laugh and jest had long ago died out, and each individual in that hurrying column was a busy thinker, a machine, which, once set in motion, goes to the utmost of its endurance. The knapsacks we wore had been purchased for us by our father in Boston. They were "patent," were

small, with narrow breast straps, and were ill-suited for packing or carrying loads under any circumstance, and especially now that we had no instruction in arranging the same. It was a hard march, but all did well, and morning found us on Arlington Heights with an immense army all about us. Our bivouac was at Fort Worth, near Fairfax seminary, not far from Fort Ellsworth, which we had left but a few days before, and which the regiment had helped to But after making coffee, we again took up the march, passed the seminary towards Fairfax Court-House, and after winding about in various directions, finally pitched upon a spot, as an old soldier remarked, "especially adapted to the regiment," the ground being covered with stumps, stones, underbrush, and briars.

We had scarcely cleared a space large enough to spread our blankets and lie down upon, before we were ordered to "Fall in" under arms immediately. We got into line and awaited the next order, which did not come. We lay upon our arms all night, and in the morning drew rations. We remained all day in this place, and on the 9th, at 8 a. m., moved again.

After marching a few miles in rather a perplexing manner, we turned off to the left, passed by Fort Albany on the Alexandria road, and up over Arlington Heights, and finally halted near Fort Corcoran. Here the command was mustered for pay, received many visitors and boxes, whose contents were nearly or quite spoiled, and some

knapsacks, out of which a few menextracted some desirable articles and flung the knapsacks away.

Morell's division had been left in the fortifications, while the balance of the Fifth Corps was already on the march into Maryland to intercept the advance of the enemy, now overrunning the state.

The camp of our regiment was on the slope of a very steep hill. No sooner did we go to sleep than we woke up to find ourselves down at the foot of the slope, where we had gradually slipped. The camp was thoroughly "policed," rations of "soft bread" were drawn, and on the 11th some clothing. Three days' rations were issued towards night, which was equivalent to an order to move, and, on the morning of the 12th, when it did come, at 8 a. m., the cooks, not having time to cook the meat, left it on the ground, to be brought along in the wagons, if there was room, if not, to be thrown away as usual.

A soldier will not carry more than his haversack will hold. The turnpikes were full of soldiers moving forward to join this great force, and at night their camp-fires lighted up the surrounding hillside with innumerable fires. Their glorious and genuine cheers resounded in every valley. It was an inspiring sight to us in our embryo state of soldierhood. We lay behind the fortifications looking expectantly for the conflict to begin.

Pope had been defeated; McClellan deposed; petty jealousies and internal dissensions had taken the place of what ought to have been a united

army under the leadership of a general in whom it could have implicit confidence. Even the recruits felt this and knew the situation, although we fully realized that we could not all be generals.

General McClellan was still looked up to by the masses and the troops, as the only man then competent to command the army which he had been instrumental in creating, organizing, and molding into shape. It was a very critical period; there was apparent, even to our verdant selves, much disgraceful confusion and disorganization. He assumed command. In the hurried reorganization, many things so essential to the comfort and morale of the rank and file, were overlooked, which afterwards resulted in unnecessary suffering, beyond our power to relieve, causing much growling and grumbling among the men in the ranks, no more so than among the recruits just joined, but especially among the Peninsular veterans, who had, many of them, by this time, got their stomachs more than full, and their appetites thoroughly appeased.

It had rained on the night of the 11th, just enough to soak our blankets and clothing, without laying the dust or cooling the atmosphere. On the morning of the 12th, soon after reveille and before our breakfast was finished, pack up was sounded, and we were soon moving across the old acqueduct bridge, through Georgetown to Capitol Hill, where we were expected to take cars for Frederick; but upon reaching the high ground south of the capitol, the orders were countermanded, and, countermarch-

ing, we took the Rockville road. Our colonel, Jesse A. Gove, formerly captain of the Tenth United States Infantry, had been killed at Gaines Mill. We were now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William Stowell Tilton, of Boston, who, having been wounded and captured at Gaines Mill, and exchanged, had joined us on the 10th, near Fort Ellsworth, the regiment giving him three cheers.

A new regiment, the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, had been assigned to our brigade, the famous "corn exchange" of Philadelphia. It was brand new, gay, and gaudy in its complete outfit, and what baggage it carried! It held over even us recruits. The wet, heavy loads soon began to tell upon the men, especially upon our new-found friends from Pennsylvania. The heat was intolerable, the dust almost suffocating, blinding our eyes and filling our noses and mouths to overflowing; fine and penetrating, it sifted into our faces, which, wet with perspiration, soon changed the appearance of the moving column. The expressions of the countenances were certainly irresistibly comical, and one could have hardly refrained from laughing at the dust- and sweat-bestreaked face of some individual who. with rueful glance, looked with such a pleading, beseeching expression, seemingly asking for sympathies, which, under the circumstances, could not be given, had not the condition of all been so nearly alike. Every step was a weary and painful effort, and there was need for great pluck and powers of endurance.

Our bivouac for the night was just

beyond Silver Spring on the Rock-ville road. Soon after we made camp, orders were given to leave all unnecessary things behind to be taken back to Washington. By the light of the fire, all superfluous things were packed, and many now reduced themselves to the clothes they stood in, rations, cartridges, rifle, and canteen.

The straggling had been terrible. Everywhere along the route were to be seen the stragglers of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, always to be recognized by the huge, brass regulation letters and numbers on their caps. They literally strewed the road. many a convenient fence corner could be seen a council of war deliberating, while overhauling their loads, as to whether the Jamaica ginger, soap, writing (patent) desks, blacking, tactics, emery powder, cholera powder, pills, paper collars, extra shirts, etc., should be dropped from their "bureaus," now discovered to be a "little heavy," much to the delight of the Peninsular "vets," who, while unmercifully chaffing us, now regaled themselves and their light-loaded bodies with many a long-denied article at our expense.

Stragglers were coming in all night, and ludicrous were the sights and comical the questions asked by some of these patriots of Uncle Sam, as they wandered about in the darkness after their commands.

The march to Frederick City, via Rockville. Seneca Mills, Clarksburg, Hyattstown, and Urbana, was a terrible one upon those who had just joined. and on the 14th of September, when our march kept step with the booming of the cannon from the South Mountain battle-field, after a twenty-four mile march and without rations, we camped on the banks of the Monocacy river. We, chafed, sorefooted, and empty recruits, reckoned we had struck a "crusher" for our initiation, and—well, we wished ourselves snugly and safely at home in the good old state of Massachusetts.

At this bivouac, on the edge of Frederick, the writer thought he would be safer and secure better sleep, perhaps avoid a wetting, by getting under one of the wagons. A mule is not particular whether he eats a wagon pole, the harnesses or the canvas cover, chews his mate's tail or—regales himself on a recruit. They were very hungry, had been pushed all day, and gave vent to their uneasiness and weariness by the longest drawn-out brays, groans, and wee-hawings.

Finally, one of them, after vainly endeavoring to masticate his ironbound feed-box, smelled the writer, this fresh recruit, and seizing him by the blouse, dragged him forth for a better chance at him.

The writer had been in dreamland, and when he discovered where he was and what had him, he almost shrieked aloud. He never slept under a wagon after that; he did n't like that kind of a nightmare.

As we passed through Frederick on the morning of the 15th, we halted for a short time in one of the main streets. The good Samaritans of the loyal old town vied with each other in contributions of water. Bread in loaves as large as a milk pan, and often fruit were pressed upon our unwilling (?), but grateful, victims (?).

On the sidewalks were many prisoners who had just been sent in from the field of South Mountain. Among them were some North Carolinians, as slim as a lath and as tall as a church spire. They were gathered in groups. Pretty soon, two of their number, who seemed to be pointing out and gesticulating towards our colonel, drawled out in the usual "Tar-heel" vernacular, " I say, Bill, thar's the 'old cock' we uns had a prisoner at Richmond." The other looked again, and nodding assent, replied loudly, "I reckon you uns is right." The colonel pricked up his ears. Before the war, it was said, he had been in the tobacco business in Richmond, and after being wounded and captured, he was confined, it seems, through some singular freak of fortune, in his old warehouse. . His old acquaintances, upon learning that he was there, placed the following placard upon the door: "If the friends of Col. W. S. Tilton wish to see him, they will find him at his former place of business." Colonel Tilton had but just rejoined, was scarcely recovered from his wound, and this, with the remark of the prisoners, intended for his ears, nettled him. He turned his angry face towards the elongated "Tar-heelers," and with a strong, nasal twang, for which he was noted, said, "Yes, you d-d scoundrels! I'm the same 'old cock,' but blank! blank!! you'll never get him there again!"

Our bivouac that night in the

valley of Middletown was near where a long bridge had been burned by the rebels. It was Frederick's loveliest surroundings, and lives yet in our memories. It was a picture of unparalleled beauty. Innumerable camp-fires sprung up as if by magic; groups of men were about them; a moon lent its enchantment to the scene. As far as the eye could reach in that extensive valley, it was a grand, illuminated panoramic view.

Wagons were parked, their long rows of white canvas tops reflected in the moonlight; horses were at the picket ropes; mules at the wagon tongues. The former were neighing their shrillest notes; the latter wee-hawing their loudest brays: men were bringing in forage and armfuls of rails, and soon the expectant sounds gave way to munching, and with coffee-cup in hand all were happy, man and beast, regardless of to-morrow's dangers and duties.

As we wound along the hilly road leading to South Mountain on the morning of the 16th, we met more prisoners on the road and the wound ed being conveyed to the hospitals at Frederick. Here we observed the camp of the regulars on the left of the road, and a moment later, much to our joy and surprise, saw our brother coming down the slope to the side of the road, and were soon walking with him towards the gap in the mountains.

In a letter dated "Camp near Boonsborough, September 17, 1862." he says:

"Thank God, I have seen the boys! We were encamped near the battle-field of Middletown with a

crowd of prisoners, awaiting to be relieved by a regiment of General Morell's division. I knew that he belonged to General Porter's corps, and thought the Twenty-second might be with him. After waiting two days, General Morell arrived. I had just got up and washed my face, when I saw the division pass. I rushed down and inquired for the Twenty-second; it was just passing. Bob rushed at me; Walter soon followed. I walked along with them two miles and then returned. They both looked hearty and well. I asked them if they wanted money, and they said "No." Walter had enough; Bob had lost his all-somewhere. I shall look for them again, but. Father, one or both may now be sleeping his last sleep. We are having a terrible battle; it commenced at daylight this morning and has been raging furiously all day. All other battles in this country are merely skirmishes compared to it.

"Jackson took Harper's Ferry with the entire garrison. Franklin has probably retaken it. Jackson crossed the river to Virginia, and recrossed above with a part of his corps to assist Lee, etc., against McClellan. Burnside has the left, forcing them up from Harper's Ferry; Sumner and Fitz John Porter have the centre.

"The rebels have only two fords. Franklin is trying to cut them off from one, and Hooker the other. We have taken many prisoners, but the fighting has been bloody and obstinate. General Mansfield is killed, and Generals Hartsuff and Meagher wounded. The fighting has ceased

for the night. What will the morrow bring forth? I understood that General Morell's division would be held in reserve with the regulars; if so, I think they have not been engaged. Do not be too anxious. I will do all I possibly can to find out about them. I think 'Little Mac' has taken them this time. We have slaughtered them fearfully, and driven them some. Our artillery has a greater range than theirs. I saw the fight at Middletown (South Mountain), and will tell you about it as soon as possible."

Our brother of the artillery writes a letter dated, "Fort Tillinghast, September 7, 1862," and says:

"Walt and Bob I have seen quite often. Frank Kimball stopped with me Thursday night, he being too sick to go to his regiment. Friday he felt much better, and I took his gun and knapsack, and went with him to Hall's hill, where the Twenty-second lay. I spent about two hours with the boys, read your letters, etc. Poor boys! You little know what they will have to suffer; yet they seem contented, and I hope they will be so. I was going to see them to-day, but I hear they have all gone, and do not know where. Hall's hill is about five miles from our camp."

"Hospital, Fort Albany.

"September 17, 1862.

"You will perceive that I am now in the hospital; I have been quite sick for the past week, having had a severe attack of jaundice, and am not much better now, excepting that I am not so sick at my stomach as I have been.

"My skin is about as yellow as it well can be. I do not have any bed to lie on, and the rats have a 'battalion drill' over my body about every night. Last night a poor devil (as a soldier is called here) died next to me, and I did not know it until morning, he died so easily. The doctor had not been to see him for twenty-four hours.

"I am now sitting on the floor, writing on a box, having made a penholder with a knife, borrowed paper and envelope, and have got a stamp that Kate enclosed for me to forward a letter to Bob, but as I sometime ago delivered that letter in person, I have decided to 'freeze' to the stamp.

"They (Bob and Walt) encamped a short distance from Tillinghast for a day or two, but I woke up one morning and found they had departed, but do not know where they have gone. I hear that they are with McClellan's victorious army, and hope they are safe.

"If I do not soon get relieved of this 'yellow fever,' I shall not be fit for anything. You must miss Bob and Walt greatly, and I do not see how you made up your mind to part with them both. I should think you and Mother would feel about lost without them. God grant they may be safely returned to you! They will have to endure hardships that people little dream of at home. It would almost make you weep to see the soldiers that returned from the Peninsula, after they arrived here. To tell the truth, it was the worst sight I ever saw, the men being completely dirty, and most of them covered with vermin, as they had no change of clothing; and what made them feel worse was taking McClellan away from them.

"The men almost worship him, and all agree in saying that if he had had twenty thousand fresh men after the Battle of Fair Oaks, his headquarters would now be at the 'Spottswood Hotel' in Richmond. Is there anything sure of Gene's being colonel of a regiment, and what one is it? Where is Gene now? I wish vou would answer me as soon as you can. If I knew he was in Washington, I would go to see him. I have walked five or six miles to see him, yet failed to meet him. I suppose it is nothing but 'war' at home. The old soldiers here feel rather hard to think that they had come out here with nothing to hope for but to be 'wrapped up in an American flag' and die a 'glorious death,' while these new ones come on to serve half time, and get a bounty of from two to three hundred dollars. It is rather rough on the old ones, do n't you think so?

"There are a great many who come out here now who have been in the service before, and have got their discharge on various pretexts from old regiments. They come out here merely for the money, and commence 'playing sick' soon after they get here. If a new soldier is sick, he gets but very little sympathy from the old ones; they commence, 'Another two hundred dollars gone to the devil!' 'There's a two hundred dollar chap!' 'Government is two hundred dollars out on him! etc., etc. There was a fellow, the other

day, who belonged to a Pennsylvania regiment, had been out before, got discharged, gone home, got a large bounty, and returned. He was playing the 'rheumatism dodge' a second time, and was boasting how much money he had made by the operation, and that he would soon have his second discharge, to an old Michigan regiment that had been with McClellan. These men could not stand it; they 'dipped into' that fellow and beat him shockingly so that I hardly think be will recover. When I saw him, he was completely covered with blood, and senseless."

We passed through Turner's Gap. The Confederate dead were still lying by the roadside, awaiting the arrival of the burial party. Unkempt and unwashed, their ashy faces and ragged, bloody, bloated bodies presented a ghastly and repulsive spectacle to us recruits, as yet uneducated or unhardened to the dreadful horrors of war. Many of our number began to surmise, if not to fully realize, that there was no romance about that spectacle.

The debris of the fight lay scattered all about; knapsacks, guns, canteens, blankets, hats, etc. As we descended into the lovely valley of Boonesboro' and passed through the little town of the same name, all seemed to be hurry and excitement.

Cavalry and infantry were going hurriedly to the front, and frequently we were moved to the side of the road as a staff officer hastily galloped along and ordered the passage of a battery, a column of cavalry, or sent the wagon trains into the fields to

park. Occasionally the boom of cannon could be heard ahead. The town was full of prisoners, stragglers, squads of mounted men, wagons, mules, etc., and for a time this busy and significant preparation and these bustling scenes about us diverted cur attention as we hurried along. Just beyond the town we halted to make coffee. Later in the afternoon of the 16th, the column passed through Keedysville, making many tiresome halts at the edge of the town, while passing through the masses of artiltery, cavalry, and wagon trains. At times the road seemed entirely blocked.

Upon gaining the westerly edge of the town, towards the Antietam, we filed to the left, near a small chapel (now replaced by a new brick church), and inclining, or obliquing to our right, passing over a small knoll, halted in what we supposed was our fighting position. It was on the south side of the Keedysville and Sharpsburg road, and about 300 yards from where there is now a new brick schoolhouse. This chapel was packed with wounded after the battle.

On the right of the road could be seen the lines of battle; the slopes seemed black with them, as far as the eye could reach. Batteries were in position, and columns were moving. Everything clearly indicated extensive preparations for the coming fight. Just before dark, while we were gathered about our fires, making coffee and eating our supper, the enemy commenced shelling our position and was promptly responded to by our guns. A lively artillery duel ensued, continuing long into the night.

From our bivouac on the knoll we had a fine view; the fuses looked like fireflies, as they swiftly darted through the sky, and the harsh grating of the pieces as the shells burst and filled the air, were ominous sounds to our inexperienced ears. It was, however, quite a pyrotechnic treat for us, especially when we felt that we were far enough removed to feel a certain degree of safety.

We little realized, as yet, the danger and terrible destruction attending these awful missiles of war. As we lay upon the ground for the night, it commenced raining. There was no sleep, and late into the midnight hours, groups of "owls," who never sleep, it would seem, were gathered about the small, low fires, listening to the far-off cheering on the right, and gravely discussing the probabilities of the coming morrow.

As soon as it was light, the firing was renewed, and by sunrise it had increased to a loud, incessant, bellowing cannonade. The black lines of battle which we had seen the night before on the slopes to our right, had now all disappeared. The Battle of Antietam was on.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock we were ordered to "fall in," and moving slowly to our front in column, parallel to the road, we proceeded to a point where the Keedysville and Sharpsburg road meets the Rohrersville road at Porterstown, and crossing the former, halted under an abrupt line of hills, just a few yards to the north of the road. We filled a gap, which had been made by the withdrawal just before our arrival, of Richardson's division of Sumner's

corps. The Pry house, General McClellan's headquarters, was in full view, about 1,000 yards northeast, and the nearest house was that of Eckers, 350 yards directly in our rear, occupied at this time by Straub, or Staub. It was a square brick, with a peaked roof facing the Keedysville and Sharpsburg pike, and at that time had a large garden filled with old-fashioned flowers and shrubbery, fruit trees, etc.

Our position was in reserve, near the centre, supporting several heavy batteries, among which were Kusserow's, Taft's, and Weed's (Battery D, Fifth U. S. Artillery). Here we lay on our arms all day, ready to move at a moment's notice. Several times we were ordered to "fall in." and move to the support of Hooker, on the right, and started to do so, but in a few moments were told to lie down again. We were at no time actively engaged, and lost but one man, wounded, in the regiment. We were, however, witnesses of the entire battle from one of the most commanding positions on the field. It was a grand spectacle. Occasionally a shell would sail, shrieking and rasping over our heads. Once or twice they burst accurately over us, and a horse or mule, tied into Straub's fences, was killed. We often went up and watched the great battle, now at its height. Once or twice, when several shells came uncomfortably near, we dodged so conspicuously, that the old cannoneers, standing by their unlimbered pieces, laughed at us; but, in a few moments we had the laugh on them, for suddenly a shell came right for and into the battery. They very discreetly and hastily sought cover, while we, somewhat mortified by their derisive laughs, and failing to fully appreciate the real danger, remained in our places. The shell failed to explode, and fortunately, for had it done so, some of us might not be alive to write of it.

We could see the lines of battle go up on the right—an indistinct, irregular mass—almost hidden in the dense smoke, the battle-flags floating out from their staffs and showing the different regiments and brigades. Fresh and rapid rolls of musketry would break out—then puff! puff!! a boom, boom, boom, in one, two, three order, told us of the light batteries.

Sometimes we could see the line waver and break, the fire from the guns would slacken; a pause, and through the smoke we could see the confused and shattered fragments come staggering, flying back, and came the "yi-yih's," screeches, or yells of the "Johnnies," followed by the sturdy, ringing cheers of our boys. The renewed cracking of the Parrots followed, as battery after battery came up to check the onward rush; but the confusion was only temporary; a reinforcement from some other portion of the line, and the same ground was again and again passed over in fearful struggle. We saw the Irish Brigade (Meagher's) make its famous charge, its green flag, with the harp of Erin, outlined clearly against the sky.

On the left was Burnside. Once or twice his lines had advanced towards a great corn-field, which was alive with the blaze of the Confed-

crate rifles, but as often had he been driven back. Sometimes we could see his line go through this cornfield, nearly to the edge of the fringe of timber that skirted Antietam creek. It was a magnificent exhibition of pluck and bravery. The Thirty-fifth Massachusetts was a new regiment; we had many friends in it. It had joined Burnside's corps just before starting from Washington. It was composed of splendid material. It was said that while near the edge of the corn-field, with its flank resting on nothing, or "in the air," in line of battle, a staff officer of Burnside's was sent to inquire what brigade that was, and to withdraw it from such an exposed position. "It is the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts," was the reply. It had uselessly sacrificed 50 per cent. of its strength to satisfy a false pride, and fulfil certain conditions of bravery, which was never afterwards attempted.

Later in the afternoon, after severe fighting on both sides, Burnside was ordered to carry the bridge across the creek, at all hazards. He obeyed the order, but the attacking column met with a fearful loss. Colonel Henry W. Kingsbury of the Eleventh Connecticut was killed at the head of his column; he was adjutant of the Corps of Cadets before our brother's graduation; was frequently mentioned in his letters, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Shortly after two o'clock, General McClellan rode down the road from the Pry house, with his staff, passing by our line. As we rose up and every man cheered to the echo, we were greeted with the same kindly

smile, and removal of the hat, with a courteous bow, which bespoke the true gentleman and appreciative soldier.

Before leaving Washington, many boxes had reached the regiment, and most of their contents had been hurriedly distributed among the men. Much had to be thrown away. One man had received a can of honey, had distributed the sweet morsel. which he could not carry, and a recruit having begged the can, it was given to him. No one could imagine what use he was going to make of it. While lying behind this hill in line of battle, whenever there was a lull in the firing, the men indulged in what had now become a chronic pastime-cooking. Soon there was a rousing fire, and having "flipped up" to see who would fill the canteens at Straub's house, the choice places aiong the line of flaming rails were, in a few minutes, covered with black coffee cups-among them the new, bright honey can, with the lid screwed down. The recruit was chuckling to himself, while watching the pot, that he would have his coffee first, when, alas! through his lack of knowledge of the expansive force of steam, this innocent man came near blowing his own head off, and scalding the whole company.

He stooped over his patent coffeepot to see how near done his coffee was when, whi-z-z-z! bang!! and up went the can like a rocket into the air, tearing the fire to pieces, scattering the rails and cups in every direction, and making a cloud of steam which, fortunately without scalding anybody, must have deluded the

"Johnnies" with the hope that a caisson had exploded. How that recruit did get roundly cursed for his thick-headed stupidity, nor were the old grumblers satisfied, or their anger cooled off, until the bugler had filled all of the canteens again, and once more started the coffee cups on their bubbling rounds.

Among the number in our little tent at "Camp Excelsior," near Fort Ellsworth, was a man, somewhat past middle-age, who had joined us at Camp Cameron. He was full-bearded and bronzed; was possessed of much native good sense and shrewdness, and had enlisted for Andrew's First Company of Massachusetts Sharpshooters, then attached to the Fifteenth Massachusetts.

His name was Asa Fletcher, and his home was Winchester, Mass. According to his own story, related in the most modest manner, and afterwards fully substantiated, he was an expert gunner, and a "crack rifle shot." Not of the "windgauge-don't-talk-above-a-whisper" order of to day, but one who could step out with a rifle at from two to five hundred yards, at arm's length, and put the lead into a bull's-eye, with an old-fashioned target rifle.

He was cool, perfectly self-possessed, and gave as his reason for enlisting in the sharp-shooters, that he was "determined to place himself where he could do the most good." He had gunned a great deal along the North Carolina coast and about Chesapeake Bay, and many a juicy canvas-back of his shooting had found its way into the Baltimore market. We boys all looked up to

As a Fletcher, and regarded his advice and opinions, although sometimes rather gruffly expressed, as worth following.

His long-shore campaigns had taught him much that we now derived the benefit of. He had a kind heart, and was always trying to contribute to our comfort, and regulating the affairs of the tent. The blankets must be shaken mornings, left to air a few minutes in the sun, then folded up; the tent brushed out and things righted—those essentials which volunteer recruits so little regarded at the beginning of the war. Some "kicked" at all this "nonsense," but F. good-naturedly insisted, and soon all acquiesced.

One day, F., in his eagerness to make us more comfortable, brought in a hospital bed-tick which he had found thrown away on the road to Fairfax seminary, and had filled with hay to keep us off the damp ground. He generously offered to share it with the "tent's crew." In a few nights we were all itching and scratching. We called it "prickly heat," but a closer examination revealed to our horrified gaze genuine "gray-backs" of huge proportions, and upon a rigid inspection of the mattress, which we insisted upon but F. poo-hoohed at, we found "'em thick," and he never heard the last of that bed-tick. When arms were issued during that violent storm and dreadful night, at the "Round House," F. was given a Remington rifle of small calibre, such as were issued to many of the New York regiments at the beginning of the war. He was furnished with but

twenty rounds of ammunition. His quick marksman's eye at once discovered the deficiencies of such a weapon for a sharpshooter. In his strong, high-keyed, nasal voice, with Yankee-like readiness for a trade, he suggested a "swap" for my new Springfield rifle, the envy of our little squad; but, boy-like, I refused, confident that I "knew a good thing when I saw it."

He joined our regiment with us, at Hall's Hill, as he could get no trace of his company, and he was the only man for Andrew's Sharpshooters; but there was no provision made for him, nor could rations be issued to him, and he determined to push on in search of his command, which, he was informed from a reliable source, was already on its way through Maryland, and alone he set out.

He died some years ago, but he thus related this story to the writer, years after the war:

"The second or third day out from Washington, the rations you boys so generously furnished me, gave out. I knew that I must not waste my cartridges, and having fallen in with some stragglers of the chronic stamp, knowing what strict orders there were against straggling and foraging, I was continually in fear that I might be arrested. But hunger knows no law. I used one of my precious cartridges in killing a hog, which I tumbled over at the first shot as he was running two hundred yards distant.

"This supplied us with fresh meat. I begged some hard bread, and with plenty of peaches and green corn, I

got along all right. I joined my company at Antietam, the evening of the 16th, as they were lying in line of battle. I did not know right face Their rifles were not like from left. mine, so Captain A. said, 'Go in! Get under cover and do all the harm you can to the Johnnies; the first man killed in the company, if within your reach, take his rifle and cartridges.' This was good advice, but not at all reassuring to a new recruit just going into battle; how did I know that I should not be the first to be killed myself?

"On the morning of the 17th, when going in with the company, and I saw the frightful slaughter all about me, I found myself trying to dodge every shot and shell that came in our direction. My nerves were all unstrung under this altogether new and novel excitement; it was different kind of gunning from what I was used to; my hands shook and I was mad with myself that I acted so like a coward, and found it so hard to control my feelings.

"The moment we halted in line, however, and the captain said, 'Lie down! every man on his own hook!' I was all right, and was just as cool as though shooting at a target, or watching behind a 'blind' for shot at a duck on the rise. I got behind a tree, and kneeling, watched my chances. I had but nineteen cartridges, and that worried me some; but I determined, upon the captain's suggestion, to change my rifle and ammunition at the first opportunity, for then I should have plenty.

"The 'Johnnies' were behind haystacks. I shot five times deliberately, and dropped a man every time. How do I know it? Well, I did not shoot until I saw a body, and a good, fair mark; then I sighted to kill, and saw the man drop after I had fired.

"Just as I expected, though, the Remington rifle heated right up, and fouled. I rammed down a ball; it stuck. I partially rose up, either to draw it, or to force it home, when I saw a rebel steadily aim at me from the haystack where I had dropped the others. I dodged down, but was n't quick enough; he fired; the ball took me here, through the body, going through a portion of my lung. I fell, with a dull numbness all over me.

"All day long I lay, unable to move hand or foot. The battle raged over and around me. Once a horse almost trampled on my prostrate body; again, a party of rebels came up to me, and were deliberating whether to pin their bayonets through me. I told them that I was virtually their prisoner, although on the battle field, and after roundly cursing me they left me.

"I saw near me many of our own men struck a second time when attempting to move, and whenever I lifted my head or moved my arm, I was shot at. I finally determined to play dead, which I did, until the rebel wounded were picked up, when, seeing that they were going to leave me, and knowing I would die on the field that night without assistance. I begged to be taken off. After robbing me of everything about my person, we were taken to a barn and placed on some straw. My wound had not been dressed. After suffering many

torments for want of water, I finally was given some, and immediately felt better.

"When I asked how soon I was to be attended to, I got nothing but curses, and 'when we uns are taken care of,' for a reply.

"Stonewall Jackson's brigade went by, and he was pointed out to me. When the rebels retreated across the river, I was paroled, and carried with other prisoners, wounded and paroled, to Frederick City, where I lay for many weeks before I could be sent home and discharged."

Such was the experience of a sharpshooter, after four weeks' service. He subsequently died from the effects of this wound.

Night had closed in upon the scenes and incidents of the day. A bloody battle had been fought. The worst features were to come afterwards. It seemed like Sunday in a quiet New England village, when we moved out early on the morning of the 18th, a bright, beautiful, sunshiny day. Such a hush! Such a still calm had succeeded the incessant uproar of the previous day.

Our progress was necessarily slow: through fields, and barn-yards filled with hundreds of wounded; everywhere in and out, amidst a vast outof-door hospital.

The direction of our march was southwest along a high ridge, towards H. B. Rohrbach's (now Wyand's) house, where Colonel Kingsbury died, a few hundred yards from the Antietam. We halted for some time at the Burnside Bridge, on the east side of the creek. It bore evidence of having been the scene of a

desperate fight; bullet holes were to be seen in every direction, and the trees and fences were scarred and splintered. The dead and dying strewed the ground, and all about was the wreckage of battle. On the steep hill-side, completely overlooking and commanding the bridge and its approaches, were the rebel riflepits, which, with large rocks and trunks of trees, had served as a shelter for the enemy when our column advanced on the charge across the bridge.

Late in the afternoon, in the midst of a drenching shower, and after some marching and countermarching, we relieved a division of the Ninth Corps (Sturgis's), on the west side, having crossed the bridge for this purpose, our regiment relieving the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and were placed on picket for the night, about 500 yards above the bridge, under an abrupt bank that extended along the Antietam.

It drizzled during the entire night. Our beds were upon some wet, splitout shingles. Some fresh beef, issued to us just before starting, and which we had no opportunity to cook, was eaten raw, and, without coffee, relished in the gloom and silence. About midnight, a squadron of cavalry came galloping up the road from the direction of the bridge and attacked a house (Sherrick's) on the north side of the road. It was occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, and was just outside our line. They gave a wild cheer, half yell. The bullets flew pretty thickly for a while, as they went clattering and chattering over the slope. The noise and uproar had

aroused us from a sort of drowse, and after that nobody thought of sleep. We could hear the cracking of carbines, the intermingled cheers and vells, and soon they came back, reporting that the "Johnnies" had gone out of the house like "rats." The dead were all about us, and many wounded. It was our first night upon a battle-field. The sights were terrifying; sounds horrible and startling. A kind of hardness crept over us during the long, wakeful night we passed in that blood-stained, deathstrewn spot by the Burnside Bridge, and we grew older in thought and feeling by having come in contact with such misery and suffering. which we never so fully realized afterwards.

On the following morning, the 19th, the sun came out bright and beautiful; the blackened faces and bloated bodies were beyond recognition, and were disgusting to look upon for a moment. Some wore the air of despair, while others had a calm and peaceful face, as though in dream land, and had not known prolonged pain.

The enemy had now, it was soon discovered, left our front, and while awaiting the command to move forward, we went over that portion of the field. There was a certain fascination in it to my young mind, although exceedingly sad and impressive: horrible to contemplate even at this distance of time, and which has never faded from my recollection during all these succeeding years.

Volumes could be filled with personal incidents and reminiscences of

this field of Antietam alone. Upon visiting Sherrick's house this morning, we found it quite a sumptuous affair. It had been hastily evacuated, as it was between the lines. The foragers ahead of us had pulled out what edibles it contained, and among them a splendid assortment of jellies, preserves, etc., the pride of every



ROBERT G. CARTER.

Maryland woman's heart, but now scattered all about. The orchard was filled with the choicest fruit. What a feast! Our stomachs just beginning to become accustomed to "salt horse" and "hard tack," earnestly opened and yearned for this line of good things. No crowd of schoolboys, let loose from the confinement of a recitation room, ever acted so absurdly, as did these rough, bronzed soldiers and recruit allies, on that

death-strewn ground about Sherrick's yard and orchard. They would seize a pot of jam, grape jelly, huckleberry stew, or pineapple preserve, and after capering about a while, with the most extravagant exhibitions of joy, would sit upon the ground, and with one piece of hard bread for a plate, and another for a scoop, would shovel



WALTER CARTER.

out great heaps of the delectable stuff, which rapidly disappeared into their capacious mouths. This went on for some time while waiting for the order to move: when some wag, "not wisely but too well," started one of those famous camp rumors, which gathers as it rolls, that the rebel pickets who had occupied the house, had, out of revenge, poisoned every pot and jar we had eaten from: had carefully left them in full sight as a bait, and sure death was now our near future.

Such looks of consternation; such elongated faces, were never seen before. Numerous inquiries were made for emetics; others rushed for the surgeon, many imagining upon the spur of the moment, and feeling nauseated from over-gorging, that they could distinctly feel the pain of the poison now working, while the wiser ones relieved their stomachs, and with them—their fears—by nature's process. Nor did the panic subside, and confidence become fully restored, until hours afterwards, when it was discovered that nobody had died from the effects.

Opposite to Sherrick's is Stern's, in which Otto lived during the battle, and near it the old stone grist-mill.

Note. Michael Tenant, who occupies the house next east of Sherrick's, told the writer three years ago, while standing at the spring, and near the mill, many incidents. His house, he said, was built out of the squared logs that came out of the old Lutheran church when it was torn down, one year after the battle. This church tower was used as a signal tower by General McClellan, and it was converted into a hospital after the battle. He showed the writer where he saw a soldier fall dead at his gate, shot by a Confederate sharpshooter in the mill; he buried him, after much difficulty, in the hard limestone soil, and later identified the spot for his disinterment and conveval to the National Cemetery when it was located at Sharpsburg.

It was a lively scene that morning of the 19th as we hurried through the streets of Sharpsburg and out on the main pike beyond, through the fields, to a position near one of the fords on the Potomac, where it had been found by a hasty reconnoissance that the whole Rebel army had crossed into Virginia.

We led the advance. The men trudged through the mud, and joked and chatted with the regiments of other brigades and divisions. The signal flags on top of the church tower were wig-wagging like mad, conveying rapid messages. Orderlies and staff officers, bespattered from head to foot, were galloping here and there, exciting the ire of our grumblers, by the coat of slime and mud they splashed on them in their hasty ride. The streets were filled with wreckage. Here and there a wagon, a wheel, a dead mule, or a defunct caisson were keeled up as though in their death agonies. Artillery and cavalry were hurrying forward, and long columns of infantry were being directed along the main streets to different positions along the new front.

Many of the houses and front yards were filled with the wounded of both armies, whom the enemy in their hurried retreat could not take with them. Hundreds out in the open air were lying on clean straw that had been provided by our men, together with such other acts of kindness and attention as they had never received before.

We moved about four miles, halting once or twice, where the rebels had camped, especially at General Lee's headquarters on the north side of the road in the grove near the outskirts of Sharpsburg. They were scattered with plunder of all kinds, and many old letters, which we amused ourselves with reading as we marched, and would prove rich literature in these pages had they been preserved, but we cared not for such trifles then, and soon threw them back into the debris and filth that cumbered the ground.

We left the road near J. D. Groves's house (used as General Fitz John Porter's headquarters), opposite Captain D. Smith's (which was used as an immense hospital for the wounded of both sides), and turning south through the fields, soon struck the river near Blackford's Ford, below Shepardstown. We halted to reconnoitre. The enemy were all across. Several old caissons with their wheels chopped, and much wreckage, lay about on the banks. The pickets of the enemy were seen on the opposite bank. A few shots were fired by some guns planted on the bluff over our heads; the sharpshooters of our regiment were sent under cover and to remain there that night, while the balance were withdrawn to about one mile back towards Groves's house where we went into bivouac for the night, furnishing ourselves liberally with straw from the stacks near by.

REUNION OF VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

FIRST-TENTH-TWENTY-NINTH.

The Twenty-ninth reunion of the comrades of the First-tenth-twenty-ninth regiment of Maine volunteers, was held August 12, 1897, at Long Island, at the regimental buildings.

This was one of the regiments that saw considerable service, and suffered heavily by losses of killed and wounded. The remaining men of the regiment, in spite of their hardships and privations, are still as eager to meet one another, and talk over the stirring days of 1861-5. There was a good attendance of the comrades at the meeting, and the officers of the field and staff were well represented, and showed much pleasure in being able to once again meet with the comrades of their command. The annual business meeting was called to order at 11:30 a. m., President W. K. Dana of Westbrook presiding.

The regimental historian, John M. Gould, announced that the work of compiling the regimental histories was progressing as well as could be expected, to be accurate in important details. The work of writing the history of the engagement of the regiment at the Cedar Mountains is in the hands of Comrade Tripp, who is making good progress on the work.

The report of the treasurer showed that there was a balance on hand of \$36.26 last year, and that after all expenses of the year they now have in the treasury \$65.71.

After the report of the treasurer,

the president, W. K. Dana, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the daughter of John E. Cutter, a member of the regiment, Miss Charlotte Cutter of California, who read an original selection from the pen of her father.

THE LOST BEANS.

Old Company K grew up in the woods
Where the sprucy gales in their roguish
moods,

From the forest tops unwind the skein,
That winter spins on the hills of Maine.
Well-faithed and truthed their lives had been,
And the forest gave them discipline
As they learned the trend of its darkening lines,
And felt the grace of its serried pines.
And they swung the axe with a stroke as free
As their fathers gave for liberty.
From the pages thumbed in the district schools
They had learned, with the "Fundamental
Rules,"

Of Boston's tea, and of Lexington. And oft caressed with loving hands The flinted lock of the same old gun That argued the case with the Briton bands. And their hearts were latent with the fires That burned in the lives of their stubborn sires. So when there was need of Company K They shouldered their arms and marched away. But a squad of other mould and grain Was Company E. From the thoroughfare Of the town they came, and from strife for gain Where shrewdness wins from caliber, And pulls at another's tackle blocks; But they never shrank from the dryest knocks. Good soldiers, whom war's iron dew Fell lightly on,-though notion loose, That strategy was for home use, Did stay with them the service through. Virginia's winter, chill and gray, Found Company E and Company K Lined out by Rappahannock's flow Some twenty years and more ago. As the fires glow, the hold within Deep hid, while their hot energy Drives the great ship through storm and sea So burned the army; till again The stars shone out from their blue field, And all the charging crests were stilled.

But valor oft on fancy beans—
And this most charmed the boys in blue—
Best put the drills and marches through.
To dream of home, and wake for beans.
Oh, beans, as every soldier knows,
Back up right well a patriot's blows!
So oft came K with plate and cup,
Where the fat kettles yielded up
Their glorious contents, and partook
(With reverent homage to the cook).

One day the clouds in low-hung flight
Almost shut out the better light
That silver-lines the thickest mists—
As poets say, and moralists—
When K, with most substantial plan
For comfort of the inner man,
With patient care and loving wish,
Was fixing for the favorite dish.
Pat Collins had dug an "ilegant hole,"
Where the ashes feathered the glowing coal,
As they settled the kettle, and covered it o'er
With earth piled 'top of the "contraband" door
From a neighboring barn; then of good to be
They dreamed from taps to reveille.

Morn came, and called for Company K,
And they sought their beans, but found—dismayed—

The door was off and the ashes strewn Round the vacant hole whence the beans had flown,

And in grief of soul old K made moan. The fainting sun hid his beams away, And never rose till another day!

Oh, many a grief the soldier knew,
And some were worse than others,—but few
Can guess how it tries a hungry man,
When the coffee spills from the tipping can,
Or the kettle goes where the woodbine twines,
And he sits in the cloud, while the good sun
shines,

Where Company E,—or crooked or square,—Has beans for breakfast right over there!

The nominating committee then submitted their report, and the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—J. F. Day, M. D., Saco. Vice-presidents—Ezekiel Hanson, Portland; E. H. Sawyer, Auburn; George S. Ayer, Saco; Joseph Long, Norway; George L. Day, Gorham. Historian, Secretary, and Treasurer-Major John M. Gould, Portland.

Chaplain—Rev. L. G. Jordon, Massachusetts.

Executive Committee—C. H. Frost, B. M. Redlon, Charles R. Berry, Portland; Colonel C. M. Emerson, Auburn; Atwell W. Swett, Bangor.

During the progress of the meeting, the question was asked as to how many had never missed a reunion, and responses came from Mr. Albert S. Spalding and Major J. M. Gould, both of Portland.

The association voted its thanks to Miss Cutter for her kindness in reading the selection during the early part of the meeting.

At this point, the service in memory of General George L. Beals and other comrades who had died during the year was held.

The president, W. K. Dana, was the first to speak, and in a few words paid a high tribute to the memory of General Beals, and then introduced Major E. M. Shaw, who spoke of the General in his connection with the state militia and in other positions of responsibility and trust, in all of which he proved himself a valiant soldier and an honorable man.

Major John M. Gould followed with a fitting eulogy, in which he alluded to the great love and respect that General Beals always had for his men; of the great interest he took in their material welfare, and of his great desire to do what he always did, to command a regiment of well-disciplined men.

A letter was then read from Captain C. B. Fillebrown of Boston,

Mass. The letter was of an eulogistic nature, and accompanying the letter was a copy of the original of General Beals's, on relinquishing command of his old brigade.

Brief eulogies were then pronounced on the deaths of Captain Almon L. Goss of Lewiston and Daniel W. Verrill of Auburn.

At the memorial service, the death of Comrades Phineas W. Dill, Benjamin C. Miles, and John Mulligan were reported as having occurred during the past year.

The memorial services over, the comrades and their ladies adjourned to the dining-rooms. The dinner was prepared under the direction of Caterer James M. Safford, and the tables were well filled with palatable morsels. Eight young ladies from Cambridge, Mass., relatives and friends of some of the comrades, volunteered their services as waitresses, and their efforts were highly appreciated.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the president *pro tempore*, Mrs. Higgins, presided.

The records of the previous year were read and approved.

The financial report showed that the receipts had been \$170, and that all the running expenses of the year and a considerable portion of the debt on their cottage had been paid, so that to-day the debt was reduced from \$800 to \$250. The amounts have been raised during the year by dances and other entertainments. The ladies voted to have an experience meeting at next year's session. Each lady is to earn a dol-

lar during the year and will then relate her experience in carning the same.

At the election of officers, the following were elected:

President—Mrs. Fred W. Higgins. Vice-president—Mrs. Chas. Alexander.

Secretary—Mrs. Will A. Gilman. Treasurer—Miss Frances J. Andrews.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Chas. Alexander, Mrs. G. E. Wilson, Mrs. W. L. Harris.

The officers elected each year are from Portland, as the majority of the members live in this vicinity.

THE FIFTH MAINE.

A little more than 36 years ago, the sound of drums and fifes might have been heard in front of the several recruiting offices in Portland. Three companies were raised in Portland, and camped on what is now the rolling mill property at Cape Elizabeth. Other companies came from Gorham, Bethel, Saco, Biddeford, Brunswick, Lewiston, and Mechanic Falls, and the Fifth regiment was organized.

During the three years of service their losses from killed, wounded, and sickness were such that more than 800 recruits were added to the rolls of the regiment.

At the end of their service, the regiment returned to their homes with hardly enough men to form two good companies. Now, from year to year, they meet at their comfortable quarters at Peak's Island to recall the days of the past, and to renew old friendships.

The event of interest, August 11, was the camp-fire, which a goodly number of the comrades with their wives, families, and invited guests attended.

The meeting was called to order by the president of the association, Mr. F. F. Goss, who, after welcoming the comrades and guests upon the occasion of another reunion, called upon Mrs. J. B. Hammond of New Gloucester, the president of the Ladies' auxiliary of the association, to preside.

Mrs. Hammond announced that a few literary and musical numbers would be rendered, to be followed by speech making.

Miss Alice Tenney first rendered in an acceptable manner, a solo, and was followed by Miss Charlotte Brown, who gave a very interesting reading of a patriotic selection.

The closing number of the programme was a vocal duet by Miss Alice Tenney and Miss Alice Stevens, rendered in a pleasing manner.

Mrs. Hammond then called upon President Goss, of the regiment association, to open the series of

Mr. Consuporte briefly, and in learner autometal a speech from that George E. Brown. Captain Brown, in response to his name, were a spoke in an interesting vein, and remained the comrades of the variety on in I reunions.

Sargent of the Third section rement, an invited guest spotent to pleasure in being able to meet up comrades under different characters and on the battle-field,

and reminded the boys of the value of making their last days their best ones, and becoming better acquainted with one another at each successive reunion.

Comrade Strout of New York, a veteran of the Fifth Maine, was then called on, and spoke in a very interesting vein. In his remarks he referred to the fact that the government had never taken any action in the way of framing laws or doing anything definitely to give worthy comrades the preference in government positions. He also spoke with much feeling on the pension question, and gave statistics in support of his claims. Mr. Strout spoke of the difficulty of the old soldiers in securing what was rightfully theirs in the way of pensions, while with retired officers or their widows, it was a much easier matter for them to secure a pension than for the comrades that marched in the ranks as privates.

Mr. John Nesbitt of New York, Mr. Thomas Ward of Lewiston, Captain H. T. Bucknam of Mechanic Falls, of the Fifth Maine, and Charles W. Skillings of Portland, of the First Maine Cavalry, each made interesting remarks.

August 12 was the day of the annual business meeting and election of officers, and the closing day of the reunion of the regiment. The meeting of the board of directors was held in the morning, followed by the business session of the association.

At the meeting of the board of directors, the reports of the several officers were read and accepted.

The officers of the directors' association were elected as follows:

President—Captain H. B. Bucknam, Mechanic Falls.

Secretary—N. R. Lougee, Nashua, N. H.

Treasurer—F. F. Goss, Auburn.

Directors—Walter M. Dockendorff, Deering; Captain J. B. Hammond, New Gloucester; William B. Adams, Auburn; John Kelly, Boston; James Sanborn, Portland.

Three comrades were reported as having died during the year,—General Henry G. Thomas, Company G, Thomas Hayes, Company H, and Alvin B. Tufts, Company A.

The matter of admitting sons of the comrades to membership in the association was discussed at considerable length, and it was finally decided to admit them.

Comrades N. R. Lougee, James Sanborn, and Thomas Ward were appointed to receive applications during the year, of any eligible sons desiring membership, and to report them at the next annual meeting.

The officers of the association elected for the following year were:

President—Ellis Ripley, Lynn, Mass.

Vice-Presidents—Captain J. B. Hammond, New Gloucester; William Stevens, Lewiston; H. G. O. Perkins, Oxford.

Secretary—N. R. Lougee, Nashua, N. H.

Treasurer—Frank F. Goss, Auburn.

Directors—Thomas Ward, Lewiston; J. L. Edmunds, North Auburn; N. H. Haskell, Lewiston; Captain G. E. Brown, Portland; James Shannon, Saco.

The retiring secretary, George E.

Brown, has served in that capacity over fifteen years, and has given good satisfaction, but was dropped from the service this year at his own request.

The association voted its unanimous thanks to Captain Brown for his valuable services as secretary.

The association reported at their meeting that every obligation of a financial nature had been met, and the association was once more free from debt, a record of which the boys are proud, as they have been under heavy expense, and it has been by much personal sacrifice that the result of clearing the debt has been accomplished.

FIFTH MAINE AUXILIARY.

At the business meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Fifth Maine regiment the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. J. B. Hammond, New Gloucester.

Vice-President—Mrs. George E. Brown, Portland.

Secretary—Mrs. Nelson Tenney, Portland.

Treasurer—Mrs. R. M. Stevens, Portland.

Committee of Conference—Mrs. George E. Brown, Mrs. Andrew Lyons, Mrs. R. M. Stevens, Portland.

Committee of Arrangements for next Reunion—Mrs. N. Tenney, Mrs. A. S. Lyons, Mrs. E. Kimball, Mrs. N. R. Lougee.

At the request of Colonel Edwards of the Fifth Maine association, Miss Olive Mason of Bethel was elected to honorary membership in the auxiliary.

EIGHTH MAINE REGIMENT.

The annual reunion was held at Peak's Island, August 11, 1897.

During the morning hours the comrades gathered in groups and were busily engaged in recalling scenes and incidents connected with army life.

At 12 o'clock the gong was sounded and the order, "Comrades, fall in for rations," was given. The boys were not at all backward about obeying the summons, as their appetites had been sharpened during the morning hours by inhaling the appetizing breezes wafted over old ocean's billows.

Dinner over, the business meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock by President Delance Young, of Auburn.

The records of the previous annual meeting were read and approved. The report of the treasurer, Hillman Smith, showed the bills of the association paid, and a statement that some outstanding bills had been paid by himself, as there were not sufficient funds to meet the accounts, therefore in order to present a clean account he had paid the bills and made the association a donation of the receipted bills.

An unanimous vote of thanks was then extended Comrade Smith for his generous action.

The following committee on report of the necrology of the regiment and resolutions were appointed as follows: Colonel E. A. True of Boston, Rev. H. A. Philbrook, Major J. H. H. Hewitt.

The committee adjourned, and in a few moments made the following report, which showed the list of deaths during the past year: C. P. Hewes, Cambridge, Mass.; Samuel L. Emerson, Auburn; Jewett Turner, North Haven; Ole Hanson, Sherman; Wm. Rowe, Alfred; John L. Taylor, Hampden; Lyman C. Downes, Alfred; C. C. Taintor, Dixfield.

The committee submitted, with their report of the necrology, a suitable set of resolutions, which it was voted to send to the families of the deceased comrades.

Colonel E. A. True, of Boston; General Henry Boynton, Augusta; Major J. H. H. Hewitt, Thomaston, were appointed a committee to present a list of officers for election for the ensuing year.

The roll-call of the original members that went out in the regiment in 1861 was called, and showed the following number present: Company A, 5; Company B, 6; Company C, 5; Company D, 3; Company E, 3; Company F, 1; Company H, 1; Company I, 1; Company K, 5.

The roll of the field and staff officers was then called, and the following responded: Colonel E. A. True, General Henry Boynton, Surgeon H. C. White, Major J. H. H. Hewitt.

A letter of regret on account of inability to attend the reunion was read from Colonel W. M. McArthur, of Limington, and an expression of good will was extended to Colonel McArthur for his good wishes and expressions of regard for the members of the regiment.

The following were the officers elected:

President — Horatio B. Sawyer, Auburn. Vice-Presidents — L. C. Gibbs, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Alfred Cushman, Sherman; Charles H. Burke, Lee.

Secretary and Treasurer—Albert O. Bills, Freeport.

Chaplain—Rev. H. A. Philbrook, Middletown, Conn.

Executive Committee — E. C. Spearin, Auburn; T. S. Brown, Boston; Miles Rhodes, Kennebunk.

A supplementary report from the committee on necrology was submitted to the secretary of the association at the close of the business meeting, which included Benjamin Remic of Saco, and Rev. Daniel Mills of Patten, as having died since the last reunion.

A meeting of the trustees of the association was held during the latter part of the afternoon, at which time the accounts and reports of the year's business were audited and approved.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Eighth Maine regiment held their annual business meeting at the close of the regimental association meeting. The president, Mrs. A. S. Richardson of Waterville, presided. The records of the previous year were read and approved.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the following:

President — Mrs. T. S. Brown, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

First Vice-President — Mrs. Fred Larrabee, New Gloucester.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. H. B. Sawyer, Auburn.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. L. B. Rogers, Patten.

Executive Committee—Mrs. E. A. True, Newton, Mass.; Mrs. C. F. Libby, East Saugus, Mass.; Mrs. Benjamin Emery, Sherman; Mrs. B. F. Strickland, Portland; Mrs. P. P. Woodward, Lisbon Falls.

The ladies of the auxiliary have just secured a bandsome painting of the regimental building, and voted at their meeting to have the same suitably framed and forwarded to Colonel W. M. McArthur of Limington, the donor of the regimental building, as a token of their respect and esteem. The auxiliary voted to hold only the annual meetings instead of the semi-annuals as at present.

In the evening the members of the regiment and the auxiliary, with invited guests, enjoyed themselves in a social way, and during the evening a very pleasant order of dances was carried out.

PRESIDENT HORATIO B. SAWYER.

Horatio B. Sawyer enlisted in Company K, of the Eighth Maine, from the town of Bradley. He served three years as a private, and in 1864 was promoted to the second lieutenancy, and on April 1, 1865, was promoted to first lieutenant. Mr. Sawyer has been successfully located in the manufacturing of boxes in Auburn for over 20 years, and is well known in business and G. A. R. circles.

THIRTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

The reunion of the Thirteenth Maine Regiment association was held August 10, 1897, at Willard, with over a hundred of the members of the regiment, including their wives and families, in attendance.

There were present several members of the regiment now residents of Massachusetts and states of the West.

Upon the arrival of the out-oftown members, these, with the Portland veterans and their families, gathered in Thatcher Post where the formation was completed prior to embarking on the cars for Willard, the scene of their reunion. Special cars, leaving Monument square, took the party at 9 o'clock to Willard, where the morning hours were enjoyed in the renewal of old friendships and in strolling about the beach and grounds in the vicinity of Willard. At 12 o'clock the annual business meeting was called to order in the casino by the president, Isaiah Rendall of Portland. The records of the previous annual meeting were read and approved, after which the association proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—W. H. McCann, Lewiston.

First Vice-President—George R. Andrews, Biddeford.

Second Vice-President—Edwin W. Tobey, Norridgewock.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. R. Gribbin, Portland, re-elected.

Rallying committee—C. H. Herrick, J. F. Lamb, W. H. Graffam, E. W. Tobey, F. Wood, John Staples, Thomas Pine, W. H. McCann, Isaiah Rendall, Captain R. Jordan, Roxbury, Mass., Comrade Stinchfield, Iowa.

Executive committee—G. F. Marriner, Westbrook; W. R. Gribbin, H. S. Thrasher, Winslow Lawton, Eben S. Burns, Dr. S. C. Gordon,

Portland; George Andrews, S. S. Andrews, Biddeford.

After the election of officers, the roll-cail of the officers of the field and staff, and the roll of members by company, were called, and showed the following number present: Field and staff, 2; Companies B, 1; C, 2; D, 5; E, 12; F, 7; G, 10; H, 4; I, 3; K, 7. There were present of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the regiment, 32 members. Mr. Horace Holman, of Boston, Mass., was elected to honorary membership.

The veterans then entered into an animated discussion as to the advisability of admitting Sons of Veterans to membership in the association. Some of the comrades were in favor of admitting their sons to membership, while others were of the opinion that their sons had a definite work in their organization of Sons of Veterans, and as no request had been made by any of the sons to become members of the association, it was finally decided that the sons should not be taken into active membership, but that they might become honorary members upon application to the association for election as such.

Letters of regret on account of inability to attend were read from Major H. A. Shorey of Bridgton, and Levi L. Hayes, of Bangor.

Before the business meeting had adjourned the comrades were honored by the presence of Judge Enoch Foster of the supreme judicial court, who is a member of the regiment, having gone into the service as a lieutenant in Company H. The judge was greeted by a round of applause and was given a seat of honor

at the right of the president of the association.

At the conclusion of the business session, the association voted to adjourn to meet the third Tuesday in August, 1898, at Portland, the exact location to be decided upon by the executive committee.

The association then adjourned to Willard's restaurant, where the annual banquet was enjoyed.

After the dinner, Judge Foster, being called upon, said: "It occurs to me at this time that I feel a good deal like the man that was unexpectedly nominated in a political convention as a member of his district to congress. In his speech of acceptance he said: 'Gentlemen, I am surprised to receive this honor.' My being called upon to speak at this time leads me to say that I am surprised. (Applause.) But I hope, as did the congressman, that I may meet with yourselves and wives at your firesides many times in the future. I like to be present at the reunion of my comrades. I like to meet you all from year to year, and I can assure you I have made considerable of an effort to be with you to-day. We are growing smaller as an organization year by year, but as the years go by we are becoming cemented more closely together than ever before. Remember, comrades, you at one time promised to protect and uphold your government, and to-day a similar duty is incumbent upon you to live as befitting good citizens."

Other remarks of an interesting nature were then made by Dr. S. C. Gordon, Portland, Dr. J. M. Bates,

Yarmouth, Comrade Andrews, Biddeford, W. R. Gribbin, Portland, and others.

THE FOURTEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The annual reunion of the members of the Fourteenth Maine Regiment association, with their wives and families, was beld August 2, at Mariner's Landing, Long Island, Portland Harbor. The Portland Press says in its report: "Of the several members that are held dear in the esteem and affection of the 'boys in blue' that made up this regiment, none received a more cordial reception than General F. S. Nickerson, of Somerville, General Nickerson has been unable to meet with his comrades for nearly ten years now, but he assured the members of the association that it afforded him much pleasure to be with them on this occasion.

When President Lincoln issued his call for troops, General Nickerson was among the first to answer the call, and went out in Company I, of the Fourth Maine regiment, from the town of Searsport, the regiment leaving from Rockland, where it was mustered in.

Soon after his arrival at the front. he was commissioned as major, and later was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and served in that capacity until December 30, 1861, when he was promoted to colonel. He was then commissioned to recruit a new regiment, and accordingly went to Augusta, where, through his influence, the Fourteenth Maine regiment was organized, and at once sent to the front. Soon after this,

Colonel Nickerson received promotion to the rank of general, which he now holds. General Nickerson was a native of Searsport, and prior to the war, was admitted to the bar at Waldo county, where he practised successfully for many years. After the war, he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he is now a practising attorney.

At the business meeting, the records of the last annual meeting were read and approved. The deaths of C. F. Stevens of Somerville, Me., and N. P. Moulton of Centre Montville, Me., were reported, and a committee appointed to prepare resolutions.

The report of the treasurer showed the receipts for the year as \$79.25, and the expenditures, \$52.80, leaving a balance of \$26.45 on hand. The next in order was the election of officers, which resulted in the choice of the following:

President—General F. S. Nickerson, Somerville, Mass.

First Vice-President—Enoch Adams, M. D., Litchfield, Me.

Second Vice-President — William M. Perkins, Mechanic Falls.

Third Vice-President—E. A. Loud, Roxbury, Mass.

Secretary and Treasurer—R. D. Kilgore, Melrose, Mass.

Executive Committee—The president and secretary, ex-officio, and Comrades Stewart, Wooster, Woodfords, chairman: E. L. Clark, Chelsea, Mass.; F. D. Mixer, West Auburn.

Finance Committee—L. J. Morton, Mechanic Falls; W. Carver, South

Livermore: Dr. N. J. Wedgewood, Lewiston.

As General Nickerson accepted the position of president, he thanked the comrades for the honor conferred, and assured them that he should labor for the furtherance of the best ends of the association. The thanks of the association were extended to the retiring secretary, S. J. Gallagher, for services during the past year; the retiring board of officers, and to Comrade E. L. Clark for the gift of a small field piece, which has been in use during the week in the firing of salutes, etc.

It was unanimously voted that the sons and daughters of the members of the association could become associate members of the organization upon the payment of the annual dues of \$1, and signing their names to the list prepared for the signatures of such members.

As soon as it became known that the sons and daughters of the comrades were eligible to honorary membership, General F. S. Nickerson's sons, William P. and Jean P. Nickerson, having accompanied their father on the trip to the reunion, stepped forward, and upon the payment of the required fee had the honor of becoming the first signers to the honorary list of members. General Nickerson's sons are enthusiastic supporters of the Sons of Veterans and have held several positions of honor in the camps of which they are members.

FIFTEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The Fifteenth Maine association held their annual reunion August 12,

attendance from all parts of the state. Among the prominent members present were General Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan; Major Shorey, Bridgton: Hon. T. H. Wentworth, Bangor; Hon. J. A. Clark, Caribou; J. B. Nickels, Kenduskeag, and Hon. E. Sprague, Sprague Mills.

At the business meeting Hon. T. H. Wentworth, on behalf of the association, presented Major Shorey with a gold watch, manufactured expressly for the occasion, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services as secretary and regimental historian.

The association is in camp with the First Northern Maine Regimental association, with whom their relations are most cordial.

General Chamberlain addressed both associations in the forenoon.

The Fifteenth association has elected General Dyer president, and Major Shorey, secretary.

The reunion of the Northern Maine regiments, G. A. R., here, was fairly attended. Colonel B. F. Owen of Presque Isle, presided at the business meeting. The following officers were elected: John Q. Adams, Houlton, colonel; Henry N. Oliver, Hodgdon, lieutenant colonel: C. E. Hoit, Fort Fairfield, major; Thomas Haney Carey, adjutant; George Smith, Houlton, quartermaster.

It was voted to hold the next reunion at Houlton. Addresses were made on the field by General J. L. Chamberlain, Hon. F. Powers, and Major H. A. Shorey. A dress parade was held at 5 o'clock in the

afternoon, and at night a camp-fire was the last event on the programme.

THE SIXTEENTH MAINE.

The Sixteenth Maine Regiment association began their two days annual reunion at Rumford Falls August 11, 1897. Notwithstanding a drizzling rain, the attendance was fully up to the average. veterans were accompanied by their wives and daughters. As there is no Grand Army post here, the veterans on their arrival at the station were met by a committee of the local board of trade and escorted to the smaller Odd Fellows' hall, which had been assigned as their headquarters during the reunion, and decorated with regimental colors. The earlier part of the day was devoted to social intercourse, the revival of war recollections, and the preliminary work for business meeting and banquet.

The oldest veteran present was Gideon Tucker of Steep Falls; the youngest, John W. Webster of Newport.

Major Belcher is the only original captain living and has survived one of the worst wounds of the war—a bullet in his brain.

The business meeting was called to order at 5 p. m. by President A. B. Davis of Wilton. These officers were elected:

President-Frank Wiggin of Bangor.

First Vice-President— H. A. Ewer of Vassalboro.

Second Vice-President — W. G. Foster of Clinton.

Secretary and Treasurer—Luther Bradford of Woodfords.

Directors—Bray Wilkins of Boston, W. C. Waterhouse of Hudson, Mass.; C. H. Parlin of Cannabelle, Fla; D. L. Warren of Portland, and J. G. Lamb of Lisbon.

The banquet in the evening was given by the citizens, headed by the board of trade. It was held in the wigwam, the largest hall, which was well filled with veterans and citizens. It proved an occasion of unusual pleasure. The long tables were liberally supplied with choice food and fruits, and fine music and singing were interspersed between the speeches.

Hon. Waldo Pettingill, vice-president of the board of trade, delivered the address of welcome. Response was by General C. W. Tilden, colonel of the regiment.

There were no toasts and responses or set speeches, but short remarks were made by Major S. Clifford Belcher of Farmington, Hon. George D. Bisbee, president of the board of trade, A. E. Stearns of Rumford Falls, Frank Wiggin, vice-president of the association, and D. L. Warren of Portland.

This regiment was mustered in at Augusta in 1862, and served three years in the Army of the Potomac, participating in almost all the battles from Antietam to Appomattox. It occupied prominent positions at Frederickburg and Gettysburg, and suffered heavy losses.

REUNION OF TWENTY-FIRST MAINE.

The second reunion of the Twenty-first regiment. Maine Infantry Volunteers, were in session in this city September 10, 1897, at the Alameda.

When the meeting was called to order by President R. C. Harris of this city, nearly two hundred comrades and ladies were present. Prayer was offered by Chaplain Edmund Gould of Hallowell. President Harris in his opening address, spoke as follows:

"Comrades: After more than thirty years since the closing scenes of that mighty struggle with treason and rebellion, there assembled in reunion at Augusta, September 10, 1896, nearly eighty survivors of that heroic contingent in Maine's quota of the nation's defenders, the Twenty-first Maine Volunteers.

To-day we welcome you to our city, a city justly renowned for its patriotism and devotion to the Republic, and its loyalty to the interests of the veteran soldier of 1861 and 1865.

The survivors of the Twenty-first can point with pardonable pride at the noble record earned by their patriotism and loyal devotion to the cause, when, after severe paigning, and term of enlistment having expired, they remained upon the field and gallantly faced the foe throughout the siege of that stronghold Port Hudson. And when general order No. 49 was promulgated. calling for volunteers for that forlorn hope,' to the Twenty-first must be awarded the palm of honor, as there stepped forth from its ranks a much larger number of volunteers than from any like organization in the 'Department of the Gulf.' And this in the face of the fact that the chances were not more than one to one hundred that a man of that

storming party could return unscathed.

Thus the history of the campaign of the Twenty-first is linked with one of the great crowning victorics of the war, as by the fall of that stronghold of the Confederacy, Louisiana was wrested from rebel rule, and that mighty father of waters, the Mississippi, flowed unvexed to the sea."

A vote of thanks was extended Secretary Woodward for his valuable and efficient labors.

Three hearty cheers were given in honor of Captain Isaac W. Comery of Company A, the oldest member of the regiment in attendance. He is in his eightieth year. The report of the tracing committee was received and accepted, and the thanks of the association were tendered the same.

Comrade Colonel Charles S. Crowell of Lewiston extended a cordial invitation for the association to meet in Lewiston at the next session.

Comrades Gould, Fossett, and Matson appointed a committee to present resolutions on deceased members during the year. Their report was accepted. The committee on constitution reported.

A vote of thanks was extended to General Hyde for an invitation to visit the Bath Iron Works.

A poem was read by Rev. Edmond Gould. It was voted that the next meeting of the association be held on the first Wednesday of September next at Oakland. Maine.

The following officers were elected: President, M. V. B. Chase. Augusta.

First Vice-President, S. W. Clark, Boston.

Second Vice-President, Charles H. Matson, Bath.

Third Vice-President, George W. Hubbard, Oakland.

Secretary and historian, J. T. Woodward, West Sidney.

Treasurer, Norman II. Fossett, Riverside.

Executive committee first five officers as above.

Tracing committee, Field staff, Joseph T. Woodward, West Sidney, Maine: Company A, George W. Young, Waldboro, Maine; Company B, Hiram Wyman, Oakland, Maine: Company C, Eben C. Donnell. Somerville. Massachusetts: Company D, William A. Austin, Cross Hill, Maine: Company E, Augustus L. Smith, Togus, Maine: Company F, William Douglass, North Whitefield, Maine: Company G, William F. Gay, Thomaston, Me; Company H, Simon C. Hastings, Sidney, Maine; Company I, William Nash, Portland, Maine; Company K. Augustus Crowell, Skowhegan, Maine.

At I o'clock a sumptuous dinner was served in the hall by Caterer Smith, which was enjoyed by about two hundred.

At the opening of the afternoon session, letters were read from absent members, and a social session was enjoyed by the recitations of Dr. H. M. Ragon and Frank Mikelsky, an original poem by Mrs. N. H. Fossett of Hallowell, selections by the Naval Cadet band, singing under the direction of Comrade Gould. and a reception to the children of the Orphans' Home.

Wagoner William H. Gilman, of Company C, celebrated his seventyseventh birthday.

HISTORY OF THE TWENTY-FIRST MAINE.

Joseph T. Woodward spoke as follows:

COMRADES: The history of a regiment, its efforts and labors, failures and successes, casualties and glories. cannot be briefly told. So it is only possible, in the time we now have, to touch a few points lightly; tell a little of the story of the men who, as the Twenty-First Maine Infantry, left the state with high hopes and patriotic purpose, that autumn afternoon thirty-five years ago.

We gathered at Camp Keyes, Augusta, from our homes in the central section of the state, in the autumn of 1862, with the prospect of no holiday service.

The fanciful theory of the South and its friends, that in three months the Lincoln government would be a fugitive, and the mistaken idea that 75,000 men would close the war, had alike been scattered to the winds. Some progress had been made, but the star of our national success was still far from the zenith.

Vicksburg and Port Hudson still enchained the Mississippi. Spry little vessels ran the blockade, and swift steamers burned and bonded our ships on every sea, and monarchies looked for the downfall of republican institutions under the crucial test of rebellion. Disease and losses in action depleted the ranks of our troops in the field, and selfishness, suffering, and political prejudice among the people clamored for peace at any price.

No one could doubt that a struggle was in progress that would test the resources of the nation in men and money in no limited fashion, and that this contest should be made sharp and decisive.

When ready, there was no delay, for on the 27th of October, 1862, we broke camp in the afternoon, reached Boston the next morning, crossed the city, went by rail to Stonington, by steamer *Commodore* to New York, and the next morning were on the rail from Jersey City towards Washington.

When we reached New Brunswick, N. J., we were overtaken by a message from General N. P. Banks, then at New York, ordering us to report to him at that city.

Regretfully we turned back and camped that night at Park Barracks, on the spot now occupied by the New York post-office.

The Twenty-First Maine was thus the first regiment reporting at rendezvous for the Banks expedition.

After a few days' search for a camping ground, we marched to East New York, Long Island, to barracks lately vacated by Spinola's brigade.

After our close quarters in the city, this charming Long Island suburb was very pleasant. The trees were just tinged with autumn frosts, the flowers still blooming and the grass green and beautiful.

The day was hot and the march rapid, and when we arrived, ready to rest, we found, as you will remember, unpleasant reminders of the former occupants of the barracks left for us. In fact they were filthy and unsavory to the last degree.

Even the gentlest mouthed their disgust, and the more fiery spirits were in such temper that there was no small temptation if they behaved as did certain soldiers anciently, where, as the old legend has it, "the troops swore terribly in Flanders."

However, discipline prevailed and, after vigorous house cleaning and police work, the barracks were made habitable, and the citizens, having learned the character of our men, were most kind to all and especially attentive to our sick comrades.

Measles had broken out on our way, and with fevers and like troubles, caused by the bad sanitary conditions of a low camp-ground flooded by autumn rains, kept our medical staff busy and our hospitals full, and deaths were frequent.

Being the first troops at hand, we were frequently called on for men for special duty and we never failed to have the right man for the work and have "more left of the same sort."

To take charge of headquarters' mail, we sent Baxter. To load and care for the ship *Red Gauntlet*, we sent Carver, a master mariner of fine ability; for the field telegraph, Jones and others of especial fitness; and for the signal service, a detail of admirable men with our present president at its head, who filled the place with the same ease and ability manifested in his present office.

These old fellows were young then, and many an arrow from Cupid's bow found its mark as the gay soldier lads met the bright-eyed maidens of the village. Some of these wounds healed rapidly, but others were incurable till Hymen had lighted his flashing torch and the joyous bells announced the soldier's wedding.

On January 9, 1863, Companies A. F. C, H, E, and K received marching orders and went on board the sailing ship *Onward*, Captain Isaac Coombs master. The detachment was in charge of the lieutenant-colonel, the major and adjutant accompanying.

Five hundred and fifty men were crowded in this ship of size sufficient for about half the number. She had long been in general trade and her very timbers were full of the pungent and unpleasant odors of former cargoes, while her only ventilation was by the small hatchways of the ordinary merchant ship of her class. In her low "'tween decks" a series of bunks had been arranged for four men each, around each side of this space, and a double row for the same number each, in the centre, leaving two alleys, extending fore and aft, with bunks for four on each side of each alley, each set, or section, being three bunks high. A partition aft separated a space for the line officers. The whole construction was of rough boards and scantling.

In the faint light from the hatchways in the daytime or from a few dim lanterns at night, the occupant of the inner spaces of these low bunks must creep to his place by or over his fellows.—a journey which, for a landsman, particularly in the upper tiers, in a rough sea, required no small skill and judgment, especially as each occupant must keep all his belongings in the space allotted him for the trip.

This seemed to give the lower tier

men an advantage, but there were compensations, for, when Neptune claimed his tribute from sensitive stomachs of men so closely packed —hardly able to sit upright in the low spaces, the lower tiers became painfully aware of the presence of their comrades, and the disagreeable features of our first night at East New York were to this but a few drops before a more copious and disagreeable shower. As may be imagined, the condition of such quarters the next morning was indescribable in English speech.

A detail for the purpose, however, soon put the quarters again in order, and, with a good breeze, in about eighty hours we reached Fortress Monroe, passing the tall lighthouse on Cape Henry, dark and tenantless, for the lenses had been removed, and the mariner must protect himself. Here most of us had our first view of Southern soil. We anchored in full view of Rip Raps and Sewall's Point, the scene of the encounter between the Merrimac and the Monitorthat "cheese box on a raft"-the heavy masonry of the fortress near by us. A boat went on shore to announce our arrival and receive further orders. These were given under seal, and we were soon again at sea. When opened, we found we were to report at New Orleans, and we shaped our course southward, with a fine breeze and pleasant weather. On the 24th we passed Tortugas and on the 26th we found the blue water of the Gulf tinged with the prairie mud which the mouth of the Mississippi sends far out from shore. Coming nearer

land, we were boarded by a pilot and found we were at Pass Loutre, one of the channels through which, as they spread out like the separated fingers of a gigantic hand, the waters of the great river make their way through its delta, to the sea.

We moved to Southwest Pass, and there we remained till the 29th, when a tug moved us over the bar and we were taken in tow for New Orleans. Early the next morning, January 30, we passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and, in the dim light, saw the Verona, which was sunk in the fight there, her sharp bows lying out of water and her trim masts bleaching in the Southern air, and just above her, the wreck of a Confederate steamer sunk in the same engagement.

None of us will forget how pleasantly the broad fields stretched away from the river, checked with orange groves of darkest green, loaded with reddish-yellow fruit, ripe and luscious, and the softer green of the canefields contrasting with the background of sombre forest clad in the dull gray of waving festoons of pendulous moss. The landscape was dotted with plantation buildings, nestling amid trees and flowers in great profusion. A very Eden of beauty.

Market boats dropped alongside and we feasted on oranges, big, fully ripe, and luscious—cheap and plenty as apples at home, and supplemented army rations with oysters from boats in tow. Nature was, indeed, in gala dress, but the inhabitants showed no such gladness at our presence.

Sometimes a white woman could

be seen with our glasses, standing on her broad veranda, "stiff and stately, as if starched and ironed lately," watching our progress with hate and defiance showing in every curve of lip and nostril, and here and there a gang of negroes, with overseer on horseback, at work in the fields. The colored people, appreciating the importance of our presence to their race, shyly waved their handkerchiefs, and dark faces beamed with gladness as we passed. We noticed the battle ground of Jackson, in the war of 1812, as we went by, and the city of New Orleans, quiet and beautiful, now clean and orderly (thanks to the administration of General Butler) behind its breastworks of levees. We disembarked and encamped at Carrollton, just above the city on the river front. Men on leave visited the city, and some officers were paid during our stay. The paymasters were located very pleasantly in the former home of the Confederate General Twiggs, on Prytania street. General Banks's headquarters were in a house said to belong to the Confederate General Lee.

Our stay here was short, and we broke camp about two o'clock one morning, and went on board the steamer *Laurel Hill*, on which we reached Baton Rouge, Feb. 3, 1863.

The next morning we disembarked, marched through the city, and camped on the outskirts in a cold wind and chilling rain. Campfires were lighted, and our service in front of the enemy began.

We were assigned to General Augur's division, General Emery in command. At night we received

orders to send out a picked guard, to which no fires were to be allowed, though the wind was very cold and piercing and the rain still poured heavily. This was especially trying to unacclimated men just from the heat of crowded quarters on a sea voyage in the tropics. The order required the selection of a careful and efficient officer, and one was selected for this disagreeable and dangerous duty, who has, fortunately, survived to be with us to-day, though that night's service cost him a dangerous illness, and some of the detail, their lives. In one office, at least, in our regiment, personal relations had no place in assignments to duty.

On the river front, above and below us, were two men-of-war, their shotted guns run out continuously, ready, in case of an attack, to protect us at a moment's warning.

Skirmishing occurred frequently, and a few miles from us was a considerable camp of Confederates.

On the 12th of February, 1863, the colonel, with the remainder of the regiment, reached us, having had like experiences on shipboard, with ourselves. The climate and sanitary conditions showed in our large sicklist. Still, our men were busy. The Maine men were good axemen, and frequent details were employed in felling trees for fortifications. Riflepits were dug and careful preparations made for an attack.

While here, Grierson's Cavalry came to our pickets, from their raid across the country from La Grange, Tennessee. They brought in a considerable number of prisoners, taken near by, whose homes were in the

city. Their friends were permitted to bring them delicacies and talk with them freely, before they were taken to New Orleans. The brave riders of Grierson's had a soldier's welcome during their stay.

One of the Massachusetts regiments had an army Masonic lodge, and this lodge held meetings in the Masonic Hall at Baton Rouge, the door being kept by the proper officer of this Southern lodge. The pictures of past officers were on the walls, the furniture and archives all intact and so had been while the tide of battle had been waged about the place, and they were so left when we departed.

While at Baton Rouge, drills were kept up, and the troops were reviewed by the commanding general and Admiral Farragut. This routine was broken by an order to move on Port Hudson, and all expected to meet the enemy.

As it turned out, we saw no enemy this time, our trip being made to menace Port Hudson in the rear, while Farragut attacked it in front. We encamped about ten miles from Port Hudson, established our guards, foraged on the country, and ate plentifully. At night, the thunder of guns from the fleet and the reply from the forts made lively music.

Early in the morning we expected an order to move forward, but, instead, the general commanding announced that the object of the expedition was accomplished: that Commodore Farragut with the *Hartford* and *Albatross* was safely anchored above Port Hudson. During the night, we had noticed above the

cane-brake which shut the river from our view, a moving light slowly coming down the river. Conjectures were various. Many supposed it to be some sort of a fire raft, set affoat to trouble the fleet.

Just as we were forming line for the return march, this mysterious light was nearly opposite us, when, all at once, a tall column of fire and smoke and blazing fragments shot high in the air, followed by an explosion like a dozen thunder peals in one.

It proved to be the sloop of war *Mississippi*, which had been disabled in the fight, and taken fire. She had drifted down the river until her magazines exploded and sunk her.

We unloaded and destroyed some supplies, filling the empty wagons with confiscated cotton, and marched toward Baton Rouge as far as Montaceno Bayou, where we encamped. The ground was low and marshy and the night rainy, and the water crept above the fence rails laid down to sleep on, and in the morning, an extremely bedraggled body of men, in very uncomfortable temper, responded to the call for duty.

Orders against foraging were strict, but sweet potato bins mysteriously opened and the camp was well supplied. Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley, who had had considerable experience in the West before he became a soldier, came in late in the evening with the chickens and turkeys so closely clustered on his horse that the whole outfit seemed a poultry yard on horseback, with the colonel for pilot and supercargo.

No inquiries were ever made, and

the thanks of our general of division were received for a fat turkey which graced his breakfast table.

From this camp we marched on a foraging expedition to the Comite river some ten miles inland.

We brought in seventy-eight head of cattle, some mules, several thousand dollars worth of cotton, and some food for our animals. Declining an invitation to a supper, prepared to tempt us to wait while troops could be brought up to capture us, we returned to our camp at Baton Rouge.

May 20, 1863, we again moved on Port Hudson, by the Bayou Sara road, and on the 21st, near where this road is crossed by the road leading from Port Hudson to the country in its rear, we first met the enemy. The crossing of these roads is on a level plain, and from a small country store located there, the place is known as Plain's Store. At this time, the expedition to the Red river region had done its work, and Port Hudson was really to be attacked. We had been left to care for Baton Rouge, and now were part of the attacking force. Other troops were in motion, cavalry and artillery en route, generals and their staffs hurrying to their posts in the encircling lines now drawing about this strongly fortified place on the river. Among the cavalry were Grierson's men (whom we had met before) active and hardened to service. They had a battery of light howitzers,—queer little pieces about two feet long, with a caisson resembling a small trunk on wheels.

The garrison at Port Hudson sent

out a force to Plain's Store to dispute our approach and their artillery opened on the head of the advancing column with shot and shell, in lively style.

Their range was high and the trees suffered most in our neighborhood, though nearer the front the range was better, and both artillery and muskets were effective, as the passing stretchers and ambulances gave evidence.

At about 3 o'clock p. m. we reached the point where the Confederate artillery was posted in the morning. They had withdrawn to a new position on the Port Hudson road, and a sharp artillery duel was going on. The Twenty-first was thrown across the road as a rear guard, and the rest of the brigade was sent in on the left of the Port Hudson road to support our artillery then in action.

Soon a solid shot buried itself in the ground at our feet. Another struck just in front of Company F, tossing the dust over the colonel and company and adjutant, who were sitting mounted in their rear, and bounded harmlessly away, and another passed through the brigade staff, taking along with it the knee of Lieutenant Tucker, of the Fortyninth Massachusetts, on the brigade staff. He was taken to the rear, and an amputation was performed by Surgeon Brickett. Meantime, the brigade had met the enemy, and the rattle of musketry added to the roar of the artillery.

This soon ceased, and prisoners and wounded began to come in. Stretchers and wagons were in active use, and the musicians worked

with a will in the stifling heat, caring for the wounded. We soon learned that the famous Miles legion was in our front, and that our brigade had charged and routed them and had them in full retreat to their fortifications. Companies A, H, B and K were sent forward on picket duty in front of the battle-field, and a detail for burying the dead attended to that service. It was then nearly night, and firing was heard in our rear. Colonel Johnson moved the regiment rapidly to the rear and right, when we found Grierson's cavalry engaged with a small force of Confederates. We soon had them in retreat, and went into camp near a small Baptist church.

In the morning we called in our pickets, and moved up to our position of the day before, and on the 22d we camped on Plain's Store battle-field, where we remained for two days. Holcomb's Second Vermont Battery was near us, and the days were pleasantly spent. Plain's store was considerably damaged by our artillery, one shot having passed completely through it and an artilleryman at the same time.

The Masonic hall, in the upper story, was intact and used as a hospital. On the morning of the 24th we marched down the Plain's store road to Port Hudson, our brigade in advance.

Captain Holcomb's battery was still with us, and we were to support it. In his phrase, "You take care of me, boys, and I'll take care of you."

During the day Generals Banks, Andrews, and Dwight passed us, and rumors of attack were frequent. In the afternoon Colonel Deroley moved his brigade to the left of the road and opened fire on the outer line of fortifications with artillery, to which the Confederates replied with vigor. At intervals a heavy sound from the river opposite showed that our gunboats and mortars were not idle.

On the extreme right and left a few shots were exchanged; but we in the centre lay on our arms, after a supper of hardtack, pork and coffee, and for the most part slept soundly.

On the 26th, the heavy guns were getting into position, and two flags of truce came out, and were met by our commander.

On the 27th, firing began in the morning all along the line. This was kept up with brief intervals till about 4 o'clock p. m., when orders were given for a general charge on the enemy's works.

Volunteers for a storming party were called for and promptly furnished, Captain Clarke of Company H. and Lieutenant Wallace of Company H, being the commissioned officers from our regiment. This party was supplied with fascines to fill the ditches at the works.

Our brigade was in front on the centre at the left of the road, leading from Plain's store to Port Hudson, our right resting on this road, with Holcomb's battery immediately on our right.

Our position was screened by a belt of woods, and immediately in front was an open field fairly level, which had been a dense forest of heavy growth, now covered with brush and fallen trees, the branches roughly interlaced, making regular movements impossible, and giving the enemy full view of any approach.

It was reported that General Augur urged the impossibility of a successful charge under such circumstances against a garrison so well protected.

However, at the order the storming party moved rapidly forward out of the woods towards the Confederate works, which at once opened a heavy and well-directed fire of grape, canister, and musketry. To this our artillery replied rapidly, and the first line of attack followed the storming party.

The withering fire from the works in which the enemy were well covered on lines entirely unprotected, played havoc with the stormers as they struggled through the fallen timber, and the same fate met the first line of attack, in which was our regiment. The blue lines thinned rapidly under this fire. The brigade commander and Lieutenant Wallace had fallen with others, our colorbearer was shot and several of the color-guard wounded near the woods. The slow progress through the abattis gave the enemy ample time for defensive work, and their sharpshooters did not fail to improve it. The second line came forward to our support with spirit, but with the same results.

It was plain that flesh and blood could not pass that distance through that storm of missiles and survive, and that further effort was a waste of life to no purpose.

Reluctantly we fell slowly back to cover in good order, removing our wounded as we went. While the result was regretted, we have a right to remember with pride and satisfaction in honor of our fallen, and to the credit of our living, comrades, that none made more heroic effort or did their duty better than the Twentyfirst Maine.

It is true that bad conditions on shipboard and a malarious climate had reduced our ranks to small proportions; but the spirit of the regiment was unbroken, as its casualties bear conclusive record. Several in the charging ranks on that day had hurried forward from hospital, joining the regiment just before the battle, one in particular reaching the regiment after the lines were formed, took his place, and was killed scarcely five minutes after he had reported for duty.

The wounded men were treated at a field hospital, arranged by Surgeon Brickett and two assistants. He gave prompt and most skilful attention to their needs, and those able to be moved were sent to Baton Rouge by way of Springfield Landing, to hospital. Those who had fallen were buried on the field, and a regular siege was begun. The pick and spade took their part of the work though musket, sword and bayonet were by no means idle.

The sharpshooters of besiegers and besieged kept careful and continuous watch, and many a life paid the penalty of a careless moment, as a head appeared above the Confederate works, or a Union soldier failed to reach cover promptly at exposed points, when working details were relieved.

Sallies of the garrison often resulted, but it was kept closely shut in by our forces on land and river;

so that it was only a question of time when it must surrender.

When the Confederate commander learned of the surrender of Vicksburg, he knew of the utter folly of further resistance, and on the eighth day of July, 1863, surrendered about 7.000 prisoners, 50 cannon and a considerable number of small arms. The stars and stripes took the place of the stars and bars, and the Mississippi was again open to the sea.

The Twenty-first passed within the works, received the thanks of the commanding general, and was for a time a part of the garrison. Transportation was provided later, and the regiment left by steamer, with such of our sick and wounded as were able to travel on our homeward journey. Several comrades were buried on our way, and others left at Mound City and other points, in hospital.

Reaching Memphis, we came by rail to Chicago, and via Buffalo. Albany, and Boston to Augusta by rail.

Rolls were prepared, and we were mustered out on the 25th day of August, 1863, after a term in the United States service of ten months and twelve days, and in state service of one month and ten days, lacking in all but a few days of a year's service in the Twenty-first Maine.

The subsequent military history of the men of the regiment in the large number of re-enlistments from those not disqualified by disease or wounds, shows the material of which it was composed, and reflects no small honor on the organization under whose colors they received their first baptism of fire. Comrade Austin has, with gratification and patience, prepared a record of these reënlistments, and will, in due time, present it to you.

Today, when the white-winged angels of peace and prosperity smile on our beloved land, it is left to us (the remnant of the "long line of freshlipped men" that gathered with us to serve their country) to cherish the memory of our comrades who have crossed the dark river, and keep strong and bright the chain of affection and comradeship in scenes of suffering and danger, till, as we pass on, we may leave a record more enduring than tongue or pen, of what it was our fortune to do and suffer in our country's service.

It was not our fortune to serve on great battle-fields, where the grandeur of aggregated forces in conflict held the thoughts of men at great culminating points of the world's history. But whether the soldier fell at some lone picket post or on some famous field of battle or lives today a faithful citizen, the services he gave will ever live to benefit and bless his countrymen.

So, as we meet and part, saddened by the losses of comrades honored and beloved, gladdened by the greeting of those who remain, we are proud to know that it was our fortune, as best we might, to do our duty with these comrades and in the Twenty-first Maine.

TWENTY-FOURTH MAINE.

The comrades of the old Twenty-Fourth Maine Regiment association met at Farmington, for the annual reunion, August 5, and right heartily did the local G. A. R. men, S. Clif-

ford Belcher camp, S. of V., and the citizens in general welcome them.

The weather was beautiful and flags were unfurled to the breeze in gay style.

At noon, the visitors were met at the depot by the local members of the association, escorted by John F. Appleton Post, the Sons of Veterans, and a band. All proceeded to Grand Army hall, where dinner was served.

Among the regimental officers present were:

President—C. II. Waldron, of Gardiner.

Vice-Presidents— Λ . J. Parker, of Gardiner; J. L. Libby, of Albion; Isaac B. Russell, of Farmington.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. H. Dudley, of Gardiner.

The business session followed, when the choice of Association officers for the next year was made, as follows:

President—L. Libby of Albion.

Vice-Presidents—Isaac B. Russell, Farmington; Capt. H. C. Vaughn, Foxcroft: Hon. William Smith, Fall River.

Secretary and Treasurer—O. L. Basford, Fayette.

It was voted to hold next year's meeting in Lewiston, about the middle of August. The rest of the afternoon was given to reminiscences of the war, and social enjoyment.

The camp-fire was held in the evening, in Grand Army hall, with Captain H. C. Vaughn, Foxcroft, of Company E. as toastmaster; the address for the Sons of Veterans, B. M. Small, Esq.; response for the G. A. R., General S. Clifford Belcher of the Sixteenth Maine; "Our Navy," re-

sponded to by Alonzo Sylvester of the gunboat *Nahaska*; address from the Relief Corps by Miss Hattie P. Keyes: Story of Our Regiment, by Hon. G. M. Seiders of the Twentyfourth Maine, Portland.

Several other members spoke, and there was music and readings.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH MAINE REUNION.

August 17, 1897, was a gala day at Hampden, the occasion being the twelfth annual reunion of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regimental association, which was held at the town hall, and was a very successful and pleasant event in all its features, being largely attended, and greatly enjoyed by all present. The visitors were entertained by the members of Frank A. Flagg Post, No. 122, G. A. R., and the Relief Corps, assisted by the citizens of Hampden.

The visitors were escorted to the Town hall and after greetings were exchanged and an excellent dinner was served in the Grange hall nearby, there was a concert by the band.

Comrades were called to order in the hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion, at two o'clock by President E. B. Maddocks of Hampden, and prayer was offered by Comrade Robinson of F. A. Flagg Post. This was followed by a selection by the band, and then the reports of the secretary and treasurer were presented.

It was voted to hold the next reunion at Winterport on August 17, 1898, and then the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Augustus I. Mayo. Winterport.

Secretary—D. W. Billings, Swan-ville.

Treasurer—A. E. Clark, Belfast. Vice-Presidents—John F. Thomas, S. G. Morse, A. W. Curtis, B. Atwood, J. H. Thomas, C. E. Sherman, R. E. Young. James Hamilton, I. A. Conant, P. S. Holmes.

Finance Committee—S. G. Morse, Joseph Cook, C. J. Knight.

Executive Committee—A. I. Mayo, O. C. Clifford, J. W. Eveleth, J. W. Ritchie.

It was voted that a regimental history be printed before the next reunion, and J. W. Black and L. C. Morse were appointed the committee in charge of the collection of the material and the publication.

The following were voted in as honorary members: J. F. Churchill, S. F. Stevens, Belfast; N. B. Arey, Camden; G. H. Holland, F. G. Rogers, Hampden.

The address of welcome was delivered by Miss Mabel Holland of Hampden, in behalf of the home Post and Relief Corps and the citizens of Hampden. She extended in well chosen words a very hearty welcome to the visitors.

The response was by Miss Charlotte Thorndike Sibley of Belfast, "the granddaughter of the regiment," and this well-known and charming speaker's remarks were very fitting and interesting.

The afternoon was concluded with several entertaining numbers, including the reading of a poem entitled "The Old Canteen," by Rev. D. E. French of Hampden. solos by Mrs. Hodges, readings by Mrs. Arey and Miss Carrie Roberts, and remarks by

several of the comrades, all of which were much enjoyed. The session was then adjourned for supper, and an appetizing repast was served.

In the evening the hall was crowded, and the following entertaining programme was enjoyed:

Invocation, Rev. D. E. French; music by choir; original poem, Rev. A. J. Lockhart; song, Mr. Withee: reading, Ada Lougee; accordeon solo, Master Dean; short address, Hon. F. S. Walls; song, Mrs. Hodgins; short address, J. O. Johnson; piano solo, Miss Couillard; short address, Comrade Dawson; bell solo, Master Emerson; remarks by comrades; song by four young ladies; address, Miss Charlotte Thorndike Sibley: piano solo, Mrs. Patten: address, P. H. Gillin: harp solo, Master Sparrow: reading, Ada Lougee; music by orchestra; reading, Miss Nellie Miller; song, Mr. Whitney; tableau: music by choir.

THE THIRTY-SECOND MAINE.

The reunion of the members of the Thirty-Second Maine Regiment association was held August 13, 1897, at Peaks island at the Fifth Maine association building.

Among the members of the Thirty-Second Maine are: Colonel John D. Anderson, past department commander of the G. A. R.; Lieutenant James J. Chase of Chase Mills, the son of Solon Chase; junior vice department commander of the G. A. R., Judge Horace H. Burbank of Saco, and Ray P. Eaton of Brunswick.

The annual business meeting was called to order at 10:30 by the president. J. B. Hammond of New

Gloucester. The records of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

The report of the treasurer showed the receipts of the year to be \$33.33, and the expenditures \$18.75, leaving a balance of \$14.58 on hand.

The report of the historian and necrologist, Henry C. Houston of Portland, was read and accepted. The historian reported that the work of writing the regimental history was nearly complete, and that nothing remained but for the association to prepare the ways and means for the publication of the work. This historian requested that every comrade could assist in preparing the history by lending the compiler any diaries or other data that they had bearing on the history of the regiment.

The report of the necrologist showed the following deaths: Frederick Marble, Company H, Bridgton; Edmund Duggan, Chelsea, Mass.: Joseph Richardson, Company K, Roxbury, Maine; Henry N. Judkins, Company B, Norway; Ronella S. Herrick, Company B, West Poland. The death of General Mark F. Wentworth was announced.

The roll-call of the several companies was then called, and the following numbers from the several companies responded: Company A, 9; Company B, 9: Company C, 11; Company D, 10; Company E, 10; Company F, 4; Company G, 3; Company H, 12; Company I, 1: Company K, 5.

At this point, Colonel John D. Anderson placed in nomination for president, Cyrus Goff of Reddington

Mills, who was elected by acclamation. The other officers are:

Vice-Presidents—I. M. Kaleloch, North Conway, N. H., Floris E. Gould, Freeport.

Secretary and Treasurer—Edwin C. Milliken, Portland.

Historian—Henry C. Houston. Portland.

Executive Committee—John D. Anderson, Gray, Ray P. Eaton, Brunswick, A. L. Littlefield, Kennebunk.

A committee on resolutions was appointed, and after retiring for a brief time, returned to the association hall and presented the following resolution:

The survivors of the Thirty-Second Maine Infantry, assembled at their annual reunion, having learned with sorrow that the colonel who led them a generation ago amid the carnage of the Overland campaign, and into the crater of Petersburg, died at his home in Kittery on July 12, 1897, desire to testify to the respect, esteem, and love which they have ever entertained toward General Mark F. Wentworth, and their deep regret that in this life they may never again look upon his face. As an expression of sympathy with the widow and family, they would beg to assure the bereaved ones that their grief is shared by the men whom he commanded, and that his military services will not fail of remembrance so long as a soldier of the Thirty-Second shall survive.

> H. H. Burbank, H. C. Houston, J. D. Anderson.

The resolutions were accepted, and it was voted to spread them on the records, and send a copy of the same to the widow and relatives of the deceased.

Remarks of an interesting nature were made by Judge Horace H. Burbank and others.

Dinner was served at 1 o'clock.

Dinner over, the comrades again assembled in the association hall. was voted to hold the next reunion in 1808, at Peak's Island, not later than August 20, the exact date and the final arrangements to be fixed by the executive committee. The thanks of the association were extended the Fifth Maine Regiment association for their kind action in tendering the use of their building to the regiment to hold the annual meeting in. The thanks of the association were also extended the ladies' auxiliary of the Fifth Maine, for assistance rendered in preparing the annual dinner. A vote of thanks was also extended the M. C. R. R., Portland & Rochester and G. T. R. R., for reduced rates.

The meeting then adjourned, and the comrades were entertained by Comrade George W. Plummer of New Gloucester, a gentleman of seventyseven years, who was always one of the best singers of the regiment, and to-day possesses a good voice.

REUNION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND MAINE INFANTRY.

The ninth annual reunion of the Twenty-second Regimental association was called to order by Sergeant O.W. Bridges at the town hall, Dexter, August 12, 1897. Prayer by Captain F. H. Dyer. The president, in a short speech, welcomed the comrades to Dexter. The records of the previous reunion were read and approved. The treasurer reported a small

amount of cash on hand. Bills of \$16.00 were presented and paid. A collection was taken to defray expenses. A number of touching and interesting letters and telegrams were read from absent comrades in Maine, Massachusetts, and the distant Pacific coast. Officers were nominated and elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

President—Colonel N. C. Stowe. Vice-Presidents—Charles W. Wilson and Luther Farnham.

Chaplain—F. H. Dyer.

Secretary and Treasurer—F. H. Jewell.

Executive Committee—S. S. Spratt, Hanson Hutchins, Company K; Bartlett Bradford, Company A.

Comrade David Gilman of Company E was reported to have died during the year. Voted to meet at Etna next year, the time to be fixed by the officers of the association. There were present about fifty comrades, mostly accompanied by their wives and daughters.

NINTH MAINE REGIMENT.

The annual reunion of the Ninth Maine regiment was held in Bath. at Post Sedgwick hall, September 21, Forty members were present, including several ladies. Captain S. C. F. Smith of Deering was chosen president pro tem.; J. N. Coffin of Eastport, secretary pro tem.; and A. D. Russell of Augusta, treasurer pro tem. Letters were read from Secretary J. E. Shepard of Lawrence, Mass., and President E. Q. Foster of Palmyra, who were unable to be present. Speeches were made by Captain Marston. Comrades Hopkins. Coombs, Ham, and others. The executive committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, and they were unanimously elected:

President—S. C. F. Smith, Deering.

Vice-President—Josiah N. Coffin, Eastport.

Secretary—J. E. Shepard, Lawrence, Mass.

Treasurer—A. D. Russell, Augusta.

Executive Committee—T. D. Farrar, Dexter, D. W. McCrillis, Newport, and Volney A. Gray, Dover.

Voted, that the next reunion be held in Dexter.

THE TWELFTH MAINE REGIMENT.

The annual reunion of the Twelfth Maine Regimental association at Old Orchard, September 16, was attended by a large number of members. The next reunion of the association will be held at Bridgton, subject to the call of the executive committee. The following were elected officers:

President—Dr. E. W. Thompson, Dover.

Vice-Presidents—Samuel Knight, Bridgton; J. W. Thompson, Bangor, and Kendall Pollard, Swampscott, Mass.

Secretary—Daniel W. Crockett, Bridgton.

Treasurer—Lieutenant George E. Andrews, Portland.

Executive Committee—Nathan W. Kendall, William P. Hodgdon, Daniel McCann, William H. Jewett, M. I. Milliken.

THE THIRTY-FIRST MAINE REGIMENT.

The members of the Thirty-First Maine regiment met at Grand Army hall in Augusta, September 17, and perfected an organization to be known as the Thirty-First Maine Regimental association. This regiment was composed mostly of recruits from the Kennebec valley, and in an engagement consolidated with the Thirty-Second, the ranks of the latter regiment having been depleted by sickness and death. A tracing committee was chosen from each of the companies represented, as follows: Company C, William H. Ware; Company G, Edson M. Sawyer; Company H. W. H. H. Emmons; Company I, F. L. Merrill. officers were elected:

President—George H. Harrington of Gardiner.

First Vice-President—Cyrus Goff of Redington Mills, Me.

Second Vice-President—William H. Ware of Augusta

Secretary and Historian—F. L. Merrill of Hallowell.

Treasurer—Evander Gilpatrick of Waterville.

Chaplain—Rev. E. Gould of Hallowell.

Executive Committee—Thomas F. Ingraham of Boston, J. R. Peacock of Gardiner, Charles H. Webber of Augusta, E. M. Lougee of Augusta. W. H. Emmons of Bradley, Me.

It was voted to hold annual re-

THE NINETEENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

About one hundred members of the Nineteenth Maine Regimental association met at Windermere Park, Unity, September 14. The forenoon was spent in shaking hands and greeting old comrades, and only those who followed a regiment like the Nineteenth can realize what a reunion means. Dinner was served in the dining-room by a member of the Nineteenth, and it was a good one. At two o'clock the president, Dr. A. J. Billings, called the meeting to order, and the minutes of the last meeting were read. The committee on place of the next meeting reported in favor of Belfast, which was accepted. Remarks were made by the president and others.

A camp-fire was held in the evening, at which remarks were made by Dr. Billings, J. O. Johnson, Fisher, Cunningham, Silas Adams, and others. After singing, the following letter and poem were read:

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 5, 1897. My Dear Comrade:—I little thought when as a little, red-cheeked girl I visited a camp of soldiers in Bangor, that the time would ever come when I should be called upon by the Maine veterans to write poems to commemorate their deeds of valor. but it is even so. I had the honor in 1889, when the Maine monuments were dedicated at Gettysburg, to stand on Little Round Top that bright October day, and read my poem in the presence of the august personages who represented that oc-Again, when the Fifth Maine Regiment association dedicated their beautiful building in Portland harbor, I was honored, and also at various other times. I remember with great pleasure the various expressions of gratitude which have come to me from the veterans all over the Union, even from far California. Only last Memorial day our own dear General Chamberlain took my hand, and said: "You are a sweet-souled woman." That was absolute flattery, pure and simple, and yet withal, pleasing.

It gives me particular pleasure to be remembered by the Waldo County veterans, for I was born in Winterport, and there and in Belfast rest my kindred. It will probably be my lot to be buried afar from my native town, and it is many years since I have visited there, but my memories of my birthplace are very tender.

It seems like a dream to me now when my two brothers went away to the war. One never came back, but sleeps with the unknown dead at

Antietam.

I trust you will have a successful reunion. I have just returned from Buffalo, where I saw 45,000 veterans in line, marching in solid lines for five hours. It was a grand sight. With many kind wishes for happy returns of the day you celebrate,

I am fraternally yours,
Helen N. Packard.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Reunion Nineteenth Maine Regiment Association

Like an eloquent tale from a book that's well worn,

That we've laid on the shelf with its pages thrice read,

Like a play that we've seen in the years long agone,

Or a dream that we dreamed in the days that are dead;

Like an echo that sounds from the far-distant hills.

Or the faint babbling murmur of fresh mountain rills,

Come the notes of remembrance, sounding nearer and nearer,

As the light from the past blazes clearer and clearer.

It seems so far off, that fierce battle we held,

And as faint as the breath of the comrades who died,

And as dim as the scenes on that smoke-clouded field,

When the pride of the North stemmed the fiery tide.

The cycle of years finds us grizzled and scarred, And the rungs of life's ladder are battered and marred, And the bugle that calls us sounds clearer and clearer.

And the camp that awaits us looks nearer and nearer.

And yet it was real on that terrible day,

When we marched 'neath the pitiless burning sun

Hour after hour on the heat-burdened way,

Till the night shades fell, and the day was done. Did we rest then? Ah, no, we kept up the march

'Neath the soft Southern stars, and the heaven's blue arch,

Straight onward, and onward, till the conflict came nearer,

And the dread notes of war sounded clearer and clearer.

We were jaded and fagged with our march and our load,

And hushed was the jest and the light spoken word.

As we tramped through the dust of the battlelined road,

And scarce a complaint or a murmur was heard. The hush that precedes the wild tempest was there,

And each of us muttered a low silent prayer,

As the deep cannonade sounded nearer and nearer.

And the smoke from the batteries showed clearer and clearer.

How we met Pickett's charge with invincible

Mid the terrible onslaught that swept us like

How the pride of the North turned the battle's fierce course,

Has been told and repeated again and again.

How the chivalrous hearts that marched up the hill

In the cyclone of battle, lay pulseless and still, How the glad cry of victory came nearer and nearer,

And the rainbow of promise glowed clearer and clearer.

Now the heart of the Nineteenth is turned once again

Toward our own Waterloo, our boast and our pride.

While the bronzes and granite (sw et Liberty's

Mark the spots where in honor our own heroes died.

They sleep, but the story shall be told and re-told

Not the faint mystic legends of a lost Age of Gold,

But a bright page in history, shining clearer and clearer,

As the call of the reveille sounds nearer and nearer.

Gone the years like the shadows that fall when the day

Sinks to rest on the calm, tranquil bosom of night,

And the lithe forms are bent, and the dark locks turned gray,

And the "boys" are fast dropping out of our sight.

But yet, we can hear the old rallying cry When the lads stood ready to do or to die.

The years roll away, and clearer, and clearer, Sounds the bugle that calls us, nearer still nearer.

Our ranks are unbroken! They press to our side

In a long blue line, touch elbow and jest, Again we close up in our stalwart young pride, Aflush with the hopes running high in each breast.

Ah, no, they sleep well on hillside and plain, Where they fell by the wayside, grows clover and grain,

But the old voices echo nearer and nearer

And the light from their camp-fire grows clearer
and clearer.

HELEN N. PACKARD.

A poem by Mrs. M. A. Sargent was read, and a recitation by Miss Edith Frost brought down the house. This closed one of the most successful reunions the Nineteenth has ever held.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.

The survivors of the famous regiment known as the First Maine Heavy Artillery held their annual reunion in Bucksport, August 24, and the one hundred or more veterans, with their wives, children, and friends, made up a gathering of about four hundred. They were warmly welcomed by the Bucksport

people, who did everything possible for their comfort and pleasure.

Emery hall, where the meetings were held, was embellished with military emblems, bunting, and banners inscribed with the various battles in which the regiment took part. Daniel F. Davis, the well-known local veteran, was officer of the day and had able assistants. The business meeting was called to order in Emery hall, at 10 a.m., by President Josiah P. Bradbury, of Rockland. The usual routine was in order. Letters of regret were read from Charles R. Levalley, Company B, Huntington, Va.; First Lieutenant Heman B. Smith, Company B, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Captain B. F. Oakes, Company I, East Tawas, Mich.; Sergeant J. B. Par-Company A, Pontiac, Ill.; Lieutenant-Colonel Z. A. Smith. Company C, Indianapolis; Chas. N. Smith, Company D, Newlon, Mont. Colonel C. V. Crossman, of Bangor, communicated his regrets by a comrade, and sent a five dollar note with them.

The list of deaths since the last reunion is as follows:

Timothy H. Tucker, Company B, Lee; Ivory Otis, Company G, Norridgewock; Corporal John Murphy, Company G, Swanville; Sergeant Emery S. Wardwell, Company G, Bangor; James Fish, Company E, Liberty; Arlington B. Marston, Company D. Bangor; Dennis O'Leary, Company A, Bangor: Thomas Williamson, Company H, Bangor; Eli Vancou, Company M, Orono: Lieutenant Hugh F. Porter, Company K, Pembroke; John G. Remick, Company G, Ellsworth; Edward K. Stewart, Company F. Veazie.

An incident of interest was the call for those who participated in the memorable charges at Petersburg, to rise. Sixty were counted, of whom one half signified that they received wounds in that terrible disaster.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Leander K. Marston, Boston.

First Vice-President—Gustavus B. Hiscock, Fort Fairfield.

Second Vice-President—Thomas G. Libby. Vinalhaven.

Secretary and Treasurer—H. E. Sellers, Bangor.

Trustees—Colonel R. B. Shepherd, Skowhegan; Lieutenant H.H. Shaw, Portland; V. D. Sweetland, Palmyra; Lieutenant Geo. E. Dodge, Carmel; Amos E. Hardy, Bangor.

A letter was read from Colonel R. B. Shepherd, of Skowhegan, inviting the association to hold their next reunion at that place. Remarks were made by Comrades Marston, House, Libby, Fernald, Sweetland, Crocker, Lowe, and Decker. It was voted to accept the invitation and hold the next reunion at Skowhegan, in 1898.

After the business meeting, the entire company of visitors adjourned to Town Hall, where an elaborate spread, tendered by the ladies of Bucksport, was partaken of amid beautiful decorations, and with faultless service. By actual count, 426 people were served, nearly all of whom were veterans, their wives and children.

At the public meeting in the afternoon, Emery Hall was packed. J. P.

Bradbury, the retiring president, called the meeting to order, and O. F. Fellows, of Bucksport, was called to the chair. Rev. V. D. Sweetland offered prayer. Rev. Henry W. Norton, of Bucksport, delivered the address of welcome, which was one of the bright, particular features of the reunion—brief, breezy, and to the point. Rev. V. D. Sweetland, of Palmyra, responded for the association, and conveyed the thanks and gratitude of his comrades, to the people of the town, for the cordial reception and princely treatment. He was followed by Comrades Thomas J. Libby, E. K. Drew, President-elect Marston, Lieutenant H. E. Sellers, Major C. J. House, and Daniel F. Davis.

Resolutions of thanks to the Bucksport contingent were presented and accepted, and the meeting dissolved with cheers. The speeches were interspersed with appropriate selections by the Bucksport Military band.

SECOND MAINE CAVALRY.

The reunion of the Second Maine Cavalry, held in Waterville. September 15, was most successful. About one hundred and fifty were present. At the morning meeting the principal business was the paper by Lieutenant S. G. Small, of Boston, who is preparing a history of the affairs and members of the regiment who fell during the war. After dinner the meeting was again called to order and the officers were elected as follows:

President—H. D. Moore, Philadelphia.

First Vice-President—W. Gillespie, Boston.

Second Vice-President — C. S. Crowell, Lewiston.

Third Vice-President—J. L. Burns, Washington.

Secretary and Treasurer—Geo. R. Smith, Augusta.

In the evening a huge camp-fire was held in Thayer's hall, followed by a banquet, at which 300 plates were laid. Hon. William T. Haines delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by President Moore. Remarks were made by Hon. S. S. Brown, Hon. C. F. Johnson, Dr. Nathaniel Butler, and members of the regiment.

Among the more prominent members of the regiment who were present were H. D. Moore, Philadelphia; S. G. Small, Boston; D. S. Simpson, Everett; J. L. Mayers, Cambridgeport; E. B. Billings, Lynn; G. F. Hussey, Braintree, and the veteran, Captain Moses French of Solon, who is seventy-eight years of age, and the oldest surviving officer of the regiment. It was decided to hold the next reunion in Bangor.

FIFTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION.

The Fifth Maine Battery Association held its annual reunion in Gardiner, September 15. This battery was organized at Augusta, December 4, 1861. left March 10, 1862, for Portland, and from here, April 1, for Washington, D. C., where it encamped on Capitol Hill. In regard to its work, the war department credits it with the following battles: Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.

In service its total loss was two officers and sixteen men killed, and seventeen men died. Only four more batteries in the Union army lost more men than the Fifth, and twice Colonel Fox makes mention of the maximum loss of this same battery in single engagements.

The meeting opened at II o'clock with President William I. Towns in the chair, and for the ensuing year the following were elected:

President-W. H. Nason.

Vice-President—Mrs. B. S. Smith, Gardiner.

Secretary and Treasurer—F. B. Menally, Lewiston.

It was voted to hold its next meeting at Augusta, September 15, 1898. After the business meeting, the assembly sat down to a substantial lunch; after this carriages took them to the New Mill bridge, where a sail in the steamer Gleun to Pleasant pond was enjoyed. At the return, a banquet was served and an informal camp-fire passed away the evening.

THE SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY.

At the annual reunion of the Seventh Maine Battery, held at Long Island, Portland. September 16, the following officers were chosen:

President—Major A. B. Twitchell, Newark, N. J.

Vice-President—Frederick C. Fuller, Somerville, Mass.

Secretary—A. S. Twitchell, Gorham. N. H.

Treasurer—W. O. Carney, Portland.

Executive Committee—the president, secretary, and J. S. Lowell of

Boston, C. G. Kenney of Portland, and H. E. Hale of Norridgewock.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The twenty-ninth annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry association was held in Belfast, September 29. The weather was perfect and more than one hundred comrades were present from all parts of the state, some from Boston, Newbury-port. Hyde Park, Mass, and Pawtucket. R. I. It was a grand sight to witness the greeting among the veterans, some not having met since the war.

Thomas H. Marshall Post. G. A. R., kindly gave the visitors the use of Memorial hall and extended every courtesy. The forenoon was occupied in welcoming new arrivals, story telling, etc.

The officers of the First Maine Cavalry Association, who were all present, are,—

President—Samuel J. Gurney, Belfast.

Vice-President — John E. Hart, Burnham.

Corresponding Secretary—Gen. J. P. Cilley. Rockland.

Secretary and Treasurer — O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

The meeting was called to order at 11 o'clock by the president. Samuel J. Gurney. of Waldo. After reading the records of the previous meeting, the treasurer, O. S. Haskell of Pittsfield, presented his report. which showed receipts for the year. \$27.12; expenditures, \$22; on hand. \$5.12.

The following committee was appointed to receive invitations to hold the next reunion: M. B. Cook.

Friendship; V. A. Foss, Bangor; N. S. Emery, Waterville. Invitations were received from Bucksport. Pittsfield, and Kittery, and suggestions were made to meet in Boston and Rumford Falls. The association voted in favor of Bucksport.

The following committee was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year: E. P. Tobey, Pawtucket, R. I.; O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield; J. B. Loring, Rockland; B. S. Wood, Newburyport, Mass.; G. N. Harris, Boston; E. L. French, Belfast; Alfred Pierce, Newtonville, Mass.; Leonard L. Rose, Leeds; D. N. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.; Charles E. Moulton, Orr's Island; George F. Jewett, Boston. They reported the following list of officers, who were unanimously elected:

President—Isaac L. Richardson, Bucksport.

Vice-Presidents—Edward Jordan, Bangor; Augustus Devereaux, Ellsworth.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer—O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

Corresponding Secretary — J. P. Cilley, Rockland.

The meeting then adjourned and the comrades took teams for the Battery, where a clam bake was held.

The afternoon was spent in visiting, viewing the city, and in other ways, as best suited the comrades.

At 5:30 o'clock, T. H. Marshall Relief Corps served an excellent supper for the comrades at Memorial hall.

The District of Columbia branch of the First Maine elected these officers:

President-F. B. Lowe, Waterville.

Vice-Presidents—E. R. Carr, Pittsfield; O. W. Cole, Etna; Charles D. Jones, Rockland.

It will meet on the second Wednesday of next September at Pittsfield.

Memorial hall was crowded in the evening. Addresses were made by General Cilley, Major Brown of Bangor, W. H. Clifford, commander of Thomas H. Marshall Post; E. P. Tobie, Pawtucket; George B. Safford, Skowhegan; L. L. Rose, G. N. Harris, C. E. Moulton, Lieutenant Jewett, F. B. Lowe, Isaac L. Richardson, and others. Lieutenant Tobie also read the following poem:

THE OLD FLAG.

An old soldier whose body bore many scars, Uncovered his head 'neath the stripes and stars, And gazed on the flag until tears filled his eyes; A lad who stood by, with a look of surprise And with awe in his tone, inquired, "What makes you cry?

'T is a day to be glad—this is Fourth of July." The soldier replied, "You ask why these tears? 'T is because of the memories of long-ago years Just you listen a moment, and I will tell Of what I am thinking—of what befell Brave comrades of mine, thrice ten years ago, Who'd been wounded and captured by traitor-

ous foe.

One bright day in June, in the year sixty-three,
These comrades of mine were from prison set
free:

It was little they cared that in foul cattle-car They were journeying on toward the Northern star.

They were on their way to 'God's country,' fair, To tread their own soil, to breathe their own air,

To fight for the flag and for country once more, And gladly would walk the whole distance o'er; Were they happy? Oh, yes, and the jest flew fast,

And the song rang out for a while, but at last More silent they grew, one by one, as each Found his happiness growing too deep for speech,

And each became busy with thoughts all his own

And memories belonging to him alone.

As thus quietly rode these paroled boys in blue, The train rounded a curve, and then came into view.

At the peak of a steamer, a flag of truce, white, Which flashed on their eyes like a beacon of light,

While high above that was this flag, bright and fair,

The old stars and stripes, with every star there, Proudly waving a welcome in red, white, and blue

To her sons who had stood by her colors so true.

There was silence a bit, then an outburst of joy-

It were vain to attempt to describe it, my boy.

Those men who in many a battle were scarred,

Who in many an active campaign had grown hard,

Who had suffered all hardships with never a moan,

Had been wounded ofttimes with never a groan, Had faced death without fear and met pain with a smile,

In a twinkling were changed and were boys for a while.

Men who'd not prayed since they left mother's knee

Knelt and thanked God that once more they could see

The old flag they loved; and brave, strong men Who had wept not for years gazed a moment, and then,

So great was their joy they burst into tears;

And praying and crying were mingled with cheers:

They danced and they frolicked like so many boys,

They sang and they shouted, and o'er all the

Rang the notes of such joy as to man is rare given—

A hint of the rapture known only in heaven;

They went wild in their joy, they went mad in their glee,

For once more they were under the flag of the free,

And the flag had new meaning to them from the

When it took them away from the foe's cruel

And to-day there is nothing in all this fair land To the eyes of the veteran soldier so grand

As the old stars and stripes floating free in the air.

How do I know all this? My boy, I was there."

Letters of regret were read by General Cilley. After reading the regrets, the comrades stood for a minute with bowed heads in acknowledgment. The reunion was a grand success. At the close, the association voiced the wishes of all in extending their hearty thanks to the citizens of Belfast and the members of the Marshall Post and its Relief Corps for the banquet, the clam bake, and the kind favors extended to them.

The thirtieth was passed by most of the comrades from Massachusetts, accompanied by others of the association, on the steamer to Castine, and a visit made to that historic place. The old British port was retaken, Colonel Bolan of the Fourteenth was surprised and capitulated with all the ceremonies of war at his summer cottage, and a day of rare enjoyment was had by all the party.

The history of the First Maine Cavalry is too well known to need much commenting upon, particularly in the state it honored so well, yet one never tires of reading the valorous and patriotic deeds done by men in all ages. Why should we tire, then, of dwelling upon the heroism displayed within our own memory, and giving just honor to those heroes who yet survive, and reverent thoughts for their comrades who have responded to their last bugle call?

While the reunions of these veterans are of a nature of a general good time, yet a tinge of sadness borders around them that cannot be effaced. As they meet to day, one has but to note the disappointed

looks here and there to know that some comrade gave his last greeting but a year ago. And so it is, and will continue to the end: one by one they answer the final roll-call, until the gallant First Maine Cavalry will again be united in brilliant array upon a plain untarnished by the spirits of war.

Of the 2,047 regiments in the Union army in the War of the Rebellion, the 300 who bore a loss in killed or mortally wounded equaling or exceeding 130 have been designated as the "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments." The ratio of the fighting regiments to the whole number of regiments is 14 per cent. Maine sent into the service, counting the batteries and unassigned companies as equivalent to two regiments. 36 regiments. Twelve of these are included in the 300 fighting regiments, making the ratio, so far as Maine troops are concerned, 33 per cent. The military record of the Maine troops is still further preeminent in the fact that of all the 2.047 regiments, the First Maine Heavy Artillery sustained the greatest loss in battle. Not only was the number killed the largest, but the per cent, of killed was exceeded in only one instance. Again: Its loss at Petersburg, June 18, was the greatest of any one regiment in any one action during the war. First Maine Cavalry sustained the heaviest loss, both in officers and men, killed in action, of any cavalry regiment in the entire army. In the battle order, so called, designating the number of battles each regiment was entitled to bear on its standards.

the number accorded to that regiment exceeded by three any other regiment in the whole army of the United States.

The following list, from "Fox's Regimental Losses," shows the number of men killed or mortally wounded at each of the battles in which the regiment was engaged:

Middletown, Va., May 24, 1862.	3
Manassas, Va , August 28, 1862,	- 1
South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862,	I
Louisa Court-House, Va., May 2, 1863,	2
Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1863,	I
Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863,	S
Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863,	11
Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863,	I
Shepherdstown, Va., July 16, 1863,	9
Manassas, Va., October 15, 1863,	1
Dahlgren Raid, Va., March, 1864,	ΙO
Todd's Tavern, Va., May 8, 1864,	J
South Anna, Va, May 10, 1864,	2
Ashland, Va., May 11, 1864,	9
Meadow Bridge, Va., May 12, 1864,	J
Hawes' Shop, Va., May 28, 1864,	1
Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864,	2
Skirmish, Va., June 19, 1864,	I
White House, Va., June 21, 1864,	- 1
St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864,	17
Gurley Faim, Va., June 25, 1864,	I
Picket, Va., August 9, 1864,	I
Deep Bottom, Va., August 9, 1864,	I
Malvern Hill, Va., August 16, 1864,	4
Charles City Road, Va, August 18, 1864,	3
Reams's Station, Va., August 25, 1864,	3
Yellow Tavern, Va., September 29, 1864,	i
Boydton Road, Va., October 27, 1864,	16
Bellefield, Va., December 10, 1864,	I
Dinwiddie Court-House, Va., March 31, 1865	, 27
Deatonsville, Va., April 6, 1865,	7
Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865,	4
Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865,	2
Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865,	7
Picket duty,	2
Place unknown,	l I
Total,	174
	,

This list is a little larger than the casualties given in "Tobie's History," but is correct as verified by investigation.

COMPANY I, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

At the fourth annual reunion of the veterans of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, held in Biddeford, September 15, the following officers were elected:

President—D. W. Davis, Amesbury, Mass.

Vice-president—Danville Newbegin, Shapleigh, Me.

Secretary and Treasurer—Bradbury P. Doe, Cambridge, Mass.

A banquet was tendered the veterans in the afternoon by the ladies of Sheridan Relief Corps of Biddeford, and in the evening a camp-fire was held. The next meeting will be held in West Newfield, in September, 1898.

The following letters from comrades were read:

Robert Lockhart of Custer City, Pa., writes,—"I should like very much to be with the comrades on the 29th; I am, however, so far away that it will be impossible. I hope that the comrades will have a fine time, and I shall think of them on that day. Where I reside, there are a number of the Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and they are always sounding the praises of the First Maine Cavalry, and ask to be remembered to the Maine boys. Please remember me to the comrades."

Patrick F. Shevlin of South Boston, Mass., writes,—"It is with regret that I write to inform you that I cannot attend the reunion, owing to a sudden death in the family. I made every preparation to go, but

the old enemy, Death, stole in on my rear and captured one of the family. I hope that my old comrades will close up the ranks, and as we grow fewer in numbers, let us grow stronger in love and good-fellowship to each other, so that we shall make even our old enemy, Death, which we meet on many a field, respect us in our last fight against him. Hoping that you will all have a grand good time, and regretting that I am not with you to get my share of it, God bless you all!"

George H. Mayberry of Madelia, Minn., writes,—"I wish I could be with the boys at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. Oh, what a day it must be for those who are able and can be there! I could not stand the trip, so I cannot be with you. Give my love to the boys. Tell them to come to the front and centre."

Joseph T. Darling of Malaga, Cal., writes,—"It would be the happiest day of my life, past, present, and future, if I could only meet you all in reunion to-day. The older I grow, the more I think of those dear boys who marched side by side with me in the days of '61-'65. Most vividly I recall every face, and every act which was done in that four years, and I never have yet regretted the time I lost in that great struggle."

James M. Knight of Dover, N. H., writes,—"I have just received your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the old First Maine Cavalry at Belfast, Me. I wish to thank you very kindly for the invitation, but shall not be able to attend. I send my best wishes to you all, sincerely

hoping you will have a full and pleasant reunion."

John Clouser of Philadelphia, Pa., writes,—"It is with regret I cannot attend, as I feel that this will be the last opportunity I shall have, unless something unforeseen turns up between now and the next reunion. I was in hopes until the last moment that I could meet the Maine delegation at Buffalo, and possibly meet some of the First Maine Cavalry."

J. M. Harriman of Necedah, Wis., writes,-" I would gladly attend; the body is willing but my finances are not, so I can only say I am with you in spirit, and if you meet any of Company E, convey my best wishes to them and all comrades of the grand old First Maine. I often meet Comrade Luce of Company A, but have not met but one comrade of Company E since the close of the war, and that was at the Milwaukee G. A. R. Encampment several years ago. The grand old Bugle comes regularly, which I enjoy so much. With regards to all the old boys and God bless you all, is all that I can sav."

Stephen Twombley of Fairfax Court-House, Va., writes,—"I regret not being able to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Belfast; my best regards are extended to all the members of the old regiment, and I will say that if any of the old boys happen this way. I will meet them with a hearty welcome, and will take them around to some of our old camp and battle grounds. I reside two miles west of Fairfax Court-House, on the Little River turnpike, some twenty-three

miles from the battle grounds of Middleburg, Upperville, and Aldie; also nine miles from Bull Run, some four miles from the Chantilly and Ox Road fight."

A. D. McGuire of Freeland, Mich., writes,—"I hasten to answer; it is with many regrets that I am not able to be with you. We cannot always do as we would like to. Please give my love to all of the old boys, and more especially those who remember me by name. I like to think of the time when we were all together, and do almost every day."

Perley Lowe of Chicago, Ill., writes: "If it was a week later I could be with you, but my daughter arrives in New York about that date from Scotland, and I shall have to be there to meet her."

Bradbury P. Doe of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "Words fail to express the joy it would be to me to meet the dear old boys on Wednesday. I know you will have a grand time. Please extend my best wishes to all"

W. A. Vinal of Portage Lake, Me., writes: "It will be impossible for me to attend the reunion at Belfast this year. I should like to meet with the boys once more, but my health has been poor for the last year, so what I lack in funds to get me there I will make up in good wishes for all the comrades."

L. C. Hooper of West Sullivan, Me., writes: "I cannot meet the old comrades of the brave and noble First Maine Cavalry at its reunion on the 29th inst. It would be a great pleasure to meet the comrades. I am proud of its members, I am

proud of the name of the First Maine Cavalry, but I am still more proud that my name washever on its rolls. I will try to be with you in mind, and my best wishes to the comrades of the dear old regiment, and especially the boys of Company M."

Cyrus Case, of Malvern, Kansas, writes: "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you, but will not be able to only in spirit; yet I live in hopes of celebrating with you in the future. May love, peace, and joy ever be with all the comrades on this and the other side of the river!"

D. M. Palmer of Hermon Centre, Me., writes: "I should be glad to be present. I have never been able to meet with them but once since we come home, and that was at Pittsfield."

Sidney W. Clark of Masardis writes: "I am more than disappointed not to be with you on the 29th inst., but the bad weather delaying my harvesting will deprive me of the great enjoyment I have anticipated. We grow old with the passing years, but our hearts are yet young with the same patriotic fire of '61-65. A comrade's love for you all."

J. S. Mansur of Houlton writes: "Regret I cannot be with you in person, but shall be in spirit, and best wishes that you may have a good time generally. I trust that none of our comrades who can afford the time and expense will fail to answer to roll-call."

M. T. V. Bowman of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "Your postal card, announcing reunion of the First Maine

Cavalry at Belfast, Me., the 20th of this month, received. This reminds me that another year in the march of Time has rolled on, and the survivors of the grand old regiment, the grandest of them all, are called to present themselves, with their wives and children, around the annual campfire. This reminds me of the remark of General Gregg, our old commander, at Detroit, Mich., last June, while attending the Quadrennial Congress of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of the U.S.A. As he grasped me by the hand, he said: · I am glad to meet you; I have the highest esteem for every member of that grand old regiment, the First Maine Cavalry.' I would that I might be present even once to grasp the hands of my old comrades. As each year goes by, I think the next will surely bring an opportunity for me to come to my native state and be with you. Again I am disappointed. But while I cannot be with you in person, my whole soul goes out to my old comrades, with the prayer that God will bless you all and make this reunion the best and happiest of all.".

Charles F. Dam of Portland writes: "I regret that I will not be with you at the annual reunion at Belfast, which I presume will take place on the 15th of September, as I intend going to New York and the South about the 10th with the family. Trusting you will receive the cordial greetings as usual from your many comrades and friends, and that it will be a day of pleasure, is my earnest wish."

George Prince of Boston, Mass., writes: "I hope you will have a

pleasant meeting. I am probably the oldest survivor of our regiment, having passed the eightieth milestone, and find myself pretty near the 'rifle-pits.'"

S. F. Harris of Medford, Wis., writes: "I write to thank you for the interest and kindness of heart shown in notifying me. I would feel it a great privilege to be there and to shake the hand of comrades whom I have not met for these many years, but the distance is so far for me and money so scarce, I cannot come. God bless you all and make the day one of great joy! Please think of those who are not there in a kindly way, for I can assure you that many are with you at heart, who cannot be there bodily."

E. G. Moffitt of Readfield writes: "I cannot be there, much as I would like to, owing to my physical condition. I have not been away from my home a day since spring."

S. M. Gerald of China writes: "Would be happy to be with you, but it will be out of the question under the circumstances."

Charles H. Cobb of Brunswick

writes: "I regret very much that I cannot be with you at our reunion, and see my comrades, and shake hands with the boys who went through the fire of battle with me. but sickness and inability to walk prevent me from being with you. I send regards and best wishes, my interest and good fellow hip. I have not a wife; if I had, I would send her. Have been confined nearly all the time to the house for over a year."

G. A. Messer of Hollis, N. H., writes: "Should be very happy to be there to see comrades, and Belfast and adjoining towns contain many near relations, but am physically unable to be there."

Also letters of regret from the following comrades: I. B. Harris, Groveland, Mass.; Charles L. Marston, Portland; G. S. Royal, Freeport: W. H. Daniels, Exeter; I. W. Tilden, Rockport; Joseph C. Stedman, Foxcroft; C. L. Packard, Houlton; H. B. Soule, Yarmouth; S. M. Gerald, China, E. T. Edgecomb, Kezer Falls; Robert Nutter. Port Caledonia, Canada.

THE CAVALRY SOCIET. OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Constitution, By-Laws, and Record of Proceedings of the Meeting Held at Troy, N. Y., August 20 and 21, 1897.

CONSTITUTION.

I. The name of this association shall be "The Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States."

II. Any honorably discharged officer or soldier, who at any time has served in the cavalry corps in the said armies, shall be entitled to membership in the society.

III. The object of the society shall be the promotion of kindly feeling, the revival of old associations, and the collection and preservation of records of the services rendered by this corps during the "War of the Rebellion."

IV. The officers of the society shall consist of a president, seven vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and historian, who shall be, with the exception of the historian, elected at each meeting of the society.

V. The duties of the president shall be to preside at the annual meetings, to call extraordinary meeting of the society in case of necessity and to issue such orders as may be necessary for the good government and control of the society.

VI. The vice-president shall exercise the powers of the president, in case of the absence of that officer.

VII. The secretary shall keep a record of the minutes of the society, a roll of members, and perform all duties usually pertaining to an office of such character.

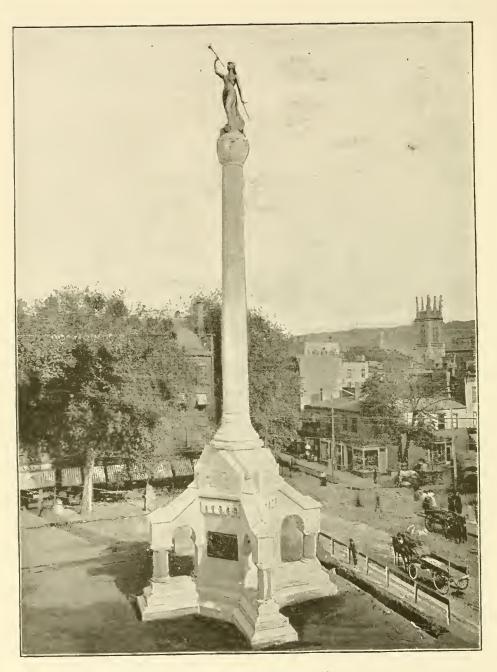
VIII. The treasurer shall have control of all funds, to be expended only on approval of the president, and shall render an account of all disbursements at the annual meeting of the society.

IX. The historian shall prepare for the use of the secretary, a history of the cavalry corps, and of all matters connected therewith of interest to the society.

X. There shall be a standard bearer, who shall be an officer of the society, and who shall be appointed at each annual meeting, by the president. The duties of the standard bearer shall be to have charge and custody of the flag of the society, and carry it on all occasions of ceremony when the society shall be present.

XI. There shall be elected annually an assistant secretary, who shall perform the duties of the secretary at the annual meetings of the society in case of the absence of that officer, and who shall perform such other services as pertain to the office of secretary, as may be required of him by that officer.

XII. There shall be elected annually an adjutant-general, whose duty shall be to assist the president in all cases where the society is formed for parade, and to act as an aide to the president, and perform such services as that officer may direct.



THE TROY SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT,

BY-LAWS.

I. The entrance fee of the society shall be one dollar.

II. The annual dues shall be one dollar, but all members present at any meeting of the society, shall, upon payment of one dollar, be relieved from all arrears of dues. The payment of five dollars at one time shall constitute life membership in this society.

III. The president shall determine the time and place of each annual meeting, being governed in his selection thereof, as far as practicable, by the time and place of the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

NEXT MEETING.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by the Society of the Army of the Potomac, is Niagara Falls, N. Y.; date not named.

BADGE OF THE SOCIETY.

The badge of the society is a pair of crossed sabres, accurately copied from the regulation cavalry sabre, and finely finished in gold, upon a boldly worked "sunburst" of silver. It is attached to the coat or the ribbon of the society by means of a brooch-pin at the back. Price, \$5.00. Send money with order to Major G. Irvine Whitehead, treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The society met at 10:30 in the city clerk's office, and in the absence of the president and all of the vice-presidents, upon motion of Major Gerrald Irvine Whitehead, General J. P. Cilley called the society to

order, and presided over its proceed-ings.

The minutes of the last meeting, held at Burlington, Vermont, Sept. 16th. 1896, were read by the secretary, and upon motion, were approved.

The treasurer, Major Gerrald Irvine Whitehead, then read his report, showing a balance of cash on hand of \$45.84; this report did not include about \$50.00 that Major G. I. Whitehead has saved for the society by depositing the funds in the savings bank, where it has been drawing interest for some years.

A committee was appointed by the chair to audit the account, and they reported the same correct, and upon motion the report was accepted.

A letter of regret, at not being able to attend the reunion, was read ir from General Charles G. Sawtelle, and its president, by the secretary. hips,

Upon motion of General Henry E. and Tremain, a committee to nominate for officers for the ensuing year was ery appointed by the chair, consisting of General J. J. McCook, Major C. G. 10 Davis, and P. N. Boehn, who resported as follows:

President — General Russell A. Alger, Detroit, Mich.

Vice-Presidents—General J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Maine; H. E. Tremain, New York city: General E. W. Whitaker, Washington, D. C.; Major C. G. Davis, Boston, Mass.

Vice-President of the society in the Army of the Potomac—General John J. McCook, New York city.

Treasurer—Major G. Irvine Whitehead, 206 Broadway. New York city.



THE CAVALRY-THE MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE TROY SOLDIERS' AND SALLORS' MONUMENT,

Secretary—General Llewellyn G. Estes, Washington, D. C.

Adjutant-General—Colonel A. J. Morrison, Troy, N. Y.

Bugler—Henry T. Bartlett, New York city.

Report of the committee was accepted, and upon motion, the secretary of the society was directed to deposit a ballot for the officers presented by the report of the committee, which was done. The president announced that the officers nominated had been elected for the ensuing year.

Upon motion, General G. S. Greene, U. S. A., was nominated as our Cavalry Society's candidate for president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac for the ensuing year.

Upon motion of Major C. G. Davis. Article 2 of By-Laws was amended, the following words to be added: "Hereafter, all members present at any meeting of the society shall, upon payment of \$1.00, be relieved from all arrears of dues. That the payment of five dollars (\$5.00) at one time shall constitute life membership in the society."

Upon motion of General L. G. Estes, the sum of \$50.00 was set aside toward the erection of a monument to the memory of General Judson Kilpatrick, to be paid by the treasurer when notified that a sufficient sum had been subscribed to complete the monument.

The acting president appointed Captain Peter M. Boehn, standard bearer.

Upon motion, the society adjourned.

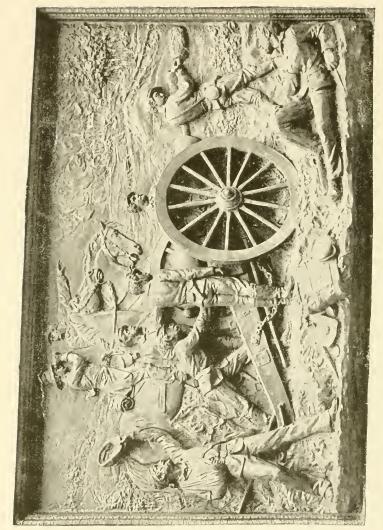
The parade in honor of the Society

of the Potomac was too large to be described in these columns. It is, however, appropriate to state that the vellow banner of the Cavalry Society followed closely the leading coach of Major and President McKinley. Colonel A. J. Morrison of the Third New Jersey Cavalry planned to give the Cavalry society a special excursion in his steam yacht, but the sickness of his engineer prevented its accomplishment. In compensation, Colonel Morrison entertained the cavalry contingent at the Troy House.

The oration was delivered by Major C. A. Woodruff, U. S. A. It was brilliant with wit, and eloquent in patriotic devotion. We give a brief extract to show its merit:

"My friends: These veterans are growing old, but they love to recall the scenes of the war with their lights and shadows; the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and hardships. the sufferings, defeats, victories. and final glorious ending of the war for the Union, are a part of their very being.

"They love to meet and greet the comrades of long ago, the comrades with whom they marched and fought and suffered. Each hearty hand-clasp sends an electric current of love and patriotism tingling through every nerve, which awakens tender memories of the fallen, and memories of camp and bivouac, heroic memories of hospital and prison, pleasant memories of many a battle-field. It was the epoch of their lives, as it was of the nation's life, which for four years was merged in, and sustained by, their own brain, brawn, and blood; in those



THE ARTHLERY TABLET ON THE TROY SOLDIERS' AND SAHORS' MONUMENT,

four years they made more history than their ancestors had in the preceding forty, and its influence upon our nationality, upon self-government everywhere, can never be overrated or effaced so long as our republic has an honored existence among the nations of the world. Is it strange that they love to dwell upon such a past? Yet, agreeable as they are, to the veterans, these reunions have a better and nobler purpose: To teach the right and wrong of the conflict in a spirit of justice and truth; to inculcate national patriotism as a moral duty, for in the future, as in the past, that is the only guarantee of peace with honor, and to perpetuate the memory and heroic endeavors of the Union volunteers, whose lives furnish the highest example of selfdenying devotion to public duty.

"The demoralizing influence of the war has been greatly exaggerated. There were, of course, very many men who came out of the war with moral characters ruined, but it was not the result of army habits. Men who were worthless before enlisted, came out of the war with moral characters that equaled the brightness of their untarnished military reputation. All did not return Sunday-school teachers, but they came out of the ordeal with a better physical and mental manhood. The discipline of battle purified them: from war came daring, endurance, self-reliance; suffering taught them humanity and self-sacrifice. Dangers and hardships endured together bound them to their comrades by a type of friendship that was ennobling. Of very many it can be said: 'The war made men of them.'"

The poem was given by Captain Rossiter W. Raymond. Its tone and worth are shown in the following extract:

HI.

Is it a voice from upper air That calls to us?

"Beware, beware,
The greed of gold, the lust of power,
The reckless pleasure of the hour,
The pride of party, and the lies
That lurk in Liberty's disguise!
Vainly we fought, if slow decay
Can steal our victory away;
If tyrants, rich or poor, command
The free-born children of the land:
If the red ensign of disgrace
Flaunts in our starry banner's place;
Vainly we died, if on our graves
There press again the feet of slaves!"

IV.

We hear you, veterans true! Though we grow old and few There are enough of us still Once more the ranks to fill—Enough to stand in the cause Of Liberty and her laws!

We swear it, we and our sons—
We, who stood by the guns
Before which Slavery died—
Vou shall not have fallen in vain.
Nor see the glory wane
That was your pride!

The members of the society left for a drive shortly after 10 o'clock, August 21, leaving the Troy House in coaches furnished by the committee.

The first stop was at the large collar and shirt factory of Cluett, Coon & Co., on River street. George B. Cluett, J. W. A. Cluett, and H. S. Kennedy escorted the guests through the large rooms and halls in single file. The operators were busily



THE TABLET IN HONOR OF THE INFANTRY, ON THE TROY SOLDIERS' AND SALLORS' MONUMENT,

engaged, and the whir and hum of industry impressed the visitors very much, and it is safe to say that when one of the far-away guests from the West or South in the future sees the sign "Troy Collars and Shirts" he will remember the incidents of the day.

The journey was resumed to Oakwood cemetery, where repose the remains of Thomas, Wool, Tibbits, and others.

Oakwood was fair indeed. The carriages rolled over smooth roadways bordered on either side by shrubbery and trees, that parted ever and anon to admit a view of the carefully kept greensward. The lofty shaft which marks the resting place of General Wool was prominent and attracted attention. It is the largest granite monolith ever cut in the United States.

The way then led around by General George H. Thomas's plat, the hero of Chickamauga.

Farther up, one of the most elevated spots in Oakwood was reached, and a magnificent panorama met the gaze. The city was stretched at the foot of the hill, and the waters of the Hudson glittered in the sunlight. Across the river, beyond green fields lay Cohoes, and far to the south, the blue, shadowy form of the Catskills loomed faintly into view.

General Tibbits's tomb was the last stopping place of the party, with the exception of the Earl crematory.

The grave of Major General Joseph B. Carr was decorated with a floral copy of the badge of the Third Division Staff Association. A guard

of honor, detailed from Post Griswold, G. A. R., was stationed at the grave.

The Earl chapel was the last, but not the least, object of interest shown the party. The strikingly beautiful pile of rough hewn stone was thrown into broad relief against the summer sky.

The guests were then taken directly to the palatial steamer. City of Troy, for a trip down the river, which included a visit to Watervliet arsenal, to see the jacket shrunk on one of the huge guns.

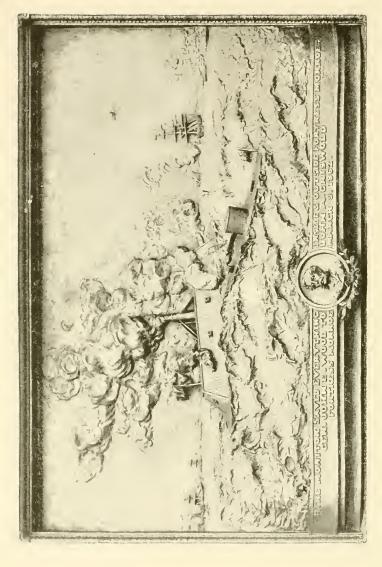
Upon arriving at the arsenal dock. landing was made and a column formed, headed by Doring's Band.

At the gun shop, the difficult operation of shrinking a jacket on a twelve-inch gun was successfully completed. The modus operandiconsisted of raising the jacket from the oven, where it had been for the last twenty-four hours, and had been heated to a temperature of about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and carrying it across the pit to the tube, where it was nicely adjusted. It was then slowly lowered until it reached its seat on the tube, a distance of about fifteen feet.

After leaving the arsenal, a sumptuous lunch was served. The beautiful Hudson was admired till far below Albany. The return was made enjoyable by music and speeches, and Troy was reached about 7 o'clock.

THE SOUVENIR MEDAL.

The official souvenir medal, which will be given by the Committee of One Hundred to the members of the



THE NAVAL TABLET - MONITOR AND MERRIMAC-ON THE TROY SOLDIERS AND SALLORS MONUMENT.

Society of the Army of the Potomac and prominent invited guests, is of bronze. It is a pendant an inch and a half in diameter. On one side is the seal of the city of Troy, and on the other is a fac-simile of the pendant of the Army of the Potomac badge. A circular inscription indicates the occasion. The pendant is connected by a clutch and swivel to a cross-bar pin bearing an inscription.

THE TROY SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

The Troy soldiers' and sailors' monument marks the business centre of the city; its location brings it under the daily gaze of the citizens, and attracts the attention of all visitors. A picture of this monument with the tablets is given as an appropriate reminder of the meeting held at Troy.

ECHOES.

TEN AT LEAST.

Colonel Augustus C. Hamlin of Bangor, who was medical inspector. U. S. A., and whose range of service covered Virginia, East and West, also the Carolinas, under Gilmore, and the Southwest, under Thomas, writes:

I want you to put me down as a subscriber, for the future. Pardon me for not having subscribed before.

The last volumes of the "Rebellion Record" worry me a little, for I have, as you know, shouted loudly for the First Maine Cavalry on all occasions, and have thought they were ahead of any of Napoleon's cavalry under General Nansouty, or even those iron-clad cuirassiers of Milhauds. will turn to Vol. 49, part 1, page 488, and in other pages, you will find some accounts which give me great apprehension concerning the reputation of the First Maine Cavalry. These volumes are filled with the wonderful exploits of Wilson's cavalry. You will see on page 488, that Major A. R. Pierce. Fourth Iowa Cavalry, sabered nine of the enemy, in one catfish fight. Please hunt up some one of the First Maine who has chopped off the heads of at least ten rebels in one fight, and relieve my great anxiety.

A MAINE MAN.

D. S. Orcutt, Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

I have just got hold of a copy of the Bugle, or a sample. I see in contents "Wilson's Cavalry Raid," by Lieutenant Jeff L. Coburn, Company A, First Maine Cavalry. Now I served four years and four months in the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and got all cut to pieces on that raid. The First D. C. was brigaded with us, and I think half of them belonged to Maine, and I am an old Maine man myself. I am secretary of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry Regimental association, and would like to read Lieutenant Coburn's account of that raid,—the raid that caused me to spend nine months in Andersonville prison. Please send

me a copy of the Bugle with an account of Wilson's raid, and I will remit to you the amount of bill on receipt of same. My cavalry brigade consisted of my regiment, Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Third New York Cavalry, and First D. C. Cavalry, under General Kautz. At Ream's Station, on the 20th of June, my regiment had nine commissioned officers killed, and one hundred and thirty men killed, wounded, and missing. I was taken prisoner, was in seven different prisons of the South, made my escape twice, was recaptured by blood-hounds both times, and was one of the main witnesses on the Wertz trial after the war.

ALLEN J. CROOKER'S SERVICE.

George M. Lovering of Waterville, Me., writes:

I observed in "In Memoriam" of the July number of the Bugle, the death of Allen J. Crooker at South Paris, late of Company G, Second D. C. Infantry. Comrade Crooker was also a member of the association of "The Minute Men of '61," Massachusetts division, having served in Company D, Fourth Massacusetts Infantry, which left Boston for the front, April 17, 1861, which company I had the honor of serving as first sergeant.

ENJOYED THE BUGLE IN THE OLD HOME.

Silas Leach's widow writes:

My husband died, as you know. August 1, 1895, after a sickness of seven months, almost every day of which seemed like an eternity, because of the intensity of his suffer-

ing, but he met it with the same brave patience with which he met all of the hard things of his life, and struggled to the last to live, if it was God's will, both for our sakes, who so needed him, and because he loved his life and work. He often said to me, no man ever had more to live for, you and the children and this home I have loved since I was a boy."

He died in the same room where he was born April 6, 1838, and the same house where his father was born, lived, and died. It was built by his grandfather, Major Leach, in 1789. Our two daughters and myself hope to fulfil his wish in keeping it for our home.

Captain Silas had every copy of the Bugle he had ever had, brought to his room, and the days when he could, he would read in them. I can never express to you how much he enjoyed the Bugle from the very first of its existence. Let me thank you for him and for all of the old soldiers, for making it what it is.

LOVE FOR THE PINE TREE STATE.

Annie M. Keiler, 2416 So. Humboldt Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

The Bugle reached me to-day, and I gladly welcomed it. Born and brought up in Portland, Me., yet living now so far away, my love for dear old Maine grows stronger as the years one by one pass away. Fifteen years of school life—child-hood's happy days—only tend to strengthen the love for the Pine Tree state. Let me assure you I will sound the bugle wherever I go.

BROTHER FOUND.

Edward M. Young of 13 Orchard street, Lynn, and Nathan J. Young of Chicago are own brothers.

Away back in the days of the war, when it was no uncommon thing for a whole family to give its sons and even the father himself to the army, these brothers enlisted from Chicago and the date was April, 1861.

After Lee's surrender, their regiment was sent home to Chicago and mustered out. The elder brother, Nathan, remained at Chicago, and in due time achieved prominence in such a way that he was made a member of the Chicago police force.

While Nathan thus became fixed in the big city on the inland sea, Edward tried his fortunes in the East, and eventually landed in Lynn, where he has since remained.

Not being traveling men and neither of them being very good correspondents, they saw little of each other, and as the years passed the correspondence finally ceased altogether and neither knew just where to find the other.

Edward M., together with the comrades of his post, went to Buffalo. So it seems did his brother of Chicago. This was just a coincidence, and in that crowded city they might even have come and gone, and at least not recognized, even had they seen, each other.

The Lynn man was, as it happened, officer of the day at the time of the parade, and was marching on Main street, with the rest of the heroes of the hour, at whom all eyes were directed.

Nathan had, just at this juncture,

during a halt, lost sight of his command, and, perhaps, misled by the big 5 on the Lynn post's banner, got in the vicinity of Carl street and then started to cross over. Now this was something that the Buffalo police had had instructions about. No crossing of the marching lines was to be allowed.

Nathan knew this. He is, or at least was, a member of the Chicago police. Therefore he knew the ropes—and all the better how to get under them. It was quick work, but he eluded the vigilance of Buffalo's best only to find himself confronted by a man in blue, who eyed him curiously, then with interest, and suddenly made a jump for him, as the Chicago man almost ran into him in his haste.

- "Hallo, is your name Young?"
- "Yes, it is, but"-
- "So's mine. I guess you are my brother Nathan, from Chicago."

"Well"—but the curtain dropped, or rather the crowd, interested by the words and actions of the men, drew around and only a few saw the rest of the scene. There the two men talked, and neither seemed to care for the tears that would trickle down, showing the strong feeling of even the old veterans in the game of death and life.

Nathan didn't seem to care just then where in Buffalo, Post 5 of Chicago was, and keeping his number good, finished the march beside his brother in the ranks of Post 5 of Lynn. Later, he went to the Lynn comrades' train, which served as their hotel as well, and all joined in the brothers' rejoicing.

HE COMES FROM MAINE.

Charles D. Jones, the ideal of the country parson, came in yesterday afternoon from Rockland, Me., and was introduced to a party of men who were chatting with Captain Guthrie in headquarters.

"There'll be a lot of Maine boys here," said Mr. Jones, "but they'll most of 'em come from other parts of the country; for, after the war, the majority of 'em cut Maine, and made their homes out West. Some of 'em we don't care for, but if one of 'em amounts to considerable, we always stick to it that he's a Maine boy. was in the First Maine Cavalry. We lost more men in killed and wounded than any other one cavalry regiment during the war. On the morning of Lee's surrender we lay across his front to cut him off if he attempted to retreat, and we kept him pocketed until infantry came up and supported us and brought about the surrender."

- "Will Speaker Reed be here?"
- "Can't say. He had a war record, and Boutelle did, but I don't know whether they are coming here."
- "I hope they will," broke in a bystander. "We have n't heard much of Maine lately."
- "That's so," drawled Mr. Jones, as he stretched out his six feet, and more, and peered over his glasses at the last speaker.
- "Dingley comes from up our way. Guess you've heard a bit about him lately, have n't you? And the name of Tom Reed is mentioned once in a great while, ain't it? And one or two times a year somebody seems to speak the name Boutelle, do n't they?
- "Pears to me that for the size of the place, we're making pretty considerable of a stir in the country."

And Mr. Jones walked away, a conscious victor. — Buffalo Courier, Sept. 20.

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THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN V.

JANUARY, 1898.

CALL I.

NINE MONTHS IN A REBEL PRISON.

By Joseph T. Darling, Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.

I was born in the town of Castine, Maine, on the ninth day of April, 1833. My father, Lorenzo Darling, was a sailor, and had lived at Castine from boyhood. At the age of twenty, he married a Miss Nancy Blake, from one of the first families of Cape Rozier, opposite Castine. The writer is the second child born to them, of a family of seven, of whom there are three now living.

I lived in Castine until I was eight years old, afterwards removing to Cape Elizabeth and various other places, Portland being my last home before coming to California.

Early in 1861, I made a voyage to Cuba, returning to my home in Cape Elizabeth, on the 5th of April. I found the country in great excitement and peril. Everybody was talking war, and it was evident that somebody was going to be hurt before many days.

On the 12th day of April, 1861, the first hostile shot was fired on Fort Sumter and the flag. Then my Yankee blood was up and at the boiling point. President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men.

That call meant me, and I said to my wife, "Nellie. I'm off to Washington to fight for the flag and country." After dinner, I went to Portland, to find the city "up and in arms." The five military companies were calling their men together to meet that evening at seven o'clock, sharp, to determine what course to pursue. I did not go home to supper, and half-past six found me in the armory of the Mechanic Blues (afterwards Company B, First Maine Infantry). As I remember it now, I was the second man to sign the roll. The company was soon made up, and I went home to tell my wife and little boys, that I was "going for a soldier."

But, alas! there is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The captain of the ship in which I sailed from Cuba was caught smuggling and was arrested. I was retained as a witness and could not join my company. It took three months to get through with that case.

One morning, I saw in the Portland paper, Men Wanted, to Make up the First Maine Cavalry! That just suited my case. After breakfast, I

went down to Ferry wharf, where I met Harmon T. Henley. I said, "Harmon, what are you going to do?" "I don't know what to do, Joe," he answered. "but I am going to take a hand in it either in the army or the navy." "Well," I said, "I have decided to enlist in the First Maine Cavalry." "All right," said Harmon, "if you go in the cavalry, I'll go too." So we took the next boat to Portland, walked up to the Fox Block, where Mr. Stephen Boothby had opened a recruiting office. On the sidewalk at the entrance, we met a tall, fine looking young man, who was eating a big red apple. We stopped a moment, and he spoke to us, asking if we intended to enlist. I told him that we had decided to join the cavalry. "I've been hanging fire," he said. "whether to go in the cavalry or the infantry, but I like your looks and will enlist in the same company with you." We found Mr. Boothby in his office upstairs, sitting at a table. After a while, he looked up and said, "Well, boys, you want to enlist in the cavalry?" I said, "I believe that is our intention just now, if we don't back out." "Well," says Boothby, "we have a nice lot of men, so far, and the company is nearly full." After talking a while, I signed the roll, Henley next, and our friend, Joseph P. Luce, next. History says Luce enlisted in Augusta; if he did, my memory deceives me. We enlisted, Oct. 15, went to Augusta in November, and were mustered into service on Nov. 26, 1861.

Right here I will have to tell a

story of my first guard-mount. It was my third morning in camp. After roll-call, the orderly-sergeant, Phillips, said, "The following men will step two paces to the front." Three names were called, mine being one. We stepped forward. "Report for guard-mount at nine o'clock," he commanded. As the hour approached, I began to look around for a man mounted on a horse, to report to. Of course, I did not find him. Nine o'clock came and went, and I had not been able to report. Orderly-Sergeant Phillips met me with the question, "Is your name Darling?" "Yes, sir," I answered. "You come with me," he said sternly. I followed him to the gate, where he turned me over to the sergeant of the guard, saying, "Here is our man who was detailed for guard-mount, and did not report." The sergeant, with all the dignity of a military man, commanded me to "Go in there," pointing to a little shed-roofed room in which were two or three benches and a straw floor, and which I soon found out to be the guard-house. I went in and sat down. I waited an hour. When the sergeant came around, I asked him how long I was to stay there. He did not know, but would ask the officer of the day. About noon, the officer of the day came to the door. He did not seem to know just what to do with me. I asked him if he would send for Lieutenant Boothby. He did so. Boothby came, and I told him the predicament I was in: that I was a prisoner in the guard-house for not reporting for guard duty, after being detailed. I told him how hard I had tried to find

that mounted guard to report to, and that my failure to obey orders was more of a misfortune than an offense. He understood and smiled. He went to the officer of the day and obtained my release, after which he gave me a lecture and that ended it. The next morning, I was detailed again, but I had learned the difference between guard mount and a man on horseback.

But I will pass over the incidents of my army life, until I come to the time we crossed the James river. I have it on June 28, 1864, but history says June 29. After crossing the river, we went into camp. Early in the afternoon, the bugle sounded "boots and saddles."

We left camp at five o'clock, to march through a hot, sandy country. Night came on, but the march continued slowly all night. I was not with my company, but marched at the head of the column with the field and staff. It was march and halt all night long-very tedious and tiresome. At every halt, the boys would dismount, lie down, and snatch a little sleep. History says we "bothered" that way until twelve o'clock, then toddled right along. But I do not remember it in that way. About midnight we halted. Major Thaxter, who was in command, said to me, "Joe, you advance a little way ahead, and when the advance guard starts, call me." It was three or four hours till a start was made; then we toddled right along till daylight. We halted near Prince George C. H., when I dismounted and prepared breakfast for all who belonged to headquarters. I had not had a

wink of sleep all night, and I felt very tired and sleepy.

The order was given to pack and saddle up, and we resumed our march. We were now in the enemy's country and had to "look a little out" for bushwhackers and guerrillas, for the woods were full of them, as I found out to my sorrow. We halted at four p. m., to water our horses at a dirty, slimy branch of the Black Water River. Now right here is where my grief commences and my story begins.

I was tired and sleepy, and while the regiment was watering horses, as I was one of the first to water, I went just a few steps up the slopes of the river, dismounted, and lay down to rest a little from my long and sleepless ride.

That was the last I knew until I felt a kick in my side, and heard a gruff voice saying, "Wake up, Yank." I opened my eyes, and saw standing over me, two men dressed in citizen's clothes, armed with shot guns, one of which was held at an advance, ready to shoot. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment. Certainly, my "expectation of life" was materially diminished. I thought it was my last day on earth. I thought of home, wife, and children; of my regiment, my company, and every man in my company. The novelty of the experience neither charmed nor comforted me. I realized that my life was in the hands of enemies accustomed to deeds of violence.

One of these men was a tall, raw-boned, good-natured Virginian, named Sibley; the other was a very

short, thick-set, round-faced, queer little man, named Sweeny. But as soon as I had looked into their eves. I felt that my life was safe. Their faces were not the faces of murderers. Well, it did not take them long to go through me. Sibley found a roll of bills—seventy-three dollars in greenbacks. He also took my silver watch, jack-knife, and other trinkets. But what pleased them most was a bunch of matches in my vest pocket "Now," says Sibley, "go on," pointing down into the woods. I went right along. I had no carbine, when captured—only a saber and revolver, of which they relieved me before I awoke. We went about two miles in a northwesterly direction down the river, until we came to a large tree that had been felled across the river, the upper limbs of which had been cut off, leaving a very good footbridge.

I was ordered to cross over. When about half way over, I was ordered to halt. I looked around and saw Sweeny bring his gun to an advance. Again everything in my past life came up before me-home, wife, and children. I was not frightened, but seemed to take it as a matter of course, only a soldier's fate, the chances of war. But in a moment I felt easier. I saw that they were consulting how to get the horse over. I looked down and saw the mud and water covered whih a green slime, and thought what an awful end that would be. No one could know what became of me. Finally, they made up their minds, and Sibley jumped upon the log and told me to go on, while Sweeny forded with the horse.

Two miles further down the river we came to a fence corner where there were five more men of the same gang, and two more prisoners, one from the Tenth New York Cavalry, and one, a sergeant, from a New Hampshire Cav. regiment. Among the five rebels was a great overgrown boy who wanted to shoot the prisoners, and not be bothered with them. From this time I began to think our lives were not very valuable. They might take a notion to shoot us at any time, for they were a band of roving guerrilla thieves after plunder and nothing else. Sibley told me afterwards that all they wanted was what they could get out of it. They had lost all hope that the South would succeed. Horses were prized most highly, as they could be sold to the regular army.

After a short stay in the fence corner, we started toward the southwest, and stopped that night at a place called Templeton. Here we met the rest of the gang, twentyseven in all, in command of Lieutenant Reed, who had a roving commission to do what he pleased, so they robbed friend and foe alikehighwaymen, pure and simple. That night they sent a negro for some meal and bacon. He brought the meal, but no bacon. They told us to pitch in, so we wet the meal, rolled it into balls without salt, and covered it up in the fire and ashes to cook. I tried to escape that night but was detected, and came back in a hurry. The next morning we started with a guard of three men for Stony Creek station, but learned that the Yanks were in possession, so we

made a detour to the south-traveled twenty miles in the hot sand, barefooted, with feet all blistered, tired and hungry, not caring much whether they shot me or not. We stopped at five o'clock at a farm-house. The guard called for supper, but the woman refused to get any supper for "those nasty Yanks; they ought to be shot." But by long coaxing from the guard, she got the supper, and such a supper it was!-Hot corn cake, new butter, fried bacon, honey, and plenty of sweet milk. After this delicious meal we started on our journey—that is, I attempted to start but could not walk. My feet were in such a condition, bruised and blistered, that I could not stand. I refused to go. One of the guards was riding a mule, and he kindly let me ride while he walked.

The next night we stopped at a doctor's house, a large new building, but not finished on account of the war, which had been the owner's financial ruin. We were marched up the steps, across the front porch, and into one of the front rooms. The door was locked upon us. We were ordered to make no noise, nor attempt to escape on penalty of being shot. But there was no danger of our escape, and the guard knew it well, for we were in no condition to attempt it, so we were left alone. The next morning we were marched about three miles, and were turned over to the Rebel cavalry, who mounted us, and took us to Stony Creek Station. Here we found more prisoners-enough to make up fiftytwo of the "Wilson Raiders." Here we were corralled in a fence corner. and served with a half pint of rice each,—no salt, and nothing to cook it in, but some of us managed after awhile to half cook it. Night came on. We had no blankets, so lay on the bare ground. It was so cold we could not sleep.

Next morning, July 4, we had a corn-meal breakfast, and remained in the fence corner all day. The rebels celebrated the fourth. A brigade of cavalry, commanded by General Butler of South Carolina, was encamped here

At eleven o'clock General Butler sent down an orderly to bring one of the prisoners to his quarters. The man selected me, and ordered me to follow. When we reached the general's tent, the general, a great round-faced, corpulent, smiling man, came up to me, and asked "Who are you, sir?" "I am a Yankee cavalryman," I answered. "From whose command," he inquired, "Wilson's?" "No, sir, General Sheridan's," I answered. "What!" he ejaculated, "When did you cross the river?" "On the 28th," I said. "What, cavalry?" he asked. "Yes, sir," I said. "How many cavalry crossed on the 28th?" he asked. I answered, "Sixteen thousand." "You lie," said he, "Sheridan has n't got that many." "You wait around here a few days and see." I replied.

Pointing to a mess wagon, he said, "Do you recognize that wagon?" Yes, sir," I answered, "I have seen it before." It was either General Pope's or General McDonald's mess wagon, I do n't remember which, that was standing before the tent, with mess-chest and cooking utensils

strewed around, and in the care of General Butler's cook.

"He had things pretty fine, did n't he?" resumed General Butler. "Yes," said I. "He can spare that one, for he can get plenty more."

After a few more questions he dismissed me, and I went back under guard. The boys gathered around me to ask where I had been. I told them I had been interviewed by the general in command, but that the information he received from me made him none the wiser.

Among the prisoners was a young man named Davis, whom the rebel soldiers had been watching very closely, and who had been trying to screen himself from observation. Presently a rebel soldier came up to him, and looking him squarely in the eye, said, "How are you, Bill?" Davis made no reply nor did he wince under the scrutiny. He turned quietly away, but the rebel went on. " Now, Bill, you can't play off on me. Your name is Bill Simpson. I know you." With these words he left, but soon returned with two armed men. and ordered Davis to fellow him. We afterwards learned that Davis was a deserter from a North Carolina regiment which was in Butler's brigade, part of which was present. and that men from his own company identified him. They told us he would be court-martialed and shot before they left camp. It seems he was a Union man living in North Carolina, and was conscripted into the rebel army. He afterwards deserted and joined a battery in the Union army.

Our boys felt pretty sad over the

matter. How we wished our army would recapture him before they got away with him!

I was beginning to long for a smoke. I had not had one since I was captured. I saw a young artileryman sitting on the fence, who had just taken a piece of tobacco from his pocket. I walked toward him, and before I could ask him, he offered me a chew. I did not chew, but I smoked while he chewed. Then we began to talk and formed an acquaintance that holds good to this day. I will tell you the sequel to this further on.

The next morning, July 5, at an early hour, reveille sounded. The guard hustled us into line and marched us half a mile to a train of cars. They drove us in in a hurry, and the train started off. I saw there was a great bustle in camp, and asked a guard near me what was the cause of it all. He told me the Yanks were making a move that way. and that when the Yanks made a move "we are in the habit of moving, too," which created a great laugh. I told the sergeant at the door of the car, that I hoped the Yanks would capture that poor deserter before he was shot. "I hope so, too," said he, "What is the use of shooting the poor devil? He can be exchanged, and we can get a good man for him.

Well, we went on as fast as the condition of the road would let us—about ten or twelve miles per hour—and what a rough road it was!

We stopped that night at a place called Danville, where they hustled us out of the cars, into an old, lowroofed barn.

Here, for the second time, I tried to make my escape. I noticed that the guard was getting very careless, and, as darkness came on, the boys would want to go out on necessary business; the guard would tell them where to go, but would not go with them. "Now is my chance," I thought, "to give them the slip." But when I went to the door and asked to go, the sergeant of the guard was there, and he sent two men with us. When we got out into the darkness, the guard watched every man. They ordered us to halt, and gave us no opportunity to get away. I took no chances just then.

The next morning we were piled into some box-cars, and went jolting along over another road to Goldsburg, N. C. Here we were received by the home guard,—a mixture of boys and old men, but mostly boys-under command of a boy of nineteen summers, who had a very exalted notion of his own importance. He and his company were more abusive than any we had yet seen. In a loud, pompous, and abusive tone, he ordered us to "left-face march," and told his sergeant to "march these cattle into the warehouse, and place a strong guard over them and let the men call them all the bad names they can think of." We dared not resent their insults, for we knew those boys would be only too glad to shoot. A small pretext was an abundant excuse for letting a Yankee's blood. Every Yankee slain meant a furlough to the slaver. The Yank was buried and that was the last heard of him.

Here they gave us more corn meal, with no way to cook it. We

were confined in a large building—I presume a warehouse—and were not allowed to make a fire, so we did the next best thing—ate the meal raw.

At ten o'clock next day we were driven like hogs, hungry and sore. into a filthy, bad-smelling box-car, and started for Wilmington, N. C. We did not reach Wilmington until the next day, so were in the box-cars all night. You may imagine how we passed the night, suffering from hunger, thirst, and lack of sleep, and breathing air foul to suffocation. We had to beg the guard for what little water we got. At Wilmington, we were marched down to the water front and put into a wet old storehouse, with stone walls, a wet plank floor, and no ventilation, except the door and windows in front. In two or three hours, a man who seemed to be one of the city officers, came in, and, after looking at the place and the men inside, said to the officer in charge, "It won't do to keep these men here. I will have those niggers moved out of the jail and you may march these men there, where they can have an opportunity to cook, and a place to lie down." Later we were taken to the jail-a great improvement—and this same citizen ordered for us, some meal, some bacon, some salt, and some wood to cook with. In the jail yard were three or four large fireplaces with swinging cranes. Here we made mush, baked cornbread in Dutch ovens, and fried bacon. The jail doors opening into the back yard were open, so we could go out and in at will. It was nice and dry inside and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a

good night's rest. We got our supper early, as we knew there would be no lights: then each selected a soft spot on the jail floor, and stretched his weary limbs for a night's repose.

Pretty soon the fun commenced. A new enemy made his apperance and attacked us front and rear. He made no noise, he was neither large nor strong, but whatever was lacking in size and strength he made up in the vigor and perseverance of his attacks. The place was alive with bedbugs. There was neither sleep nor rest that night. I took my hat and blouse, all I had, and went out into the yard and lay down on the brick floor in front of one of the fireplaces. The rest soon followed, but sleep was impossible.

Well, we put in ten days of grief in that Wilmington jail—ten days that I shall never forget.

At Stony Creek station, before reaching Wilmington, a reporter on a Richmond paper came among us, to learn from interviews what he could in regard to the movements of the Yankee army. He came and told us we were going to Andersonville. He was an agreeable fellow in appearance, and I told him I had a sister living in Augusta, Ga., and that I wanted to get word to her. I knew that if she possibly could, she would get me paroled or she would assist me in my captivity. He seemed to be interested at once. and asked her name and other questions.

"I know Mr. and Mrs. Lord, and I am going South by way of Augusta," said he: "I will call and see them." He said he would get me

some paper, and told me to write her a letter, and said he would deliver it for me. He went out and got a sheet of brown paper and a pencil. Of course I wrote the letter and gave it to him. He kept his word. She got the letter and made preparations to meet me at Andersonville. But after suffering ten days in Wilmington jail, we were packed in box-cars like so many sardines and sent to Charleston, S. C., where we were put in jail again. It was the county jail, a large roomy structure, with an extensive yard surrounded by double brick walls, sixteen feet high. In the rear of the jail proper was a round tower, four stories high. This was our hotel, but we had the liberty of the yard in the daytime, and were locked up in cells at night. A few weeks later, we were turned into the yard all together.

I had been waiting patiently for a letter from my sister. One day I was talking with a soldier on guard inside the walls. I told him of my sister, and that I had written to her twice. He asked me to whom I had given my letters to mail. I told him I had given them to Mr. Sims, the jailer. "Oh," said he, "that mean scamp never would mail it. He never mails letters from prisoners. He burns them. I will get you some paper, so you write again and give me the letter, and if your sister is in Augusta she will get it tomorrow."

It was done. On Friday afternoon the prison commissary inquired for Darling. I went to see him. He told me two ladies called to see me at the jail. but, as they had no pass

from the provost marshal, they could not come in or see any one that night, but would come again in the morning. I did not sleep much that night, but went to the pump bright and early the next morning and washed myself as well as I could without soap or towel. I did not look very presentable to meet two ladies, as an inventory of my wardrobe will show. I had an old rebel hat (home-made), I was barefooted, my blue pants all out at the knees and fringed at the bottom, my gray shirt out at the elbows. I had a good blouse and vest when captured, but the rebs. took my hat and boots and left me an old home-made hat and a pair of boots so small that I could not wear them.

At nine o'clock the jailer, Mr. Sims, came to the big iron door and called for Darling. I went to the door, and he asked if my name was Darling. "Yes, sir," I answered. "You are wanted in there," said he, pointing to an open door inside.

I walked in to behold my "Darling" sister with open arms coming to meet me, and in a voice trembling with emotion she cried, "My brother, my brother." We had not seen each other for many years, and to meet in such a place, under such circumstances, and I in such a garb! But sister, after kissing me a dozen times, looked up into my face and said, "Brother, this is cruel war."

"Yes," said I, "this is cruel war, and it is my misfortune to be captured. I am a prisoner of war, but I am a true soldier and accept my fate. Moreover, it is my fortune not to be shot in battle." "But," said she,

"you may be shot yet. You will be exchanged and go back to your regiment, and you may be killed in battle." "No," says I; "before I get back the war will be over, and the old flag will once more float over every state and at every masthead." I looked at Mr. Sims to see him smile, for I knew him to be a rank old rebel in the same class with General Winder, Dick Turner, Libby Prison, and Captain Wirtz of Andersonville fame.

Sister talked as if her sympathies were with the South. She did not want to commit herself in Sims's presence, but I knew she was "Union."

Well, we had a long, delightful talk until nearly noon; then she called her servant, a young negro woman, to bring in the valise - a great big leather affair, as much as she could "tote." Sister Orinda had the key and she opened it, saying, "Brother, are you hungry?" "No," I answered, "my meeting with you has banished all traces of hunger." She opened the valise. sight for a soldier prisoner to look at! A nice boiled ham, a nice beef roast, a boiled beef tongue, biscuits. cakes, butter, cheese, preserves, a bottle of wine, salt, pepper, gingersnaps, tea, coffee, sugar, etc.. etc. It was a very large traveling valise, and contained a lot of good things, but my appetite was gone. I could not eat a bite. Sister then told her girl to bring in the bundle. This contained underwear, stockings, shoes, needles, thread, tobacco, and a nice pipe. "Now," she says, "I will take your measure for a pair of pants, and

if I cannot get you paroled, I will also bring you some cloth to make you a tent. But I will write to General Winder, who has charge of all the prisoners this side of the Mississippi river, and if I can get you paroled you can go home with me."

Well, she stayed with me all day. She told me that the lady who was with her was a Mrs. Mary, who resided in Charleston. Afterwards she told me that the lady and her husband were both Union people.

While we sat there talking that whole day, our ships and batteries were shelling the city. Sister asked me if I was not afraid some of those shells would drop into the prison. I said, "No, indeed. Our people know we are here and they know just the location and distance. But they throw shells over us and to each side sometimes. When our folks were shelling pretty lively, the people of Charleston would flock all around the prison walls outside, knowing that they would be safer there than anywhere else."

She left the prison at four o'clock to go home to Augusta, but said she would return soon, or if she could not come she would send me a box of good things in two or three weeks.

I had now been in Charleston prison six weeks, and had become so emaciated and weak because of improper and insufficient food, that I could not walk up stairs in an upright position. I had to use my hands and go on "all fours."

Food was issued to us at 3 o'clock p. m., and consisted of cornmeal of the very worst and coarsest sort. We were given nothing to cook it in, nor could we find anything in the prison or yard. Finally, they sent us in some old rusty frying pans which we had to scour out with a piece of brick before we could use them.

Mr. Simpson, a great tall, redheaded old rebel, was prison commissary. My comrades chose me as their commissary to draw and distribute their rations. But the boys made a sorry mess of it, cooking their meal without salt or fat. In a great city by the salt sea, yet we could get no salt! Those who had money could send out and buy it. A few days after our arrival, I discovered a great round iron pot in one of the underground cells, from which we were separated by an iron grate. I asked Mr. Simpson if we could have it. He told me it was broken, but I assured him that we could fix it, so he got the keys. unlocked the old door and turned it on its rusty hinges, and two of us went down and got it.

One of the three legs was broken. and a three-cornered hole had broken out with it. I took a piece of pine wood and made a plug as nearly the shape of the hole as I could, and leaving it long enough outside for a leg. I drove this in from the ontside, then poured in a bucket of water, and the wood swelled and stopped the hole completely. This made a splendid pot to cook mush in. Mr. Sims had ordered a cord of pine wood for us, and when the rations came again, we scoured the old pot with brick, and I made mush for fifty-two men. I had a small bag of salt which my sister had brought, and some of the boys had bought some, so we had salted mush that day. But what a feast for me and my chum! A slice of ham, a slice of roast beef, biscuit, and a dish of tea with sugar in it — the first good meal since we were captured.

We had a few sick boys in our company, and straight mush was not very palatable, so I fixed up something nice for them every day. When my sister left, she gave me a roll of Confederate bills, two hundred dollars in all, equal to about twenty dollars of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. With this I could buy flour, milk, salt, and such things as we needed, so I was able to share in part with all of the boys.

I had been a prisoner about two months. Occasionally we could hear what our army was doing: the rebel soldiers would often smuggle papers to us, and would tell us of the movements of Grant and Sherman. We were more interested in Sherman, for the rebels told us he had captured Atlanta and was massing his troops and preparing to make a big strike somewhere,—they did not know whether south, east, or north. The prisoners were intensely interested in his movements. Some thought he would go South to Mobile, others, that he would go North after Johnston, but some of us were very sure that Charleston was his objective point, to make a junction with the fleet. Then he could go North after Johnston, and if Grant succeeded in driving Lee out of Virginia, many of Lee's men would desert, and Lee, with the remnant, would join Johnston, and that with Grant in his front and Sherman in his rear, they would make short work of it, for we knew the enemy was fast petering out. Many of the Southern people were beginning to say, "It is no use to fight any more." At about this time. the Union officers, prisoners of war, were sent away from Macon, Ga, and distributed to different points, one hundred and fifty or more being sent to Charleston. They removed us common prisoners from the jail building into the yard, and the Union officers were put into the building, but they made a kick, and were allowed to go into the yard. and furnished with some old tents. Among them were Captain Vaughn and Captain Carson of the First Maine Cavalry. I was glad to meet them again, but was sorry that our regiment had lost their valuable ser-In about two weeks there arrived for me a large box, or really a chest, with cleats on the ends and a lock on it.

The jailor sent for me and gave me a letter containing the key. He requested me to open it, as his orders required that all such packages be inspected. I opened it, and it just brought the tears to my eyes to see what my dear sister had sent me. First, on top of the chest were strapped twenty yards of stout drilling for a tent. also a blanket and a pillow. On lifting the lid, I found two dozen large red apples. came a sixteen-inch cake three or four inches thick wrapped in a new colored shirt; then doughnuts. cookies, biscuit, a boiled ham, corned beef, hard crackers, bags of sugar, coffee, soda, pepper, salt, tea, a jar of pickles, preserves, a bottle of

wine, tobacco, pipes, a pair of pants, two shirts, stockings, another pair of comfortable shoes, ball of twine and two sail needles to make the tent, and needles and thread for mending. It was a large chest, chock-full of good things. The jailer looked in and said, "That will do. Nice box for a soldier." I sent for my chum, who helped me to take it to our quarters. The boys all crowded around, and I opened it again, and such exclamations you never heard. "What a nice box for a prisoner of war to get!" and "I just wish I had a sister here in the South," they said. In one of the pockets I found a short letter with a bill of some of the articles, for example: -

I	bottle wine,	\$75.00
	pound of coffee.	50.00
I	pound of tea,	75 00
ľ	bag salt,	1.50
1	ham,	16.00
I	pr. goat shoes,	150.00
	etc.	

This, of course, meant Confederate paper money. She also sent me two hundred dollars more in Confederate money. A great many of the officers came to look at the box, and went away remarking, "Yes, nice box. Don't look as if they were starving in the South." But, being officers, they were more dignified and less demonstrative than the common men. But I did not pass any by; I gave to all, and especially to the sick. I could not enjoy all those good things alone.

I loaned the money out to the most needy officers and took their notes and sent to sister for more money to loan them. My sister was well to do. Her husband, Mr. Lord,

from Biddeford, Maine, went South some time before the war, and became overseer in a cloth factory at a good salary. He was afterwards promoted at a higher salary, so they had plenty of Confederate money. They knew how the war must terminate, so they spent it as fast as they earned it, investing in furniture, carpets, pianos, etc. At one time my sister had five pianos. People were so reduced that they would sell anything to obtain money to live on. Food was high, but household goods and trinkets were cheap.

The jail buildings were built on one corner of a block of land owned by the county. A large city and county hospital was on another corner, and what they called the penitentiary was on the other corner. Now in this larger prison were cells better finished and better furnished than the others, either for women or for men, as a better class of prisoners. In one of these rooms a Union general was confined. The window of his room or cell looked out on the jail yard. The general would sit at the window all day and watch me do the cooking. Some little time before this. I saw a large iron spittoon in one of the cells and it took my fancy, so I asked the commissary to get it for me. "What in the world do you want with that?" he asked. "I want it to bake bread in," I replied. Well, he laughed, and some of the boys standing around laughed also, but I got the iron cuspidor and an old furnace door with one hinge broken off and smooth on one side. Now I was fixed. I put the spittoon on the fire and got it

Of course, that made it red hot. clean, as far as dirt was concerned. I then took a brick and scoured it until it was bright. The furnace door I also scoured and cleaned in the same way. Now, I was just made. I had money; I could buy flour; I had salt and soda, and Mr. Simpson gave us meal. I also bought pork and bacon. I made bread of flour and meal in loaves. I would grease the now new Dutch oven, heat the furnace door and put it over it, and bake just as nice a loaf as one would wish to have. Sometimes I worked all day and baked a lot of bread for the boys. I often gave my neighbor, the general, a loaf of hot bread, and I know he enjoyed it, for he thanked me heartily. We were told, and I always thought, that this was General Stoneman. His division was defeated while on a raid to Macon. Georgia, to capture and release the Union officers confined at that place, and he and a large number of his men were captured.

He did not stay long at Charleston, however; he was soon exchanged. Shortly after this, the officers in the jail yard with us

were removed to Columbia for safer keeping, because the Union army was drawing the cord around them pretty tight, and as our folks at Washington refused to make a general exchange, the rebels were in a quandary about what to do with their prisoners. They had no safe place to send them.

When the officers went away, they left their tents, but the rebels took them away, leaving nothing but an old door eight feet long and six feet Some of the boys brought wide. this door over to our side of the yard, and leaned it against the brick wall for a shelter. Six or eight men could sleep under it. One day one of the boys under the door began to dig the mortar out from between the bricks, and found it very soft. He soon dug out a brick and then another. Then they began to plan an escape. A few of us were let into the secret, and we began to investigate. We discovered that on the other side of the wall was the yard of the penitentiary, inclosed by a high brick wall, and that it was entered by a large, heavy wooden gate, and that the gate was not guarded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENLISTING AND GOING TO WAR.

By Rev. H. W. Bolton, Company E, Sixteenth Maine Volunteers, also Company F, First Maine Cavalry,

"I have loved my country under the flag of the Union for more than fifty years, and as long as God permits me to live, I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own state assail it."—Lieutenant General Winfield Scott.

The war cloud had spread over the national heavens and burst upon Fort Sumter. Major Anderson, brave man, had vielded to the inevitable, and the stars and bars were floating in Charleston harbor. Mr. Lincoln had called for the first seventy-five thousand, and they had tested the temper of the enemy only to find that it was not a question of little moment to be settled by a few skirmishes between two detachments, but a question of life and death to the nation, with millions of brave men pitted against other millions who had been their brothers. Great men had taken sides. The talent, skill. nerve, patriotism and devotion of a great nation were divided. Devout and pure hearts called unto God from both armies, whilst volumes of inspiration poured into the camp from Christian homes, North and South.

I remember the prayers of a poor colored man in North Carolina who, wishing to please his master, who was listening, prayed, "O Lord! Bless Marse Lee and help him to kill Massa Grant, and stop dis awful wah!" His friend in another part of the hut could not

sanction that, and hence responded, "Bless de Lawd, das mo' fo' million prayers ahead o' dat one dat's got to be answered fust."

But in all this God was not confused. He knew what surgery was necessary to eliminate from this republic the curse of human slavery, and Mr. Lincoln had been placed at the head of the nation to carry out His purpose. Many thought him slow, but now that the smoke has disappeared and the entire field is before us, all candid men say, "Mr. Lincoln moved as fast as the people would have supported him." It was not an easy thing to arouse and lift the North out of the pursuits of peace into those of carnage and strife. A London reporter, writing from New York city two weeks before the firing on Fort Sumter, said: "This city is full of divine calm and human phlegm, and Chicago, the commercial queen of the West, would do anything rather than fight." But before that letter came back to us things were changed. The war was fully inaugurated; Generals George B. McClellan and John Pope had met the armies of the South to be defeated, and the terrible havoc of Bull Run had fully aroused the North.

A friend from the Emerald Isle gave a concise report of that battle

in these words: When asked if he was in the Battle of Bull Run, he said he was, "And did you run?" "Faith I did, and any man that didn't is there yet." It served its purpose. All lovers of liberty felt that they were called to arms. Men East, North, and West, hastened to the recruiting offices to put their names down for enlistment. The spirit of the hour cannot be better expressed than by quoting the lyric of Horatio Woodman:

"Why flashed that flag on Monday morn Across the startled sky?
Why leaped the blood to every cheek,
The tears to every eye?
The hero in our four months' woe,
The symbol of our night,
Together sunk for one brief hour,
To rise forever bright.

The mind of Cromwell claimed his own;
The blood of Naseby streamed
Through hearts unconscious of the fire,
Till that torn banner gleamed.
The seeds of Milton's lofty thoughts,
All hopeless of the spring,
Broke forth in joy, as through them glowed
The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young and Homer true, And Dante's burning page Flamed in the red along our flag, And kindled holy rage.
God's gospel cheered the sacred cause In stern, prophetic strain.
Which makes his right our covenant, His psalms, our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him, whose light went out
Before his glory came,
Who could not live to feel his kin
To every noble name!
And sadder still to miss the joy
That twenty millions know
In human nation's holidav
From all that makes life low."

What ought we to do, filled all hearts, and with this question in mind, we left home, one morning, and went to the village to see who were going. We had read of Mc-Clellan's failures during the spring of 1862, and the coming of Pope from the Western army to take charge of the Army of Virginia, scattered and disheartened, vet true in their lovalty to their old commander, George B. McClellan. We had no sympathy with the criticism of his predecessor, pronounced by General Pope in his speech upon assuming command, for in that he antagonized the whole army, and we rejoiced when he was relieved and McClellan was again placed in command of the armies of Virginia and the Potomac. But what shall we do! Ah, there they go: John Robertson, Robert Jenkins and Sam Brown.

"What! Have you enlisted, Brown?" "No, they won't take me: but I want to go. Both the Towle twins have enlisted, and Jim and Bob are going. I suppose you can't go. for your wife and baby won't let you?"

"Well, I don't know; I guess it would be pretty hard to leave them. But what's the news?"
"Oh, things look pretty blue. I reckon Lee'll get into Washington." "Why, look here, Brown, 't would be an awful thing to have Washington captured, and Old Abe taken prisoner: I believe I'll go. What say?" "But how will Mrs. B. take it?" "Well, she said this morning that if she were a man she'd go. Now I don't propose to have her feel that she is more patriotic than I am. Hello!

there goes Leavitt: they say he's to be Captain." "Yes, Captain of Company E, Sixteenth regiment, Maine Volunteers." "But, say. he can't command any body: why, he doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds." "You just wait until he gets into a fight, he'll weigh a ton then!" "Well, look here, if you and Bob are going I'll go," and down went our names for three years, or during the war. Then came the hardest thing to do of all: simply to tell the wife and baby what I had done. What will they say, how will they take it? But to my surprise my wife said, "You have done just what I should do if I were in your place."

The plans of that night will never be made known. We were

to leave for Augusta the next day. All night that home was filled with prayers, and oh, how quickly the morning came! Can it be that we are to leave those dear ones for war, where men are wounded, killed and buried, unattended and unvisited? "Yes, Will, you must go, and may God bless and keep us till you return."

The train is now ready, and I see the dear ones standing on the platform and waving their hand-kerchiefs as we move out from the village. Oh, how hard men tried to be brave that day: but tears started down many cheeks, and hushed were the voices of all save those who had nerved themselves for the occasion with stimulants, for we were off for the war.

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE.

By Frank 7. Bradbury.

Fall in Company G of the old Tenth Maine of long ago! Shake off the dust of three decades and a half and let us march to the Valley of the Shenandoah. All is peace and quietness there to-day where once was turbulence and war: Stonewall Jackson with his intrepid soldiers will not be there to contest our advance as of yore. The picket's sharp challenge is heard no more in the darkness of the night, crying "Halt: who comes there?" Not a camp-fire burns in all that fair valley, and no camp

song is sung around the bivouac. Sling your knapsacks, put on your haversacks, fill your old canteen to the brim from the cold, bubbling spring at the base of the Blue Ridge, and smoke the pipe of peace. Let us view the fair fields of Winchester, where the golden grain, standing to our shoulders, was kissed by the morning sun on that memorable May day in 1862. There the brave and beloved S. S. Kenney gave up his young life, the first comrade shot in the company. He was a frail boy, weak and sick

that day, and when the enemy came upon him and asked him to surrender and parleyed with him, he coolly chose to fight and die. Glorified one, Hail, and farewell." Close up the ranks, and we will march to-day for Front Royal, sleeping so sweetly just across the gliding Shenandoah river, nestled among the tranquil hills, where we marched out on the reconnoissance up Luray Valley, one bright morning in June, when the birds caroled their sweet notes from the treetops so long ago. No sixty rounds of cartridges, no five days' cooked rations, no knapsacks strapped upon the back, to-day, boys. We bow low to old Front Royal, royal in more than name. The old Tenth Maine. till the last man is mustered out. will not forget those immense trees. loaded down with those luscious English cherries. Oh, how we feasted on cherries and honey in that historic little town, cuddled down so trustingly by the peaceful Shenandoah. What a magnificent camping-ground we had on the high hill overlooking the town of little Washington, and farther away, the army of General Siegel in camp at the town of Sperryville. The other regiments of our brigade were camped lower down on the side hill and we of the Tenth broke camp and marched at dawn of day down the hill and through the camp of the sleeping soldiers. I can see how amazed they looked, as they crawled out from their little "dog-tents," undressed, to look at a regiment marching with banners, and to Chandler's band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We had the crack band; you know how we used to poke fun at the other bands in the brigade, and how old Chandler would blow and make the other fellows in the band blow until the echoes would awake the hills and valleys of Old Virginia for miles around. We marched by Sperryville, that day, and Siegel's German troops, and pitched our tents in a large hay-field close to and west of the pretty little village of Culpeper. You will all have memories of that hot day, the 8th of August, 1862, when orders came at full noon to march in one hour with fifty rounds of ammunition. and no tents, blankets or rations. General Strother ("Porte Crayon") who wrote the famous "Personal Recollections" of the war for Harper's Magazine, and who was with Pope's army at that time, after attending to something of the nature of a stampede, among the stragglers, cooks, and negroes, as they came into Culpeper courthouse from the front, Friday noon, August 8th. He writes: - "As we entered the streets of the village, however, we met a superb dramatic contrast to this sniveling crowd. This was Crawford's Brigade moving to the front, with drums beating and colors flying. We waited to see the brigade pass; it was the most inspiring sight I ever beheld."

How the men wilted on that march out to Cedar Mountain from Culpeper. It seems that nearly one half of the men were left by

the wayside, overcome with the heat, but who came up in the cool of the evening. We shivered all night behind our gunstacks, the August moon looking down in our pale faces. Our stomachs were empty and our blankets were left in camp. At the first blush of the dawn of the 9th, the day was ushered in by the singing of the birds, and soon the army were astir, taking positions for the work of destruction and death, sure to come. "Close up, men," came in the firm and fearless voice of our "Little Major" of Company G, as he drew his sword from the scabbard and tried to put on anthority without the habitual smile which he was wont to wear. Ha! Did you hear the "zip" of the minié as we emerged from the belt of timber into the wheat field? Selo Charles and Corporal Mansfield fall; hard to close up in the death line, my fellows, was it not? But Company G's half hundred got there just the same. Down go Corporals Farris, Kenneth, Bartlett, and Elden Gray.

Whew! How hot the sun shines in our faces over the tree-tops. How thirsty and parched our throats! How black our faces with smoke and gunpowder! The battle ended at dark with our troops being pushed a mile or so from the field, with the exception of an artillery duel between two batteries, later in the night, in which the Confederates were badly beaten, and skedaddled to the rear. When we marched into the wheat field to our advanced position, I caught a bul-

let which made a hole through my pants and the woolen socks which were rolled down in a mass, some four inches to the ankle, and penetrated the sock and bruised the flesh so it turned black and blue and was lame and swollen. I said to Lieutenant Millett, who was close by me, "I am hit," and he answered, "Get to the rear." I stepped behind a wheat stack, close by, and found the wound was slight. thought the bunch of clothing saved me a broken leg, but it might have been a spent bullet. Two or three others came to the shelter of the stack, and I know one just behind me was Orderly J. F. Fitz. Facing the enemy I could fire from the left of the stack on my knees. When it began to grow dark, I could see the flash of the enemy's guns in the edge of the woods. I looked around, and behold the regiment had disappeared. I looked to the left, and beyond the road running obliquely with our line of battle, and saw them fighting hand to hand, and I saw our flag go down twice and rise up again and that our men were outnumbered and falling back. I then started from the field upon the run, and made for the belt of timber through which we had entered. The bullets struck around me and I was nearly out of breath, and took shelter behind a large tree at the edge of the wood. I waited a brief time here, and advanced farther into the woods. I came upon Charles A. Ellis and Harrison Noble of Company G. Ellis was sick and was

not fit to be out of the hospital, but would come with the "boys." He died from the result of marching and over-exertion that hot day. Charlie was a quiet fellow, a true Christian, faithful to duty and loved by us all. His memory shall be dear to us "till time is no more." Comrade Noble had been followed by the Confederates into the woods some farther to the right of the regimental line from where I entered. He came across my tracks, and it seemed to him I was going the wrong way. I was firmly convinced I was right, but he went his way and I went mine. In five minutes or less a squad of rebels asked him to surrender, and in a few days he reported at Libby prison for a summer vacation. kept straight ahead and came to a clearing, where I was quickly fired upon by the same squad of rebels that made Noble a prisoner: so, you see, I came pretty near sharing his fate, after all. I have no doubt the rebels had heard us in the woods, and were halting for us to come out. Poor Ellis kept out of their hands by keeping on in the course I had taken. Harrison was exchanged in about four months, and told me how surprised he was when he came out of the woods into the road and was halted by a squad which he thought was our men playing a joke on him, or that . they had taken him for a rebel. They soon convinced him who they

were and what they wanted. After disarming him, one of the number was detailed to take him to the rear. A great many dead and wounded were lying about, and in some places they were thickly together. He was marched a long way back to the rear, and got nearly exhausted before they reached the collection of prisoners, which was about midnight. They turned him into a field with a large number of other Federals, who had been captured, among the lot many officers and two generals. He said he was hungry and very chilly before daylight, and many of the men kept stirring about to keep the chills off. They had for a joke, that the rebels took the fence down in places where the prisoners were inclosed, so they would catch cold. I kept on what seemed to me a long way in the woods, and not sure then whether I was going right or not, lay down by the trunk of a large tree, clasping my gun in my arms. firing had ceased, with the exception of an occasional picket shot. I soon fell into an uneasy slumber, and was fully awakened by the artillery, probably moving in the road to my right. Presently a rebel gun took position, and fired over the woods, and a federal battery replied, and I lay quiet, exhausted and unconcerned under the trees, watching the fiery shells as they clipped off the tallest tree-tops over my head.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, United States Army.

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE REAR GUARD OF LEE'S ARMY AT BLACKFORD'S FORD, OR BOTELER'S MILL.—CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG.—PICKET DUTY IN THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL, ALONG THE RIVER FROM THE FORD TO SHEPARDSTOWN.—LEITERS HOME.—COMMENTS, CRITICISMS, OPINIONS, GROWLING, ETC.—COLD WEATHER.

On the night of September 19, a lively scouting column under the command of General Griffen, crossed the river and succeeded in capturing two guns, one of which was a gun of his old West Point battery (afterwards Battery D, Fifth United States Artillery) captured from him at the first battle of Bull Run, when attached to the battalion of regulars in which was our brother. The other was of English make, having the Tower stamp on it. The party came through our camp some time before morning making a great clatter, shouting, and giving the awakened men in their bivouac the joyful news.

Early on the morning of the 20ih we were ordered to make a reconnoissance in force across the Potomae, at Blackford's Ford. This had been used by Lee, both in coming into and retreating from Maryland. It was, where we forded it, some distance below the dam, quite shallow, a little over the knees, with a somewhat pebbly bottom, but not many large rocks. We were to ascertain the whereabouts of Lee's rear guard. We

had no trouble in finding it. Innocent of the diversion which was in store for us, we splashed and paddled our way along. Some of the men had taken off both shoes and stockings: others, perhaps the majority, had kept them on: these were the wise ones, for we had use for them on our return.

The cavalry were met returning. The splashing of their horses sent the water flying into the faces of some of our grumblers, who out of spite, shouted out, "Are there any dead cavalry-men ahead? What guerillas do you belong to?" etc., etc., to which the answer comes back promptly, "Yes, you bummers, we do the fighting and leave the dead cavalry-men for the 'dough boys' to pick up. Go to the rear you 'worm crushers'!"

The chaffing continued until the river was crossed. We were then hurriedly, and with sharp commands, formed into the line of battle, ordered to "load at will," and by the flank were directed to move by a narrow cart path up a rather sheltered ravine, on one side of which was a protecting bank, and on the other, a rather abrupt bluff that formed the bank of the Potomac.

We again hastily formed line of battle. A crack, a crash, followed by another and another, in quick succession, directly over our heads, came from our batteries on the Maryland shore, and was the first intimation we had that a rebel line of battle was rapidly moving down upon us.

"Fix bayonets!" came the command, followed by "Lie down!" and, although from our sheltered position we could not then see the enemy's line, a moment later the roll of musketry from the right of our brigade told us that the engagement had begun.

It was a sharp fight. One man in our regiment, Corporal George Davis of Co. B, had the right side of his face knocked off by one of our own shells. Another, Private Chauncey C. Knowlton of Co. I, was terribly wounded in the leg, probably by a shot from our own guns: it was amputated. Both died.

As the firing surged along the line towards us, and the men commenced firing at the grey line now beginning to show up over the bank, we were ordered to withdraw. As we fell back, the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, which had received the full force of the blow thus far, did not follow us, and being overwhelmed by superior numbers, were driven from their position on the extreme right to the crest of the bluff, where many were killed, wounded, or captured, and driven pell-mell over its precipitous slopes. (See history of that regiment for a graphic and detailed account of this affair; also the Century series, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," for an excellent cut of Blackford's Ford, Boteler's mill, the dam, etc.) Our passage back to the Maryland shore was a hard one, higher up and nearer the dam: the river was full of snares and pitfalls, and up to our necks in many places, besides being very rocky.

As we emerged from the stream and passed through Berdan's Sharpshooters, in the dry bed of the Canal, we halted for a moment to gain our breath. While resting here, a little officer of the 118th Pennsylvania (Captain Henry O'Neill [?]) came in behind us. He was dripping with water. In his cnthusiastic energy to move across and get to the rear, he had not stopped to see how many of the regiment had Waving his sword, he followed. shouted in a high and squeaky voice - "Follow me, all that are left of the gallant 'Corn Exchange." He turned as he did so, and there behind him stood one half drowned little corporal, smaller than himself, beside a very tall private. Both the officer and corporal pieced together could hardly have equaled his size. We broke out into uncontrollable laughter at the absurdity of the group. It seems that the order for the brigade to withdraw across the river had not reached this regiment on the right, for some still unexplained reason, or they attempted to retire when too late, but, either on account of the chaffing they received, or the sensitiveness which they naturally felt at this, their first battle, from that time on there was a lack of *cordiality* between the rest of the brigade and our brethren from the Keystone

State, who stoutly asserted that we ran away and left them to their fate. and whenever on picket, scrambling for water at a small spring, gathering rails, or "reaching" for straw, there were numerous collisions, although no bloodshed, between the two commands. A conversation on picket occurred shortly after, between one of our sharp-witted Irishmen and a member of the "Corn Exchange" regiment. The latter was upholding their cause and its gallant conduct in staying, while our fellow was very strongly arguing that " any regiment after being ordered to retreat, that did not do so, deserved all they got," etc. The other angrily rejoined, "If you had behaved as well as the 'gallant Corn Exchange' the Johnnies would have been whipped." "Oh! be gorra! 'Corn Exchange!' 'Corn Exchange!" said Pat, "there is no such regiment as that now. It is the ' Cob Exchange,' for didn't the 'rebs' shell all the corn off vez the other day?"

We returned to our camp, dried ourselves out by large, roaring fires, related our adventures, and soon grappled with our featherless beds.

Nine or ten rebel brigades took part in this affair. "Stonewall" Jackson's report states that "it ended in an appalling scene of the destruction of human life." General A. P. Hill, who commanded, reports: "Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with

the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost *three* thousand men, killed and drowned, from one brigade alone."

On the following day, Sunday, we opened with skirmishing, but it soon closed as our dead were brought across for burial.

Newspapers were exchanged, etc. The truce closed at 5 p. m., when our batteries promptly opened to show that we were all alive.

We picketed near the river, sleeping at night in the dry canal, our bodies at an angle of nearly 45 degrees, and here we suffered all the ills of violent colds and malaria, from the low bottoms and foggy atmosphere about us, and diarrhœa from drinking the limestone water to which we were unaccustomed, and for want of proper shelter, clothes, shoes and blankets. On the 21st of September, headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at Captain Smith's farm, nearly opposite General Fitz John Porter's headquarters at the Gove Smith's house and barns were filled with wounded.

While on picket, September 24th, a large squad—some five hundred prisoners—went splashing across the river, overjoyed to get back to their native South-land.

The President reviewed the army, and here we saw for the first time. Abraham Lincoln. How long and gaunt he looked, but with what a kindly smile did he greet the Boys in Blue as he hastily rode with the General along line after line.

How the smile from a care-worn and anxious face touched the hearts of those bronzed, rough-looking men. It was like an electric shock. It flew from elbow to elbow, and with a loud cheer, every soldier gave vent to his suppressed feeling, making the welkin ring, and conveyed to him the fact that his smile had gone home and found a response.

September 27. Headquarters moved two miles in the direction of Harper's Ferry and camped.

October 8. General M. Patrick was assigned as provost marshal of the army, and headquarters moved to Knoxville, Md.

October 13. Headquarters moved to Brownsville, in Pleasant Valley, Md.

October 19. A provisional brigade was formed from the Ninety-third New York, Twentieth New York, Eighth United States Infantry and Sturgis Guard. The first was designated as Headquarter Guard, the second and third as Provost Guard, and the last as Body Guard.

October 23. Bishop McIlvaine preached at headquarters. One lady only attended. She had a very sweet voice, and led in singing the hymns.

The first night on picket we lay on the slope of the canal between two rails, with head over the peaked side for a pillow, and woke up with our necks most broken, and with threatened strangulation. The next relief, we tried a bed "without," and woke up to find ourselves in the fire, with our breeches scorched in several places, and our legs well warmed.

We had slid down the inclined plane of moist clay. Our hips were black and blue from too much hard ground in our beds. While on picket, we contrived a way to make meal, and enjoy that delicacy so longed for by a New England boy, "fried hasty pudding."

This pieced out our rations of "hard tack" and "salt horse," the latter so ropy and glistening with briny preservative, as to give our pie-loving, Yankee-recruit-stomachs an ache, to even look at its long drawn-out saltness.

We reached the corn, made graters of our cartridge-box tins by patiently punching holes with our bayonets.

We then grated the corn from the cob, boiled the coarse meal, cooled, sliced, and fried it on tin plates, eating it with sugar, or, we poured the boiled meal upon clean flat stones, and baked it in the hot ashes.

Our division was camped on two sides of a small valley, down which ran a small road through Blackford's (W. M.) woods to the river.

It was located about three fourths of a mile southwest from S. P. Grove's house, where Fitz John Porter had his headquarters, and about half a mile nearly south from where Crow now lives. It was the practice of sutlers and traders of all kinds to come down that road to our camp. They mostly came

from Pennsylvania, and asked exorbitant prices for everything. One dollar a pound for butter, six small cakes for fifty cents, etc., was a fair sample of the outrageous advantage and monopoly which these non-combatant sharks seized upon.

We remonstrated, but in vain, and the consequences soon followed. A vigilance committee was organized, with spies to go ahead and sound the traders. If the prices were too high, according to our tariff, a moderate one, a signal was given, and the cry immediately went up "Rally! Rally!!"

In a moment clouds of soldiers were seen issuing like magic from the ground. They closed in on both sides and rear, and "rounded up" the traders. There was no escape from this kind of a spider's web. The cart was overturned, everything taken from it: apples, leather pies, gingercakes, etc., and every soldier skurried back with pockets, hats, and arms full of plunder.

In five minutes not a soul was visible, and the dazed peddler gathered up his traps, appealed to the officers, was asked to point out the guilty man, which he could not, and he departed a sadder but wiser man for a new load.

One of our recruits, Milton M. Ingalls, suddenly died, October 24, after a few days' illness. We performed our first burial service, stood guard over his remains at the hospital tent, made his rude coffin of cracker boxes, and late one afternoon marched to the hillside to

bury him, the chaplain of the Second Maine officiating.

Note.—The track of the Norfolk and Western railroad now (1897) passes almost over the spot.

While making his coffin, another recruit, a large Norwegian sailor, very weak from chronic diarrhæa, sat upon the other end of it, and when the last nail was driven, mournfully said, "I shall be next."

The nights grew bitter cold; the sick grew numerous. Many were sick with typhoid fever, and our condition at all times in this camp was mentally, morally, and physically bad. We remained near Sharpsburg until October 30th, and besides doing picket duty opposite Shepardstown, we performed guard and fatigue duty, drilled, and became more and more seasoned for the long two years before us, sheltering ourselves from the heat by day, and shivering through the long, frosty nights.

Not infrequently we got up before dawn to find many running up and down the hard ground to thaw out their congealed blood, or sitting by the smouldering embers of the fire, making "scouse" at the "cook house."

The ground was covered thick with frost, yet we slept in our thin, unlined blouses upon it, with no ponchos," blankets, or overcoats. The spread or two that we had left by order back near Rockville, had been stored at Washington, never again to see the light of day.

During our gloomy and desponding hours, before getting seasoned and hardened, and while in this chrysalis state, many bright sunbeams crept in; many laughable adventures and ludicrous incidents took place. Frequent visits to the camps of other regiments, and to prisoners under treatment near by, varied the monotony. The usual camp rumors were rife. "We were going to build log huts, and guard the river for the winter." "Provost duty in Frederick City," etc.

Our letters say:

"Sunday, Sept. 21, 1862, In Camp Near Potomac, Near Sharpsburg.

"I commenced a letter to you at Fort Corcoran, just after we had left Fort Worth, where Bob wrote to you, and just before we left on our long march of six days. I had just written one sheet when we were ordered to march. When passing through Washington, I looked in vain for Gene. We had a long march, and I suffered; especially for food. I never knew what it was to want for bread before. I had to beg, for I was actually weak from total abstinence. * * * Bob, Edgar, G. B., and myself were the only ones of the whole company (old fellows and all), who kept up and never straggled. The road was lined with these latter individuals, and even now (though we started a week ago Friday), seven of our company have not yet come up. Frank and LeRov are thirty miles back, used up. Captain Thompson is back on the supply train, sick. We have only one corporal; our two sergeants are sick, and the company is nowhere. We are not yet drilled; we have not been taught to fire a gun. We were in reserve on Wednesday, and I saw all the fight, except on our left, where Burnside carried the bridge. Thursday we passed that spot on the advance, and were on picket all night in that terrible place, where dead men were piled up in heaps beside us. Such horrid sights I never saw Two of our company were on the outpost, skirmishing all night. George Lovejov and Ed. Walton were detailed from us to fill vacancies. We slept on our arms all night.

"During the night, a squadron of cavalry attacked a brick mansion occupied by rebel sharpshooters. * * * The next morning I visited the place, and got any quantity of jellies, preserves, etc.: but was obliged to leave it all when we marched. It was so before we left our camp near Fort Corcoran; there were four or five boxes came to the company filled with nice things, and we could have lived like princes if we could have stayed, but orders came to march, and we had to leave it all. I left four cans of honey given me, for I could not take it. * * *

"Well, about the march. We didn't commence marching until two or three days after the account you read. That was the advance of Porter's corps (Syke's division):

we were the rear guard and marched Friday, September 12, on a different route, not touching Darnestown. * * * When we started. I had no idea where we were going: instead of going directly from Georgetown to Maryland, after we crossed the Aqueduct, we kept on to Washington, and I thought we were going to Baltimore, but, after resting for grub, near the capitol, we marched way back to Georgetown, and from there started on our march to Rockville. * * * You at home can never realize the intense suffering we endured on those five days of marching. The first day we went fifteen miles with our wet stuff on our backs, and hot and dusty enough to suffocate a person. * * * Of course they took the longest way to exercise us. The next morning, seeing that we would never hold out with our loads, the order was to leave everything except what we actually needed. I (R. G. C.) only took my rubber coat.

"We marched through Hyattstown and Urbana, and stopped. They routed us out early the next morning, which was Sunday, and marched us twenty-four miles to Frederick City. * * my 'fod' (food) had given out in the morning, as had most of them, and when we bivouacked on the banks of the Monocacy river I had nothing to eat but one hardtack about three inches square. What do you think of that, after twenty-four miles of marching on the road, and loaded up at that? We had nothing to eat all night, our rations being gone. and our teams to the rear, on horrid roads. Nothing but hills, hills, and mountains. We suffered as much as the advance. I reckon: those long, hot days of marching, the din of battle in the distance, ever in our ears, and we hurrying forward to be in at the death. That Sunday night we camped at 8 o'clock, and it was as dark as Erebus. These were hard times for the raw recruits, but we did well. * * * The next morning rations were served out, the having come up in the night.

"We rested at Keediesville that night, and I could see that they were preparing for a great battle the next morning, as I thought, for they had commenced shelling then. * * *

"Say to father that knapsacks are no go any way in the army: a man can't carry one * * * on the march. At the least estimate of weight, and of the best pattern, it is clumsy, * * * and ten to one if you leave it anywhere during a battle, it is lost. I don't want to lug another of the articles while I have my other luggage. I would carry a rubber blanket and poncho coiled up over my back, and perhaps I might add my woolen blanket: but an overcoat is altogether too heavy for light marching order. I should not have thrown away the last two articles in W., if they had not been wet, and I almost dead from sheer exhaustion.

I should not have lived to tell the tale if I had carried them ten miles further, and during even then I should have straggled, and I hated to do that: * * * a thing I didn't do the entire distance, though only four recruits came in on the home-stretch. Many a night I flung myself on the ground supperless and too tired to eat. In the day-time I ate dust, and drank the perspiration that rolled down my face. It was a bitter experience.

Monday, we passed through it (Frederick City), amid the shouts and cheers of the people. passed through Rockville, Hyattstown, Urbana, Boonesboro, Keediesville, and Sharpsburg. Middletown heights, between M. and Boonesboro, where Reno was killed and where Hooker stormed the battery of the rebels (I saw any quantity of dead rebels there), we passed by a camp of regulars, with prisoners in charge. I was on guard behind the regimental ambulances, and upon casting my eves about, I saw Eugene standing in the middle of the road with Bob. I left the guard I tell you, and we walked over a mile together, when we parted. * * * He showed us the battle-ground.

** * * Gene said he would see us (again) in a day or two, but we have not seen him yet. We talked about everything while we were together, and oh! I was so delighted to see him. He was going back to Frederick City with his prisoners, and expected to return.

"Bob lost his wallet before he marched with seven dollars When we were on the march from Hall's Hill to Alexandria, and from there to Fort Worth, as Bob told you in his last letter, I threw my knapsack away at the first stopping place; it almost cut the life out of me. I could carry the load well enough, though much heavier than Bob's, for I had extra books, medicine, and writing-desk, but the mode of carrying it was not so easy. I kept all of my things, but did them up in a rubber blanket, and slung them over my shoulders by straps. I carried them in this way very well.

"Just before we started from Fort Corcoran, we saw John; and * * * we also saw Lewis, and were going over to see them the next day, but were ordered off. We had extra shirts, stockings, blankets, etc., given us before we started, and that added to our heavy loads. I was barefooted when my stockings came to hand; my shoes hurt my bare feet, covered with sore, uncut corns, and my stockings were too full of holes for a second mending, so I threw them away.

"The night before we started, it rained all night, and as I slept on the ground, I got wet, and ditto my things, so that when I started next morning I had a very heavy load. I carried it six miles until I was almost gone, and I just fell out of ranks and disposed of all the articles I could. I threw away my medicine, books, checkers, towels, and lots of little things, and gave my heavy wet

overcoat and blanket to a Union family on the road. My bundle was still heavy, but smaller, and I carried it to our first night's resting-place, twelve or more miles from Washington. Let Gene talk about clinging to your knapsacks, things, etc.; it's all "bosh!" I reckon he never carried either on a long march. No one hated to throw away things as I did, but I could n't help it. I had over seventy-five pounds on my back, besides eighty rounds of cartridges, gun, etc.

"The road was full of stragglers all the way back to Washington, and during the night they came in. One new regiment in our brigade, 118th Pennsylvania, twelve hundred strongonly numbered two hundred at our first stopping-place; they all had knapsacks."

Note.—The major of this regiment had to be sent back to Washington to gather up the stragglers and march them to join the balance of the regiment. "The color-sergeant and color-guard fell out completely exhausted, and the colonel himself bore the standard to the bivouac. * * * Three men to a company, as the strength present for duty, was a most creditable showing when the final halt was made. One weary, dusty private met General Morell, and saluting, said: 'General, can you tell me where the 118th Pennsylvania is?' 'Certainly, my man,' replied the general seriously; 'everywhere between here and Washington." (See History of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania.)

"The second morning we were all ordered to move in light marching order, and to leave our luggage. I thought it was only temporary and that our duds would be brought forward in the teams, so I took only my poncho, leaving my rubber blanket over my other things, it being the only covering I had for them, so you see that I must have suffered from cold the next day (night) on the ground with nothing but my poncho over me.

"I got some milk once on the road, and with some hard-tack crumbled into it, I enjoyed a splendid meal. I have now my cotton shirt on (others behind), breeches, coat, one pair of dirty stockings, wet through yesterday (in what manner I will tell you presently), and my shoes and cap, all my wardrobe in this part of the country available. I lost my poncho yesterday on the other side of the Potomac.

"Two brigades crossed this classic stream in the morning (Martindale's and Griffin's) * * * while Butterfield's (the three composing Morell's division), remained on this side. As soon as we got there we were attacked by a superior rebel force, and, after fighting a short time, were recalled, and forded the Potomac (up to my breast in some places). in good order. I wet myself through. cartridges and all. * * * reaching the Virginia shore, I fired my gun off, loaded up, and the first thing I knew I saw all of our officers dismount hurriedly, and order us into line of battle up the hill. By this time twenty pieces of our artillery on the Maryland shore were shelling over us, and such a racket! Shells bursting over our heads, officers ordering, balls whizzing! It was gay! * * * Our own shells

burst in among us, within six feet of me all around. I never heard such a terrific noise in my life.

"Two of them struck into our own regiment, bursting in Company I, and knocked a man's face off, mortally wounding him. Another of our men was struck in the leg by a shrapnel shell fired by the enemy, and his leg had to be amputated. The bullets flew about me, but I minded them not. I was only watching for a shot * * * we were in a queer position, on the side of an ascending ridge from a ravine, close to the river's bank. When the order came to cross the river. I was so mad * * * that I forgot my poncho, which I threw off by my side to aid me in firing better. * * *

"One time while lying down on our bellies, we heard the cry on our right from the Second Maine boys: 'They're coming!' The order was given to 'Fix bayonets!' and prepare for a volley when the enemy appeared in sight. I thought we were going to see some fun then. * * * I had n't got warmed into it hardly, and I retreated backwards so as to get a pop at them when they came over the hill. * * * We had then to leave * * * our crossing the river was no joke; all I could think of was Ball's Bluff, for certainly, had it not been for our batteries and two regiments of Berdan's sharpshooters in a dry canal on the Maryland side, we would none of us have reached the shore alive. * * * We went (came back) across above where we went over (under the dam), and it was up to my armpits, with the current running like mad and the bullets buzzing like bees. The river was full of slippery ledges, and in the crevices it was very deep. I did not fall once. * * * I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand, for I had to keep my powder dry, and had to keep up a man who was most strangled, having fallen three times in coming across. * * * While fording, the 'rebs' appeared on the banks, and the bullets whistled into us good. * * * I helped one short captain (H. P. Williams) across; he fell twice, and I picked him up, wetting my gun and ammunition in the act."

Note.—Captain W. was a very diminutive man, with an exceedingly large hat, which resembled an umbrella spread over his person. His progress, although moist, had been successful, until nearly across, when plump! in he went into a deep hole that sent him out of sight at once. The tell-tale hat, however, showed where he would rise. Up he came, spluttering and blowing, his mouth full of water. Another step, and in he went again out of sight. Our brother was nearest to him. He seized at the hat, missed him, then making a deeper grab caught the half-drowned little captain by the collar, and, holding him up almost at arm's length, quietly deposited him high, but not dry, upon a more shallow spot. The victim was hardly aware that any visible force had effected his rescue, for he went on scrambling like a crab for shore.

"You ought to have seen them tumble down. Our acting colonel (W. S. Tilton), went down flat into the river, and wet himself all over, so did Bob, and got soaked. * * * I did not fall once. I did not dry myself, but slept under some straw,

and this morning am all right and steaming. * * * The rebs' had about ten or twenty thousand troops pouring down upon us; it seems they crossed the night before, and set a trap to cut us all up when we crossed, but thank Heaven! our sharpshooters and cannon * * * saved us. * * * We had no hard fight; we only discovered the enemy in force, and caused him, perhaps, to take too much notice for his own good.

" McClellan rode by us on his return to camp, and he looked pleased as if everything had worked to his satisfaction. You will probably see the details of this affair in the papers. Oh! if I could only see a Boston Journal. We have not had a mail for a week and a half, and have not been permitted to write home during these battles. * * * When I read the accounts of the fight in which we were engaged across the river, I am only thankful that we escaped so well; it was a pretty bout after all. * * * Of course, in retreating down the precipice (as it were), we could not go in perfect line of battle, neither in going across the river, as the current was so swift. * * * I read 'Carleton's 'account again, and also 'why the fight was not renewed,' and the report that Martindale's brigade got into an ambuscade when they crossed the river, and was roughly handled, the latter a miserable hoax. * * * Most of the boys have given out on shoe leather, but Bob and I still hold on; God bless those shoes! If it had not been for them, what should we have done? They have not even commenced to

wear out. The maker of them-Williams-is now in a better land, and will peg and sew no more. He was shot on Wednesday, as were many more of the Thirty-fifth. Ed. Morrill was shot through the foot. Haven't heard about Haze (Goodrich), but hope he is safe. I hear that Fred Brooks, Flanders, Cram and Nichols all are wounded, and thus it is with war. Horrid! and how my whole soul is troubled when I think of these associations severed. these hearts crushed; may you all be spared the sorrow of some, but O Father, you can scarcely know the dangers to which your affectionate boys are subjected, both on the field of battle and the low-minded camp. My mind is turning fondly to you all at home this beautiful Sabbath morning, and how I wish I were with you, but my work must be done before I ever see you again, and that it may be done in earnest, quickly, and I be an humble instrument in the grand resulting victory, is the hopeful prayer of your affectionate son. It is hard to write in this army. Love to all, and kiss them all for Bob and myself."

"In Camp, near Sharpsburg, on the Potomac side, Sept. 23, 1862.

The letters of our brothers, Walter and Bob, now say:

"As soon as I finished my letter to father on Sunday, I went down from the woods to the camp, and there found Gene waiting for me. He had been relieved from his prisioner guarding by a regiment of our brigade (Martindale's now

by Colonel [James] commanded Barnes of Massachusetts, senior colonel of the brigade, and until recently, in the Bull Run fight, and sometime since by Colonel [Charles W.] Roberts of the Second Maine, a brave officer and better liked than Barnes), and is now on the provost guard, aad acts with Frank's company as a part of 'Mac's' body-guard. I was glad enough to see him, I can assure you. He is in camp about three miles from us. I cannot get down so far to see him, but he can come and see us daily if he chooses, * * * He told us if we were wounded, to ask to be carried to McClellan's headquarters, and he would see to it that we were well taken care of by a good surgeon. * * * I know that is what dear mother fears, that we will wounded, and either die on the field, or get into some saw-bone hospital, and to tell the truth that is what I fear most myself. I don't fear to go into battle, for last week I was as cool all through it as could be: neither do I fear the wounds, or even death itself, for * * * that is what I came out for, if need be to give up my life in defense of my country, but it is the thought that I shall be uncared for, that I shall be buried where no loving hand can strew flowers and shed tears of love over my grave. Oh! I have seen too much of that already. After a big battle, they tumble them in without mark or sign * * *

"He showed me your letter of September 8th to him, and I was overjoyed to see it. It was so much in the same loving, motherly strain, and so full of tender anxiety for her boys. How is it that we can ever forget such an interest, and fail to repay such with kindness, when we are at home, when opportunities are so frequently offered?

"Gene left us, promising to call again. He spoke of the possibility of his getting a Massachusetts regiment; he said it was easy enough, if some one would influence Governor Andrew to ask his release from (the) regular service, he thinks they would grant it readily.

"Since Sunday I have been on picket on the banks of the Potomac. Our whole corps occupy the position in front where the rebels appeared in force, and compelled our small force to retreat across the river on Saturday. Three regiments go on at night, alternately, and stay until the next night. We all sleep on the bank of a canal, and on the tow-path post our sentinels during the night. Our object is to look out for the 'rebs,' and give the alarm. Their sharpshooters are stationed on the opposite bank, 500 yards, and we pop away at each other well. All day long matters of interest were continually taking place. I only suffered at night in the canal, I couldn't sleep I was so cold; we were relieved last night, and are in camp to-day. Our stragglers are fast coming up, thanks to the provost guard; Frank and LeRoy are still missing though. * * * Ouite a number of ambulances were over vesterday, under a flag of truce, to get the wounded and bury dead. Fifty men went over with them for the latter purpose. If man can't

stand a cold on the lungs he must die, that's all. There are poor fellows now in our regiment who are sick and past recovery, yet they linger on, in hopes, perhaps, that a welcome bullet may bring peace to their weary bodies; if they ever do get home it will be to die. * * * I know not what they mean by not drilling us; we do not understand anything as yet of field movements, and what a poor show we shall make on the battle-field; all confusion and disorder.

"I saw something of it last Saturday while recrossing the river; it was an orderly retreat, vet everything was out of place. I was excited somewhat when I came back, for I heard nothing but our Parrot shells screaming over our heads into the ranks of the enemy, and their minié balls whizzing past our ears. On Wednesday, while being held in reserve, I went up on the hill several times, back of where our brigade was drawn up, and I saw our 20-pound Parrots drop their shells into the enemy's ranks, and saw Meagher's Irish brigade charge on the 'rebs' and wavering once, charge again, with victory as their bloody purchase. I could hear Burnside on the left, as he fought to take the Stone Bridge at all hazards, flanked by woody hills, filled with rebel riflemen, and the next day I saw the result of that hard fought ground where so many were lying around me. I saw one poor fellow who had lain all night with a bullet in his brain, wholly unconscious, yet breathing still in perfect spasms, as his life blood ebbed away; it was a gone case.

and, ere this, he has gone forever from earthly battle-fields. * * * We had to lie to all day and night under a hill, in reserve, supporting some 20-pound Parrot guns. shells came over that day just enough for me to get used to them; one burst within five rods of me. General McClellan went by us to cheer up the men about two or three o'clock; he took off his hat to us when we hurrahed, * * * You ought to see a great battle as I have seen one; * * * You at home can never realize the horrors: the continual rear of cannon; the bursting of shells around you; the rattling of musketry; the dense smoke, etc., make it a grand sight; but marching over it the next day, was what would make your heart bleed, dear mother. The brave and lion-hearted patriots lay dead and dying all around; the blackened corpses that had not been buried, lay out in a heavy shower, that we had to march through.

"When the sun came out, oh, heavens, what a smell. I have done picket duty within a few yards of a dead horse for thirty-six hours, and gone by any quantity of them, but the decaying bodies of men beat anything I ever smelt, and to think, too, that they had to die without a mother's tear, or a friendly care; and not to be recognized, but to be shoved in a little hole, that is just what I don't relish. I don't fear the fight at all, but it is getting wounded and having to suffer and die on the battle-field. Weren't they excited in Haverhill when they heard of the Thirty-fifth being so cut up? Company G got

into a cross-fire which killed eight, and wounded thirty more: among the killed was Clarence Woodman. Poor fellow! he lay with his head down hill, the blood settled in his neck, and he was an awful looking object. A cannon-ball killed him. * * * We whipped them awfully that day, as you will see by the papers, but with a heavy loss on our side of officers and men. * * * I send you a Baltimore Clipper, with a detailed account of the great Battle of Antietam. * * * Mother may bless the day that Fitz John Porter's corps was in reserve, for had we gone into that fight, we should have been all cut up, and perhaps * * * my body would have been this day lying under the sod on the banks of Antietam creek. * * * and sure I am that many of our boys would be low in the dust now. * * * Oh! if you could have seen the sights that I have seen: the poor fellows strewn around * * * just as they were charging across the bridge, full of savage fight; but, alas, the unerring bullet through the brain ended their brief resolve 'to do, or die!'

"Thursday, we went through the rain over the celebrated bridge where the terrible fighting was. We were on picket that night, and exchanged shots with the 'rebs.' The next morning we started after them. * * * Why in the name of heaven McClellan did not let our corps finish up the 'rebs,' and why he did not renew the battle on Thursday, and follow speedily across the river, I can't understand. It looks to me as though it would have been better

to have crushed them with fresh troops on Thursday, than to have them skedaddle off under the pretext of burying their dead in plain sight of our general. I am provoked, perhaps, without cause, but I cannot help feeling that it prolongs this horrid war. * * * Why we are not ordered to whip the enemy * * * is more than I know. * * *

"Carleton's account of it in the Journal that Father sent me was superb; it was just as I witnessed the fight, where Hooker, brave and gallant, fought and fell. I agree with Carleton, and wonder when the fight was waning and well-nigh lost on the left that Porter or Sykes was not ordered to the support, and win the day, and not let the sun go down on an undecided fight, to be opened on the morrow by an agreement to bury the dead, under which plea the whole rebel army prepared to retreat, and which they carried out on Friday morning (when we were ordered forward to Sharpsburg), to our shame, without much loss to their rear guard. Now, why not whip them on Wednesday with fresh men, and on Thursday beat them with Pennsylvania reserves at Hagerstown, and on Friday cut them up on the retreat, with our cavalry and light batteries, while they were being pushed into the river at the point of the bayonet, and amid our Parrot shells? We could have done it! Why not? Time will tell! Now the papers are freighted with the welcome (?) intelligence that the rebels are in force across the river, advantageously posted, etc., and peace is proposed to us in haughty terms, they claiming the victories of South Mountain and Antietam. * * * "

Now follows a letter from our brother in the artillery:

"FORT TILLINGHAST, Sept. 26, 1862.

"I am now out of the hospital, but am not quite able to do duty. * * I was quite sick for a time, but now my skin is getting bleached out once more, by the use of pills, castor oil, turpentine, and rhubarb. asked me some questions about the loss of things: I have not had a thing made up to me, and what I get I have to pay for. I have drawn a blanket, but the nights are very cold here now, and I need a quilt or something of that sort. We are not in barracks, but have had to go into our tents; but I ought not to complain, for we are leading a life of luxury to some of the poor soldiers on the march. Poor Walt and Bob! I think of them often, for I do not doubt they have had to throw away everything. It cannot be helped while soldiers are on a march, loaded down with a heavy cartridge-box, with forty rounds, cross belt, haversack with two or three days' rations, and a heavy gun and bayonet. When the old troops left, I found a good knapsack and overcoat; the coat was full of vermin, so I had to leave it, but I will not have to draw a knapsack.

"A regular imposition is practised upon the soldiers, for instance, the poor fellows from the peninsula were compelled, by their officers, to throw away everything they possessed two or three times, and then to draw everything new. Yesterday, the Eleventh Massachusetts, which now

number scarcely one hundred and fifty men, and have received no pay for over four months, were paid off, and most of them did n't get more than five or six dollars, as all of these things which they were ordered to throw away, and which they could not possibly carry, were charged to them: thus these poor fellows, after undergoing everything but death itself, were robbed of even the small pay which they had so nobly earned.

"If they treat soldiers in this way. they will fight no more. Two of our companies, 'I' and 'H,' went to Harper's Ferry last night, where they are to garrison some of the fortifications, but we have probably got a steady situation now. This regiment is the envy of the other regiments, for we have a comparatively easy time to them, yet we have seen some rather hard times, and may see more. * * * I suppose you know that Barnes commands the brigade in which our brothers are. It seems as though God protected them, for part of that brigade went over the river, and were nearly all massacred. * * * The Pennsylvania regiment lay near us before the advance, and it was a very fine regiment, with full ranks, but to-day they are, nearly all of them, in their graves."

Note.—The official losses in the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania were as follows: Three officers and sixty men killed; four officers and ninety-seven men wounded; three officers and one hundred and two men missing. (The latter were nearly all taken prisoners, parts of two companies only returning to tell the tale).

"General Martindale is sick. It is foolishness to send anything to a regimental hospital, for a sick soldier seldom gets the benefit. The cooks, hospital steward, doctors, waiters, and 'hangers on' devour everything they can lay their hands on, and if a soldier is very sick, and has no money, God help him! In a general hospital there is more system, and they get more benefit from contributions. In the hospitals, the attendants witness such scenes of want and misery that their hearts become hardened, and only when a man is nearly dead do they begin to notice him, and then it is often too Write soon, for you don't know how much better it makes me feel to get a letter from home."

Our brothers, Walter and Bob, now say in their letters dated:

"On Picket on the Banks of the River Opposite Shepardstown, Sept. 26-29, 1862.

"We are now having comparative rest after our long march, but at best camp life, and duties with it, is hard, and it is only in periods that the lazy days come, and then it takes all the time to rest. I am tired enough, for we few boys had to do all the guard duty for our regiment on the march, and it takes hold to march all day, and stand guard all night; and now what makes it most aggravating, our sergeant puts it on just the same, although many of the old men are with us now. Besides, we have put up officers' tents and dig sinks and other fatigue duty. It is altogether worse than I could possibly have imagined before I left home. Verily our beloved country is worth a vast deal to have its integrity maintained at such a cost of suffering and hardship, as is endured in the army.

"We recruits are getting kicked round pretty well now; we do all the duty in our company, and they call us d-d recruits, etc., etc. * * * I put up with things from minor officers, petty officers, and even privates without a murmur, which I would have resented with a blow if I had been at home. But it is no go here, I have to submit or else be ar-* * * Captain Thompson * * * is sick now, and attends to no duty, and we have run behind in drill. Our drill-master (Sergeant William Salter), has gone to a hospital sick, and common privates, grown old in sin and musty in discipline, are detailed to go through the movements with us. They are sick of soldiering, and have no ambition to teach others, and we are, consequently, minus in that department. I only hope that it will be remedied. * * * Captain T. is one of those kinds of men not at all genial, or easy to get acquainted with. He is not in the least upper erust, for he messes with his men, and hates salutations and red tape, but he is a stern man, hard to get on the right side of, and difficult to understand; and now, while sick, is grouty and cross. He is a brave man, and a good officer, I guess, but, as a man, with all the feelings natural to us, I don't think much of him."

Note.—He obtained a sick leave, upon the expiration of which he failed to return, and was cashiered. He, with other captains in the regi-

ment, felt sorely aggrieved (and well they might), because the regimental adjutant. First Lieutenant Thomas Sherwin, Jr., had been promoted to be major of the regiment over their heads, and they took this method of getting out of the service, rather than to serve under him, their resignations having been refused.

"Our second lieutenant is a young man (Edwin C. Bennett) I used to know when in S. B. Pierce's. * * * We shall be on the march in a few days for Virginia, and then for the danger. Don't make my unworthy letters too public, mother; my writing is necessarily bad; my paper dirty, etc. I have to beg paper and envelopes, my writing-desk being left behind; I am used up for everything. * * * A box might be sent directed to the care of 'Captain J. J. Thompson, Twenty-second regiment, Harnden's Express,' and it might reach me sooner or later, depending greatly on our moving. A fellow had a box come Saturday, and was obliged to leave all his 'fod' (food) behind for a trip across the river; when he had returned it had disappeared; was n't it too bad? I must close now for a day or two, for we are going on picket now down to the river."

" Sunday, Sept. 29. 1862.

"We have changed camp to a neater, cleaner place, only a few rods from our old place. I was down to the Potomac this morning, and washed myself, shirt, and stockings, and while they were drying, swam into the middle of the river. The rebel pickets do not fire at us now; we made an agreement to that effect. * * It was pretty lonely

guard duty for me. I was sick with my cold, and had a headache and symptoms of dyspepsia (the latter most nauseating). While I lay sick, during my time of relief, Bob, who was two or three posts above me, was writing to you, and I got him to excuse me in it for not finishing this sooner. I am much better to-day, though my cold is still bad, and I sleep on the ground at night, and have perfect horrors in the choking. coughing line. I thought I could stand this cursed climate, but I give Shall be dead if I stay here much longer, and if I ever do get home, it will be hard to recruit, if I don't get this cough off me. I am going to try our doctor once more, and present claims for his highest skill. I hope to be better soon, at least before we march into Dixie, never to return until we have swept the originators of this wicked rebellion into purgatory. * * Last night we gathered around a camp-fire for the first time in Maryland, and we had a jolly time: we sung all our songs, and a lot of boys joined in with * * * of sacred hymns. We talked of home and spent a very pleasant evening. Bob went to bed slightly sick; he had a toothache and a headache; he is better this morning after tending to the wants of his inner tubernacle. We have not been allowed to build regular camp-fires before. I am afraid our little general is letting the 'rebs' have too much time to recruit their wasted energies; he ought to follow up a retreat more promptly in my great military opine. Captain T. has gone to Washington, for how long I

know not. Gene has n't been here since last time. Bob and I intend going over to see him to-morrow if we can get a pass from headquarters. We shall manage to be in at dinner time. * *

"September 30. Since I stopped last, I have been on picket again. We are there all the time, and when I do commence this letter. I have to keep stopping * * * to do duty. They can talk about the Army of the Potomac resting from their labors, but I say we have to work as hard as ever. I would rather be on the march after the 'rebs,' who, I fear, are now resting and recruiting.

"They say we are stopping to have the quartermaster clothe and fix us up, but most of us have signed for blankets, etc., sometime since, and have, as yet, not seen them. I see indications, by papers and otherwise, of Gene's being appointed to the colonelcy of the Forty-eighth Massachusetts regiment, nine months volunteers. It will be a good thing for him. * * * While on picket this time (only since yesterday morning until this noon), we have had a splendid time bathing, eating, etc. At night, General Sykes' band played, and it did sound beautifully beside the Potomac. Some of our familiar tunes made me kinder They played: 'Wood home-sick. Up,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Silvery Shower,' and 'Dixie.' It was a rich treat. I wish we had a band. We could n't go to see Gene yesterday, as we intended, on account of picket duty. It is too late to-day to try. My ears are burned raw, my cap having no rim; I can't even wash them.

* * all you hear about our receiving vegetables, or anything but 'hard-tack,' 'salt-horse,' sugar and coffee (in small quantities), with beans, rice, and fresh beef occasionally, is humbug. We are much obliged to father for list of nine months Bradford recruits.

"October 3.—You must have been so anxious during our long, unavoidable silence, since we left Virginia's shore: but, after many tribulations, we have reached the River Jordan, and now are on our oars. most of our regiment have gone on picket again, but Bob and myself were detailed to lug water all day; no easy job. We have only two pails for coffee to bring up to-night, and, in the meantime, being relieved from all other duty, Bob is writing to father, and I am trying to do your letter all the justice it deserves. We are within three miles of Sharpsburg, and about a mile from the river. * * * We have decent food in camp now; have to go on picket, fatigue duty, etc., * * * which keeps us pretty well to work. * * * We have to go almost to the river, through a beautiful piece of woods to get it (water); when on picket we do n't have anything to do, as the 'rebs' do n't shoot at us, and we do n't at them. We were on picket when those 400 prisoners were paroled, and had to cross the river. They were a motley looking crew; but, nevertheless, the officers were smart looking fellows, some of them. Shepardstown is about a mile across the river, above Blackburn's (Blackovercoat and blanket to a Union family on the road. My bundle was still heavy, but smaller, and I carried it to our first night's resting-place, twelve or more miles from Washington. Let Gene talk about clinging to your knapsacks, things, etc.; it's all "bosh!" I reckon he never carried either on a long march. No one hated to throw away things as I did, but I could n't help it. I had over seventy-five pounds on my back, besides eighty rounds of cartridges, gun, etc.

"The road was full of stragglers all the way back to Washington, and during the night they came in. One new regiment in our brigade, 118th Pennsylvania, twelve hundred strongonly numbered two hundred at our first stopping-place; they all had knapsacks."

Note.—The major of this regiment had to be sent back to Washington to gather up the stragglers and march them to join the balance of the regiment. "The color-sergeant and color-guard fell out completely exhausted, and the colonel himself bore the standard to the bivouac. * * * Three men to a company, as the strength present for duty, was a most creditable showing when the final halt was made. One weary, dusty private met General Morell, and saluting, said: 'General, can you tell me where the 118th Pennsylvania is?' 'Certainly, my man,' replied the general seriously; 'everywhere between here and Washington." (See History of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania.)

"The second morning we were all ordered to move in light marching order, and to leave our luggage. I thought it was only temporary and that our duds would be brought forward in the teams, so I took only my poncho, leaving my rubber blanket over my other things, it being the only covering I had for them, so you see that I must have suffered from cold the next day (night) on the ground with nothing but my poncho over me.

"I got some milk once on the road, and with some hard-tack crumbled into it, I enjoyed a splendid meal. I have now my cotton shirt on (others behind), breeches, coat, one pair of dirty stockings, wet through yesterday (in what manner I will tell you presently), and my shoes and cap, all my wardrobe in this part of the country available. I lost my poncho yesterday on the other side of the Potomac.

"Two brigades crossed this classic stream in the morning (Martindale's and Griffin's) * * * while Butterfield's (the three composing Morell's division), remained on this side. As soon as we got there we were attacked by a superior rebel force, and, after fighting a short time, were recalled, and forded the Potomac (up to my breast in some places), in good order. I wet myself through, cartridges and all. * * * On reaching the Virginia shore, I fired my gun off, loaded up, and the first thing I knew I saw all of our officers dismount hurriedly, and order us into line of battle up the hill. By this time twenty pieces of our artillery on the Maryland shore were shelling over us, and such a racket! Shells bursting over our heads, officers ordering, balls whizzing! It was gay! * * * Our own shells

burst in among us, within six feet of me all around. I never heard such a terrific noise in my life.

"Two of them struck into our own regiment, bursting in Company I, and knocked a man's face off, mortally wounding him. Another of our men was struck in the leg by a shrapnel shell fired by the enemy, and his leg had to be amputated. The bullets flew about me, but I minded them not. I was only watching for a shot * * * we were in a queer position, on the side of an ascending ridge from a ravine, close to the river's bank. When the order came to cross the river, I was so mad * * * that I forgot my poncho, which I threw off by my side to aid me in firing better. * * * "One time while lying down on

our bellies, we heard the cry on our right from the Second Maine boys: 'They're coming!' The order was given to 'Fix bayonets!' and prepare for a volley when the enemy appeared in sight. I thought we were going to see some fun then. * * * I had n't got warmed into it hardly, and I retreated backwards so as to get a pop at them when they came over the hill. * * * We had then to leave * * * our crossing the river was no joke; all I could think of was Ball's Bluff, for certainly, had it not been for our batteries and two regiments of Berdan's sharpshooters in a dry canal on the Maryland side, we would none of us have reached the shore alive. * * * We went (came back) across above where we went over (under the dam), and it was up to my armpits,

with the current running like mad

and the bullets buzzing like bees. The river was full of slippery ledges, and in the crevices it was very deep. I did not fall once. * * * I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand, for I had to keep my powder dry, and had to keep up a man who was most strangled, having fallen three times in coming across. * * * While fording, the 'rebs' appeared on the banks, and the bullets whistled into us good. * * * I helped one short captain (H. P. Williams) across; he fell twice, and I picked him up, wetting my gun and ammunition in the act."

Note.—Captain W. was a very diminutive man, with an exceedingly large hat, which resembled an umbrella spread over his person. His progress, although moist, had been successful, until nearly across, when plump! in he went into a deep hole that sent him out of sight at once. The tell-tale hat, however, showed where he would rise. Up he came. spluttering and blowing, his mouth full of water. Another step, and in he went again out of sight. Our brother was nearest to him. He seized at the hat, missed him, then making a deeper grab caught the half-drowned little captain by the collar, and, holding him up almost at arm's length, quietly deposited him high, but not dry, upon a more shallow spot. The victim was hardly aware that any visible force had effected his rescue, for he went on scrambling like a crab for shore.

"You ought to have seen them tumble down. Our acting colonel (W. S. Tilton), went down flat into the river, and wet himself all over, so did Bob, and got soaked. * * * I did not fall once. I did not dry myself, but slept under some straw,

would stand a poor sight if they advanced on the capital in this direction. I saw a Salem paper the other day, which said that the Forty-eighth Regiment would be commanded by Colonel Carter, with E. P. Stone as lieutenant-colonel. Has it been decided upon, and can Gene get his leave? I hope so. I am now pretty well, but I do not feel as I did before, and am quite thin. Since I have been here, I have weighed nearly one hundred and fifty; to-day I weighed one hundred and fifteen. . . . I regret to tell you that Uncle William has been missing for a long time; Lewis has not heard from him since June, and he is reported as missing. He thinks him either dead or a prisoner, as he promised to write soon. . . . Something has surely befallen him, yet Lewis still has hopes of hearing from him; he used to write quite often to him. . . . What horrible work the rebels made in that Haverhill company. I am so thankful that Robert and Walter escaped; but the poor boys have yet to meet the enemy; but I have a sort of feeling that they are not destined to die by a butternut bullet."

The two brothers in the Twenty-second Massachusetts now write:

"October 5, 1862.

"We didn't have baked beans today, for the reason that we could n't draw the pork; but instead of that luxury, we had a most acceptable mail brought in, of which Bob and myself received a good share, letters and papers. For them accept our best thanks, for they serve to while many of our weary hours away, as we pass in our weary pilgrimage. . . . Within three nights I have enjoyed an overcoat, a tent, and a woolen blanket. To-day I drew a blouse, and to-morrow the ponchos are coming, 'so they say,' and with this let me say that the doctor has taken me in hand, and under his treatment I am almost well of my cough and cold, thanks to pills, etc. I have done duty always, never so used up but what I could do my share of work, and I never shirk under the plea of temporary ailment; my diarrhœa is getting to be much better and I feel like my old self again. To-day I am on fatigue, and this holy forenoon has been alternately employed, the first half in digging a trench for slops, and the other in attending divine service in front of Colonel Barnes's headquarters. I listened to a most eloquent and interesting address from the chaplain of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania. The opposite extremes met there surely. I hope we shall soon see a fight. I am anxious to show a little of my essence, for I believe I would never leave a good field and a fair show for victory, until death was my only alternative, and then I should hesitate. . . I think of poor I's death, and her sleeping in the quiet graveyard, but such is life; we are all destined sooner or later to pass from this world to another. It must be considered a great blessing to be buried at home, and if I am killed in battle, I should wish to be brought home, and buried according to the laws of civilization, not as I have seen them here, like dogs."

Our brother at McClellan's headquarters now writes:

> "CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, October 5, 1862.

"Enclosed, please find a group of Captain Frank, Lieutenant Worth, and your humble servant; although not very good, you can form some idea how we look. I wish Lieutenants Andrews and Cooper were here. "October 9.

"The regiment was ordered out without arms, and was marched a few rods to the left of the camp to clear up a piece of ground, for the purpose of shifting camp. We had the rocks well gathered up in heaps, when further progress was stopped by the major of Berdan's Sharpshooters (1st), who came out, and



No. 1. Group of officers of the Eighth U. S. Infantry at General McClellan's headquarters, near Sharpsburg, Md., October, 1862. Beginning on the left, as one faces the picture, No. 1, is First Lieut, Eugene Carter (sitting). No. 2. Capt. Royal T. Frank (now colonel First U. S. Artillery), standing. No. 3. Second Lieut. Wm. S. Worth (now lieut.-colonel Thirteenth U. S. Infantry). All are saying, "What do I want, John?"

we then would have a group of the Light Infantry; they went out riding this morning, and have not returned. I have just commenced my twenty-fifth year. Why don't I hear from some of you? It is very strange; I receive no letters at all. I shall try to see Walt and Bob to-morrow.

"We were inspected October 7 by Colonel A. S. Webb, inspectorgeneral on General Porter's staff. Line was formed in four and one half minutes." claimed the ground; so we went back to quarters to await further orders. Had our usual squad and company drili. Battalion drill was had in the afternoon, and dress parade. Just at sunset one of the batteries fired a few shots over the river, but received no reply."

"October 10.

"Drilled in the forenoon. Commenced to rain towards night. No dress parade. In the afternoon a sutler came into camp with bread to sell. Not being able to deal it out fast enough, and charging exorbitant rates, Colonel Barnes confiscated the entire lot. October 11 and 12. Cold and rainy."

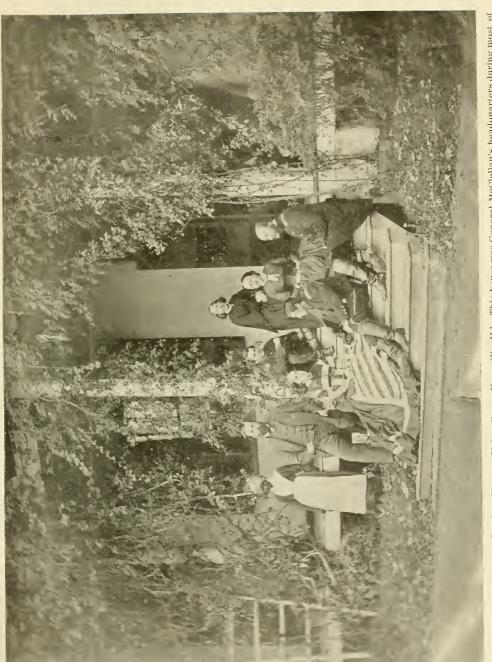
The brothers, Walter and, Bob now say:

"Sunday, October 12, 1862.

"To-day has been a day of rest for me, and I cannot let it close without writing for once a short letter home. I have had a good quality of food today, and that has seemed to content me, for my stomach has been at ease, and not continually yearning for a fulness scarcely ever satisfied in this barren land. I have had a plate of baked beans for breakfast, and some soup made of the water in which our meat was boiled, and rice, beef, penper, etc., boiled in with the mess for dinner. Very rich living that! The surgeon came to our company, and said that we must have food of that kind, or else we would all die, so our cook (Hazen Clements), pitched in and got up this savory dish. I have been to meeting twice in the open air, and heard very fine addresses delivered by Pennsylvania and Michigan chaplains; it was a rich treat. You ought to have seen these old veterans weep when the preacher alluded to the dear ones at home. whom they had not seen for years; and it affected me, I assure you, to hear the many tender allusions these two good men made about our relations with the dear home circles left so far behind. How I wish we had a chaplain; but all sich, sutlers included, are denied us. Bob is on guard, and during the time of his relief, he has been popping

this old yellow corn in an old iron pan; it tasted good, and most of it reminded me of the leavings at home -the 'old maids' in the bottom of the dish. They tasted even better than those at home, for Bob cooked them in pork fat and let them do brown and crispy. I got hold of some fresh bread and gingerbread that some of our boys cleaned out of a transient sutler, who had no license, and that went good between us. They do the same with every one who comes along, and declare they will continue to do so, until Uncle Sam comes along with his iron box. The boys are expecting him daily; we recruits will not get a cent, as they left us out when the regiment was mustered.

"We still continue in our daily duties of picket and camp guard, some drilling, fatigue duty for shoulder straps, company police duty, cleaning up street, inspections, dress parade, etc. Still there are many idle hours, and I try to improve them by writing to you at home, reading books, and other avocations. I often am ambitious enough to take my 'tactics,' and study it, but I find the finer senses of understanding are dulled by the influences around me, and it affects the mental powers, I do verily believe, as it does the physical. . . Bob and I got a pass Saturday, and started for McClellan's headquarters to see Gene. We started in high glee, in bright anticipations of a pleasant visit and a good time, for we had worked hard for the pass, and three officers' names had to be affixed before we could start.



October, 1862, after the Battle of Antietam, and it was where Mrs. McClellan visited him. Two of the officers in the group were on General Burnside's staff, and the other on General McClellan stream and a should make one of the group; but a cavalry reconnoissance had gone across the river, and heavy first was heard just then, which drew him away. It was near this house that our brother, then acting quartermaster of the first house the Eighth U.S. Infantry, was in camp. Beginning at the left, as one faces it, and No. 1 servant. No. 2. Dr. McClellan, brother of General McClellan (?). 3. Mrs. Gen. George B. McClellan (nee Ellen Marcy). 4. Capt. George R. Fearing (General Burnside's staff). 5. Mrs. Lee. 6. Capt. D. C. Pell (General Burnside's staff) (?). 7. Unknown lady. 8. Col. E. McK. Husson (General McGlellan's staff). No. 2. Residence of Mrs. Lee in "Pleasant Valley," near Knoxville, Md. This house was General McClellan's headquarters during most of

"When we got there we found no headquarters, and 'Little Mac' had flown to Harper's Ferry with the provost guard. Gene and all. Wasn't that a disappointment? We had to come back without seeing him. There are rumors in camp to-day that we leave for Washington in less than a week to take up our winter quarters. There are many other reports, but I never give credence to them, and scarcely ever repeat them. The 'secesh' prisoners near us say that if it was not for the last proclamation the trouble would have been settled this winter. A pretty dodge that! How artful in them! I have slept well the last two nights under a blanket. Do not be too anxious. I shall soon manage to be all right. It is growing terribly cold, and the leaves are falling.

"Thursday morning, October 16, 1862, my birthday. On reserve picket above Shepardstown, Md.? (Va.)

"On the 13th of October it was cold and dreary, raining at intervals, but on the 14th it cleared, but it grew very cold. Men suffered much for clothing. About two hundred shelter-tents were issued to the command. Had battalion drill. It was a very busy day on the 15th, pitching tents and trying to make ourselves comfortable. Received first mail for a week."

Our brother Walter writes:

"To-day I am twenty years old, and I confess I am astonished; it has come upon me unawares, and really it does seem as though time had stolen a march on me. . . .

I celebrated this morn by getting a breakfast with another young man of H. at a farm-house. I paid fifty cents for the two of us, and it was a decent meal. We had bread and poor butter, middling coffee, stewed mutton, cold ham, and some Stewart's syrup; the first time I have sat down to a morning repast for a month and a half. I have not even sat down in a chair, the ground being the resting place for my sore limbs and racked hips. I saw something of the mode of living in this heathen country by this transitory repast. The old woman sat at the head of the table in a high-backed chair, cane seat, and the legs were up from the floor, and she leaning towards the table, and when eating, one of her elbows was continually on; when she replenished the bread plate (the loaf lying beside her), she would seize her knife and gouge out half the loaf, and then turning it around would repeat the operation. Such half slices you never saw: thick, thin, and hacked from every side, and she with head down, leaning forward and pulling away at it. I thought . . . how long it would take von to teach her to cut some of your neat, even slices of bread.

"Every one of the family used their own knife for butter and syrup, and it made no difference whether it came from the mouth or not; into the plates of butter and syrup it would go. Down came the children, one by one, hair uncombed, faces dirty, and they pitched in 'lemons,' their noses receiving the application of their fingers for want of rags,

though there were plenty of them on the poor urchins. My hair was uncombed, but it was because I could n't comb it, it being too short as yet. This is the way they live; is n't it horrid? While I write our cavalry are crossing the river, and the head of the column is at Shepardstown. The rebel pickets are firing, skedaddling as they run. the brigades are under arms to-night, except ours (which is on picket), and the whole army was crossing last night. I can hear the booming of cannon, and everything betokens a fight; what our army does must be done now, for in a month the roads will be impassable, and the winter season will usher in winter quarters for the men. We may now cross as soon as we are relieved."

Note.—The foregoing movement of troops proved to be a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Charlestown, Bunker Hill, and Winchester, by Generals Hancock and Humphreys.

"Griffin's and Butterfield's brigades of our division have gone over, and Martindale's will follow, very likely. Bob is back at camp, and I only hope he will get a mail. I wish Father would send me a paper with a detailed account of the review,' by President Lincoln, if he can get it. I saw a paper for the first time during the week, and I was surprised to learn of the two Union victories at Corinth and Perryville, and how I hope the latter was followed up. The cavalry raid by the rebel Stuart is a disgrace to

our army, and I hope it will teach us a lesson. Captain (Thompson) has resigned, but it will not be accepted. and he is expected back from W. He has been there long enough, his furlough having long since run out. . . . We have an inspection of ourselves every day in camp, to prevent our bodily enemies coming the flank movement on us; you may start at the word lice, in the peaceful, cleanly cottage in Bradford; so did I, at first, but now it is our family conversation here, while armies of them invade our borders. I am not troubled much, but some of the boys are. It is perfectly horrid, and too disgusting to us, but we have to come to it on account of others. I have to be plain on such a subject, but I shall not broach it often. I am quite well now, except a hoarseness in my throat. My voice for singing has been gone for some time. I do n't know when I shall get over it. It is a cold, raw day, and the wind blows just as it does at home these fall days. I hear the rustling of the corn, and the leaves falling from the trees. I long to get back to camp; we have been out two days, and to-night sees us through. I have got to stand extra to-night, one of our number being sick; there are fewer on post; one sick, and one a corporal, leaving myself and Craig (a lad from Boston), to stand guard the twelve hours of the night. I guess I can stand it. How often do I think of you all, and many things besides, during the long hours of the night guard, especially when on picket."

"By Camp-fire, 8 p. m.

"Since I finished my letter to Mother this afternoon, I have had to take Newman up to camp, three miles distant, a sick man. They have orders to move with two days' rations. (Midnight). My two hours on post are just out, and I will say a few words more. It is hard to write by the fire, but my last hour has been spent in reading Charles Sumner's splendid speech, and if I can read, I can write. Did you read Dickinson's great speech in New York a few days since? It was a magnificent harangue. We shall march to-day, probably, and already I begin to smell fight. We go as reinforcements to the contending parties on the other side; the battle will probably be renewed in the morning. It has been raining like guns all the first part of the night, but it is now starlight. (Heavy thunder-storm). I was pretty wet; we had to stand and take it. I don't know when I shall write again.

"When shivering with cold, without shelter, and awaiting the tardy issuing of blankets, shoes, shelter tents, etc., at Sharpsburg, we had first tried to see, then had written, our brother, who was in camp in the beautiful Pleasant Valley, at Knoxville, near Harper's Ferry, and on the fourteenth, we received the following reply.

"But upon going over to get them, found he had gone on furlough, and before another letter could reach the camp of the Eighth, it had vanished, we knew not where, and we were doomed to shiver the long nights out in patient waiting and suffering.

CAMP NEAR NORFOLK (?) (KNOX-VILLE), BEYOND HARPER'S FERRY, AND IN PLEASANT VALLEY, October 14, 1862.

"DEAR BROTHERS: I received your letter this morning, and answer immediately. I think you are a little hard on me. . . . God knows I would see you every day if I could, but you must know I am nearly twenty miles from you by the road, and besides, my duties are many. I am quartermaster and commissary for the five companies of the Eighth Infantry, besides commanding my own company. Why, in God's name, did you not tell me that you were wanting blankets when I saw you? . . . If you want anything that I can give you, always ask for it; do not forget that I am your brother, and that, whatever I have, I shall always gladly share with you, even to my last shirt. . . . Kate . . . told me of Julia J.'s death. I wish my pen could do my thoughts justice, for I always liked her so much. But soldiers have no time to think of the dead; a sudden pang, a tear, and all is forgotten for the time. . . . As to your blankets, what kind of a quartermaster have you? I would give you money, and would give you blankets from my own bed, if I could get them to you, but that seems impossible. The only way I know of is to go to the quartermaster of the Third United States Infantry, which is encamped somewhere near you, with the enclosed note. I do not know about the Forty-eighth regiment. I may be colonel of it, and I may not; I do not care much either way. You would never believe me when I told you how volunteer soldiers had to suffer, notwithstanding all my experience. I wish I could see you; write to me again shortly, and I may see you again

The enclosed note was as follows: "Lieutenaut J. H. McCool, Quartermaster Third U. S. Infantry, Colonel Buchanan's Brigade (First), Sykes' Division:

"DEAR MAC: The bearer of this is my brother, of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers. During all these . . . cold nights, he and another brother have been sleeping without a rag to cover them. They are privates, Mac, but they have hearts as big as elephants; they cannot get blankets for love or money; if you can furnish them with the articles, do so for God's sake, for I cannot be easy while they suffer that which they never dreamed of doing. Please write me the cost of the blankets. I will send you the money immediately. Yours truly,

CARTER, Eighth Infantry."

Our brother of the artillery now writes as follows:

"FORT TILLINGHAST, October 16th, 1862.

"The box came this morning, everything in good order. I have not time to write, but I thought I would let you know that the box was all right. This noon I scoured my knife and fork, gave my plate a good cleaning, washed my face, combed my hair, drew out the box from under my bunk (we have two bunks in our tent), and took dinner. I tried

to imagine myself at home. It was the best dinner I have had since I have been in the army. You know, Mother, better than I can tell you, how thankful I was for all the articles you sent. They taste so good to me. The stockings I needed, as I have worn the pair I have on about a month. . . . The quilt is what I want, but I am most sorry you sent so good a one, for if we should be ordered on a long march, I fear it would follow the fate of my other things, but I will try to cling to it. . . . I can't help thinking how much you and father must miss 'the boys,' as you used to call them. I knew they would have to throw away their things, as it is impossible for a soldier to carry all they require. . . . Colonel Greene has resigned, and the men feel very badly about it. as he has done a great deal for the regiment, and we owe our good fortune to being here to his efforts. He is a good soldier, kind and indulgent to the men, and a terror to the officers. He shows no partiality to them, and if they wrong any of the men, he is after them with a sharp stick. Our old captain don't dare to look him in the eye, for he is not much of a military man, and the colonel knows it and rubs him occasionally. I do not know the cause of his resignation.

"Please excuse this short note, but I have to drill most of the time, and have to go out in about ten minutes. I am writing out of doors, as I cannot write in the tent, for the boys are always skylarking and making such a noise that it is almost impossible for me to do so.

"On October 19th, some of our officers were arrested and ordered to Harper's Ferry to report to the provost marshal-general, for having been in Sharpsburg without a pass. Our major reported by letter, but that would not do, and he was directed to report in person. On the 20th, it was again very cold,-not much sleep after midnight-but it came out warm enough at 4 p. m. to have battalion drill. On the 21st, there was a sharp frost, ground white, and very cold. On the 22d, a heavy gale set in, threatening to destroy our frail tents. Blew all day, but we drilled; almost impossible to hear orders given. On the 24th, there was an inspection in the afternoon."

Our brothers in the Twenty-second now say:

"NEAR SHARPSBURG, October 24, 1862.

"I did think we should be on the march before this, but the order to march was countermanded after we got in from picket. . . . Since that time, I have expected to leave this place several times, but now can scarcely tell; the order at dress parade, and the general appearance of things indicated a movement, but at headquarters they are building log huts and seem as contented and happy as possible. I am in a quandary. Our requisitions for overcoats and blankets have been sent in, and we are eagerly, patiently awaiting the arrival of the brigade teams.

"Gene has answered my letter, and has sent an order to a brother quartermaster of his in the Third Regulars near at hand, for two

blankets. I went over a day or two since, but found he had gone on a furlough of thirty days, so we are dished unless we get them from our quartermaster . . . and the acting quartermaster did not know Gene, so we did not get them. Our ponchos are but slight shelter these cold nights, and if we do not get them soon, I shall not attempt to sleep, but go up to the cook-house and stay by the fire nights. The cook-house is composed of half a dozen cracker boxes, two or three barrels, kettles, pans, etc., in a heap. . . . Bob, Edgar, Webster, and myself are in a small tent, composed of four ponchos (about six feet square, with buttons and buttonholes on every side, made of cotton cloth tightly woven), with boards at the top, bottom, and both sides, and we manage to keep pretty warm by 'spooning in until 12 o'clock, and then we turn out to warm up, and generally hang about the fire until morning. We hope soon to be more comfortable; we are trying as hard as possible.

"I thought I should have the pleasure of informing you that we were the possessors of everything needful in this note, but I am disappointed. . . . I hope we may be classed with the wise, and learn from all that experience. . . . It is very hard, I assure you, now for us to write at all, for it is so cold nights that we can sleep but little, and in the daytime we are so sleepy, and having a great deal of duty to do, we find it very hard to undertake the composition of a letter. . . . We have a regular feast over them;

we exchange papers, and ask 'What is the news from home?' . . . I send you a piece of poetry which I cut from a paper, describing the scene very well. . . . Pepper is always useful now that we are in camp: sometimes we have a sort of rice soup, and if we do not have pepper it tastes tame, and it also makes our 'salt horse' very palatable, so that we can eat it; when you write again, and if it is convenient, chuck in some more, whether father laughs or not. If he were in our situation. he would think pepper a huge thing. . . . We have had two frosts this week, and a great deal of cold wind. . . . They are cutting down everything here in the shape of trees; we burn black walnut sticks to make coffee, as if it did n't cost anything.

"Things look as if we were going to stop here sometime; then again it is rumored that we march this day and that; all sorts of rumors about us now. I think myself that we shall leave here soon. . . . The way we cook our coffee, meat, etc., we have two crotched sticks, with a long pole to string them (the kettles) on, with a big fire under it. . . . Last Sunday we had baked beans for breakfast. Went to hear the chaplain of the Fourth Michigan preach in the afternoon, and in the evening went down in the woods, built a fire, rolled up some logs to sit on, and had a prayer-meeting. That day seemed more like Sunday to me than any other day yet.

"Yesterday was a sad day, the saddest of my experience in the army. I had, dear mother, to perform the last sad offices to the departed dead; one of our Bradford boys is no more. He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and as I write, and cast my eyes out of the tent, his grave is before me, under a tree upon the hill. Milton Ingalls . . . brother of Oliver I., who has been in the company since it started, both of whom I used to go to school with. Oliver was wounded at Gaines' Mills: Milton came out just after we did, and joined the regiment at Hall's Hill the same night we marched from there. We had been here but a short time, during which they seemed to enjoy each other's company very much, for they had not seen each other for more than a year.

"Two weeks ago, Milton was taken sick, and one cold, blustering day, after Oiiver and I had taken him to the hospital, the poor fellow (he had typhoid fever) died before his brother could reach him. Walt and I stood guard over his body all the afternoon till six o'clock, when we marched without arms to bury him. He was buried very well, considering the circumstances. Two of our men made a box, and we got the chaplain of the Second Maine to officiate. I helped lower him to his last resting-place. . . Newman is in the hospital, and when we were making his box, he sat on one end of it and watched them, and said: 'I shall be there next.' He has changed wonderfully, although I think he will live. George Ball is used up, having been sick two weeks or more . .

. you would never know him. I never saw such a change. The Lord knows we have all changed enough, but he is completely meta-

morphosed . . . he is all faded out, his hair, eyes, etc., and his quick step is changed to a slow, dragging step, and he moves around with a eareworn, beseeching look that is really . . . pitiful. . . . Yes! that strong fellow, the one they thought would stand everything, is reduced down, and looks like some careworn old man; he is not in the hospital. . . You have no idea what a life this is: none but the strongest, the iron constitution, can stand it. It is the roughest, toughest life that I ever experienced. . . . The sights I have seen, death in every form; the cutting of limbs; the suffering I have endured, besides seeing others suffer; the discouragement I have met with, together with other things, have taken some of the spirit out of me. . . If I am ever sick, and you are written to come, do n't hesitate a moment. You do n't know how a poor soldier suffers in the hospitals, when they are in the field; I won't attempt to describe it, for it will make you feel badly. . . . Now I must make an inspection of my clothes. . . . Crawling lice, diarrhoea, and cold are the curses of the soldier. What if I should tell you that every soldier in this army has them, and that you even have to throw away your shirt, they swarm so in the night; they form hollow squares, and deploy skirmishers, have dress parades, etc.

"I send you a piece of thread that I took from a dead man, on the battle-field of Antietam. I send it because it may be a curiosity to you. I could have picked up a lot of stuff,

but could not lug it. It is hard work to get it, as we have to hurry along. . . . I will write on the 29th, my birthday (17), to some of you."

Our brother of the Regulars now writes:

"CAMP NEAR WEVERTON, October 25, 1862.

"My excuse for not writing before is a good one; I have so much to do since I have been quartermaster, that I write very few letters. In the first place, we have had such a miserable quartermaster and poor train that I was disgusted, and have been trying to mend the entire concern, to get rid of broken teams, worn-out horses, to get into shape the rolling stock of the battalion of the Eighth Infantry. I have had to furnish wood and forage. and have had to send long distances for them both. I was at Harper's Ferry from last Monday until yesterday morning, with my train, after clothing; the entire train of the army seemed to be there, and my time was among the last. I rode to camp every night, and left my train so that I could keep my place. I got up at daylight, and started usually without my breakfast. It is very cold there, and I dread a winter campaign unless I am in Washington, and that town has lost its charm for me. . . . I received a letter from John yesterday; he is well, but a little lowspirited, I thought. Walt and Bob are too far away for me to get time to see them. I received a letter from them some time since, asking for blankets. I gave them money, and an order on a quartermaster for

blankets. I have got to make out duplicate inspection reports, to get an ambulance and a horse condemned, and if I do not commence them soon, my hands will be so stiff that I will not be able to finish them."

"A very heavy picket guard was furnished on the 25th; it was cold and raw, with a northeast storm. Inspection was ordered for the 26th, but the storm prevented. Artillery firing was heard in the direction of the river. Martin's battery opened on a party of rebels who came to the river to get stray cattle, and drove them back. One of the sharpshooters had his jaw broken in two places by the kick of a horse. We were ordered at night to have three days' rations ready in haversacks to move at any moment. There was a rumor that McClellan had been superseded, and Hooker placed in command. On the 27th there was a cold and piercing gale of wind all day."

Our brother Walter now writes: "October 29, 1862.

"Mr. Ingalls is going home today; he felt dreadfully when he found his son was dead and buried. When he inquired after his boys, especially the one who was sick, he was told the sad news by our sergeant, 'We buried him yesterday.' We had an awful cold night last night: the frost was very heavy. We slept very comfortably during the night, Ed. having drawn a rubber blanket, which he stretched over us all. Bob and I didn't sign for one, he having a coat, and I a

blanket in my bundle. If I get my coat and woolen blanket I shall be satisfied. But it is just our luck to have them come the very last. If I had thought of the long delay, and of rubber blankets coming first, I should have ordered one; and there's the great trouble out here; no one can see a day ahead, and cannot calculate on anything that I have a nice rubber is certain. blanket, and hate to buy another one of (the) government. They have already swindled us on our clothing at Camp Cameron. Two horses froze to death last night, or rather perished from exposure, and you ought to see the poor horses and mules tremble and shake in the morning; they suffer everything. Some are out in the open air, others (officers') have stables made out of green boughs. We have a nice bed of cedar, which tends towards comfort, and manage pretty well, though pretty close for convenience, but none too much so for warmth. We 'spoon in' lively, and sleep like hogs, until we are tired out, having but one position, and then turn out.

"We have drill enough lately; out lieutenant-colonel gives a battalion drill every afternoon. I am getting to be quite proficient in the manual, and study tactics a good deal, for some of our boys, sergeants and corporals, are leaving to join the regulars, and I am looking out for a position. I do some writing up to the lieutenant's tent, and that helps me: he noticed my writing to-day, and I stepped in. I might have got a clerkship for the

adjutant if I only had the influence a short time ago; but no matter, I am on the lookout: might as well be *somebody* while in this great arrangement. We are on the 'ready' still, to move, and if they do before Bob and I get our coverings, we are dished, and will be *subjects for the box*. I think we go towards the enemy; if not, then we go towards Washington, and then there will be a chance to send us something."

Wednesday Eve, October 29th. Bob's birthday, seventeen years old.

.. Bob and I have just finished our celebration supper, eaten by candle-light, while Ed. and Webster have gone down to the woods to the prayer-meeting, at which we are all attendants. It consisted of flap jacks fried by Bob, ingredients furnished by myself, and soft bread and butter. We ate sugar and butter on 'slabs,' and had a good apple to wind up with. 'We hail this day so full of joy, and greet it with a song!' and we have been singing, 'For this night we'll merry, merry be!' and many other songs. We are really happy, so much so that I cannot help sitting down to our first candle light for four nights (sometimes they give us candles, and sometimes they purposely forget it), and express to you the joy of our hearts, even though it be feebly expressed, and that, too, with a lead pencil, a hard writing material in the night time, simply because we both have blankets to sleep under, and shall be comfortable this night. Bob was sick last night, and was threatened with a severe turn. He had felt a cold coming on, and had said to me several times, 'If I have to lie on that tent floor of cedar without any covering two or three nights more, I shall be sick.' It was very cold last night, and his head ached and burned, yet he had no covering, and we both determined to do wonders in the blanket line to-day, in view of our expected move. Poor prospects of our requisitions being furnished to-day, and future suffering from cold, and a shelter tent only to go into, and that scarcely ever relieved by the gladdening warmth of a candle, which, in its dim rays, gives joy to the soldier at night.

"Well, we got them! One we bought of a young man, Dawson (Frank) of Haverhill, who went to the regulars to-day, and the other our lieutenant let me have, it being one he receipted for to cover George Ball while he was sick, and which he now transfers to me subject to my responsibility, and liable to be returned when mine arrives. George Ball, Newman, and five of our company have gone to a hospital back of Sharpsburg or Keediesville. Orders were read at dress parade to be ready to march in six hours, and all our sick are sent to the rear. Two of the hours are now past and gone, and I am not at all alarmed. These orders are getting played out with us, although it does look all about like an advance into Virginia and a winter campaign. Of course, just because we are now comfortable, we shall be routed out; but I say, go! We ought to fight and whip the rebels, and I say 'go in!' To be sure we are now having things decent here; we can buy articles that we need, and can change our diet slightly, everything is lovely in the camp, especially at night. Our whole brigade, with Griffin's, is right between two hills. The Michigan and Pennsylvania regiments are getting things from home, and these moonlight nights the camps are echoing with joyful voices, and musical instruments are abundant. I believe ours is the stillest of them all. It is charming here at night. We had potatoes and fresh meat for dinner, the former for the first time. It is really too bad to move just now. We ought to have gone long ago, but I am ready for anything. We were very fortunate in getting our blankets; it was all by chance, and was one of those lucky things that will happen to a Carter in a lifetime. We paid \$2.50 for the blanket. If we had not got it, I was determined for Bob's sake to buy an officer's blanket (white and soft) that was priced to me at \$6. As it was, we had to almost beg a sale of Dawson, and we should have had to fight almost for the above. . . You ought to see Bob. . . He is all wound up in one of them. . . . It is really amusing. He is well tonight. . . . I never would have come out here without him and our boys for the world, knowing now what I do; it is the only thing that keeps us leavened. We should never be happy without each other. How I have risen up within myself and cursed the very name of England since I read Gladstone's speech. and the general tone of the governmental reception of 'Honest Old Abe's' proclamation. How I despise their criticisms, slurs, and jests, and their making fun of us. Their turn will come next, and then her whole course of infamy will be summed up total, and just will be her reward. Whip the 'rebs,' and then up Yankees and at John Bull! I am in then again for three years or the war. It is queer about the intentions of the government to place McClellan where Halleck is, and put Hooker at the head of the Army of the Potomac: what can be the meaning of it? The army thinks everything of 'Little Mac,' and think he is the best planner in the world, but I think 'Fighting Joe' will do more in the field, if he keeps out of the way of the bullets.

"I have mended my pants and am now whole, although my general appearance in the clothing department might fall short of your standard at home. My shirt has n't come yet.

"I have made out our company muster roll, and we recruits are on the list, so we shall be paid on next pay day, if we do not move on the enemy. . . . the boys have come back and our small tent is too full for comfort in writing. We retire to a warm bed, and I know the intelligence will make you glad,

for your words indicate a warm, fatherly anxiety for the comfort of his boys. Our backs and limbs are sore from the effect of sleeping on our tent floor the way we have, and now I hope to get them straightened out; we shall spread one blanket and cover over with the other. . . If we move soon, and I be denied the pleasure of writing to you at home for a while, then here's good luck in the interim, and if I live, I shall constantly think of you all; if I am shot by Johnny Rcb, be sure I drop with face to the foe, fighting like a tiger, yet with thoughts of home in my mind."

"Thursday night, "October 30, 1862.

"We are packing up to leave; where we go to, God only knows, but probably towards the foe, and I hope we may never come back until we have made our election sure, and everything Secesh is gone for, and they be numbered with the past. On every hilltop may be heard preparations for breaking camp, and the bugles are sounding, the men singing, and altogether it is a gala, novel scene: you can hardly imagine it. I am as calm as can be, and I feel hopeful for the future. I know not what is before me, but if it is the danger of the battle, depend upon it I am in for some tall fighting. Bob says he has looked out for 'fod' this time, and I can vouch for it, by the looks of his well-filled haversack: mine is ditto. Tell father we are living and learning, and

try to follow his good advice. I have got more than three days' rations, and have got to lug a blanket and a poncho, with my other soldier load. Tell mother that we have two stakes stuck into the ground with crotches at the top of each, and a long pole is put across them, and upon it we hang our kettles, and under it we build our fires. We have a cook for the company, who cooks coffee, boils beef, salt horse, rice, etc., and we can cook extra dishes ourselves: he has a cook-house (a tent), with all his ingredients, kettles, spiders, etc. He draws our rations from the quartermaster's tent in our regiment, and the quartermaster of each regiment of a brigade, draws from the brigade commissary. .

. . My love to you all at home, and I rejoice that I am contented and happy, as I think of you all to-night, so happy in the little 'straw cottage.' That a wish might bring you every blessing, is but an expression of my sincere feeling."

Note.—In the April number of the Bugle, p. 161, a statement was made by the writer with reference to the burning of the stores about White House, Va., June 28, 1862, by a detachment of the Ninetythird New York Vols. (then attached to the provost guard, Army of the Potomac), under the command of Lieutenant W. C. Swain, Co. B of that regiment. This account was taken from the history of the Ninety-third, and is somewhat misleading. The inference might be clearly drawn that the destruction of the house itself was

the act of Lieutenant Swain, or done by his order. This was not the case, however, as the mansion was burning at least two hours before the stores were fired by him. This correction is made solely in defense of Lieutenant Swain, and in the interest of historical accuracy.

HOW I RECOVERED MY SWORD.

By Brevet Major Henry S. Burrage.

[Read before the Maine Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, December 1st, 1897.]

The circumstances connected with my capture, November 1, 1864, on the left of our lines at Petersburg, Va., I have already stated in a

Note.—The circumstances were these: Major Burrage, 36th Massachusetts Infantry, was brigade officer of the day, and among other instructions was one directing him if an opportunity offered to exchange papers to do so and to bring the papers to brigade headquarters. In a wood at a point in front of our line where exchanges had taken place almost daily for some time, a Confederate was in waiting when Major Burrage visited his line. He had three Richmond papers, and Major Burrage only a single Washington paper. The Confederate offered to give Major Burrage his three papers, if in addition to the one paper he would bring out a Sunday Morning Chronicle in the This Major Burrage afternoon. agreed to do, and as he turned to go back to his line he asked the Confederate who he was. He replied that he was the major of the Second Mississippi. Major Burrage, on completing his rounds, carried the three Richmond papers to General Curtin, his brigade commander (1st Brigade, 2d Division, oth Army Corps), and in the afterpaper read before the Commandery, March 7, 1888.

The sword which I carried at the time of my capture was one

noon, on revisiting his line, he carried with him a copy of the Sunday Morning Chronicle. On reaching the post in front of which the exchange had been made in the morning, Major Burrage learned that the Confederate officer had not appeared. Thinking that possibly he expected to be called out from his line, Major Burrage at length unfolded his paper, and walking down the wood road, soon came in sight of the Confederate outposts. Halting, he waved the paper. A Confederate soldier left the post on the road as if to report to an officer. In a minute or two the soldiers in the pits on the road arose, leveled their muskets, and an officer called out, "Come in or we'll fire." jor Burrage supposed that after a word of explanation he would be permitted to return to his line, but after some investigation, he was held as a prisoner. A few weeks later, near the point where Major Burrage was captured, Captain H. O. Dudley, 11th New Hampshire Infantry, captured Roger A. Pryor, in retaliation for Major Burrage's capture.

which I especially valued, as it was the sword which I held in my hand, enclosed in its scabbard, when I was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. The bloodstains on the scabbard were not removed at the time, and when later I discovered them I let them remain, it being my purpose to preserve the sword as a memorial of a day which would have to me life-long memories. But the officer who was in command of the Confederate picket-line at the point where I was captured demanded my sword, this sword which I desired so much to keep. I reluctantly handed it to him, and at the same time I expressed my mind somewhat freely on account of what I regarded as bad faith on the part of the Confederates in making the capture. Believing that I would be returned to our own lines as soon as I should reach an officer of higher rank, and relate the circumstances of the capture, I asked the name of the officer who demanded my sword in order that I might secure it on my return to our lines. He gave his name as Captain James A. Summers, Co. A, 33d North Troops. As it was Carolina finally determined that I should be held as a prisoner of war, my expectation of a release was not realized, and consequently I did not recover the sword which was taken from me at the time of my capture.

In May of the present year, in one of the issues of the *Boston Journal*, a letter was printed addressed to the Mayor of Boston, Hon. Josiah Quincy. The writer, a resident of South Carolina, stated that he had in his possession the sword of Lieutenant William H. Hodgkins, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Vols., and that he would return it to Lieutenant Hodgkins if living. Major Hodgkins, who is well known in Boston in military and political circles, was an officer in my regiment. He lost his sword under the following circumstances, while the regiment was in East Tennessee in the autumn of 1863. Major Hodgkins, then adjutant of the regiment, while at home on leave, left his sword at the headquarters of the regiment. During his absence Orderly Sergeant John K. Fairbank, of Co. K, received a commission as second lieutenant, and as he had had no opportunity to procure a sword of his own, he was allowed to use the adjutant's sword. At the battle of Campbell's Station, about sixteen miles below Knoxville, Nov. 16, 1863, Lieutenant Fairbank was wounded in the leg, as we were falling back from the crossroads upon our main line, the enemy pressing us heavily at the time. Lieutenant Fairbank's men succeeded in bringing him with them, but Lieutenant Hodgkins's sword was left on the field in the excitement of the effort to save Lieutenant Fairbank from capture. As the Confederates advanced, a South Carolina soldier found the sword. It had been given to Lieutenant Hodgkins by the Sundayschool of the First Congregational church in Charlestown, Mass., and

had engraved upon one of the bands the name of Lieutenant Hodgkins and the source of the gift.

Major Hodgkins wrote to the person in South Carolina who had addressed Mayor Quincy, and in due time received his long-lost sword. The correspondence I had with Major Hodgkins in reference to his sword suggested the possibility that I might also find and recover my own long-lost sword, and early in June I wrote to the Hon. Daniel L. Russell, governor of North Carolina, stating the circumstances under which the sword was taken from me, and asking if he could give me the address of Captain Summers. Governor Russell caused my letter to be published in some of the papers of the state. The Landmark, a paper published in Statesville, among others, inserted it and in connection with its publication the editor suggested that perhaps some of the readers of the paper could give the desired information. In a few days the Landmark made this announcement: "Mr. T. P. Summers, of Snow Creek, this county, says Captain James A. Summers is his brother and he is now living at Middlesborough, Ky. Mr. Summers does not know, however, whether or not his brother has the sword."

June 19, the following letter appeared in the columns of the *Bangor Commercial*, addressed to the editor by F. D. Goodwin, Esq., of Middlesborough, Ky., with an introductory note. In the letter, Mr. Goodwin wrote:

Middlesborough, Ky., June 15, '97.

To the Editor of the Commercial:—Having seen a clipping from a North Carolina paper, that Major Henry S. Burrage of Maine was desiring very much to ascertain whether Captain James A. Summers of Company A, Thirty-third North Carolina regiment, was still alive, as he desired to recover from him a sword that was taken from him in 1864, in front of Petersburg, when he was captured by Captain Summers, I thought, perhaps, being personally acquainted with Captain Summers, who lives here in Middlesborough, Ky., that a communication to the Commercial might assist Major Burrage in tracing down the long-lost sword.

I have held a full and complete consultation with Captain Summers, who well remembers the sword in question and relates the incident, as he says, almost word for word, that brought about the arrest and capture of Major Burrage and the taking of his sword from him. But I regret to say that Captain Summers informs me that he did not keep the sword, from the fact that there was some dispute who should have it, whether it should be Captain Summers or another officer named Teague, and whose initials he cannot remember; it was left to a committee which decided that Teague should have the sword. At the time of the capture of Major Burrage, Teague's home was in Alexander county, N. C. Captain Summers also informs me that he does not know whether Teague is living or dead, and that he has not seen or heard of him since the close of the war; he was either captain or lieutenant, Summers does not remember which. I hope you will give this a space in your paper that Major Burrage may read it, as it may aid him in finding Mr. Teague and the long-lost sword.

F. D. Goodwin.

The note to the editor of the *Commercial* that accompanied this letter was as follows:

"I assure you that I have a warm spot in my heart for the people of Maine, from the fact that Maine is my native state, Penobscot county my home county, and Hudson the town of my birth, where all my people now live. I feel under great obligation to the citizens of my native state, to do them a favor be it ever so small. I would have written directly to Major Burrage, if I had known his postoffice address, but as it is I hope that my communication will reach him through the Commercial."

This letter was reprinted in the *Portland Advertiser* of June 21, otherwise it might not have come under my eye. About the same time I received from the private secretary of Governor Russell of North Carolina the following note:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, June 17, 1897.

DEAR SIR: I gave your letter of some days ago to the papers and seemingly with favorable results.

Perhaps the enclosed clipping from the *Landmark* of Statesville, N. C., may aid you, and trusting that it may,

I am, very truly yours,
Jos. E. Alexander,
Private Secretary.

Captain Henry S. Burrage, Portland, Me.

It appears that a copy of the Landmark, in which my letter to Governor Russell was published, was sent to Captain Summers by J. F. Arnsfield, Esq., of Statesville, N. C., to whom Captain Summers wrote June 14, 1897, as follows:

Dear Sir: Yours in regard to sword received. The officer states the circumstances of the arrest correctly. I that day was in charge of the picket line of Lane's North Carolina Brigade. About that time the exchange of papers had become so common that General Lee had issued an order forbidding it. The officer in question advanced to within about one hundred yards of my line, and attracted my attention by striking a tree and exhibiting a paper. I directed a subordinate officer to order him to our lines. He came and surrendered his sword, but claimed it was not fair. I felt in one sense that it was not quite and ordered him sent under guard to brigade headquarters, that the question might be determined. I could do nothing else in obedience to General Lee's orders. I, as officer of the day, and the subordinate, both claimed the sword in question, and a committee was appointed to

determine who should have it, and they decided against me. I now remember the name of only one man connected with the whole matter and cannot say if he was one of the committee or the one who got the sword, but am inclined to believe that he got the sword, but cannot say positively. His name was Teague, of Alexander county. I think he belonged to the Seventh North Carolina regiment. However, you people of Statesville will be able to trace him if he is living and obtain the desired information.

> Yours truly, J. A. Summers,

Ex-Captain Company A, Thirtythird Regiment, North Carolina Troops.

The following letter, which I received shortly after the above came into my hands, explains more fully the ground on which Lieutenant Teague claimed my sword:

Mooresville, N. C., June 21, 1897.

DEAR SIR: The enclosed clipping from *The Landmark*, published at Statesville, N. C., recalls to my mind an incident that I rather suspect is the one referred to. In the winter of 1864, Lieutenant R. H. Teague, Company K, Seventh North Carolina regiment, captured a Federal officer while endeavoring to exchange papers in front of the picket of the Seventh North Carolina regiment, on the Petersburg lines near the Jones' house. Captain Summers, Company A, Thirty-

third North Carolina regiment, was the commanding officer of Lane's Brigade picket on the occasion and sent the Federal officer to the regimental headquarters, retaining his Lieutenant Teague also claimed the sword, and was so persistent in his demands that a commission, called to decide whose it was, awarded it to him, and he sent it to his home in Alexander county, N. C., as he afterward stated. Lieutenant Teague has been dead several years. If Captain Summers cannot supply the information, it possibly can be had by addressing Hon. R. E. Linney, Washington, D. C., who is a resident of Alexander county, a personal friend of Lieutenant Teague, and will doubtless be able to refer you to some member of his family, and thus get the desired information, as the incident referred to in The Landmark and the one I have in mind are very likely the same affair. If you care to do so, I would be obliged for a particular account of the capture, stating distance from Federal and Confederate lines and did the one demanding the surrender advance with gun in hand. I also belonged to the Seventh North Carolina regiment, and was not on duty that day, but heard the matter talked about at the time. I think I have the material facts about correct, but have forgotten details, and on this account the incident is invested with historical interest to me.

Truly yours,

J. S. Harris.

In my reply to this letter, I gave Captain Harris an account of the circumstances connected with my capture, and received from him the following letter in answer:

> Mooresville, N. C., June 29, 1897.

Major Henry S. Burrage, Portland, Mc.:

My DEAR SIR: Replying to your very kind letter of the 24th inst., I wish to repeat somewhat more fully my first statement: that First Lieutenant R. H. Teague, Company K, Seventh North Carolina regiment, captured a Federal officer in front of the picket of his regiment on the Petersburg lines in the vicinity of the Jones' house in the early winter of 1864. Lieutenant Teague stated that the officer came within easy range of his line, displayed a newspaper, and not being aware of any previous arrangement in regard to swapping papers, he very naturally supposed that the officer approached for purposes of observation, and acting on that belief he demanded an immediate surrender. Captain Summers, Company A, Thirty-third North Carolina regiment, was the commanding officer of Lane's Brigade picket and happened to be present, and assumed charge of the captured officer and his arms by virtue of his rank. Lieutenant Teague, finding that Captain Summers was disposed to retain the sword, made a formal demand for it, and to decide the ownership, as between them, a commission was called, and in accordance with its judgment, and very properly so, as Captain Summers had neither demanded nor compelled the surrender, the sword was given to Lieutenant Teague and by him sent to his home in Alexander county, N. C., with the expressed determination of keeping it as long as he lived. The affair was by many at the time regretted, and there was some disposition to censure Lieutenant Teague for seemingly acting in bad faith, but when it transpired that he had in no way enticed the Federal officer to his line, then his action was approved by his comrades in arms, and also by his regimental commander. As before stated, Lieutenant Teague has been dead several years. I hope you will succeed in recovering your sword, for I can well imagine that it has a value to you that could not possibly attach to any other person.

> Yours sincerely, J. S. Harris.

It will be seen that neither Captain Summers nor Captain Harris makes any mention of the exchange of papers effected in the morning of the day on which I was captured, and I accordingly wrote to Captain Harris asking if Lieutenant Teague was in command of his regimental picket line on the morning of November 1st, 1864, when I exchanged newspapers at the same point where I was captured in the afternoon. I also asked him other questions which he answered in the following letter:

Mooresville, N. C., July 6, 1897. Major Henry S. Burrage, Portland, Mc.:

My Dear Sir: Your very interesting letter is at hand, and in reply would say that Lane's Brigade was made up of the Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirtythird, and Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiments. At the time referred to, it occupied the Petersburg lines on either side of the road leading to the Jones' house, the Seventh being at that time on the right of the brigade, though it was subsequently, about the middle of November, transferred to the left of the brigade, where it remained until the latter part of February, 1865, when it was sent on detached service to North Carolina. Beyond the Jones' house in the direction of Pegram's and the Federal line, there was a body of woodland which extended along the front of the line held by Lane's men-in places more dense now and then jutting out further into the open field—the left of the line being in the woods altogether.

From twenty to twenty-five men were detailed daily from each of the five regiments of the brigade for picket duty. Each regimental detail was commanded by a lieutenant. The details when assembled formed the brigade picket, which was commanded by a commissioned officer—the captains of the various regiments in turn being assigned to this duty. Occasionally Lane's Brigade Sharpshooters, under Major

Wooten, were put on picket, especially when it was desirable to penetrate the Federal lines and get prisoners for purposes of information. Ordinarily the picket was relieved from 9:30 to 10 a.m. your first question, "Was (Teague) in command of the line when I exchanged at that time (in the morning)?" Answer. I do not know. If the exchange was effected before 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the forenoon, it is very probable that he was not on duty at the time. " Did General Heth's courier [General Joseph Davis's courier, with whom, as I have since learned, I exchanged in the morning | tell him (Teague) of the arrangement he made with me?" Answer. did not. "Also, do you know why it was that General Heth's [General Joseph Davis's | courier did not come out to get the papers in accordance with that arrangement?" Answer. I do not. I certainly did not know or hear of any understanding in regard to exchanging papers with General Heth's courier or any one else on that occasion, and my first and only information is derived from your statement in regard thereto, and I doubt not but that the gallant Teague went to his grave in ignorance of any such arrangement. I heard Lieutenant Teague relate the incident more than once, and he uniformly told the same story about a Federal officer coming out of the woods in front of his picket and waving a paper. At a loss to know why he came so near, and naturally sup-

posing that the Federal officer was out to see the Confederate line, he, Teague, demanded and compelled his surrender. I said in a former communication that the affair was by many regretted at the time, and that there was some disposition to censure Lieutenant Teague. This was due to a false impression that he had induced the Federal officer to come near his line in order to capture him. This was easily disproved by Teague and his friends, and his action, as heretofore stated, was approved by his comrades in arms, and also by his regimental commander, and it is a pleasure to me at this late day that you do not allege any unfair action on his part. As to myself [in answer to an inquiry of my own] I entered the service as a private in Company B, Seventh N. C. Regiment, June, 1861, was promoted second lieutenant June 27, 1862, first lieutenant March, 1862, captain of same company May 3, 1863, and retained this rank to the surrender.

Colonel R. V. Cowan, Thirty-third N. C. Regiment, commanded Lane's brigade from the latter part of October, 1864, to about the middle of December, 1864. I can readily see why Captain Summers sent the captured officer to Colonel Cowan, but I am at a loss to know why he was in turn sent to General Heth instead of General Wilcox, the division commander, unless it was because of General Heth's connection with the affair through his courier.

If you get your sword, let me know, please.

Sincerely yours, J. S. Harris. Thinking that possibly Captain Summers could give further information, I now wrote to F. D. Goodwin, Esq., of Middlesborough, Ky., who replied as follows:

Middlesborough, Kv., July 1, '97.

Major Henry S. Burrage, Portland,
Me.:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of inquiry was duly received, and in reply I will say that I would have answered before, but Captain Summers has been in Nashville, Tenn., attending the Confederate reunion, consequently I have been unable to get an interview with him; but he has at last returned and an opportunity has presented itself for an interview, and I have got all the information that I possibly could from him.

In reply to your first question, he says, that he was on duty in the morning if his memory serves him correctly, and he was the first officer on duty for the day, and also there was no purpose in your capture; in other words he had no special orders to arrest you; he was simply carrying out the order of General Lee, issued late the day before, that no more papers should be exchanged, and you being the first one that attempted to make the exchange, it was his duty under the order to make the capture. He says that he thought at the time it was very hard on your part from the fact that you were unaware that such an order had been issued by General Lee or any of the officers on the Union side. Captain Summers requests me to inform you by this letter that he has received your letter, and that he has

written to North Carolina to see if he can get any further information in regard to the sword, and as soon as he hears from there, he will write to you giving you all the facts that led to your capture and the taking of the sword, and how it happened that he did not retain possession of it, as near as he can remember it. Hoping you will succeed in getting the long lost sword,

I am truly yours,

F. D. GOODWIN.

The person in North Carolina, to whom Captain Summers wrote, was Captain A. A. Hill, Company G, Seventh North Carolina Regiment, who, writing from Taylorsville, N. C., July 7, 1897, said:

"Captain Teague, to whom the sword was delivered, is dead, also his wife, and I could strike no trace of it till yesterday. Captain N. A. Pool, Company K, Seventh Regiment. N. C. T., who is now a resident of Texas, through his brother, W. A. Pool, settles the question. If you take *The Landmark* you will see the piece; if not, Captain Pool says he left the sword at Belton, Cass county, Mo., with the Masonic Lodge at that place."

In forwarding Captain Hill's letter, Captain Summers wrote as follows:

Middlesborough, Ky., July 11, 1897. Major Henry S. Burrage:

DEAR SIR: I inclose you a letter from Captain A. A. Hill of Taylors-ville, N. C., with whom I have been corresponding in regard to the sword. That locates the sword. Any more information that you may want, I

will give if it is in my power to do so, and I have sent for the paper Captain Hill refers to in his letter and will forward it to you when received. I am glad to know that time has dealt kindly with you.

Very respectfully.

J. A. Summers.

July 7, Captain J. S. Harris sent to me the following note: "I send printed slip from *The Landmark* which explains itself. Captain N. A. Pool commanded Company K, Seventh North Carolina Regiment, and Lieutenant R. H. Teague was his first lieutenant." The printed slip was as follows:

CAPTAIN BURRAGE'S SWORD.

The Landmark finds it for him. It is in a Masonic Lodge in Missouri, where it was carried by Captain Pool, who obtained it from Lieutenant Teague, of Alexander.

To the Editor of the Landmark:

My brother, Captain N. A. Pool, is afflicted with rheumatism in his hands and arms so that he cannot write, and he asked me to write you some facts in answer to the inquiry of Captain Henry S. Burrage, of Portland, Me., concerning his sword. The inquiry was in your issue of the 11th of June. My brother was captain of Company K, Seventh North Carolina troops, as many of your readers know, and R. H. Teague, deceased, late of Alexander county, N. C., was his first lieutenant. These are the facts as related by my brother, and he can come nearer telling what occurred every day during the war than any man I ever met.

The general (A. P. Hill) had issued very strict orders forbidding the exchange of papers, and commanding his men to capture every Federal officer who offered an exchange. So upon the day mentioned by Captain Burrage, November 1, 1864, Captain James A. Summers was officer of the picket line of his brigade, and Lieutenant R. H. Teague, of Company K, Seventh North Carolina, was lieutenant and in command of the pickets from the Seventh Regiment. During the day, a Federal officer showed himself between the lines, and in front of Lieutenant Teague, to exchange papers. He was no sooner seen than Teague ordered him arrested in obedience to orders. Lieutenant Teague delivered the officer with his sword to Captain Summers, which was his duty. Captain Summers sent the prisoner to the superior officer but kept his sword. When Lieutenant Teague learned that Captain Summers had the sword he claimed that if it did not follow the prisoner he was entitled to it, and petitioned General Lane for an order giving him the sword. General Lane thereupon appointed some officers of the brigade to hear evidence and decide the matter. They gave the sword to Lieutenant Teague and he carried it the rest of the war, and brought it home with him. After the war closed, and just before my brother left Alexander county, he and Lieutenant Teague had a business transaction and Teague fell in his debt. Teague said he did not have the money to pay and asked my brother to take his sword, and

said it was the one he captured with the Federal officer. Brother took it and carried it with him to Missouri. While living in Missouri they organized a Masonic Lodge at Belton, in Cass county, and he let them have that sword for the tyler's use. Brother left Missouri in 1874 and came to Texas. where he has lived ever since, and his address is Captain N. A. Pool, Mansfield, Tarrant Co., Texas. He says the sword was in the Masonic Lodge at Belton, Cass county, Mo., when he left there and he supposes is there yet.

Captain Pool sends regards to all his old comrades in arms in North Carolina and elsewhere. He is very much afflicted now; is confined to his room all the time with rheumatism.

W. A. Pool.

Mansfield, Texas, June 30, 1897.

Captain Harris, in his note of July 7, referring to this letter, adds, "The statement that Teague carried the sword the rest of the war, etc., is, I think, a mistake, as he sent it home at the time, and I distinctly recollect hearing him say so; but that is not material. Captain Pool is an honorable gentleman and his statement can be relied on. If I mistake not he commanded his regiment at the time of the capture."

At one other point, as appears in an earlier letter from Captain Harris, Captain Pool is in error. General Lane was not in command of his brigade at the time of the capture, but Colonel Cowan of the Thirty-third North Carolina Regiment, in the absence of General Lane.

note from Captain Harris, I received the following letter:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, RALEIGH, July 9, 1897.

Major H. S. Burrage, Portland, Me.:

DEAR SIR:-Your letter to Governor Russell, June 2d, 1897, having been referred to me for the purpose of securing the information you desired concerning the sword captured with you during the war, has had careful attention and investigation. I am glad to say that the result has been successful to the extent that the present location of the sword has been discovered, and I trust that you will now be able to secure a relic which you no doubt prize very highly. I would suggest that you write to the Master of Masonic Lodge at Belton, Mo., and no doubt he will be happy to return the sword to its rightful owner. I enclose letter and clipping which throws light on the subject, and which will prove interesting as to the details of your capture. Such pleasant incidents as these regarding the return of valued and sacred relics of the war are of frequent occurrence both in the North and the South, and they speak in thunder tones the disappearance of all feeling of bitterness caused by the great conflict, and assure us of the return and complete restoration of that holy bond of brotherhood and common interest that so closely unites all our people.

Accept my kindest regards and

Soon after receiving the above best wishes for the successful issue of the matter.

> Very truly yours, E. G. HARRELL. Quartermaster-General. North Carolina State Guard.

On receiving the information communicated by Captain Pool I wrote at once to the Masonic Lodge at Belton, Mo. At my request, Hon. Josiah H. Drummond of Portland also sent a communication to the lodge. In reply to my note I received the following:

BELTON, Mo., July 13, 1807. Henry S. Burrage, Portland, Me.:

DEAR SIR :—Your letter of inquiry concerning your lost sword was received and noted. I have talked with some of the older members of our lodge, and I am confident that the sword is yours. I will bring the matter before our lodge at our next meeting and will then inform you fully of our action in the matter.

C. W. McKown, Secretary, Belton Lodge No. 450, A. F. & A. M.

Meanwhile, wishing to learn more concerning my capture, especially as Captain Harris and Captain Summers could give me no information with reference to the exchange of papers in the morning of the day of my capture, I wrote to General Harry Heth, one of the Confederate officers to whom I was taken after my capture, and into whose hands, as I learned some years ago, came the papers which I exchanged at that time. General Heth is at present a member of the Antietam Battle Ground Commission, and his answer was as follows:

Washington, D. C., July 10, '97.
Mijor Henry S. Burruge, Oxford
Building, Portland, Me.:

DEAR SIR: - Yours of the 1st inst. was duly received. You possibly know that an order was issued on our side while we were around Petersburg, 1864-5, prohibiting the exchange of papers. The man you exchanged papers with was not a commissioned officer as represented to you, but was a courier at General Joseph Davis's headquarters. Why he did not return and meet you as he promised, I do not know. The party by whom you were captured was probably the "officer of the day" inspecting the picket lines. courier you exchanged papers with, falsely represented himself as a major in the Second Mississippi. I do not now recollect the circumstance of your having been sent to my headquarters, but I have no doubt of the fact that you were so sent, and that I forwarded you to General A. P. Hill's headquarters. The man you exchanged papers with was through the head when behind our breastworks near Hatcher's Run. The trouble was, you were deceived by the courier, a private in the Second Mississippi, who represented himself as a major of that regiment. On investigation it was discovered that this major had been absent from his regiment for several months, hence, I presume, Generals Lee and Hill thought your story a fabrication, and thought you had other designs than an exchange of papers in approaching our lines. I recollect Pryor being captured a few days after you were, in retaliation for

your capture. I am sorry I was short to you when you were brought before me. I do not now recall that I had any designs on your lines at that time, though I may have had.

Very truly yours, H. HETH.

When I was brought to General Heth's headquarters after my capture, I was told that he was visiting his picket line, and it was an hour or so before he returned. He was at once informed of my capture, and sent for me. I found him in a somewhat ruffled state of mind and without listening to my story, he said, "There is no intercourse between my people and your people. You will be held as a prisoner of war." He then sent me to General A. P. Hill. In the investigation of the case made by General Hill, the latter was informed by General Heth that there was firing on that part of the line that morning and that he, General Heth, was of the opinion that I was out under the guise of exchanging papers, looking the ground over preparatory to an attack on the Confederate line at that point, in retaliation for the capture of the picket line of the Second Corps a night or two before by Mahone. For many years I have had a suspicion that General Heth. at the time of my capture, was engaged in making preparations for repeating Mahone's success, and that his ruffled state of mind on learning of my capture, was occasioned by the fact that any attempt in that direction on his part would be likely to fail on account of the increased watchfulness of our pickets, by reason of my capture. In my letter to

General Heth, I asked him if this was not the fact. General Hill's statement, which is on file in the War Department at Washington, is certainly significant, as is also the fact referred to by Captain Harris, that at the time of my capture I was sent to General Heth instead of General Wilcox. Furthermore, it will be noticed that in several of the letters I have given, it is stated that orders had been issued by General Lee or General Hill forbidding the exchange of papers. Why, then, was General Joseph Davis's courier allowed to make an exchange on the morning of my capture, unless for a purpose?

I think there can be no doubt but that General Lee issued such an order. The above mentioned writers insist upon it. Colonel Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension office at Washington, however, says that no such order can be found on the files of that office. But, as General Heth in communicating this information says, "The Confederate records on file in Washington are very incomplete." Captain Harris gives this added information:

Mooresville, N. C., July 14, '97.

Major Henry S. Burrage, Portland,
Me.:

My Dear Sir:—Yours of July 10th at hand, and in reply would say that I am unable to give you information in regard to why the exchange (in the morning) was allowed, and do not know who was responsible. I certainly have no knowledge of, and never heard of, any collusion on the part of any one in connection with the affair referred to in your commu-

nication. During the winter of 1864, I was often in command of Lane's Brigade picket, and no exchange of papers was ever made on that line (Lane's) while I was on duty to my Robert V. knowledge. Colonel Cowan, Thirty-third Regiment. North Carolina Troops, then temporarily commanding Lane's Brigade, died some eight or ten years ago. After the war he practised medicine in Statesville, N. C., where he died, and where his widow still resides. If you succeed in getting your sword, I would like to know about it.

Very truly yours,
J. S. HARRIS.

Meanwhile I was anxiously awaiting the action of Belton lodge. The desired information came at length in the following note:

Belton, Mo., Aug. 26, 1897.

Henry S. Burraye, Esq., Portland,
Me.:

DEAR SIR: Your communication of 8–18, 1897, duly noted. The matter referred to therein was brought before the lodge at the last meeting, and from the best information obtainable the sword and scabbard now in possession of the lodge is the one you are looking up. The lodge by unanimous consent relinquished all claims and the property now awaits your pleasure. How do you wish it sent?

Respectfully, J. T. BLAIR.

I at once wrote to Mr. Blair, who is cashier of the bank of Belton, and September 9 he wrote:

"DEAR SIR: I this morning sent your sword by Adams's express. I trust you will receive the same in good order."

The sword came into my hands on the morning of September 14. Hastily I removed the wrapper. There was no doubt as to the identity of the sword. The blood-stains on the scabbard were still there. Happily the tyler of Belton lodge had made no effort to keep the brass mountings in a polished state. It was the long-lost sword, which until recently I had not expected to see again, restored after nearly thirty-three years of vicisitude and wandering

The feelings with which I looked upon the sword can easily be imagined. I had not seen it since November 1, 1864. I bought it while at home in Boston after the Vicksburg campaign and carried it through the East Tennessee campaign in the autumn and winter of 1863-'64. Rejoining the Army of the Potomac with my regiment at the Battle of the Wilderness, I carried it till I was wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Returning to my regiment at Petersburg about the middle of September, I was with the regiment until my capture, November 1. How many war-time memories clustered about that sword it would take me long to tell.

I devoted a day to the acknowledgment of my indebtedness to Belton lodge and the many Confederate officers, newspapers, and officials in civil life who had aided me in the recovery of the sword. To the governor of North Carolina I wrote as follows:

PORTLAND, ME ..

September 15, 1897.

Hon. Daniel L. Russell, Governor of North Carolina:

My DEAR SIR: Yesterday I received my long-lost sword. I enclose an account of the same which may be of interest to you. You can hardly imagine with what feelings I took the sword again in my hands after so many years. War-time memories crowded upon me, and upon its scabbard were still the stains of blood which came from a wound I received at the Battle of Cold Harbor. I wish to thank you and all the other North Carolina friends, among them Ouartermaster General Harrell, for aid and assistance in my search for the sword. If I had not recovered the sword I should have been well repaid for my trouble by the interesting and most kindly letters which I received and especially by the evidences they furnished that we are brothers, members of a common country, and in heart and purpose under one flag.

Of course I did not forget the Statesville Landmark, and the letter which I wrote in acknowledgment of my indebtedness for valuable assistance that paper published with the heading, "Major Burrage Gets His Sword. He thanks the Landmark for helping him recover it," and with this introduction: "Our readers will recall that some months ago the Landmark published an item stating that Major Burrage, an ex-Federal soldier of Portland, Me., desired to recover a sword that had been captured from him during the war by a

Confederate soldier from North Carolina, and that finally the sword was located through a letter to the Landmark from Captain N. A. Pool, of Mansfield, Texas. Major Burrage now has his sword, and the following letter from him to the Landmark is of interest."

Especially interesting to me, and I am sure you also will be interested in it, was the note I received from General Harry Heth, dated Washington, September 27, 1897. He wrote:

"Dear Major: Yours of the 17th of September was received. I am glad to learn that you recovered your long-lost sword. I hope you will never have occasion to draw it again. One war such as ours was is sufficient for a life-time."

I am sure we can all respond to these cordial words of General Heth in the same fraternal spirit which characterizes them. Indeed the most noteworthy thing in the extended correspondence connected with this affair is the absence of any feeling of bitterness on the part of those who once wore the gray. Only the kindliest expressions of interest and goodwill came to me from those who were on the other side, affording delightful evidence that the men who fought the battles of the South a generation ago recognize the fraternal bond which now unites us. We are no longer enemies, but citizens of a common country, that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

UNION VETERANS' UNION.

The fourth annual encampment of the Department of Maine, Union Veterans' Union, assembled in City hall, Old Town, at 10 o'clock, October 27, 1897.

Encampment opened in due form, General M. A. Murphy, department commander, presiding.

On motion of Comrade W. S. Noyes, voted that the Executive Committee and adjutant general be a committee on credentials.

The committee reported the following officers and delegates present:

Major General Michael A. Murphy, department commander.

Brigadier General John W. P. Johnson, first deputy commander.

Brigadier General George M. Lovering, second deputy commander.

Col. J. Edward Nye, adjutant general.

Colonel W. S. Norcross, surgeon general.

Colonel Olin B. Bridge, inspector general.

Executive Committee — W. S. Noyes, Charles O. Wadsworth. Frank F. Goss.

Aids de Camp—B., F. Frazier, Delance Young, Charles O. Wadsworth, Horace S. Hobbs, O. P. Martin.

Sheridan Command No. I—Delegates, C. Harris, W. S. Noyes. Henry I. Lord, O. Rollins, and G. F. Boothby.

Myrick Command No. 2—Delegate, William B. Goodwin.

N. J. Jackson Command No. 4—Delegate, George W. Leathers.

Sedgwick Command No. 5—Colonel Delance Young,—Delegates Charles S. Emerson, William T. Eustis, Royal M. Mason, Horatio B. Sawyer, George F. Rollins, Alonzo F. Morrill.

Calvin Boston Command No. 6—Delegates, Charles O. Wadsworth, W. W. Livermore, D. M. Dale.

Atwood Crosby Command No. 10—Colonel George M. Lovering, Delegate William I. Towne.

Davis Tillson Command No. 12—Colonel M. M. Parker, Delegates W. H. Simmons, J. P. Cilley, C. O. Wentworth.

Madison Libby Command No. 15—Delegate Morey Milliken.

Custer Command No. 16—Colonel John G. Herring, Delegates W. W. Warren, O. P. Martin, L. H. Washburn, A. P. Buck, John K. Robbins.

Elisha H. Jones Command No. 17—Delegates, Francis P. Hall, S. S. Sawyer, G. W. White, E. C. Swett, C. H. French.

Gorham A. Folsom Command No. 18—Colonel Olin B. Bridge, Delegates George F. Clark, R. M. Woodman, J. P. Woodman, E. S. Tozier, M. V. Reed.

Abraham Lincoln Command No. 19 — Delegates, Jefferson Savage, H. P. Cannon.

Edwin P. Hill Command No. 20—Colonel Daniel F. Davis, Delegates Robert Lowell, S. P. LaGros, John Ames.

Sheridan F. Miller Command No. 21—Colonel W. H. Sanborn.

Alonzo E. Libby Command No. 22—Delegate Knowles Bangs.

General M. A. Murphy read his annual report.

Comrades and Soldiers of the Battle Field:

Once more we have gathered together to grasp hands in a fraternal spirit, and this is not all, but our hearts go out to one another in a feeling of brotherly love. I trust that He who rules over all will guide us in our deliberations during this our fourth annual encampment. Among vou who have assembled here are those who have borne aloft the old flag, for the preservation of our institutions; here are those who have seen the "whites of the eyes of those who were then our enemies," this it is, that entitles you to the respect of all loyal citizens. There is much work for the Department Commander of the Union Veterans Union, which if done would place this organization in the lead of any of kindred character.

In the past year sickness has prevented my doing all I had hoped and expected to accomplish, but I have written much and labored for the good of the organization, but still our growth has been slow. It seems to me that our commander should go over our State on a recruiting mission, and for this he should be paid a small salary, and thus our membership would be increased a hundredfold. I cannot close these brief remarks without saying that the work of J. Edward Nye, our adjutant general, has been earnest, honest, and active during the past year, and the assistance he has given me as department commander has been invaluable. The quartermaster general, surgeon general, and officers I must thank for the favors received from them. To you, my comrades, I give you assurance that I shall cherish the memory of the past year as long as life shall last.

Adjutant General J. Edwin Nye submitted his annual report as follows:

Auburn, Me., October 25, 1897.

General M. A. Murphy, Corimander Department of Maine Union Veterans' Union:

GENERAL: In compliance with the "Rules and Regulations" of the order I hereby submit to you for the information of the Department, a report of the work and standing of the order in this Department during the past year.

One year ago we had eighteen Precinct Commands with a total membership in good standing of 460 members. Two new commands have been organized, Sheridan F. Miller, No. 21, was organized at Belfast by General M. A. Murphy, January 17, with seventeen charter members. Comrade M. C. Dilworth of that command was appointed Chief Mustering Officer on the Staff of the Department Commander and organized Alonzo E. Libby Command, No. 22, at Unity, March 23, with eleven charter members.

During the year two commands have surrendered their charters, viz., Bailey No. 14 of Mechanic Falls, November 17, and Phil Sheridan No. 3 of Springvale, July 7.

The present membership in good standing in the Department is 474, a net gain of 14. Some of the Commands have not sent in their returns at the time of this writing, so I have

taken the figures from their last report, which makes it appear different from the report made to National Headquarters, for in that, we report only the numbers on returns received. This result of the year's work is not as satisfactory as we could desire. and I attribute as one reason for our not making more rapid growth, the fact that no provisions are made to pay the expenses of organizing new Commands. All that is really allowed the Department by the "Rules and Regulations" is five dollars of the charter fee, which will not pay the expense of spending two or three days to work up a command, besides traveling expenses. The only other revenue to the Department is one half of the per capita tax, out of which have to be paid bills for printing and other incidental expenses. For the last two years the Department officers have not received any compensation for their services; until some source of revenue for the department is provided it will be hard to make any progress. This of course is a matter that rests with the National Encampment to provide for, and should be attended to at the next National Encampment. Most of the commands are now in a flourishing condition, though in some cases they are having a hard struggle to keep up their organizations and some steps should be taken whereby they can be encouraged and assisted.

The present department officers have done what they could under the circumstances, and we trust that in the year to come, as the principles and objects of our noble order become more fully known by the veter-

ans of the war, as well as by the public generally, more rapid growth may be made, and that other soldier organizations will not feel that we antagonize them in the least, for our object is to advance the interests of all old soldiers, and bring still greater influence to bear on our law-makers, in addition to what these other organizations of which most of us are a part, are doing. The gains and losses by commands have been as follows:

Whole number of members in good standing September 30, 1896, 460; gains by muster, 103; transfer, 1; reinstatement, 18; total, 122.

Losses, by death, 10; transfer, 3; suspension, 60; honorable discharge, 7; suspended charter, 28; total 108. Net gain, 14. Number September 30, 1897, 474.

I have endeavored to perform all the duties devolving upon me in a prompt and courteous manner, which has required a great deal of correspondence, and if I have apparently neglected any of my duties I hope my comrades will attribute it to my lack of time in connection with my other duties.

I thank you, General, and the other members of your staff and the comrades throughout the department for the uniform kindness and forbearance shown, and confidence reposed in me.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. and L..

J. Edwin Nye. Adjutant General Department of Maine, Union Veterans' Union.

Quartermaster General James M. Fernald submitted the following report:

J. M. Fernald, Quartermaster General, Department of Maine, U. V. U., in account with Department of Maine, U. V. U.:

Dr.
Oct. 30, 1896. To balance in hand, last report, \$15.37
Oct. 27, 1897. To received per capita tax, 171.10
Oct. 27, 1897. To received for supplies, 51.84
\$238.31

CR.

By paid nat'l headquarters per capita tax, \$87.20 nat'l headquarters for supplies, 49.60 expenses for the year as per cash book, 61.65 traveling expenses of General Murphy and Colonel Nye, cash balance on hand, 31.36

\$238.31
Amount contributed for fund for department flag, 20.16
Added to balance on hand as above, 31.36

Total cash now on hand, \$51.52

The surgeon-general submitted his report as follows:

REPORT OF SURGEON-GENERAL WIN-FIELD S. NORCROSS, M. D.

I have the honor to make the following report; and in doing so, first I most cordially thank my comrades who elected me to this position of high honor and trust; second in my estimation to none in this, the grandest of all organizations. I have spent a large part of my time in the past year doing nothing, but am surprised at the sturdy, healthy, general condition of the majority of the Union Veterans' Union. I am confident, and I speak professionally, that the large majority of our battle-field comrades are as hardy and sturdy a set of men as can be found anywhere, age and condition taken into consideration. One exception only have I noticed and that is, nearly every one of our old, true, battle-field comrades is

suffering from heart trouble. Why is this? While surgeon-general of a sister organization, "The Legion," I was asked by some of the officials of the pension department if I could make an explanation. I told them that I could only speak from personal knowledge (not professionally), that the cause of my own heart trouble was from being badly scared in battle, -my heart came up into my throat and never went down. They then informed me that the large majority of those who never saw battle were pensioned for chronic diarrhœa, piles, varicose veins, etc.; the most of these troubles were caused from running in time of danger; their hearts went down into their boots; this naturally from a physiological and philosophical standpoint would cause an enlarged liver to rise up and fill the heart's cavity, causing a profuse flow of gall; which we often see at the G. A. R. camp-fires when they try to belittle the true old soldiers. We comrades did our fighting from '61 to '65; they are still at it, and thus should have more credit and larger pensions!

Now after an experience in my profession of over thirty years, I am fully convinced that the true, everyday (not the dress parade and Sunday soldier) should have more than double the pensions they are now getting, and I tell you, comrades, if you can't get the proper increase come to your surgeon-general, make him give you an affidavit of total disability on account of heart; then if they question it tell them honestly that it was caused by being so badly scared in battle and they can't go behind the returns.

The reports from the surgeons of the different commands have been very, very few; in fact, the only report during the past year was from the N. J. Jackson Command, and I honestly believe that would not have been received, had not the surgeon of that command been a personal friend of mine and named Norcross. He reported no deaths; no births, no marriages, and in fact no divorces in his command. In closing I would respectfully suggest that officers of commands make complete and proper reports to their respective department officers, for I assure you it is mighty hard for a department officer to come to our annual encampment with in fact nothing to base a report upon. Comrades, let us try and make the Union Veterans' Union an up-to-date business organization so as to bring into our ranks every worthy comrade, and if we each and every one strive to do our duty as we did when boys, there is no reason why every eligible and worthy comrade would not feel proud to be one of and with us. To the department commander, the adjutant general, and others of this department I express my thanks for their many kindnesses extended to me.

Now, commander and comrades, I have the honor to subscribe myself very respectfully your most obedient servant.

Winfield S. Norcross, M. D., Surgeon-General, Department of Maine, Union Veterans' Union.

Chief Mustering Officer M. C. Dilworth submitted the following report:

Colonel J. Edwin Nye, Adjutant General Department of Maine, Union Veterans' Union:

Comrades: I have the honor to report that during the year two new commands have been instituted. On January 17. Sheridan F. Miller Command No. 24, Belfast, was organized by Department Commander M. A. Murphy and Colonel George M. Lovering of Waterville, with seventeen charter members. On March 23, Alonzo E. Libby Command No. 22, Unity, was instituted by me with fourteen charter members.

I was notified from department headquarters that the comrades of Falmouth were organizing for a command there, but I have had no notice officially of their having done so.

I have canvassed Waldo county pretty thoroughly and find the old comrades in sympathy with the principles of the Union Veterans' Union, but owing to the hard times the past few years many of them do not feel able at present to start commands. I would have given more time to canvassing other localities but the weather the past season was very unfavorable for such work. I have no doubt about the growth of the Union Veterans' Union as business revives, and the organizing of new commands in our department made as light as possible.

I would suggest to the favorable consideration of the commander that the expenses be paid by the department; when you add the expenses of travel to the charter fee, in some instances it makes the amount quite large, and has a tendency to discourage a good many that would otherwise start commands. As you are

aware the majority of the comrades are growing old, and in order to make them take an interest in the Union Veterans' Union, the expenses of organizing must be made as light as possible.

Respectfully submitted in F., C. and L.,

M. C. Dilworth, Chief Mustering Officer.

The first and second deputy commanders, chief mustering officer, and executive committee made verbal reports.

The Department Commander appointed the following committees:

On Finance—C. S. Emerson, John Ames, Geo. M. Lovering.

On Grievances—W. S. Norcross, O. B. Bridge, W. I. Towne, A. B. Buck, and O. P. Martin.

On Resolutions—R. M. Mason, S. P. LaGros, E. S. Tozier, H. D. Lord, George F. Rollins.

Good of the Order—Wm. T. Eustis, E. L. Emery, Daniel F. Davis, H. S. Hobbs, C. O. Wadsworth.

Adjourned to meet at 1:30 P. M.

Called to order by the department commander at 1:30 P. M. The Committee on Finance reported that they had examined the report of the quartermaster-general and found it correct.

Report accepted and report of quartermaster general accepted. The Committee on Good of the Order reported as follows:

Have examined the reports of the department commander, adjutant general, surgeon general, and chief mustering officer and gladly endorse the suggestions therein, and would

add: Trusting that the dawn of a long era of prosperity is upon us, we may feel that we can and will use every effort to advance our membership, and with that end in view every delegate to this encampment should consider himself a recruiting officer. Boys, "Forward March" in our grand organization.

Report of committee accepted.

Reports of the department commander, adjutant general, surgeon general, and chief mustering officer accepted, also the verbal reports of the other officers.

The committee on resolutions submitted the following:

By the Department of Maine Union Veterans' Union at its Fourth Annual Encampment at Old Town, October 27, 1897, be it

Resolved, That during the coming year comrades be earnestly urged to present the principles of our organization to all soldiers and sailors who are eligible to membership therein, and thereby secure their interest and assistance in carrying forward the grand objects of our association, and receiving the important benefits connected therewith:

Resolved, That we extend our cordial friendship and good will to all organizations composed exclusively of ex-soldiers and sailors of the Union army, believing that every man who did his duty in the position to which he was assigned, must be deserving of the fellowship and commendation of his comrades.

Resolved, That the thanks of this body be, and hereby are, extended to all who have contributed to our benefit at this session. To the transportation lines for reduced fares. To Gorham A. Folsom Command No. 18 Union Veterans' Union, for courtesies extended, and S. J. Oakes Re-

lief Corps No. 17 of Old Town who have so kindly entertained us.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this encampment be published in the MAINE BUGLE.

Report of committee accepted and resolutions adopted.

Nominations for officers were then made.

The claims of Rockland as the place for the next annual encampment were presented and the invitation was accepted.

The following committee was appointed to receive, sort, and count votes for officers for the ensuing year:

Comrades W. S. Norcross, H. B. Sawyer, and O. P. Martin.

Proceeded to ballot for officers and the following were elected:

Department Commander—William T. Eustis, Dixfield.

First Deputy Commander.—Geo. M. Lovering, Waterville.

Second Deputy Commander.—S. P. LaGros, Bucksport.

Surgeon General.—W. S. Norcross, Lewiston.

Chaplain.—Rev. J. W. Webster, Newport.

Executive Committee.—Frank F. Goss, Auburn; John Ames, Orland; E. S. Tozier, Old Town; M. M. Parker, Rockland; W. S. Noyes, Saco; W. W. Warren, Foxcroft; George M. Leathers, Lewiston.

The above officers elect (excepting the Chaplain who was absent) were installed by Colonel Henry I. Lord of Saco.

Department Commander W. T. Eustis appointed J. Edwin Nye of Auburn as Adjutant General and

Charles O. Wadsworth of Gardiner as Quartermaster General and they were installed by the same officer.

On motion of Surgeon W. S. Norcross, voted that First Deputy Department Commander George M. Lovering be authorized and instructed to proceed to Newport at his earliest convenience and install Chaplain-elect Rev. J. W. Webster, and use his best efforts to instill new life into the Command at that place.

On motion of Colonel Henry I. Lord, voted that the thanks of the Department be extended to the retiring officers for the efficient manner in which they have performed their duties the past year.

Generals William T. Eustis and George M. Lovering expressed their appreciation of the honor conferred upon them by the election.

The encampment was then closed.

J. Edwin Nye,

Adjutant General Department of Maine U. V. U.

At noon a delicious dinner was served in the banquet room of City Hall by the ladies of the National Relief Corps and also a fine supper after the afternoon adjournment, and the comrades greatly appreciated the excellent viands so generously provided by the ladies.

In the evening a campfire was held at City Hall with a large attendance, the public being invited. Mr. J. P. Woodman was the chairman.

Comrade Pratt's song was a feature of the evening and the music by the Second Regiment Knights of Pythias band of Old Town, added very much to the pleasure of the evening.

A large number of the officers and

members of the Union Veterans' Union made bright and entertaining speeches but of these we can only give the remarks made by Surgeon Norcross which were as follows:

For the past year as one of the Department Officers I have been studying the Union Veterans' Union, its methods and work, and I assure you all that it has confirmed all my former confidence in the battle-field soldiers. Circumstances may vary, and times change, but the steadfast determination to be good citizens, and just as loyal in times of peace as when fighting the battles of the war, has made the result one we can well be proud of.

The twenty thousand members of the Union Veterans' Union stand today as true citizens.

The Union Veterans' Union is a body of men who are in the prime of mature life, and like the old Spartan heroes each man has been selected by the exigencies of the times as being strong physically, and thoroughly trained to endurance of hardships that otherwise would seem too great to bear.

In examining the records of the members of this Union, one fact stands out clear and strong, a very large majority of the comrades were wounded during the war, but an extraordinarily small per cent. were discharged for wounds,—many, very many, even those who lost a leg or an arm in battle, went back as soon as they were strong enough, and filled the places of others, in such duty as they could perform. There were mighty few shirks or cowards. This shows the physical strength and

strong will power of the young men who actually fought the great battles of the nineteenth century.

With present age from 52 to 58 for the majority and very few over 65 the death rate with us the past year has been not over 2 per cent. The Union Veterans' Union stands to-day as the one soldier organization of the world, whose members are literally battle scarred veterans and such good citizens that this glorious republic may well be proud of them.

But, comrades and friends, there are others and I am much pleased to see their lovely faces here tonight, "our sisters." God bless them. Are you aware of the fact that these dear ones suffered pain for pain, and I sometimes think their fortitude was greater than ours. Do you know that within one mile from where we are at this time there is a noble mother who gave three sons (all old enough—the youngest sixteen) of her family to help us out, and during the war I asked her if she did not feel very sad when parting with so many of her family. Her eyes sparkled through the tears when she said "No, no, forty years ago if I had only known that this rebellion was to take place I would have furnished as many more, instead of my large family of girls---," but, comrades and friends, even this family of girls have shown their true patriotism by serving a life sentence in caring for the boys in blue.

Comrades, each and every day we have positive proof of their undying affection, and pure loyalty. Just see

how they clung to us, and on this occasion their acts will speak louder than words.

We stand with bowed heads and reverent thoughts in honor of the memory of the noble, brave women of the war from '61 to '65 who have passed to the better world.

They gave their services without thought of what such services might cost them. They did their duty with a bravery and heroism unsurpassed by any. With a true woman's will and devotion to whatever she thoroughly believes they worked freely, asking nothing in return except that the country they loved so well should be preserved. The heroism of waiting and watching at home, bearing all the burdens, privations and hardships of war-time, and at the same time sending such loving, cheerful messages to the soldiers in the field at the front, as to brighten camplife and march, and in very many cases sustaining the spirit and renewed the energy of the weary, wornout soldier. This noble record belongs to them. Let us all cherish their memory, and always honor their good deeds; give them the place they deserve in the history of our country, and teach the rising generation that the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the battle-field soldiers were equal in loyalty and true love of country to the soldiers in the field, and did their work just as faithfully. May God ever bless and deal very kindly with our noble women, is the heartfelt prayer of the true veteran.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NEW YORK.

EXTRACTS FROM ITS HISTORY.

The service of this regiment is related to that of two Maine regiments so intimately that much of it is valuable as Maine history. Its service in the Valley was co-incident with that of the First Maine Cavalry and the Tenth Maine Infantry, while at the Battle of Cedar Mountain these same regiments were actively engaged. Ten men of the Twenty-eighth New York were transferred to the Tenth Maine Battalion; while a large number of the Second New York Mounted Rifles, who served in the brigade with the First Maine Cavalry during the final battles of the War and in the campaign of Lee's surrender, had rendered good service in this same Twenty-eighth New York Infantry. We present the account of the Twenty-eighth New York's service in in the Battle of Cedar Mountain with a map of the field; also an interesting account of how they lost their flag and how they finally regained it. We also in behalf of the First Maine Cavalry present the countenances of quite a number of the comrades in the Second New York Mounted Rifles who were commanded for a time by Major Paul Chadbourne of the First Maine Cavalry, until his disabling wound in the Battle of Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1865. The readers of the Bugge are indebted to C. W. Boyce of Buffalo, New York, secretary of the Twenty-eighth New York Regimental Association, for the cuts presented. The story com-

mences after Banks in his retreat from the Valley had crossed the Potomac and had refitted for the advance into Virginia.

Necessary clothing was soon furnished, and within a week the regiment again crossed the Potomac for another advance up the Shenandoah Valley. This was the third and the last crossing at Williamsport into Virginia. This time, as in March, the crossing was made by ferry. The march the first day, June 2, was to Martinsburg, led by the Twentyeighth New York; the second day on through Winchester, where the command went into camp, about two miles south of the city. On this return a very bitter feeling was shown between the soldiers and the inhabitants of Winchester. Reports were general that many citizens had fired shots at the men on the retreat. and this was believed to be the case. The commanding officers, fearing that encounters would result, placed guards all along the route through the city. to prevent the men from leaving the ranks.

The sick and convalescents left in the hospital had been paroled by the Confederates, and were very glad to see the Stars and Stripes again. They crowded to the doors and windows, waving and shouting their welcome as the regiments marched through the city.

The division remained in camp near Winchester several days. The Tenth Maine, a splendid regiment, was now brigaded with the Twenty-eighth. The men were always good comrades, and the two regiments became very neighborly. Both were mustered out of service on the expiration of their time, about one year later. Many of the recruits of the Twenty-eighth subsequently joined the Tenth Maine Battalion.

June 9, the army marched to Front Royal. Here, on all sides, were the evidences of the recent severe engagement of Colonel Kenly's forces, and these showed he must have made a good resistance before he was overpowered.

On the 10th, camp was changed nearer the river, to one of the most lovely spots ever occupied by the Twenty-eighth. It is remembered for the beauty of its location. Front Royal is charmingly situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The scenery here is unsurpassed, and while the regiment remained the weather was most delightful.

Belle Boyd, who later obtained such notoriety as a spy, resided at Front Royal. Many officers made her acquaintance. How many of them, unwittingly, gave her, in exchange for her sweet smiles and brilliant wit, valuable information of Federal movements and numbers, to be at once sent into the Confederate lines, will never be known.

June 29, the brigade left camp at Front Royai, on a reconnoissance to Luray, and returned the next day, having marched over twenty miles. This movement into the Luray Valley, the same as the one on May 9 from New Market, was unproductive of results.

except in the wear on the muscles, soles, and patience of the men. It was another "Jackson scare," and, as usual, he was not found where he was expected.

July 6, the regiment took its last look at the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, the scene of operations for so long a time; the Twenty-eighth having entered it just a year before. The river was crossed by a rope ferry, and the men marched over the Blue Ridge Mountains, through Chester Gap to Amisville, where they encamped in an orchard, and remained several days. On the 11th, General Banks's forces moved on and went into camp three miles from Warrenton, joining General Pope's army, which was encamped near this place. On the 14th of July, the First Brigade marched toward Culpeper. fording the Hedgeman river, which was waist deep. The second day, the men passed through Sperryville and Woodville, reaching Culpeper Court House on the 16th of July, and camping near the town.

On the 17th, the brigade left Culpeper as support to General Hatch's cavalry, which was making a reconnoissance to Madison Court House. This force returned on the 21st, having marched over seventy miles through mountainous and unfrequented routes, encountering rainy weather nearly all the time. The regiments returned to Culpeper and occupied the same camp-ground left a few days previous; and here they remained about two weeks.

A large field of corn was adjoining this camp. The men found that the ears of corn were in fine condition to be used for roasting, and were not slow in appropriating some for their suppers, as the supply train with the rations had not arrived. The owner at once paid a visit to Colonel Donnelly, remonstrating at the action of the men. The interview was long and interesting,—the guard at the headquarters tent, who overheard the conversation, reports only the final words of the colonel to the loyal Virginian, which were as follows:

"If, as you say, you are a Union man, you ought to be willing to give a few ears of corn to half-starved soldiers, fighting to preserve the Union, and if, as I suspect, you are a rebel, you deserve to lose your entire crop."

The members of the Twenty-eighth look back to this camp with sad thoughts as the last one occupied as a full regiment. Here they were strong in numbers, in vigor and in confidence; veterans that had seen service. The Twenty-eighth was soon to be left a mere skeleton of the organization as it existed at this time.

General S. W. Crawford now commanded the brigade, consisting of the same tried and true regiments which had served in the Valley campaign. These were the Fifth Connecticut, Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, the Tenth Maine, but lately assigned, and the Twenty-eighth New York. These formed the First Brigade of the First Division. The best feeling always existed among these four regiments. It is seldom the experience of soldiers of different organizations to become so intimate and friendly as did this brigade in all occasions.

General Williams, the old brigade

leader, now commanded the division. The corps was commanded, as herefore, by General Banks, and designated the Second Corps, Army of Virginia. This was changed within a month to the Twelfth Corps, Army of the Potomac, which number it retained till the fall of 1863, when the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were consolidated and numbered the Twentieth; much to the regret and indignation of the men of the old Twelfth, who felt they had made a name and record of which any corps could be proud. And they have never forgiven the cruel order that took from them the number they loved so well and had made illustrious in the record of the War.

The army was now in command of a new general, who had come from the West with great promise. All sincerely hoped he would be successful. General Pope had been singularly unfortunate, however, in his introduction to the soldiers on taking command. The bombastic tone of his general orders, beginning with "Headquarters in the Saddle," had not been received with favor. He had said that he "desired the troops to dismiss from their minds certain phrases much in vogue"; under his leadership "only the backs of the enemy should be seen"; his "policy should be one of attack, and not of defense"; "all ideas of lines of retreat and bases of supplies must be discarded," and others of a like character. These soon became the jest of the soldiers, and were considered unjust and cruel reflections on the conduct of previous commanders.

The large Army of Virginia was

organized by the union of the forces of McDowell, Sigel, and Banks, and placed under the command of General Pope. This proved such a menace to the enemy that General Jackson, with Ewell's, Winder's, and A. P. Hill's divisions, started from Gordonsville on August 7, hoping to strike General Banks's corps, which was apart from the main force, at Culpeper before he could be reinforced from General Pope's army at Warrenton.

General Bayard's cavalry had a collision with the enemy, August 8, at Orange Court House, and the First Brigade was suddenly called from the camp-ground near Culpepper to support them. The men were full of enthusiasm, never in better spirits or condition. Conscious of their strength, they proudly started out, expectant and ready to meet the enemy. General Strother (Porte Cravon), an officer on Banks's staff, has written the following as to their appearance at this time: "As we entered Culpeper, Crawford's brigade was moving to the front, with drums beating and colors flying. It was the most inspiring sight I ever beheld. There were four regiments of infantry and two bat-The regiments were the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Fifth Connecticut, Tenth Maine, and Twentyeighth New York, with Roemer's and Knapp's batteries."

The day was extremely hot and the march a very hard one. Many cases of sunstroke occurred. The regiment moved to the vicinity of Cedar Mountain, where they went into bivouac for the night.

The mountain itself is nearly a mile distant, and was occupied only by the artillery of the Confederate army. From its commanding site a destructive fire was thrown into the Union lines. Here, also, General Jackson saw the entire movements of both armies.

It is also known as Slaughter's Mountain, the name of a prominent minister, Rev. Philip Slaughter, whose farm extended far up its side.

The advance of the enemy's cavalry had been encountered beyond Cedar Mountain and held in check by Bayard's Cavalry Division, which had moved back to this place and now reported the enemy approaching in force.

Orders were received from General Banks to hold the position until the arrival of the remainder of the corps. The entire force of the enemy was not yet on the field, and no attack was made during the night.

The morning of August 9 proved to be as hot as the preceding one had been. The artillery opened with occasional shots, while both armies were coming on the field and getting into position. Generals Banks and Williams arrived during the morning with the entire corps. The First Brigade was ordered to the right of the Culpeper road, in a piece of woods, facing a cleared wheat field, in which the grain was standing in shocks. Across this field was another skirt of woods, near which batteries of the enemy were posted. These kept up a scattering fire during the dav.

For several hours the action was between the artillery, with occasiona skirmishing. The sounds of occasional musketry and the batteries on the mountain, firing grape and canister, were heard by the regiments, lying in position behind the rail fence, in the edge of the woods waiting the order to advance.

The enemy could be seen in the opposite woods across the field in the front by those who went forward to reconnoiter, and great anxiety was manifested to capture the battery that was constantly firing from a position near these woods. This fire was directed to the forces of the Second Division on the left. this time a council was held in the woods by Generals Williams and Crawford, at which the commanding officer of the regiments in the First Brigade were present. At this meeting Colonel Knipe of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania was very anxious to charge on the battery, previously referred to, insisting that it could easily be captured.

This action was opposed by some officers as a very unwise movement until the enemy's forces were more fully ascertained, but it was finally decided to be done, by the commanding general.

And, as the result of this decision, at about five o'clock General Crawford was ordered to advance. He formed the Fifth Connecticut, Twenty-eighth New York and Forty-sixth Pennsylvania in line of battle, and, unfortunately, left the strongest regiment, the Tenth Maine, in reserve in the woods.

Preparatory to the movement he sent a staff officer for a section of artillery to shell the woods in the front, where the enemy was known to be in force.

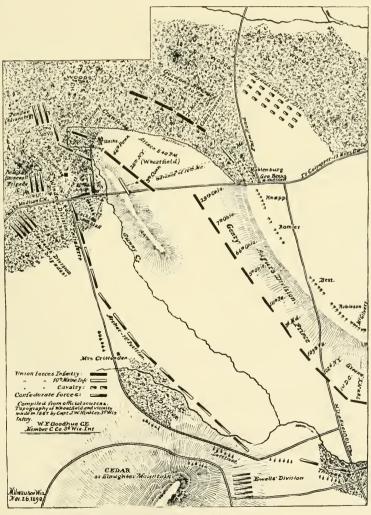
Before the officer could return General Banks ordered the movement to be made at once, and, following the colors of the regiment, borne by Sergeant Lewis of Company D, the men, throwing down the fence or leaping over it, with loud cheers, started across the open field, with fixed bayonets, at double quick, on that memorable charge that has no superior for valor, and but few equals in the losses sustained in proportion to the numbers engaged of any battle of the war.

The entire line was instantly met by a murderous fire from the front, and also from the right flank, where six companies of the Third Wisconsin had been ordered in, after the First Brigade had started, but had met with such resistance from the enemy and the nature of the ground that they could not keep pace with the advancing regiments. They encountered the Stonewall Brigade, consisting of the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia regiments, which was moving forward. This handful could not withstand the force of these overwhelming numbers, and after a brave resistance broke and retired to the rear. Their losses were very heavy. Lieutenant-Colonel Crane, the commanding officer, was killed and more than one fourth of their number was either killed or wounded. This left the right flank of the First Brigade entirely unprotected, as the Third Brigade (General Gordon's) on the right had not advanced with the First; greatly to the surprise of General Crawford, who

had expected it to move forward with him in the charge. The Confederates poured into the ranks their deadly fire, but the Twenty-eighth New York, with the Fifth Connecticut and Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, pressed on to the woods, and met the enemy in force, consisting of Campbell's Brigade of the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Forty-eighth Virginia regiments, the First Virginia Battalion, Taliaferro's Brigade

of the Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia, and the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments.

Here occurred a desperate hand to hand conflict. The Confederates could not withstand the onslaught, and they and their batteries were entirely routed and driven back on the reserves. The day seemed lost to the South. Jackson personally hastened to the front "amidst this fire



BATTLE ON CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

of hell," as it has been called by a Southern writer.

The situation at this juncture, described by Confederate historians, was a desperate one. They freely admit that the brigades of Taliaferro, Campbell and part of Early's line were driven back in confusion, their left turned, the artillery and the rear of their position entirely exposed. General Jackson, in his official report, designates this charge of the First Brigade as "the main body of the Federal infantry," and states, "they moved down from the wood through the corn and wheat fields, and fell with great vigor upon our extreme left, and by the force of superior numbers, bearing down all opposition, turned it and poured a destructive fire into its rear. Campbell's Brigade fell back in disorder. The enemy pushing forward, and the left flank of Taliaferro's brigade being by these movements exposed to a flank fire, fell back, as did also the left of Early's line, the remainder of his command holding its position with great firmness. During the advance of the enemy, the rear of the guns of Jackson's division becoming exposed they were withdrawn."

Had the three regiments been properly supported, the result of the Battle of Cedar Mountain would have proved a Union victory. In vain do they look for reinforcements. Starting with about 1,200 men, they had wasted themselves in their superhuman effort. Assailed by two fresh brigades in front, flank, and rear, the men were compelled to cut their way back across the field over which they had advanced.

Colonel Donnelly was mortally wounded before he reached the woods, and was taken from the field by his orderly supporting him on his horse. Colonel Brown had his left arm shattered and was taken prisoner. While being conducted to the rear, a wounded man of the Fifth Connecticut, lying on the field, was brutally ordered by the soldier who had the colonel in charge to go with them. This he was unable to do, as he was wounded in both legs. The Confederate proceeded with his prisoner, when suddenly the colonel heard the sound of a bullet close to his head, and his captor fell at his feet, having been shot by the wounded man just left. The colonel started at once to recross the field, but, weak from the loss of blood, he would have been unable to reach the lines had not Colonel Andrews of the Second Massachusetts, which was drawn up in line, sent a corporal from his regiment to assist him. Colonel Brown was removed to the field hospital for the night, and the next day sent to Culpeper, where his arm was amputated.

Major Cook was taken prisoner; Adjutant Sprout was killed, his body being found in advance of the farthest point reached by any of the men, surrounded by several Confederates, who had, undoubtedly, fallen by his hand.

Of the eighteen officers of the Twenty-eighth, who started to cross that bloody field, seventeen were either killed, wounded, or captured. Of the 339 enlisted men who went into the action, the loss was 196; more than half the number engaged.

The Tenth Maine and Third Brigade was now advanced, only to share the same fate. The remnants of the division retired to their original positions until ordered from the field with the corps, which movement was made after dark.

The action on the left, by Auger's division, had been a desperate battle, but, overpowered by numbers, it had been withdrawn, and the entire army fell back, leaving the field covered with the dead. The enemy followed cautiously, and maintained a fearful cannonading during the night.

The result of the Battle of Cedar Mountain was, to both armies, a costly sacrifice of human life. The enemy had possession of the battle-field, and have always claimed the victory. The forces under General Jackson, by the best authorities, were 27,000 men of all arms, of which 25,000 were present in the action.

General Banks's forces, as officially stated, were 6,289 infantry, thirty guns, and 1,200 cavalry, aggregating less than 8,000, or one-third the force of the enemy. The losses of General Banks's corps in this battle were 2,216 killed, wounded, and missing, of which the First Brigade lost 867.

The loss of officers in the three regiments making the charge was seldom equalled in the history of the war. Every field officer was either killed, wounded, or captured; and all but seven of the line officers. "This loss speaks better than words of the heroism of the charge," wrote General Williams in his official report. The enemy acknowledged 1,276 killed and wounded, and gave no report of the missing; hence, the generally

accepted estimate that the losses of the Southern army were fully equal to those of the Union, is, undoubtedly, correct. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses of the War," writes: "The Battle of Cedar Mountain was fought by General Banks's corps alone and unassisted, and the record shows that the two divisions did there some of the best fighting of the war."

Colonel Packer, of the Fifth Connecticut, says of the Battle of Cedar Mountain: "About 2 p. m. the regiment moved into position, and at 4 p. m. we commenced that fearful charge which cost us so many lives, and maimed so many brave heroes for life. Pen and thought combined cannot do this subject justice. It was as if the men had deliberately walked into a fiery furnace, and I only wonder how any escaped from certain death upon that field."

The responsibility of throwing this little army corps, with no reserves at hand, against an enemy well posted, and of three times its number, when an army of over 20.000 men was within easy marching distance, is one that had always been in question. The Battle of Cedar Mountain has been called "one of the greatest blunders, and one of the most wicked, useless, and unnecessary sacrifices of human life that the history of the war affords."

General Banks justifies the battle by the order received from General Pope, that he was to "attack the enemy as soon as he approaches, and be reinforced from Culpeper." That he was not so reinforced, and that General Pope remained at Culpeper during the day, until too late to render any assistance, is a matter of history. No doubt, neither of these generals thought the enemy had so large a force on the field. General Pope had told General Banks that "there must be no backing out this day, and also that the policy was to be one of attack, and not defense."

He undoubtedly forced the battle on the impulse of this sting instead of his better judgment. If he wished to show to the country that his division, which had retreated in the Shenandoah Valley—by his order—would as readily obey an order to fight, he must have been greatly elated, "for, upon the order to attack, they burst upon the foe with a valor so splendid and devoted, that criticism is silenced in admiration, and History will mark the day at Cedar Mountain as one of the proudest upon her illustrious record."

General Pope, in a report to General Halleck on the 11th, said, "The fight was precipitated by Banks, who attacked instead of waiting, as I directed him." General Crawford states in regard to this controversy between Generals Pope and Banks, that, "it was evidently Pope's intention that the enemy should be checked until he was ready to attack, and that no general battle should be fought until his forces were in hand. But Jackson would not wait, and Banks could do no more than he did." Also, "that General Gordon, on our right flank, did not move up the Third Brigade promptly in line, and make the attack with him."

In regard to the fighting of the

brigade, General Pope writes to the War Department, "No greater gallantry and daring could be exhibited by any troops." General Halleck responded in the following congratulatory address, which was read to each regiment in the army: "General Pope: Your telegram of last evening is most satisfactory, and I congratulate you and your army, and particularly General Banks and his corps, on your hard-earned but brilliant success against vastly superior numbers. Your troops have covered themselves with glory, and Cedar Mountain will be known in history as one of the great battlefields of the

General Pope added, that he was "delighted and astonished at the gallant and intrepid conduct of General Banks's Corps." He does not state the grounds for his "astonishment."

No soldier of the Twenty-eighth New York can refer to Cedar Mountain without feelings of sadness, as every member of the regiment here lost a personal friend or close companion.

The list of the dead and wounded contains some interesting facts. In Company D were three pairs of brothers who fought side by side, and in each, one fell and the other escaped death, but suffered wounds or capture. David Sanderson was killed and his brother Frank escaped. Perry Gilbert was shot, and Martin was desperately wounded. Royal White also met a hero's death, while Newton was captured and sent to Richmond.

On the second day after the battle, under a flag of truce, details of men

who were sent to bury the dead, were amazed to find the Union wounded not yet cared for. They had lain on the field, in the terrible heat, with little shelter, and no medical attention or food, for more than thirty-six hours. The sufferings and horrors of this time before relief came, cannot be described nor fully realized.

The enemy had possession of the battlefield and had cared for their own wounded, but left the Union men lying where they fell. Some humane Confederates had brought water and built shelters of boughs to protect a few of the wounded from the hot sun, while others, more ghouls than human, had robbed both dead and wounded of all their valuables, shoes and clothing, leaving many nearly naked.

It is hoped this was not done with the knowledge of the Confederate officers. They must have known, however, that the Union wounded had not been cared for, and the only excuse for this criminal neglect is that a large portion of the Southern army had withdrawn from the field the day after the battle, and had left only sufficient numbers to maintain a show of force in front of the Union lines.

Under the truce, the wounded were cared for and removed to the hospitals at Culpeper. The dead were buried in one large grave. Many of them had become so discolored by the intense heat that they could not be recognized. Instances of mistaken identity occurred here. The members of Company G, who were looking for Lieutenant Kenyon,

found a body supposed to be his, and buried it, marking the grave with his name. Later, he returned with the paroled prisoners, and it was found the body was that of Lieutenant Dutton of the Fifth Connecticut, son of Judge Dutton, who had the remains removed to his native state. In this manner many absent comrades were sought for among the wounded and the dead, and when not found were supposed to be prisoners. But when the months passed away, and the missing ones did not return, the sad truth that had been feared from the first was forced upon all, that they had fallen on the field of their heroism, and were buried with the unknown.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won.
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain.

With saddened hearts and thinned ranks the regiment retraced its steps to its old camp-ground north of Culpeper Court House. Here the wounded were gathered churches and other buildings, used as hospitals, and here Colonel Donnelly died from his wounds on August 15. His body was escorted to the station by the few who remained of the regiment. Only sixty-four were left to perform this sad duty to their loved commander. buried in Lockport three days later, in the beautiful cemetery where sub sequently the survivors of the regiment erected a suitable monument to his memory.

When the army fell back from Culpeper, Colonel Brown, Captain Warren, and many other wounded of the Twenty-eighth, unable to be moved, were left in the hospital, with the severely wounded of the division in charge of Surgeon Helmer. When the Confederate army occupied this place, they were taken prisoners, and later sent to Richmond.

Among the few army surgeons was the patriotic and noble citizen, Dr. S. F. Benjamin, who had left his home at Medina, N. Y., to care for the wounded. He voluntarily remained with them, and was also taken to Richmond as a prisoner. He had a severe experience there, being tried as a civilian prisoner under suspicion of being a spy, but was finally released.

Company E, of the Twenty-eighth regiment, which had been provost guard at Culpeper, returned to the regiment soon, and still but one battalion was present. The men were consolidated into four companies. some of which had to be commanded by sergeants. On the 13th, all that was left of the brigade was reviewed by General Crawford, the Twentyeighth mustering only seventy-eight men. The general made an address on the heroism displayed by the brigade in the recent battle, and did not deem it unsoldierly nor unmanly to shed tears, in speaking of the dead.

Division review followed the next day, and on the 18th, with three days' cooked rations, the regiment left Culpeper, with the army of Vir-

ginia, in Pope's retrograde movement toward Washington.

On this campaign, the Twelfth corps was in reserve, or guarding immense baggage trains, and consequently was not engaged in any important battle. Part of the forces, however, had several skirmishes while supporting General Sigel's corps.

On the 19th, the regiment crossed the Rappahannock, and for many days moved up and down that river. On the 23d, while halted in a field, General Sigel's troops passed. It was a very amusing sight to see his "Jackass Batteries." There were "jacks" of all sizes and colors; each had a curious device that looked like a saw-buck strapped to his back, on which was the gun, of some two-pounds calibre. These did not prove very successful, and were not generally used by the army.

From a German, who was leading one of the animals, on inquiring if this style of artillery was effective, was learned that it was, "If de tam mule did not go off before de gun did."

August 24th, the command moved to Sulphur Springs, and the next day to Waterloo Bridge. Soon the march was continued, via Warrenton Junction and Catlets Station to Manassas, which place was reached August 30th. The weather during this march was exceedingly hot, and the suffering was great.

On arriving at Manassas, the regiment was ordered back to Bristoe Station to protect the cars there. Sounds of the heavy firing at the Battle of Second Bull Run, but three

miles away to the north, could be plainly heard, and the news came that a severe engagement was in progress. The next morning came the order to fire the trains and destroy all regimental wagons, except two ambulances. This action told too plainly the result of the desperate battle fought the day before. The goods destroyed were greatly



CHARLES LUREMAN.

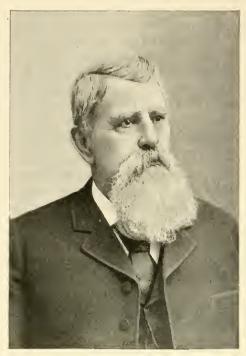
needed, still the command must be obeyed. Many locomotives, a hundred loaded cars, extending down the track for half a mile, with all their contents of army provisions, ammunition, and hospital supplies, costing the government millions of dollars, were consigned to the flames. When the fire reached the cars of ammunition, the explosion could be heard for miles. The burning of

the railroad bridge over the Broad Run by the enemy on the 27th had prevented the withdrawal of these stores. A force of engineers had been busily engaged rebuilding this bridge, but had not yet completed it.

Undoubtedly the Confederates secured much from the half-burned cars, as they were wet from recent rains, and it was difficult to destroy them. Even after the cars were on fire, many of the soldiers climbed into them, and by using their bayonets, opened boxes and carried from the wreckage many articles of clothing. It was a comical sight to see the cavalry use the government trousers as saddlebags, which they stuffed full, and carried away astride their horses.

Leaving this scene of destruction, the regiment marched to Centreville, where the defeated army of General Pope was concentrated. The next day, September I, the retreat continued to Fairfax.

CHARLES LUREMAN, Wendellville, N. Y., born in Germany, September 16, 1843; mustered in, May 22, 1861, as private in Company A, Twentyeighth New York; captured at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862; paroled at Aiken's Landing, September 13, 1862; mustered out, June 2, 1863; re-enlisted in Company A, Second New York Mounted Rifles, January 4, 1864; wounded in action, September 4, 1864, and April 4. 1865; discharged at Buffalo, N. Y., August 10, 1865. Is engaged in farming in the town of Pendleton, Niagara county, N. Y.



PETER V. KELCHNER.

PETER B. KELCHNER, Renfrew, Pa., born in Turbot Township, Northumberland county, Pa., December 31, 1831; enlisted April 17, 1861, at Lockport, N. Y.; mustered in, May 22, 1861, as sergeant, Company B, Twenty-eighth New York; promoted first sergeant, March 13, 1862; second lieutenant, May 6, 1863; seriously wounded in the left thigh at the Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862; mustered out, June 2, 1863; re-enlisted, January 24, 1864. first lieutenant Company C, Second Mounted Rifles; promoted captain, Company A, September 29, 1864. In command of the regiment under Sheridan, in the pursuit of General Lee, from March 31, 1865, when Major Chadbourne, of the First Maine Cavalry, was wounded, till the morning of April 9, 1865, when

Colonel Fisk joined the regiment; performed provost duty at Buckingham Court House, Va.; mustered out of service at Buffalo, N. Y., August 26, 1865. Has been engaged in the oil business in Pennsylvania since 1868, with variable success.

WILLIAM P. WARREN, Saginaw. (East Side), Mich., born at Beekmantown, Clinton county, N. Y., October 4, 1832; mustered in, May 22, 1861, as first lieutenant, in Company C, Twenty-eighth New York; on recruiting service at Lockport, N. Y., October 14, 1861, to January 1, 1862; acting adjutant, February 1, 1862, to May, 1862; in command of company from May, 1862, until August 9, 1862; was severely wounded in action at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862, receiving



WILLIAM P. WARREN.



JOHN M. HILL.

six wounds, and being left on the field for dead; removed under "flag of truce," August 11; left Culpeper, Va., August 19, 1862. and captured; taken to Libby Prison; paroled and exchanged, March, 1863; promoted captain, May 22, 1863; re-enlisted, August, 1863, as adjutant of Second New York Mounted Rifles; discharged as brevet major, September 7, 1864. Mr. Warren is a United States claim attorney, at Saginaw, Mich.

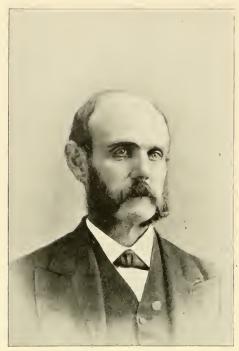
JOHN M. HILL, Maple Grove, Jasper county, Mo., born in Ontario, July 25. 1838; mustered in, May 22, 1861, as corporal in Company C-Twenty-eighth New York; had a severe attack of measles, which from exposure left him unfitted for a sol, dier's life; discharged for disability,

July 24, 1861, at Washington, D. C.; he recovered his health, and re-enlisted in the same company, November 1, 1861; detached in Pioneer corps, April 7, 1862; was captured at Front Royal, Va., May 23, 1862; paroled at Aiken's Landing, Va., September 13, 1862; mustered out, June 2, 1863; re-enlisted in Second New York Mounted Rifles, October 10, 1863; mustered out, August 10. 1865, as first lieutenant and regimental commissary. Has been engaged in farming, fruit, and stock raising since 1867, in Jasper county, Mo.

WILLIAM LUFF, North Ridge, Niagara county, N. Y., born at St. Ives, England, August 10, 1842; came to America, July 1, 1857; enlisted April 28, 1861; mustered in, May



WILLIAM LUFF.



JAMES W. MOORE.

22, 1861, as private in Company C, Twenty-eighth New York; detached in ambulance corps, October 29, 1862, to December 31, 1862; received injuries in leg at Fairfax Station, Va., December 29, 1862; mustered out, June 2, 1863; re-enlisted, December 29, 1863, in Company C, Second New York Mounted Rifles, as sergeant; mustered out, August 10, 1865, at City Point, Va. Has resided at North Ridge, N. Y., since the war, engaged in farming.

James W. Moore. Victor, N. Y., born in Victor, N. Y., September 23, 1836; mustered in, May 22, 1861, private Company E, Twenty-eighth New York; promoted corporal July 25, 1862; mustered out, June 2, 1863; re-enlisted as private, Company K, Second New York Cavalry, Septem-

ber 8, 1864; promoted commissary sergeant, October 26, 1864; discharged at Alexandria, Va., June 5, 1865. Mr. Moore spent four years atter the war in Indiana and Michigan. Then he returned to Victor, where he has since resided. His occupation is carpenter and builder. About three years ago he was disabled by a paralytic stroke on the left side.

WILLIAM H. MAPES, 824 Union street, Emporia, Kan., born at Lockport, N. Y., January 19, 1838; mustered in, May 22, 1861, as captain of Company C, Twenty-eighth New York, commanding Pioneer corps from April 15, 1862, to June 1, 1862; commanding regiment, September 4, 1862, to November 1, 1862; resigned,



WILLIAM H. MAPES.

November 6, 1862; re-entered the service, November 2, 1863, as captain of Company I, Second New York Mounted Rifles; promoted major First battalion, February 4, 1864; captured, September 30, 1864, at Pegram's Farm, Va.; paroled,

February 22, 1865; mustered out, August 10, 1865. Mr. Mapes resides at Emporia, Kan., where he is county commissioner of First District, Lyon county. He is a member of Preston B. Plumb Post, No. 55, at Emporia.

ECHOES.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FOURTH MAS-SACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

George M. Lovering writes:

The Fourth Massachusetts Infantry, at the breaking out of the late Civil War was a militia regiment commanded by Colonel Abner B. Packard of Quincy, in response to the call of the president for 75,000 men, and Special Order No. 14 of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, as follows:

Boston, Mass., April 15, 1861. Sir:—I am directed by his excellency, the commander-in-chief, to order you to muster your command on Boston common forthwith, in compliance with a requisition made by the president of the United States. The troops are to go to Washington.

By order of his excellency,

John A. Andrew,

Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM SCHOULER,

Adjutant-General.

The regiment assembled at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on the morning of Tuesday, April 16, 1861, where we were quartered until the afternoon of the 17th, when, having been equipped with new Springfield rifles, overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and underclothing, we were marched to the state house, and received Governor

Andrew's "God-speed and farewell," thence to the Old Colony Depot, where we took train for Fall River, went on board the steamer State of Maine, and steamed for New York city, and then proceeded on our way South. Saturday, the 20th, we lay to till sunrise, between Capes Charles and Henry, not having dared to venture into Hampton Roads during the night, not knowing whether the government forces or the rebels were in possession of Fortress Monroe. We waited with throbbing hearts and trembling uncertainty the appearance of the colors on the flag-staff within the fortress. As the sun rose. "Old Glory" broke its folds to the delicious morning breeze, and the starry banner also went to the masthead on the steamer, and we broke into loud cheers. The steamer was at once put in motion for the landing at the fortress, where we were received and heartily greeted by the officers and men of the garrison, and assigned to quarters. The regiment remained at the fort a short time, assisting in mounting many heavy guns from the yard outside, getting quartermaster's and commissary stores from vessels discharging at the wharves to storerooms within the fort, and other duties

incidental to the time and place, when we were ordered to Newport News, where, with the First Vermont, Colonel Phelps, Tenth New York, Colonel Bendix, and Hawkins's Zouaves, Colonel Hawkins, we proceeded to erect breastworks and otherwise fortify and prepare the place for offense or defense; from there to Hampton for two or three weeks, when we were ordered home for discharge and muster out, were mustered out at Long Island, Boston harbor, July 22, 1861.

In the fall of '62, the regiment assembled in camp at Lakeside, Mass., where it was reorganized, and was mustered into the United States service, September 23, with Henry Walker, colonel, Eben T. Colby, lieutenant-colonel, Charles F. Howard, major. Left camp, December 27, arrived at Carrollton, La., early in February, and went into camp; left camp March 6, arrived at Baton Rouge March 8, took part in the demonstration in rear of Port Hudson March 13 to 20, when it returned to Baton Rouge. It remained till April 3, when we went on board the steamer Nassau, the identical steamer in which Mason and Slidell ran the blockade, and proceeded down the river, arriving at Algiers the same evening. April 7, broke camp and took cars for Brashear City; April 11, took up march in direction of Opelousas; 12 and 13, Battle of Bisland and Irish Bend; followed up the retreating rebels to Franklin, when we were ordered to return to Brashear City for garrison duty, which place we reached on the 17th,

where we remained till May 30, when we left for Port Hudson, arriving on the night of June 1. Took part in the assault on the works on the 14th, with great loss in killed and wounded. July 9, marched inside the works and guarded the prisoners until their paroles could be executed. August 3, received orders to turn over guns and equipments and go on board steamer *North America* for Cairo, homeward bound. We were mustered out at Lakeville, Mass., August 28, 1863, after eleven months' and five days' service.

SAMUEL O. BRYANT.

Captain Samuel O. Bryant was born at Machias, March 4, 1842, and spent his early youth about home. When only nineteen years of age, he enlisted in Company C of the Sixth Maine regiment, with which he gallantly served throughout the war. At the close of the Rebellion, he returned to this state, and in May, 1868, became associated with the Portland & Machias Steamboat company. He has served successfully in all departments from the lowest notch to the present responsible position which he holds. Five years ago when the Jones was built he was appointed first pilot, and upon the death of Captain Dennison, he was promoted to the vacancy thus caused. He is a member of the G. A. R. In marine circles he also stands high. He is universally conceded one of the best navigators on the New England coast. Captain Bryant has two sons. His wife died some years ago.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN V.

APRIL, 1898.

CALL 2.

ECHOES.

Be thine the ringing tone, the swelling cheer!

Loud let the challenge sound from slope to plain

Till all the vales and mountain tops shall hear.
An answer to the Bugle call of Maine.

A BIT OF COMFORT TO SOME LIVING COMPANY F BOY.

Edwin A. Freese, late of Company F, Thirty-first Maine Infantry, of South Framingham, Mass., writes:

You of course think I am taking my own time to make payment for the Bugle, and most certainly you are right. I have been steadily at work all these months, but working for a poor paymaster (myself) but I have not forgotten the needs of the treasurer of the Bugle.

I should be very much disappointed to be obliged to get along without its four issues during the year, and if I fail to send the price of it when needed, or when you ask for it, do not think that I mean to allow it to stop; I rather go without my "Sunday shoes" four times a year, than without the Bugle. I mean to send you a letter for publication sometime (for though it be worthless), it might bring a bit of comfort to some living Company F boy.

ONE OF THE OLD BOYS FROM MAINE.

Charles H. Mero, late of Company E, Twentieth Maine Infantry, Room 416 N. Y. Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

Will pay now to October '98. I trust remittances of this kind will be in order at most any time. I enjoy reading the Bugle very much, and want you to send it to me as long as it is published.

I suppose you see my comrade, S. L. Miller of Waldoboro, occasionally. We were in the same company. had a nice visit from him and from Colonel Carver of your city, during the National Encampment at St. The worst trouble I had with the colonel was to keep him from getting mashed on our western ladies. I wish you would give him my kindest regards. We also had a very nice visit about four weeks ago from General Chamberlain. He came to our city on business, and the Maine boys were all glad to meet him. We made it pretty lively for him while he was here. I had not seen the general but once since the war, and that was at Portland at the National Encampment. In writing to you, my mind reverts back to the old boys in Maine and I cannot refrain from speaking about them. I should like to meet all of my old comrades of the Twentieth Maine, but I do not expect to do so until we all get into camp in the great beyond.

ANDERSONVILLE.

J. B. Walker of Great Works, Me., late of Company I. Nineteenth Maine Infantry, writes:

In regard to my life in Andersonville prison I can only say that it is the same old story. We were taken near Petersburg, Va., June 22, 1864. We were surrounded by the enemy while on the picket line; nearly all of my regiment was taken at that time; there were only about ninety of us in the regiment fit for duty the day we were captured. We were taken to Richmond and there confined for about a week, and then sent to Georgia, where we were confined in Andersonville prison for the most of the time until April 28, 1865. We were taken out once and removed to Millen, Ga., for about three weeks, and at another time we were taken out and hid in the woods to keep us out of Sherman's way. I have not the command of language to tell the horrors of that prison pen; we all suffered a thousand deaths and vet I am alive still. I have never seen anything written or printed about that prison that told it any worse than it was, but I will not attempt to write any more. I forgot to mention that at this time I was a member of Captain E. A. Burpee's Company

I, Nineteenth Maine Infantry. I would like very much to see the gallant captain, who I believe was as brave an officer as ever drew his sword in defence of his country.

THIRD PERSON ENROLLED IN COM-PANY A'S ROLLS, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

Joseph W. Sylvester, Company A, First Maine Cavalry of Etna, writes:

In looking over the list of comrades of the First Maine Cavalry I found a lot of comrades who have died since the history was published. I was the third one that put my name on the rolls of Company A; went with them and came back with them. I saw you when you fell wounded from your horse at Middletown. You will find five of Company A's old members went out with the regiment and have died at home, viz.: John P. Cram, Company A; John H. Head, Company A; James Jones, Company A; James Parks, Company A: Harris G. Webber, Company A; John Coffin, Company G; Orrin L. Garrett, Company F; Daniel Leathers, Company M; William R. Locke, Company C.

THE FIRST GUN AT APPOMATTOX.

Stephen Tripp, captain Co. K. 11th Penn. Cav., of Ottawa, Kan., writes:

If you desire it I can give you a paper on the operations of the Cavalry Brigade of the Department of Southeastern Virginia, in June, 1863, giving an account of the capture or rather taking prisoner of General W. H. F. Lee, near Hanover court house on the 26th of June.

In reading your regimental history, I find there are conflicting claims as to what regiment fired the first shot at Appomattox court house, April 9th, 1865. I see that your Colonel Smith claims it for the First Maine Cavalry, while Captain Thompson J. Elliot of Morrill, Brown county, Kansas, claims that his squadron of our regiment was the first one to engage the rebels on Captain Elliot says that occasion. that he was sent to the front about one o'clock on the morning of the oth, and that he deployed his squadron directly in front of the enemy who attacked him about daylight. Your poet (by courtesy) says at the beginning of the sixth verse, page 430, "With dawn's first light the fight commenced," which would make the attack on your regiment simultaneous with the one on Captain Elliott's squadron, but I infer from your remarks on page 437 that the attack did not begin until some time after sunrise.

You speak of losing one of "our battery guns." By this I suppose that you allude to the gun of Battery "M," First U. S. Artillery, which was lost that morning. Captain Elliott says that his squadron was deployed near the section of the battery which lost the gun. The captain farther states that he was put into position by an aid of General Sheridan's and that he asked the aid if he (the captain) was expected to defend the two guns, and that the aid replied, "Contest every inch of ground and let the guns go to hell."

I am inclined to think that the captain is mistaken as to the aid

being one of Sheridan's. I think it must have been one of General Crook's as our cavalry command of the Army of the James had been reduced from a division to a brigade just about that time, and the brigade was temporarily assigned to Crook's division for the day probably. Lieutenant Weaver of Co. M, of our regiment, claims that the squadron to which his company belonged was the first to engage the enemy, and brings documentary proof in shape of a lost property affidavit, made shortly after the surrender, to show that his squadron first engaged the enemy at about seven o'clock, which must have been nearly, if not all, of two hours after daylight. But this does not agree with any account I have read as to the hour the attack was made.—nearly all, except probably yourself, put it at a considerably earlier hour.

The only rebel account of the affair I have at hand is "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee." by General H. L. Long of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. On page 420, Long says, "At three o'clock on the morning of the oth of April the Confederates moved silently forward. The advance reached the heights a little beyond the court house at dawn, found that the route was obstructed by a large force of Federal cavalry. Gordon then deployed the second corps, now less than 2,000 strong, and supported by thirty pieces of artillery under General Long with Fitz Lee's cavalry on the flank. . . A well-directed fire from the artillery and an attack from the cavalry quickly dislodged the force in front." But I can't see that the cavalry was dislodged so easily by Fitz Lee. If Gordon's attack was made at or a little after dawn, which was not far from five o'clock, for it took him in the neighborhood of four hours to drive it something over a mile (it could not have been over one and a half miles at the outside) which I would call a pretty stiff resistance. I say four hours, for General Whitaker of General Custer's staff writes me that the flag of truce came to Custer's lines not far from nine o'clock.

The fact of the business is, I don't think that any of us stopped to think much about what transpired before the white flag was raised by the enemy; we were too much overjoyed by the event of the afternoon to think much about the forenoon until we had forgotten a good deal about There is one criticism I want to make on the history. On page 245, Tobie says that "Captain Chadbourne of Co. I, with a detachment of forty-two men, was sent on an expedition to King and Queen court house." The fact is Kilpatrick took his whole command and ours, too, to King and Queen court house and burned the place in retaliation for Colonel Dahlgren's fate. Our regiment had a fight with the Ninth Virginia Cavalry on that occasion. It was the first time we ever met any of the cavalry of Lee's army. We thought we came out ahead and felt very proud thereof.

Note.—The exact position of the various regiments at Appomattox has never been ascertained. The reason appears in the above letter,

"We were overjoyed." If Captain Elliot will locate his position on the map of the field, he will find his squadron to the left of the Lynchburg pike, and a mile or so from "the heights a little beyond the court house" mentioned by General Long. These heights were curtained by woods. The Third brigade lay one side of the woods, while Gordon deployed his men on the other side out of our view. Fitz Lee's cavalry passed the left flank of the First Maine Cavalry beyond the range of their carbines, and were an hour or so in passing. This cavalry must have been the force which Captain Elliot met. The gun spoken of in the history of the First Maine Cavalry was not one of the two guns near Captain Elliot's squadron. It was not a gun of the Third Brigade, and where it belonged has never been determined. The question of exact time is always an obscure matter to every active participant in battle but the record of that eventful morn must show that the early rebel advance found the Third brigade of Crook's division "on the heights a little beyond the court house," also that one of the guns of this same brigade woke the rebel camp by dropping a shot or two into their midst. One effect of this shot is described by Smith Cooley of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, in the January Bugle of 1893, page 78.

The force deployed by General Gordon advanced in the direct front of the Third Brigade, extending far beyond either flank. This force that brigade held in check, and when obliged to retire, went back slowly and gracefully. One regiment of that brigade, the First Maine Cavalry, losing seven men killed or mortally wounded. Corporal Benjamin Wood of Co. C, who lost his arm that morning, and was left on the field, says the rebel artillery was brought forward and occupied the ground his regiment and the brigade

had held from midnight till its work was accomplished.—[ED.

BACK NUMBERS CAN BE HAD.

S. S. Brown, room 225, Kasota block, Minneapolis, Minn, late of Company K, Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry, writes:

Kindly inform me if the MAINE BUGLE is still published, and if so can I have all the numbers commencing with January, 1894, and up to this time?

This hour is the first time I have known there was such a publication. I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry and I want the BUGLE if I can have the back numbers.

Note.—Back numbers from the beginning can be supplied to a limited extent.—[ED.

A VETERAN'S BADGE.

The following from the Northfield (Minn.) *Independent*, will be of much interest to the many friends of Commander J. F. Wyman, who was formerly a resident of Rockport, Maine:

"Commander J. F. Wyman is wearing a handsome badge, which has more meaning in it than would be recognized at first sight by a person not posted in army matters. It is one that he received from his comrades of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, which was stationed on Morris island, Charleston harbor, during the operations in that vicinity. While there a solid shot was fired from a Brooks rifle in the rebel Battery B, on Sullivan island, passing directly over the United States ironclad, New Ironsides, and anded in the works of Mr. Wyman s

regiment. Part of it was secured and preserved as a memento, and at the last regimental reunion Captain George L. Smith presented to the survivors handsome badges, made in part from the copper rim of the shell fired at them on Morris island. Around the outside of the badge are the letters '3d R. I. H. A. Vet. Ass'n,' and in the center is the design of the badge of the Tenth Army Corps, to which the regiment belonged, in red, the artillery color."

It was through the courtesy of Commander J. S. Fuller, Esq., of the Rockport G. A. R. Post we are able to give the above.

SERVICE IN THE SEVENTH MAINE IN-FANTRY.

John E. Crawford of Fort Jones, California, writes:

On the seventh of August, 1861, I left North Warren and went to Augusta, arriving there at four p. m. I went immediately to the recruiting office. I found Sergeant Cook in charge, and after signing the rolls he said, "You won't begin work before morning it is so late now." It was evident that I had struck an honest, old farmer, as all my papers bear the date of August 8, 1861. I was assigned to Company B, Seventh Maine Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Captain J. P. Jones of China, Maine, and well-known as the fighting Quaker, a brave and good man; he was killed in the fight with Early in front of Washington. Our First Lieutenant, Haskell, we saw but little of. Second Lieutenant Eli H. Webber was always with the company and was loved by all who knew

100 ECHOES.

him. After two or three weeks' drill the regiment was filled to ten full companies, and we left Augusta and arrived in Baltimore, Maryland, early in September. Before entering the city some of the companies loaded their rifles with ball cartridges, so as not to be surprised like the Sixth Massachusetts. We were hissed at from all sides, but had no trouble in reaching our eamp, which was in Belleview garden, near the center of the city. We stayed there only two weeks and then went to Patterson park, just east of the city,—here we had a most beautiful camp. The city became quiet and we could go in small squads anywhere without being hissed at. The last of September we moved one mile east, and drilled and built earth forts until the last of October, and then came the order to join the Army of the Potomac, which we did after the usual marching and countermarching and a review by General Scott, as we passed through Washington. Our first colonel, Marshall, died while we were in Baltimore. Captain Mason, of the regular army, then became our colonel, a thorough drill-master, who was so ably seconded by Lieutenantcolonel Connor, who afterwards became a brigadier-general and governor of Maine.

Aside from the little fight of Drainsville and General McClellan's grand review at Bailey's Cross Roads, nothing of note occurred to break the cold monotony of drill, mud, and picket, until the 4th of March, 1862, when nearly all the army moved to the Peninsular where we arrived one day after the fight with the *Monitor*

and Merrimae. We camped on the James just above Newport News. Here we had the pleasure of visiting friends in other regiments (which was a treat to me for there was not a single person in the regiment that I had ever met before joining it). April 4th, we moved up the James, and on the 5th we encountered the enemy at Warwick Creek and as we came to an open field the regiment halted, being in line of skirmish; we closed to about six feet and a section of light battery took a position in front of Co. B. After a few shots, the enemy opened on us with 12-pound guns, and the third shot they fired killed Joseph Pepper of Bath, as he was standing between Nelson Fales (that family of fighters) of Thomaston and myself.

It was said at the time that Comrade Pepper was the first man killed on the advance up the Peninsula. This was the beginning of the siege of Yorktown, which was uneventful so far as our regiment was concerned. On the 3d of May the Johnnies took a quiet leave of the place, and on the 4th we started, encountering them at Williamsburg on the 5th. Here the fight lasted all day; just at night the Seventh Maine and Sixth Wisconsin Infantry charged the left of the enemy and completely routed them. The 6th found us camped on the battlefield where General McClellan complimented the Seventh Maine and Sixth Wisconsin by saying, "Comrades and soldiers, my words are feeble, but from the bottom of my heart I thank you for your gallant conduct yesterday." On the 7th of May we started again for

Richmond, and soon arrived at White House Landing, where the whole army was encamped, and as we passed over a high piece of ground, I thought it the grandest sight ever seen of the many encampments of the army.

Our advance was not checked until we reached the Chickahominy. On the 24th our brigade drove the enemy out of Mechanicsville, and got a view of Richmond, only three miles away (and it proved to be my last until July 4, 1865). In this engagement our loss was light. Our Colonel Mason was badly hurt by being thrown from his horse, a shell bursting under him. Our division, A. J. Smith's, supported General Segwick's in the Battle of Fair Oaks, and helped to bury the dead the next day, here I was taken sick with brain fever, and after two months' sickness I was discharged from the gallant old Seventh Maine Volunteers on July 24, at Philadelphia.

A MAINE MAN DID IT.

C. A. Stanchfield of Creston, Iowa, writes:

If you and others who are working with you in publishing the Bugle could know of the pleasure it gives those of us from Maine, who are scattered all over the country, to read the Bugle it would recompense you in a great measure for the work you do. I wish every native of Maine would read it. I notice Colonel Augustus C. Hamlin regrets that Major Pierce of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry Regiment sabered more men than any one in the First Maine, but that is all right, for

Major Pierce was a Maine man from Belfast: was an expert swordsman. I knew him well and the report is true. Keep up the good work, for it teaches patriotism to all the people thereof.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

Colonel and Mrs. Lorenzo D. Carver celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, at their home in Rockland, November 8.

The rooms were elaborately decorated with palms, flowers, and evergreen. The bay window in the parlor was surmounted by an arch of evergreen and chrysanthemums, knotted with bows of yellow ribbon. Across the arch were the figures "'47-'97" in white. It was under this arch that Colonel and Mrs. Carver received.

The music room was occupied by the Imperial Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar club.

The dining room was attractively arranged. The punch was served by Misses Eva Porter, Emma Doherty, and Jennie Trussell; the ices and cake were served by Miss Mae Austin and Adelaide Holmes.

As the guests entered they were ushered in by little Miss Vivian Billings, and as they went out the gentlemen received a cigar which was extended to them by Miss Gracie Billings.

During the evening a large number of friends offered congratulations. At 8:30 Edwin Libby Post and Relief Corps, accompanied by Mrs. Lydia Bickford, state president, came in a body and paid their respects. In their behalf Comrade

Charles D. Jones, in very happy manner presented the golden tokens of both organizations.

The other presents were numerous and beautiful.

November 8, 1847, Colonel Carver was married to Mary C, Willis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Willis of Thomaston.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

On Saturday, the day of General Neal Dow's death, a letter was received addressed to him from Colonel T. G. Reid of the Twelfth Arkansas Infantry Regiment, C. S. A., under date of September 29, in which he says:

The morning papers through the Associated Press despatches tell us that you are seriously sick. I have always felt I would like to know you personally. On the morning of the assault on Port Hudson, you with one or two mounted officers in the midst of your brigade, columns of regimental front, in the broad open field of Slaughter's plantation were directing the deploying of your regiments into line of battle about four to six hundred yards from my position, which was the right center of our line of earthworks in front of Slaughter's residence. I observed closely your movements until I was enabled to know that you were the commanding officer.

I assembled a small number of my sharpshooters, and singled you out to them, and ordered them to fire continously at you. After a short time your line of battle was formed, and a general advance on my position was commenced, with drums beating

and flags flying, presenting a magnificent line, grandly marching to time in perfect order. It was a picture never to be erased from my mind, for with all the military pomp and display in formidable battle array. I knew the dreadful fate I held in hand to turn it into defeat with the terrible slaughter of that day's battle.

The scattering fire of my sharp-shooters continued while the roar of your cannon sent shells over our heads. When about three hundred yards from my position I saw you fall or lean down to your horse's neck, and a number of your hospital corps ran and lifted you from your horse. (At this point General Dow had been struck in the shoulder by a shot, and, unable to control his horse, was obliged to dismount and proceed on foot, when he was afterwards shot through the thigh).

Your command never faltered, but swept on in splendid line until within eighty yards of my position, when I ordered my battalion to fire. You directed the charge of your brigade, and it swept along like an avalanche until forced to retreat from the galling fire of my command so well protected by our strong breastworks. But the retreat of your brigade was orderly.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Frank J. Bradbury of Norway, late of Company G, Tenth Maine Infantry, writes:

The artillery battle of the day had ceased by the rout of the Confederates, and all was quiet but the moving of the batteries to take new positions as it seemed. After a rest-

less, nervous night, Sunday morning, the 10th day of August, 1862, dawned; the birds sung in the trees their sweetest songs of peace, where yesterday men of the North and South were contending in deadly conflict. I ventured out of the woods into a grass field to reconnoitre, and when near a stack of hay, a battery, which I learned belonged to General Sigel's division, sent a few shells over us into the enemy's lines but received no response. Two or three soldiers of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, General Gordon's brigade, who were in the fight with us, now crawled out from under the hay stack, somewhat bewildered. They had laid still during the cannonading in the night and held their peace, but now thought their fort was to be bombarded.

At this time the Confederate pickets opened fire upon us, the shots striking all around and uncomfortably near, and we quickly scattered for shelter. I lay down in a little thicket a few rods ahead in the field to escape the bullets, and after awhile fell into a troubled sleep, and being so fatigued lay dozing a long time. I was fully awakened by what I thought might be a renewal of the battle by cannonading. I cautiously crept from my hiding place, and saw a black cloud approaching from the west and the distant rumbling of heaven's artillery. With hunger and pain I made my way toward our lines, my leg having become stiff and swollen. On ascending quite a long, sharp rise of ground due east and over the brow of this hill. I entered a long line of General Sigel's artillery, who had come from the rear the

night previous and taken position here, the men standing to arms amid the lightning and thunder of the almighty power of Jehovah.

General Banks's army, overpowered by an overwhelming force of Stonewall Jackson's southern troops, had retired to the rear. In a deluge of rain I passed to the rear of General Sigel's brave artillerymen, and halting for a moment where the surgeons were hard at work amputating limbs and dressing bloody wounds of the stricken soldiers, and perhaps a mile further on toward Culpeper in a field a few rods from the road close to a forrest, cooking their scanty supper, I joined the heroes left of the battle. Here I was glad to find the headquarters of the gallant old Tenth Maine.

CAN ANY COMRADES OF COMPANY M, FIRST D. C. CAVALRY HELP?

J. W. Fletcher of Richmond, Kansas, late of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, and Company M, First D. C. Cavalry, writes:

In looking over the roster of the First Maine Cavalry, I find the address of E. P. Merrill, and if I am not mistaken you were the first lieutenant of Company M, First D. C. Cavalry. If you will look back some thirty-three years the 16th of September, and see what was left of Company M, on a dead run for Sycamore church, and some few hundred yards in the rear a poor little cuss on your pack mule trying to keep up. you will remember yours truly J. W. Fletcher. Do you remember how said mule fell and threw me some fifty feet more or less, and how you ECHOES.

rode back in the face of a storm of bullets and, as the mule was dragging me, helped me on the saddle? I do, as though it had been yesterday; and how, after the fun was over and we were on the march to hell, you said if you had been on your death bed you would have laughed to see me go over that mule's head. Well, I have often wondered how long you were in prison; somehow I took a great liking to you as a man and officer, and often wondered before I saw your name in roster if you lived to get out.

October 17. Since writing the above have been on the sick-list; that is worse than usual, as I have not seen a well day for years; cause, nine months in Libby, Danville, and Salisbury. If you remember after three or four weeks we left Libby for Danville, were about the same length of time there, and then the same old story as at Libby, "Fall in for an exchange;" then after two or three days and nights on box cars without anything to eat we were unloaded at Salisbury prison. Then the boys gave up and commenced to die. I saw them go one after another, until I made my escape when there were only three or four left. The last one I saw die was my chum Joseph Randall Sampson, Ran we called him; he died with his head in my lap, starved to death. I got away shortly after, sometime in March I think. I was so near gone myself that I cannot remember dates. I only know we were on the march going south and I got away. I heard afterwards that some of our Cavalry were on the way to liberate us, and for safety they were taking us further south. Well, as luck would have it, I stopped at a house to get something to eat. (I knew it was risky, but a person will take all kinds of risks when starving). The woman, God bless her, was true blue. I was a stranger and she took me in, and I stayed there some three weeks, living on the best she and some of her neighbors had. Of course I gained some in strength.

Well, one Sunday night I started for our lines some 225 miles across the Blue Ridge; after some three or four weeks I reached it. Of course I could write a week telling you what I went through. Stole a horse for one thing, was overtaken by the owner, left the horse and took to timber; then while he was trying to catch my horse, he left the one he had ridden hitched to the limb of a tree (a fine stallion). I mounted that one and had made a good start when he fired at me and hit the horse. I took to timber again, got in a swamp and got away. That was one out of many scrapes I was in. I struck our lines at Jonesburg, East Tennessee.

Do you remember Captain Benson? I have forgotten the company. He was captured at Roanoke Bridge in June '64, Wilson raid. Well, when I was making for our lines I stopped two or three days with a family near Taylorsville, N. C., and they said some time that winter a Captain Benson of First D. C. Cavalry stopped with them a couple of days; he was making his escape from Andersonville. About sixteen years ago I was in business on Washington street, Boston, and Captain Benson was on Tremont street. I passed his place of

business every day for months but was not aware of it—such is life.

Now, how about pensions,—do you get one? I am getting six dollars per month; have tried time and again for an increase, but can't get it. Some eight years ago I was paralyzed in right arm and could not do a thing in the way of labor two years or more; am better now as to that, but all run down in health, and always expect to be. Have a family of four to support and nothing but my earnings to depend on. I cannot understand this pension business. There are rich men in this town, in perfect health, getting from \$17 to \$24 per month, and never saw a rebel. I have a claim for increase pending now, but have no hopes. If I had my health I would not ask for pension, although I starved, froze, and was eaten by vermin for months. The last of my prison life in Salisbury they fed us on raw tripe just as it came from the slaughter house, and we had no way to clean or cook it. They would bring the tripe upon the stage and throw them to us a whole one at a time, and we would fight over them like a pack of wolves, and the stage all around the stockade would be crowded with men. women, and children watching the vanks fight over the nasty stuff which a hungry dog would turn from. "O ve gods and little fishes!" talk about the gray and the blue! I only wish I could write as some can.

Do you remember Lieut. Mountfort of Company K? I remember one night he came to our campfire and told us about being a prisoner, and he said, "Boys, never surrender, I will die before I do it." Of course we said talk is cheap, but we did not know our man then. I was not twenty feet from Mountfort when he was ordered to throw up his hands. I saw him drop two men from the saddle with his navy, then threw it and drew his saber, then he fell shot dead, fell in the top of a down tree, head to the ground and feet in the air supported by the branches of the tree. Half an hour after when on the march I passed the tree again, and he was in the same position. He is noted without doubt as a brave man. and so he was, but there were hundreds of others there that morning just as brave, only they had not been in southern prisons. If you know the address of any of Company M boys that were in prison with me, I wish you would let me know, also write about your own experience, and greatly oblige.

Note.—Captain Benson has given his narrative of prison life and escape, Call II of 1893 Bugle, page 3-II. Comrade Fletcher and Lieut. Merrill have been asked to give an account of their experiences in prison. The narratives of Captain Benson, M. M. Parker, Erastus Doble, and other comrades, have been presented in the Bugle, and have won many encomiums for value and interest.

YOUR HISTORY A MOST EXCELLENT ONE.

Lieutenant George K. Collins, of Syracuse, N. Y., late of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York Infantry, writes:

Yours with book at hand. I am already disappointed. It is the first time I won the best of an exchange. Your history is a most excellent one

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and worthy of the regiment; in fact, it is the best of any I have seen, and I have seen many. I am very glad to get your picture and that of the author. When I go in the army again, I intend to go in the Cavalry, they seem to get a larger per cent of the good fellows; I like their dash and style, it shows itself even in their history. I send you herewith a copy of our history, and I wish to say that as far as possible it was intended to be original, even to illustrations. All the initial cuts are from pen sketches and engravings, made by the boys themselves. Of course our history was a private enterprise and I can assure you it was expensive enough, although not up to yours. We have a few very rich men in our command, but these are not the men for an enterprise like this,—the poor are not called upon, and were not in this instance. I trust you will find our history, however, worthy of a most excellent regiment, and one of great gallantry on the field of battle. If our story as told in this history is as interesting to you as yours is to me, I shall be pleased.

My regiment did not participate in thirty-six battles, yet we had enough of it, and Fox has seen fit to include us among the "Fighting Three Hundred." Our losses from all sources during the war were over six hundred and our experience was a varied one. One year in the Army of the Potomac; and the balance in the Army of the Cumberland; the Command was with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea; but we saw no thirty-six battles to recommend our history to you. The state of New York is now erect-

ing monuments at Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold, (the inscriptions now lie before me for correction, etc.) to perpetuate the memory of our service at those places. She has placed a similar monument on Culps Hill, Gettysburg, for our benefit, but she could not say as much for us as is said for the First Maine Cavalry. Mortimer B. Birdseye of the Second New York (Harris Light) Cavalry entered the service as orderly of my company. You may know him. I remember very well of hearing the guns fired at Aldie when your Colonel Douty was killed.

FRESH AND INTERESTING.

E. W. Schutte, 322 East 119th St., New York City, writes:

I find the contents of the Bugle ever fresh and always interesting to me, as a veteran of the good old Army of the Potomac.

NOTHING BUT BUTTERMILK LEFT.

Jno. D. Vautier, 731 Federal street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

The old First Maine came to hand all right (except that it got wet in transit and the covers and some leaves were water stained, but never mind, the reading is all there) and I am very much pleased with it. I have read the third and fourth chapters, where we marched and fought together, and the old times were all recalled. You have quite an ambitious book, and your roster is very complete, while your cuts are first-class. I think I shall like your narrative very much.

Some of the best regimental histories that I have in my mind stand about in this order, first, the Thirteenth Massachusetts; second, the First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Maine; third, the Seventy-ninth-New York: fourth, the One Hun' dred and Eighth New York; fifth the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania; sixth, the One Hunand Sixth Pennsylvania; seventh, the Twentieth New York' S. M. (82); eighth, the Ninth New York, S. M. (83); tenth, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York; eleventh, the One Hundred and Twenty-first Pennsylvania; twelfth, the Tenth New York. And I have some others of various values, the Sixteenth Maine; the Ninetyseventh New York; the Eleventh Pennsylvania; the Tenth Illinois, and Duryea's Brigade. I think yours will be well up in the list, and I only wish that I could make a better exchange with you. Have you ever read the Cannoneer? I think that is an ideal soldier book.

"Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," issued by the state, two volumes, is an excellent work. I have also the "First New Jersey Cavalry," and seventy or eighty other war books, including quite a number of rebel publications. I have a very big place in my heart for old Maine, prohibitory law and all, and have just told Captain Merrill, of the schooner S. M. Bird, that I think you are all gold bricks. I have been coming to Hallowell about every winter since 1878, and if the Hallowellians are a fair sample of Maineans, they are a good lot. I

think they are the most generous and hospitable people with whom I ever associate, and I have received only the greatest kindness from them. Many times I have been walking along the road when a cutter would dash along (all Maine sleighers drive as if the sheriff was after them), but stop long enough to give me a seat and a ride, and before we got far, make a grand effort to insure my life, sell me the horse and sleigh, or dicker me with something, but that's business, Yankee sharpness, and it all goes. As I before remarked, I rise to remark some more, that in our nation's affairs, Maine stands away up head-Jim Blaine, Big Tommy Reed, Little Hale, etc., and in the war there was Howard, Berry. Smith, Chamberlain, Jameson, Caldwell, Dow, Tillson, Ames, Burnham, Connor, Beale, Hall, Hyde, Tilden. Cilley, etc. You know the glorious list better than I.

We know something of the First Maine Cavalry, and know they were a good regiment to stand by, but we knew more of the Sixteenth Maine, and when they fell back it was time for the other regiments to "git right out," and not stand on the order of going. In my humble opinion, there is only one better state than Maine, and that is the state that hatched Blaine, Meade, Hancock, Reynolds, etc., the "Keystone state," but if I wasn't a Pennsylvanian, I would be a Maineian or a Massachusettsian sure. But we can't all be lucky and be born Ouakers, but the next best thing is the Pine Tree'ers, and on this platform we shall have to stand. You people must have had a long 108 ECHOES.

pole and a fat bank account, when you got your book out, to knock so big a persimmon. The "One Hundred and Eighth New York" book is an immense thing, but I like our modest little "Eighty-eighth" as well as any, if I do say it myself, and if the state aids us to get out a second edition we will chase the First Maine hard.

The First Maine was a good regiment, but do n't you know while the cavalry does most of the blowing, the dough-boys had to do most of the fighting? The cavalry were always in the advance, picking up the tenderest shotes and choicest fowls, the cream of the foraging, so when the tramps came along there was nothing but buttermilk left for us. Not satisfied with this, "the orange blossoms," were always searching for the Johnnies, looking for trouble, picking a quarrel with the natives, and then when they got into a fight of their own seeking, they generously stepped to one side and let the clod hoppers fight it out. That's the kind of soldiers they were! And if it had n't been for the men who carried sixty pounds on their backs, and all the troopers left in the way of forage, in their stomachs, our sabres would have got walloped by the Wayback Infantry many a time. Mind, I don't say the rebel cavalry; the buttermilk hunters would have tanned your hides, because I think the contrast would have been too much for them, but you had the infantry regiments at your back, and that made you "sassy," because as soon as things got hot, you 'uns would back out and let we 'uns finish the concert.

But it's all over now, and we are all good soldiers at this date, and know how to keep our ends up in shooting off our mouths, if we could n't shoot Johnnies. We always had one privilege, that of kicking and growling, and though rations sometimes ran short when the quartermaster went back on us and the paymaster forgot us, we always had plenty of kick and growl on hand, and I'll wager there was n't a soldier in the Eighty-eighth or the First Maine Sabres, but could have done better and ended the war quicker than did Little Mac, or Pope, or Hooker, or Old Pop Meade, or "Ole Grant" himself, and now in our books we can just tell how it all should have been done.

WALLENTINE L. KEILER.

Wallentine L. Keiler, of Company B, Eighth Maine Volunteers, was a well-known fresco artist throughout the state of Maine. It may be interesting to you to know something of Mr. Keiler's story and the work he has done. Mr. Keiler was a Dane by birth, and was educated in the Royal Academy of Design at Copenhagen, receiving while there the gold medal for the finest original designs for drafting. After graduating from the academy, in the course of his journeyings (as is the custom in all European countries), he visited all the art centres of Europe, becoming familiar with the work of different masters in the art, and himself having a share in decorating many of the finest buildings in the old world, including the palace of the king of Norway, the Sans Souci palace (five

miles from Berlin), belonging to the Emperor of Germany, and the famous Winter palace of the Czar of Russia, on the latter of which he spent nine months' time.

Coming to this country in 1862, he located in Portland, Me. immediately took up arms in favor of the North. Returning to Portland, he made that city his home until 1881. In 1866, he married Annie Marie Shaw Hansom, of Portland, Me. Seven children were born to them, all but three of whom died in childhood. The wife, one son, and two daughters are living in Minneapolis. The second daughter is living in Erie county, West Springfield, Penn. The three children are all married, and are a credit to the family. Mr. Keiler spent a large amount of money upon their education. are graduates of the public high school, and have fine musical educations. Mr. Harry Keiler is lieutenant of Company B, First Minnesota, and has won several medals as a fine tactician. He is also stenographer for Winston & Farrington, largest wholesale grocers in the state, having been in their employ the past seven years. He is also a fine violinist and piccolo player, and teacher of a drum corps. daughters attended Malcolm's dancing academy six years apiece, and have the honor of being numbered among the best dancers in this city.

By the efforts of Messrs. Leonard, Thompson, and Bates, Mr. Keiler was induced to come to Minneapolis and make his future home. Mr. Keiler has decorated many residences, churches, halls, and offices,

from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. His last work was the postoffice at Denver, Col. While there. May, 1884, he contracted ervsipelas, and immediately returned to his family in Minneapolis, Minn. Thirty hours after his arrival, calmly, quietly, peacefully, with no struggle, in the midst of deep sleep the taps sounded, and he answered the roll-call on the other shore. He had in this life the reward of seeing his exertions crowned with wonderful success: and the blessing of a peaceful and happy death seemed a fitting close of an earthly career, which opened for him an eternity of blessedness.

WHO CAN HELP?

E. S. Johnson, of Farmington, late Quarter-master Sergeant of Company L. First Maine Cavalry, writes:

You have sent the Bugle to my address for some time and I have tried to write you for several months but would forget it. I cannot pay for them as my wife is in the Insane Hospital and has been for seven years and my mother is old, sick, and has to have my help all the time. I have children and a family to support. I have had for three years a very hard time and I do not know how I can get along under my load and cannot get hold of money enough to pay my bills. Now what shali I do? You of course have interest enough in a regimental comrade to interest yourself in their welfare. Please write me what I can do as I must keep the wolf from the door.

Special mention of Sergeant Johnson's military character appears in History, page 217.

BOOK MADE WITH A PEN.

No printer has ever touched this book. With the exception of some photographs and one or two lithographs which have been inserted, and of the binding, the entire book is the work of the author's pen.

Lieutenant Colonel Noble D. Preston, of Philadelphia, is the author and maker of the volume, which is a collection of his memoirs of the war, with certain other material appended. As an author he has had some experience, having written the "History of the Tenth New York Cavalry." As a bookmaker, this is his first attempt, but it could not be more beautiful and perfect in workmanship had he spent a lifetime studying and practising this kind of work. The book contains about fifty thousand words, and it took Colonel Preston most of the leisure time of eight years to complete it. The binding is of crushed Levant, with tooled edges, and is the personal work of Alfred Matthews, manager of Appleton's bindery, and bears his signature.

The title on the back of the book is "Preston's Pen Pictures, Medals, Songs and Sketches, Medal of Honor, Loyal Legion, Biographies, Bugle Blasts, Family Genealogies, etc.—Noble D. Preston." On opening the book one's first idea is that the pages are fine examples of copper-plate engraving, but a closer inspection shows that it is all pen work done with a very fine pointed pen. Not from any irregularity in the work can this be told, however, as every letter is as perfect and every line as even as the best example of the engraver's art.

Each letter is separate. As page after page is found to be of equal workmanship, one is impressed with the tremendous industry, care, and delicacy involved in such a task. At the heads of the chapters are bits of scroll work done in ink of various colors, and the initial letter of each chapter is a remarkably beautiful piece of illumination. Besides this there is scroll and margin work on some of the pages. Under the heading of "Preface," which is itself an exquisite bit of penmanship, the author says:

"I made this novel volume with pen and ink for my children 'by special request.' It possesses no literary merit and little of any other. The edition is limited to one volume and is not copyrighted."

The main body of the volume is taken up by reminiscences of incidents of the author's career as a member of the Tenth New York Cavalry, beginning with enlistment and ending with the return of the regiment after the war. There are photographs of various officers of the regiment, and of some of the best-known generals of both armies in the Civil War. Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the artist's skill is a reproduction in colors of his medal of honor, which he received for gallantry in action at the battle of Trevillian's Station. The entire medal, ribbon, and pin is reproduced with such skill that it is difficult to believe that it is not a piece of color lithography. The Loyal Legion medals and other medals are also reproduced.

At the end of this, the main part of the book, are some autograph ECHOES.

letters from General Rodenbough and copies of various documents relating to the author. Then come copies of various war songs, and after these the bugle calls written in musical notation and illustrated with delightful bits of fancy. "Taps," in particular, is a charming piece of work, the music being set in a night scene in camp, with the horses picketed, the sentries on guard, and beyond the white row of tents, the last reflection of day lighting the western clouds. Finally comes the family genealogy of the Prestons, with photographs. The historical part of the book is amusing and interesting, as showing the everyday life in camp, on the march, and in battle, but it is as a bookmaker and not as an author that Colonel Preston has turned out a work almost if not quite unique in these days.

Colonel Preston, the author and maker of the book, is the representative of the Standard Oil company in Philadelphia. He is a man of some leisure and of home loving habits, and the idea occurred to him about eight years ago to make for his children a book of memoirs, etc., that should be all of his own making. At first he intended to append the sheets to his "History of the Tenth New York Cavalry," but as the book grew, year after year, he decided to make a separate book of it.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The following communication which appeared in the Manchester weekly Mirror of November 1, 1862, and the observations made thereon by G. B. Robie of Franklin, one of the company, are of interest:

Singular. When the Eleventh Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers were in camp at Concord, there was one tent of Company F boys, under Captain Carr, who were most singularly connected. All were enlisted in Springfield, N. H., and most of them from one neighborhood. The names and connections were as follows: R. F. Sanborn, H. T. Sanborn, J. D. Colby, C. M. Colby, M. Robie, G. B. Robie, S. Robie, O. Hazeltine, B. F. Hill, D. Davis, F. Nichols, L. W. Nichols, S. Hazeltine, and A. Stevens; R. F. and H. T. Sanborn were brothers; J. D. and C. M. Colby were brothers; M., G. B., and S. Robie, brothers; B. F. Hill and D. Davis, brothers by marriage; Hazeltine, uncle of S. Hazeltine; F. Nichols and L. W. Nichols, cousins; and a brother of L. W. Nichols married the sister of A. Stevens; R. F. and H. F. Sanborn were cousins to M., G. B., and S. Robie, and all five cousins to the wife of C. M. Colby. Was not this a little romantic? Let the readers watch the course of their soldier boys and at the close of the war report to some papers; for we would know the fates of this band of brothers as they might well be called.

Mr. Robie states that two of the persons named C. M. Colby and C. A. Hazeltine died in the service; that he himself was the only one of the members wounded; that six returned with their regiment to Concord to be mustered out at the close of the war, and that nine are now living, the oldest, R. F. Sanborn, being seventy years of age, and the youngest, S Robie, fifty.

FOURTH INDEPENDENT BATTALION,
O. V. C.

S. B. Williams writes:

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The battalion consisted of five companies, commanded by Major Joseph T. Wheeler of Cincinnati.

The company commanders are as follows:

Company A, Captain Jos. C. Grannan of Cincinnati.

Company B, Captain J. H. Winder, of Dayton.

Company D, Captain Joshua Gore, of Hillsboro, O.

Company C, Captain Francis C. Russell, of Wayne county, O.

Company E, Captain Samuel Wydman, of Cincinnati.

The battalion has an honorable war record, commencing with their enrolment, thirty-four years ago, during the John Morgan raid through Indiana and Ohio, the Fourth battalion took a part in the chase after the Rebel daredevil, and after his capture, the battalion proceeded to Cumberland Gap, East Tennessee, with General Burnside, the command being attached to the third brigade, second division of the ninth army corps, composed of the following troops: The Eighty-sixth O. V. I., the One hundred and twenty-ninth O. V. I., Third battalion, Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, Fourth Independent battalion, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, and Twentysecond Ohio Battery. The Third battalion of the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry came to the Gap about three months later than the balance of the The operations of the Fourth Independent battalion, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, were active, as their headquarters was invariably in the saddle from September, 1863, to February, 1864.

It was the Fourth Independent battalion, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry that opened up the Powell Valley to Jonesville, Lee county, Va., about forty miles distant from Cumberland Gap, and held the same clear of the rebels until relieved by Major C. H. Beer's Third battalion, Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry.

This is one of the richest valleys in the state, and for fertility of soil is equal if not superior, to the Shenandoah. Great quantities of forage were supplied the army around the Gap from the products of this valley by the numerous foraging expeditions made by the Fourth Independent battalion, Ohio Cavalry, along the valley as far as Jonesville, Va., and by the use of several mills, flour and corn meal were abundant until the siege of Knoxville.

On one of their expeditions, the forage train was captured at Indian creek by our beloved, the Sixty-fourth Virginia, and a good encounter took place, in which the Sixty-fourth Virginia got the worst of it.

The members, at the expiration of their term of service, re-enlisted, and, with the Fifth battalion, the two formed the Thirteenth Ohio Cavalry, and served in the same brigade with the First Maine Cavalry in the campaign of Lee's surrender.

Company A of the battalion was composed of young men and was rated the youngest in the service, the average age being but eighteen years, while the two youngest were F. S. Pendry, Company B, Cincinnati, thirteen years of age, and J. H. Pardonner, Company B, now of the firm of the John Rouzer Co., Dayton, fourteen years.

MEDAL OF HONOR.

Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie of Company G, First Maine Cavalry, honored.

A medal of honor has been bestowed upon Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., late a second lieutenant of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, for the following meritorious acts of bravery on his part: During the first battle of the campaign of Lee's surrender, viz.: that of Dinwiddie Court House, on March 31, 1865, the regiment lost heavily in officers, and during all that campaign had a paucity of officers for a regiment of its size. It was one of the regiments in the above named battle whose action was complimented in General Sheridan's Report, although his report attributes the good action of that day to Third Brigade, General C. H. Smith, but the best work of that brigade on that day was performed by the First Maine Cavalry. During this battle said Tobie as sergeant-major, acted with great bravery.

At the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, the adjutant of the regiment. Thaddeus Little, also Lieutenant James W. Poor, detailed as adjutant to fill vacancy, were wounded and obliged to be taken from the field. Sergeant-Major Tobie, although himself wounded in the same battle of Sailor's Creek, volunteered to serve as adjutant, as it was diffi-

cult to find any officer of the regiment who could be utilized for that purpose or spared from his place in line. At the battle of Farmville or High Bridge, April 7, 1865, said Tobie was again wounded but again refused to leave the field and voluntarily remained and performed duty as adjutant of the regiment till after Lee surrendered on the oth. That he performed the duties of adjutant in a most excellent manner and to his efforts much of the success at Farmville and immediately in front of Appomattox Court House the night of April 8 and 9, and the morning of the 9th, during which time the regiment was immediately in front of the enemy and in reach of their musketry, yet held that position till nearly nine o'clock on the morning of April 9. When this thin curtain of cavalry was withdrawn from the front of Lee's army to open the field for the Twenty-fourth and Twentyfifth Corps, losing more killed or mortally wounded that morning than any other regiment present as appears in Fox's Regimental Losses.

That said Tobie's efficient performance of the duties of adjutant at that time was needed, and was voluntarily rendered as a non-commissioned staff officer. That this service was meritorious, was not actually called for by the rank he held at the time, and its voluntary character and high merit render the bestowal of a medal of honor appropriate.

THE GUNBOAT BARON DE KALB.

J. A. McDonald, Gunner, United States Navy, writes:

I assure you that I am very agreeably surprised in hearing from one of

ECHOES.

my old shipmates, Harold A. Ropach, and dear comrade of the War for the Union. Yes, as you say, the 27th of March, or rather the 13th of July, as I make it, the old Baron de Kalb was blown up at Yazoo City after the fall of that great rebel stronghold, Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. I do remember many of the old command whose bones are now bleaching on the banks of the different rivers running into the great Mississippi, as well as the river herself. Those were times never to be forgotten. I have in my mind many greater incidents of that long service and hard fighting for the life of our great and glorious country of which I am very proud.

My country 'tis of thee I am thinking, is my song and prayer. When I look back over these years I can hardly realize what we all passed through during that terrible struggle. Well, I am glad and thankful to my God that he has spared us to this present time. We can look back on the past as we are now getting on the shady side of life. We cannot forget the part we played in saving our great and glorious country from the enemy. Thank our God we were victorious over all our enemies both home and abroad. I do remember how our old fashioned but noble boat did her duty in every engagement. She was always in advance as the pioneer of the fleet. We never turned our head from the enemy, we always forced them until victory was ours. We always had a brave commander. During her life time we had five of them, viz.: Paulding, Erben, McGaugle, Winslow, and Walker. Three

times we renewed our crew during her life, that is from the time she went into commission December 1. 1861, to July 13, 1863; during that time we fought the following engagements, viz.: Fort Henry, February 6, 1862; Fort Donelson, February 14, 15, 16; Island No. 10, thirty-three days' siege; Fort Pillow, thirty-three days' siege; Memphis, Tenn., June 6; destruction of rebel fleet, Fort St. Charles, White river, June 17, 1862; Vicksburg and ——— Bluffs, December 24, 25, 26, and 27: Arkansaw fort, January 10 and 11, 1863; Fort Pemberton, Yazoo river, March 10 to 27; Vicksburg twenty-one days in rear of battery and at the surrender July 4, 1863; Yazoo City engagement July 13, 1863, the last engagement of the old gunboat Baron de Kalb. How well I remember that evening when we were steaming up to the city after our work was done and Vicksburg won. But one of those hidden explosions in the way of torpedoes came in contact with our ship and down she went. The losing of the old boat grieved me more than anything else. I would have rather lost my arm than have seen her go in the way she did. Well, she had done her duty, and her crew were proud of her, and those who are living will never forget the old St. Louis, afterwards the Baron de Kalb. We lost in killed, forty-seven men, and seventy-three wounded. The old boat was hit 108 times; at Fort Donelson she was struck 87 times in about thirty minutes; her deck was cut nearly off, and daylight could be seen through it from the effects of the shot.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

J. E. S. Pray, of Exeter, N. H., late hospital steward of the Seventeenth Maine, writes:

Among my other good resolutions

for the new year, I have resolved to send you my dollar for the Bugle for 1898. I do not see the Seventeenth Maine mentioned in any of the Bugles received,—have you no contributor from that regiment?

NINE MONTHS IN A REBEL PRISON.

By Joseph T. Darling, Company F, First Maine Cavalry.

[CONTINUED.]

The boys commenced work systematically, secretly removing bricks and concealing the breach in the wall by hanging a shirt or some other article over it.

My chum and myself decided not to take the chances. The risk was too great. However, we helped to lay plans, and gave advice. Sergeant McKenzie, who was captured at the same time I was, decided that if he and his chum succeeded in reaching the street, they would make for the country. The next day I wrote a letter to my wife and gave it to the sergeant to mail at the first place after reaching our lines.

We took a part of a tent, tore it into strips, tied it together and made a long, strong rope, tied a half brick to one end and every thing was ready. After dark they opened the hole, and while the rest of us were making a great noise, about thirty of the boys went through the hole.

Every thing was still and quiet on the other side. They threw the half brick over the gate, and began to climb over. Twenty-seven of the boys landed in the dark narrow street below, but it could not be done without some noise. On the other side of the street opposite the gate, lived an old Dutchman. His window in the second story went up, and he sang out, "Vat vas de matter ofer tare?" The fugitives scattered in every direction, and those who had not yet scaled the gate, went back through the hole in a hurry, lay down in their accustomed places, and, of course, were fast asleep,—my chum and I among the rest.

In less than twenty minutes the prison doors opened and in came thirty soldiers headed by an officer with a lantern. These soldiers filed around between the prisoners and the wall, and the boys were ordered to turn out and form into line. The officer counted us off and found twenty-seven missing. Then a search of the city was ordered, but the boys eluded their pursuers, and not one was captured that night.

There were many Union men and women in the city, and they tried to find the fugitives to hide them away.

There was great excitement in the city but the boys managed to avoid recapture until the next day when four of them were brought back. In a week or so thirteen more were brought in, tired, hungry, and almost dead. They were put in the lower cells for punishment for a few days.

Masons were sent in to fix up the hole, a guard was stationed inside, and peace again reigned in Charleston.

About this time the fleet stopped shelling the city, and we boys, and the citizens as well, thought General Sherman was marching for Charleston, and that the fleet did not wish to inflict further injury on the city that must soon fall into the hands of Union soldiers.

These prospects not only greatly excited the city people, but they had a salutary effect upon our commissary, who began to feed us better and to show other signs of a more careful performance of his duties. He dug up bacon, lard, rice, and potatces by soliciting donations from the citizens, so with what I had from my sister, I just devoted my time to cooking for the boys. I might mention that while the variety was all that could be expected the quantity was not at all proportioned to our appetites.

The Rebel cause was waning. October brought us cheering news almost daily. Union citizens were more out-spoken. Even some of the soldiers were Union men at heart, and many were growing indifferent to the result. About the 20th of October rumors came to us that they would soon move us out of Charleston somewhere into the country,

and we had everything packed and ready to start at a moment's notice. and it was well that we did. Along in the latter part of October, an officer came in and ordered us to prepare to move in half an hour, and we obeyed. By this time my box was getting rather light so we stuffed our clothing into it and strapped our blankets and tent on the outside. Soon the big gates opened and we marched out between double lines of armed soldiers. The citizens were there to see us start, some to curse us, and others to cheer us with kind words. The negroes were especially kind to us, giving us bread, sandwiches, and fruit pies, and cheering and encouraging us with "Keep a stiff upper lip, boys, de wa' 'll soon be over." Many of them requested us to give "Massa" Lincoln their kindest regards when we got back North.

We were again bundled into cars and shipped to Florence, S. C., where we were ordered into line and marched two miles under heavy guard, to the stockade. When we arrived at the main gate, which was a massive structure of hewn logs, we were searched, or rather robbed, for all they wanted was money. They told us that we must leave all our greenbacks at headquarters, and that our money would be returned to us when we were exchanged. But who ever heard of giving money back to a Yank after robbing him? However, they got no money from that crowd. We told them that we were old prisoners and had been robbed before. Then they opened the gates and ordered us to "Right face, march," and into the stockade we went.

The officer of the guard then halted us, and read to us the rules of the prison. We were to get into line promptly for roll-call, we were not to congregate in crowds of more than three, and were not to lay even our hand on the deadline, etc. "Now," says he, "break ranks and disperse."

The stockade contained about twenty acres, and was about twice as long as wide, with an avenue thirty feet wide running lengthwise through the center, and with narrow cross avenues every twenty-five feet, allowing each battalion twelve feet square. No two men were allowed to stop and talk on the main avenue.

About two-thirds of the way from the big gate, a stream of water crossed the lot, and on each side of this stream was quite a strip of swampy land. We went down the main avenue until we came to the brow of a hill going down to the water, and we stopped in a vacant lot before we even looked around us. and, when we did, what a sight met our eyes! Fifteen thousand men on a twenty-acre lot! How we longed for the Charleston prison instead! A cold, drizzling rain was beginning to fall. We put our chest on the ground, and sat down upon it. Then the prisoners came around us, and asked what our armies were doing, how the war was progressing, etc., etc., but we were in the "slough of Despond" one minute and fighting mad the next, so doubtless made poor and unsatisfactory answers.

I turned to my old chum, Eben Jones, who had been with me ever

since we left Stony Point, and said, "Eb, this won't do, sitting here and growing despondent. We must do something. We are not going to die in this miserable hole." "No," said Eben, "we must live it out and not give these d-d rebels the satisfaction of digging a hole for us." "So," he says, "you sit here and watch the things, and I'll go prospecting." Night was coming on, and we had not yet drawn our rations. Eben was gone about a half an hour when I saw him coming back on the double quick with three or four other men. With a bright face and beaming eyes, he announced that he had found some friends, then he introduced me to comrade A. H. Jones, his brother, John M. Yahres, Mike Shorty, and Robert Birchfield, his old comrades from Company E, Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiment. I remarked to the boys that "misery loves company," and that night we held a jubilee or rather a reunion meeting and told our old stories all over again.

Our friends invited us to their quarters, so, late in the evening, we crossed over the bridge, and went to the far right-hand corner of the stockade, for they belonged to the fifteenth thousand, and the third hundred. In this prison we were not divided into regiments and companies, but into thousands and hundreds, for the easier distribution of rations. Over each thousand was a rebel sergeant, and over each hundred and each twenty-five was a Yankee sergeant.

Our new comrades had no shelter, so we set about to pitch our tent. We had no poles but the boys scouted

around and found some sticks. We smoothed off a place in the sand, and before dark had spread our beds under the shelter of the canvas, and laid down to talk till midnight.

The camp of Florence was not very old, not more than four or five months, but the rate of mortality was alarming, and the number of deaths was increasing daily. This was due in part only to poor food and short rations, many of the men encouraging disease by their own carelessness. It is true we had no soap, but there was an abundance of water, and even the vermin could be escaped.

Once a day we drew our rationsa scant pint of coarse corn meal, and sometimes a small piece of a large sweet potato-and once in a great while, a very small piece of bacon, or a piece of fresh meat with no salt. Not very rich diet, it is true, but men with a will and determination could live longer than they did. They came into prison, sat down in despair, and died alive with vermin, and reeking with filth. Oh, how I used to ache to be in charge of that prison, clothed with power to make the men more careful of their health, and more cleanly in their habits, just as they were in their own regiments and companies. I know that in my company a man was compelled to have due regard for cleanliness, or the knowledge of his filth would soon reach the officers and they would see that he would change his clothes and wash them and himself.

The next day we began to plan for better shelter. We dug a square place in the ground about a foot deep, pitched our tent, and made a comfortable room of it. Then we dug down below the sand and found clay to make mud bricks of and built a good fire-place of them, thus securing greater heat with less fuel. I had a good six-quart pail that my sister had left me, also two pint dippers, two tablespoons, a tea spoon, and a knife and fork. I also had salt, pepper, a little soap (of which I was very saving), soda, a little tea, coffee and sugar. But we kept these things for the sick.

The rebel sergeant called the roll at six in the morning, and we had to be very prompt, or lose our rations for the day. He would call each hundred in order and if a man were missing we would get no rations until he was accounted for. He must be reported by the sergeant of our guard as either sick, in hospital, dead, or escaped.

We had two meals a day, breakfast, consisting of fried cakes (flour and meal mixed), mush, or bread baked before the fire; dinner, which came after we had drawn rations. consisting of meal prepared in various ways with water as the other ingredient and sometimes supplemented by a few beans, a sweet potato, and an attenuated piece of bacon. Rarely, indeed, did we receive any fresh meat, but when we did, we made soup by cooking it with a little rice, flour, and salt, in a bountiful supply of water. The more water, the more soup. Our only desert was mirth, laughter, and stories, a kind Providence having bestowed upon Comrade Birchfield a rare faculty for telling the latter.

Occasional exchanges of prisoners were made, in one of which our Chief of Police, Pete Aubry, was exchanged, leaving the prisoners inside without any head or police protection. While the prisoners under Pete's surveillance were left to do about as they pleased, showing little regard for law and order, after Pete left they grew worse. Thefts were of common occurrence. Even open day-light robberies were not infrequent.

One day a sergeant came into the stockade and ordered the men to fall into line for inspection to be exchanged. This was always welcome news, and there was a lively time getting into line. Then the doctor and a few officers came and quickly selected one hundred men,—the very worst cases among one thousand nien. The rest had to break ranks and go back disappointed. Among those chosen was a mess-mate, A. H. Jones, brother of my chum, Eben Jones. Eben felt pretty bad to see his brother going and leaving him behind. So after they lined up, Eben went to bid his his brother good-bye and have a little talk with him. Just then a rebel seargeant came along and ordered all to stand back and disperse. Then a great lump rose in Eben's throat as he said, "This is my brother, and I would like to talk with him before he goes." "Is that your brother?" asked the sergeant. "Well," he continued in a sympathetic tone, "it is pretty rough for brothers to part in this way. You stay here in line with him till I see what can be done." When he came back he told Eben to stay in line and go out with them. We were sorry indeed to lose their company, but glad for them to see them free.

Shortly after this a rebel sergeant came in and notified me that a lady was waiting for me at head-quarters. I followed him to the Colonel's log cabin and there again met my dear sister. I remained with her all the afternoon, but she was so attractive to the young snob of a colonel that he was with us nearly all the time, giving us little time to talk by ourselves. Sister asked him for a pass for me to go down to Florence with her which he very reluctantly did. We took private parlers at the hotel at Future where we talked to our heart's content. At supper time we went into the dining room to sit down to a meager repast of cold meat, fried sweet potatoes, poor bread, and a substitute for cake, and also a drink they called tea, evidently made from some native herb and not very palatable. After supper we started back to camp, taking with us a new blanket she had brought for me but which she had forgotten to put in the box which she brought on this same visit. Darkness was coming on, so we bade each other good bye.

She had written to General Winder to get me paroled, but he would not listen to it, claiming that it was not policy to allow Yankee prisoners to run about the country reporting their observations to the enemy. So with all my influence I could not get out of prison, and I am glad now that I did not succeed in getting out in that way.

The Colonel sent a man to help me take my box inside and to my tent. The Joneses were gone. Only three of us were left. Comrades Burchfield,

Yahrer, and myself were alone to partake of the good things sister had sent me. It was near Christmas and Comrade Yahrer and myself prepared a Christmas dinner which neither he nor I will ever forget.

Things in camp were getting badly mixed. No chief of police, no authority to suppress lawlessness, and "might was right." Colonel Iverson sent for me one day and asked me to take the chiefship, with full authority to punish offenders, and with instructions to turn over to him those that I could not manage, to be punished according to the enormity of the offense, to be judged by the inside court. I told him I would accept on certain conditions, but I must consult my learned comrades inside first. I told him I felt confident I could improve the camp, for there were plenty of good men to help me.

Well, I went back into the stock-ade, and called together some good men and planned a new campaign. Next day I sent for the Colonel and laid my plan before him. My plan was to re-organize the whole police department. To appoint five companies of forty-five men cach, commanded by one captain, three sergeants, and a clerk for each company. The police force were to have one extra ration each as an incentive to better efforts.

The Colonel agreed to it and went into camp with me, and announced it to the camp with hundreds of men in hearing. So I became chief-of-police. I appointed five captains with full power to recruit their companies. I appointed a judge advocate with power to select jurors that

each man might have a fair trial. We made a penal code to guide us,—crude, but it answered the purpose. I reorganized the hospital department by placing over it one captain, three sergeants, one clerk to keep the records and one company of forty-five men, divided into three squads, fifteen in each relief. Each relief were on duty four hours at a time. They cared for the sick, insisted on cleanliness, and saw that every man had a fair deal.

I laid off the camp into four districts, and placed one company over each district. Their duties were to keep the peace, to report and relieve suffering, to keep their districts clean, to bury all filth, and to compel all that were able to go to the sinks, to arrest thieves and robbers and bring them to trial, and, in fact, to do police work generally. I will not attempt in this paper to describe the suffering, the misery, the filth and squalor in which we lived and starved and died. But it was like all southern prison pens. I did my best with what power and resources I had to alleviate suffering in the camp. I was on good terms with Colonel Iverson and the other officers, but they would not and could not do any more. Willson, the second officer in command, told me they had orders from higher authority as to what to do and they could not go beyond orders. I asked him if it was their policy to starve and kill us all. He told me that the rebels were ready to exchange man for man any time that the United States wanted to. I knew this and felt very hard towards my government, but I felt that they had

a policy to pursue at Washington and I trusted to their greater wisdom. But it was pretty rough on the poor prisoners who were starving to death. and dving off at the rate of ten to twenty a day. What little I had was going very fast. I was liberal, and gave away all I could consistently, and Sherman had cut off communication between Augusta and the North, so I could not expect any more help from my sister. The straitened circumstances of the rebels caused them to still further shorten our rations. We were reduced to corn meal straight; no more beans: no more meat: once more we resolved to escape!

One day a young man named Crawford, a tailor by trade, belonging to an Ohio regiment, came and told me that I was wanted in Sergeant Strong's tent. I went, and there met eight or ten of the boys in consultation over a plan of escape. It was a well laid plot that must succeed if every man did his duty. Every other day each sergeant of each thousand detailed fifteen men to bring in the allowance of wood due the camp. Thus about two hundred men, under fifteen sergeants, would form in double ranks, march down the main avenue and pass out through the great gates between double lines of rebel soldiers, to the wood pile that lay just beyond the four guns that commanded the camp. Here each prisoner would gather up an armful of wood, countermarch into the stockade, and pile the wood up to be divided among the fifteen thousand men equally.

Our plan was to organize one

brigade of three thousand men. The sergeant of each thousand was instructed to detail fifteen picked men, good and true, and when the wood call sounded each sergeant was to assemble his men on the main avenue as usual, ready to bring wood. The rest of the brigade were to secrete themselves as near as possible and at a given signal the wood carriers were to face about and grapple with the guards, take their guns, their ammunition, and charge on the rebel camp, and secure the colonel and officers. The men inside were to rush out and capture the big guns and turn them on the sentry on the stockade. The second regiment was to rush for the camp of the Fifth Georgia regiment and seize all the arms they could. By this time the boys of the fifth Georgia would probably be on the run for mamma, for they were too young to rally and make a stand.

At our councils we made heavy drafts upon our memories for geographical facts concerning location and topography. We decided to make a bee line for the northeast to the Santee river, and to follow this stream to Georgetown, trusting to luck and Providence to assist us in communicating with our fleet.

The boys took right hold of it and were organizing rapidly, when some of the wise heads among the rebel officers smelt a great big rat and came into camp and began to make arrangements for a big exchange. They followed this move up by frequent promises of greater exchanges and fastened the hope in us that the war was soon to end.

These prospects were so much more inviting than the hazardous undertaking and doubtful issue of attempting escape, that the boys gave up the project, and hugged these ingenious delusions.

The guard outside was reduced. Part of them were sent to strengthen the army at the front. More stringent orders were issued to keep the prisoners under subjection.

One day Colonel Iverson came into the camp with a large squad of men carrying long iron rods sharpened at one end, with which they probed the ground all around inside the dead line. He claimed that the prisoners were digging a tunnel somewhere. but he could not find any. He notified the camp that rations would be stopped until the tunnel was found, and, sure enough, the rations were stopped for three days. The deathrate increased one hundred per cent! The prisoners were starving to death! The police refused to do duty. Many men were shot for hanging a blanket, or leaning, or putting a hand on the dead line. The tunnel business was all a blind. The truth came out later. They had no rations to ISSUE and did not want us to know that they were short of food!

The Yanks were drawing the cinch tighter every day, things were growing desperate, and the rebs were getting mad. The rank and file wanted peace. They realized that their cause was lost but the leaders were stubborn—they had borrowed resolution from despair. They anticipated Sherman's northward course from Savannah, and foresaw the result,

but like the ideal sea captain they preferred to sink with the ship.

After Christmas, my second chum and dear comrade, John M. Yahres, and myself moved our quarters to a better place in the center of the stockade on high ground where I had a better command of the camp.

Colonel Iverson had grown less communicative with me, was not so free, did not visit me so often, and, in fact, seemed to have lost all interest in the camp. I appealed to him for permission to let some of our boys under guard go into the woods near by for the leaves and branches of trees, with which to make better shelter and more comfortable beds. for it was getting very cold and the boys had no protection from unfriendly weather, excepting the poor shelter offered by their dug outs, and these but added to the death rate. For sleeping three or four feet under ground would draw the humor of their poor bodies to the surface, covering them with pimples and sores, a disease called ground itch. But the Colonel paid no attention to my appeals, so we suffered on, dying in increasing numbers, from the lack of shelter, so abundant and close at hand.

Every morning the "dead call" sounded, and the police carried the dead to the big gate and laid them out, labeling each with a piece of paper, upon which was written the name, and the company and the regiment to which the deceased belonged.

When the bodies arrived at the trench, a man was detailed from among the prisoners to cut the in-

scription on a slab of wood, and place it at the head and number it so that it might afterwards be found. Many of the dead were unknown by name, so all record of them is lost.

It was at this time that our comrade and tent mate, Robert Burchfield, sickened and died. The constant presence of sickness, and suffering, and death so affected him, great, noble-hearted fellow, that he died of grief and despondency. wife and children were ever present in his thoughts, and his intense solicitation for their welfare but added to his burden. He died in my arms while we were sitting by the fire one evening. He was on my left sitting quietly and giving no sign of unusual pain, when suddenly he lay back on my left arm, which I had extended to support him. Before I could lav him down he had passed to the unknown country, and we had lost another comrade and friend.

Near the last of January, 1865, Comrade John M. Yahres was taken sick with swamp fever. He grew worse and worse, but by good nursing and care, finally pulled through. My turn came next. I became so ill that I could not attend to my duties as chief, and sent word to Colonel Iverson that he must appoint another. But I did not give up until the of February, when John was able to be up. McManis, a young fellow from Elmira, N. Y., was now our tent mate, and nursed us tenderly, considering our surroundings. Lieutenant Willson, second in command, frequently visited me bringing me bread, meat, and vegetables, which I made a pretense of eating, just to

please him. I grew steadily worse. and for seven days was unconscious. I knew absolutely nothing. My comrades thought every moment would be my last. But thanks to a vigorous constitution, in about a month I began to mend. My eyes were so affected that I could see nothing. On the fourth of March, when I "woke up," Comrade Mason was in my tent, and he said, "Chief, do you think you can get up and come outside?" I said that I thought I could and, although I was so weak that I could not stand, Comrade Mason and McManis got me up, washed me, dressed me, and took me outside. John was still very weak, could just help himself and no more. It was a bright, beautiful morning. I could just see a little. The air seemed full of black shot so close together that I could just see between them. They led me out to the main avenue, and asked if I could see the stockade. I replied that I could barely see it. "Can you see the big gate?" I could just see that it was open. "What is the gate open for?" I asked. "Well," said they, "the rebels have left, not a soldier is to be seen. They all left last night and may the devil take them." I remember the very words.

Sure enough the guards were gone, the gates were open, and the boys were everywhere all over the country in search of food. There were some rebel officers still there, who made no effort to escape. They tried to manage things, but the boys took things into their own hands. They went down to Florence and after making some repairs, got a train-

of cars ready and started for Wilmington. A good many that were the most able started to walk on to meet our boys, the Yanks, coming this way. The next day another train of box-cars was made up, and I was determined to go in this train if possible.

The next morning we went over and sat down by the ex-colonel's little log-cabin. We considered them all ex-officers now, for we believed the war was over. The train was ready and we sick ones were waiting for a conveyance to take us to Florence, and an hour later we were whirling away to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The road-bed was so rough that track-walkers were sent on ahead to ensure safety. Three or four men died on the train, overcome with emotions of joy and exultation. They were buried at the next station. Their graves were marked and a record made of place and date. I think it was the next day sometime that we met our pickets, Uncle Sam's boys in blue. How our hearts leaped at sight of them! How the prisoners cheered them! Two or three miles further down we met the reserve. The train stopped and the boys in blue flocked around the cars. They met us all ready with stretchers to bear away the sick, and hospital tents all pitched and ready to receive us.

I felt stronger and endeavored to walk slowly, with some assistance, into the opening in the woods, where they seated us in a circle and began to supply us with Uncle Sam's food and drink. In the center of our camp, Old Glory waved proudly and brought from our band of starved but now free men three rousing cheers. The boys expressed their feelings freely. "We are back in God's country;" "Good-bye to rebel prison-pens;" "We are going home to see mamma;" "We will soon be with our wives and sweethearts;" and similar ejaculations could be heard on all sides.

I was in no condition to eat, so I lay and looked at the dear, old flag, mentally praising God for our deliverance.

After we were fed and rested all that were able walked and those that were not able were carried on stretchers down to the river, and put on board a steamboat (the Lady of the Lake), a little above and opposite Wilmington. When we reached Wilmington, the sick were removed to the hospitals, and the rest of us were taken to the passenger depot, where we were provided for a few days, and rested and "fed up." I got quite strong. We were all weighed and a record made of the result. Then we compared this with what we weighed when captured. When captured I weighed one hundred and eightytwo. Here I weighed one hundred and thirty-two.

One afternoon the glad news was brought that we would embark the next morning for Annapolis, Maryland, to the distribution camp, and at the appointed time we got intoline and marched down to the waterfront. Here we passed by the old, wet storehouse where we had been confined one day, while being taken

to the Charleston prison. While here I went up to see the old jail, and was told that Colonel Iverson was confined inside, but I did not see him.

We marched on board the General McDowell, an old blockade runner, and went down the river and put to sea. The weather was rough and nearly all of the boys got sick and had to go below. Only McManis and myself remained on deck. We were both old sailors and were able to stand the long, ground swell that tossed the vessel. That night a storm came up and we had to put into port. The next morning I went on deck, but not another soul was there—all sick below. The major in command came out of his stateroom and asked, "Ain't vou sick?" "No, sir," said I. "Well," said he, "I want you to take charge of the rations, make coffee, slice up the hams and distribute these to whoever want them." I was so sick that I ought to have been in bed, but I got Comrade McManis and went "mid-ships" and took charge. We made coffee in a great, iron tank, good and strong. We cut ham, and with cracker-boxes full of ham and crackers we went down into the cabins and sang out, "Who wants coffee? Who wants ham and crackers?" But nobody responded. There were four hundred men on board, but not one could eat.

We reached Annapolis the next morning at one o'clock, but it was so dark that we lay off till daylight, then went alongside the wharf about eight o'clock. A lot of young men in navy blue met us with convey-

ances to take us up to the barracks, but before going into the barracks, we were required to sit on the grass and wait for the process of haircutting and shaving and bathingfor obvious reasons. When my turn came, I went into a long, narrow building, where there were twelve or fifteen barbers. I sat down. My hair was cut short. My whiskers were cut and shaved. A thorough shampooing followed, and then came the bath. There was hot and cold water and as I undressed, a man threw all my clothes out at the window. An overseer made us wash most thoroughly, after which we went into the clothing department perfectly naked, and came out with two suits of underclothes and a clean uniform, shirts, coat, jacket, shoes, hat, all complete, besides a tin-plate, a pint-cup, a knife, fork and spoon. As I went out I was asked my name, regiment, and state, and then sent down the line to the New England barracks, where I reported to the sergeant. He showed me my bunk and left me to rest. Once more I thanked God that I was alive and well, and in God's country, with Old Glory floating over me.

We remained here a week, when we all got furloughs and commutations of rations at twelve cents per day while in prison, and two months pay together with transportation home. I believe that was the happiest day of my life. From the time we arrived at Annapolis until I boarded the train to go home, everything went like clock-work. The camp was under the most per-

fect discipline. No mistakes, no blunders, nothing to disturb us or to postpone the hour when the company of those who had together faced the dangers of the field, drank from the same canteen, divided the last half pint of rice or meal, and suffered the agonies of prison life, should be exchanged for the sweet companionship of wife and family.

Thirty-one years rolled by, and one day when sending my subscription to the *National Tribune*, I sent an inquiry through that paper for my comrades. John M. Yahres,

A. H. Jones, and Ebenezer Jones responded by mail. John is in Sharon, Pennsylvania, and A. H. Jones is in Pittsburg. Eben came to California in 1896 and stayed a year in Fresno, only six miles from my own home in Malaga, and now lives in Los Angeles, California.

And now, my dear comrades of Company F. First Maine Cavalry, to whom I have written this story, I want you all to write a story for the Bugle. Charley Skillings was seventeen months in a rebel prison. Now, Charley, let us hear from you.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, U. S. Army.

[CONTINUED.]

THE MARCII TO FREDERICKSBURG, VA.—LOUDON VALLEY—SNICKER'S GAP—SNOW STORM AT WHITE PLAINS—MCCLELLAN AND FITZ-JOHN PORTER RELIEVED OF THEIR COMMANDS—COLD WEATHER—THE PRINCESS'S SON—NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE—"MUD CAMP"—DISCUSSIONS AMONG THE RANK AND FILE—DEFENSE OF MCCLELLAN—A SECRET RECONNOISSANCE, ETC.

Building fires of our now deserted huts, the straw, dried cedar boughs, shelter tent poles, etc., we gathered in knots, around the crackling blaze, to discuss pro and con the objective point, the probabilities of when we would reach it, how, what object was in view, etc.

The grumblers and growlers threw in a few opinions well interlarded with "cuss words," about the *government*. the war, niggers, etc. At 9 p. m., were off, and marching via the Antietam Iron Works, Harper's Ferry, and the Loudon Valley, through

Middleburg and Warrenton, soon knew that we were enroute for Fredericksburg.

Our march continued until after midnight, along a very good road, and with the usual amount of joking, hard talk, and amusing incidents. We bivouacked four miles from Harper's Ferry in a large field. The next day we marched leisurely, and with many halts to the river, crossed the pontoons, and stopping just long enough for us to see the "John Brown celebrities," and to admire the beautiful scenery about Maryland and Loudon Heights, at the junction of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac, we crossed the former, also, on pontoons, and bivouacked near Hillsboro, about six miles beyond, and in the open valley of Loudon.

Our brother Walter says:

"Bivouacked in a field about six miles from Harper's Ferry, in what direction, or towards what place, I know not, Nov. 1, 1862.

"DEAR ONES AT HOME: We are on the march, and report says we are to reinforce Sigel and Burnside, and while I write, the cannon are booming about ten miles off, towards Leesburg some persons say. We have been in this field all day, and have been mustered for pay; when it will come, we do not know. We started night before last about of o'clock (just after I wrote Kate), and marched until 1:30 a. m., and bivouacked about four miles from Harper's Ferry; yesterday morning we started again, and marched with ease about ten miles to this place, from which we expect to move in the advance on the rebs every moment. My feet are somewhat blistered, but I guess I can go it. Bob had a hard time with a sore chest, but is now in for it, being a little better. halted for three hours before Harper's Ferry, it took so long for the teams to cross the pontoon bridge there. Some of our boys saw Bill Mills of Bradford, of Company H, 14th Mass., which is stationed on Maryland Heights. We are now in full view of a most beautiful valley, extending for miles. I thought it was the Shenandoah, but have found out different; it is on the other side of hills near us . . . the way the rails owned by the rebs disappear is a caution. Imagine an army moving through Bradford; in the morning, after one night's rest, all our fields would be converted into one general, common property; every fence would be gone for miles around. We draw rations every three days on the march, and if a battle is expected, they give us all we can lug, and we trust to Providence for supplies after it, for a week the trains being nowhere. Our beans are never soaked at night, our cook not knowing enough; they are very good though without; we can't go through the whole programme. Scarfs would be grand, so would woolen caps, for we freeze our pates nightly; we try to wear our caps, but they drop off, and the dew wets our skulls through. Last night we turned in to this place from our march at 8 o'clock; it was a beautiful evening, and the frogs were singing as lustily as they do in May at home. . . . As this accommodation mail leaves at 5 o'clock for Harper's Ferry, I must be closing. We heard from Gene; he has moved from Knoxville to Berlin, and I doubt if we shall see him."

Our brother Bob now adds:

"I thought I would add a few lines. . . . I am O. K. meaning that I am in good spirits and health. . . . Last night we spooned in, sleeping on a rubber blanket, and covering us with both blankets; slept quite warm. I caught an awful cold on my lungs, owing to sleeping without covering, but am better. We have had quite a rest to-day. . . . I shall write as soon as we reach our stopping place."

Here we drew some blankets, and by "doubling up" and sleeping on our rubbers, were once more comfortable. Our march on the following day, Sunday, up the valley, was enlivened by the booming of guns nearly all day, and after a march of fifteen miles, we camped at Snicker's Gap. The marching was easier, our blankets were in rolls, our equipments seemed to *fit better*, and we took things in a more philosophical light. We were becoming soldiers. A fight had occurred at the Gap. Once or twice we packed up to move. The Rebels were crowding along on the other side of the Blue Ridge, and it was necessary for us to guard the pass.

SNICKER'S GAP, Near Snickersville, Va., Nov. 5, 1862.

We arrived here Sunday afternoon, after a tedious ride of fifteen miles; before leaving our camping ground, five miles this side of Harper's Ferry, where we stayed all day Saturday, and from which place I wrote a short letter home, we drew a blanket apiece, swelling our blankets to three in number (of course just as we were on the march), and I drew a shirt, white (cotton and wool shoddy, no shape or make), canteen, haversack and a pair of stockings; also went in for an overcoat. Our packs are rather heavy, but somehow they don't hang so heavy as formerly. I have got to be a soldier now, and my rig fits better, and I can march like a trooper; there's no falling out now, like unto our Washington march, and we have to keep to the front and bear up well.

Our lieutenant commanding, Joseph H. Baxter of Cambridge, an orderly sergeant of another company

formerly, now second lieutenant of ours, gave me an old rubber blanket before I started, which answers very well for Bob and myself, as protection from the ground, and we spread two blankets over us, Bob having loaned our blanket that we bought, just to have it carried. Weren't we lucky in that? We have our old dress coats for pillows, and wear them in the cold weather for overcoats, but we sweat under them on these marches in the warm valley.

We have to wear them, our packs are so large, besides it is the easiest way to carry them, with the one exception of being too warm. We have our tent full of straw, and Ed, Bob and myself spoon in together so comfortably, ever remembering our mutual suffering in camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland. We have let Webster slide, for four are too many in our tent on a march; it answers very well in camp, for we put down boards, and widen things to suit, but here we pull our ponchos as close to the ground as possible, two inches.

Our old doctor is at Brigade headquarters, and we can have all the hay and straw we want to lie upon; he thought they were unhealthy, and fried hard bread healthy, the old reprobate! I wish he had had my black and blue hips. We are real comfortable here, and only need an overcoat for guard duty, and mittens during night picket. We shall probably move in a day or two from here. It is likely to come in order form every day, every hour, every moment; we packed up yesterday, and were under orders to move all day. We got here too late to participate

in the Snicker's Gap fight, but we shall be reckoned in in a day or two I guess, for on the other side of the Ridge the Rebs are crowding the left bank of the Shenandoah. We may stay here to protect the Gap, and to-night the Second Maine go on picket. General Butterfield has command of our division now, and probably Colonel Barnes of the Massachusetts Eighteenth (right flank regiment of the brigade) will command Martindale's brigade, in consequence of the wind up of the Martindale court marshal in Washington; I am glad he got clear. Bob is on guard to-night, and he will wear his dress coat over his shoulders, and wrap his blanket about himself. . . .

battle soon, and then may Heaven protect your boys as they fight for the country, and in the language of C. W., "Stick to their flag." At every opportunity I shall write and relieve you of your anxiety, and living or dying, be assured my thoughts are centered on home, and if you do not hear from me when you most wish or expect to, be sure it is because it is impossible.

Bob has just come into the tent, and says we move to-morrow morning for Ashby's Gap, eight miles below; our teams are being loaded, and I guess it is so. We keep three days' rations with us all the time, and our hard bread is very nice at present; real good crackers . . . keep them all cheerful in the house by assurances of our present comparative comfort, and do not allow them to give way so readily to their feelings.

Wells were dug, company books

were over-hauled, all sorts of rumors were started, and then we knew we would move. It was a cold, raw, bitter day as we filed out of camp, and wound through the one dirty street of Snickersville.

A cold drizzle set in. The snow commenced to spit occasionally. The halts were few and far between. The men had become too cold and numb to hold a musket, and resort was had to old stockings and haversack bags, to make up the deficiency of mittens. Our route was through Philomont, Mountville P. O., and Middleburg. As we were in rear of the brigade, when we arrived in camp at 7 o'clock, the ground was occupied, and our bivouac was upon a bald knoll, where the wind blew hard all night. We were on the farm of J. W. Patterson, five miles beyond Middleburg.

There was little sleep. The fires were crowded; many pant legs suffered; water froze hard in canteens at our heads, and we wished for and heartily welcomed daylight. But, after starting upon the road in the morning and encountering a dense snow storm which soon drove us into the woods for a camp, we wished again, like Napoleon, "for night."

Our little shelter tents were pitched by tying the front and rear cords to trees the proper distance apart, and staking down the sides as usual in the deep snow and placing our guns with fixed bayonets as uprights at the front and rear; some hay was obtained with much difficulty from a long distance, and soon, with the aid of large, blazing fires we partially forgot our transient misery. At night we received a large mail which we read, partly by the aid of pieces of candles which we had saved and carried for the purpose, and when they went out, by the dim light of the fires.

A ration of whiskey and quinine was issued. We were temperance to the backbone, yet freezing outwardly and being dry inwardly, with wet feet and chattering teeth, we hesitated but a brief moment, and then with a feeling akin to desperation, worried it down.

The following morning the sun came out. The snow melted, the roads grew sloppy, and after starting from our feathery white bivouac, we slipped and waded along the stony, wretched turnpike until thoroughly tired out we camped beyond and near New Baltimore. Passing through Georgetown, a march of nearly eighteen miles, long to be remembered, during which the wet, cold, and thoroughly worn out men gave vent to their feelings in curses loud and deep.

We again moved about four miles to a better camp in a piece of thin woods, where we filled our pouches with cedar tips and leaves, and "crowding it" at night, using our blankets to best advantage, tried in the midst of haversacks, canteens, dippers, guns, boxes, and the equipments of the men to imagine ourselves surrounded by luxuries. Our camp was on the left side of the Warrenton road near the Cat-tail branch of Cedar Run.

The nights were bitter. Ice formed on the streams and in our canteens. Men and animals suffered in-

tensely from the cold, and it was said some died. Here our corps commander, General Fitz John Porter, was relieved, and the general commanding the army, George B. Mc-Clellan. Then came the leave-taking. It was a magnificent sight, and as regiment after regiment cheered. waved their tattered flags, and saluted the departing commanders it was enough to move a heart of stone.

Our letters say:

"IN CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, November 10, 1862.

We expect to move to-morrow, so I will avail myself of all the intervening time to satisfy the thoughts that are always running in the stiller waters of my mind, viz.: the desire to ever have home before me, and to talk and converse with you all by writing and thereby keep the influence pure and fresh, unsullied by the scenes and daily occurrences of the camp; for truly I fall in with father's kind words of advice, and care most for how much I am thought of in B., and all about the dear old home.

"I closed my last letter at Snicker's Gap with this 'Bob has just come into the tent and said we were to move the next morning.' He was right, and that Thursday morning at daylight, before we had any time to get breakfast, we started. It was a bitter cold day and we footed it until 7 o'clock at night, not at all minding the usual stop of 8 minutes to the hour: for sometimes we would march two hours steady without a particle of rest, and that would convert the regiment into a cursing, swearing body of men who, tired out, would

give vent to their feelings in curses and imprecations about the army, officers, and the whole concern anyway. . . Oh, my Lord! was n't it cold? No overcoat, no gloves, hands benumbed, so that I could hardly handle my gun. I remembered that I had an old pair of holey stockings in the bottom of my haversack, and I pulled them on, after which . . . I was more comfortable. . . . We camped on the top of a bleak hill in the dead grass, and being rear guard to our division, we arrived in camp later than the rest of the brigade, and consequently had the worst pick of ground, as we had the poorest place during the day, being jolted about in the rear of the teams, ambulances, etc. It was a fit ending to a day of hard usage. . . . The wind blew bitter cold . . . I suffered the whole night. . . . I could n't stand it . . . 'turned out' two or three times to warm my feet by the fire. . . . It was so cold that the water in our canteens froze by our sides, so that we had to shake them to break the ice so that we could drink. . . . Bob and I slept under two blankets upon my rubber blanket; we had no time to pitch ponchos. We were off early: routed out at 4 o'clock, and started without anything to eat; no coffee or anything . . . went about a mile. the wind blowing right through us, when, Heavens and Earth! If you will believe it, it commenced to snow, and we had to march in a driving snow storm . . . two hours, it being colder than any November day I ever remember at home. . . . They marched us until about 12

o'clock, when the officers flushed out, and could not stand it themselves. We filed into the woods by regiments, and cold, wet, and hungry we had to button our ponchos and pitch them. . . Stayed until the next morning. We had an awful time getting up our tents in the snow. Of course we had to go for rails, etc., to make a fire, so that we would not actually freeze. . . . I went a mile and a half to get some hay. I filled the tent well up. Ed. put his rubber up in front to keep the driving snow out, and we all spooned in together, and managed quite well. My feet were sopping wet and cold, and that night they served out whiskey (and quinine) rations to the men.

"Imagine the scene! Every one of us temperance to the backbone, yet freezing inwardly, and there the relieving article before us. Bob and I had never tasted it, and Ed. but once. We could not hesitate. . . . I actually thought it would do me good, cold, wet, and chilled as I was. . . I worried down one spoonful of it: it almost made me sick for a moment, but the after sensation was very agreeable. Bob and Ed. drank the rest, saving some for the next day, which came in very opportunely, as it was cold. Ed. was on guard, and it was rather severe on him, as he had been ordered on arrival to help put up headquarter tents, and do general fatigue. We experienced some inconvenience too, for his duties compelled him to leave the tent at stated times, and the clothes, etc., had to be disturbed. When in the tent, before roll-call the unexpected and welcome call of 'mail'

was heard. We fell in lively I assure you. . . . We started again the next morn, and in the forenoon the sun came out, and the roads were perfectly awful; such muddy, stony turnpikes I hope never to see again. We marched 18 miles, through Philemont and Middleburg to within a few miles of New Baltimore—seven without a rest or halt, and camped back here 4 miles. I went again for hay, and a second nice bed was the result, although we suffered from the cold blow that had lasted during the latter part of the afternoon.

"The next morning we marched to our present camping ground, and after a hard time at tent raising in the cold, and a poor experience of a Sabbath day, we came into possession of a pretty good night's quarters, our bed being composed of forest leaves, and our covering as usual. . . . We are now encamped in the woods. At night we were subjected to a long dress parade, at which over 30 ridiculous orders were read; we like to have frozen to death." . . . "Now, if that is not rough . . marching in snow storms, cold, freezing days, lying on the ground nights . . . for ten days; routing out, packing up before light; and yet, there are some devilish fools at home who will go home and sit by their comfortable fires, with paper in hand, and swear about Mc-Clellan and the army, their not moving, etc. Oh! would n't I like to have some of those loafers out here and march them at the point of the bayonet, with nothing but their salt pork and crackers to eat, twenty miles a day for a fortnight? Well! I guess so! They would soon know whether the army moves or not."

"Sunday, November 9.

"Here we are still, and two inches deep in snow, with the weather, oh! so bitter cold. As cold as I ever knew it to be at home; running water frozen two inches thick this morning, and we are slowly freezing to death in our slight poncho tents. I wish you might have looked in upon us last night after we had rolled ourselves in our blankets, and prepared to sleep; if you could have peeked in, and by the aid of a candle light, gazed upon the 'sleeping beauties.' It did seem as if we would freeze up solid last night; the wind was most keen, and the snow being damp, froze as it fell, I guess, for in the first of the evening, it was most raining, and this morning our tent is covered with icy snow, and within there is a frost equal to any I ever saw on the window of our little chamber.

"Two men of the Massachusetts Ninth died from exposure last night, and I apprehend there will be many more of other regiments who will follow them, when we go on picket duty and do extra marching. We got up early, for we could n't sleep, and had the meanest breakfast I ever ate; wormy hard-tack, and black coffee: the bread was so hard I could scarcely chew it. . . I have worn my back teeth all down, and the fillings of two are ground to powder, so that they ache often. . . . We have to go most a mile for wood twice a day, and wading in snow and mud with only shoes on is rather tough: besides I am barefoot now, my stock-

ings having caved in, being of most miserable quality, and having been subjected to extra hard usage—mud. snow, and rain travelling. . . . We no sooner get one comfort, before we are out in another, and we cannot draw when we please. . . When I stick these feet of mine, so poorly clad with woolen yarn, into cold shoes in the morning, you can imagine my phelinks: my pedal extremities are generally cold all day. But, such is my manifest destiny, and I will grin and bear it. If I am only allowed to get my revenge out of the true originators of this war, the rebels, I will be content; but I wish for the opportunity very soon before my Northern Union blood congeals in too great quantities from the severity of the weather. . . Just stopped for a moment to see Gene; he and Lieutenant Worth rode up on their way to General Sykes; he only stopped long enough to ask me how I liked the 'winter campaign,' and that he was almost frozen, and wanted something warming. He has just dashed off; he rides elegantly.

"I ate some bread (hard) this morning that was n't fit for hogs, and some rice that was splendid. Mother, I shall never be dainty when I get home, for I can eat rice that runs salvy, which you know I detested when at home. I love it now. I saw a sutler yesterday and bought paper, envelopes, and ink: I can't write with the latter, it is so cold to hold a pen; I only use it to direct envelopes. . . The lint, bandages, needles, and item, are all carefully reserved safely for future use, if not for us, for others. They are only addi-

tional mementoes of your love for us. It does seem as if there never was such a mother . . . so supremely good, so regardless of self, so full of loving kindness to all mankind, so sympathetic, so, so, so—I could go on almost indefinitely. You are such a patriotic woman—hurrah! for you, I say. You are a fit subject for every beatitude in the Bible, and I do not enlarge, either.

"Monday Morning.

"Slept very comfortably, though it was cold. Water froze solid in our canteens; we had four in a tent. Le Roy still being without necessary comforts; it crowds us dreadfully. Think of four sleeping in the front bedroom with all of our blankets and accoutrements thrown over us. We had baked beans for breakfast, and really, mother, they were nice; it is the only good dish we have. We are expecting a review by General Burnside this afternoon. I wish we could be reviewed before the enemy. Gene says we shall move in a day or two. Some officers are exceptions, but the general run of them I despise. seems as if it were impossible to find a noble-hearted man among them. If I were one, I believe I could make my men like me; there is a way to do it. You do n't know how nice we keep our tent; every morning, after we have eaten our rations, I fix up our blankets, and put them at our heads, and we look as nice as you please; others keep them like pigpens.

"We suffer dreadfully from the smoke of the campfires; our whole camp is full of it, and our eyes are severely affected; we can't close them at night, they ache so, and when they are open, they are filled continually with smoke.

" LATER, November 10, 1862.

"To-day we have been on review. We took leave of McClellan, and the whole army is discouraged and sad. I will not complain. I have learned not to do it; neither will I hope for evil to befall the government, but just as sure as George B. McClellan leaves, the courage, enthusiasm, and pluck of the army go with him. It is all the talk in camp It would amuse you to hear the soldiers talk about the government and Abolitionists; 'hope they will be murdered, and the army defeated,' etc. They can't understand it; it is a problem to them; they see no papers, and know not the sequel. Some say that General McClellan is entirely relieved, and some say that it is only to give him the (position of) commander-in-chief of the army instead of General Halleck. I am inclined to believe the latter, for it has been hinted at in the papers for some time, and why should he be superseded?

"We also hear that he has been ordered to report at his home in New Jersey. If you could only hear the soldiers talk about it, you would n't give much for the patriotism of the Army of the Potomac, and as for their being in good spirits and eager to advance, as the papers say, it is all bosh! For many of them are discouraged, and swear they wont fight under any other general than 'Little Mac'; besides the cold weather is killing the men. In our company three are down with fever;

they go to bed well, and in the night wake up shivering, and sore across the chest; then commences their death march unless speedily seen to. It is almost impossible to cure on the march. Bob has had a headache for a day or two past, and his face looks swollen; he is very fat, and that may account for it. I am doing everything to cheer him up and keep him lively, but he says he knows he will not escape a sick time. I say he shall! . . . Eugene was over to see us this afternoon; he is an enraged individual about McClellan's removal; he only stayed five minutes, having made arrangements to be back to General McClellan's reception to officers. . . . Just long enough to swear and damn about their removing 'Mac.' Oh! is n't he mad? Aren't all of them mad? We shall try to go over and see him to-morrow. Vou don't know what a commotion the change in the army has made. Officers threaten to resign, and men refuse to fight. In heaven's name why make the transfer now, when all plans are made, and McClellan is our leader, the idol of the army? Why give the enemy the victory? . . . They are cannonading out ahead this morning, showing the rebs are near. There is a large army around us, consisting of Sigel's, Burnside's, and Porter's corps. Burnside was with 'Mac' this morning; he succeeds him in command. I fear for the result of our grand advance, for it is almost suicidal removing McClellan now, and although I am willing to do my part, God knows I have so far, yet . . . I think what we do is no good. This winter is to see more suffering than

America has seen before for some time, that is if we do not winter somewhere. . . . I feel as if my constitution and health will be ruined, for who can stand it to lay out all winter, fight, march, etc.?

turned up we were too full for utterance. . . . How we did laugh at father's pepper. . . . We use it a great deal in scouse, made of hardtack, salt horse, pork, and water, all stewed together, which makes a very palatable mess. You would laugh, I know, to see me this noon, eat raw pork and hard bread, with a dipper of coffee, just from necessity. I could but just get it down, but it was so heavy it stayed after I swallowed it."

On the 28th of October, the provost guard left their camp in Pleasant Valley and marched to Berlin, Md., camping a short distance back from the Potomac river. October 31, Company G, Ninth New York (Hawkins's Zouaves), Captain Childs, marched back from Wheatland and reported on headquarter guard. November 2, it crossed the river and marched to Wheatland, Va. November 3, it marched to Bloomfield, via Philemont, a distance of eighteen miles. November 4, marched to William Hall's place at Middleburg, Va. November 5, moved to Rectortown, and on the 8th to Warrenton.

Our brother, now of the Eighth Infantry, writes from Warrenton as follows:

"CAMP AT WARRENTON,

"Nov. 10, 1862.

"The pride of headquarters and of the army left us this morning. I would have given a month's pay to have had

Abraham Lincoln present to witness the ovation given to General George B. McClellan yesterday norning, by the troops of this army. He leaves us the proudest man in America. Night before last he received all his staff, and all connected with headquarters. The Eighth Infantry and Second Cavalry went with General Patrick, provost marshal general; when the tent was crowded, and all had shaken hands with the General. the champagne was opened, and the General proposed 'The old Army of the Potomac,' and 'Bless the day when he was with it again. Yesterday he reviewed the provost guard, and it was the finest sight ever witnessed. The old Eighth Infantry and the old Second Cavalry, and his body guard. The Eighth and Second never before cheered for mortal man, but on this occasion such yells as we gave when he passed, were never heard before. After he had passed in review, and was returning to the front, General Patrick, who was riding by his side, suddenly put spurs to his horse and rushed away from him; uncovering his old gray head, he cried out: 'Once more and all together!' They then shook hands, both in tears. Yesterday evening the General received at Fitz John Porter's headquarters. I was there, and it was a melancholy sight to see old men, majorgenerals, and brigadiers, shed tears when they parted from him.

"General Burnside is one of his best friends, and regrets this thing as much as any of us. When General McClellan received the order, relieving him, we were pursuing the rebels, and would have forced them to fight the next day; now the rebels are ahead of us, and I expect we shall be skedaddling back to Washington very soon. I saw Walter and Bob yesterday; I never saw them so fat before; they appear to be comfortably situated; I shall see them again soon. Our command has just been ordered to turn out and receive General Burnside, who will occupy the old headquarters to-night. I suppose we must transfer our affections to him now.

"On the 16th the provost guard left Warrenton, marched to Weavers-ville, crossing Cedar run, bivouacking near Catlett's Station. On the 17th it bivouacked at Spotted Tavern, and on the 18th at Hartwood Church. On the 19th it reached Falmouth, Va., about 11 o'clock A. M., and went into camp."

Our brother in the forts now writes:

"FORT TILLINGHAST,

"Nov. 13, 1862.

"I do not feel like writing to-night, as I am very tired, having had to work hard all day on a 'bomb-proof' which we are digging in the fort for protection in case of an attack, but am obliged to communicate to you some unwelcome intelligence. Lewis to-night received a letter from the commander of the gunboat Judge - (I could not make out the name), informing him of the death of his father; he died (or was killed) at the bombardment of Vicksburg. He had written before, but Lewis did not get the letter. . . Lewis feels very badly, but I try to cheer him all I can. I received mother's letter . . . please tell her she had better not send

them (the little things she mentions), for I should have to throw them away if we should move. One pair of stockings, one shirt, and a blanket, with ammunition and equipments, are all I can possibly stagger under. It is 'the last hair that breaks the camel's back,' you know. . . . We have had a big snow storm here, and it has been pretty rough in these tents, but when I think of how poor Walt and Bob must suffer, I do not complain. Do you hear from them, and how are they? . . . The Twentyfifth Maine is encamped near us; it is mostly made up of my old schoolmates, and it seems like old times. Frank Fessenden is colonel. Luther Dana, Ham. Ilisley, Freeman Clark, and a host of others are among the privates. . . Tell father that that little George Goss who used to do up the mail with Gene . . . is sergeant-major, and was local editor of the Argus before he came to the war.

"He is the present correspondent of that sheet. One of our company died the other day, and they had him embalmed and sent to Amesbury. We borrowed the money to be paid 'pay day.' The removal of McClellan does not cause much talk here, and if Burnside will only fight and do something towards closing the war, it will be all right. The men would rather do a month's steady fighting, and then go home, than to remain here a year doing nothing."

Our brothers of the Twenty-second now say:

"WARRENTON, Nov. 15 and 16, 1862.

"Last night after our return from a visit to Gene, we received your last letter accompanied with the package containing the caps, gloves, one needle, and some thread, tokens of your fond interest, and continual efforts for our best comfort and pleasure at home. If you only knew how overjoyed we were to receive them. . . . The caps are the envy of the company, and the gloves are the best we could desire. . . . The day your letter came, Eugene was over in the afternoon, towards night; Bob was down sick at the time, but has since recovered; Gene stayed with us until late in the evening, and when he went away, it was was with the understanding that if Bob was better, we would be over to see him the next day; his visit was very pleasant to us. He seems just as he used to, and talked with us about everything; he was cross and snappish though about the removal of 'Little Mac' and Fitz John Porter.

"The next day Bob was no better, and we could n't go over to the Eighth Infantry; we were called out on review (our corps), to take leave of General Porter, and welcome 'Fighting Joe' as our new commander. It was a sad parting, and many an officer shed tears, while Porter was very much overcome; it was a magnificent sight, and as the various regiments cheered, waved their tattered banners, and saluted their departing commander, it was enough to move a heart of stone. It has had a great effect upon this part of the army, the supersedure of McClellan, and his favorite general, Porter.

"Gene came over at noon, and stopped most of the afternoon; Bob was much better, and we had a gay time. We saw General Howard and Governor Washburne of Maine, at the camp of the Maine Second (in our brigade, next regiment.) . . . The next day, Friday, Bob and myself went over to see Gene; we got a pass from headquarters of the brigade, and started early in the forenoon. We found Gene glad to see us, and he introduced us to Frank Worth (son of General Worth of Mexican war fame); a young fellow, Captain McKee, (formerly captain of Gene's company at West Point), now of the First Cavalry; also Lieutenant (J. N.) Andrews, adjutant of the battalion, and ever so many more officers (of his class) who called to see him, that I can't recollect.

"We were treated splendidly by them all, just the same as though we were one of their number, and particular friends at that. . . . We sat in a little arm (camp) chair, the first one since leaving home. He has got a nice wall tent all to himself. We had a long, nice chat with him, and talked and joked. He showed us one or two of his camp pictures, gave us one, grew quite confidential, discussed the war, removal of his *idol*, 'Little Mac,' etc. etc., till dinner time.

"We had a royal meal, composed of roast beef, pickled tongue, sweet and Irish potatoes (the latter mashed in butter and milk, bread and butter, and sherry wine. . . . We enjoyed that kind of 'fod' until our stomachs were not big enough for our eyes. . . . We had a gay dinner, and a gay time . . . After waiting for the mess (of which Gene is the worthy caterer this

month) to get through their smoke, Gene, Bob, and myself adjourned to the tent (where he lives in style), and had a long confab on politics, the army, regulars and volunteers, his company, home, the letter you sent to him, John Andrew and his niggers, and many more topics worthy of mention, but forgotten just now. We found him a queer genius in his ideas, and in politics he beats the Dutch. We felt perfectly at home, and talked freely. We stayed there until four o'clock, when we went to see guard mounting; and oh, father, how splendidly the regulars drill; it is perfectly sickening and disgusting to get back here and see our regiment and officers manœuver, after seeing those West Pointers and those veterans of eighteen years' service go through guard mounting. I need not go into detail, nor mention any of the differences; you know it all. I am only glad I saw, for now I know I am a better soldier after seeing them perform. Gene sent for a lot of apples, and took us to the sutler's tent and gave us some cheese, a can of strawberries to carry to our camp. While there we saw Colonel (Adelbert) Ames of the Twentieth Maine, and John (Marshall) Brown, his adjutant . . . and Tom Edwards, the latter in government employ. . . . Gene walked half way back with us; on the road he introduced us to Fuller, a former classmate of his from Maine, and another classmate whom I cannot recollect. They seemed as glad to see us as if we were their own brothers, and shook our hands cordially; they are such a genial set of fellows, these West Pointers, and

yet such perfect soldiers. Gene seems to be a *great favorite* too with them all. Gene left us at camp. We had a real nice visit, and he treated us splendidly.

" . . . That morning we drew overcoats, and upon our arrival in camp, found a letter from father. We could not imagine what the bundle was, but upon opening it and seeing the contents, we actually jumped up and down. . . We found Henry Wilson (Senator) in camp; he walked around to every camp fire, and sat down and talked to the men . . . he was out to inspection: Hooker told him yesterday that we made a fine appearance. . . We are very busy preparing for a march. I am finishing this Sunday, and to-morrow we move . . . rumor has it that we go to Fredericksburg. Yesterday General Hooker reviewed the whole corps; our division was in one field, and it was a splendid sight; he rode round at a trot by every regiment, when he posted himself on a hill, and the whole division marched by, by companies. He took off his hat to the flags, all of them.

"Gene was to have been here today but I guess he has moved; the whole army is on the move but us 'Reserves.' Hooker has now command of the Center Grand Division, composed of the Third and Fifth army corps, the latter being ours, under temporary command of the ranking brigadier, General Sykes. So I am under Gene's old commander; may I be true to him, as was Gene, and the remembrances of the *gullant* major (at home) cause me to fight well, and whistle and sing after the victory is won. We march on the morrow, dear father; where we go I know not, but I trust all will be well with us; you shall hear from us as soon as possible. Trusting that the last words of your letter may be verified in the future. . . . Things look blue out here in respect to McClellan's removal; its tendencies are bad for the army, yet I do not despond. If all will do their duty, as I hope to do mine, we shall beat the fleeing enemy."

Our brother Bob adds on the 16th: "Of course you have read ere this of the removal of 'Little Mack' and his right hand man, Fitz John Porter; that together with Hooker's review is the chief talk now in camp. At night the boys will huddle around the fire, and will blow and talk, until there is no end of opinions . . . you have no idea of the feeling expressed in the army on this subject. . . . This is the third review I have been in since I came out here; one by the president, farewell review by 'Mack,' and this one. Fitz John Porter's I did not go to, as I was sick in my tent. Since I wrote my last letters I have been threatened with a fever; I laid in my tent for three or four days without scarcely moving out; two or three of our boys were sick after this march. I suppose I caught cold during that last snow storm, in which we suffered severely, being without overcoats or gloves, and our feet soaked. . . . I wish . . . that you who have never seen a large army, and its movements, could see it, and also the celebrated generals, 'Mac,' Burnside, Sumner, Hooker, Franklin, Richardson (dead), Griffin, Wilcox, and half a score of others, for I know it must be a great sight to you. . . . Gene has been to see us twice, stopping a long time each visit . . . he laid in our little coop, and talked with us ever so long; shook hands with us at leaving, told us to be sure and come to see him. That was when I was sick, but was getting better.

"The next day he came again, making us another pleasant visit. . . . Tell father I will try and profit by his advice; let him never fear of my lowering myself in any way, for I am resolved that I will come back as good as when I went out. . . We have to rout out mornings at five o'clock, reveille. . . . Won't the gloves be gay to-morrow? My holy stocking will be at a discount. . . I am writing on my knee, so don't laugh at the writing; with an old blunt, lead pencil, and my knee pan aint just the thing. . . I will write just as soon as we stop long enough if we move to-morrow. . . .

Our brother of the artillery now writes:

"Fort Tillinghast, Nov. 18, 1862.

. , . "About the box; we expect to go to Harper's Ferry soon, but cannot tell when, and it would be much easier for me to get it here, so if you can make it convenient, you had better send it as soon as you can. . . . Two or three of the Portland boys were over to see me yesterday, and we went down to old Lee's place, and drew some persimmons, and afterwards sat down to salt horse. I believe you asked me for a

piece of my 'wool.' You have it enclosed; it's sure death to rats, but has no visible effect on lice. They do not trouble my head, but are very partial to woolen goods. Is n't it awful? They will get into the tents in spite of all we can do, but I have not had any about me for some time. I got some mercurial ointment, which fixed them, and came pretty near fixing me, for it took the skin nearly off my body. . . . I suppose you feel very badly about Uncle William's death . . . He was killed on board the gunboat Judge Torrence at the storming of Vicksburg."

In the rain and gloom of the morning of November 17, we filed out again for the march, and moving through Warrenton, Warrenton Junction, and other small hamlets (Elkton and Spotted Tavern) found ourselves on the 22d, near Hartwood church, a soaked, bedraggled lot of patriots.

It was called the "Mud Camp." It was a low, marshy piece of ground. The rain pouring in torrents, had overflowed it; the tent pegs, aithough two feet or more in length, would not hold. A gust of wind at night swept it down upon our faces, and drenched to the skin, about midnight, after several unsuccessful efforts to disentangle cords, pegs, poles, etc., we abandoned it, and in the inky blackness, steered for a fire, where we found about half of the company "sitting around," and here we wore out the night, crouching, nodding, and vainly endeavoring to sit upon a log, sleep bolt upright, keep from getting any wetter and colder, and at the same time, avoid tumbling into the fire.

Upon the 23d, we slowly paddled along the awful roads, through bog, mire, and liquid mud, about ten miles, and at night, bivouacked in our fighting position, about four miles from Falmouth, near Stoneman's Switch on the Acquia creck and Fredericksburg railroad. We had reached our base.

When our small band of patriots was gathered at old Camp Cameron, in Cambridge, impatiently awaiting the seemingly slow movements of the powers that be, and transportation to our regiment; engaged and absorbed in the many novelties of the occasion, and in eager anticipation of events, we had given but little time or thought to individuals, or their characteristic traits.

Among our number, however, we had noticed a tall, slim boy, straight as an arrow. His face was a perfect oval, his hair was as black as a raven's wing, and his eyes were large and of that peculiar soft, melting blackness, which excites pity when one is in dis-His skin was a clear, dark olive, bordering on the swarthy, and this, with his high cheek bones. would have led us to suppose that his nationality was different from our own, had we not known that his name was plain Henry P—. There was an air of good breeding and refinement about him, that, with his small hands and feet, would have set us to thinking, had it not been that in our youth and intensely enthusiastic natures, we gave no thought to our comrades' personal appearance.

We can look back now and see the shy, reserved nature of the boy, the dark, melancholy eyes, the sad smile, the sensitive twitching of the lips. We had more time to observe our comrades. Hardships, privations, danger, with death often staring us in the face, was beginning to draw us nearer. Strong sympathies were aroused. The tall, slim, dark haired boy began to yearn for companionship.

On the Maryland campaign to Antietam, sometimes the burden had been greater than he could bear, and the rough, hard jokes of the Peninsula veterans, accompanied with a-"You d-d two hundred dollar recruit," had closed the portals of his His quiet, uncomplaining ways attracted the writer's attention. I was drawn to him, and while around Sharpsburg, we had become warm, fast friends. His face grew brighter. His sad eyes looked happier. An occasional smile crept about his lips, lingered for a moment, and was gone.

There was a burden upon his mind which I felt anxious to know, yet hesitatingly shrank from intruding myself upon his sensitive, reticent nature. One day, however, Henry felt communicative. A letter from his sister had cheered him up, and in a sudden fit of confidence, he told me his long buried secret.

This boy was the son of a Sandwich Island princess near relative of the royal king, Kamehameha. His father, a native of Boston, became a merchant in Honolulu. He had, while living at the island, become enamoured of this princess, and after a short courtship, married her. He brought her to Boston where Henry was born.

It is the old story—the beautiful princess died; the father married again. Henry was educated in the public schools of Roxbury. In the midst of the clamor of war, when the very air vibrated with excitement, the wild enthusiasm of the crowds, and the inspiring sound of the drum, his Indian nature rose within him. His resolve was made. He would enlist. It was a beautiful face that Henry showed me that bright October day, as we sat in the shadows of the huge black walnuts and white oaks, that formed the grove by our camp near Shepardstown, on the banks of the Potomac. It was an ambrotype of the native princess, his mother, taken in Boston, after her marriage. With the exception of a slight fullness of the lips, and the prominent cheek bones, it was a perfect face. blue-black hair, waving over a high forehead; those large, mellow, black eyes, like a gazelle's, and the sweet smile that lighted the whole face, would have made anyone proud of such a lovely mother.

But even as he replaced it in its sacred spot near his heart, the tears trembled upon his long, dark lashes, and rolled down the swarthy cheeks of the boy soldier. As we hastened along the hard Warrenton turnpike, on this 18th day of November, on our march to the "Spotted Tavern," every step seemed accompanied by a groan of fatigue or exhaustion, from the worn and weary men.

It was long, hard, and uncompromising. Henry had kept up; was cheerful in his new-found friendships. But the unfortunate boy had, in his want of experience, purchased some-

where, a pair of thin, high-heeled and narrow soled boots.

The poor fellow's feet became blistered. His pain-contorted face, as he hobbled along, mile after mile, showed plainly the agony he endured. His swollen feet became a torture, which even his Indian nature could no longer endure. He announced that he would be compelled to "fall out." We tried to persuade him. It was useless. It became a law of stern necessity. A sudden impulse seized me. I resolved to "fall out" too, and take care of him, for, although vounger than he even, I was stronger, more robust, and had now become hardened into good soldier trim. We started a fire and prepared our coffee. Henry had removed his boots, and was enjoying a partial relief from his aching feet, when it suddenly occurred to me that this friendly act of pity and sympathy was contrary to the then existing orders, now so strictly enforced, and to every soldierly principle, and besides we might be "picked up" by the provost guard in rear, and punished for straggling.

This I made known to him, and urged him to make another effort to rejoin the command, as it was late in the afternoon, and it would soon go into camp. But without avail. He raised his tin cup of coffee to his lips, and replied,—"I will be in camp by night, good by." The rear of the corps was about passing. I joined it, and an hour later was in bivouac with the regiment. It was the last we ever saw of poor Henry P——. Week after week rolled by.

Fredericksburg's murderous battle had been fought, yet no trace of the

absent soldier. He had not been arrested by the provost guard. He was reported as "missing." We can hear the words now, as the roll was called in the gray of those fateful mornings, and gone over and over again in the chilly, frosty air of approaching night,—"Henry P——, missing."

Time wore on. The spring of 1863 approached. A paper was received one day in the company, and this item caught our eyes,—"At the Parole Camp, Annapolis, Henry P——, late Twenty-second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Funeral at Roxbury on —— at —— o'clock.'

A letter was received some time afterwards, and the mystery was solved. He had been brought to the Parole Camp at Annapolis, a paroled prisoner of war. His emaciated frame, far gone with disease and suffering, had succumbed, and his spirit was at rest.

Five minutes after I had left him, near Warrenton Junction, and joined the rear of the Fifth Corps, as it passed, a band of Mosby's guerillas came out of the oaks, where they had been watching our movements, and without a struggle, had surrounded and made a prisoner of the worn-out, shoeless boy, and marched him to Richmond.

Libby prison and Bell Isle soon wore out the brave spirit, and at last, when by apparent good fortune, he was exchanged, it was only to linger feebly a few weeks, like the flickering of an expiring flame, then quietly pass away to an eternal life. The princess's son was dead.

Our letters now continue, describing the march to Fredericksburg.

"NEAR FALMOUTH, Nov. 22, 1862.

"Just after finishing my letter to father, (which I sent yesterday and wrote at Warrenton), we received positive orders to be ready to march next morning, last Monday, and before I could get a chance to get it into the mail bag, the headquarter tent was struck, and in the midst of a drizzling rain we started, both of us being compelled to take our letters with us, and wait for a chance to send them; yesterday was our first opportunity, and I hope they will be received in due time. . . . We are now within ten miles of Falmouth, camped in a most desolate place, and expecting to move hourly; the sun is out for the first time since we started. and such a specimen of the rainy season as we have had, I never wish to witness again.

"We have struck tents twice today, and both times had our orders countermanded; and now we have pitched them again for the night, with hopes of a comfortable night's rest, the first we shall have had since Sunday night. We have boughs on the ground, and side sticks in the tent to keep out the wind; our shelters are very frail, and are made by buttoning three square pieces of drilling together, and pinning them to the ground with stakes, the two side pieces being thrown over a pole, which rests in the crotches of two end stakes, and ropes from the ponchos drawn tight to pins in the ground, keep these two ends firm, while side pins keep the rest in place, and one poncho at the back end completes a tent for three, unless you wish to be more comfortable, and put

a poncho over at the foot, and I have drawn a poncho for the latter purpose, or at least signed for it; I expect to get it soon.

"I send you a rough sketch of a poncho tent, at the same time endeavoring to explain it. It has been one continual rain since we left Warrenton, and when we got here man and beast suffered alike. We have been here two nights, and last night I was a perfectly soaked man. Sometimes we exaggerate when we say we are wet through, but I solemnly declare I was truly soaked; here's the way of it: yesterday our tent blew down in a squall of rain and wind, while I was in the woods after boughs for a bed, and before Bob and Ed could get it up, our kit, blankets and all, got wet through, and our tent ground filled with water: we did the best possible, and all day long it poured, so that our personal bodies were wet when we retired to a wet bed. I spread my rubber blanket. and then put my woollen on that (I could wring the water from it in sufficient quantities to fill a water pail), and until midnight I lay awake suffering from the cold, our tents filling every minute with puddles. I got up at two o'clock, and was so sore I could hardly stir. I went to the fires (kept burning by the guards, who were wallowing in mud and water); I stood there in the rain until the sun rose and dispelled the clouds, the first light for five days. and to-day we have fixed the tent and dried ourselves somewhat. Bob and Ed were troubled too, but had a better part of the tent and saved their blankets dry; Bob was up in

the night several times, not well. He is plumb to-day. Must close now, as it is dark; we leave to-morrow, and I know not for what spot, Fredericksburg I guess. I shall finish this as soon as we stop; I have two letters by me now, which I wrote at Warrenton and could n't send them."

"I am on fatigue, and have got to lug wood. I do it cheerfully, for I am strong to-night, while many poor fellows are sick in the regiment. I am acting corporal of the squad detailed, but always do my share of the work: we have to do it to-night for we are in late, and we are cold; it is moonlight, and we can see I guess. I may add more as soon as I get paper."

"Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1862.

"This whole letter I consider as a sort of diary, and as soon as I get it sufficiently long I will send it Since Sunday we have been here, and we have all been wondering at the delay in our operations upon Fredericksburg; there are many rumors about Burnside, intervention, etc., etc., but as I have seen no paper yet, I am at a loss to understand why we are here at a standstill, idle, and allowing the rebs to fortify and gain strength. We have lots of work to do, and the fatigue labor of forming a camp of even four days' duration, is enormous. We have to cut and lug from the woods all our wood, while many regiments have theirs brought by their quartermaster's teams. We are out of grub also; I have had two hard bread to-day, and yet there is great quantity at the commissary waiting for the head boss to deliver them out, and while I am

hungry, the officers at headquarters are having roast beef, hot bread, potatoes, and pudding. The government is n't to blame, neither is our worthy chief, Abraham (although misled, ignorant soldiers swear at 'Abe' for it), but it is all owing to miserable, petty officers, who forget all their ideas of right and wrong under the shoulder straps. . . . We shall draw rations to-night they say. . .

. We draw no beans, rice, or candles yet. While in the *mud hole*, Bob saw Brainard Blanchard: I was away; he passed by in the Thirteenth (Mass.) on the skedaddle from Rappahannock Station: the *Rebs* drove them away. He wanted to see me dreadfully, so Bob said."

Our brother Bob, of the same date, says:

"Walt has been writing this forenoon with his overcoat and blanket on him, it is so cold. Now having finished my humble meal of boiled crackers, I will try and see if I can manage to write a short letter, for it is too cold to write long. Remember when we write, we have to be out of doors as it were, and no fire to sit by. To morrow is Thanksgiving, and I know you would like to hear from The last letter that I wrote was at Warrenton, Sunday afternoon. That night it rained; reveille at three o'clock, and we packed up our wet stuff and started. It rained for five days, in which we suffered extremely; the third day we pitched ponchos in the rain and mud up to our ankles; wet feet, cold and wet blankets, we laid that night, the rain pouring in torrents. I had the diarrhæa, and of course, miserable, cold,

wet, and lying in the mud and water, had to turn out several times, because of that curse to the soldier: you can't cure it. But rain was not to be our worst; we left the next morning with about eight or nine hard tack and a hunk of salt pork. The Second Maine were out and hollering for hard tack. We lived that day, and arrived at this place Sunday night (which is within five miles of Fredericksburg, which is across the river, Falmouth being just on this side). The next day we did not get a cracker, although our rations were up; the boys looked blue enough; some had n't even a crumb. . . . The next day came, and not a cracker. I thought we should all starve; we were hungry enough to eat a nail. I picked up pieces of cracker in the mud, under the mules' feet; some picked up bones, and ate the marrow; this with cold, frosty weather, and diarrhoea from eating raw pork, took us down a peg. Yesterday we got three days' rations of cracker and pork, and the boys set up a howl; I thought there would be a mutiny; they were yelling hard tack!' even in the night; some of the regiments have n't any now; good prospect for Thanksgiving, isn't there? It is getting to be rainy; last night it rained good, and I had to 'turn out,' of course on account of diarrhœa. . . You have no idea what it is, this winter campaign, with nothing for shelter but thin, open cotton tents, in these extremely rainy, frosty, cold nights with nothing but coffee, pork, and hard bread, when we get into camp after a hard march.

"We have to go sometimes a mile for rails, then pitch our tents with numb fingers, after which, in the dark and smoke, we cook our coffee in our little black pails, toast our hard tack, eat, and 'turn in,' provided we are so fortunate as not to be on guard. Oh! what a blessing those caps and gloves are, and now our overcoats that we drew at Warrenton are quite comfortable. Only think of 'Carleton,' the Journal (Boston) correspondent, saying that in that cold, driving snowstorm at White Plains, had it not been for the stoves in our tents, we would have suffered terribly. . . . I would liked to have warmed his fingers by those stoves in our tents . . . nary a stove did we see. . . . If his back had been in two inches of snow that night, he would have wished himself out of the warm tents. . . I think it is almost suicidal keeping men out this winter, in water and rain, mud and snow, with nothing to cover us, and no shoes on our feet. . . . I have got the rheumatism, and a cold which has hung over me for six weeks, owing to getting wet, sleeping in water and snow with wet feet, etc. . . . A great many of the boys have it. It is true . . . half the time we don't know so much about the army movements as you do, although when we are on the march, we generally have some idea of where we are going, and that is all we know for a day or two, except by rumor, which is sometimes that we are surrounded, and everything else impossible. . . You must have had cold weather, and that

storm you had, must have been the same one we had at White Plains.

Our brother of the regulars now makes an elaborate defense of General McClellan, in answer to a long letter written him by our father, who was a strong anti-McClellan man:

"CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, November 22, 1862.

"I was very glad to receive your long letter this morning, and will give it to Walter and Bob as soon as I see them. While near Warrenton I saw them quite often, but since we left there, the Eighth Infantry has been in advance of everything except Sumner's Corps. Our quartermaster's department is becoming noted; I always bring my train into camp with the battalion. Before we reached Falmouth, headquarters train did not get in, and General Burnside was obliged to go back seven miles to reach it. General Patrick and staff remained with the Eighth Infantry, and the general occupied my tent and bed for the night, and said he had never slept better in his life.

"The next morning General Burnside and staff honored us with a call, drank all our water and whiskey up, ate all of our apples, and started us off for Fredericksburg; 'but we are not there yet.' The article,—'McClellan at Antietam,' I have read before; it came from the New York Tribune. Now I know more about that battle, and McClellan generally, than these lively newspaper correspondents who infest this army, and the provost guard. Two of these individuals came to our camp in Pleasant Valley; we treated them

very politely, and asked them to dine with us, which invitation they greedily accepted. What was the result? We never eat but what they are about; they follow us night and day, and I was compelled a day or two since, to 'jerk' one, a 'Times reporter,' from one of my teams.

"You have doubtless learned before this that Burnside's advance was in Fredericksburg; we are not there, and what is more, we shall have to fight hard before we get there. Now to commence with, I know that General Burnside is not the equal, or does not compare with General McClellan in military strategy; of his patriotism I have not a doubt; but if a man should assert that General McClellan was not a patriot, I would tell him he lied, if I forfeited my life for it. I am not an idolizer; if you remember. I told you that General McDowell was not the cause of our first Bull Run disaster; I firmly believed it then, and I as firmly believe it now. I do not think that general was to blame for the disasters on the peninsula; I only ask you to read De Joinville's account of that campaign, and as I hope to live through to-morrow, his account is a correct one.

"General Patrick who knows you well," (he was in a class above you, and told me you used to come and see Plummer), commanded a division in McDowell's Corps.

"When McDowell was at Fredericksburg, his advance was within seven miles of Fitz John Porter when he fought the battle of Hanover Court House; why did he not join him? Was it McDowell's fault? No,

it was owing entirely to General Wardsworth, who was his junior, but who, possessed with (of) more influence than McDowell. succeeded in making President Lincoln and the secretary of war believe that it was all for the best. McDowell protested to General Wardsworth that he (McDowell) was a ruined man. General Patrick told me of this.

"After the battle of Fair Oaks, every available man was sent across the swamp; Fitz John Porter's corps, 'originally the reserve,' now formed our right wing, and protected our communications; should he withdraw, where would our supplies come from? Would it have been policy to have withdrawn him and plunged into Richmond, or, rather 'risked a battle,' with our communications abandoned? What would have been the result if we had been defeated? Surrender! Our right flank was turned; McClellan expected it, and did the best in his power, changed his line of communications to James river. We arrived at Harrison's Landing after hard fighting, and our army thinned by disease and the bullet, but they had confidence in McClellan still.

"Newspapers and political gentlemen generally, commenced to get frightened, and cry out, Down with McClellan." Harrison's Landing was evacuated and McClellan was deposed by an order from the war department, assigning him to the command of all troops not under the command of Pope.

"His own body guard and orderlies were taken from him; Pope's army was routed: McDowell lost his repu-

tation unjustly; all came rushing madly upon Washington, and terror was depicted upon every countenance. McClellan was begged to take command again. He had to protect Washington, organize a routed army, plan a campaign into Maryland, get ammunition and supplies generally, and then find the enemy, which is no easy matter when you do not know whom to trust for information. General Pleasanton's advance fought the enemy almost every day; the battle of South Mountain was fought, and General Reno killed; his place had to be supplied. We followed close on the heels of the enemy; fought them through Boonesboro. General Franklin's corps had gone to the relief of Harper's Ferry, but arrived too late. Old Miles's inefficiency had done its work. We found General Lee in a very strong natural position, offering us battle with a force superior to our own, and having all the means in the world. The battle was fought; General Burnside called for aid, and it could not be sent for very good reasons; the regular division was supporting batteries, and the remainder of Porter's corps were needed somewhere else than with Burnside.

"The battle was won, and we occupied the field. We were out of ammunition, out of supplies, shoeless, and twelve or thirteen brigade generals hors-du-combat; regiments, brigades, divisions and corps partially disorganized; no forage for animals, none for men, the enemy retreating upon their line of supplies (you ask what supplies; I answer those taken from Pope at Manassas, and those

captured at Harper's Ferry). They retreated across the river. Why did not McClellan follow them? For the very same reason that Burnside now lies at Falmouth, and does_not cross the river to Fredericksburg.

"Crossing a river in the face of the enemy is, you know, the most dangerous undertaking in warfare, and if once across without supplies, and then beaten, what would become of the army? General Sumner's advance wished to cross the river and occupy Fredicksburg; General Burnside would not allow it. One or two Rebel regiments then occupied the other side; now they have an army. We are within four miles of our supplies, and get all the forage and rations we want; we have been reinforced by General Sigel, and have now a large army. General McClellan did not have 80,000 man; was almost a hundred miles from supplies, and the communication was not established. One word about quartermasters' stores; General Meigs said we had plenty, or at least he sent plenty. I went with my train for three weeks to Harper's Ferry, with one requisition for clothing. I never had it filled; I never got a single shirt for my command, and I was told that only six thousand had been sent by the quartermaster's department for the entire army. I saw whole division trains go away with not a tenth part of the articles required. and I will take my oath that I heard General (Rufus) Ingalls, 'chief quartermaster of this army,' give orders to Captain Bliss (issuing quartermaster at Harper's Ferry), to 'cut down the requisitions,' and as regards clothing being drawn and kept without issuing, the only case of the kind that could occur, is when we were ordered to move and had no time to issue.

"If division quartermasters should issue to regimental quartermasters, how much clothing do you suppose three wagons would carry, besides regimental and company property, rations, etc.? That story is simply foolish, and no one who knows anything about a quartermaster's duties whould circulate it.

"When McClellan was removed, he was advancing rapidly, and had gained two or three days on Lee's calculations; we would have been in Culpepper or Gordonsville to-night if it had not occurred. There is not a military man in this army who does not regard McClellan as the best man for commander-in-chief of this army. Old Hooker, who won all under McClellan's directions, sneaked away from Manassas Junction in an ambulance, while the up train was waiting for the down train containing McClellan; he was ashamed of the part he had taken, and sooner or later his conduct on several battle fields will get a sifting.

"General Burnside I regard as a good man, a brave man, and a good soldier, but (I know what I say) he cannot be compared to George B. McClellan for an instant; he has not got the brains, the energy, the coolness of 'Little Mac.' General Burnside will be supported by all officers and men. You never saw a more disgusted man in your life than this same patriot at the news of the removal of McClellan; he actually shed

tears when McClellan turned over the command to him. He said he was not capable, and begged McClellan to remain until he had learned more about affairs; McClellan said he would remain as long as possible, but he must obey his orders. Your story about Burnside's saying that he 'loved his friend, but his country better,' must have originated in the fertile brain of the 'Tribune reporter.' Perhaps the enclosed order will spread a little light upon why he accepted the command. (Encloses order relieving General McClellan).

"As to McClellan's politics, I do not know or care what they are; I do n't believe they ever influenced him a particle in the discharge of his duty. He has borne 'insult upon injury' with a patience like Job; he has been sacrificed for political capital, and sooner or later he will triumph. If I thought for a moment his removal would benefit the cause for which we are fighting, I would submit without a murmur, but more cogent reasons than those already given for his removal must be explained to me before I will ever believe that he has been sacrificed for his country's good.

"You may teach me politics, but you cannot strategy or tactics. I am in a position where I see, hear, and learn something about such matters. I hope I shall see the day when you will be convinced that what I have told you about McClellan is true. I never expect you to believe what I tell you about the imbecility, rascality, and cowardice displayed by some of our precious jewels, until some of your sons are numbered among the

many victims of their incapacity and worthlessness. How many officers do you suppose are appointed out of merit? . . . My fingers are cold, and it is late. The pontoon train will be here in the morning, and the ball will open."

"November 24.—Pontoon train arrived early this morning; the bridges were to have been built tonight, but some blundering fool did not send anchors and oars for boats, and did not send enough by fourteen. Sumner crosses first; how the blood will flow."

Our brother Walter now writes: "IN CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH,

November 27, 1862.

"After a long march from Warrenton taking eleven days, we are at last in our position with the Third army corps, as the center division under General Hooker, on the banks of the Rappahannock, and are no longer considered a reserve corps, for 'Fighting Joe' is our leader, and we shall have to buckle down to pure pugilistic qualities. We suffered terribly on the road, the rain being our greatest cause for complaint. I have a long letter which I commenced to mother in a mud hole back on the march which I shall finish and send as soon as possible; in it I tell you all, and am now only writing a short note to relieve any anxiety as to our whereabouts in this blissful community; it is almost too cold to write, and my fingers are as cold as can be; the weather is our greatest drawback now; it rained all night, and I am damp all through, but still I am well, so is Bob.

"We received our first mail last

night, and such a flow of good things never was received from a happier couple. . . Oh, our joy this festive day, over this Thanksgiving treat! How it tends to center all our love and affection around that table, which to-day shall be set in our diningroom, and be occupied by those most dear to us; our allowance of salt pork, coffee, sugar and hard bread, (all we get on the march), will be seasoned to a delicate taste by those fond remembrances. . . Your letters, so full of love and tender sympathy, are enough to make the day pleasant for us. and that we are thought of as you sit down to the feast, and are remembered all over old Massachusetts by its noble and patriotic Governor Andrew, as well as its generous-hearted, noble people, shall be our satisfying meditation, and shall we not have occasion to be thankful for it, even though we be far away from you all, and the horrid thought of war displaying itself in fearful reality at every step?

"How I wish I could be with you, but I know I cannot: it is my first absence, but in spirit I am already in the 'straw cottage,' and I can seem to think that I am speaking to you all, and everything is as of old. . .

. We had Governor Andrew's proclamation and his address to Massachusetts soldiers read to us last night on dress parade, and I think them most beautiful, in every respect so touching, and so well designed to awaken our better feelings; they are the best productions of the time I have yet read from any governor. . . Eugene is encamped about four miles from us, so I hear;

he will probably be over soon with your letter. I believe every word you say in your short letter, and I know that it is only the pro-slavery, ignorant, at home loafer soldiers that cling to McClellan now. There was a sort of something about Little Mac' that deprived him of a fruitful victory; I think him a great general. and I think they removed him at the wrong time, just in the midst of a campaign, thus occasioning a delay hurtful to the cause. McClellan and Fremont are of little consequence only as they affect the cause of our country, and I do think the former's removal at such a critical time, when the whole army adored him (Tribune correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding), has affected to some extent a good, loyal feeling in the army, and there is not so much fight in our ranks now, as there was before, for we feel as if the fighting at home, the constant removal of generals, the elections in New York, Philadelphia, and Ohio, and the probable quarrels in the approaching session of congress, all tend as a drawback to the doings of the army.

"I only hope his removal will set things right; time will show. I think my opinion of 'McClellan at Antietam' is exactly set forth in a piece of that heading in the New York Tribune of a few weeks since; I expressed myself to the same effect in letters home just after the fight. The talk about there not being much enthusiasm at McClellan's last review, is all bosh; such a reception by the different regiments I never saw given to any man, and it is no more than true, that in no man will

the army place that implicit confidence that it did in George B. McClellan. I cannot account for it, but his presence was magical. . .

. We may be ordered to move at almost any moment; the 'rebs' are over across the river, and we are over 100,000 strong 'en masse' to the river on this side; we have a commanding position, and Fredericksburg is at our mercy. There are many reports as to an order for its surrender, and an armistice granted for thirty days just afterwards; also about the relative strength of the batteries planted on either side, and our being ordered forward with twelve days' rations toward Richmond, and the commencement of our laying our pontoons, etc., etc., but not knowing anything about them, I shall say nothing. We had an awful disagreeable march, commencing Sunday night before we started, (Gene started Sunday morn), the day he was to come and see us.

"We were wet through night and day, and slept in mud and water; we suffered also from cold and want of food, teams not coming up until after our rations had expired; the weather was so cold that we ate more, and indeed, what we get on the march is n't enough for us, twelve crackers a day, salt pork, (most of the time with us), and two spoonfuls of sugar and coffee each. Why, I ate twelve hardtack yesterday at dinner I was so hungry; it takes a good deal of such stuff to keep the blood warm enough to engender sufficient bodily heat for existence, and you would laugh to see me eat raw pork, hard-tack, and drink black, pot eoffee now: I have had to come to it, for I

cannot get different in this, the enemy's country; as for forage, we are not allowed even that; they guard all secesh property, rather than run the risk of having one Union Southern man (I have not seen them yet), lose a single chicken; as for the weather being delightful, and stoves being in our tents, and the army being urgent to move forward, and everything being lovely, as the 'army correspondents' make it out, it is a base lie.

"When we first got here we were all out of grub, and the teams being in the rear, we could n't draw our rations, and for a day and a half I only had a cup of coffee, two hard-tack (which I bought), and some crumbs in the bottom of my haver-sack; now I am flush again with our peculiar line of provisions, and shall celebrate to-day with a hearty dinner.

"We may have some fresh meat, for they are killing over in the butcher's department; Ed Morrill fell out of the ranks of his company with a sore foot (wounded at Antietam), and our regiment overtook him on the march, much to the pleasure of us all. He stayed with us two days, riding in an ambulance belonging to our corps. His foot is inflamed by a severe cold in it, and he will be obliged to go to the hospital again."

" November 28, 1862.

"Bob was sick last night suffering from headache and pain in his stomach; while returning this morning from the brook, he was seized with a violent cramp in his stomachand while crawling into his tent, his breath was almost taken away from him; I turned around and saw him gasping, and by signs he told me

what was the matter; we got him out of the tent, and I rubbed his stomach with hot cloths until he recovered, during which process he suffered excruciating pain. wards his stomach was sore, and he has had a dull headache until now. but at this time seems quite well, up and walking about as usual. . . . Captain T. is dismissed from the service; dishonorably discharged. . . After finishing my letter to father yesterday. Bob and I thought of going to see Gene; we procured a pass and started. After walking five miles on the railroad to Falmouth, (now completed, and in running order, insuring a speedier delivery of both rations and mail), we passed to the left towards Sumner's headquarters and obtained a grand sight of Fredericksburg; could see their wagons and military works. After inquiry, got to Burnside's headquarters, a mile from Sumner's, and soon reached the provost guard, Eighth Infantry; Gene was gone, and Frank with him; it was almost one o'clock, and our pass expired at four with provosts all about us to arrest just sich; we waited until two o'clock, in the meantime being politely treated by Gene's officers (and I notice this in the regulars, they are always very courteous to their friend's friends; invite them to drink, etc., etc., a sort of etiquette with them), and was about to start for home, when Gene rode in; he seemed so glad to see us; got us bread and apples to eat, and gave me a shave, and made everything comfortable for a short visit; he had been over to General Sykes'. We read father's long letter over (on Gen-

eral McClellan, etc.), and discussed it, I side with father. Gene obstinately hanging to his whims, Bob neutral. . . .

" . . . Gene urgently invited us to stay to dinner (at 5 o'clock, for Gene and Frank mess together, and have two meals, one at morn and at night), a Thanksgiving one too, but Bob and I dared not, think of the self denial just to obey orders, and at 3 o'clock, after a pleasant visit, started for camp. Gene gave Bob some smoking tobacco and promised to come and see us tomorrow, with sutler's stores with him. We were afraid to stay mainly for this, that we might get lost returning at night, having in our minds a new way to get to camp.

"We came away loaded with hard-tack, which with our rations drawn now, makes us well off; we hated to leave but had to. On our way home we struck the Thirty-fifth (Mass.), and I saw W. N. and others; I ate supper with Haze Goodrich. It was my Thanksgiving feast; very unexpectedly I assure you; it consisted of sardines, chicken soup, flapjacks, hard bread and coffee. Well! we got home late, and everything is lovely now; we expect Gene tomorrow . . . Sunday."

NOVEMBER 30, 1862.

"It is bitter cold to-day. Bob and myself were on guard last night, and being on the first relief, had to stand our relief altogether in the night; all the while I was on the first relief in front of the colonel's tent, I had many things to look upon that kept my mind in constant occupation.

"There were big fires in all the tents and candles in abundance, while the poor privates were without either. That furnished material for one hour's thoughts, and then I saw their supper carried into the tents for them, and smelt the savory odor of good things therein; that was another comparison to the poor fellows who lay near me in their camp streets, eating their salt pork and hard bread, and on Thanksgiving day; while Acting-Brigadier 'Betty' Barnes and his staff were eating their dinners of geese, turkey and fixings, the privates of the Thirty-second Massachusetts were trying to buy hard bread at the brigade commissaries, within feet of their mess tent; that is abominable, yet I do not mean to say our food is not suitable, for it is the best the government can give us, and of the best material and kind, when you remember the transportation and everything concerned; they can't possibly give us any other kind of grub, although I never lose an opportunity to better it, when a chance presents itself.

"But it is hard to cut us short, and keep us without hard-tack, when it is in abundance at the commissary to sell, while officers are faring like princes.

"We are drawing beans, rice and molasses to-day, and candles are coming. It would make your heart bleed almost to see our poor fellows digging in the dirt, and getting wood for chimneys to officers' fireplaces, and to-day. Sunday. (the president's request to the contrary notwithstanding), a fatigue party is making a

fireplace and chimney for the colonel's tent, and against their will too, for many of them, I observe, are Christian men, who attend regularly the prayer meetings and live a good life, and besides all the every day fatigue.

"We are liable at a moment's notice to be called by the colonel and staff to cut wood for their comfort. I imagine they have no right to do the latter, for they draw their full pay . . . and are expected to hire servants; nevertheless, we suffer by it, and contribute wholly to their pleasure. Even in bringing wood for them, we have to bring it up from the woods, while other regiments have it brought by their teams. In the Thirty-fifth, company wood is drawn by horses. I am my own horse and many a time have made an ox of myself in carrying prodigious loads on my shoul-

"Many there are in this regiment who, if they follow out their Mc-Clellan ideas of right, and after talking as they do, play the white feather on the field, will find my bayonet in them as quick as a rebel private's. They must be patriotic, or else the day is lost, and one man playing false to his country is death to many a patriot's endeavor on the day of battle; there are many such in our army, and it is almost a crime for an honest, freedom-loving spirit to speak itself forth at the camp-fire urging on for the cause, and for war to the knife.

"He is then beset by men in authority, who are his inferiors in most every kind of knowledge and

together, they try to bear him down, and many are the epithets given to him as he strives for the maintenance of his doctrine; he is called an abolitionist. Charles Sumnerite, and even Massachusetts democrats seek to insult him by saving he is a John Andrewite. Wait until the day of the fight I will remember the foe in camp who hates his country, and thinks her not worth fighting for, and says that nigger freedom is the object of this war. . . I will remember him, and if he falters from deliberate cowardice, I will make him step up, or into him I go, bayonet first and bullet afterward.

"I am for Judge Holt and his views as expressed to Collector Varney in a recent letter, and you can't imagine how such letters from home serve to cheer us up; how often would I despond were it not for kind words and ceaseless endeavors for our comfort. Every letter is so full of love, and mother's pen seems to speak in every line of such inexpressible affection for us. It is enough to make a stout heart melt, and I can never read a message from vou without emotion. If it requires nothing but the elements to remind you of us, so steady and unceasing is your thought of us. . . .

".... If every soldier could see at home a friend like you, how their hearts would rejoice, and yet Governor Andrew is of the same kind. I know full well that the senate has a soldier's friend in its seats when you make your debut; would they were all as patriotic as you.

"We were on guard from 5 to 7, 11 to 1, 5 to 7, and to-day, 11 to 1; now we are at the guard house (the open air), and I am writing on a cracker box, sitting on a log; to-morrow we go on fatigue, the usual custom.

"Oh! if it was n't freezing between the hours of II and I; I believe I walked fifteen miles in my three tours of two hours each; I streaked it lively back and forth on my beat, and this morning the ground was white with frost. Don't be alarmed about Bob, from my last letter to mother, of Friday's date; he is quite well now, his attack being only temporary; when I first began to rub him, the pit of his stomach was sunken in, making a large cavity, while just above there was a hard bunch, just like rock, as big as my head; it seemed as if his intestines were all bound up in a bunch; however, he is cured now, and seems

"I do pity any one sick here without friends; I have weighed your words well; that is the way it is, father, there is no sympathy for a poor sick man. At the hospital it is worse for him than it is in his tent. for there they use him shamefully. LeRoy Kimball arrived to-day, and although he is looking finely, I think he says he has the diarrhœa; we were glad to see him I assure you. I shall never forget the night we enlisted, and the speech you made; that speech will live with me forever, as it showed your regard for us, and every letter brings fresh proof of your anxiety for us. I hope we may live to return; what a happy

greeting it will be. I think your letter to Gene, Bob, and myself simply perfect. . . . I never read such a good letter from you before. . . . As soon as McClellan gets cleaned out, why this stuff comes from their lips, and it leaks away in streams, and is swallowed by the humblest private who spits it out again. Just as soon as 'Mac' is removed, all this talk about there being no fight in the army, abolitionists, etc., leaks out; it must certainly have emanated from the fountain head. Your letter is most splendid; it ought to be read all over the land. . . Rumor of a move. . . . Good-by."

Our brother Rob now says:

Dec. 3, 1862.

"It is a cold, dismal afternoon. . . . Of course ere this reaches you, Walt will have communicated the news. rumors, etc., etc., as we get them. Of our Thanksgiving visit to Gene, and the Thirty-fifth, and our march to this camp, lack of food, etc., so that I will not repeat. Gene seems to think more and more of us. . . and seems to take pride in introducing us to his West Point chums, and in various ways shows his kindness and brotherly love for us; yet he is sharp and quick in his manner, having changed greatly from the time when we were brothers and sisters in the good old city of Portland. . . If you could see him in the army, and the way he lives as a regular officer, you would not wonder. . . . I passed my first Thanksgiving from home in a profitable and pleasant manner; we could look into the streets of Fredericksburg and see the

rebel wagons. Captain Frank was up to Sumner's headquarters, and with the aid of a glass, could see them at work upon the redoubts; I think we must move soon, and then for a bloody fight. We are making every preparation, and for my part, I am willing to risk my life in the encounter just to please the croakers at home, who insist upon our making a 'winter campaign.' I want this thing closed up, and if it cannot be done without fighting, I say fight! till the quarreling, wrangling politicians are satisfied that we can't fight any longer. . . One thing is certain, it can never be settled so long as they conduct things as they have been doing for the past year.

"There have been too many traitors at home, too much fighting among ourselves, too much cheating, too much shoving out of generals, etc. to ever hope to succeed. There never was a more intelligent, self-sacrificing army in the world, but how can it hope to succeed when it is held back by an unseen agency, as it were? But I must hold my wind, for I am cold and must finish Monday morning."

"On the morning of December 1st, when a movement of any kind was furthest from our minds, the call suddenly rang out. . . "Pack up." Down went our shelter tents, and we were on the march in short notice. Our destination, as usual, we did not know, but supposed we were going on picket. The entire brigade and a battery went. After marching about five miles, at a very rapid gait, we knew it was no picket detail. Still we went on, going back to near our

'Mud Camp' at Hartwood Church. We moved into the woods. No noise was allowed, neither bugle calls nor fires, and we 'munched' our crackers in moody silence.

"We lay at night, in a wet, marshy piece of woods, through which ran a ravine. Pickets were sent out, and our Cavalry brought in a prisoner. On the following morning, we had just got breakfast, when orders came to pack up with all possible despatch.

"Some of the boys remarked that Old Betty B."... had got frightened and was going back to camp, and so it proved, and such marching, mile after mile through woods and under brush, across mudholes, almost at a double quick, before a halt was made.

"Then we swung out again, and at a terrific pace, kept on until we reached camp, the entire command much exhausted. Many were the curses loud and deep, that trailed through the air that day. It was called a reconnoisance, and we let it go at that, but we have never understood to this day, what the home movement was, nor the necessity for such barbarous, up and down hill 'double quicking,' with but one halt in a march of nearly ten miles.

"This movement was in support of a reconnoisance which Gen. W. W. Averell, commanding cavalry brigade, had been directed to make with two regiments of his command to Grove Church, Deep Run, and that vicinity, to reëstablish the picket line which Captain Johnson of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry is said to have permitted to be surprised, and a part of them to be captured near there on November 28th, and to attack and destroy any force of the enemy's cavalry found there, supposed to belong to Gen. Hampton's command.

"The man captured was an old Mexican war veteran, who belonged to a company of confidential scouts; he stated that there was a system of signals established by men on horseback so that information could be conveyed very rapidly from point to point.

"The enemy had, however, by this method, or, perhaps, by the fires which some of our men had made in the woods, been frightened off, and were beyond reach. (Rebellion Records. Also History of Fifth Corps, W. H. Powell, P. 364-66)

Our letters say:

"While on fatigue, the call came, 'pack up.' Down went tents, and we were on the march in a short time. Our destination we did not know as usual, but supposed we were going on picket; the whole brigade went. After marching five miles, we thought picketing was played out, and still we went, going way back 10 or 11 miles to the place where it rained so and was so muddy; went into the woods; no buyling, no fires, and nothing to eat but crackers; lay that night in a wet. marshy piece of woods. Our cavalry brought in a rebel scout, captured about three miles from our position. The next morning, (yesterday), we went II miles through woods, across mud holes and brush, back to camp; and such marching! We never halted but once, a short stop of ten minutes. It seemed as if they could not make us go fast enough; up hill and down as fast as we could. The boys swore

dreadfully. I never heard such oaths. It was a shameful, cruel, and barbarous trick to march men so; worse than a drove of cattle; but what does a *Brigadier* care for a private? We got back tired, sweaty, dusty and used up; just pitched our tents when Gene came riding up. He noticed my dirty face instantly; told him to come (today) to-morrow, and I would shine as much as he. He asked after our wants, kindly told us there was a prospect of moving across soen, and after a short, but pleasant visit, left for headquarters.

"I was on guard Saturday night; it was awful cold, and as I paced my lonely beat in the midnight hours, oh! how I did think and think of home. . . I thought of mother, who, although pale, care-worn and anxious for her soldier boys, now is bowed down with a new grief, that of the death of a brother. . . . Poor Mother! I sympathize with her in herloss, and as I tramped up and down that night, it seemed as if I could see her sitting up and waiting for us to come. . . . Walt wants to write a few lines, and I will close."

" DECEMBER 3, 1862.

"... It is evening, and we have finished our supper, coffee, hard bread and boiled tongue that I bought from the butcher and cooked; are seated for the first time in this camp, in our tent, with a candle light, and a poncho covering in front, drawn today, and an extra occupant, LeRoy, who, as yet, has no tent, and we crowd him in with us. . . . Rest assured, in the tent to-night, we are all fondly thinking of you at home.

Baked beans in the morning; good times are coming at last, and we are living well after much tribulation."

" DECEMBER 4, 1862.

"Verily, it needs not the rain, or the sunshine, the storm or the calm, to speak to you in words concerning us, for it seems one continual thought with you, to have an unceasing regard for our welfare, and always 'Walt and Bob' are subjects of your own voluntary goodness. We could not feel it in our hearts to ask that which you do for us both in word and deed, we can scarcely acknowledge in fitting words; we can only thank you, dear father, assuring you that although we sometimes forget to mention it, we are susceptible to all its kind intent, showing as it does your love for your soldier boys, which we can never repay. . . Your few words in mother's letter have been read, and meaning noted.

". . . Our situation is still the same, in camp before Fredericksburg; the Lord knows when we shall advance, yet the greater part of the army, who are sick of strife, are satisfied to remain inactive, even in winter quarters, which are not yet officially announced. I am not; I want to go ahead, or else stop for winter; we have poor shelter for the present cold weather, and I hate to to live in expectation; if we are going to stop. I want to build a winter shanty; if not, I wish to see the enemy, and force from him his right (as he thinks) to secede, and thereby give freedom to the slave, and

hereafter have a true land of liberty. What a lack of interest in the cause the privates in the army have. To their shame be it said, two thirds would leave for home to-day, if they were allowed, and leave things as they are, and give the rebel government the victory, and a place among the nations of the earth, an established revolutionary nation, in the face of the mighty north, and that, too, by force of arms.

"It is disgraceful and unworthy a civilized power, and yet I believe it to be a fact, from what I have seen. How I wish every man was like Thomas Francis Meagher in the army, and led by the skill of Mc-Clellan (for I believe he was competent, only his politics and feelings made him go in for a do-nothing policy, or rather soft patriotism, in the compromising line), and influenced by the fighting spirit of Joe Hooker. I don't want 'Mac' at the head, but a man with his ability to do (if he chose), but different feelings. I am waiting for better things soon. . . Our quartermaster has gone to Washington to look after all regimental and company boxes. The result of his labors is already at Acquia Creek Landing: all the boys are sending for boxes. I hardly think it will pay, for Gene says we shall move soon surely. Yesterday two mince pies came by mail; they looked so tempting."

". . . Mother, be cheerful, and derive comfort from the assurance that your boys, a gallant quota from the family, a quartette of heroes perhaps still live, and loving her of old are fighting for the flag. . . .

Bob's shoes are out, and he has drawn a pair of government brogans (gun-boats). Mine are like adamant. . . I have lost all my Sharpsburg feeling of laziness, and languor, and can work with a will; cold weather agrees with me. . . . LeRoy is back; has been making a bridge; there is to be a grand review to-morrow by General Burnside. We are all in our tent now with our new poncho up in front; we have eaten a dinner of beef soup and hard bread; and how often we have spoken of home during our frugal meal. LeRoy talks continually of B. . . longing to get home. Webster has been detailed to go in a pioneer corps of the regiment, to form with details of other regiments in the brigade, a brigade pioneer corps, who carry with their other duds, axes, shovels, and picks, to clear the way, make bridges, etc., etc.; he doesn't like the idea of it. . . . It has commenced to snow now, and it bids fair to be a long storm; we are pretty comfortable though, for we are prepared in having our tents pitched before it came along."

"DECEMBER 6, 1862.

"We had a hard day's march to our old *mud-hole*, and a tough one back; I suppose it was deemed necessary that we should have one more look at the place, or else it was thought advisable that we have exercise with a load on our backs; we went ten miles in three and one fourth hours."

Our brother in the artillery now writes a short letter:

"FORT TILLINGHAST, December 8, 1862.

"Captain Sargent just received your letter, and as I am not sick, but very well indeed, I hasten to answer, but can only write a note, as I am on guard, and have to go on my beat shortly. I received the splendid box which you sent, and I have had a feast I can tell you. . . . I invited several Portland boys to dine with me Thanksgiving day, among whom was the sergeant-major of the Twenty-fifth Maine, and he gave me quite a puff in the Portland Argus. Do you hear from the boys now? I have thought of them about all the time for a day or two, as it has been very cold, the snow being quite deep; I have suffered considerably in my tent from cold, and do n't know what I should have done if it had not been for the quilt which you sent me; how must it be with them? Lewis sends his love, and is very much obliged for his stockings."

Our brother Walter now says:

IN CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH,
December 10, 1862.

"To-morrow we cross the Rappahannock at daybreak, and you know what awaits us there; I have only time left to write once more. Your messages were so good, and you were so thoughtful of your soldier brothers, that I cannot let this last opportunity pass unimproved, without acknowledging it all; besides I want to let you all know at home that we start for the field with high hopes and anticipations, both for the cause and ourselves; I cannot believe that I shall never see you again, and yet

I am counting the cost; I wish to write once more before I go, and this is a good chance. Your letters were in every way calculated to cheer us. . . . That's the kind of letter that does us good, and we do thank you for them so much. . . . I hope I may in some way repay in the same coin by writing this letter, short though it may be, at this time, on the eve of starting on a great tour of great results, and of great concern both to ourselves and to those at those at home. . . . I have no news to write, for I know of no great events. . . . Eugene rode up to-day to bid us good-by; he is under orders to move, and General Patrick said that the Eighth had got to make a dash, and if so, Gene will yo in; he said that he was under orders to move so soon that he might not see us for some time, and so he rode over to give us a parting word; I hope no evil will befall him, or either of us, but that we may meet again as full of regard for each other as ever.

"I was on guard last night at brigade headquarters, and as I stood on my beat at three o'clock this morning, freezing with the cold, I could n't help thinking of how comfortable you are at home, and yet it is better that you should never know or see all that happens in this army, for if you did, you couldn't rest a single night, it would work upon your feelings so. Better be happy at home, not knowing the miseries of this vast concourse of men, than to be miserable constantly over all the horrors of this life.

"I saw things last night that would

have made your hearts freeze if you had been witnesses; such sufferings Nightly the camp I never beheld. showeth forth the wickedness of men, and the treatment of horses and mules; the condition of some of these animals (I saw a mule with his right fore leg kicked all to pieces by another horse, and as the joint-water oozed out, he groaned with pain most hideously: he was dead this morning,-no one to help, and I could not leave my post); the cattle-pen full of poor oxen, cold and hungry, walking about in the midst of offal and leavings of their dead comrades, soon to be shot in the morn, before the rest, and dressed in the same pen of butchery; it is perfectly horrible; and the sick and care-forsaken men who have no one to look after them as they near their end; oh, how many they lie in their poor tents, and have to rise and walk, when at home they would be considered crazy to do it.

"But enough of this! I am not following your example. I will close the melancholy story, rendered so much more awful by actual sight, by hoping that you will never see the like of it, that a land of peace may be yours, and that war may be far away from your immediate vicinity, so that its horrors may be heard of but not seen.

"We have days of severe trial to go through now, for how can we pitch our tents these cold nights, after a long march and hard battle? The ground freezes as solid as it does at home in Bradford. We have perfect spring days, thaws in the morning, mud at noon, and winter at night.

"The snow has all melted, and we had just commenced to get ready our winter quarters when this order reached us; you ought to see the forests disappear by the soldier's axe; Virginia will be cleared by the strong arms of Northern laborers if we continue much longer on its 'sacred soil'; we will hope for the best on this active campaign. I am thankful that I enter upon it in perfect health, and I pity the man who does not, for he is certain to (have) acute sufferings. You will find many blunders in my letters; I am getting uncivilized, and forgetting all I ever knew; what wonder is it, in the midst of such scenes as we are? If we are perfect brutes, I shall not wonder. . . . And now good-bye, father, mother, sisters; to advance is necessary, and why delay? It is sudden to us at this time, for we have been deluded with vain hopes of staying; I know not when you will hear from me again, but rest assured that every opportunity shall be improved to inform you all of my health and good spirits, and you well know that my face will be to the foe, and as I march along to Richmond, my thoughts shall be with you all, and I shall always be as ever your loving son and brother, WALT."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GENERAL AT TWENTY-ONE.

By Granville Fernald.

You are waiting to hear the name of my hero—the boy whose true history as a soldier is like a page from the romances of the brave knights whose deeds illustrate the history of the wonderful ages of chivalry.—It is Estes.

I must investigate him. I go to my library and take Hodsdon's reports of Maine's contribution of men to the Union Army, and I quickly get on the track of the typical Maine soldier. I find the following in the roster of commissioned officers of Maine Volunteers in the War of 1861—65:

Estes, Llewellyn G., First Lieutenant A, I Cavalry.

Same, Captain A, 1 Cavalry.

Promoted A. A. G. Volunteers, I Cavalry.

From that it is easy and really exciting to trace the progress of our patriotic, ambitious, Down-east youth by rapid steps from a raw recruit to the dignity and consequence of shoulder straps; from the routine of organization and drill at Augusta in the winter of 1861-'62 to the subsequent experiences of the camp, the bivouac, the raiding and fighting in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and the romance of the march with-or really ahead of-Sherman, to the sea, and beyond that to the conquest of Johnston's army and the era of victory and peace.

In 1861 there resided in Oldtown, Penobscot county, the family to which belonged the subject of this brief sketch. His father was absent in California. The recruiting officers for the volunteer army were abroad in the land, and it is no wonder that Lew Estes, in the enthusiasm of his eighteenth year of life, should burst the bonds of maternal restraint, and, against the pleadings and tears of his fond, anxious mother, enlist in Company A. First Maine Cavalry, on September 21, 1861. The date given in Hodsdon's book is October 19, but that is the date of muster-in to the United States service; and 21 is the age given in the same record of Maine's soldiers, but that is a fiction -a convenient dodge by which a great many Maine boys of tender age managed to mortgage themselves to Uncle Sam, "for three years or during the war." They were boys, and beardless, but with brave hearts beating under their blue jackets.

In nine days after the young recruit was enrolled, he was appointed to the position of orderly sergeant of his company, one of the most responsible stations in the company or regiment.

In May, 1862, only six months after his enlistment, he was promoted to be 1st lieutenant of his company, in which position he served with the regiment in Virginia, gaining much experience and attracting attention from superior officers for skill and daring in the execution of important movements, and in close action with the enemy's forces. It is stated to the writer, by an intimate army com-

rade of Estes, that Col. Judson Kilpatrick of the Harris Light Cavalry (2d N. Y.) also commanding a brigade of cavalry, had particularly noticed our Maine boy engaging the enemy at the head of a small body of men of the First Maine, and when the organization of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac occurred in 1863, Colonel Kilpatrick called on Colonel Douty of the Maine First to detail an officer for adjutantgeneral of his staff. Colonel Douty referred the matter to Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who at once thought of the right man for Kilpatrick and responded: "Yes; there's Estes; he's smart and bright as a dollar, but he won't work in harness worth a cent."

Kilpatrick being promoted to brigadier-general and appointed to the command of the First Brigade, Third Cavalry division, had Estes (who had recently been promoted to captain of his company) permanently detached from his company and appointed adjuutant-general on his staff, dating from July 1, 1863. In that honorable position, in the most intimate relations with the commanding general of the brigade, Captain Estes might have avoided participation to a great extent in the dangers of a cavalry charge and close conflicts with the enemy, but the Maine youth was always ready and eager for the fray of battle.

The following instance of the gallant behavior of Lieutenant Estes under circumstances of peril is founded on the narrative of the War Records of Maine, and the official report of General Kilpatrick: "The

celebrated Stoneman raid through the rebel lines and around Richmond occurred in May, 1863, while the battle of Chancellorsville was being fought. On this occasion Lieutenant Estes received special honorable mention in the report of Colonel Kilpatrick for volunteering to carry a dispatch to Major-General Hooker. He failed in the attempt, but with his escort of ten men he captured and paroled one major, two captains, a lieutenant, and fifteen men of the enemy. He was soon afterward captured with his escort, but managed to capture his captors in turn, and soon a force of Union cavalry swept down and took in the whole of both parties."

In the memorable cavalry assault upon the rebel lines at Gettysburg, led by that intrepid cavalry leader. Brigadier-General Elon J. Farnsworth, under the direction of Kilpatrick, Captain Estes, by permission of his commander, rode with Farnsworth as a volunteer aid.

After Captain Estes's detachment to the staff of Kilpatrick, he never returned to duty or was identified with the subsequent history of the First Maine Cavalry. He followed all the fortunes of his impetuous commander, and found congenial association with the gallant men of the staff, and the brave officers of the cavalry line who served under that distinguished leader till the close of the war. He participated in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac to the time Kilpatrick joined the Army of the Mississippi in April, 1864. At this time, Captain Estes was only past his twentieth birthday.

" Of all the officers intimately associated with Kilpatrick," says my informant, who was also on staff duty with him during the Atlanta campaign, and those of the Savannah and the Carolinas, "not one was so closely related to him in every respect as Estes. Estes had the confidence and esteem of his commander in all things. Whatever Estes did was just right; even to putting a cowardly colonel under arrest and then taking command of his regiment and charging into an intrenched town, clearing it of rebel troops at the point of the sabre, as was the case at Van Wert. Georgia. There was no man in the cavalry corps of Sherman's army more widely known and respected than the Maine boy, still under age, and only a captain. His twenty-first birthday occurred during the occupation of Savannah by Sherman, and on that day, the twenty-seventh of December, 1864, Kilpatrick's report to Sherman of the operations of the cavalry on the "March to the Sea," is dated, at the close of which he says:

"Captain Estes, my assistant adjutant-general, deserves special notice, not only for the faithful discharge of his eminent duties, but for his reckless daring and invaluable assistance in every skirmish and engagement. This officer deserves and I earnestly hope that he may be promoted."

The official records of the Civil War show other instances of special mention of the Penobscot boy for remarkable gallantry and skill in handling troops, but one bit of daring was done under the eye of General Howard, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, and related in his report

of the Atlanta Campaign of 1864. It was in August, when the Army of the Tennessee, as the right wing of Sherman's Army, was flanking Hood's Army, while Atlanta was being evacuated by Hood, that a fierce fight occurred at Flint River Bridge, which was an object of contention between the Union forces under General Logan and a large body of rebel troops, "which," says General Howard, "were reported to be from two brigades to a corps. I found," says General Howard, "that scarcely a drop of water could be obtained without retiring a mile, and that there was none ahead short of Flint river." A lodgment of the eastern side of that river would enable him to accomplish two desired objects, to break the railroad and secure an abundance of water for his army. "After a short rest," he continues, "the columns marched on, General Logan's, preceded by a squadron of cavalry under Captain Estes of Kilpatrick's staff, and the other columns preceded by Kilpatrick's main body, cutting their own roads for the most part of the way. Captain Estes pushed so fast that the rebel cavalry could make no other stand from Renfroe to the Flint. On reaching Flint it was discovered that the bridge was not destroyed, the enemy defending it from barricades on the opposite bank. I directed it to be carried. Captain Estes deployed his cavalry. now increased to parts of two regiments armed with Spencer rifles. He was followed by Hazen's skirmishers. The cavalry rushed for the river bank and fired so fast that the rebels could with difficulty reply. Under cover

of this fire a charge was made across the bridge, and the first and second line of barricades seized."

A few days after the dashing charge and complete success with a small force just mentioned, we find Captain Estes again volunteering to drive back a large rebel force at the head of the Ninety-second Illinois Mounted Infantry of which General Kilpatrick says: "Captain Estes and the officers of the Ninety-second Illinois are alone entitled to all the praise of this successful exploit." His position as leader of the assault at Flint River was purely voluntary, and in response to a call from General Howard. The fact is, he often tired of the routine of the camp and the office, and craved the excitement of the raid, the charge and clash of arms in the front of the army.

The brilliant services of such a man could not fail to be rewarded by promotion. He was promoted to be major in September, 1864, and lieutenant-colonel in 1865. In General Kilpatrick's report of the final campaign he again gives Adjutant-General Estes a meed of gratitude as follows: "To Major Estes, my adjutantgeneral, I am greatly indebted for my success in the raid around Atlanta and the campaigns of Georgia and the Carolinas. He deserves and should be made a brigadier-general." General Sherman adds by endorsement: "This officer I recommend for gallantry and great skill in battle."

General John L. Hodsdon, adjutant-general of Maine during the war, says: "The career of General Estes was indeed remarkable. In the short space of less than three years, through

his skill and bravery, without the aid of powerful political friends, he advanced from the position of private in the ranks to that of brigadier-general before he reached the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was once made prisoner, three times wounded, and participated in no less than one hundred and twenty-one engagements! It is said that no other officer of the volunteer army has to his credit a record of so many engagements as General Estes."

As to the age of General Estes above given, at which he was made a brigadier-general, thereby hangs an explanation. Private Estes at the time of his enlistment was only in his eighteenth year, having been born December 27th, 1843, but as at that time it was difficult for boys so young as he to enlist, he was enrolled as twenty-one years of age, as appears by the roster of his regiment (Adjutant-General's Report, Maine, 1863), so he was only a little past his majority, when his commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers was given him. It is dated September 30, 1865. In March, 1865, Generals Kilpatrick and Sherman had strongly recommended him to be promoted to the full rank of brigadier, which he would have received but for the discontinuance of the war. From March to September 30, 1865, General Estes was adjutant-general of western North Carolina, comprising forty-one counties, in which office he displayed the same qualities of heroism and patriotic zeal that marked all his previous army service. He resigned his commission September 30, 1865.

Since the retirement of General Estes from the public service, he has been cultivating the arts of peace in various spheres of civil life. He resided a number of years in North Carolina, but for a few years past has been a resident of Washington, where he is engaged in a quiet business enterprise. He is one of the most affable and kind-hearted of men; a churchman and a Republican.

Many instances of General Estes's wonderful bravery and his coolness during the most fearful hand-to-hand conflicts with the rebel cavalry, are related to the writer by his old army chum, as he fights over again the campaigns of the sixties while his cigar goes out amid the imaginary clash of sabres or the rattletybang of the carbines.

The captain had a large, powerful horse which was peculiarly marked in different parts of his body, or parti-colored. He bore the name of "Old Spot," and was better known through the whole cavalry corps than any other horse—as there was no other like him. Even the rebels knew Old Spot as they had met him on many fields, bearing his intrepid rider always in advance of the Yankee squadron. When Estes started for the enemy, he was like a centaur of the fable, and Old Spot in full sympathy. and of superior mettle and unequaled stride, immediately distanced the flying troopers following Estes's daring leadership, until he would be the most conspicuous object in the scene.

While fighting through the Carolinas, Old Spot was captured by a private in a North Carolina regiment, during a raid of Hampton's

Cavalry on Kilpatrick's headquarters in the early morning, which is graphically described to the writer by General Estes: "Kilpatrick slept in a house; I slept in an ambulance with the books and fixtures of the office, in company with another officer of the staff. Kilpatrick discovered the raid first. I ran out and skedaddled into the swamp. We rallied immediately and retook everything except the horses. I had shown some courtesies to the colonel of the regiment while he was a prisoner of war in our hands, and as he knew Old Spot was my horse, he sent me a message under a flag of truce, that as much as he would like to return my horse to me he could not do so, as it was the property of the captor. I finally got possession of Old Spot at the final surrender, but it cost me two other horses and \$100 in gold. Old Spot died on my plantation in Enfield, N. C., a veteran of seventeen years, bearing three wounds received in battle, and was like an old soldier, a relic of the battle-shocked wartime."

While commanding the Department of the East, at New York, General O. O. Howard, in memory of the great service of General Estes to the government, and in particular for the brilliant exploit already described, voluntarily addressed the war department as follows:

Headquarters Department of the East,

Governor's Island, New York, May 8, 1894.

To the Adjutant-General. United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

 $S_{IR} : -I$ have the honor to recommend that Captain Llewellyn G.

Estes, who served under my personal observation on the staff of General Kilpatrick, during the campaign against Atlanta in 1864, may be awarded a medal of honor, for conspicuous gallantry and bravery in action at the crossing of Flint river, Georgia, August 30, 1864.

The circumstances which brought Captain Estes under my observation

were as follows:

The Army of the Tennessee was advancing upon Jonesboro; it was late in the afternoon (about 5 p. m.,) when we found the enemy guarding the bridge over Flint river from barricades on the other side. I was anxious to secure a lodgment on the eastern bank of the river, that I might be able to break the railroad next morning, and at the same time to secure the waters of the Flint for my army. We had been skirmishing all day; about 5 p. m. I sent to find out who had command of the advance cavalry. Captain Estes reported to me; I told him I was ordered to encamp there that night, but I had no water for my army, and the enemy's troops were harassing me in front. and I wanted them cleared away, and asked him if he could drive them off. He replied that he could do so, and I ordered him to try and drive them away. Captain Estes immediately rode off; took the Ninety-second Illinois Cavalry and most gallantly charged at their head, drove the enemy from his barricades—charging to the river without stopping, giving no opportunity for the Confederates to reform. Captain Estes then reported to me, and asked if I wanted him to take the bridge; I asked him if he could do it, to which he replied that he could do it with his men dismounted. I ordered him to try; he immediately dismounted two troops armed with Spencer rifles, and putting himself at the head charged across the

bridge which was partially destroyed, only the stringers being left for a footing. He drove the enemy away, and replaced the planking of the bridge.

This action at Flint river was phenomenal; and the promptitude and gallantry of Captain Estes and his men under a very sharp fire was unsurpassed. The "Rebellion Records," of which extracts were made, fully corroborate these statements.

Very respectfully, your obedient

servant.

(Signed) O. O. HOWARD, Major-general United States Army. commanding Department of the East.

A supplementary communication was afterwards sent to the War Department as follows:

HEADQUARTERS Department THE EAST,

> Governor's Island, New York, July 13, 1894.

To the Adjutant-General, United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

SIR :—As I think it is my omission not having properly stated the case of Captain Llewellyn G. Estes. who served under my observation on General Kilpatrick's staff during the war, in my letter addressed to you, and dated May 8, 1894, recommending him for a medal of honor. I respectfully ask for a reconsideration of his case on the part of the assistant secretary of war.

Some things now have come to my knowledge. First: That at the time of the acts of special gallantry for which I recommended that he be given a medal of honor, Captain Estes was General Kilpatrick's adjutant-general. I called upon Kilpatrick for some one who would accomplish an extraordinary and unusual feat,—namely, with a squadron of cavalry surprise the enemy's rear guard, force an immediate retreat, drive it across the river, and secure the bridge. It now appears that Captain Estes volunteered for this duty; how gallantly he performed it is set forth in my letter of May 8.

The manner in which Captain Estes performed this duty for which he volunteered, struck me at the time and remains in my mind as one of the most gallant acts of our war. The captain not only accomplished fully what he undertook, but did so under most trying circumstances. The bridge over which he charged was on fire at the time and partially destroyed; leading his men over the burning timbers, he drove the enemy from his position, extinguished the fire, and saved the bridge, which was repaired for our use.

All the circumstances surrounding this action made it striking and impressive; the necessity of securing water for my army, and a lodgment on the eastern bank, the burning bridge, and the barricades of the enemy, the charge across the burning timbers, and the relief given by its success, not only impressed me, but all others present at the time, as is shown by the mention of Captain

Estes in the reports.

The action of Captain Estes at Flint River was purely voluntary, and beyond the mere call of duty; it was an extraordinary act, and not within the regular line of official duty; he was an adjutant-general at the time, yet volunteered for, and took command of troops in, a most difficult undertaking.

Trusting that the above statement may lead to a favorable consideration of my recommendation that Captain Estes be given a medal of honor.

I am very respectfully, Your obedient servant.

(Signed) OLIVER O. HOWARD.

Major-general United States Army,
commanding Department of the East.

Record and Pension Office, War Department,

Washington City, Aug. 29, 1894. General Llewellyn G. Estes, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to inform you that by direction of the president, and in accordance with the act of congress approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action, the acting secretary of war has awarded you a medal of honor for most distinguished gallantry in action at Flint River, Georgia, August 30. 1864. The papers upon which this award was made have been returned to this office with the following remarks endorsed thereon by the acting secretary of war:

"This officer, while serving as assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Kilpatrick, voluntarily took command of troops, and, making a gallant charge across a burning bridge upon the rear guard of the enemy, drove them from their barricades and extinguished the fire, thus securing water for the Union Army, and enabling it to take an advantageous position on the further bank."

The medal has been forwarded you by registered mail. Please acknowledge receipt.

(Signed) Yery respectfully, F. C. Ainsworth,

Colonel United States Army, Chiet, Record and Pension Office.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY.

By Henry Edwin Tremain, Major and A.D.C., Brevet Brigadier General U.S.V.

The long lines of the Union and Rebel armies were confronting other about Petersburg. Within easy musket range, from the Charles City road to Richmond, north of the James river, crossing both the Appomattox and the James, and running along the south side of Petersburg, away to the west beyond Hatcher's run, a distance of nearly forty miles, were two continuous lines of rifle pits and forts, skirmish lines and batteries and earthworks of every conceivable size and shape, behind which, on both sides stretched the camps of troops from every state of the Union. Lee's army on the north, representing the last hope of an effete and rebellious oligarchy; Grant's army on the south, representing the industry, intelligence, nationality, wealth, and power of an outraged and determined people.

While there was in one army that desperate valor which broke through the Union lines at dawn on the 25th of March, and captured Fort Steadman, there was with the other a calm, heroic determination, that consciousness of right and might which the same morning retook that stronghold from the enemy and sent him "whirling" beyond his own entrenchments. The Rebel army were recovering from the shock,

and before the Union troops had appreciated the extent of this handsome battle and victory, won by the Ninth corps alone, the lieutenant-general had opened that "short, sharp, and decisive" campaign which, in *eleven days*, resulted not only in the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, but of the veteran host which upheld the rebellion, and with which the brave old Army of the Potomac had waged three years of bloody combat.

Following the battle of Fort Steadman, were important movements of troops from the north to the south side of the James river, and other new dispositions took place on the 27th and 28th of March. But Grant's army cannot be said to have commenced its campaign until Wednesday, March 29. To give a full and accurate narrative of the great events happening during the succeeding eleven days is the professional duty of the future historian, by the light of all the evidence that time, labor, and official reports may produce; while, as the sailor must "spin his yarn," I only assert the privilege to chat away as we do around the bivouac fire by the dim twilight after the battle.

Starting, then, with the advance of Sheridan's cavalry early on the morning of Wednesday, March 29, we soon learn that the army is in

general motion. Sheridan's command consisted at this time entirely of cavalry, accompanied by a few light guns. It comprised two wings —one of them the two divisions formerly of the Army of the Potomac, but more recently having arrived with Sheridan from the Army of the Shenandoah, and who, en route, had just been engaged in the famous raid, up the valley towards Lynchburg, and in effecting considerable damage to the James river canal, at that time of great service to the enemy. These two divisions were commanded respectively by Brevet Major-General Custer and Brigadier-General Devins, formed a corps under the command of Brevet Major-General Merritt. The other wing comprised the one division more recently with the Army of the Potomac, but now detached, and commanded by Major-General Crook.

General Devins's division was known as the First division, and was composed of three brigades under Colonel Stag, Colonel Fitzhugh, and General Gibbs. General Custer's was the Third division, his brigade commanders being Colonels Pennington, Wells, and Capehart. Major-General Crooks's command was known as the Second division-more familiarly, in the Army of the Potomac, as "Gregg's old division"—and comprised the brigades of General Davies, Brevet Brigadier-Generals Irwin Gregg and Smith.

As soon as Sheridan had encamped with these troops on the 27th, between the Norfolk & Welden and Norfolk & Petersburg railroads, and in rear of the Army of the Potomac, a column of the Army of the James, under Major-General Ord, and comprising troops selected from the Twenty-fourth corps, under Major-General Gibbon, and from the Twenty-fifth (colored), under General Birney, passed through the camps, en route to the lines of the Second and Fifth corps, which they relieved on the morning of the 29th.

Thus, as the cavalry column moved that morning towards Ream's station, there were also moving from their old quarters the Second and Fifth corps, both in a southwesterly direction. The Second crossed Hatcher's run by the Vaughn road, and the Fifth lower down the stream. Thus the grand advance which was destined to decide the fate of the rebellion had fairly begun. Every foot of country over which the Army then trod will become historical. Unknown, uninviting places—many of them baptised in blood-will receive a name to be chronicled as a shrine for future patriot pilgrims. Know, then, that the first of these localities reached by Sheridan's column was Ream's station, and as you sit by the roadside while the troopers are passing the old fortifications of this field of sanguinary strife you may hear each officer and soldier talking with earnest gesture to his comrade: "There is where our regiment was," says one. "Here is the place where the 'rebs' broke through," says another. "Don't you remember those woods? How thick the 'Johnnies' were in there!" exclaims a third. "Yes." says a fourth: " and here is where Hancock's headquarters were for a while." "I tell you," added the enthusiastic cavalier, after a moment's contemplation, "the 'rebs' played the devil with the 'footpads that day. If it had not been for our dismounted cavalry, they'd all been 'gobbled:'" and many other such scraps of converse would drop from the ranks as one espied a familiar landmark.

It is so natural for a horseman to entertain a high appreciation of his own importance when alongside of a pedestrian that cavalrymen often feign a want of respect for the slow and steady infantry soldier.

By nine o'clock in the morning the head of the column had reached Rowanty creek, a stream formed by the junction of the famous Hatcher's run and Gravelly run at a crossing known as Malone's bridge. Like many other instances of American nomenclature, the name failed to describe the place, there being no bridge. been a picket post of the enemy for a long time, the bridge has been destroyed, and we must halt to rebuild it. The stream was about fifty feet wide, with a bottomless bottom, and the soil on its banks of the same character. The pontoon train was ordered up, and in the course of three or four hours, by the assistance of the piers of the old bridge and the excellent oak timber which the woods afforded, a substantial reconstructure was put up.

It was here that, during the previous advance of the army to Hatcher's run, in February ('65), that an interesting skirmish occurred between the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and the Thirteenth Virginia (rebels) who were picketing this locality at the time, and in which the latter were charged and routed, losing many prisoners before they could destroy the bridge. This may partially explain why on this occasion the enemy offered no opposition.

The column now moved towards Dinwiddie Court House, its head reaching there during the afternoon, without further incident than the dispersing of a party of the Sixteenth North Carolina who were attempting to barricade the roads leading to the village. By dark it was learned that Warren's (Fifth) corps had crossed the run, and was within communicating distance a few miles back on the highway known as the Vaughn road. Musketry firing had been heard from that direction during the afternoon, and it now proved to have been quite a severe engagement between a division of the Fifth corps and Bushrod's and Johnson's of Anderson's corps. At almost any other time this might have been considered a battle; it certainly was a severe contest, and like so many of those Virginian combats fought in the woods with musketry only; vet, while the losses approximated five

hundred on each side, it was comparatively resultless. The enemy withdrew at its conclusion, believing us too strong for further aggression.

The roads the cavalry had been travelling were very bad. Custer's division, which was in the rear guarding the ammunition and medical trains, had scarcely made a quarter day's march; but, with well advanced lines, Sheridan, with Crook and Devins, halted at Dinwiddie.

Dinwiddie Court-house is a small village, about thirteen miles from Petersburg, and before the war, of about two hundred inhabitants; and, although the county seat, it seemed to have contained when in its prime not over half a dozen dwellings. Most of them were now deserted; all looked very uncomfortable and dilapidated, the most inviting one being a roomy, large frame building, of country-tavern appearance, with a long portico in front, adapted to the use of threelegged chairs and tobacco-spitting loungers. Conveniently situated, close to the roadside, it commands, in a most appropriate connection, an excellent view of the court-house and jail opposite. These latter edifices were once, pro forma, the chief sources of attraction to the town; but a good-sized room off the porch, with an elongated counter, now empty, very much resembled a "bar," and suggested that neighboring "planters"—as every simple farmer South is aristocratically termed-might find in front thereof

exciting and congenial employment. The court-house betokened a more modern appearance than the specimens of rural architecture surrounding it, and was built of red brick, freshly painted. The roof, as though tottering under the unusual burden of new repairs and improvements thereupon, was bolstered up by immense timbers supporting its eaves. The court-room, in the upper story, formed a most excellent public dormitory, and the various legal and county offices, on the first floor, gave employment to many a wandering soldier. The floors were irreverently strewn with abstracts of title, venerable mortgages, copies of deeds, and other such interesting matter as appertains to a county clerk's office. This being one of the oldest counties in Virginia, many of the documents were yellow with age, some bearing date as far back as the time of Governor Dinwiddie, and, for aught I know, furnishing golden opportunities to the American antiquarian. More readable trash was, however, discovered in the postoffice adjoining, where several rebel mails were ransacked, and, in the absence of the wagons which were to have brought us some supper, served as our only repast for the night.

Close by the court-house stood a neat little frame church, prettily trimmed inside with evergreen and with neat appointments. Respected by the soldiers, the church, though much occupied as a convenient shelter from the storm, was more fortu-

nate than its neighboring buildings, and escaped serious injury.

Adjoining stood a gloomy and desolate iron-barred stone jail, enclosed by a high, substantial fence, and presenting as uninviting and forbidding an abode for criminals, or even for negroes, as the "chivalry" could desire.

Near to the court-house were also long sheds and stalls for hundreds of horses: and it did not take a very great stretch of imagination to picture to oneself the groups which in former times might arrive here during "court week" to kill time, to patronize the tavern, to talk "State's rights," perhaps to fight sham duels, and to trade in horseflesh and man-flesh.

Now all was deserted. A dilapidated white woman or some faithful black might here and there be found representing a homestead, and beseeching officers to afford them a "guard." The public house was partially occupied by a few poor white people, refugees from some other locality; but, with these exceptions, there were few inhabitants in the town.

The place had once before been visited by the Union troops during the movements of the Army of the Potomac cavalry, preceding the Battle of Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865. The Boydtown plank road—so called probably out of respect to the very ancient period when the road was of plank, of which fact abundant evidence, most annoying to travelers, yet remains—runs through Dinwiddie

Court-house, and until quite recently had afforded the enemy one of his most useful roads of communication.

Sheridan planted his headquarters flag in front of the venerable tavern, and with himself and staff thus, as a matter of course, "put up" at the best hotel in the town.

The next day (Thursday, the 30th) was one of those gloomy and stormy days that in Virginia often have interfered seriously with our military prospects—one of those days which make campaigners cross and anxious. While but little actual progress was made in the operations of the army, prodigies of labor were performed. The artillery, ammunition, and supply trains were almost immovable, and every corps on the march must build its corduroy road. General Custer was performing this duty for the cavalry; while Merritt's other division, under Devins, was, early in the morning, started in the advance on the road from Dinwiddie towards Ford's station on the Southside railroad. They had not gone far, however, before the enemy's cavalry were encountered, and a running fight took place, which resulted in finding the enemy's infantry well posted at Five Forks. Our cavalry was then, in turn, repulsed, but not without serious casualties among officers and men, principally of the Regular brigade.

During the day a portion of the Twenty-fourth corps had completed the line of the main army between the right of the Second corps and the left of the Sixth; so that, by night, without any serious fighting, and only some slight skirmishing, Grant's army had taken up a continuous line of battle extending from the James river on the right to a point towards the left on the White Oak road, within four or five miles of Five Forks. His troops were disposed in the order of the Ninth corps on the extreme right, to the left of which rested the Sixth, then the troops of the Army of the James, under General Ord, then the Second and Fifth corps. On the north bank of the James the troops were principally colored, and, under the command of Major-General Weitzel, occupied the old lines already established. The cavalry, under Sheridan, remained holding the extreme left and rear at Dinwiddie Court-house, and made demonstrations on the roads leading to the Southside railroad, thus occupying the attention of the strong force of the enemy now known to be posted on the road from the court-house to Ford's station, and at a point where it is crossed by the White Oak road, running to Petersburg. smaller roads also intersect here. and from their number the locality has been popularly designated Five Forks.

The remarkable position of Grant's immense army challenges comparison. A continuous line of battle more than twenty miles long is an anomaly in war. But if the troops north of the James be included in this estimation, eight miles more may be added. The night was

dark and stormy. Every soldier slept on his arms, with the soft, wet ground for his couch, ready at a moment's warning to spring to the deadly conflict which each one expected at daylight.

Meanwhile, in the rear of this extended host, the mules floundered, teamsters swore, the wagons upset, the vigorous pioneers swung their axes, the woods echoed with the heavy thunder of falling trees, and the foundation of the roads, which seemed to have receded from beneath our feet, began to be secured on the timber of the forest. Thus only could the small trains which had been ordered to move with the troops be brought near enough to the new lines now assumed to render their supplies available and to be safe from a dash. of the enemy's cavalry.

A quiet, disagreeable, stormy day, of which little would be said in the reports, and in whose history we can record nothing brilliant, the second day of this wonderful campaign was passed none the less laborious and fruitful.

Friday morning, March 31, dawned with weather no more promising. Sheridan and Crook had again passed a night at their headquarters in the old Dinwiddie tavern. Custer with his whole force was still at work extricating and pushing forward the necessary trains while the remainder of the cavalry corps under Devins, was disposed in a threatening attitude toward the enemy who were defending the Southside railroad.

Crook maintained the communication with the infantry of the army, and watched the country to the left and west of the courthouse.

The scouts this morning confirmed the news of the whereabouts of that main part of the rebel cavalry who before the opening of the campaign were encamped near Stony Creek Station, on the Petersburg & Weldon railroad. Stony creek is a tributary of the Nottaway river, and runs in a southeasterly direction through Dinwiddie county. Stony creek is a deep and swift stream, at most seasons of the year hardly fordable for horsemen. The railroad bridge across it had been destroyed by the Union troops during the winter, but the station at that point had been re-occupied by the rebels and used as a depot for supplies, whence they were wagoned around the lines of the Union army, and by the Boydtown plankroad to Petersburg. Along this route, too, was the main telegraph and mail communication to Weldon and other important points south. It was at this convenient location that Lee had established his principal cavalry camps, which at the same time served as a strong corps of observation against any expedition of Union troops toward North Carolina. A movement of this character was, indeed, every day becoming more likely, as Sherman was daily advancing northward.

The sudden movement of Grant's armies to the west, with the stormy weather, which, while a serious

cause of delay in other respects, had swollen these streams in the rear, had prevented the annoyance of reconnoitering parties from this force of the enemy, and had completely severed this cavalry at Stony creek from Lee.

To rejoin or communicate with him, therefore, a long detour was necessary to the west of Dinwiddie Court House, occupying with the condition of the roads at this time, more than a day's march.

Of this campaign it has been aptly remarked that Grant commanded his own and Lee's army. It appears then, that the performance of this tedious and uninteresting march was the duty assigned by Grant as the most convenient employment for the rebel cavalry while his own dispositions were being completed. This force, however, did not consist of more than a division, so much cavalry some time previously having been sent by Lee to harass the march of Sherman in North Carolina. But by Friday morning this command had arrived along Chamberlain's creek, a small run west of the Court House, tributary to Stony creek, and in a position to co-operate with the enemy in the vicinity of Five Forks.

Early Friday morning, also, Warren's corps moved to concentrate near a locality known as Butler's house on the plankroad, not far from its intersection by the Quaker road, which latter highway leads direct to the White Oak road and thence to the coveted

Southside or Lynchburg & Petersburg railroad. The heavy storm which had been annoying our army seemed to have spent its force, and during the forenoon the sun essayed its assistance in our behalf and shone quite pleasantly.

The Fifth corps under Warren, with Ayres's division leading, were by ten o'clock ready to advance, and moved to dislodge the enemy, and to gain the White Oak road already mentioned. If successful in this endeavor, the enemy at Five Forks and in front of Sheridan, in order to maintain his communication and co-operation with the forces about Petersburg, would have been compelled to withdraw at least to the north side of Hatcher's run—which is here a narrow, crooked stream, with rugged and densely wooded banks. This was emphatically what is termed in military parlance a "difficult country." After making their way through marshy pines and thick forests over swampy ditches or across uncertain quicksands, the lines of the infantry pushed forward with some skirmishing, and found the rebels well posted before the desired road was reached.

Here, now, was likely to be a battle; but how much of a one was ever fought will probably never be known, unless described by some one of its actual participants. The enemy's warm reception broke our advance, and it gave way in confusion. Taking instant advantage of this, away dashed the enemy from his field-works with an exhibition of

that old *csprit*, which in times gone by—as at Malvern Hill—had flung its impetuous battalions before our lines. But now they were successful and swept everything before them. Our men found themselves retracing their steps with greater alacrity than convenience.

Ayers fell back on Crawford, and his division in turn on Griffin. Even before some of the troops had yet moved to perform the part assigned to them in the day's operations, and while they still rested in bivouac, the rebels interfered with their domestic comforts. As though wanting breath for further pursuit or astonished at their success, after driving the Fifth corps back to the Boydtown plankroad, the pursuit was discontinued. The scenes of this morning are related as disgraceful. There was little artillery used and after the first few volleys of attack, there was one impetuous retreat to the music of a pattering skirmish fire, with now and then a round of musketry as its only redeeming feature. As remarked by general officers high in command at the time, the troops seemed to be lost to all sense of influence and authority of their officers.

The causes of this unfortunate affair must be sought for among those of the inexplicable panics which sometimes seize and control large bodies of men, and of which in this as in other wars there are in the history of both armies examples for the study of the philosopher.

Great anxiety would now be cast over the operations of the Army;

but General Humphreys, who was commanding the Second corps on the immediate right of the Fifth, on learning the position of affairs sent Miles's division to attack the enemy in flank. Scarcely then had the pursuit ceased before this was vigorously undertaken, and the rebels in their turn were driven back again to the woods.

The Fifth corps, too, were soon again rallied and advanced, Griffin's division this time leading. The ground lost in the morning was reoccupied; the works where the enemy in force were first encountered most gallantly charged and captured; and one of the objects of the day's operations accomplished by the occupation of a position on the White Oak road.

Meanwhile, however, with a quick appreciation of their temporary advantage over the Fifth corps, the rebels had turned their attention to Sheridan, and with a strong force of light infantry under Pickett attempted to discover an assailable point on his lines, if the spiderlegged position of the cavalry corps at this point, with detachments, patrols, guards and picket posts in every direction, with propriety can be said to have formed a "line."

During the morning General Devins's division was moved forward in order to obtain possession of Five Forks. Davies's brigade, too, of Crooks's division had been sent to his support, and posted to the west of the road leading from Dinwiddie to Five Forks, in order to defend the fords over Chamberlain's creek.

The remainder of Crooks's division watched the crossings of this and Stony creek further to the south and west. General Gibbs's brigade remained on the main road about two miles from the Court House, while Devins with his remaining two brigades under Stagg and Fitzhugh pushed on to Five Forks.

General Thomas C. Devins is most emphatically a self-made man. Before the war he was quite prominently connected with the militia in New York, and he entered the service as colonel at the head of the Sixth regiment New York volunteer cavalry. His command was long known in the Army of the Potomac as one of the few cavalry regiments which in the earlier campaigns of that Army, could be deemed thoroughly reliable. was held in the highest esteem by the late General John Buford, between whom and General Devins there grew up a strong mutual respect and attachment. While under General Buford's command frequently recom-Devins was mended for promotion, but for the unfortunate death of the formerthan whom no cavalry general ever associated with the Army of the Potomac was ever held in higher estimation—prevented the subject from being pressed at an opportune moment. Devins continued as colonel to command a brigade of cavalry until near the expiration of his first three years' term of service, when he was ordered home with his regiment on "veteran furlough." He had been constantly in the field,

and had rendered most valuable services in many campaigns, as the official reports record; but his native modesty served to make him probably less known in the Union Army than to the rebels against whom he so frequently fought. Although having served with the same rank for three years, with a true patriotism he re-enlisted with his regiment for the war. He attracted the notice of Sheridan early in the first Virginia campaigns of that officer and after the battle of Winchester he was deputed to bear to the War Department some trophies of the victory.

Shortly after presenting the captured colors he received his first promotion in an appointment as brevet brigadier-general, the Secretary of War taking pains at the same time to express his regret that there was not just then a vacancy of a full brigadiership to which he might be appointed. Not long afterward, however, he received the appointment, and at the close of the last campaign was brevetted majorgeneral.

His blunt soldiership, sound judgment, his prompt and skilful dispositions for battle, his long period of active service, his bull-dog tenacity, and his habitual reliability fully entitled him to the sobriquet among his officers and soldiers as the old "war horse," "Sheridan's hard hitter," and the like.

General Devins found the force opposing him near Five Forks to consist of infantry as well as cavalry. With some dismounted regiments our men slowly forced their way over the broken country adjoining the road, though not without some loss until they reached the cross-roads. But he was not allowed to remain there undisturbed.

The rebels moved south along Chamberlain's creek in southerly direction, and seemed desirous of crossing and thus to turn our left. They attempted it in front of Davies's brigade; but as he had a gallant regiment in front of them armed with "seven-shooters" this effort was at first unsuccessful. Now their cavalry tried to force a crossing in front of Smith's brigade, posted lower down the stream. But this resultless skirmishing did not suit some of our high-spirited troopers. Those in this portion of the field belonged to Second Cavalry division which was not detached with other cavalry from the Army of the Potomac to serve in the valley of the Shenandoah with Sheridan, and after the glorious conquests of their comrades in this beautiful country, the reunion of the commands at this time produced a generous rivalry which was highly inspiriting. Here an opportunity for a handsome "dash," presented itself. Certainly the enemy could not have infantry so distant from their main lines at Petersburg, and so liable to be completely cut off from communication therewith at any time by our cavalry; and should they have only cavalry in front of us what do we care for that? So thought some gallant

fellows who sought and obtained authority to cross and attack. A battalion of the Second New York Mounted Rifles under Major Chadbourne (of the First Maine Cavalry), boldly forded the creek in the face of the rebel skirmishers, scattering or capturing them; and charging vigorously up the road thought theirs an easy victory; when lo! the little band came upon a "hornet's nest." The woods about them were alive with rebel infantry who considered them a sure and easy capture. Major Chadbourne was seriously wounded and with others fell into the hands of the enemy; but the remainder cut their way back again with the important information gained by the exploit, while the rebel cavalry rallied and in their turn now followed our men in pursuit. They were allowed to cross, and when fairly over were very seriously handled, losing Colonel Savage and other leading officers and many men, and were driven back again in great confusion.

Note.—General Tremain is in error when he speaks of a battalion of the Second New York Mounted Rifles; the battalion was not of that regiment, but was from the First Maine Cavalry and under the command of Captain John D. Myrick. Major Chadbourne was in command of the Second New York Mounted Rifles by special detail, and was stationed in the woods on the right of the road leading to the ford. He was wounded but not captured. The determining charge of that morning in which the rebs were severely handled was made by the remaining two battalions of the First Maine Cavalry. This charge was seen by Colonel Newhall of Sheridan's Staff. General Tremain also states the sequence of attacks along Chamberlain's Bed in different order than that given in General Sheridan's Official Report which will appear a few pages in advance.—Ed.

By this time the rebel infantry in front of the Fifth corps were moving in strong force through Five Forks and toward the left of Sheridan's lines. Again the crossing where Davies was posted was vigorously attacked and as stoutly defended. But the stream was fordable and soon both above and below him on the right and on the left of his line, this gallant little officer found the rebel infantry pouring across the creek.

Meanwhile Devins had been obliged to retire from his advanced position on the White Oak road, and was assuming a line to protect himself as well as the right flank of Davies. Devins, too, now found rebels on three sides of him. Which way should he face? On what plan was he required to fight? His orders did not cover the present emergency and his military education induced him always to fight unless positive instructions contemplated otherwise.

Having only at that point the two brigades of Fitzhugh and Stagg, Devins posted them across the main road from Dinwiddie to Five Forks, and assumed a line from Gravelly Run on the right to Davies's brigade on the left, giving orders to hold these positions, and sending his last unoccupied staff officer to inform General Merritt or General Sheridan of the state of affairs. Devins himself now accompanied by only one orderly, galloped down the main road after his other brigade under General Gibbs which had been left in the rear as a reserve. Pistt, pistt, pistt, greeted his ears as he rode hastily by and heeded not the deadly "miniés."

Soon, however, a stern voice directly in front commanded "Halt, thar; surrender vou d-Yankee --!" not addressing him by his official title. But the veteran "war horse" was not yet ready to surrender. Quickly wheeling his horse he spurred beyond the temporary jurisdiction of his rebellious countryman, regardless of the harmless bullets which followed him, and returned to the immediate direction of the troops he had just posted. It must have been a delightful reflection to appreciate that every avenue of communication between the main army and his little band of troopers was occupied in force by rebel infantry. Is it a wonder that many men became prematurely gray in war?

Davies with his regiments dismounted, had made a gallant stand against overwhelming numbers; but had been obliged to give way, and he was now retiring by the right flank, and approaching Devins's command. An aide had succeeded in conveying orders to General Devins to move all the detached

force then with him across the country to the plank road by which he should march to Dinwiddie, and assist the cavalry there engaged. This was indeed the only movement left for these troops, and orders for its execution were being anticipated by their commanders. Yet it was by no means an easy task slowly and orderly to withdraw from the immediate front of a successful enemy, well disciplined and equipped—for indeed these troops were the flower of Lee's army—a dismounted cavalry force out of ammunition, wearied from several hours' severe fighting, shaken in the loss of officers, and encumbered in a thick and broken country with an unwieldy crowd of " lead horses."

It may be interesting to unmilitary readers to say that these "lead horses" form a most important feature in our cavalry warfare. When a command is obliged to dismount, which frequently occurs in wooded country, every fourth man remains mounted to care for four horses. Under a subordinate officer the horses are then located in an open field, if possible, sheltered from the fire and observation of the enemy, and where the animals will be liable to no sudden panic. Of course with any considerable change in the relative positions of the troops these horses must be moved to correspond, an operation often extremely hazardous. So on this memorable day to manœuvre these masses of lead horses for miles across a thickly wooded country

without any defined roads, was no inconsiderable task. Did vou ever ride one horse and at the same time lead two or perhaps three others? Try it in a grove of young trees; imagine an enemy in close pursuit, when, consequently you are rather hurried you may feel well assured that if two of the animals go with you to the left of a tree, the other two will inevitably choose the opposite side. Under these circumstances is it not quite likely that you would feel some solicitude and perhaps yield to profanity? Perhaps not. Yet I do opine that this was one of the chief causes which has led to the reputation to cavalrymen expressed in the popular belief that the highest perfection of profane accomplishment is "to swear like a trooper." Well! on this day horses and trees were seriously intermingled. Moreover the saddles were filled with blankets, overcoats, rations, sabres, forage, "nicknacks," and all the paraphernalia appertaining to a campaigner; while the uncertain paths were occasionally obstructed by rail fences. These were among the impedimenta. But in the lines of rebel soldiers who maintained a continual fire, and whom our dismounted men were endeavoring to keep at a respectful distance, there were strong powers of acceleration.

The results of the retreat were various—depending in many instances on the temper and disposition of the "fourth man" who led the horses, as well as on the judgment of officers; but on the whole

highly creditable to all concerned. Few horses not shot, were lost, and the enemy gained no very material advantage in the pursuit. On the contrary the rebels seemed much perplexed by the stubbornness and fertility of resource displayed by the three brigades of Davies, Fitzhugh and Stagg, which toward evening reached the plank road in tolerably good order. Ere this, however, the enemy had desisted from the pursuit for reasons about to be mentioned.

These operations were by no means the chief among those of the battle of Dinwiddie. Indeed this scene was distant from the Court House itself. A few weeks previously, too, a skirmish did take place directly at the Court House, while the present conflict occurred chiefly about the country to the north and west of the village proper. Hence, for the sake of history, this engagement should be distinguished as the battle of Dinwiddie.

Meanwhile Crook and Custer were not idle. Custer was improving the good weather, and worked vigorously at moving up the troublesome trains. In the course of the afternoon's engagement he was ordered to leave one brigade to attend to the wagons, while with the two others he should repair to the scene of action.

Crook had early in the afternoon drawn Gregg's brigage away from the village toward the field. Smith's brigade, which, it will be remembered, was posted to the west to check the enemy from crossing Chamberlain's bed, found itself constantly engaged with rebel cavalry attempting to make the ford. The main portion of the enemy's cavalry appeared to be here, and obstinately persistent in their desire to cross. With hastily constructed defences on the banks of the creek, Smith as obstinately opposed them. He had a good position on a wooded crest. His right, however, necessarily remained rather exposed, inviting attack, should the rebels succeed in crossing by some of the more formidable localities above his front. This, as we have seen, their infantry finally accomplished, compelling Davies, and in turn Devins also, to retire.

Note.—The following extract from the history of the First Maine Cavalry will shed some light on the work on Smith's line. "Thus our brigade was isolated, on the extreme left of a line, with no connection on its right and none in its rear, till Custer came up from the wagon train. During all the time necessary to effect this, we bore back with our carbines and pistols the larger part of the rebel cavalry re-enforced by Pickett's infantry. In the morning we had fallen on their advancing and exultant lines like an avalanche, and in the evening we had stood like a rock in the pathway, immovable, while all on our right had been rolled away like a garment."

This stream was along here one or two miles from the main road to Dinwiddie, which important highway was secure to us only so long as the enemy did not cross the creek. Sheridan had just left Devins comparatively quiet, and rode down to see what Crook was doing. While here an officer from Davies reported to him that a large force of the enemy had crossed both above and below the lines of his brigade. Sheridan inquired of him if they were infantry, to which the officer replied in the affirmative. But the little general doubted, and vigorously directed the aide to go back and to say that the crossing must be held, adding quite as earnestly, "I don't want any d-d squadron fighting, everything must go in." But everything by this time had been "in," and a few moments later another officer, in attempting to communicate with the same troops unexpectedly encountered the rear of a rebel line of battle. On learning of this Sheridan was all energy and fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF OUR FLAG.

HOW LOST, FOUND, AND RESTORED.

By C, W, Boyce,

The torn and tattered flag of the Twenty-eighth Regiment New York Volunteers is the idol of the surviving veterans. It has such a remarkable record, and stands so unique as the bond of union between hundreds of Virginians from the lovely Shenandoah valley, and citizens as well as veterans of Western New York, that I will give you a sketch of its history. Would it could speak for itself, and tell of its years of absence from the regiment and the strange manner of its return to us, and tell of the many hearts which it was the means of drawing together in a beautiful bond of friendship that only death can sever.

The Twenty-eighth New York Regiment was organized in Western New York at the very outbreak of the war, in response to the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers. It had in its ranks the first volunteer for the war under this call. It is a matter of history that Captain W. W. Bush of our regiment was the first volunteer in response to this call, he having started a list of "volunteers for the war," with his name at its head, before noon on that eventful 15th of April, 1861; the men thus enrolled becoming Company B of our organization. recognition of this honor, he was presented with a beautiful badge by the G. A. R. Posts of Western New York after the war, of which he was justly proud.

The regiment was mustered into the United States service at Albany, N. Y., on May 22, 1861, the loyal ladies of Lockport showing their zeal for the cause of the Union by the presentation of this flag. How beautiful it looked that lovely morning in June, as Governor E. D. Morgan, in a patriotic speech on behalf of the donors, presented it to the regiment when we were having our first tentlife experience, at the camp named in his honor!

It is not our purpose to follow the history of the regiment in this article, as we carried this banner at our head during the many marches and constantly changing fortunes of war during our experience as soldiers. On drills, reviews, parades, skirmishes, and in the smoke of battle we followed it, guarding it with great care, learning to love it as the emblem of that Union for which we fought. But not until the eventful 9th of August, at Cedar Mountain, when we saw its silken folds for the last time for many years, did we really appreciate how much we loved that dear old flag.

Our space will not permit a description of the battle of Cedar Mountain, or a discussion of the interesting question—Who was responsible for this defeat? History records the fact that General Banks's division went into this battle to attack greatly superior numbers before the supporting forces of McDowell and

Sigel could be brought up, and we were the unfortunate sufferers. The order for the charge was urged upon General Banks by impetuous officers, and although we knew "some one had blundered," when the order came it was not only promptly but cheerfully obeyed.

"Theirs, not to make reply, Theirs, but to do and die."

Colonel George L. Beal, of the Tenth Maine, of our brigade, writes of this charge that "it was made against greater odds, with more desperate fighting and heavier loss, than any other fight up to that time in the war, by the same number."

This battle—which has justly been styled "one of the greatest blunders, and one of the most unnecessary sacrifices of human life that the history of our war affords"-proved more than a disaster to our regiment; it was almost the annihilation of it. Occupying its position in the First Brigade of the First Division of the Twelfth Corps, it moved forward out of the woods at "double quick," across the wheat field on its immortal charge, proudly following this flag borne by Color Sergeant William Lewis of Company D, surrounded by the corporals composing the color guard.

The enemy in our front are unable to stand this impetuous charge, and are routed and driven in confusion. But we are entirely unsupported, while the enemy are heavily reenforced, which, coming in on our flank, our little brigade is overpowered by thrice its force, and under fire from front, flank, and rear, "melts away like snow placed in

a July sun." Sergeant Lewis is wounded and falls on the field, giving the flag to one of the color guard, who grasps it with the vain hope of carrying it back into our lines; but he, too, falls, with scarcely a dozen men unharmed around him. Other members of the color guard try to save the flag, but in vain. All are either prisoners, or go down in this awful fire of death that Stonewall Jackson's brigade deliver into our shattered ranks as they swing around our flank and capture the few who remain. Our Colonel Donnelly has been mortally wounded and carried from the field early in the engage-Lieutenant-Colonel Brown loses his left arm: Major Cook is a prisoner; the gallant and daring Adjutant Sprout has yielded up his life, and is found the next day, by members of our regiment who visit the battle-field under a flag of truce, surrounded by dead Confederates. who have met their death by his hand. Nearly every officer in the regiment and more than half the enlisted men go down in that fearful charge. Of the 320 men of the Twenty-eighth who enter this field, 213 are killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The last member of the color guard is wounded, and, cut off from all hope of escape, tears the flag from the staff which has been twice shot in two, and tries to conceal it under his coat in his manly effort to save it, but it is discovered and taken from him by a member of the Fifth Virginia Regiment—some of their members say by Sergeant Peter Bell; others give to J. M. McManoway, of

Augusta county, the credit of first capturing the flag.

The night after the battle, as the prisoners of our regiment were being taken to the rear, while waiting at Orange Court House for the cars to carry them to Richmond, our flag was discovered among other trophies of the battle. One of the men of the Twenty-eighth secretly cut out a small piece and carried it with him during all the months of his imprisonment in Libby Prison. His motive was simply to secure a memento of the old flag, little thinking that this missing piece would be the means of identifying it many years after the war was ended. But such proved to be the case.

On his return to the regiment, having been paroled and exchanged, he gave the relic to Colonel Brown. For twenty years the colonel treasured it as all that was left to us of our colors which had been "lost but not disgraced" at Cedar Mountain. In 1882, while visiting the flag-room in the War Department at Washington, D. C., where the flags were stored, in a collection of recaptured Union colors which had been found in Richmond when that city was taken in 1865, he discovered one that looked singularly familiar to him. Upon investigation he found it to be indeed our old flag, lost so long but found at last, and identified beyond a doubt by the piece which he had kept all these years.

He at once wrote to the Secretary of War in behalf of the surviving members, asking that the flag be restored to the regiment, which had kept up an organization and held yearly reunions since the war. The request was granted, and by order of Adjutant-General Drum it was turned over to Colonel Brown.

A special meeting of the members of the regiment was called to make arrangements for the formal return of the flag in a manner fitting the interesting event. It was learned that Stonewall Jackson's brigade were the Confederate forces opposed to us at Cedar Mountain, and the Fifth Virginia regiment, of that brigade, was the regiment that came in on our flank and rear and captured our colors. It was thought that they might be induced to unite with us in the ceremonies of the return of the flag, and to be our guests for the occasion—to meet us once as brothers and friends, when we had only met before as enemies in battle. Nothing of the kind, to our knowledge, had ever been attempted. But we felt that the war was over; it had made us enemies; peace should now make us friends. A correspondence was opened, and it was found that the Virginians heartily reciprocated the sentiment that it was time to lay aside all ill feelings caused by the war, and, in fact as well as in theory, to become brothers in this our common country. Our invitation was accepted in the same good faith in which it was given.

On May 21, 1883, at Niagara Falls, 153 Virginians from the Shenandoah Valley responded to our invitation, 83 of the number being veterans of the Fifth Virginia. They were all noble types of the Confederate soldier, true gentlemen in every respect. They were quartered as our guests

at the International hotel, and despite the severe rain which continued during their visit, all seemed to enjoy the occasion.

Nothing more impressive can be imagined than the exercises attendant on the return of the flag, which were held on May 22, in the pavilion at Prospect Park.

Captain Benjamin Flagler, of our regiment, welcomed our guests in the following words:

"This is the first instance, to my knowledge, that the survivors of two opposing regiments have met together under the circumstances of to-day; that those who have met face to face in deadly conflict on the battle-field have come together as friends, to take each other by the hand, and to show to the world that there remains among them none of the bitterness of the war. And we feel that in thus coming together we do no dishonor to the memory of our dead comrades or to our cause. From the battlements of heaven there look down upon us to-day the spirits of both the Union and the Confederate dead, and I believe that they rejoice in a reunion like this. and that the issue of the war was national unity. . . . It should now be our aim to obliterate all sectional lines. Let there be no North, South, East, or West, but one country and one people."

Colonel E. E. Stickely, of Woodstock, Va., a one-armed veteran of the Fifth, responded in the following eloquent language:

"This is the happiest moment of my life, in which I have great pleasure and delight to come before you on behalf of the old surviving warriors of the Fifth Virginia veterans, and proclaim the warmest gratitude of our hearts for this manifestation of your brotherly love in giving us, your old antagonists, the invitation to become your guests on this occasion of such peculiar interest.

"We are brothers, of one flesh, one blood, one manhood, having one Heavenly Father and one common country, wide enough, broad enough, and rich enough for all to inhabit. We are here to show you that we can march side by side with our former enemy, and to demonstrate how perfectly we, too, can rise above the animosities of those years of blood and carnage and recognize you as our brothers and friends, of a common brotherhood. . . . Does not this august spectacle, this magnificent scene, this magnanimous manifestation of peace, here so beautifully presented under the thunders of Niagara, suggest to our happy hearts that the war is over, the contest ended, the battle done?"

Major J. W. Newton, of Staunton, Va., dressed in the full uniform of an officer of the late Confederate army, then on behalf of his regiment returned the flag, with the following cordial words:

"We come to perform a duty in itself unique. I thank God I have lived to see this day, to meet you as we do, and discharge the most pleasant duty of my life. This grand and beautiful act that we now propose to perform has never before been witnessed in a fraternal assemblage of

men like this—the return of a flag to the regiment from which it was captured in war by the regiment that captured it, on an occasion in peace where the latter are the honored guests of the former. In the name of the Fifth Virginia Infantry, I now present this flag to its honored and worthy owners, and as an eye-witness at the time of its capture, in justice to you I delight to say, that losing it under the circumstances you did reflects no discredit on you. . . . Take it, my valiant friends, and treasure it as the emblem of a reunited country, signifying the return of the affections and good-will of brave men who met in strife on the field of battle."

Colonel Brown received the flag on behalf of the Association, and in response gave a short history of the regiment, saying in conclusion:

"War made us enemies. restores our friendship. This grand old flag has proved a means of renewing our acquaintance, commenced twenty-two years ago by an introduction across the Potomac. . . To-day we stand face to face, each feeling conscious of having performed what we earnestly and honestly believed to be our duty. We greet each other as friends, as neighbors, as the future protectors of a reunited and happy people. We unite in gratitude to God that the war is ended. In the presence of this mighty Niagara, let us pledge anew our friendly relations."

At the sight of the flag, which Colonel Brown and Major Newton then held up to view, the entire audience arose to their feet amid deafening shouts and cheers. Many veterans shed tears of joy at the sight of the torn and shredded remnants of their once beautiful banner.

Colonel Bowen, at the time of the battle of Cedar Mountain captain of Company D, who led his company in this charge and was taken prisoner, at this juncture could not restrain the impulses of his earnest nature, and, stepping forward with an apology for interrupting the exercises, asked, as the representative of Company D—the color company—that he be allowed to kiss the flag, which he did with great feeling. This touching incident was received with renewed cheers.

General James E. Curtis, of Buffalo, N. Y., then made one of the most eloquent addresses of the day. which closed these interesting and impressive exercises. They will live in the recollection of every participant as long as memory lasts. The Virginians started on their return home the next day, having captured the hearts of their old enemies as securely as they had taken their flag twenty years before. At Lockport and Medina hundreds of citizens met the Virginians with shouts of welcome, many bringing bouquets of flowers for the visitors.

It was not many months before an invitation was received from the Virginians for a return visit to the lovely Shenandoah Valley, in the following hearty language:

"We hold in grateful remembrance your kindness to us last May, when we were received as brothers, all showing us distinguished honor and courtesy. Desiring that the compact of unity then formed may be strengthened and cemented, and that the silken cords of peace and goodwill between our sections may be united in a common bond of patriotic love for our common country, we most earnestly solicit your acceptance of our hospitality."

The invitation was accepted, and the visit was made on the return of the anniversary of the Twentyeighth's reunion, May 22, 1884. One hundred comrades, with as many more, consisting of their wives and friends, made the journey by way of Baltimore, Harper's Ferry, and Winchester to Staunton. From Baltimore on, the route was one that long ago was familiar to the Twentyeighth veterans. At Harper's Ferry they were met by the booming of cannon, this time, however, in friendly greeting, instead of hostile defiance. At Woodstock and Harrisonburg addresses of welcome were made and responses given by members of the party. Staunton, the objective point, was reached on the evening of the 21st, the citizens exhibiting their kind feelings by acts of open-handed hospitality, of which they are justly famed. Not only their hearts, but their homes were thrown open to their Northern visitors, and with such a warmth of feeling that it made all feel we were indeed among friends.

On the 22d the public exercises were held in the large opera house at Staunton, after a march through the streets, which were profusely decorated with flags and bunting. Everywhere was displayed the sign:

The first address was made by Major Newton. Among the many kindly words of greeting we quote a few, as follows:

"We are glad to meet you to-day and to greet you as friends and brethren of a common humanity. that we have this peculiar pleasure of looking into your faces again and extending this fraternal greeting. . . This is the first time since our late bitter struggle that we have received a visit of courtesy and friendship from the soldiers of the North. This kind and humane appeal to our better feelings, affecting, as it does, our better judgment, will not be without its fruits. . . . Men, by nature, are more susceptible to the influence of kindness and conciliation than to force. Therefore, we take you by the hand with a warm, firm grasp, as members of the common human family, and would to God that Uncle Sam's large and extensive family knew each other more intimately, as it would beget a more kindly and lasting relation."

Captain James Bumgardner, formerly adjutant of the Fifth Virginia, then made the formal address of welcome. We would be glad to quote his eloquent words in full, but our space will allow us to give only a few extracts that will show the heartiness of his welcome:

"The survivors of the two armies ought no longer to be foes, but friends; and are no longer foes, but friends, countrymen, and brothers. In the time past we were foemen worthy of your steel; in the present, friends worthy of an honest hand-

[&]quot;Welcome, 28th, to our hearts and homes."

clasp and a place by an honest fireside, and in the future are to toil side by side with you to secure the welfare and perpetuate the glory of a common united country. In the destiny of our country there is a mission to be fulfilled for the benefit of human happiness and human liberty that needs for its final accomplishment the efforts of the sons of the North and the South, battling together with united hands and united hearts. . . . We hope that your unstinted hospitality to us at Niagara, and the welcome with which we greet you to-day, will cause you ever to remember us in kindness as your fellow-citizens in peace, and still more kindly to forget us as your stubborn adversaries in the old by-gone days of strife. . . . May our meeting prove, the more we know, the better we forgive."

Colonel Brown, on behalf of the 28th, responded, saying:

"Your welcome is so hearty, so complete, that we stand before you in amazement. . . . The olive branch of peace has been extended in good faith by the 28th New York, and in equal good faith has been accepted by the 5th Virginia. I would have the world know how perfectly peace is established between these regiments. And why not between all? Are we not all of the same race, the same pride of ancestry? Do we not all claim George Washington as the father of our entire country? Our interests are one; let us be friends for all time-one people, one nation, one flag.

"For years we have looked at each other with suspicion. It is now time this was ended. It is, so far as the 5th Virginia and 28th New York are concerned. We plighted our troth at Niagara last year, and renew it again to-day, and it will continue for all time."

Other speeches were made by Colonel James H. Skinner, on behalf of the citizens of Staunton and Augusta, which were eloquently responded to on behalf of the citizens of Western New York by the Hon. E. L. Pitts, of Medina, New York. We quote a few words from his speech:

"I never had a prouder trust than that committed to me by the citizen guests who participate in this reunion, to return to you thanks for this magnificent demonstration. The 5th have won the greatest victory they ever achieved. They have overcome the remnant of the brave 28th veterans. They have conquered us and millions of people we left behind us. We will take home to our firesides this greeting, and it is impossible to estimate the good it will do. . . . Thank God, each of us can say here this day, 'I am an American citizen.' We go forth from this reunion with a high resolve to eliminate all passion, all prejudice from our hearts. Thank God we have lived to see the day-'The day where the children clasped hands where their fathers crossed blades.' "

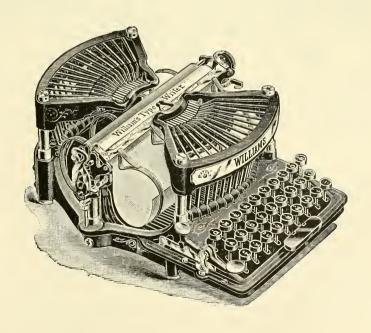
To show the sentiment of the press of the city, we quote from the Staunton *Vindicator*:

"It would be hard to tell the New York Volunteers, and visitors as well, how much their presence has stirred the hearts of this people. Their treatment of the 5th Virginia last year paved the way for a warm welcome. . . That they have managed in forty-eight hours to capture the Virginians, who are loudly boasting of their surrender rather than feeling ashamed of it, is something that speaks volumes for the patriotic heart of the people, as well as for those good fighters and typical Americans, the 28th New York Volunteers."

The afternoon was spent in visiting the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution, and the evening was divided between a hop at the Virginia hotel and a very pleasing exhibition at the Young Ladies' seminary. On the following day a trip was made to the Natural Bridge, stopping on the way at Lexington, where a lunch was

served, and the cadets of the Military academy gave a dress parade. Colonel Brown, in behalf of the visitors, deposited a beautiful floral wreath on the grave of General Jackson, and Judge Smith, of Canandaigua, N. Y., one on the tomb of General Lee. The return trip from the Natural Bridge was made the next day. The party returned North by way of Richmond, Fortress Monroe, and Washington, greatly pleased with their entire reception.

These exchanged visits have to a marked degree drawn the citizens of the Shenandoah Valley and Western New York into a closer and more friendly attitude. By becoming thus better acquainted, each has learned to look upon the other without distrust, but with that friendly feeling so desirable and necessary between citizens of one common country.





J. P. CILLEY, COUNSELOR AT LAW, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

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THE MAINE BUGLE.

Campaign V.

JULY, 1898.

CALL 3.

REBEL PRISON LIFE.

By Albert E. Hutchinson, a Fifteenth Maine Veteran.

It is a very difficult matter for me to make a short story of a long one, and having for a subject something I never care at this late date to talk about; but I will make the story as brief as possible.

My experience as a prisoner of war began when I was wounded in the battle of Pleasant Hill, April, 1864. That engagement was different from any other in the fact that both armies retreated after the fight; the rebels in a panic, back up the road as far as the old mill, and our forces down to Red River, leaving the wounded, or at least a portion of them, in possession of the field. In some way I got down to a log house a mile or two below the battlefield, and found myself in a yard, covered with a blanket, among federal soldiers who were all western men. Only one man belonging to our Nineteenth corps was there except myself: Jonathan Randall, Company A, Fifteenth Maine, who was also wounded. I laid in that yard for six weeks under the surgeon's care. He got the ball from

my lung, and as soon as I was able to walk I, with about thirty others, marched to the town of Shreveport. Here we fell in with some three or four hundred other federal prisoners, who were captured from General Steele's forces in Arkansas. From Shreveport to the prison stockade near Tyler, Texas, is one hundred and ten miles. This we were compelled to march in five days. We marched in files of fours in the middle of the road. Our guards were mounted, and formed flanking lines on each side of us, with a large company both in our front and rear. It was very hot and the dust was ankle deep, and arose in clouds; in fact, we could hardly see. We were robbed of our canteens, and were not allowed a drop of water until night. In fact we were not allowed to leave the road for any purpose. Our men were frequently beaten with revolvers to make them keep up. My wound had not healed, and I had my arm in a sling. I was weak, and, oh! how I longed for

a cool drink of water in those awful days! Our mouths became so dry and parched we could not speak above a whisper. We camped every night where there was plenty of good water, and was n't that a feast! How we did drink and drink!

We arrived at the stockade the twenty-seventh day of May. From that time until the sixteenth day of June it rained nearly all the time; and in all that time I had as much shelter as one might get out here in the road, without even a blanket. I was soaked with rain and shivering with cold, until the sun came out and the weather cleared. Then we were allowed out under guard to cut some brush to make us a shelter from the sun.

When I arrived in the stockade I found the following-named members of the Fifteenth Maine: Leman H. Bard, John H. Hayden, Page Grover, Jeff Bailey, Tom H. McDonald, John McNutt, George Morrison, John Leighton, John Huston, James Brennan, Frank Russell, Angus McGilvary, Mark Ellis. McGilvary died in prison. Mark Ellis became discouraged, and went up to the guard one night and asked the sentinel to shoot him. For some reason the sentry refused. Ellis went away, and from that moment no one has ever seen or heard of him, to my knowledge. As far as I know, all the rest of the Fifteenth boys came out of that deathpen alive.

It was a hell upon earth, and only those who were inured to hardships and were disciplined by years of service, could stand it to be starved and roasted and froze and exposed to those terrible Texas Northers without clothes or fire. And yet we endured it, and are glad to remember that through it all the offer was always open, that anyone who would go out and take the oath of allegiance to the C.S.A. could have plenty to eat, and clothes to wear. But if there is a thing I am proud of, it is that only a very few among all the thousands who were prisoners of war did this. They preferred death to dishonor.

But I might have had less suffering if I could have been contented to stay in prison until exchanged. But I was always seeking a chance to escape: and at last on the eighteenth day of March, 1865, five of us made our escape: James Bickford of the navy, John Winship and George Decker, Eighteenth New York Cavalry, Tom Whistlehunt, Third Arkansas Cavalry, and myself. It was a desperate undertaking. We were more than three hundred miles from our lines, in an enemy's country, where every white man was our sworn enemy, without food to start with, and nearly naked. And yet we were considered lucky to have a chance to get away, regardless of the fact that there was a general order nailed to the gate of our prison, setting forth that anyone trying to escape from the stockade, or caught after having escaped, should be shot by the guards.

In the face of all that we went out through the gate in broad daylight,

and in the darkness of night crawled out by the rebel guard, and were away for God's country and freedom! But alas! if we could only have seen what we were to suffer we would never have attempted it. We were thirteen nights following the north star, through streams and bogs, and tangled thickets. We were two days crossing Sabine river. Its banks were overflown. and the bottom-lands each side of the river were under water; and through this water, sometimes swimming, sometimes wading among the trees, we made our way. Whistlehunt could not swim, and that delayed us much. When we came to where the water was too deep to wade, we would pull down a grapevine from the trees. Some of these were more than a hundred feet long. Our "no-swim" comrade would hang on to the vine while we pulled him across. More than half the time be would be under water. But he "did n't mind a little thing like that," not he; he was a brave man, with lots of nerve. We had some parched meal to start with to eat, but we got it wet crossing this river, and were without anything by the time we were across. The first night we laid on a knoll that was an island in this swamp of water; and wet and cold and hungry and shivering, we passed the night. Soon after starting next morning we came to the main river, not over five rods wide, but deep and swift. We twisted withs and made a raft of driftstuffs for W. We fastened a

grape vine to the raft, and I took one end and made a noose and put it over my shoulder on the up-river side, and started to swim over. My associates were to lay out the vine and keep it clear of snags; but when over half way across, the vine caught on something and was held fast. The swift current carried me down stream. I struggled to free myself from the vine, but before I could do so I was drawn under water. When I did succeed in getting the vine from my arm, I was nearer dead than alive. But I struggled to the bank and got hold of some bushes, and the boys pulled me out. I lay a long time, nearly exhausted from my hard struggle, but after I got well over it, I wanted one of the others to try getting the vine across. But none would try it. As I was the best swimmer, they were willing I should try again. And I then went over without any trouble. Then one of them came over to help me pull on the vine, while two others swam alongside of the raft to steady it, and so we got "Tom" over. One time we got him astride a log and swan him quite a long distance.

Well, we were out of the wate and on dry land at last. But I must not dwell on the hard struggle we had for the next eight or ten days. How we managed to procure food from the negroes, and to hide in the swamps and woods days, and travel nights, with only the north star to guide us, or how, on the thirteenth day of our journey we were discovered by a white man; how

he told us we were only fifteen miles from Red river, and where to go to find the road leading there. We hid in the woods, waiting for darkness; and while waiting heard the hounds in pursuit of us; and how we ran for nearly a mile before we found a house. Here we gave ourselves up, and claimed the protection of the old man who was there.

The bloodhounds were pretty close to us, and behind them came the man who told us the way to Red river, with his son on horseback, with guns; they demanded that we should be given up! But our old friend refused to do so. But we were recaptured, and next morning we were taken to Clarkesville and given up to the enrolling officer. We were kept here one night and the next morning five mounted guards were ordered to march us back to the prison, and to shoot us if we made any attempt to escape. But that was needless. We were completely discouraged and broken down with despair. After all our hard struggle for liberty, and what we had suffered and endured, to have to go back seemed almost like death.

By this time we were reduced to almost nakedness. Winship and I were entirely barefooted and the others nearly as bad. Our feet were cut and torn with the thorns and briers, and in fearful shape to travel. But no mercy was shown us or expected. It was a fearful journey back to the prison. I do n't know how long we were on the road.

One day while hobbling along, nearly doubled up with the pain in my feet, I gave up in despair, and a feeling of desperation such as I had never had before came over me. I stopped and sat down by the side of the road and refused to walk any further. The guard, with a cocked revolver, ordered me forward, threatening to shoot. But I had arrived at that pitch that I was perfectly willing for him to do so.

I think for the time I was insane. I know I cursed him and said everything to have him shoot, but he called another of the guards and made him dismount and let me ride; and from that on I was helped along, and so was Winship.

I must tell you how I got some shoes and stockings. One night we camped near a big plantation where there were some hundred or more negroes. We were put in a small grove of trees a short distance from the house, and some rations sent down for us to eat, after which we laid down on the ground to sleep. Some time in the night I was awakened by a negro who cautioned me to make no noise, and then he pulled out of his shirt bosom a pair of old plantation shoes and stockings and gave them to me. He said he had seen us going by and his pity for us had made him run the risk of a flogging to bring the shoes. In the morning the guard asked me where I got my shoes, and I said that the Almighty sent them to me in the night. He smiled and said he was glad of it. When we arrived at

the stockade we were taken up to headquarters, and the commander of the post ordered us taken to Tyler, and delivered to the officers in command of the guard there. He said to us, "I do n't know how you got out of the stockade nor do I wish to know; but one thing I know, you won't get out again. I will put you where you will be no further trouble to me." And to the guards, "If they offer to leave the road shoot them like dogs." And we were marched away four miles to Tyler jail.

When we arrived at the jail we were put into a cell where we found ten more of our men from the prison, who were being punished for the same offence we were guilty of. We made fifteen in all: and a worse looking lot of human beings it would be hard to find. We had indeed jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for the stockade, with all its terrors, was a paradise compared with that accursed hole in Tyler jail. The cell was about ten feet square. Inside of the cell was an iron cage six foot square, set up a foot from the floor. This cage was a pen. The only way to lay down was to put our feet under the cage and lay on the hard floor. An iron door opened into this cell about three feet high. This cell was lighted by a hole in the wall, two feet long by six inches wide, all the light and air we had. Our ration consisted of one piece of corn bread once a day, about as big as one's hand, and one pail of water was set in once a day for us

all. And in this awful place we were kept for twenty-seven days—never let out for any purpose whatever. The air we breathed was hot and stifling and the stench was fearful. Six out of the fifteen died in the time, and the only wonder was that we did not all die. We made one desperate effort to escape, and failed. It has always seemed like a dream to me, those twenty-seven days. I am sure that a good part of the time I was out of my mind; things seemed dim and confused.

But at last, and before death claimed us all (as they intended it should) the light came. One morning the guard who set in our water said he had news for as and gave us a paper in which was printed a general order from Kirby Smith, in which he set forth that Lee and Johnson had surrended to the Yankees, and the war was over east of the Mississippi, but calling on his army in Texas to rally around the Texas flag and they would make Texas once more independent. It also set forth that Lincoln was assassinated. All of this was news indeed for us. We had not heard a word for months about the war. But Kirby Smith's army had got enough of fighting: and after a few days we were taken out of the jail den and marched back to the stockade. If ever there were any human beings that looked worse than some of us, I pray God I may never see them. They would draw tears of pity from hell itself.

Back to the stockade we went. When we got rid of some of the filth and vermin, and had gained a little strength to march, we were released from the stockade. One morning, last of May, 65,—over a year after our capture—we were awakened before day by the rebel guards, shouting and yelling and firing off guns. We could n't think what the trouble was. But at break of day every guard had disappeared and the old prison was no longer guarded. The rebels had gone home and left us free to go where we liked. Here we were three or four hundred miles from the federal lines, turned loose without a crumb of food, to get home the best we could. Some of our officers went to Tyler and prevailed upon some one to haul us some corn meal. A letter from a prison chum some time ago asked if I ever told my children how we marched from the prison to Shreveport, one hundred and ten miles, on one quart of corn meal. To tell the truth I don't remember much about that march, only that we were going home. 1 remember something of a team coming out of the town of Marshall to meet us with rations (Marshall was sixty miles away), and of the team going back on the road to pick up those who fell out. I remember a pool of water by the side of the road, with the carcass of a dead hog in it, and in spite of this how the boys were eager to drink from that filthy pool. I will not dwell upon our passage down Red river, of

our formal exchange, and the trip to New Orleans.

In view of what is said now of the suffering of the boys in the present war with Spain, and the way they are sent home, I will just tell you how we were sent home, after our year's service in rebel prisons. At New Orleans, we cast away our ragged prison clothes, and each received one pair of pants, a shirt, blouse, a cap, a pair of shoes and stockings, and one blanket. We were then put aboard a steamer for New York. I don't remember of getting into any bunk, on the long passage. I slept on deck. On our arrival at New York, we were sent to Governor's Island for a week or two; were then sent to Hart's Island, and were there two or three weeks longer. Nobody knew or cared who we were or where we were to go; and at last we had to write to Maine's Governor Cony to have us sent home. All of this time we had the same clothes furnished us in New Orleans. After weeks of delay and vexation we got to Augusta, where we were paid off and discharged. Our regiment still being in service, in South Carolina, we were, like all the prisoners of war turned loose, treated as stragglers, the officers of our regiment having no knowledge or responsibility as to our whereabouts.

Still, despite all this, I do not recall that we blamed the government for our sufferings, regarding these experiences as among war's privations meted out to us. Some of us did think, perhaps, that when the government refused to exchange any more prisoners and thus leaving us to die or not as good fortune might will, it was a trifle severe. Yet those in authority knew best. And, thank God, we were enabled to endure all this at country's call!

Note.—The Maine regiments who served in the extreme south have never received the attention bestowed on the regiments which performed duty on the Potomac, and the state of Maine has ignored them more than the newspapers. This fact is mentioned as a matter of simple justice. The Bugle has presented several accounts of prison

life and will always be glad to do justice to those comrades who faced death in its most hideous form. In Campaign 1, pp. 105-115, 214-228, and 317-332 Erastus Doblehas given the most complete account of prison life. In Campaign 4, pp. 28-38 Dr. Freeman H. Chase has presented another excellent description of the pen in Texas. A. R. Small in Campaign 111, pp. 37-53, has brought the eastern prisons clearly before us. In this same campaign (III) Charles W. Earle pp. 128-153 has added to our knowledge. While Joe Darling in Campaign V, pp. 1-13 and 115-126 shows some sunshine in uncomfortable surroundings. All these narratives give facts of value and are available for biography.

FIFTEENTH MAINE MEN WITH THE FIRST MAINE BATTERY IN THE VALLEY WITH SHERIDAN.

By J. W. P. Johnson.

COMRADES:—I will try to relate as near as I can remember, the part that the Fifteenth Maine took in that glorious campaign of victories in the Shenandoah valley.

You will remember that about the 10th of August those who had re-enlisted received a furlough of thirty-five days, and we who did not re-enlist, about eighty-nine in all, were left behind. Well, we marched through Harper's Ferry and then waded up the muddy hill to Bolivar Heights where we went into camp on the left of the Thirtieth Maine. It was told that we were soon to be consolidated with

the Thirtieth; also those of the Thirteenth were to be consolidated with the Thirtieth. Now this talk made us a little sick and a good deal of ugliness was felt. We talked the matter over as we stood in little groups, and finally decided that as we had been the Fifteenth Maine nearly three years, and having enough of our officers to take command, we would hold our old number "15," or fight! A day or so after this, a few of us went across the road and up the other Height to talk with the First Maine Battery boys; and while there we found that they were

about to be reduced from six to four guns because they had not men enough to man them. This gave us food for thought, and we concluded that if Captain Bradbury got orders for a detail, we would volunteer to find enough men of the Fifteenth to man all his guns. So four of us went to Captain Albert W. Bradbury and told him that if he wished, enough of us would volunteer; and as we had all drilled in light artillery at Barrancas, Fla., the captain got the detail and our number was saved. Thirty-five joined the Battery, and marched with the Battery to Halltown, Berryville, and Middletown; then back to Winchester, Berryville and Halltown, where we built earthwork. August 28, we broke camp and marched to Berryville, where we remained until the 18th of September, when we received orders to move, and at two o'clock on the morning of September 19 we started, and kept moving, but very, very cautiously. There was something in the air; not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, no chirp of cricket, no song of bird, a stillness, aye the stillness of death, each one fearing, he knew not what. At last the stillnes is broken, and the zip, zip, zip of the minié ball, the shrieking of the shot, the bursting of the shell—the booming of the guns and the sharp volleys of rifles, tell us that we have some business on hand and we must be ready. We are ready, and move up through one piece of woods and to the farther edge of

another piece, when we go into position unlimbered, and begin to give the rebels a little Yankee music from way back in Maine.

Comrades, I just want to describe what a place was in our front. We had a position in the edge of the woods, and in another piece of woods about seven or eight hundred yards in our front, were the enemy in force. The First Brigade, Nineteenth Corps, charged clean across the open space and the enemy poured such a deadly fire upon them that they could n't stand it, so ran back to the shelter of the guns. The Rebs then charged in their turn. We opened with grape and cannister and Johnnie went back; this was repeated three times, when we had them on the go and kept them going until we got orders to bivouac in a meadow, which had clay enough and was wet enough for a brick yard.

The next day, the 20th, we marched to Strasburg. On the 22d the Rebs were attacked in their position at Strasburg and the battle of Fisher's Hill gave them another defeat. They now began to think that those fellows from the gulf department were not afraid of powder and had seen Rebels before. Well, we had them on the run, and we kept them on the run all night and all the next day we drove them through Woodstock, Edinburg, New Market and Harrisonburg. Our loss so far in the Battery was two men killed, one officer and six men wounded, five horses killed and three wounded. One of the

three wounded was my saddle horse.

On October 6th we marched back, and the barns, stacks of hay and grain began to go up in smoke, and the Rebel supplies were cut off. We arrived at Cedar Creek on the 10th and the Infantry threw up breastworks. Our position was on the right of the pike, and commanding the bridge; also the mouth of the creek and wide range of territory to the right. The Eighth Corps had a position on an elevation and in woods, to our left and in front, overlooking Cedar Creek and the Shenandoah river at their confluence. The West Virginia troops were on the left of the pike and in rear of the Eighth Corps. The Sixth Corps was away off on our right and about two miles distant to the right and rear, and this was our position on the 19th of October, when at three o'clock in the morning we turned out, and according to orders, while General Sheridan was absent, we were to stand under arms until daylight. The Eighth Corps turned out and instead of standing under arms they stacked arms and returned to their tents. The Nineteenth Corps were in line and under arms. I was just hooking my horses on to the limber and the cooks were just ready to hang the coffee kettles on the pole, when we heard the sudden roar of musketry, and it seemed as if the whole "little round top" was one sheet of flame. The enemy had surprised the Eighth Corps and were driving them out of their tents and right on to us. We were ready, every man at his post, yet we could do nothing until the Eighth Corps had got inside our line. When they were inside the line, then the fighting commenced in earnest. We gave them grape, cannister and case shot, and every shot told with fearful slaughter. The enemy succeeded in getting on our left flank and poured a fearfully destructive fire upon us. So destructive was their fire, that the loss in the First Maine Battery was one officer and two men killed, one officer and sixteen men wounded and forty-nine horses killed in harness. Our piece, the Third, of which Corporal Malry Kearney was No. I, fired the last shot and was the last to leave the position. Four guns were lost and the other one we did not see until the spoils were all gathered in. When we left the breastworks not a regiment, company or battery was to be seen except the enemy in front and on our left. Orders had been sent for us to leave our position thirty minutes before our Lieutenant Snow knew that he was in command. Major Bradbury, chief of artillery, rode up to our piece and cried, "Sergeant McCarthy, why has not this gun gone to the rear?" The sergeant's answer was, "Be jasus thin, oive had no ordthers an I'll not lave till oi get thim!"

Our old Second Brigade (Mc-Millan's) was drawn up on the pike early in the fight and held the whole force of the enemy for three quarters of an hour, and I truly be-

lieve that if the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Maine regiments had been with their brigade at this time, the Johnnies could have gone no further! The Eighth Vermont covered itself with glory in this fight. The regiment made a charge with 164 men in line and left 110 of them dead or wounded upon the field.

Comrades! how many would have been left of our regiment had they been there? They would surely have been called upon for heroic deeds, for McMillan was there, Emory was there, and they knew the efficiency of the officers and men of the Fifteenth Maine,

for they had tried you, tested you, trusted you, and found you faithful unto death.

And now, comrades, I think I may justly claim that our old regiment is fully entitled to some of the honors of the valley campaign.

I may add that buried in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va., are 4,440 soldiers' graves—2,347 of them classified as "unknown." The Fifteenth is represented there by James Casey of E; Alex H. Davis, C: Sergeant C. Burbank, K; Thomas Gibson, A; E. Wentworth, E; William Davis, D.

THE BURTONS OF THOMASTON.

By J. P. Cilley.

The first mention of Burton by Cyrus Eaton, "History of Thomaston," is in connection with a command of his in Thomaston. He says:

"Independent of the governmental establishment at the fort, the inhabitants at their own expense built near the northern end of the present toll-bridge a block-house, so termed, constructed of heavy timber, with projections and loop-holes at each corner, platform and parapet at the roof, and other contrivances, by means of which a few men might repel the assaults of a much superior number. The command of this was assigned to Lieutenant Benjamin Burton of this

river, immediately on his return hither from the capture of Louisberg, which took place June 16, 1745, and in which he had acquired His father. considerable credit. Benjamin Burton, as it is said, but more probably grandfather, a native of Wales, was in Cromwell's army when he reduced Ireland to subjection under the Commonwealth. At the close of that war, he probably settled in the northern part of that island. At any rate, our Lieutenant Benjamin Burton, his descendant, had seen in that country Waldo's advertisement or proclamation, as it was called, offering lands in the Waldo patent to actual settlers without price, and, at the age of twenty-one years, induced his father to embark with him and many others for this country. All of them except the old gentleman, his father, who died on the passage, arrived safely and landed at St. George's River in 1736."

In 1752 Captain Benjamin Burton's name appears in ratification of the treaty called "Dummer's Treaty." In 1754 he built a stone block-house in the present town of Cushing, and is spoken of as having settled there at the close of the Spanish War, about 1750–'51.

"Being a man of forecast and not believing the peace would be very lasting, he, in 1753, judiciously and strongly built and fortified his dwelling-house, which, serving as it did for a place of refuge to the neighbors, and a small garrison being for a while under pay there, acquired the name of the Stone Garrison House or Burton's Fort, the remains of which, degraded into a hog-pen, are still to be seen in or near the spot."

In 1756, March 24, the tribes of Indians, now united, opened their spring campaign by a spirited attack on this stone block-house of their hated enemy, Lieutenant Burton, and they succeeded in killing two of his men, scalping and leaving another half dead.

In 1759 we catch the following glimpse of the captain. At this time Governor Powell went up the Penobscot river with three hundred and ninety-five men and built the fort which took his name on that

river, at the place now called Fort Point. The governor was accompanied on this expedition by the proprietor, Brigadier Samuel Wal-They first rendezvoused at Falmouth, where they embarked May 8, and, according to the governor's journal, on the "9th, at 3 a. m., arrived at the mouth of George's river. The 10th, set out in barge, vawl, and six whale boats for the fort St. George's. At 3 p. m. visited the garrison house as we passed." His warm reception and the hearty greeting of Henderson, Burton, North, and Kilpatrick, with whom he had already made acquaintance, were more easily imagined than described, as he was accorded with much goodfellowship.

The sad closing of his life was thus described by Eaton: "Captain Benjamin Burton, Senior, on the 20th of March, 1763, perished in his float on George's river. He had been up from his stone garrison house before-mentioned to the fort here: but in the evening having some dispute with Captain North, he rejected his invitation to stay and set off for home in a very cold, windy night. The recentlyformed ice is supposed to have prevented his landing. He was seen next morning opposite McCarter's, and people went to his assistance, but found him frozen to death. He was brought up and buried at the fort burying-ground, where his gravestone remained among the kindred fragments till after the sale of the Knox estate, when it was

brought by Mrs. E. Miller, his granddaughter, to Warren, and placed in the burying-ground near the Baptist church. Captain Burton had been a brave and zealous officer during two wars, through the last of which his house was frequently attacked and his life endangered. At times, in the absence of the garrison, his daughters would mount guard on the roof of his stronghold, whilst he was laboring in the potato field or the clam-bank. On one occasion, but in which war we are not informed, being at some distance out with his wife and four children, when an alarm was given by the dogs, he took one child on his back, one under each arm, while his wife took the other; and all escaped safely into his fortress."

The following letter is given to show the quality of the man:

- "To Capt. Thomas proctor, Jr., Boston, neer the Orringe tree.
 - "ST. GEORGE'S June 6 1755.

" Dr Brother

"yesterday about nine of the Clock we hear about 15 guns fired, and after that Capt. Bradbury fired an alrm; upon which three men went up to the fort to hear what was doing—

"and there is two Scotchs Lads Killed or taken: but we suppose killed=they were Brothers=there Sir names is Brown—there was three more up the River the Same time, but Some Distance from them—mr Larmond / Archibald Gamble & Son, but got safe home =those are our good friends the

Penobscots, So Extol'd by our B: the Commander here=I hope the Government will now Do Sumthing to prevent our Ruin by a Savage Enemy, I remain your Loving Brother till Death

"BENJ. BURTON."

- 1. Benjamin Burton, died on the passage to America from Ireland, and had one child:
- 2. Captain Benjamin Burton,² married Alice Lewis in Ireland; died in Cushing, March, 1763. His biography appears above.

CHILDREN.

- 3. Rebecca Burton, resided and died in Boston.
- 4. Agnes Burton,8 died in Boston, 1829.
- 5. Mary Burton, married Captain Thomas Casey: resided Halifax, N. S.
- 6. Alice Burton,³ resided and died in Boston.
- 7. Colonel Benjamin Burton 3 (14), born 1749: died in Warren, May 24, 1835; married Hannah Church of Bristol, R. I. She died Aug. 21, 1834.
 - 8. John Burton,3 died, age 19.
- 9. Sarah Burton,⁸ born 1753; died June, 1835, at Montville; married Nehemiah Eastman from Gilmanton, N. H.

This Eastman was a Tory, as appears from the following permit given him by the English admiral. He was a Tory in other respects, as it is supposed he abandoned her, left this part of the country, and took refuge in the British Provinces. The following is taken from the Watson papers: "By Samuel Graves, Esq., Vice Admiral of the White, &c. Permit Nathaniel Eastman of the Sloop Advance

with the three men mentioned in the margin (John Annis, Robt. McIntire, and Wm. Hilton) to pass as a Coaster with fuel for the use of the King's Fleet at Boston, this Pass to remain till the vessel returns to Boston. Given under my hand on board His Majesty's Ship *Preston* at Boston on the 4th day of October, 1775. Samuel Graves. To the respective Captains and Commanders of his Majesty's Ships and vessels in North America."

- 10. Elizabeth Burton, married Hon. Edward Killeran.
- 11. Thomas Burton,⁸ died at Calais, 1837; married 1. Betsey Barber; 2. Susan McCobb.
- 12. William Burton ³ (22), died March, 1842; married 1. Jane Robinson; 2. Chloe Davit.
- 13. Jane Burton,³ died February, 1803; married Moses Robinson of Cushing.
- 14. Colonel Benjamin Burton 3 (7), (Benjamin, 2 Benjamin 1), born 1749; died in Warren, May 24, 1835; married Hannah Church, who died August 21, 1834, of Bristol, R. I.

The eventful career of this afterward distinguished soldier commenced December 16, 1773, at the age of thirty-four years. He happened to be in Boston at this time on a visit, went in the crowd to the Old South meetinghouse, and, as soon as the patriot orator had closed his animated address, being touched with the spirit of the times, joined the tea party, was stationed in the hold of one of the ships to fasten the slings upon the tea-chests, and

labored with his might between two and three hours in the work of destruction, throwing overboard three hundred and forty-two chests of tea. It being about the time of low water, the detested tea rested on the ground, and when the tide rose, floated as a scum upon the water and was lodged by the serf along the shores. In 1775, when the committees of safety and correspondence were organized in this vicinity as in almost all other places in New England, and into whose hands nearly absolute power was vested, they sent Captain Gregg with twenty well-armed men up the Penobscot to Fort Powell, April 27, to enquire of the commander. Thomas Goldthwait, vide Gamble Family, pp. 140-146, also Maine Historical Collection, Vol. VII, pp. 23, 185, 254 and 361, the reason of his delivering up the cannon to the English, and also to request a supply of arms and ammunition for the defence of the settlers here. These he obtained to the amount of seven muskets, ten pounds of powder, and twenty-four pounds of ball, for which a receipt was given by Gregg, Robert McIntyre, and Benjamin Burton; as a committee from St. George's, June 10, 1775, the committee of safety ordered that six pounds of powder be divided between Dunbar Henderson, George McCobb, and Benjamin Burton for alarming the inhabitants in case of need. To show the further power of this committee, on September 19th, it gave permission for Lieutenant B. Burton to take Captain

Phillips's schooner to go fishing, said Burton to return one-fourth part of his earnings to the committee or to said owner; and that said schooner, together with Captain William Hutchin's sloop, remain in custody until further orders.

The schooner, it seems, by later entry, was lost; and the committee in 1777 paid the owners, pounds thirty-seven, shillings ten, lawful money as indemnity. In 1777, the petition for the incorporation of the town of Thomaston seems to have been intrusted to Benjamin Burton; for we find in his memorandumbook an account of getting a town on the St. George's incorporated; from which it appears that he set off on horseback, November 26th, 1778, and December 1st, crossed Winnesimmet ferry into Boston,-thus making a journey in six days which is now performed in about eight hours. This prompt and versatile man was left, near the close of the last French and Indian War, an orphan at the age of thirteen, at his father's residence at the old stone blockhouse in Cushing. Under the influence probably of a good mother and especially of a fond and influential aunt, he early imbibed many excellent principles, among others an utter aversion to the use of ardent spirits, which he retained through life. He showed a good mechanical genius, commencing the use of tools when quite a boy: eventually with little or no instruction became a skilful house, mill, and ship carpenter, and seems to have undertaken this journey almost at

the moment of closing his summer's work in the present town of Union, where he had been employed, with B. Packard and Nat. Fales, on the buildings of Dr. Taylor. Whilst there, in September, 1776, probably through the influence of Taylor, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Continental army, and, in April following the town's incorporation, was promoted to a captaincy in Col. Thorburn's regiment in Rhode Island. He was probably on his way to join the army when the petition was intrusted to him.

Captain Burton withdrew from the Continental service July 14, 1779, and returned to his home in Cushing. In February, 1780, he went with a flag of truce to Castine to obtain the release of a young man from Warren who had been taken the fall before, in a schooner which was cut out of Wessaweskeag river, loaded with lumber for the West Indies. He passed directly from Camden harbor across Penobscot bay on the ice to Bagaduce he succeeded in his mission and returned in the same manner. From April, 1780, he served as major about nine months in Maine, under General Peleg Wadsworth, and was discharged only a few days before that intrepid officer was taken prisoner and carried to Bagaduce (now Castine), on the eighteenth of February, 1781. By order of the British commander at that post, a flag of truce was sent to Camden at Wadsworth's request, carrying letters from him to his wife and to Governor Hancock, which were

forwarded by Major Burton, then at Camden. After Burton's return home, and after he had conducted the general's wife and her friend, Miss Fenno, under a passport, to visit him in his confinement, the vessel of Burton was captured by the enemy near Monhegan. He was immediately conveyed to Bagaduce, and imprisoned in the same apartment with General Wadsworth. The latter thinks this occurred about the middle of April, 1781: Burton says it was in March.

Bagaduce they knew was a peninsula, a mile and a half in length from northeast to southwest, and about a mile in mean breadth, surrounded on all sides by water, except at its northerly part, where two coves from the east and west approximate each other within one hundred rods or less, having an isthmus or marsh by which the peninsula is joined to the mainland. The bed of the northwestern cove. and the beach of the Penobscot, contiguous, were sandy, and uncovered at low water, the height of tides at that place being uniformly about fourteen feet. An escape was utterly impracticable unless effected in this quarter. The garrison was on crowning ground in the central part of the peninsula, between which and the isthmus, a distance of half a mile, were rocks, stumps and brush. In form the fort was tetragonal, with a bastion at each corner, whose embankments were twenty feet in height, exclusive of the exterior moat. The walls were secured by a chevaux-dc-frise at

the bottom, and were sufficiently capacious to contain a commodious blockhouse in the centre of the area, containing apartments for officers and barricks for the soldiers. The prisoners' room was between two others severally occupied by the officers. One end of it was the wall of the building, the other formed in part the side partition of a long entry whose entrance was by a door containing a window, which was frequently opened by the guards. Without the fort, and within upon the walls, and near the doors of the blockhouse, sentinels were posted, and also two in the entry near the prisoners' door. gates were shut at sunset, and vedettes placed around the fort and towards the isthmas to prevent escape to the mainland.

From items of information acquired in replies to questions asked with apparent indifference, and from a refusal either to parol or exchange them, as had been proposed by Governor Hancock, the apprehension of the prisoners became strengthened into a belief that they were soon to be transported to some unknown destination, hence they justly inquired within themselves, "What are we to expect from such enemies, exasperated as they are by a war, expensive and hitherto inglorious to them, prosecuted, too, against men who are regarded as rebels? It is true, that, if we fail in our attempt to escape, chains and dungeons await us; but then at worst, our captivity, which is now grievous,

will then be galling." Thus wrought up to a desperation not to be expressed, and only equalled by the emergency, they formed their resolution with an unshaken firmness, and their plans with an ingenuity that nothing but the event itself could pronounce either wise or foolish: while the undertaking was exceedingly daring, if not highly presumptuous.

As their room was ceiled overhead with pine boards, they finally determined upon this plan of escape: to cut off one of them, and thus open an aperture sufficiently large for a man to pass through, to ascend by it and along the joists over the officers' apartments, and lower themselves down silently by means of a blanket, thence pass directly across the intervening space and up the embankment, where, from their window, they had seen a traveled path: thence, by further aid of their blankets, slide down from the friezing into the ditch, and hasten to the beach at the westerly extremity of the isthmus, which at low water might be easily passed. They began upon the ceiling in the night, with a penknife, but immediately found that the strokes, by their sound made in the hours of silence, would assuredly betray them, as would their appearance in the daytime, unskilfully cut as they were in the dark. Thus defeated, they were convinced that nothing could be done upon the ceiling except by daylight; nor was there more than an hour of that time, namely, between twelve and one of the clock, while the officers were dining, that the work could be prosecuted, so frequently were they visited and viewed by their sentinels through the sash door.

Next, they obtained from Barnabas Cunningham, their waiter, a gimlet, for which Major Burton made him a present of a dollar, pretending it as a reward for his courtesy, rather than a price for the article. This, by their care, excited no suspicion, and even if it had been otherwise, they knew he would never make a disclosure which might give himself trouble. They began to use the gimlet as soon and as often as they dared, but the work went on slowly. Wadsworth, a man of middle stature, could, when standing on the floor, only reach the ceiling with the ends of his fingers; but Burton, whose height was about six feet and a half, could use the instrument without a chair. The work, therefore, devolved almost entirely upon him. It was important to make the most of their hour, and of the period when the garrison was under arms on parade.

At those times, therefore, the waiters were purposely sent away on errands, and the prisoners commenced walking in their room, corresponding with the steps of the sentinels marching through the entry, all passing by the glass door together. It was soon ascertained that by a comparative adjustment of steps, and a mutual measurement of time and distance.

the passage of their guards through the entry occupied twice as long as it did themselves to pace across their room. Therefore, as soon as the prisoners and sentinels at the same moment passed the door in the same direction, Burton stopped short, turned his gimlet quickly, then withdrawing it, joined Wadsworth in his second turn, he having continued his walk with a little heavier step than when alone, to give the sound of two persons walking. Thus the work was pursued from day to day, every perforation being filled with a paste composed of bread and butter. In three weeks the board was riddled with holes twice across, and the insterstices cut, leaving only a grain of wood at the corners to hold the piece in place. As Burton worked, his companion brushed into the fireplace with a handkerchief any chips or dust that fell upon the floor.

To prepare for their anticipated escape, they reserved from their meals bread and meat, which they dried. They also made from their firewood pretty large skewers, with which they intended to fasten the corners of their blankets to the stakes in the friezing on the top of the wall, and thus let themselves down the exterior embankment of the fort. Being now ready for their departure, every day and incident increased their anxiety. As the officers and other visitors were often gazing around the room, it was feared that the discoloration of the board by the butter, which

composed the paste that filled the perforations, would betray them. In fact, some expressions had been dropped by officers, which, to the ever-jealous minds of the prisoners, led to a suspicion that their design was known. They were also alarmed by a report that the privateer which was to carry them away was daily expected. Thus a long week elapsed without a single night favorable for their escape, as they desired one which was dark and stormy.

At length, on the evening of June 18, 1781, a violent tempest occurred, attended with profound darkness, intermitted with flashes of vivid lightning. At about eleven o'clock the lightning ceased, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The opportunity which they had so anxiously desired, they believed had arrived. They went immediately to bed, and extinguished their candle while the sentinel was looking through the sash door. In a short time both arose and dressed themselves. At first Wadsworth in a chair, and then Burton on his feet, labored with the penknife, until, in about half an hour, they had cut out and removed the perforated board. Burton, the largest of the two, ascended through the opening with considerable difficulty. Wadsworth followed, but they saw each other no more during that fearful night. Burton crept silently along the joists over the officers' heads, let himself down into the entry, and thence proceeding through the square, ascended

to the friezing on the top of the wall.

While lying there and waiting for the General, he heard the voice of command at the opposite guardhouse,-"Relief, turn out!" Supposing by this that his companion was detected, he immediately threw himself over the friezing, and seizing it fast with his hands, gave his body a pendulous swing; then gently losing his hold, struck with his feet the chevaux-de-frise unhurt. To avoid the vedette, he proceeded down the hill, over rocks, to the Penobscot, at the northwesterly part of the peninsula, as previously proposed, "where the Americans landed in their first attack upon the British, two years before." As it was now of the utmost importance to elude any search and pursuit which might be made, and although in his anxiety he had struck the beach too far down to the westward, he yet waded forthwith into the water, which, in crossing the cove, was up to his chin. Much deluded, feeling his way in the dark, and sometimes swimming, he did not reach the opposite shore until daybreak. He then traveled a mile or more along the eastern margin of the river. At a less distance than two gunshots, he saw the enemy's barges, but which, evidently, had made no discovery. The rain had ceased, the opening morning was fair, and at sunrise he was safe on the bank of the river, perhaps seven or eight miles from the fort. His cup of happiness would have been full had the General, whom he supposed retaken or drowned, been with him. While thus ruminating, he saw his fellow-prisoner calmly seated beside a canoe. The joy of their meeting can be easier imagined than described.

Crossing the river in the canoe, they "landed at Sandy Point opposite; near the south end of Orphan Island." They then shaped their course through the woods towards Belfast, and crossing the river in a boat, found there, took refreshments at the house of Mr. Miller, where the city now is. Through fear of seizure by the villainous Tories, and of recapture by the British, they did not dare to stay over night in the house, but went a mile into the woods and lodged on ground. The next morning they pursued their way to Canaan (now Lincolnville), then a plantation of three families, thence to Warren, and on the third day reached Burton's residence in Cushing.

Burton knew that the treacherous Tories, if they heard of his arrival, would devise some scheme to retake him. He therefore remained at home only a single night, and then went to Boston. Not finding any vacancy in the army which he wished to fill, he took a commission of captain of marines on board of a twenty-gun ship, commanded by Captain Thomas Dinsmore. After cruising for about a month near Newfoundland, the vessel's course was shaped for Cape Clear, off Ireland, intending to intercept a fleet of merchantmen from the West Indies. In October, 1781, seeing four ships at the windward which they supposed were a part of the fleet, they stood for them. To their surprise they were found to be three British frigates and a sloop of war. Our ship, unable to escape, the wind blowing a gale, was taken, and her crew imprisoned in the castle of Cape Clear until the following February, after news had arrived of the surrender of Cornwallis. They were then removed to England, and confined in the old Dunkirk, seventy-four, from which the overtures of peace set them at liberty. In an enemy's land, without money and without friends to assist him, Major Burton succeeded in getting a passage to L'Orient in France, and thence in the frigate Alliance, Captain Harden, was brought to the shores of his beloved country, and landed at New London, Connecticut. From that place, with only eight shillings in money, he accomplished a journey home, two hundred and sixty miles, before the end of May.

When the privations and perils of war were over, he, with many thousands like the worthy Cincinnatus, returned to the plough, to enjoy, in straitened circumstances, and yet with a cheerful spirit, liberties and privileges, no less the bounties of heaven because they were the price of blood. Agriculture was his principal pursuit, although to some extent he engaged in navigation. On the reorganization of the militia under the statute of 1785, he was chosen

lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth regiment in the eighth division, and subsequently had command of it. He held his commission until 1796, when he resigned. next year he was the representative of Cushing in the state legislature, the first one ever returned by his town. He was eight years a magistrate, and never filled an official position which he did not honor. But in no sphere were his credentials more heartily and justly awarded him than by the Christian community. For more than thirty years he was a devout professor of religion, and at the time of his death was a deacon in the Baptist church in Warren. He was married in Rhode Island before he quit the service there. Two sons and four daughters survived him.

In person, Colonel Burton was a tall, straight, and large man, although in his latter days a little bent forward. His complexion was light and his features expressive; in motion and conversation he was quick and animated. In mind he was discerning, ingenious, and otherwise liberally endowed. · He had a taste for mathematics and for military tactics, and especially for reading the scriptures, and works upon history. Such was this worthy man, beloved by his acquaintances, useful to his country, and happy in his death.

CHILDREN.

15. Benjamin Burton⁴, married ——
Jameson.

16. Captain Thomas Burton, born about 1784; died September 28, 1850;

married January 10, 1813, Lydia Young of Cushing; resided Warren; and have 1. Edward Burton, resided in Philadelphia; 2. Dorothy Y. Burton, born —; published September 16, 1873; married James H. Sanford; resided Topsham; 3. Thomas Burton, married Eliza Cunningham of Belfast; resided New York; 4. Isaac Burton, married Sarah Fish of Lincoln.

17. Captain John Burton, born —; died —: married 1. May Morton; 2. Rebecca Vaughan; removed to Kilmarnock, and had 1. Mary Ann Burton, married December, 1830, Thomas White; resided in Winthrop; 2. Eliza Burton, published March 28. 1835; married Darius Nye of Union; 3. Albert G. Burton, removed to Oldtown; 4. Harriet Burton; 5. James Burton; 6. John Burton, all removed to Kilmarnock.

18. Elizabeth Burton⁴, born 1737; died March 1, 1777; married 1. Anselm Vaughan; 2. Deacon John Miller; removed to Lincoln.

19. Hannah Burton,4 married January

16, 1814, John L. Robinson of Cushing.

20. Sarah Burton, born —; died

; married Captain Dunbar Henderson, and had 1. Captain James Henderson, born about 1817; married 1. October, 1841, Sarah J. Singer; married

2. May 13, 1854, Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson, resided Thomaston; a ship master;

2. Ann E. Henderson, born —, married Colonel William Bennett, resided Thomaston; 3. Susan Henderson, born —; 4. Captain Dunbar Henderson, born about 1826; married July 25,

21. Ann Burton, born —; died —; married 1. Captain Robert Norton; 2. May 17, 1830, Dr. Thomas D. Raeburn, resided Newton, Massachusetts.

1856, Olivia Chapman, resided Thom-

aston; a ship master.

22. William Burton⁸ (12), Benjamin², Benjamin,¹ born 1754; died March, 1842; married 1. Jane Robinson; 2. Chloe Davit.

CHILDREN.

23. Jane Burton, born —; died young.

24. Nancy Burton, born —; married Captain Andrew Robinson; resided St. George.

25. William Burton, born —; died January 2, 1821; married 1. Elizabeth Parsons of Cushing; 2. Lucy Spear of Warren, and had 1. Isaac J. Burton,5 born October 2, 1816; married November 25, 1845, Lucy Ann Boggs, and had twins who were born and died September 1, 1846; Melvin Burton,6 born —; died September 7, 1846; Mary L. Burton, born -; married Nathan R. Tolman; Ada S. Burton,6 born February 3, 1851; married April 15, 1874, George W. Farnsworth; resided Bath and have Mabel V. Farnsworth; 7 Lucy J. Burton, 6 born August 27, 1853; married James F. Creighton; resided North Warren; 2. Eliza Jane Burton, born -; published May 20, 1830; married Gideon Pease of Boston.

26. Jane B. Burton, born —; married John Montgomery of Townsend; resided Thomaston.

27. Isaac Burton, born —; married Nancy Parsons; resided and died in Boston.

28. Matthew Burton,⁴ born May 10, 1762; died ——; married October 29, 1818, Margaret Robinson of St. George; resided Rockland, a caulker, and have 1. Captain Alfred Burton,⁵ born December 13, 1818; died September 6, 1860; married 1. April 26, 1846, Elionai L. Healey; 2. April 1, 1853, Sarah A. Luce and have Mayalan M. Burton,⁶ born June 4, 1845; died September 2,

1847; Elionai L. Burton,6 born February 3,---; died April 27, 1849; Hiram C. Burton, born June 14, 1854; Annie M. Burton, 6 born September 30, 1858; died February 9, 1863. 2. Susanna R. Burton,5 born July 29, 1821; married October 29, 1846, John Bartlett. 3. Nancy R. Burton, born April 2, 1825; married Lysander Fales. 4. Margaret Burton,⁵ born August 7, 1827; married William G. Paul. 5. George Burton,5 born September 16, 1829; married July 2, 1848, Lucy E. Clark, and have Henry F. Burton,6 born August 7, 1849, and George E. Burton, born May 28, 1856. 6. Captain Benjamin Burton,5 born March 15, 1835; married April 4, 1861, Jane E. Oliver; resided Rockland.

- 29. Eliza Burton,4 died young.
- 30. Elizabeth Burton, married Ephraim Robinson; resided St. George.
 - 31. Sarah Burton4.
 - 32. Chloe Burton,4 died young.
- 33. Thomas Burton,⁴ married 1. Rachel Vinal; 2. Lucy (Vinal) Burton; resided Cushing, and had Elbridge Burton,⁵ (37) born April 9, 1826; married 1. Eliza Hyler of Cushing; 2. December 13, 1852, Lucinda Stahl.
 - 34. Sarah Burton,4 died young.
- 35. James Burton,⁴ married Lucy Vinal (33).
 - 36. Chloe Burton,4 died young.
- 37. Elbridge Burton,⁵ (33) William,⁸ Benjamin,¹ resembled his warlike ancestor Colonel Benjamin in stature and military service. He enlisted in Company B, First Maine Cavalry, September 7, 1861, being at that time the oldest man in the company, viz.: thirty-eight years. He was mustered October 19, 1861 as corporal and promoted sergeant March, 1863. June 17, 1863, his attention was occupied so fully with the enemy that he was not aware that he was left alone and emp-

tied the contents of his revolver into the ranks of a charging column of Rebel cavalry. He re-enlisted as a veteran volunteer, December 29, 1863, and was promoted commissary sergeant; he was in command of his company "B" from June 24, 1864, until August 26, receiving special commendation from Major Thaxter, who commanded the regiment during that time. September 19, 1864, he passed the examination as veterinary surgeon and received his appointment to that office, November 4. October 27, 1864, in the regimental battle called Boydton Road, and in the second fight of that eventful day, he, in charge of twenty men captured the glasses, flags, and paraphernalia of a Rebel signal station. At Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, he rendered gallant service, the Rebel, General Corse, surrendering to him. He was present at Lee's surrender the morning of April 9, 1865, and has the remarkable record of being present and participating in nearly every battle and skirmish of the regiment. For a time after his discharge he kept a large boarding house on Dix's Island, and afterwards purchased a farm in Warren, where he lived for many years. He is now a resident of Thomaston. Married 1. Eliza Hyler; 2. Lucinda Stahl.

CHILDREN.

- 38. Eveline, born April 8, 1847; married Sidney Mank; resided Thomaston.
- 39. Elvardo, married Effie Young of Cushing, who died in 1889.
- 40. Georgiana, born 1850; married Frederick Hilt.

Children by second wife:

- 41. Alvah F., born December 12, 1853; married Sophronia Wentworth of Appleton.
 - 42. Lizzie, born October 21, 1855;

married January 9, 1875, George A. Moore of Milford.

- 43. William J., born June 4, 1858; married Clara Wotton of Warren.
- 44. Nellie F., born March 18, 1860; married Edward H. Storer of Warren.
- 45. Rachel, born February 25, 1862; died in 1864.
- 46. Angie M., born January 2, 1867; married Elmer E. Studley of Warren.
- 47. Bennie W., born January 25, 1869; died 1874.

THE CAVALRY AT APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865.

By Captain Stephen Tripp of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Since Appointox Court House is under discussion, I will write a paper giving my personal experience on that memorable occasion. I shall use the government map to designate the different points occupied by our command during that day, but in so doing I do not claim to be absolutely correct. I give the reports of General McKenzie, Colonel Evans, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stratton, all of which show where our brigade was engaged on the 9th of April.

The cavalry of the Army of the James started on the Appomattox campaign with a division organization composed of two brigades, commanded by Brigadier-General R. E. McKenzie. The effective strength of the command when it took the field the 28th of March was 54 officers and 1,629 men. · On the 8th of April, the division was consolidated into a brigade, which was more in keeping with its pancity, both as to organizations and men. The brigade was composed of the following cavalry organizations: The First Maryland, the Fifth and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments, the District of Columbia battalion, and Company G of the Twentieth New York, and was temporarily attached to General Crook's division.

The march of the brigade on the 8th of April was comparatively uneventful until about sunset, when we began to hear lively cannonading ahead of us some distance. we continued on our march we could hear the noise of railroad trains; the locomotives were whistling continually—now rapidly approaching, and then as rapidly receding from us. All of us were now on the qui vive to learn the meaning of these unusual proceedings. We did not have long to wait, for we soon arrived at Ever Green Station, which is about five miles from Appomattox Court House, where we were informed that General Custer was having a successful engagement in the vicinity of Appomattox Station. He had captured three railroad trains loaded * with stores and rations for the hungry men and animals of General Lee's army. Custer had ordered these trains sent to the rear. Engineers were detailed from the ranks of his command for that purpose. They were running the trains back and forth, whistling like demons, to give vent to their joy. They did not stop until compelled to, either by order of General Sheridan, who was passing just then, or from lack of steam, I do not remember which.

Just as my squadron was crossing the track a short distance beyond (north) the station, I was ordered to take charge of the trains which were standing just north of the crossing. I immediately obeyed the order, and posted guards. The first thing I did was to go into the cab of the forward locomotive. where I found a lieutenant of the Fifth New York Cavalry and the conductor of the train engaged in an interesting conversation regarding the events that were then taking place. The conductor seemed to be well posted as to the state of affairs within the enemy's lines; among other things he said, was, from all he could learn, Lee would surrender the next day if he was pushed. This statement seemed very forcible to me, for I knew General Grant was pushing Lee to the uttermost, and there was no doubt in my mind but that the next day would be a repetition of the preceding ones of the week just ending, so when hostilities ceased the next day I felt sure that the end had come. I distinctly remember that which gave weight to what the conductor had told us regarding extremities to which the enemy

was reduced had been corroborated every day during the campaign by prisoners and deserters from the rebel army. The conductor and lieutenant were both members of the Masonic fraternity, and their conversation naturally drifted to that subject, so from the fact that "two is a company and three is a crowd," I withdrew and returned to my command.

After supper, we resolved to look through the cars, but our lights being very limited, and being very tired, we concluded to postpone the examination till the next day. But alas for human hopes! never was the maxim, "Don't put off till tomorrow what can be done to-day," better, illustrated than in our case, for about midnight I was relieved by an infantry officer of the Twentyfifth Corps. All that I remember concerning the captured trains is, that there was a confused mass of all sorts of army supplies. Custer's men had the reputation of being good foragers, and their reputation did not suffer any on this occasion. My men got all the sugar and bacon they wanted, and maybe some other things in the shape of rations for their share of the spoils.

Owing to the lateness of the hour I remained where I was till morning, when I received an order to rejoin my regiment immediately. I had anticipated this order, however, and was soon on my way. As I came out of the timber near Cheatham's, Colonel Doubleday was massing his colored brigade

of the Twenty-fifth Corps (temporarily attached to Foster's Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps), to the left of the road. It was a beautiful sight. The uniforms of the men were comparatively clean, and the first rays of the rising sun falling on their guns made them shine like burnished silver. As near as I can remember, I found the brigade (McKenzie's) in the vicinity of W. Ingh's place. It remained there some little time before it moved forward. When we advanced, we moved in a northerly direction, with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry in the lead, and my squadron was in the advance of the regiment. We had not gone far when we came in sight of the advancing enemy. I was sent with my squadron to guard our left flank; this took me out of the fight, and made me a spectator some time. I took position, as near as I can determine, to the north of the Lynchburg road, on the bluff's in the timber east of Marshall's. While there, I saw the enemy's cavalry as it passed around our left flank. Our troops being forced back by the enemy's infantry, I fell back with them.

Colonel Young of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding Crook's second brigade, in his report of the Appomattox campaign, speaks of a rebel cavalry regiment which charged through an interval between Smith's and McKenzie's line and the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, countercharging and capturing the colors of the rebel regiment. I remember this melee very distinctly, and, as near as I can determine, it was in the timber between Durrum's and R. Christian's. About this time the Twenty-fourth Corps came up. I moved further to our left. Soon, however, I received an order to rejoin my regiment, which must have been between Singleton's and W. C. Martin's; at any rate, it was not far from where General Davies was having a fight with the enemy's cavalry. Davies was just about to take a hand when hostilities suddenly ceased.

Word was soon passed along the line that there was a flag of truce from the enemy's lines. I felt sure that the conductor knew what he was talking about the previous evening; that the end had come, and the war was over.

Not long after this our brigade went into bivouac near the Widow Robertson's place. About this time I had occasion to go where the colored troops were halted in line; I never saw a happier lot of mortals in my life. They took the whole credit of the day's success to themselves. On every hand I could hear them saying, "When dee rebels seed dee coons cummin, dey knowed dey got to gib up; dev couldent stand dee coons," and many similar expressions. I did not envy "the coons," however, for there was glory enough for us all.

After dinner, I rode out in the direction of the Court House. I saw General Grant on his way to

that place to meet General Lee, to arrange the terms of surrender. General Grant was accompanied by quite a retinue of officers. The records show that General Grant arrived at the Court House about one o'clock p. m., which coincides with my recollection.

I will now notice some of your statements in the Maine Bugle for January, 1893, regarding Appomattox Court House. Fitzhugh Lee is partially correct in the statement that two pieces of artillery were captured from our men at Appomattox Court House. enemy captured two pieces of battery "M," First United States artillery, which was temporarily attached to McKenzie's brigade on that occasion. Only one of the pieces was lost, however, for the sergeant in charge of one of the pieces got back to our lines with his piece, and men, before hostilities ceased. Any one wishing to know more about this affair, can consult General McKenzie's report of Appomattox campaign in the Rebellion Records. I have authority for the above statement from Major E. Van A. Andrews of the Third United States artillery, who was one of the lieutenants (but not in command of the section, however,) of the battery, and was with it on the occasion above referred to.

Major Van Andrews wrote me recently, quoting from the retained papers of battery "M" for his authority, concerning his version of the affair. General McKenzie seems to have been somewhat sen-

sitive over the affair, and declares in his report, that one of the pieces was never captured, but I consider the retained papers the best authority. Major Van Andrews says the lost piece was restored to the commander of the battery immediately after the surrender. In regard to General McKenzie's position at Appomattox Court House, I quote from his official report (for which see Rebellion Records) and also the reports of Colonel Evans of the First Maryland, and Lieutenant Colonel Stratton of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, which shows very nearly where the command went into action.

General McKenzie, in his report, says: "On the morning of April oth, the command was moved to the left of General Crook's division, at a point about one and one-half miles from Appomattox Court House, and immediately on the road to Lynchburg. By his (General Crook) direction, I sent the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry some distance to the left of the road, to guard the left flank. Soon afterward the enemy attacked. I was ordered by General Crook, through one of his staff, to withdraw slowly when it became necessary, as it would be, he stated, very soon. The enemy had for some time been moving a column of cavalry to our left and rear, while he attacked with infantry in front. would have been no trouble in repulsing the enemy from our immediate front, but the attack came so soon after our arrival, that the connection I had commenced establishing between my right and General Crook's left could not be made. The Fifth Pennsylvania, the First District of Columbia, and the First Maryland were dismounted and formed across the road, and after some sharp firing, were slowly withdrawn down the road."

Colonel Andrew W. Evans says in his report of the affair: "The whole regiment dismounted, . . . had position directly upon the south side of the high road from Appomattox Court House to Lynchburg, about one mile and one half distance from the former place."

Colonel Stratton, commanding the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry,

says: "On the morning of the 9th of April we moved out of the main road from Appointation Court House to Lynchburg, about a mile westerly from the Court House, this regiment having the advance." General McKenzie says he sent the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry some distance to the left of the Lynchburg road. I do not think that the regiment went very far to the left of that road, however, for there was quite an interval between my squadron and the left flank of the regiment, and as previously stated in this paper, I was in the timber east of Marshall's, and at the furtherest I could not have been much over one half mile north of the Lynchburg road.

DIARY OF NATHAN B. WEBB,

Sergeant Company D, First Maine Cavalry.

Wednesday, June 17, 1863.— Very hot. Left Manassas for Snicker's Gap. I arrived at Aldie about four o'clock and found the enemy. Commenced artillery firing. Now moving up.

June 18.—Very different are the circumstances under which I now write than yesterday. Then I was riding in my own ranks, confident of success, with arms and equipments complete, now I am a prisoner. Companies H and D charged up the pike and way beyond the southerns in the field. I surrendered to six, after my pistol and

carbine were empty. The Second Virginia Cavalry took me. Now at Snickerville waiting for orders. I hear that Milroy was taken. Very fine fellows in charge.

June 19.—Started for Berryville. Arrived about four o'clock. Put to a hotel, but, unfortunately for us, it was minus bar, bed, table, and food, and such other little things necessary to a good hotel. We are going to Winchester tomorrow. A small wagon train passed through here. It looked like the odds and ends and leavings of one of our old camps. The surgeon in charge

tried to get some rations, but the train had none, nor any in town. Expect I shall see Richmond in the course of a week. William Ricker, Thompson M. Brown, Thomas B. Pülsifer, and I represent the First Maine.

June 20.—Arrived at Winchester about noon. The place, if possible, is more dilapidated than when I was here a year ago. The F. F. V.'s are coming to grief steadily, only here and there can you see the faded remains of a would-be aristocracy showing its head. The soldiers here in town are coming out gogged in new clothes, on Milroy's requisition. Seen more ladies to-day then ever since leaving Frederick. Yarded in the Court House front yard. No rations here. Can buy a little bread. Instead of a crowd of justice givers and seekers here now, are a lot of bloody Yanks. We are to walk to Stanton, ninety miles.

June 21.—Started at eight. Passed through Middletown, the boys singing "Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White, and Blue." The women turned out in all their finery to view us, and it was as good as a Hopkins theological sermon from "Peace on Earth," and hard travel to the Yanks. Arrived at Strasburg about noon. A sorry, dilapidated place. A pretty woman told me she liked to see "Tame Yankees." This is the most splendid valley in the United States, and yet it has made no improvements. All the enterprise, intelligence, ingenuity, gumption, and education of the classes is north of Mason and Dixon's line. Stopping near Fisherville in a field. Boiled our week's pork, and somebody stole it. Baking flour in a kettle.

June 22.—Very pleasant morning; slept on two rails. deuce of it was, I could not turn over. I feel lost here, insulated, not knowing how things are progressing in our lines, and no good to the government. Passed through Woodstock about ten. The women are quite sarcastic in their remarks, but when they are well met, it is hot sport. I find they are extremely well bred in this section. Hardly far enough south for violent secession. Passed through Edinborough. Arrived at Mount Jackson about four o'clock. Put us in the hospital barracks. There is a great desire here for greenbacks. They are worth one hundred per cent. upon their money. They sell these to smugglers. Bread a dollar a loaf, such as we buy at the commissary for five cents. Peaches one dollar, butter one Mount Jackson is a very pretty

June 23.—Passed through Newmarket and Sparta. The Sparta valley is the most beautiful country I ever saw. Large fields of waving grain and acres of corn. The corn is rather backward, but the wheat is very fine. The land literally flows with milk and honey. Marched within two miles of Harrison. Drew fresh beef, bacon, and hard bread. Three crackers for a day's rations. Passed through Rockingham coun-

ty to-day. All silent as regards Vicksburg. In camp about two miles from Harrison.

June 24.—Passed through Harrisonburg, Mount Crawford, Banksville, and Mount Sidney. I find along the road many buying up greenbacks to buy blockade goods with. They pay five dollars for two. Butter two dollars per pound, pie one dollar, bread one dollar a loaf. They all seem to have plenty of Confederate scrip. If this war lasts a year longer, and even the South gain their independence, they will be obliged to repudiate their paper, for they never can redeem it. In camp within three miles of Stanton. Marched twenty-nine miles.

June 25.—Rainy this morning. Shall probably go to Richmond tonight. Came across a new proverb to-day, "What is natural cannot be horrible." Left for Richmond about six o'clock. Stanton is a miserable-looking place. Looks some like an Irish village on a Northern railroad. Arrived Waynesboro about dark. There, as I saw the folks, I thought of the time, nearly two years ago, when my friends bade me good-by aboard the cars. Sixty-two in the box-car. Very crowded, indeed! Little turnovers fifty cents, cookies one dollar per dozen. I found a real Yankee girl.

June 26.—Woke up this morning with very different feelings than eighteen months ago. On the car on the way to Richmond, that is, if the stories may be believed. Place

of all oppression and abomination, the acme of all Southern inhumanity. Arrived about ten o'clock and marched to the Libby prison. It takes its name from the sign of Libby & Son, ship chandler and grocer. We were searched, and all government property, such as haversacks, canteens, spurs, etc., were taken from us. All personal property we kept. A member of the Eighteenth Georgia searched me in a very delicate manner. Shall probably go to Belle Isle soon. The streets we came through were very dirty; an awful stench arose from the gutters.

June 27.—A captive in Libby prison! How strange! how strange! I have seen most every phase of the war. I feel well this morning, and if my folks knew how and where I were, I would give myself no uneasiness. Last night we had one slice of bread and a pint of beef soup for supper. The bread was good, but not much substance to the soup. Beef and bread for breakfast, but I got neither. Left for Belle Isle, where all our names, regiments, and place of capture, were taken. It is curious how suddenly some insignificant place will acquire a world-wide renown. Belle Isle before the war was scarcely known in the city of Richmond. Now it'is known all over the United States. The probability is we shall leave soon.

June 28.—Gloomy and disagreeable. This camp is an awful dirty, stinking, lousy hole. Had bread and meat for supper last night. By the tone of the papers I judge

that the city is a little uneasy at the demonstrations around the city. They are sorely puzzled. Lee's communications are cut off, and they know nothing of his or Hooker's whereabouts. The South Anna bridge was burned thirty minutes after we came over it. Did not get breakfast until twelve o'clock. One half loaf of bread and a piece of meat as big as a piece of chalk. Supper at seven; the same of bread and a pint of bean soup, without any beans in it, half stewed. All kinds of rumors. Shall probably leave soon. Rebs down-hearted. News soon.

June 29.—Rained last night. Hungry! hungry! The like was never known in history, keeping 4,500 men in a place three hundred feet square, with the poorest of water, out door; four ounces of bread and the same of meat in the morning, and the same of bread and a pint of bean soup made of the broth the beef was boiled in, and three pecks of beans for 4,500 men. No salt at all. We shall leave as soon as the boat comes. Took us out for an airing this morning. where I sit I can see the "Stars and Bars" floating over the capitol of the Southern Confederacy. Where once waved that prettiest of flags, the "Stars and Stripes," now waves its doomed successor, the emblem of the ruin brought upon our common country by bad men. Diarrhœa is setting in, and the men are growing very weak.

June 30.—Very mild and springlike. Rumors to the effect that

Vicksburg and Port Hudson have fallen. Certain it is they will allow us to have none of their papers. I think Vicksburg is ours, and probably Port Hudson. Things from our stand-point look very favorable. One man died last night. Several men have inflammation of the bowels. It is an awful hole. Now raining very hard, and six hundred of us out doors. Mud and dirt; awful hungry. Paid a dollar for three loaves of bread. The Eighteenth Connecticut men were marched out and drew rations to leave. All on the qui vive to leave. Will probably get off in a day or two; Lord grant it may be soon!

July 1.—The Eighteenth was ordered back into camp this morning, the bridge being burned. They say we shall march to City Point to-night. Very warm. One thousand from different regiments left this morning. I understand that the same number are to go out each day till all are gone, if so, I shall go into our lines about the fourth of July. If I do, it will be the happiest fourth I ever spent. Did not get breakfast till 2 o'clock. The sick and wounded that were taken at Winchester and with us, came to-night, the same guard with them that brought us through - a very hearty greeting. As far as can be found out, things are going hard in the Southern Confederacy.

July 2.—The most extravagant rumors are in circulation. Everybody trading, any quantity of watches, gold pens, etc., are for sale. No more are to go away today. The longer I stay here the more convinced I become that the Southern Confederacy is a mere sham. When they give eight dollars in their script for one in gold, and from five to seven for one greenback in their own capital, then I think that something is wrong. The heat is almost intolerable. They have been giving the ditches a hoeing and otherwise cleaning the ground.

July 3.—A little cooler this morning; troops are constantly coming in on the cars. To-day's papers say, "They are apprehensive of an attack on the city, but of course the enemy will meet with a warm. reception, get whipped, etc." The citizens, high and low, were armed and organized and went down to the fortification, but the Yankee hordes failed to appear in contest with the Southern chivalry of the national capital. Very warm. Less and less of rations. It is rumored that if boats do not come soon, we are to be sent to City Point.

July 4.—Here I am, a prisoner of war on Belle Isle, Richmond; for my dinner I shall have one fourth of a loaf of bread and three ounces of meat. How different from last fourth! A year has passed, and I am still in the United States service, but we have made great progress.

July 5.—Yesterday was a quiet day in Richmond—a people pretending to be fighting for the very thing that they declared upon that day, eighty-seven years since, and yet utterly ignore its proper observance, with no allusion whatever to

Washington, Jefferson, and all such men or their principles.

July 6.—The James river has risen six feet within twenty-four hours. Heard heavy guns this morning, towards Whitehouse. Another 1,000 left to-day. Raining very hard, all are on the *qui vive*. Rumors of all sorts are in circulation; an immense effort will be made in Pennsylvania and Maryland to fix Lee. . . . With Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Richmond will next claim attention; may its claim be soon attended to. I am perfectly willing.

July 7.—Helped dig graves. Five hundred went off to-day. morning the river is very high. The rebels here admit that we have several gunboats below Fort Darling. Now there is a channel at the Rebs' use, and at this stage of the water they could run by the fort. There has been a fight in Pennsylvania; the papers claim a drawn battle, and that Lee had sent in a flag of truce to bury his dead. The whole North is a military organization. If these ideas turn out right, they are gone up.

July 8.—Rainy all day. The most extraordinary rumors in circulation on Broadway this evening in regard to the army in Maryland. A great battle was fought with the militia and 2,500 captured . . . then . . . attacked Lee in his rear, and Lee turned about and whipped him awfully. It is now settled that Vicksburg is ours. If they get a whipping in Pennsylvania it will do a great deal to end this fratricidal war.

July 9.—Very fine weather, twenty-two days a prisoner of war; how bad I feel to think that I am now no good to the government whatever. I would give considerable to join my company. I shall join my regiment immediately after arrival at Camp Parole, if I can do it without violating my parole. The river is higher than ever to-day; all quiet in the city. I have got so my rations satisfy me very well.

July 10.—Very pleasant. I am greatly troubled with the worst of cnnui, everything is dull and monotonous; all I can do is to lie and think, to build air castles. If all the ideas of wealth, happiness, and pleasure should be realized, I would be a happy mortal. I find myself getting weaker, but hope to get away soon so as to recruit. I had rather undergo any amount of suffering than be a prisoner; twenty-three days a captive.

July 11.—Rations shorter and shorter. All kinds of gambling going on, raffling, thimbles, sweatboards, blind hazard, bluff, vantoon, etc., etc.; money lost and won every hour. Yesterday one of our men was stabbed with a small knife for no cause whatever. They are clearing up round here, and going to hoist a flag.

July 12.—Little cooler; saw the Richmond Enquirer of the 8th, and in it was an extract from the New York Herald, giving an account of the battle near Gettysburg. It seems that they rather got worsted. I have the hope that Lee will get pretty well used up. A heavy

shower this afternoon. How different is to-day from the Sundays I used to spend, then I could sit and listen to good music and teachings, and now I must lie and eat filth and vermin, and think, think, that everlasting think.

July 13.—Still raining. Our hopes were raised again by five hundred going away; they were from the Eighteenth Connecticut, Fifth and Sixth Maryland, One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio. About 1,600 remain; some more will probably go to-morrow. Today makes twenty-six days since I was taken; for nearly a month I have been of no good to my country, and simply a bill of expense. Never again, after my exchange, will I find fault or grumble because I can't see how such and such things are to be in the service. I shall endeavor to do my duty faithfully.

July 14. - Heavy thunder-showers; it is almost astonishing to watch the actions of the North Carolina soldiers guarding us; they consider it an insult if you offer them Southern script; they smuggle bread and tobacco into our camp. I have talked with a number, and they say they care not how soon the Confederate States army plays out, they know if the South succeed, the laborers will not be in as good condition as before; they volunteered for three months, and when their time was out they were sick of it, but it was of no use, they must fight the "damn Yankees." One hundred and fifty went out last night about 11 o'clock.

July 15.—Very warm this morning; the public mind is very buoyant on Change to-night. The idea is prevalent and settled that Lee's army is completely demoralized, that Vicksburg is taken Charleston attacked. According to report, Morris Island has been taken. It would be singular if, while we are inactive, the fighting should be principally over. God grant it may be so. Bread is very plenty; various are the plans we use to pass away time and keep our minds from dwelling on captivity.

July 16.—It seems to be the prevailing opinion that the Southern Confederacy will be unable to winter; it is greatly feared that it will get frost-bitten some night this fall. All goes well, according to dispatches on Broadway. Last night, about dusk, an officer came into camp to see if he could catch the guard selling bread to us. In less than a jiffy the word was passed to the guard, and every man was straight as an arrow at support They run a great deal of arms. risk.

July 17. — Very pleasant. The paroled rebel prisoners raised the deuce in the city. They turned the commissary inside out, and told the officers they would give them two days to give them full rations, or they would tear the city down. One lieutenant-general, four major-generals, twenty-two brigadier-generals, and 22,000 men were captured at Vicksburg, and 10,000 at Port Hudson. Lee is suffering,

and it goes hard with them. Kilpatrick is picking them up in Maryland, and I expect the First Maine is with him.

July 18.—Warm; last night, about 1 o'clock, they commenced to call some out, but it was so much trouble they put it off till 8 o'clock, when 1,000 went. It leaves about seven hundred, who will probably go to-morrow. Yesterday's papers say Lee is safe over the Potomac. Not a word from Charleston. I am anxious to hear from Grant and Johnston; all manner of speculations are rife in regard to our armies; some give up.

July 19. - Very warm; yesterday some of the boys cut the bottoms off some old tents to lie on, and this morning they would give us nothing but bread. As I write I can hear the church bells ringing in the city. Are the people going to worship God? I wonder if they sincerely worship Him! If they feel that fervent piety, that pure, undefiled religion of which the good book teaches! How different today from my youthful Sabbaths! No church, no services; nothing to remind me it is Sunday, except this book.

July 20. — Twenty-two months to-day I entered my country's service to aid in crushing this rebellion. During that time I have been in constant service, not having been off duty a single day until I was captured. Never in all that time have I for one moment wished myself out: not for a moment been

homesick. I have never been heard by a single person to utter one word of complaint. I have been perfectly contented, and now I long to get back to my company. Next to home, that is the place to be. I am not glad that there is a prospect of laying in camp parole. Only one meal to-day.

July 21.—About four hundred men from Pennsylvania and Mississippi and Tennessee arrive. Grant has driven Johnston out of Mississippi into Alabama. Rosecranz on the move, and a very busy time in the southwest. The accounts of those from Grant's army are very interesting. Vicksburg surrendered at 10 o'clock, the 4th, and at daylight the 5th, Grant was

after Johnston. Some of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh New York came into our tent; they seem to be very fine fellows. Bread-selling has commenced again. Tobacco is quite cheap. The prisoners have had no rations whatever.

July 22. — Very warm to-day; about eight hundred more came in. Some of the Fourth Maine; among them was Bill Collins. He looked the same as ever,—the same old rough-hewn block. About dark we left Belle Isle and went over to Libby. I tell you it was a happy night. Twenty-seven days have I been in Richmond, and I tell you it was the dreariest four weeks I ever spent. Can buy bread along the streets, and blackberry pies.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, U. S. Army.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL STATUS OF THE ARMY -THANKSGIVING-PATRIOTIC LETTERS-THE ADVANCE-ON THE PLAINS OF STAF-FORD—CHEERFUL GLEAM ON A DARK NIGHT-RAID ON TOBACCO-CROSSING THE PONTOON-A BLEACHED-OUT COON-IN KNIGHT'S BRICK YARD—A SOLID SHOT -"LEFT FRONT INTO LINE!"-THE CHARGE -FORAGING AMONG THE DEAD-SHELTER (?) FOR SKEDADDLERS-ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST-NIGHT UPON THE BATTLE FIELD-SUNDAY IN LINE OF BATTLE-Breastwork of Dead Bodies-The NIGHT CARNIVAL—SCENES AND INCIDENTS -A JEWELRY STORE-AN ANXIOUS NIGHT -A TERRIBLE STORM-THE RETREAT.

Much has been said, sketched, and written about the great Battle

of Fredericksburg, by war correspondents, who were in the streets of the city, or on the north side of the Rappahannock river; by historians who were in neither place; by "our artists on the spot," who were not on the spot, and by officers of nearly every grade, from the commanding general down to junior subalterns, in print and out, covering every possible point, from the first inception of the campaign, with subsequent plan of battle, to the minutest tactical manœuvre; giving the dispositions of corps, divisions, brigades and battalions.

all valuable, and contributing in no small degree to the future historian's labors, who is yet to sift this mass of material, so that it shall be a truthful and accurate account, embodying all that shall be useful to the military student, and rejecting whatever may smack of misrepresentation, high coloring, or exaggeration. It is the purpose of the writer, however, to give some personal incidents of the Battle of Fredericksburg, with no embellishments; not as coming from the commanding general, the war correspondent, the artist, or historical critic; nor even covering the plan of battle, the tactical or strategical points, but a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, given from the standpoint of a private soldier.

General McClellan had been relieved; General Burnside had assumed command; the "nine days' wonder," that had come upon everybody, even General McClellan himself, like a thunderbolt, had been freely discussed pro and con around the camp fires during those cold, frosty, or drizzling November nights of 1862. The president never knew what a strain was put upon the loyal Army of the Potomac: commanding officers of corps, divisions and brigades, and officers of high rank, never knew, perhaps the country will never know.

It was certainly a most dangerons move, as many who were in the ranks can even to-day testify, and no act of the government tested the loyalty and devoted patriotism of the majority of our noble army to the last notch as the relieving of George B. McClellan at White Plains, Va., on November 7, 1862.

He himself says: "The order depriving me of the command created a deep feeling in the army, so much so that many were in favor of my refusing to obey the order, and of marching upon Washington to take possession of the government."

"The half has never been told!" Night after night about the bivouac fires, the bitter debates and rancorous discussions ran high. It was not understood in the ranks, and the sequel could not be foreseen.

The advent of extreme cold weather now upon us, and the prospects of a winter campaign ahead, failure to secure the fruits of Antietam, with its negative results, and the jealousies and heart burnings of the Pope campaign, all had combined to contribute their demoralizing effects to the rank and file, and were among the chief causes of dissatisfaction, discontent, and ominous growling which occurred then and later.

Much bad blood had been engendered, not infrequently resulting in personal encounters, in a general scattering of coffee dippers, and ends of rails, the fire being put out, and the men going to their cheerless bivouacs in the mud sullen and almost disheartened. Volumes could be filled with the hard words, grumbling, growling, the heat and passion of arguments, and useless bickerings at the bivouac fires about Warrenton, but at last,

discipline, loyalty, and a better feeling prevailed.

All these active forces had now set the private soldiers in ranks to thinking for themselves, and there was a strong division of opinion as to whether McClellan could longer be set up as the idol of the army, which from that time on, induced a more healthy reaction from the old Peninsula days.

General McClellan says: "My chief purpose in remaining with the army as long as I did after being relieved was to calm this feeling, in which I succeeded."

The writer desires to diverge for a brief moment, and state that while General McClellan's personal influence may have stayed the insubordinate feeling that was prevalent about headquarters, it was, nevertheless, the intelligent action of the college and school boys, the rank and file of the volunteer regiments about those bivouac fires, that quelled the mutinous sentiment in the ranks, and not all of that army would have moved on Washington at the command of any military dictator. The republic was safe in the hands of such intelligent patriotism. A careful reading of our letters, will, he thinks, bear him out in this assertion. The early and violent snow storm had benumbed our bodies; the march through the mud and rain of that ever memorable stormy season had taken out some of the fire and spirit of the rank and file, and the Army of the Potomac had floundered out on comparatively dry land and

gone into its camps about Falmouth, Va. Ours, near Stoneman's Switch on the west side of the railroad. It was known as "Smoky Camp." The almost countless camp fires made of green oak and cedar, caused great volumes of acrid smoke to constantly hang over us, and so near the ground that it made one's eyes smart night and day.

There was no air stirring, and the smoke shifted without rising, from point to point, and drove us about on the arc of a circle, until daylight welcomed us with a returning warmth of the sun and the busy duties of camp made us partly forget our miseries.

We were still in our little "dog" tents, pitched on the hard frozen ground. They are airy without being spacious. They hold three men; ours held four by expansion out of charity to a poor fellow just from the hospital who was sick and had no tent. There were no telephones and, if in the night one forgot his promise and turned over, a nudge or thump, started from the outside man, indicated that all were to accept the inevitable and "lop over."

The shelters were filled with cedar boughs; a log was rolled to each side, pegged in place, and banked with earth; the blankets were spread, the rubber on cedar boughs, the woollen on top, as far as they would go, the outside men getting little indeed, especially in the haste and scramble of a "turn over."

If a man was too cold during the night, he quietly arose, left his bed,

and unbuttoning the front poncho, hastened to the cook-house by the fire, where he was sure to find several midnight ghouls, as boon companions who, like himself, had lost overcoat or blanket, and were attempting to down their misery at the fire, and gain a little comfort by smoking, growling, and casting reflections upon the government, the commanding general, the "contraband," or somebody, they cared little whom, who had placed them in such a "d—d miserable fix as this."

These midnight grumblings generally wound up by one or two burning their well-worn blue pants to a rich brown, as a puff of wind blew a stray flame their way, and they crawled back to bed more miserable than ever, for their tent mates had generally managed to appropriate the absentees' share of the blankets, leaving them to the tender mercies of the outside of the tent, with no cover.

Drills, guard and picket duty, with an occasional reconnoissance to the river fords, filled up the time during our three weeks' sojourn in this camp.

November 27th was Thanksgiving Day in the Army of the Potomac. It had rained, snowed, sleeted, frozen and thawed alternately, nearly every day since our departure from Sharpsburg on the night of October 31st.

We were daily expecting to hear the welcome order to build log huts and make ourselves comfortable in winter quarters. The mud, which covered the plain, froze hard and stiff at night, only to be thawed by the next day's sun into a vast skating-rink, over which we skated, slipped, and slid, in our efforts to move from one camp to another, collecting as we went, much valuable Virginia soil, which we did not scruple to deposit wherever and whenever convenient.

Many were suffering from chronic diarrhæa, caused by eating so much raw pork on the march, and drinking water from the hard limestone springs about Sharpsburg, adding greatly to the burden of discomforts which would naturally unfit us mentally and physically for a Thanksgiving feast, or the great campaign about to open.

The weather was still raw, cold, gloomy, and disagreeable. The nights spent in our thin, inadequate shelter, now filled with the almost unendurable smoke referred to, were keenly and most bitterly uncompromising.

The new base of supplies was Acquia Creek. The Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad had been torn up, and while it was being repaired, and for a few days after we had arrived, our rations were *non cst*.

Tired out with long marching, pinched with cold, tortured with smoke night and day, and almost famished with hunger, we were in no mood to enjoy this glorious anniversary day of our New England forefathers—of turkeys, geese, mince-pies, etc., and of stomach-stuffing and general good cheer.

The hungry men were collected on their parades, shouting "Hard tack! hard tack?" or fishing about in the mud, among the mules' feet, and under the wagons, for the few crumbs that might have jarred from the empty wagons through the cracks.

A well picked and polished pork bone, boiled with some of these muddy crumbs, comprised the sum total of the writer's luxurious (?) dinner, followed by no dessert, nuts, or raisins.

Life at this period for the private soldier was indeed a burden, and a great strain upon our youthful and patriotic ardor.

Such was the status, moral and physical, of the gallant old Army of the Potomac a few days preceding the Battle of Fredericksburg; yet extracts from our letters, even under this pressure of cold, hunger, sickness, and adversity, have the true ring.

"November 23d, Sunday eve, by camp-fire.—We are near to Falmouth and Fredericksburg, and have our fighting position. Our tent is pitched, and for want of candle light I am beside a flickering fire, with my thoughts on two grand extremes,-my home, and my country and her enemies. We marched this morning from our last mudhole, and have paddled along the awful roads slowly, only eight miles to-day; yet we have reached our base, and the enemy is on the other side; I long to grapple with him in deadly conflict, so that God may give us the victory and the

blessed influences of it, or a masterstroke of Burnside's may ease the North; I want a battle-cry and a waking up, an enthusiastic survey of the whole field; a rush, a triumph, as shall gladden you all who love the flag, even though it cut the heart-strings of many fond mothers as you, and break as dear a circle as ours. . . .

... "It is a fact, father, that if half the energy and go-ahead that is put to the wheels of the officers' pleasure- and comfort-coach were directed to the great end for which we are here, victory to our flag and dismay to our enemies would be the glorious result. ...

. . . "The mud is deep, and it is most uncomfortable both inside and outside our tent; still we are patriotic, and I am disgusted with the poor dupes in our army, rank and file, who curse the army, damn the Abolitionists, and who think the fight has been won by the enemy when our little George B. McClellan left us. I am for the cause, and unless the army is for it we shall never be victorious. The whole miserable twaddle comes from officers first, and is sifted down to the privates; it may come direct from headquarters; I know it is abroad as soon as 'Mac' leaves.

"I only wish for victory; and to gain it we must have a principle to fight for.

. . . "I am for pushing this matter ahead, and never faltering until, if necessary, every rebel hearthstone is desolate, to secure our former prosperity and bring about peace; and my bones may moulder in Virginia if thereby one 'jot or one tittle' is added to the good of the Federal army; and in view of all these, my ideas, I say it is discouraging to see things go on as they do.

"Taking every difficulty into consideration (and I am no enthusiast on the subject of a fight: I hate the sound of bullets as much as any other man, and I dislike strife of this kind as much as anyone; and besides all this, I have had stories of suffering and anguish poured into my ears, such as is harely possible for the imagination to picture, much less to be actually true; I have also seen sights most sickening, and have heard prisoners relate their Richmond trials, and stories of horror), yet, with all these ills, as likely to be my lot in the train of earthly circumstances as anyone's, I am for war and an immediate advance on the enemy's works! Oh, for a Bonaparte to lead us on, that thunder-bolts might fall upon the stricken enemy! Oh, for a campaign like his memorable one of six days on his first Italian campaign! Oh, that it were just as much an honor to belong to the 'Army of the Potomac' as to the proud 'Army of Italy!' and yet I have confidence in General Burnside, if the morale of the army is improved. . . .

else why did I come out here? Surely, money could have been no object compared to the treasures I left behind. And again, money is

a small compensation for one's sufferings.

"I hate the life, and who does not among the private soldiers? And who of us ever dreamed we should like it? Not one! On the contrary, it was well represented to us before we left our dear homes, how we might be compelled to undergo all that we have now, and much more besides; and while I would much rather be at home, with peace all over the land, and attending to my studies, yet now I am out here, such is our cause that I want to fight it through to a victorious, righteous ending.

"So far, I believe, I am a true patriot, and I have taken my life in my hands to meet the foe, and for *Freedom* and the *Old Constitution* I will battle on.

"If an arm off or a leg shattered increases one's value to that of 'a Bank of England,' then indeed are we four boys, with *such* a father and mother, a patriotic family, and it is enough to spur anyone to high aims and noble deeds."

Such was the youthful spirit of enthusiasm, yet truly patriotic sentiments of a boy in blue, a private soldier, one of four brothers in the Army of the Potomac. It breathes fourth a spirit of high resolve and lofty purpose, in the midst of the depressing gloom which had settled upon the army, most wonderful by contrast.

The pontoons arrived at last, so had the enemy, and our pickets in full sight of each other, were in daily conversation, exchanging hard bread, coffee, and sugar for tobacco, sent across the river on boats made of boards, propelled by paper sails.

They told us the army was all there, and invited us to come over, which we politely declined until we were ready. Several times had we been notified to be ready to move at a moment's notice; but they were camp rumors, and a blissful ignorance of movements with which every private of that army was at all times endowed, deluded us with the vain hope that we would not have a fight after all. False delusion!

On Wednesday night, December 10th, we received positive orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move in the morning. We had now been told this so many times, that we "turned in," taking perhaps, a little more precaution that our cartridges (one hundred rounds per man) were all right, and our haversacks, canteens, etc., were placed where we could readily reach them in the dark, if chance should this time decree that we were to break camp.

Peaceful slumber reigned in our midst. There was about three inches of light snow on the ground. At 3 a. m., on the 11th, the long drawn out and dismal "general" or "pack up" call was sounded, and as the shivering men gathered about the innumerable fires in the keen, frosty air, to draw their coffee, sugar, hard bread and pork, the boom! boom! of the guns at Falmouth and along Stafford

Heights announced that the bombardment of Fredericksburg had begun.

The column was soon moving in silence and darkness, over the hard, frozen ground, and two hours later, we were on the large plain, overlooking the river and city, near General Burnside's headquarters, where we lay under arms, the cannonading becoming more and more terrific as the day advanced.

The sun came out, thawing the mud as usual, and soon the plain was a huge, pasty quagmire, trampled and kneaded by the thousands of troops moving hither and thither. About 4 p. m. we moved back nearly a mile, into some woods, where we bivouacked for the night, and being within a few hundred yards of headquarters, we started for our brother's tent.

A bright log fire blazed in the stone fireplace, a good hot supper, with plenty of hot biscuits and coffee, cheered us up. The tent, after coming from the gloom, brightly lighted with candles, was cosy and comfortable, and added much to our general morale and good spirit.

Our brother Walter says:

"IN GENE'S TENT,

"Thursday Evening,

"December 11, 1862.

"We started from our old camping ground at 3 o'clock this morn, and have been under arms all day long before Fredericksburg; the cannonading has been perfectly awful. . . . Some of our troops

are across: we shall go in the morn. We have been all day in the mud, and to-night have come to a piece of woods near Gene's quarters, and Bob and myself are here. . . . We have had a good supper, and have been sitting beside a fire and talking about home.

"Gene has got your letter, and we got three last night, with a ration of whiskey. . . . We are trained, father, and I have the animus to take me through. It is tough on the march, but we are bound to put it through, best foot forward. If our general hard times were only enlivened by such pleasant intervals as the present, oftener, with what a stout heart I should go forward. But we are well, and at this time full of good · fod.' Bob is better of his diarrhea, and is as happy as a clam to-night: we are in for whatever is before us to-morrow, and I bid you a last good night, assuring you of our good cheer and well being, so good-by, father and mother! All will be well with us, I feel confident. Gene sends love, and so do we all: I wish John was with us to-night: wouldn't we have a jolly quartette? . . . Captain Frank is now in the tent: he is capital: I don't wonder Gene likes him."

Our brother at headquarters adds the following note:

· DECEMBER 12.

"We occupy Fredericksburg; Walt was over this morning before I was up, but he woke me; he crosses the river this forenoon.

Some think a great fight will take place to-day. Eugene."

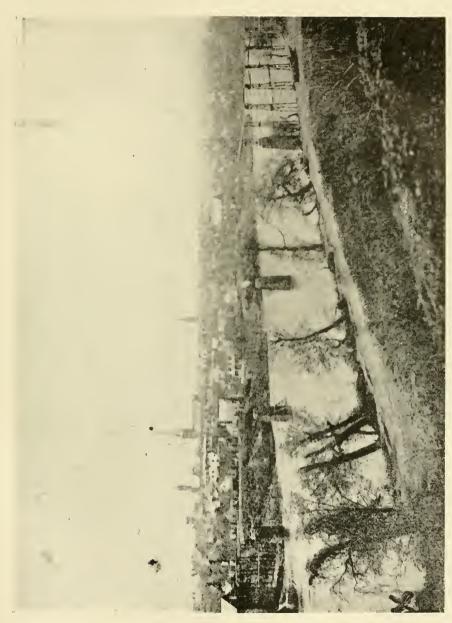
Shortly after midnight, we wended our way in the darkness through the lines of sleeping forms, stepping softly as possible, that the crackling sticks might not awaken the wearied men, and took our places among them in the silent bivouac. But not to sleep.

Our thoughts dwelt upon the morrow, with its fateful future. the following morning, the 12th, we moved a little nearer the river. where we remained inactive all day. We had witnessed at a distance, all the preliminaries of the day before: heard the deafening cannonading. could see the smoke, and hear the cheers and vells, and were told of the call for volunteers to lay the bridges in the face of a terrific fire from the sharpshooters. Our bivouac while waiting for the order to move, was on the farm of Mary. the mother of George Washington.

At dark the last round of musketry had died away, and only the occasional shot of some picket was heard, and when we learned that the gallant Nineteenth Massachusetts, and Seventh Michigan, had crossed in the pontoon boats, and were even now in the streets of the city, our enthusiasm broke forth in ringing cheers:

> Cheer after cheer we sent them, As only armies can, Cheers for Old Massachusetts, Cheers for Young Michigan.

Saturday the 13th came, misty and foggy, but at 9 or 10 a. m., it



Fredericksburg, Va., during the war, looking from the north side of the Rappahannock river. The pontoon bridge which the Fifth Corps crossed, was nearly at the lower left-hand corner of picture marked by a \pm .

broke, the sun came forth, and it proved a beautiful day. Soon we heard General Franklin's guns down the river, then skirmishing across at the city, followed by the roar of our heavy guns on Stafford Heights in their endeavor to reach the enemy's batteries, in rear of Fredericksburg.

The battle had commenced. Sumner's Corps was all across, being the first to gain a foothold. While lying on this muddy flat, and listening to the turmoil of battle, expectant and ready for our turn at any moment, our attention was attracted to men passing our command in regular procession, loaded to the chin with large plugs of to-bacco.

The eyes of our chewers grew large, their faces wistful, and soon men might be seen stealing off in the direction of the coveted treasure. A short time before the bombardment, some of the large tobacco dealers in F-, fearing that they could have no facilities for transporting their stock to Richmond, in case of the occupation of the city, broke open large boxes of the precious weed, and tumbled them off the wharves into the river. determined to so bury it that the "Yanks" should not have the benefit of it, at all events.

Many thousand dollars' worth thus found a watery grave. Our pickets had noticed this, and marked that watery grave in their mind's eye. No sooner was Sumner's advance across, than the Yankee spirit and natural love for gain, asserted itself. Box after box was fished out, some pretty wet on top, but the middle layers were still undamaged, and the stream of men seen during the entire day with arms full of "Army and Navy Plug," was thus accounted for.

They were at once subjected to a running cross fire of criticism and "chaffing" which invariably included the following category of questions: "I say, partner, where did you get that?" " How much did you give for it?" "Where's the sutler?" "How much will you take for the whole lot?" etc., and occasionally some individual bolder than his companions, and his mouth watering for that luxury of luxuries to an old chewer, would shout, "Oh, don't be mean partner, give us a plug:" some was generously given away, some was sold, and eventually many hearts and mouths made happy.

About two o'clock the order rang out "fall in:" we knew what it meant. It took some time to reach the pontoon bridge. The enemy turned their guns on our relieving column, but somewhat sheltered by the houses, we suffered no loss. Our heavy batteries played over our heads. When crossing the river a man rushed by us, just coming out of the fight. He was bareheaded, his face ghastly white, both hands clutched his throat, and through his fingers the blood could be seen fairly spurting. He grew paler, weaker: he staggered and fell upon the edge of the bridge, almost into the water, and by the side

of our hurrying, anxious column. Not one dared lend him the assistance which he needed and beseechingly implored. He must have run nearly a mile from where he was shot, a strong illustration of man's tenacious hold upon life.

We had crossed at the lower bridge, after passing down a deep-cut road that skirts the Washington farm. It is where the old ferry used to run, and a short distance above the steamboat wharf, at the lower end of the town. To the west of the end of the pontoon bridge was a rocky street leading up through two stone-faced walls. It is very narrow, and is called "Rocky Hill." Taking the street next to the north, we soon reached Caroline (now Main) street. Filing right, we then moved to Princess Elizabeth street.

As we turned this corner, filing left, we were immediately brought under a sharp fire from the enemy's guns controlling the cross streets. The first spherical case burst accurately in Company "F," but ten feet ahead of us. Three men went down as though by a lightning stroke, one shot through the lungs. An officer's servant, so black that charcoal would make a white streak on his shiny face, was carrying a basket on the sidewalk. This shell to him was a genuine surprise, for he was partly loping or shambling along, with no thought of danger. Instantly he dropped the basket, his sable countenance became a dirty, ashen hue, his eyes rolled in his head, and he shot back again around the corner at full speed. At any other time this would have called for the shouts of our men. We crossed the canal on a bridge without knowing it, as we could not see the water. After a number of halts, we found ourselves in a large brick-yard, called then and now Knight's brick-yard.

The mud was thick, glutinous, and churned into the usual shape and consistency. Many piles of burnt brick were all about. General Charles Griffin, that gallant and accomplished soldier, the original commander of the "West Point" Battery at the first battle of Bull Run, the skilful artilleryist who commanded a brigade at Malvern Hill, now commanded our division.

He was omnipresent, cool, quick, magnetic, and inspiring. The enemy had our range; the bricks flew; the mud spirted; the missiles came thick and fast. There was no room for deployment. A solid shot passed between our ranks; a man next on our left (Stephen Fitts) sank like a log into the mud, with a groan, and the writer fell as if struck by the flat side of a board.

Looking at him for a brief moment, it flashed across me that he was shot through the body, while I got the effect of the wind. Taking a long breath, and satisfying myself I was not hurt, I sprang to my feet and pressed on. Now the knapsacks and rolls began to be cast off, sometimes a haversack heavy with precious food. We scrambled out of the yard, crossed the railroad and then the railroad cut, now

a narrow-gauge road running to Orange Court House, through scores of wounded and dying men, bummers and stragglers, who had taken refuge there from the terrible fire, which now swept everything, and scrambling up the gravel embankment, debouched upon the plain. We were immediately subjected, for the first time, to the *full effects* of the most murderous fire the enemy could concentrate. It seemed to have been especially renewed for

The crest of the gravel bank was swept, and half blinded by dust and gravel thrown directly in our faces by the tempest of iron, we swept forward. Now the men commenced to fall.

We were next to the left of a brigade of seven regiments. The command was given: "Fix bayonets!" "Left front into line!!" "Double quick!!!" The right flank regiment was the pivot, and under this terrific fire we were called upon to describe nearly the arc of a circle. We gained a slight rise, and as if by a common impulse, every man on the left sank to the ground exhausted.

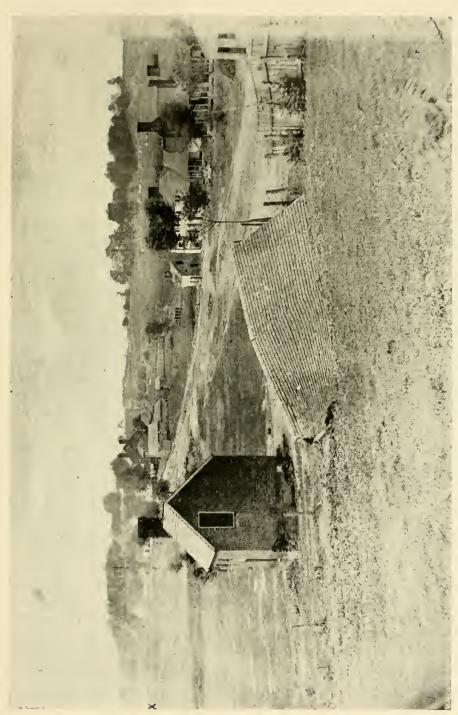
We hugged Mother Earth closely for a brief period, to gain our wind. From here we could see Marye's Heights, crowned with smoke and flame, could hear the constant swish and screaming, grating sound of the projectiles, as they burst accurately in front and over our line, knocking the dirt and sand into our very eyes. The writer was perfectly rigid and cool from nervous excite-

ment; he turned to the next man, who said, "This is awful; we better go forward!" We started up, expecting to receive some response, or at least to see him follow us, for the whole left of our line was now up and advancing with ringing cheers. The writer glanced at him. He had sprung up, but a thud, and his brains covered his face and were spattered about us. In that short interval (a brief second) a ball had penetrated his brain. He was gasping in that peculiar, almost indescribable way, that a mortally wounded man has. I shall never forget the pleading expression, speechless, vet imploring.

We reached the next slight rise (now marked by a white board fence), the line half crouching as it ran, and moving *sideways*, as though breasting a "blizzard" or a wind- and hail-storm in bluff old New England.

This slope was black with lines of battle lying flat on the ground, over which hung the dense smoke of battle. We moved quickly through these masses, until we met such a withering fire directly in our faces, from the stonewall on the lower slope of the heights, just below the Marye house, as to cause the line to recoil, then to break, and finally, after one or two more efforts, to fall back to the front line, where we were soon employed loading, firing, and cheering.

There was hardly a thought for the dead and dying lying everywhere thickly about us. Some



ber 13-14, 1862, is indicated very nearly by X at left of picture, a little to its left. "Stonewall" about 350 yards to its front, Marge House in a Position of the Twenty-Second Massachusetts Volunteers, First Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, at Battle of Fredericksburg, Decemclump of trees in left distance, just visible.

rebels had got into the houses overlooking our position, just to our front, and from the second-story windows their sharpshooters were now dealing death to our ranks. We directed nearly all of our shots towards those windows.

As the smoke lifted, the flashes came thick and fast, and the heads popped in and out. The writer's rifle soon became hot and foul from rapid firing, and the rammer stuck. I could get it neither up nor down, and without thinking whether the rifle would burst, as soon as I saw some heads I fired, rammer and all, into the open window. The idea struck me at the time, while waiting for another rifle, as supremely ridiculous, this long rammer whizzing through the opening, perchance impaling some astonished " Johnny" to the wall, and I laughed aloud a nervous laugh. Once I looked over my shoulder. I saw the Twentieth Maine, which was in our division, coming across the field in line of battle, as upon parade, easily recognized by their new state colors, the great gaps plainly visible as the shot and shell tore through the now tremulous line. It was a grand sight, and a striking example of what discipline will do for such material in such a battle.

Shortly after, a tall, slim colonel coolly walked over our bodies. "Who commands this regiment?" he asked. Our colonel responded. "I will move over your line and

relieve your men," he quietly rejoined. It was Colonel Adelbert Ames, who afterwards commanded a division, and subsequently became governor of, and United States senator from, Mississippi. He was in the class at West Point next preceding our brother's. We fell back through the lines a few yards. The Twentieth Maine swept forward, and as it was its first engagement the rattle and roar instantly grew furious.

Our position was now along a board fence, skirting a sunken road.* This road cut our line of battle, and steep gravel banks sloped down on either side. Our officers had crossed the road to attend to a wounded brother officer, and we were without a company commander. The firing had lulled somewhat, when suddenly a most terrific fire opened, with a blaze which dispelled the now fast approaching darkness. This was followed by loud cheering and yelling.

We were in a very exposed position, subjected to a terrible crossfire. The shells, shot, and canister tore through the fence and into the gravel bank directly in front of us. One shell burst in the road, directly on or near a messkettle. The pieces of shell and kettle came tearing up the bank and into our ranks, carrying gravel and splinters enough to almost cover our little band, now spread out in a vile spot, which had been

^{*}This cut road is shown on most maps, but three visits to the field, one in October, 1886, another in October, 1889, and a third in 1895, failed to discover it, and my guide, who was a boy of fourteen at the time of the baltle, did not seem to know its location.

used frequently by distressed men attending calls of nature.

Many of our men were shot through the clothing. Our brother's haversack was cut away, his canteen was bored through and flung upon my body; the water poured out over me, and in the blaze of the explosion, terrific noise and confusion, I suspected it was blood. For a moment my heart choked in my mouth, my hand stole quietly down, I felt the water gurgling from the perforated canteen, and I again devoted all my energies to my making myself thinner.

"Who commands the company?" came in precise, but sepulchral tones from the midst of the filth, debris, splinters, gravel, etc. The owner of the voice was Webster, frequently mentioned in this story: he had been a schoolmaster (afterwards killed at Mobile, while gallantly charging with his command, a colored regiment). "I motion the ranking non-commissioned officer take us out of here, or we will all be killed," slowly added the well modulated, but half smothered voice. "Blank! blankety blank!! lay down!!! you d-d fool!" said our first sergeant. A fresh bursting of shrieking missiles, another shower of gravel, and a perfect roar of cheers drowned the schoolmaster's voice, and as nobody responded, we still "held the fort." We had been under a perfect blizzard of fire for three hours. As darkness came on, we settled down quietly to rest

in the midst of this awful field of blood and suffering. Except an occasional heavy gun from the Heights, a spluttering of muskety, or the occasional crack of a sharpshooter's rifle, the hitherto incessant roar had ceased.

Those who had thrown away their haversacks in the charge now proposed to go out "foraging," which meant a search for blankets, food, etc. We started, stumbling over dead bodies and the wounded, every few steps. A haversack belonging to an officer of the Twelfth Rhode Island, its former possessor now stiff and ghastly beside it, was the first trophy. We drew out pieces of hard bread, some silver spoons, and then in the bottom, a handful or two of hard bread crumbs, closely mixed with granulated sugar, which we thought a surprise. We commend to eat for the first time since early morning. The first mouthful was enough to satisfy the most ardent admirer of all saccharine sweets. We sneezed, coughed, choked, spluttered and spit, until it seemed as though our tongues were on fire, and our throats burned out. Red pepper had been a part of that officer's rations. The package had broken, and freely mingled with the sugar. I went to where I had seen a lot of bodies lying by a well-curb near a small house, in and behind which many skulkers from the fight had met with terrible slaughter. It was literally torn to pieces with shell, and bodies, blood, hair, brains,

and flesh strewed the floors and walls.*

I found a full haversack, its owner's body upon it. In the darkness I rolled the cold, stiff corpse away, thrust my hand in eagerly, and to my horror, encountered-not hard bread, but a paste of hard, clotted blood, mingled with flour. My hand had plunged into the wrist. A large wound in the man's side had been over the opening, and the blood pouring in had soon congealed. A chill almost froze the marrow in my bones; my teeth came together with a snap, my hair slowly rose on end. I was all alone with the dead, in utter darkness, upon the battle-field, and my hand dripping with cold, clotted lifeblood. Hastily dropping my treasurc (?), I fled from the spot; I foraged no more, for I was not hungry again that night. We lay down among the dead, upon the cold, mire-trodden, death-strewn, and anguish-laden field that bitter, black December night, but not to sleep.

The scenes of horror, of dark despair, and gradual death, in the piercing cold and darkness, can never be described. Imagination shrinks even from such a picture. The actual, bare reality as we saw it, can never be known or described, and scarcely approached. A low murmur was at all times heard about us, and along the irregular

lines ambulances were rumbling; men were groaning, imploring, screaming out for assistance, as they slowly chilled and stiffened to death. Hundreds of dead and wounded lay thickly about us. No help for them as they lay in the cold, clammy mud fast freezing about them. Not for them affection's soothing hand, or the many nameless attentions of loving hands. Several nearest us were in the last agonies of death, their harsh, distressed death-rattles, sounding strangely on the midnight air. Drearily, with faint hope for the morrow; exhausted, bleeding, dying by inches, they must lie, their heroic efforts wasted in a useless sacrifice.

In a little shed doorway, not ten feet from us, propped against the side, sat a man, his leg barely hanging by the skin, the blood fast flowing from the untied arteries. Life and hope were strong within him. He begged as I never knew mortal man, for some one to take him into the city. He said he knew he could be saved if we would only carry him in. "Do for Heaven's sake carry me in, and not leave me to die by inches! I am freezing to death! I will give fifty dollars, ves, one hundred dollars to any man." The long, cold night of waiting, wishing, of hope and despair, wore his life away, for in the gray morning, his body, stiff and lifeless, still occupied the little

^{*} This house was a small square brick building and no trace of it now remains. I am informed that it was an ice-house, used for storing ice for use in the city. The whole ground has been built over with small houses, fenced, and gardens planted with small trees. It had been used as a fair ground, and the high fence about it has been torn down.

doorway, a look of almost savage hopelessness about the eyes and half-closed mouth, in which his teeth were clinched, for a final struggle with the Great Unknown. Our bivouac was among the dead of the Twelfth Rhode Island (Nagle's Brigade). The first sergeant, Charles F. Knowles (afterwards killed at Gettysburg), went about distributing cartridges for a renewal of the fight. Those most sleepy, he moved with his foot, and a "get up for your cartridges." His foot came against one obstinate fellow, who seemed deaf to his command. He was completely covered up with a blanket, and in the midst of our company. "Get up!" he did not stir. A repetition of the foot movement, and still no motion.

Cold and shivering, the sergeant stooped, a little out of patience, pulled off the blanket, and at great risk, struck a match and held to his face. The glassy eyes, fixed and stony in death, the rigid, ashy face, told him the truth. He had attempted to issue cartridges to the dead, and compel him to answer to the roll-call.

He had answered hours before, his duty to his country in the ranks of the army was done! Who shall know who that stranger comrade in our company was? How he died? or what were his last thoughts and wishes, on that bitter cold night?

Our brother of the regulars writes:

"Camp Near Falmouth, "December 13, 1862.

"I have just returned from the battle-field, where I have been acting as aid to General Patrick all day; we commenced this morning about II o'clock to storm their batteries, and have made no headway as yet. I feel terribly, for I saw Walter and Bob's division go gayly into action, and I know the carnage has been awful; I could not see them, as I was riding with the general, but tears came to my eves as I saw Hooker's Grand Division pass me. I pray God to save them. for they are brave good boys; I shall never live a happy moment if they are killed.

"I gave them both instructions to come to me immediately if they were wounded. How gaily I could go into action myself, if it were not for these boys. I think of them all the time; but, dear father, do not worry; I will let you know the worst as soon as possible. General Griffin is wounded slightly; General Bayard mortally; General Wilcox reported killed. General Meagher's brigade has one hundred men left. A report has just come in that General Franklin has whipped 'Stonewall' Jackson, and now holds their railroad communication. Old Hooker is as sour as he can be: Sumner smiles as usual: Burnside is in consultation with Sigel who has just arrived with his corps; a report that Slocum has arrived with his corps from Harper's Ferry.

This is the battle of the rebellion, and might have been stopped (prevented) if Burnside had crossed the river at first. Regular infantry were sent forward, but did not get in: will go in to-morrow.

As day began to dawn, Sunday the 14th, we pushed noiselessly forward on the line. Soon the sun rose, and the shots which had, in the earlier hours, been only occasional, now came thick and fast. The cold, misty fog drifted slowly away. Shadowy forms now became distinct, in the quickening light, and the deadly contest was renewed.

We had absolutely no shelter. To the front, lay extended the Heights with its tiers of batteries frowning down upon us. The low, grey stone wall, was clearly visible, from which we received such a murderous fire the day before.

By raising ourselves slightly on our elbows, we saw the rebels stirring, and busily moving to and fro like angry bees. The houses but a few hundred yards distant, were alive with sharpshooters, overlooking our prostrate bodies, which stretched in a blue, irregular line, to conform to the ground.

The dead lay in full view all about us, and many a poor, wounded fellow, who, too weak to call out, had been passed by the ambulances for dead. The sharpshooters were now at work picking off any man who dared stir an inch. To do so was almost certain death. Behind lay the city, every avenue under fire, and controlled by the

rebel light batteries. We could clearly trace the weary and dangerous course of the day before, across the plain, but now it was deserted.

Not a living thing could pass over it unnoticed. Many attempted to regain the line, by dodging, crawling, feigning dead, etc., but few succeeded, and many fell victims to their zeal. For some time our minds were diverted by watching their futile efforts.

Just to our right, a little in advance of where we lay, were two dead bodies, one disemboweled by a solid shot, the other with a leg shot off, and dangling, the mangled flesh in shreds, and the bones and sinews exposed to view. We were in a direct line with the small shed already referred to. Men constantly darted from the line and ran behind it. The bullets tore and sung all about us and our position was a deadly one. Something must be done.

We, our brother and the writer, crawled up, seized the bodies, piled one on top of the other, placed our rolls against them, and tucking our heads under the rolls, and against these human bodies, now rapidly undergoing decomposition, we wore out the livelong day of four-teen hours, under a constantly destructive fire, during which we never moved but once from a prostrate position.

The fixed and glassy eyes stared us in the face, and the stench from our comrades of clay, became repulsive to the last degree. We dragged ourselves painfully on our stomachs to the rear, not daring to raise our heads, got some loose ponchos and rubbers, and soon covered them from view. This breast work of the dead saved our lives more than once during the day, as they were struck several times at least, as denoted by that peculiar dull thud in the dead flesh; and a shiver ran through our spinal column at every fresh clip.

Our colonel wore glasses; he was industriously hugging ground. His curiosity, like ours, prompted him occasionally to lift his head, a z-i-p--- pi-i-i-n-g, instantly warned us, and the men dropped or hastily scrambled like crabs to their places. don't dodge so," said the colonel, with a nasal twang; his head came up to emphasize it. Wh-i-i-iz-z-z, pi-i-i-ng and a bullet by his ear caused his head to go down with a spasmodic, and rather comical, ungraceful jerk, throwing his glasses off, and he was at once greeted with a hearty shout for his kind advisory speech. There were many laughable incidents and adventures during the day.

Night began to approach. Still we lay. The fire slackened. The mud again began to stiffen. Our bodies, cramped by the long position in the one place, in the very jaws of death, were stiff and sore.

We roused ourselves, and eagerly looked for our relief, or darkness to come, and had almost resigned ourselves to another wretched night on the field, a cold chill creeping over our hearts and

bodies, when a low hum, steadily increasing as it neared us, indicated the unmistakable tramp and murmur of a column, and a division of the Ninth Corps (Sturgis') crept up and relieved us.

Gladly, impatiently, we fell in, and swiftly moved towards the city, the memory of our ghastly comrades haunting us at every step. We passed through the streets. What a relief from our painful and prolonged suspense, and to the severe tension upon the overwrought nerves. The houses were lighted to the brightness of day. The groups of men upon the sidewalks, in the gutters, inside the houses, and on the galleries, or balconies, were indulging in a huge picnic or carnival. Fires were built on the pavement, illuminating the streets as if a torchlight procession were in motion.

Groups of men were mixing bread or flapjacks, frying pork or making coffee. The ruddy light shone upon their faces, and showed the eagerness and delight with which, even in the midst of danger and death, they were carrying on their culinary designs.

Kitchen stoves were in full blast; lighted candles were extravagantly placed upon the tables. All kinds of music sounded upon the air. Cracked fiddles, with unsonorous notes, under the hands of most unskilful performers. Flutes, fifes, and untuned pianos, accompanied by most unmelodious voices, added to the uproar.

Some were dancing, while others

played cards, or vainly endeavored to write, or laughing, told their eventful experiences of the past fateful hours. All were engaged in some kind of occupation, which to us, just from the darkness, gloom, and dreadful ordeal, almost despair, of that Sunday line of battle at the front, presented the strangest, most novel mixture of grim-visaged war and his strange satellites, that it had yet been our fortune to observe.

But there was a warm cheerfulness that had its effect. It smoothed the hard lines of anxiety and suspense from our faces. It thawed the chill from our sorrow-stricken, hardened hearts, and compelled many a half-suppressed smile to break forth into ripples of hearty laughter.

We halted in a vacant lot; a sigh of relief went up. Before resuming our bivouac on the hard, frozen ground, some of us went to a deserted house near by, and finding a piano within, one of our number, an accomplished musician, volunteered to cheer us up by playing some of his most lively selections. It proved to be a most delightful diversion to our tired minds and bodies.

Our brother at headquarters now writes:

"Camp NEAR FALMOUTH,
"December 14, 1862.

"Nothing has been done to-day, although it was planned to storm the enemies' works again at 2 o'clock, and in case of a failure,

General Burnside was to lead an attacking column in person, and General Sumner another; the whole long and short of the matter is this: We have butted our heads against a stump, and men have been murdered in cold blood to the amount of twenty thousand; we have not accomplished a single thing, and the enemy's loss, here in the center, is comparatively nothing. If you can understand the following you will know something about it (Encloses a pencil sketch.):

"The enemy had an enfilading fire upon us with very heavy guns. Under hill number one, was a very high stone wall, behind which was rebel infantry, and their own guns playing over their heads at us. Franklin was some few miles down the river with fifty thousand men fighting Jackson, Hill, and Longstreet, he had some advantage, but lost it again; he, however, holds his own.

"All of Hooker's grand division would have gone in, but darkness came to our relief. From all that I can learn, Walter and Bob were not engaged, although under fire; I may be mistaken about their division. Humphreys's division of Butterfield's corps was engaged, but I think Sykes and Griffin were not. Two divisions of Hooker's grand division were sent to Franklin, and old Joe acted like a child about it.

"Humphreys's division acted badly, but all of Sumner's corps acted very bravely; they were under fire for ten long, mortal hours, and

General Couch lost nearly two thirds of his corps. You may call this generalship, but I call it murder; as to our troops fighting, they fight like devils, but no human being can stand in front of such fortifications, 'not a rebel to be seen;' but ours did stand and get slaughtered like sheep. We have got to abandon our attack on the center. and aid Franklin. General Sigel was at Dumfries, twenty miles from here, at two o'clock this morning, and I understand General Slocum is thirty miles from here. The gallant Bayard is now probably breathing his last; he was with General Franklin standing by a tree, when a round shot glanced and mashed his thigh. I have been busy all day paroling prisoners, and could not go over to the battlefield, but to-morrow I shall go over and look up the Twenty-second, if I have to go into action to find it; I connot eat or sleep without thinking of them; we cannot get at our dead to bury them."

The next morning, the 15th, after a short march, we reached the bank of the river, where we washed off the powder, sweat, and accumulated dirt of forty-eight hours.

While thus engaged, and before we had hardly completed our ablutions, we heard a shout, and our brother, mounted, appeared before us.

He says:

"Camp Near Falmouth,

"December 15, 1862.

"Walter and Bob are safe; I went over to town this morning, and

after a three hours' search, I found their regiment; but, as I knew positively that it had been in action, I rode up to it with a trembling heart; Walt soon appeared, followed by Bob. They are both in good spirits, and looked very clean. I understand that the rebels have given us a certain number of hours to remove our wounded from the town, for they intend shelling it. Sumner's and Hooker's grand divisions are in the streets; Sigel and Slocum will be here to-night. Don't believe newspaper reports; we have not gained a single inch; the enemy still hold their fortifications, and we have lost fifteen thousand men."

Our brother Walter writes a short pencil scrap as follows:

"DECEMBER 15, 1862.

"I sent in a short note a moment ago, as the doctor came round for the letters, and this wasn't finished. I must close now."

Note, Monday Morning—"We still live both of us, though having passed through a storm of lead and iron: we have done our duty, and fought bravely, for Bob was a noble, fearless boy throughout, and I know I never flinched. I had a bullet put through my canteen and another cut my haversack strap, spoiling both. LeRoy says: 'Tell them I am safe;' not one of our gallant band from B. are injured. I will write as soon as possible."

During the almost unaccountable cessation of hostilities we took ourselves to the streets of the city, and

to find our wounded at the hospitals. No one could better understand what actual war was, than by trayersing the alleys and by-ways of this almost destroyed city. Had there been a wind during the bombardment, nothing could have saved it from total destruction. Whatever now remained, was in the hands of the men, who for a time, held a high carnival, and paraded the streets in the cast-off apparel of past ages, and the old bell-crowned, long-haired beaver hats, poke bonnets, hoop skirts, huge umbrellas, etc., convulsed all with laughter, until checked by the provost guard. We found our division hospital located in a shell-shattered, bulletridden mansion, whose frescoed walls, and adornments indicated that it had been the abode of some wealthy person, who had hastily vacated it before the bombardment.

The first man I saw among the dead and dying scattered about on the floor, was our comrade, who, when next to me in John P. Knight's brick yard, had been knocked over by a solid shot, the wind from which had also sent me sprawling upon my back. He was propped up against the wall, and was stripped to the waist while the surgeon examined him. Strange to say, the skin was not broken. He had been picked up unconscious, but the extent of his injuries was a arge contusion, which was black, blue, and yellow, and stood out from his breast like a hard lump, and about the size of a canteen. He could talk with difficulty. never recovered, and was charged on account of this singular wound. The next man to him was from Company "F" (W. H. Mudgett), who had a spherical case shot through his lung, but afterwards recovered. We did not stav long. At night, we were moved cautiously into Caroline, now called Main, street, and after much marching and countermarching, to avoid halting across streets in line of the enemy's fire, formed line of battle; it was rumored that the division was to compose an assaulting column to be led by General Burnside in person.

It was dark and cloudy. We stacked arms, and while some sought the sidewalks for a little rest, others entered the shops and houses for shelter from the raw wind, which now rose to a gale. Fires were ordered to be put out by the provost guard. No matches could be lighted. We entered a lamp and jewelry store, the show cases having been stripped of the latter, but with all the shelves lined with the former, and amused ourselves, by the aid of a fire which we had started in a fireplace, for a brief period, by throwing lamps at a target we had set up on the mantel. It was on the north side of the street, not far from where the Exchange Hotel now stands at the corner of Princess Anne and Main streets.

There was no sleep for anybody: the loose windows loudly rattled, the signs creaked, the blinds slammed. Mounted aids and orderlies continually galloped over the pavement, and the rain, which until midnight came in occasional drops, now increased to fitful gusts, that chilled all to the bone. We steadily looked forward for the command, which we felt quite certain was to send us to our doom.

At three a. m. loud raps on the doors were heard, and word was passed along, "Make no noise; get up; get up; fall in! fall in-n-n!" and we were instantly in line with our arms. These were moments for quick and sad reflection. In a few moments, we would be moving towards those murderous heights again. The morning approached. The dark clouds scudded. The strong wind, laden with rain now soaking us to the skin, drove down the streets. It was anxious suspense for the word—forward. The order came, but the aid said aloud-" Which brigade, General?" and the agony was over.

We knew then we were the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac which, as soon as the pickets were whisperingly withdrawn, crossed the upper pontoon (which had been strewn with hay to muffle the sound), in a drenching, pouring rain, the storm now at its height. General Burnside rode by us. The stillness of death reigned over the column; not a murmur from the ranks of disapprobation; not a cheer or shout of joy or relief.

His hat was slouched over his face, which bore a saddened and disappointed look. Our vast thinking machine, each man intent upon, and industriously chewing the cud of bitter reflection, floundered, plodded, limped, and dragged itself into the old "Smoky Camp," and wearily sought the soaked ground for rest and relief, from the dangers, fatigues, and privations of these long, bitter nights and days during the campaign and battle of Fredericksburg.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY.

By Henry Edwin Tremain, Major and A. D. C. Brevet-Brigadier-General, U. S. V.

[CONTINUED.]

DINWIDDIE.

The narrative in the April Call closed with Major Charles Treichel reporting to Sheridan the information that the enemy had forced the crossing of Chamberlain's bed above where Smith held, and in trying to communicate with Devins and Davies he encountered the rear of a rebel infantry line of battle, and that Sheridan bristled with fire and energy on learning the fact. Gregg's and Gibbs's brigades were quickly ordered to follow the same path, and to charge the rebel rear: and away they rode to seek it. The country was hilly and wooded. not favorable to a cavalry charge: but the rebels were soon found, and their attention diverted from the further pursuit of Devins in his movement toward the Boydtown plank road. Thus annoved, the enemy faced about, and were deterred from a movement which, had it been long continued, would have seriously endangered the main lines of the army (or. as Sheridan expresses it. "taken in flank and rear the infantry line of the Army of the Potomac").

Now occurred another hardly-contested fight. The forces against Sheridan comprised the best infantry division (Pickett's) of Lee's army, Wise's independent brigade of infantry, and Fitzhugh Lee's, Rosser's, and W. H. F. Lee's cavalry commands: while in the immediate front of this formidable array the Union forces now mustered but three small brigades one of which—Smith's—had been engaged for several hours.

It was quite late in the afternoon: the sun was shining pleasantly, and the field of battle was now in an open country, favorable to observation, but filled with treacherous quicksands.

To the careless observer the surfaces of such localities, so common in Virginia, bear no peculiar marks of distinction from the ground about them; but woe to the horseman

who unwittingly ventures. Many an eager courier was unhorsed and half buried by these hidden enemies. Appreciating the unfavorable character of the ground for mounted operations and strength of the opposing forces, as well as the importance of holding Dinwiddie, where so many roads converged, officers examined their watches with impatient anxiety to determine how many hours of daylight might remain for this unequal contest. It was hoped that by skillful manœuvring Sheridan might hold out until dark, when fighting would cease and new dispositions be made for the morrow's work. No other course could now be attempted.

Accordingly every nerve was strained: all was life. activity, and industry. Sheridan seemed to have infused his own indomitable spirit among his subordinates. New lines across the main road were quickly established, where the troops on retiring were ordered to halt, and a slight barricade of rails speedily constructed for its defence by Sheridan's own escort, under the personal direction of Colonel Forsyth of Sheridan's staff. Here the troops were ordered to rally. and here Smith's gallant but exhausted brigade was directed to retire when the brigade could no longer be of service in the defence of Chamberlain's crossing.

If the enemy could not be conquered to-day, at least he must be overawed. A few pieces of artillery, which, on account of the char-

acter of the country, could not have been used before, were now brought effectively into action. Every band in the command had already been eligibly posted, and instructed to sound their inspiring strains until further orders. While one attempted "Hail Columbia" another accompanied the artillery with "Lanigan's Ball," and the third essayed variations on the theme "Johnny fill up the Bowl," with "Yankee Doodle" as a grande finale. These selections were not quite so monotonous as those of one faithful band who, without stopping to recover breath, again and again repeated "Hail to the Chief," until the proximity of advancing rebels and the wounding of the "E flat" warned the musicians to retire. Now these strains were not of that high professional order emulated by Maretzek at the Academy, or Dodworth at the Central Park, yet I doubt if either was ever so felicitous. The music animated and inspired the troops. It doubtless awed the enemy, and during this part of the day was certainly one of the chief features of the battle; while the clamor and display of this afternoon's fight have subjected it to an unfortunate comparison with an episode in Chinese warfare.

The rattle of musketry in front of the sharp ring of our carbines, accompanied with a lively tenor the booming notes of the artillery, and the "spirit-stirring" bands added a wholesome zest to the exciting whist! whist! of the flying minié.

The new line of light breastworks were soon completed and occupied by our fatigued and resolute troops. Their ammunition was well nigh exhausted, and a fresh supply had not vet arrived. Custer's headquarters flag, however, now appeared on the field, and his troops were following. The setting sun gilded the fringe of the lofty forest trees, whose long, peaceful shadows seemed to mock the wicked scenes of strife, while in those lingering rays, as they shone on this irregular and unequal combat, there was a silent influence, imparting renewed vigor and buoyant spirits to the gallant defenders of the Union.

The enemy does not press with energy. He has thus far gained no prominent advantage; Dinwiddie can be held. The moment is opportune and must not be lost—so Sheridan thinks, as he gathers up the reins resting on the neck of his favorite black horse, the same trusty steed made famous by that "Ride to Winchester."

The general hands his field glass to an orderly, and, as a fresh force of the enemy appears, he dashes wildly across the fields, his staff and color-bearer following. The treacherous ground unhorses some of the party, yet Sheridan's animal is true, and bears his rider safely along the enthusiastic lines. He waves his hat and returns the sturdy cheers of the soldiers, while the bands more fiercely than ever blast discordant tunes. The rounds are quickly finished. Every soldier

has seen his general and every regiment is reinforced by a new battalion of confidence. But there is no time to be lost.

At this moment Custer's troops (two brigades under Colonels Pennington and Capehart) file into the fields. The enemy, too, have made new dispositions, and in front of Lord's battery there emerges from the woods a handsome and imposing line of battle. Skirmishers precede it and fire a few scattering shots, which our carbineers return. On, on it advances, a long, single, unsupported line of infantry sweeping over the undulating plain and scarcely deigning a reply to the warning compliments from our artillery. It approaches almost to the very mouths of our guns! Can our exhausted carbineers and gunners long compete with well-organized bodies of musketry from fresh battalions?

Custer's men are trotting to the front and forming, and as he himself dashes from the side of Sheridan to execute the orders for a charge, he is called back again. "General! General!" is repeated in a tone still louder and with unmistakable authority. "You understand?" savs Sheridan; "I want you to give it to them." Custer, as though impatient at an unnecessary delay, hurriedly replies, "Yes, yes, I'll give it to them:" and with his broad-brimmed hat, red necktie, and flaxen, bovish curls, he spurs away to lead the closing charge.

The ground was yet new to him, and as his squadrons formed with

great difficulty on an uncertain quicksand, it was hardly possible to believe that the entire field before him was of the same treacherous mire. Away then for the charge and scatter those audacious rebel bayonets with the hardy stroke of sabre. It was a failure. There was no charge. Gallantry and valor availed naught. Riders were dismounted, horses plunged, and squadrons floundered in the soft, treacherous soil over which they would gallop.

Some prudent and better-informed subordinate, foreseeing this emergency, had prepared a dismounted battalion to meet the advancing rebels, and they were yet held at bay. Custer withdrew his troopers and quickly disposed them to fight on foot. The enemy soon desisted from further aggression, and night only closed the laborious and unequal contest.

Sheridan in his memoirs, written many years after these notes, thus refers to his short ride along the lines, and the close of this battle: "Accompanied by Generals Merritt and Custer and my staff, I now rode along the barricades to encourage the men. Our enthusiastic reception showed that they were determined to stay. The cavalcade drew the enemy's fire, which emptied several of the saddlesamong others Mr. Theodore Wilson, correspondent of the New York Herald, being wounded. In reply our horse artillery opened on the advancing Confederates, but the men behind the barricades lay still

till Pickett's troops were within short range. Then they opened, Custer's repeating rifles pouring out such a shower of lead that nothing could stand up against it. The repulse was very quick, and as the gray lines retired to the woods from which but a few moments before they had so confidently advanced, all danger of their taking Dinwiddie or marching to the left and rear of our infantry line was over, at least for the night."

The fighting to-day had been entirely dismounted, and darkness found the horses of the different regiments in considerable confusion. The woods in the rear were filled with stray pack-mules and contrabands, while every open space was crowded with an almost immovable mass of "led horses." Davies and Devins had marched without further incident by the Boydtown plankroad as ordered, and shortly after dark, joined the remainder of the troops near Dinwiddie.

While the different commands which had become more or less scattered were being collected, as well as the darkness would permit, Sheridan returned to the old tavern where he had already spent two nights, and in a despatch to General Grant thus briefly summed up the results of the day's operations:

- " Cavalry Headquarters,
 - "Dinwiddie Court House "March 31, 1865.
- "Licutenant-General Grant, commanding Armies United States:
 - "The enemy's cavalry attacked

me about ten o'clock to-day on the road coming in from the west and a little north of Dinwiddie Court This attack was very House. handsomely repulsed by General Smith's brigade of Crook's division, and the enemy was driven across Chamberlain's Creek. Shortly afterward the enemy's infantry attacked on the same creek in heavy force, and drove in General Davies's brigade, and, advancing rapidly, gained the forks of the road at J. Boisseau's. This forced Devins, who was in advance, and Davies to cross to the Boydtown road. General Gregg's brigade and General Gibbs's brigade, who had been toward Dinwiddie, then attacked the enemy in the rear very handsomely. This stopped the march toward the left of our infantry, and finally caused them to turn toward Dinwiddie and attack us in heavy force. The enemy then again attacked at Chamberlain's creek and forced Smith's position. At this time Capehart's and Pennington's brigades of Custer's division came up, and a very handsome fight occurred.

"The enemy have gained some ground, but we still hold in front of Dinwiddie, and Davies and Devins are coming down the Boydtown road to join us.

"The opposing force was Pickett's division, Wise's independent brigade of infantry, and Fitzhugh Lee's, Rosser's, and W. H. Lee's cavalry commands.

"The men have behaved splendidly. Our loss in killed and

wounded will probably number four hundred and fifty men; very few were lost as prisoners.

"We have of the enemy a number of prisoners.

"This force is too strong for us. I will hold out to Dinwiddie Court House until I am compelled to leave.

·· Our fighting to-day was all dismounted.

" P. H. Sheridan.
" Major-General."

Thus closed the battle of Dinwiddie and the third day of this wonderful campaign. Unless it was the lodgment effected on the White Oak road by a portion of the Fifth corps, the day cannot be said to have ended with any material advantage to the Union troops. Yet its results were hopeful. As Sheridan explains in his memoirs: "By following me to Dinwiddie the enemy's infantry had completely isolated itself, and hence there was now offered the Union troops a rare opportunity."

The enemy's forces were skilfully handled and swiftly manœuvred. When met by our cavalry, disparity of numbers should have gained some more decided result. But the "Confederates" appeared to lack their old clan of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness. Except when their cavalry attempted a mounted charge, their spirits seemed to have departed. Energetic, close attack and pursuit near Dinwiddie by the formidable array on the field at the close of the day's action, would

have scattered the defiant troopers of Sheridan in every direction and doubtless given the enemy the possession of the little village at the Court House and the important roads there converging.

The rebels contented themselves with resting for the night so near to our lines that the conversation of their pickets was plainly audible to our artilleries.

Doubtless the enemy hoped on the morrow to reap the fruits of a decisive victory; and should no new dispositions be made, there was every earnest of their success. But their golden opportunity was gone. Had Lee been apprised of the real condition of affairs on the extreme left of Grant's line along Sheridan's front just before dark, he might have hurled five thousand effective infantry against the same number of scattered, exhausted, and retreating cavalry, with ammunition expended, and encumbered with horses, perfectly useless as they were lead through thick woods or across the swampy fields. He would have fallen on the trains, turned the flank of Grant's lines, been ready the next morning to attack the rear of the Fifth and Second corps as they faced an enemy along Hatcher's Run, and perhaps so far succeeded in the campaign as to compel General Grant to retire again temporarily to his old works.

The original scheme of operations for the cavalry under Sheridan, when it first marched from camp on the 29th of March, con-

templated a raid on the Southside and other railroads converging at Burkesville, with a march thereafter toward Sherman in North Carolina, or in case this might not be deemed advisable such subsequent movements as Sheridan's best discretion might indicate. temporary repulse of the battle of Dinwiddie completely trustrated any part of these plans, and there is the highest authority for believing that when the news was first learned by General Grant the original orders were so far countermanded as to determine upon a return of the troops for the present to their old camps about Petersburg. The subsequent reports of Sheridan and others, however, quickly changed this scheme, and with perfect confidence in the latter's ability to hold his own and to take care of himself, the orders for a retreat were almost instantly countermanded. So that, in reality they only reached a few of the most prominent generals. Thus was the campaign quickly changed from what would have been a temporary failure to a success as complete as any in the history of war. Heedless of a first repulse, obstinacy and perseverance transformed it into a victory. Another instance, too, of the remarkable adaptability of the lieutenant-general to every emergency of the hour.

The night was not spent in idleness. An army may have rest yet not suffer for vigilance. Sheridan was aroused early in the night by the reception of an answer to his

despatch to General Grant already quoted, and as he read saw an exhibition of the same dauntless, persevering, and successful spirit, which on that memorable occasion at Fort Donelson informed the rebel general, "I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Dabney Mills, March 31, 1865, 10:05 p. m.

Major-General Sheridan:

The Fifth corps has been ordered to your support. Two divisions will go by J. Boisseau's, and one down the Boydtown road. In addition to this I have sent McKenzie's cavalry, which will reach you by the Vaughan road.

All these forces, except the cavalry should reach you by twelve to-night.

You will assume command of the whole force sent to operate with you, and use it to the best of your ability to destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day.

U. S. Grant.
Lieutenant-General.

By a glance at the map it will be seen that the house of J. Boisseau, here mentioned, was near the main Five Forks road, and a force of infantry there would very likely prove of serious inconvenience to any rebels who might be on the same road further south. In pursuance of General Grant's instructions the probable arrival of two divisions of the Fifth corps at this point during the night promised the

satisfactory results so succinctly pointed out in the following letter of instructions to General Warren:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,

DINWIDDIE COURT HOUSE,

April 1, 1865, 3 a. m.
To Major-General Warren, Commanding Fifth Army Corps:

I am holding in front of Dinwiddie Court House on the road leading to Five Forks, for three-quarters of a mile, with General Custer's division. The enemy are in his immediate front, lying so as to cover the road just this side of A. Adam's house, which leads out across Chamberlain's bed or run. I understand you have a division at I. Boisseau's; if so, you are in rear of the enemy's line, and almost on his flanks. I will hold on here. Possibly they may attack Custer at daylight; if so, attack instantly and in full force. Attack at daylight anyhow, and I will make an effort to get the road this side of Adam's house, and if I do you can capture the whole of them. Any force moving down the road I am holding, or on the White Oak road, will be in the enemy's rear, and in all probability get any force that may escape you by a flank attack. Do not fear my leaving here. If the enemy remains I shall fight at daylight.

P. II. Sheridax,

Major-General.

It now bids fair that the dawn of day in the execution of these orders would bring an attack on the enemy perfectly overwhelming.

The battle of Dinwiddie con-

cluded the last military advantage ever enjoyed by the *soi-disant* "Confederacy." The closing scenes of its short-lived existence never presented another.

FIVE FORKS.

Sheridan moved at daylight the next morning (April 1). His men and horses had enjoyed refreshment, a few hours' rest, and supplies of ammunition had been received. Those troublesome wagons were at last accessible, and the wounded during the night had been taken some miles distant to the hospitals in the rear of the main Army.

Did you ever see a train of ambulances bearing from the battlefield its bleeding freight? You may have known the hardship of a lonely sick-room, in the garret of an unsympathizing boarding-house; or up endless flights of stairs you may have charitably sought the suffering traveler in the strange solitude of the crowded hotel. You may have bathed the wound or soothed the fever of your hero soldier as he lingers from day to day, or month to month in the dreary hospital. You may have worked with busy fingers on the thousand little useful nothings which tender woman knows will cheer the sick man's spirit. You may have toiled day and night in supplying sanitary commissions with the pouch of the good Samaritan. You may have knelt by the bedside of the dying warrior, joining in his silent prayers as you appeal to heaven for

divine mercy and forgiveness. Your sympathies, labors and petitions, go not unheeded by. But turn your hearts to the maimed soldier as while the sounds of battle linger in his ears he is crowded into a jolting ambulance, and carted over the roughest roads, perhaps at night, fatigued from the loss of blood, exhausted from want of food and sleep, racking with the pain of hastily dressed wounds, not yet at the hospital, the grateful recipient of those touching evidences of relief and comfort provided by a generous people. Let him command every good impulse of your nature as he takes this cheerless, painful ride.

It is an episode of every battle. What wounded man does not shudder as he remembers it? There are no kind friends to soothe him there. His anguish is his own. Who can tell how fast the thoughts of home comforts and loved ones rush over him. It may be that ere the end of the fearful journey his spirit has flown. The ambulance may have become the hearse. Oh! this is war; these are the afflictions which have just passed from us. God grant the bitter cup may not be drunk too often.

As the cavalry this morning moved again for the third time toward Five Forks, Devins led the right wing, skirmishing as he advanced over a part of the field of his conflict of the day previous, while Custer directed the left wing; the whole under Merritt. Crook, with Gregg's brigade, followed

that portion of the enemy who retreated toward the west across Chamberlain's run.

The rebels in front of Sheridan had during the night become alarmed at their exposure to the operations of the Fifth corps on their flank and rear, and early dawn found them offering but a slight skirmishing resistance before the advance of the cavalry, and falling back slowly and steadily to their old position at the Five Forks. Those who crossed the run towards the west, consisting principally of cavalry, halted when across the creek, and making a show of resistance they kept up a lively skirmish fire and continued work on their defences to prevent our further pursuit. Crook's division was therefore left behind by Sheridan to look after this force, protect his left and rear, watch the trains, and with general directions to take advantage of any opportunities that might

A peculiarity of this campaign was this discretion to division commanders given by General Grant in his preparatory orders before the troops left camp, and in which generals were especially instructed to press at once any advantage, however slight, that might be gained during the campaign. Should the enemy at any time give way, commanders were to seize the moment to strike a decisive blow. The previous history of the Army of the Potomac would seem to indicate that this cardinal military principle heretofore had not received the attention it deserved in the general instructions of its officers, and the excellent results of this authoritative exposition of the lieutenant-general may be traced in the daily history of his last campaign.

The Fifth corps did not arrive on the main Five Forks road, as anticipated, in time to prevent the enemy from using it as his line of retreat toward the Southside railroad. Had they done so by daylight, there is little doubt that there would have been no battle at Five Forks that day, but that there would have been fought midway between that point and Dinwiddie Court House a short and decisive contest that would have brought more glorious results much earlier in the day. Why the Fifth corps did not answer Sheridan's expectations in this respect has never vet been explained, and probably was one of the motives for inducing that officer later in the day to relieve from command its young and gallant general. As subsequent operations turned out this delinquency was quite immaterial, but it is nevertheless animadverted upon in these words in the official report of Sheridan: "Had General Warren moved according to the expectations of the lieutenant-general there would appear to have been but little chance for the escape of the enemy's infantry in front of Dinwiddie Court House." Since his removal General Warren has published a card concerning it, but he is silent as to the operations now in question.

Since these notes were written in

1865, the Warren Court of Inquiry has occurred, and a large quantity of literature and testimony has been published about the matter.

The Fifth corps then was concentrated in the vicinity of J. Boisseau's house, and there awaited further developments. About this time General McKenzie, in command of what was called the cavalry division of the Army of the James, reported to General Sheridan with about 1000 effective men organized as a brigade. The immediate command of Devins's and Custer's divisions rested with General Merritt, under whose directions they now closely pressed the enemy. Twice their rear-guard attempted to make a stand behind some temporary defences, but after a short struggle were each time compelled to retire, until finally they reached the old position at Five Forks.

That portion of the enemy who had crossed Chamberlain's bed also retired north to the same locality, closely followed, however, by General Gregg's brigade of Cook's division. This brigade was afterwards of considerable service reconnoitring and watching our flanks, but did not become seriously engaged during the day.

It was now evident that the rebels had concentrated quite a formidable force, and to dislodge them was no mean undertaking. Yet to our advantage they were beyond the reach of support from the remainder of General Lee's army, which, even were it not so, was now too much engaged with the long lines in its

own immediate front to render any available assistance.

Their exact numbers it would be very difficult to state; probably 12,-000 effective men would be a liberal estimate. The force comprised Pickett's division, two brigades of Bushrod Johnson's, besides cavalry under W. H. F. and Fitzhugh Lee.

Against this Sheridan had the Fifth corps with about 15,000, and the cavalry (without Crook's division) of nearly 5000 effective men.

If Five Forks were any place there might follow here a description of it. You would not unreasonably suspect a country cross-roads of an unpretending blacksmith shop, a convenient "store," a gloomy church, or at least a deserted shanty. But this charming illustration of Virginia enterprise boasts of nothing. It is emphatically a "Five Forks," and nothing else. The roads forking here lead, one to Dinwiddie Court House toward the south; another to Petersburg on the east, called the White Oak road: another to Ford's station, on the Southside railroad; a fourth to a point on the railroad a little west of the station, and a fifth through the county in a southwesterly direction. The principal of these roads are the White Oak and Ford's station roads, and it was along the one and across the other that the rebels had erected their breastworks. These, though still incomplete, were rather hurriedly constructed of pine logs, partially covered with earth. The rebel line of battle extended from one to two miles along the White

Oak road, with the flanks thrown a little to the rear in an endeavor to cover the Ford's station road, the latter in case of defeat being their only safe line of retreat.

Merritt had shown his cavalry at all points of this line, but with this alone it was quite impossible for him to make any serious impression. The country here is very thickly wooded, a large portion of the actual battle-field being covered with a thick growth of pine. Toward the east of the lines the forest became more open, with here and there a partially cultivated field; while to the west was a house and rather a pretty farm, known as the Widow Gilliam's, situated near the road, and affording quite an open and available piece of country.

Sheridan's plan was soon determined. It is related of him that in speaking of this battle he has since remarked that before it begun he had made up his mind to win it or die in the attempt. He had not asked for a corps to be sent him; he might have suggested a division of infantry. General Grant, however, said, "I will send him a corps," and with the forces now at his disposition he proceeded, in the words of the lieutenant-general in giving him instructions to "destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day."

Custer's division was to make serious demonstrations to the west, on the right of the rebels as if to turn their flank, while dismounted cavalry and a portion of the Fifth corps occupied their attention in front.

The main body of this corps, however, was meanwhile ordered up from its position near the Boisseau house, and formed on our right under cover of the forest (near Gravelly Run church) facing the White Oak road, with Avres's division on the left in double lines, Crawford's on the right. Griffin's division was held in reserve. By the time these dispositions were completed, which was not without severe skirmishing, the afternoon was well advanced. There was not much time to lose: the fight, if here at all, must be to-day. Night would doubtless change the relations of the contestants, and in all probability deprive our forces of the present opportunities for suc-Should the enemy attack us, too, our advantage would be lost. We had no position for a defence. Sheridan was therefore naturally uneasy at the slightest delay. About this time, to prevent any attempt of the enemy to send reinforcements along the White Oak road, General McKenzie was directed to gain this road at once if possible; march down it and engage anything he might meet. The Fifth corps was now advanced as formed directly from Gravelly Run church to the White Oak, which it reached after tedious manœuvring in the heavy forest, and now found itself just beyond the extreme left flank of the enemy's works. The plan of the battle directed that while the cavalry were engaging the attention of the rebels in front and on their right flank where the opening of the Gilliam

farm afforded such excellent opportunities for demonstrations, the infantry should envelop their extreme left flank and sweep down the rebel lines, while a simultaneous charge of all the cavalry should be made when the roar of musketry should indicate a heavy engagement of our infantry. The enemy were to be at once captured or destroyed. But the afternoon was well-nigh spent and the enemy yet comparatively undisturbed. Sheridan rode over to hasten the movements of the Fifth corps, and directed it upon the rebel breastworks, the movement conforming to what may be termed a "left half-wheel," with Ayres's division as the pivot. But this faithful soldier had met the enemy directly in his front, and was becoming desperately engaged. The sharp cracks of the carbines mingled with the rattle of musketry, while pressing squadrons with drawn sabre, sought an opportunity to ride over the foe. But the battle raged fiercest on the right. The roar of musketry, as it increased in volume in this direction. led some to suppose that Lee's reinforcements must have arrived from Petersburg. But now it was the Union muskets that added vigor to the battle. The enemy withdrew troops from other parts of the field to meet Avres's attack. The troops of this corps had been unsuccessful in the previous contests of this campaign, and evidenced a lack of confidence. Some were rallied by Sheridan in person, and Avres continued gallantly to hold his own,

while Crawford, not vet meeting any enemy, pressed on, crossed the road, and moving down through comparatively open woods, soon found himself in the rebel rear, struck their ambulances, captured some artillery, and threatened annihilation. The enemy still held out with vigor in front. It was here, as he led his earnest zouave brigade against the works which Ayres must carry, fell the noble and chivalric Winthrop in the bloom of his career, and while victory only awaited its bloody price to rest majestically on his banners.

It was just previous to the cavalry charge that, affairs looking favorable in front of our cavalry, an officer of General Merritt's staff rode up to General Sheridan with, "General Merritt's compliments, sir; and he thinks now would be a good time to put the cavalry 'in." To this he received the characteristic, laconic reply: "Go in"; and the cavalry did "go in." There seemed to be no chance to charge, but charge they must. Custer, who, it will be remembered, held our extreme left, was ordered to dismount his division and send them forward. He dismounted enough to comply with his orders, pressed them to the front, and sent two mounted brigades still further to the left to strike the enemy's rear. Every move on our part was successful. The rebel artillery for a short time played havoc among our brave assailants; but they were the guns of despair. The musketry on the right was for a while terrific, while the

constant dashes of our mounted and dismounted cavalry, added to the sound of skirmishing directly in the rebel rear, were increasing sources of demoralization and defeat. No troops could stand it long. Their lines were shaken; the red sunset glimmered through the forest as if to rebuke the fratricidal strife; and the vigorous cheers of Union battalions pursued a flying and defeated foe. Ayres, Crawford, and Griffin did not halt, but pressed close on the fugitives, and gathered hosts of prisoners; while Custer, who was never known to lose an opportunity, now charged his mounted squadrons. There was no escape; turn where they would, the flying rebels were confronted. All their dead, most of their wounded, and ambulances, guns, caissons, with nearly 6,000 prisoners, fell into our hands.

While the thick woods assisted their retreat and prevented greater captures, darkness only gave an end to the chase. It is a curious fact that so many small arms were the next day collected on this field that, for want of transportation, to prevent the possibility of their falling again into hands of the enemy, the rebel muskets were actually used to corduroy several parts of the very bad roads in this vicinity.

The flower of Lee's army was fairly beaten. Pickett's division, as an organization, has never since been heard of, and to the end of the campaign its stragglers from this field were daily encountered. Some even sought their homes at once to

lay down their arms for peace; and many a Confederate soldier did not hesitate to express his belief that further resistance to the Union armies would only be as sanguinary as it would be unavailing.

When you have rejoiced with me over this brilliant victory at Five Forks, when you have paid your homage to its living heroes, bedecked with flowers the graves of its dead, honored their names and embalmed their memory, perhaps you may pause a moment to regret that it was here the curtain fell over the bright military reputation of a young and promising general.

Speaking of the dispositions ordered for the attack, Sheridan says: "I then rode over to where the Fifth corps were going into position, and found them coming up very slowly. I was exceedingly anxious to attack at once, for the sun was getting low, and we had to fight or go back. It was no place to intrench, and it would have been shameful to have gone back with no means to compensate for the loss of the brave men who had fallen during the day. In this connection I will say that General Warren did not exert himself to get his corps up as rapidly as he might have done, and his manner gave me the impression that he wished the sun to go down before the dispositions for the attack could be completed." Of the actual battle he again says: "During this attack I again became dissatisfied with General Warren. During the engagement portions of his line gave way when not exposed

to a heavy fire, and simply for want of confidence on the part of the troops, which General Warren did not exert himself to inspire. I therefore relieved him from the command of the Fifth corps, authority for this action having been sent to me before the battle, unsolicited." It was during the closing scenes of the engagement, late in the afternoon, and while his battalions were in eager pursuit of the retreating enemy, that General Warren received this order relieving him from the command of the Fifth Army corps. It may have been sent some time before these circumstances occurred. General Griffin immediately succeeded him, and remained at its head during the campaign. (In reviewing judgment of the Warren Court of Inquiry, General Sherman says that "General Sheridan was perfectly justified in his action in this case.")

This battle of Five Forks is justly regarded as the turning point in the campaign. Had the enemy won it, Petersburg and Richmond might have held out many days and probably weeks longer. When they lost it the Southside railroad was no longer useful to them, nor had they any line of retreat south of Appomattox for their forces at Petersburg.

"LEE'S LINES BROKEN."

The news of Sheridan's success, as it reached the different portions of our lines during the evening, electrified the troops, and in honor

thereof shotted salutes were improvised and added distraction to the foe. There was little sleep for officers or men of either army that night. Orderlies galloped from general to general, colonels and captains inspected their commands, while the pattering and constant skirmish fire betokened activity and vigilance. Later this became more monotonous, and there might be a chance for a little repose. It was a calm, clear, starlight night; but soon the very ground seemed to tremble as though by an earthquake. Old campaigners tell of the cannonading at Fredericksburg Gettysburg; but neither and equalled in fury, reverberation, or grandeur this midnight bombardment at Petersburg. Each army seemed determined that its adversary should have no rest. A mutual agreement of terrifying annoyance and wild destruction might have prevailed. Along those immense lines, from the Appomattox river on the right to where Sheridan was quietly resting on the battle-field of Five Forks, hundreds of guns, of every conceivable calibre, counterfeited the dread clamors of the immortal Jove. The plump of the solid shot as it buried itself in the earth, the shrieking, whistling Parrott as you traced its lightning course by its burning fuse, the venerable mortar as it slowly curved through the darkness in its fiery parabola and bursting high in air dropped its missiles of death into massing battalions, the spiteful little minie as it "whist" above the

parapet—this was the pandemoniac introduction to the bloody onset for which our armies were preparing.

Daylight did not dawn the next pleasant Sunday morning on a sleeping soldier; and the intense activity of the glorious week ahead gave still less opportunity for sleep. Despite the great bombardment everything was ready, and along more than twenty continuous miles of works there was one grand assault which no historian ever contemplated and no pen can describe. The Ninth corps, the Sixth corps, the Army of the James, and the Second corps extending in this order from right to left, each vied with the other in this glorious, successful, and immortal charge. The names of their heroes, living and dead-for the joy of victory in many a home was buried in the grief of bereavement-should be inscribed on an enduring shaft as a nation's monument to its heroic defenders. Let him who deems himself worthy essay to depict these scenes.

It was about eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 2, as he attempted the worship of his God, that, sitting quietly in church at Richmond, Jefferson Davis received from his coadjutor, Robert Lee, the following brief despatch: "My lines have been pierced: I shall evacuate Petersburg and Richmond." This simply tells the story.

Meanwhile Sheridan was not idle; but his movements during

this day, though materially aiding the general plan by reaping every advantage possible of his victory at Five Forks, were not specially notable. Miles's division of the Second corps reached him by daylight, Grant being determined that there should now be nothing lost where so much had been gained.

The cavalry moved towards Ford's station at daylight and found the rebel cavalry collected near the crossing of Hatcher's run. But they fell back before him, and Sheridan with his cavalry and Fifth corps, soon halted at Ford's station, on the Southside road. The importance of this road to the rebels had been frequently so overestimated by newspaper generals in their editorial headquarters that now that we held it, some of our officers facetiously observed, "The war is over and we can go home." Miles's division was to strike the railroad nearer Petersburg, by a road known as the "Clairbourne Road." At the crossing of Hatcher's run, however, he came up with the enemy's infantry who, deeming it prudent not to offer battle there and retiring before him, posted themselves on an open farm at Sutherland's station. There was some misunderstanding about this time as to whether General Miles was under the command of Sheridan or Humphreys. Certain it is that the former relinquished it without a conflict of authority.

Miles had reported to Sheridan by order of General Grant, but on Humphreys preferring to Sheridan a request from General Meade to return Miles, Sheridan relinquished command of Miles's division. In his memoirs Sheridan says: "I have always regretted that I did so, for the message Humphreys conveyed was without authority from General Grant by whom Miles had been sent to me, but thinking good feeling a desideratum just then, and wishing to avoid wrangles, I faced the Sixth corps about and marched it down to Five Forks, and out the Ford road to the crossing of Hatcher's run. After we had gone General Grant, intending this quarter of the field to be under my control, ordered Humphreys with his other two divisions to move to the right, in toward Petersburg. This left Miles entirely unsupported, and his gallant attack made soon after was unsuccessful at first. but about three o'clock in the afternoon he carried the point which covered the retreat from Petersburg and Richmond."

At the close of the day, when General Humphreys was congratulated by the writer on the brilliant success of this division of his corps, he generously replied: "It is General Miles's victory. I had nothing to do with it. The credit is due to him."

It was indeed a creditable affair, this handsome little battle at Sutherland station. Close by the railroad here there ran a fine wide turnpike, known as the "Cox Road," in former times the favorite drive from Petersburg, and leading through a well-cultivated farming

country. In quiet contrast to the dreary forests south of Hatcher's run and not yet laid waste by the tramp of armies, the green fields and blooming fruit trees wore a rustic beauty quite refreshing. The rebels had chosen this for a battlefield, and had thrown up hastily a breastwork of earth and rails parallel with the road, while to the west some small redoubts a little more elaborate protected their flank. Their force comprised portions of two divisions, in all four brigades of infantry commanded by Scales, McGowan, McRae, and Wilcox. They had in position seven pieces of artillery, but while the battle was pending other guns were removed to the rear. Miles had attacked them twice during the afternoon without success. They held their own and inflicted on him considerable loss. His force consisted only of three brigades and Clarke's battery, about five thousand men, while the rebels mustered full as many, had a good position and acted entirely on the defensive. Late in the afternoon, while General Humphreys was hurrying to the support of General Miles, the latter massed his troops on the enemy's left flank, and made a third and successful assault. Two of his brigade commanders (Generals Medill and McDougall) were wounded, but the enemy were by sunset driven from the field, losing two guns, a battle flag, and several hundred prisoners.

The fatigue of the troops and want of cavalry prevented further

pursuit; and when all was quiet here, the fading sound of artillery in the direction of Ford's station announced that in Sheridan's front he, too, was "master of the situation." Crook's cavalry having now nothing further to accomplish by remaining at Dinwiddie, also moved forward with all the trains, and as the roads were by this time quite dry, encamped for the night near General Miles. who remained at Sutherland station.

This closed the fifth of the great eleven days' campaign; and had it not been for the troublesome storms, so seriously delaying our troops, there can be but little doubt that the results witnessed the next morning, in the entire evacuation of Petersburg and the abandonment of the rebel capital, would have been accomplished at least one day earlier.

It had been a warm spring day, and as the troops in front of the rebel breastworks eagerly followed up their grand successful charge of the morning, the roads were strewn with overcoats, blankets, and knapsacks belonging as well to the pursuers as the pursued. Falling back to their last line of works immediately about Petersburg, the rebels now found themselves completely enveloped by our forces from the Appomattox river on the right around Petersburg to the river again on the left. No road of retreat was now open to them south of the Appomattox, while the strong force which Lee had detached to protect the Southside railroad, and to threaten Grant's flank, was now scattered in the woods an army of demoralized fugitives.

THE HOT PURSUIT.

Monday morning, April 3d. while Sheridan was endeavoring to capture the remnants of these forces, news was received of the evacuation of Petersburg and probably Richmond. Scouts came in from every direction with reports of a small force in this or that locality which might be easily captured. Custer and Devins were dashing their squadrons over every farm, taking many prisoners, and adding to the distraction of the enemy. Near Deep creek a fine battery of artillery was captured, while skirmishes and charges, lines of battle, and hurried marches were the order of the day. "Sheridan's scouts" were now pre-eminently active and useful. These anomalous characters—organized as a small battalion, under the command of Major Young, and composed of soldiers from different regiments, selected for their fitness for this peculiar duty—were a body of men without the slightest air of military appearance, but whose eminent services in this and other campaigns, though not conspicuous, were most constant and valuable. They were known everywhere as "Sheridan's scouts." Spreading themselves over the country in groups of two, three, or half a dozen, they cover the flanks and precede the advance of every column. They learn every road,

bridge, house, church, camp, and every stable. Not a quadruped within miles of Sheridan's cavalry escapes their inspection, or, if useful, their immediate appropriation. Their constant riding makes it necessary that they should make these horse trades frequently, else their usefulness in the transmission of intelligence is seriously impaired. Habitually they assume the uniform--if such it can be called-of rebel soldiers, though among them you will just as frequently see men in the garb of a Virginia "planter;" an "F. F. V." aboriginal, in rusty homespun and broad hat, riding at a careless amble along the road, swinging in one hand a poor specimen of a switch, and jerking with the other a much poorer article of horse flesh. His bridle was not unlikely part of a plough harness, while his saddle might have belonged to a runaway negro. Every soldier remembers these picturesque knights of the Southern chivalry, as they peered into the Union camps. Early in the war they made bold to demand of our officers their contrabands as "property;" later, these "honorable" gentlemen found themselves much more useful to their "cause" as members of a volunteer corps for conveying information to the campof the enemy; while still later in the war they sought from the hated Yankee his esteemed commissary stores, or a "gyard" to protect a dilapidated homestead. Certainly of the same blood must have been

that younger class of similar visitors, who prowled about the country, in unfrequented localities, seeking deeds of wickedness and desperation. It must have been one of these self-same farmer guerillas, bushwhackers, or whatever they may be called, who, hunting over the country one day, it is said, accidentally ran across one of our inimitables, apparently engaged in a similar sport, and to whom, in answer as to the kind of game he sought, he innocently replied that he was out after quails; although, he confidentially added, he didn't mind bringing down a Yankee if he had a good chance. The disposition of our fellow-countryman, as thus illustrated, seems to have been thoroughly appreciated by these ubiquitous scouts of Sheridan, who therefore ozvned everything they saw, and want of transportation was their limit to actual possession. They visited everybody, were at home in every house, and enjoyed at any hour of day or night that unreserved hospitality which they knew so well how to inspire. They conversed with every ignorant white man and every "intelligent contraband." They were most accurately informed of the hidden whereabouts of plate, jewelry, horses, and other concealed valuables, and knew where every road went to, and how to reach pleasant places not put down on the maps, by no road at all. Indeed these scouts were a most complete gazetteer of the country through which the cavalry marched. None could speak

with more knowledge of its resources. While they led during the campaign this roving, demoralizing life, and gained much information, doubtless very interesting to themselves, they occasionally learned matters of value to their superiors. Their personal attachment to Sheridan was strong and reliable. On the march, or in action scarcely an hour passed that they did not bring him a direct report from distant and important quarters. They visited the enemy's outposts, rode about his wagon trains, spied out his camps, and encircled the cavalry corps with a network of eyes and ears. Seldom is a general in active campaign better acquainted with the moves of his enemy than was Sheridan in this. Aside from the information which each of his generals was able to send from his own immediate vicinity, these scouts were his only "secret service." They occasionally, too, accomplished deeds of valor. It was in the afternoon of the 3d, shortly after Custer's skirmish at Namozine church, that two or three of these men, riding carelessly along the road, encountered the rebel general, Barringer, and staff. By their shrewdness and audacity, the whole party was sodeceived as innocently to ride with them to the rear of our lines, where the out-manœuvred general and party were obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. So energetic and confusing to the enemy had been Sheridan's pursuit. Similar instances frequently occurred.

The onward march of our army had been seriously impeded during the 3d of April by the high state of the creeks. The cavalry divisions under Custer and Devins skirmished constantly with the enemy; and Sheridan himself remained with the advance, gathering and sifting the information of the enemy's movements, which he was thus able to receive promptly from his scouts, and a variety of other resources which a skilful officer can always command. At Namozine church (as already referred to) Custer experienced a lively, but successful affair; and as the infantry followed closely in his wake, they met here renewed evidences of the ravages of war. Deserted fields, barren with the tramp of cavalry, fences as if hurriedly opened here and there for the columns of war, empty corn cribs, and the crackling flames of blazing barns, burning like tinder, their dry lumber now falling to the ground, now slowly yielding as with submissive grace to their curling fires, pictured a desolation but typical of the vengeance which would fain follow evil spirits in rebellion.

It would have been very strange if their pursuit could have been so vigorously continued always with entire success in every skirmish. Nevertheless, the rule was to fight; and Custer's division had a lively day of it, not without loss in both men and officers. Wells's brigade of Custer's division had enjoyed the advance: but, after the

affair at Namozine church, Capehart's and Pennington's brigades were sent off to the right towards Dennisville. After running fights of several miles by both columns, Capehart encountered towards dark a strong force of the enemy not far from Bevil's ford, where they had been unable to cross. The rebel cavalry had now been pressed back to a body of their infantry guarding trains, who received a charge of Capehart's brigade with a destructive volley. They quickly deployed, and advanced to follow up this temporary success, forcing the Union cavalry back half a mile or more. Wells, however, had now come up by the other road, and McKenzie's division (the Army of the James, cavalry) was also now in line, and the enemy seemed perfectly content to press no further. Lord's horse battery of Second Regulars—which has gained no little reputation by its eminent services in this campaign-added its persuasive arguments in checking the enemy. Becoming dark, however, the advance now encamped; vet it was long after midnight ere the last soldier of Sheridan's column had stretched himself for a short rest. During the day General Sheridan had had command of the Fifth corps, who followed the cavalry as closely as possible, all moving on the main road running due west toward Burkesville. The enemy were moving in a parallel direction; their main body, however, north of the Appomattox river, endeavoring to cross it at

Bevil's bridge. When Sheridan encamped for the night, therefore, with his troops stretched along the road from Namozine to Deep creek, Lee's main body was a few hours ahead, marching toward Amelia Court House. This was on the route to Danville or Lynchburg, and, with these roads still open, should Lee continue to keep ahead of us, his retreat to either of these places would in all possibility be successful.

Grant's main body was now well on the march, and under his own personal direction. General Parke's (Ninth) corps for the present was left to garrison Petersburg and vicinity, and to protect the trains. This corps afterwards guarded the Southside railroad and otherwise watched the rear of the army. General Weitzel, with his troops, was taking care of Richmond; while General Meade, in immediate command of the Sixth corps and Second corps of the Army of the Potomac, General Ord, with Foster's and Turner's divisions of the Army of the James, and General Sheridan, with the Fifth corps and cavalry, enjoying the post of honor in the advance—in all, probably twenty-three thousand effective men-constituted the moving columns of the pursuing forces.

Lee's retreat at once must be vigorously interrupted, else the pursuit was now likely to become a "stern chase," prolonging for many weeks perhaps the operations against him, or longer upholding the organization of the Confederacy. No time

was therefore to be lost. General Crook's division was in its turn now given the advance, and long before daylight on the morning of the Fourth was marching to strike the Danville railroad. Sheridan pushed his infantry through Dennisville and towards Jetersville station, while he occupied Devins's, Custer's, and McKenzie's cavalry by harassing the enemy wherever they could find him. Devins found Crook well on his way. His route at first lay through a very swampy country, but having no train, nothing was allowed to delay him. If the roads were not passable the men must pick their way in the woods and in the soft soil of this section of country, the wonder is that columns of troops have moved with any considerable rapidity. If the general character of the roads used by our armies in this war were always considered by writers or speakers on this subject, our American campaigns would compare still more favorably than ever with the historical standards of military skill in European warfare. Farther on, however, towards the Danville railroad, the country opened into a series of well cultivated farms, or "plantations," as they are rather snobbishly termed, beautiful in many instances with comfortable, hospitable looking homesteads. Most of these were now occupied, and no evidence appeared that troops of either army had ever visited here before. The inhabitants strolled to the road side, some from idle curiosity to see the

"Yankee cavalry," others to have a look at General Sheridan, of whom they seemed to know chiefly in connection with great destruction of property in other parts of Virginia; hence most of these defenceless people appeared to ask protection. It was more amusing to our troops than to these applicants when they learned that before they had finished their petition to a passing general, their barn doors had been opened, and favorite steeds led forth from private life to the stern reality of "grim visaged war." Oft and again was seen the plough standing in the furrow, while the weeping but unattractive woman who held it piteously bewailed her grievances. "Would n't the general leave her some broken-down horse, that she might plough her fields and save her family from threatened starvation?" Never was conscription more remorseless enforced than that against the equine quadrupeds in the country subjected to the marches of Sheridan's cavalry. But if horses in the enemy's country are not "contraband of war," then what is? Shortly after noon, Crook's advance struck the Richmond and Danville railroad at Ordinary, a small station two or three miles north of Burkesville, having neither seen nor heard of any enemy except a few straggling soldiers seeking their own homes. Officers and soldiers had expected that they would meet here at least a guard, or perhaps strike a retreating column. Ties and rails were at once torn up and hopes enter-

tained of stopping some passing train. But a few hours before several trains had hurried by, laden with baggage, convalescent soldiers, and such other miscellaneous material as you might expect to find on the last cars available for the flight of "The Confederacy."

The day previous Jeff Davis and party had passed, but the miserable people in the neighborhood seemed to have no intelligence of and very little interest in his movements. The scouting parties brought in all intelligent male people, white or black, that they could find. The latter came most cheerfully; but the proud Virginians pleaded illness and every conceivable excuse to remain at home and to avoid meeting face to face those whose magnanimity would pardon his crimes, and whose victorious armies would rescue his fallen state. One only was bold enough to come voluntarily among our troops. He was a tall, lean, tobacco-spitter, perhaps forty years of age, with eyes of rather more than ordinary intelligence, clean face, wiry features, flowing tawney hair that denoted a scarcity of barbers in that locality, attired in ill-fitting clothes, the material and cut of which was certainly domestic, and topped off with an imperfect sombrero, of the unique but inelegant color of iron rust. This fellow, with considerable of that shrewdness considered a Yankee monopoly, endeavored to impress upon the group of officers he had chosen as his audience, his personal importance in

this section. He had, early in the war, so ran his story, served a short time in the "Southern" army, but for a long time past had been performing various official duties for the state and country where he now resided. He had not given Mr. Davis his unqualified support, but of course could not engage in any special hostility to his power. He had heard of the evacuation of Richmond, and believed the "President" had gone to Danville; but he considered that the South could not now hold out much longer. He had very much regretted secession, but was obliged to go with his state. He thought it was now pretty well demonstrated that the "South" could fight (which nobody ever seriously doubted), but he added, as if by way of personal apology, that his poor health had relieved him from service in the field. He had endeavored to remain as quiet as possible during the war, probably because his health appeared now quite perfect, and because the conscripting officers might otherwise visit him. He continued further to express more extended views on public matters in general, not forgetting to ask the usual question as to what the North would do with the niggers if they were all free, as though a special appropriation of the "peculiar institution" had been decided upon; observing all the while a manner supposed to indicate his own local influence, and a desire to fraternize with the invaders of his "sacred soil." He concluded by hoping that as he was

not a rich man, the general would see that he was not molested or disturbed in the enjoyment of his personal or proprietary rights. This, of course, was the sole object of his visit, and crestfallen was his look of disappointment then on hearing the order that he was to be taken into custody for the present, according to the custom in such cases during active campaign. This was a fair example of those visits daily received by our officers from the Virginians generally known as the "middle class."

Crook's division now moved north along the railroad towards Jetersville station, and with the head of the other column on the more direct route which Sheridan was directing in person, reached there late in the afternoon.

The scouts from the west and north now brought in reports of the enemy from these directions, while our small parties were dashing out on every road in eager pursuit of information, or in hopes of making captures. Lee's advance had passed through Amelia Court House, and there was constant skirmishing. His line of retreat to Danville was now occupied by a considerable force of cavalry, and the roads towards Lynchburg threatened. To have preserved both of these roads Lee should have made every sacrifice. Here was his fatal mistake. Had he sent a considerable force of infantry at once and attacked the little force of cavalry with which Sheridan was making such extensive demonstra-

tions, Lee would probably have been successful in making his retreat tolerably secure. Although his army was not probably well concentrated at Amelia Court House, vet this was the policy our officers naturally expected from him, and Sheridan himself in his official report says: "It seems to me that this was the only chance the Army of Northern Virginia had to save itself, which might have been done had Lee promptly attacked and driven back the comparatively small force opposed to him, and pursued his march to Burkesville Junction." Jetersville* is only eight miles north of Burkesville, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, and is the first station south of Amelia Court House. The country about here is open, and probably as well cultivated as any part of Southern Virginia. Jetersville itself is a small village on the railroad, of scarcely a dozen dwellings, a store or two, blacksmith shops, post-office, and small railroad depot, where were found a few cars, and, though otherwise barren of any signs of thrift and enterprise, the little place wore an air of comfort and respectability. The telegraph wires had been cut further south, and a despatch from Lee's commissary, intended for Danville or Lynchburg, was received here. The operator, however, fleeing suddenly at our approach, left his papers behind.

A man on a mule rode into

Sheridan's pickets, who on being searched was found to carry in his boots a message in duplicate to be telegraphed, one to the supply department at Danville and the other to Lynchburg. This message was signed by Lee's commissary general, and said: "The army is at Amelia Court House, short of provisions. Send 300,000 rations quickly to Burkesville Junction." There is reason to believe that Sheridan's scouts conveyed this message for him to the telegraph operator. At any rate Sheridan learned that rations had been ordered to meet Lee's army at Burkesville. Everything, therefore, pointed to a battle in this vicinity; and the troops did not rest that night before the dispositions were completed and the lines fortified to meet with all possible strength the violent attack which there was now every reason to suppose would be made by the enemy at daylight. At night Sheridan sent all the important information he had gained to General Meade. who, with the Second and Sixth corps infantry, was yet a considerable distance in his rear, adding in his urgent manner that if these troops could be got up in time he had hopes of capturing or dispersing the whole of Lee's army. The events of the next day strengthened this belief. Grant remained during the day with the command of General Ord, which marched along the Southside railroad, and

^{*1} have visited Jetersville since the war. Fences are in many places replaced; old breastworks torn down for the sake of the logs they contained; and a portion of the battle-field yielded this year (1865) a very fine crop of corn. No traces of fight observable.

on the night of the 4th instant encamped near Nottoway Court House.

FAME'S CROSS ROADS.

With the morning of the 5th of April opened a grand series of cavalry dashes into the lines of the retreating army which have made the exploits of these few days so notorious and brilliant.

Before daylight on the morning of the 5th General Davies, with his brigade of not more than twelve hundred men, marched from the bivouac at Jetersville, with orders to make a reconnoisance toward the north and west. He had not gone over three or four miles before he learned of heavy movements of troops and wagon trains on the main road leading from Amelia Court House toward Lynchburg. Pursuing the general principle (Napoleon's maxim), never to hesitate to strike a retreating enemy, and in obedience to the true spirit of cavalry, the opportunity here presented was at once accepted. General Davies determined to attempt the capture or destruction of the train and its escort, or as much of it as possible, and then retire by the most feasible route before any considerable force of the enemy could reach him from Amelia Court House. His small command comprised the Twenty-fourth and Tenth New York, the First Pennsylvania, and First New Jersey, and were as fine a body of cavalry for their size as could be found in the service. The last two regiments served

alongside of each other during the whole war, and there had grown up between them a strong attachment and mutual confidence. They were "twins," always cherishing in highest regard the memory of their first brigade commander, and formerly colonel of the First Pennsylvania, the gallant Bayard, who fell at Fredericksburg, the youngest major-general and the most prominent cavalry officer in the Army of the Potomac. Side by side again and again had these two famous little regiments fought together in the common cause, and now again they led off in this brilliant déjeuner.

Coming upon their enemy unawares, his confusion was their enjoyment. The prospect of capture, plunder, or destruction of a large train of army wagons induces inspirations appreciated only by veterans, while, united to the rivalry of generous ambition and a strong esprit de corps, it renders a body of men impetuous, resolute, and invincible. So it was this morning. As soon as Davies struck the rebel line of march, part of his command was sent toward the Court House, while another portion galloped toward Paine's cross-roads. scenes now were no less amusing than demoralizing. The train, which must have extended for several miles along the road, was escorted by a respectable body of cavalry in its advance, with a strong force of infantry in its rear, in addition to smaller detachments from both arms, as well as strag-

glers scattered here and there among the wagons. Men and animals were much in need of rest and refreshment. Since leaving Petersburg they had been almost constantly moving, and the dawn of this morning found them a good distance ahead of Lee's main body, with a reasonable prospect of a long march and a quiet day. Without notice, however, our men were now among them, dashing up and down the road, now shooting the drivers, now charging their guards; now unceremoniously overhauling the contents of a heavily laden wagon, or attempting to drive off mules, drivers, wagons and all. Scared contrabands grinned, and impudent teamsters looked gloomy as the miscellaneous paraphernalia of an army baggage train was hurriedly turned inside out by the irreverent "Yankees." There were personal encounters, too. Soldiers and small parties were now scattered for two or three miles up and down the road. Nearly every one had his own separate contest. A new and elegant battery of five Armstrong guns was found in the train, and at once turned toward our lines. This battery had apparently never been used, and was complete in all its appointments, even to a fine new russet leather harness, and had arrived in Richmond not long before the evacuation. It had been imported by blockade running from our "neutral" English cousins at a great expense, said to have been borne entirely by an enthusiastic Captain

Picketts. But the advance and rear guards of the train were approaching. There was no time to lose, and much was to be done. It was evidently impossible to get away with any considerable part of the wagons, and destruction was therefore the order of the day. The traces were cut, mules and drivers impressed, and the wheels were chopped into kindling wood. The skirmishing grew more lively; the prisoners and captures were moved as rapidly as worn-out mules and reluctant Secesh would permit; and the fires quickly lighted. It was amazing to see in what incredibly short space of time complete inventories were taken of the various contents of a single wagon. It was likewise amazing to note the judicious selection therefrom by our soldiers of portable articles of use and value; and this was a curious index of personal taste. some, money, jewelry, and wearing apparel, when desirable, seemed to be the favorite choice; while one eager party was obliged to disperse and desist in their interesting endeavors to force a salamander safe. Some headquarter wagons offered elegant uniforms and loads of rebel official literature; but there was no time for further entertainment of this character. Our men were getting short of ammunition and had their retreat impeded with their captures, which now footed up to two or three hundred mules and horses, prisoners, a battery, several stands of colors—many of the latter taken out of wagons, besides quite a

number of prominent rebel officers. The scene along the road as we left it filled with burning wagons, was one elongated panorama of fiery destruction. The raid was now a complete success, much valuable information had been gained, a large train destroyed, and a main road of great use to the enemy seriously encumbered with the debris. General Lee's headquarters which it was afterwards learned were not more than half a mile from the scene, were roused by the firing, and hurriedly removed to escape capture. His whole army was on the qui vive and prudence demanded that our little handful of men should retire. Meanwhile at Jetersville, nothing had been heard from General Davies, and at seven or eight No'clock in the morning Crook started to his support with the remainder of his division.

At Amelia Springs is a large hotel-looking establishment (now a female seminary), cozily situated among a series of pleasant hills and dales, contiguous to Sulphur Springs and seemingly an inviting watering-place; now, however, quite barren and deserted. There General Crook first heard from Davies. A motley crew of rebel officers, soldiers, contrabands, and teamsters mounted on mules and horses, some with saddles, some without, some with the team harness, others with extemporized rope bridles, and still others on foot or without any equipments at all, blocked up the narrow road. Headed by an imposing display of rebel

colors and battle-flags, guarded by a small detachment, and followed by the captured guns creeping along with reluctant drivers, the sight of this unwieldy and heterogenous column told the whole story of the morning's achievements. No official report was necessary to explain it. Crook pressed on, content with now and then asking a prisoner where he had belonged, and shortly after met with Davies's brigade retreating as slowly as possible before a much superior force of infantry. The soldiers seemed almost wild with the excitement of success: every countenance beamed with delight. Officers grasped each other in hearty congratulation. General Davies rode up to his commander with a pleasant salute. modestly reported to General Crook, "General: I have made my reconnoisance." Davies is a man of remarkably short stature, and small but neat in form. He is about thirty years of age, and at the breaking out of the war was a lawyer of several years' practice in New York city, having graduated at Columbia college. He entered the service as a line officer in the famous Fifth New York or Duryea Zouaves. in which Warren, Kilpatrick, and other officers now of high rank were his cotemporaries; but shortly after the affair of Big Bethel he obtained his transfer to a field appointment in a New York cavalry regiment, and was soon thereafter made colonel of the Harris Light Cavalry. An excellent disciplinarian, gallant, ambitious, able, and commended by his superiors, his friends found ample opportunities to press his promotion. He was made brigadier-general in 1863, brevet majorgeneral in March, 1865, and soon after Lee's surrender was appointed full major-general of volunteers. There are few officers of his rank in the army who have so clean a record of faithful and continuous service. His handsome success of this morning in the execution of orders of a most general character has added not a little to his reputation. The rebels vigorously and with a strong force pushed back our men while another detachment sought to cut off and recapture the guns and prisoners; but the boldness and celerity of our movements deceived them.

The appearance of the captures in our bivouacs at Jetersville was the occasion for intense enthusiasm. Newspaper correspondents who had not been able to collect any sensation items for the last day or two, despatched a variety of glowing reports; while the effect on the rank and file was hearty and encouraging. Crook's retreat was, however, by no means simple or easy. The generals sat down with the maps to consult; but a fresh outbreak of musketry almost over their heads interfered.

Gregg's brigade was formed at once, and Davies allowed to retire for recuperation, but the rebels appeared to be in great numbers in Gregg's front and on both of his flanks. He seemed suddenly surrounded, and himself with a large

portion of his men and horses narrowly escaped capture.

Meanwhile as the day wore on the rebels had moved down the railroad from Amelia Court House, reconnoitring and skirmishing. Finally towards sunset, finding nothing in their front but cavalry, they seemed determined to break through. Their whole army had been disposed for battle and once more their cavalry lines were pushed by heavy infantry. Smith's brigade, with a portion of Davies's, as firmly received them in a spirit well illustrated by an episode. The First Pennsylvania had been ordered to his support, and was commanded by a gallant major named Thomas. Arrayed in full uniform, and decorated with the hat, buff sash, and gauntlets of the rebel general, Fitzhugh Lee, as a part of the results of that morning's captures, he rallied his men around an elegant and conspicuous stand of colors handsomely embroidered with the arms of Pennsylvania. The enemy were at first repulsed, as though surprised at the audacious charges of our men. and a soldier of the First Pennsylvania captured a rebel color. recapture was attempted, and in the mélee the color fell into the hands of a member of the Thirteenth Ohio.

It was the standing order of the army that the captors of the enemy's colors should receive furloughs, and quite likely congressional medals, and other privileges would be added. The Pennsylvania soldier, therefore, complained

on the field to his major that he was entitled to the color. "No," said the major, "the Thirteenth had as much right to that color as we did. We will capture another one, and make the thing even!" And soon they did take another one, but the noble major paid for it with a leg. About the same time Colonel Janeway, the young commander of the First New Jersey, was instantly killed while leading one of the closing countercharges of the day.

Jetersville may not perhaps be recorded as the name of one of the grand battles of the war, yet Lee's and Sheridan's soldiers can never forget it. It will be remembered as a harassing succession of cavalry skirmishes and charges; isolated squadrons boldly throwing themselves on advancing battle lines; audacious, brilliant dashes wherever the rebels made their appearance; delaying and deceiving Lee; scouring the country on every side of him; halting his army when each moment of its march was its very life; pushing back his reconnoitring parties, preventing him from learning what force of Union infantry had arrived to oppose him should he choose to attack, yet challenging battle everywhere — the precious blood spilled at Jetersville, the exploits of individual valor and heroism of which no one man can ever tellentitle the name to a conspicuous record in the military history of the country.

It was during this afternoon that a disconsolate rebel colonel thus wrote to his mother from Amelia Court House: "Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. . . . We are in line of battle this evening. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause. . . . I send this by a negro I see passing up the railroad to Mechlenburg." The note was captured, and soon after General Sheridan writes his famous despatch to General Grant:

"GENERAL:—I send you the enclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent General Davies's brigade this morning around on my left He captured at Paine's cross-roads five pieces of artillery, about two hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags, and a number of prisoners. The Second Army corps is now coming up. I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee. I will send all my cavalry out on our left flank, except McKenzie, who is now on the right.

(Signed) P. H. Sheridan, Major-General."

The result of the day's operations on April 5th, and the observations during the night indicated that Lee was moving his army from Amelia Court House toward Lynchburg. Early on the morning of the 6th, however, the Army of the Potomac, which was now at Jetersville, advanced north toward

the Court House, with orders from General Meade to attack the enemy vigorously. General Meade had not thus far enjoyed any opportunity for participating in the active battles of the pursuit; and it is quite likely that, had he not been obliged by ill health to remain quiet in an ambulance during the march of the 5th inst., more accurate information would have caused an earlier modification of this order for the 6th inst.

[In his Memoirs, Sheridan says that General Grant, who on the 5th was accompanying General Ord's column towards Burkesville Junction, did not receive the foregoing despatch until nearly nightfall, when within about ten miles of the Junction. General Grant then, as Sheridan narrates, "set out for letersville immediately, but did not reach us till near midnight, too late, of course, to do anything that night. Taking me with him, we went over to see Meade, whom he then directed to advance early in the morning on Amelia Court House. In this interview Grant also stated that the orders Meade had already issued would permit Lee's escape, and therefore must be changed, for it was not the aim only to follow the enemy, but to get ahead of him, remarking during the conversation that he had no doubt Lee was moving right then.' On the same occasion Meade expressed a desire to have in the proposed attack all the troops of the Army of the Potomac under his own command, and asked for the return of the Fifth corps. I made no objections, and it was ordered to report to him. When on the morning of the 6th Meade advanced toward Amelia Court

House he found, as predicted, that Lee was gone. It turned out that the retreat began the evening of the 5th and continued all night. Satisfied that this would be the case I did not permit the cavalry to participate in Meade's useless advance but shifted it out toward the left, to the road running from Deatonsville to Rice's station, Crook leading and Merritt close up."]

At daylight the cavalry was soon marched away from Jetersville, taking the roads directly south towards Burke's station until a way was reached by which Sheridan might be able to throw his column upon the roads used by Lee on his march towards Lynchburg, making a little detour to the south to avoid interfering with the movements of the infantry marched towards Deatonsville, a cross-roads and small village on the enemy's line of march, Crook's division leading off. Merritt's corps (Devins's and Custer's divisions) were also brought around from the right of the infantry, according to the programme indicated in Sheridan's despatch of the day before, and following Crook for a short distance soon diverged on his right and sought at once to strike Lee's line of march. Although most officers of the cavalry corps believed that the main body of the rebel army had by this time left Amelia. Court House, still if this was not the case, while Meade's army should fight them there, Sheridan would completely intercept their further retreat, thus perhaps winding up the campaign. Lee, how-

ever, seemed to have partially anticipated these movements, and therefore hurried his army as fast as possible out of this new snare which further delay might have brought upon him. Humphreys, with the Second corps, soon reported to General Meade that the enemy was moving away from his front towards the left. Wheeling his army as soon as possible in that direction, General Meade found his troops of the Second corps in contact with, and closely pursuing the rear-guard of Lee's army. This movement towards Amelia Court House was therefore the occasion of considerable delay in further intercepting the retreat, causing a detour of several miles in the march of some of the corps before they actually reached the enemy. Sheridan, meanwhile, had neither waited nor halted. The enemy's wagons and troops were soon espied moving as anticipated. The Army of the Potomac had no occasion to fight at Amelia Court House, and the policy now was to strike the rebels anywhere while on the march, destroy more of his trains, delay and harass him until he at last could be completely intercepted. There was therefore no reconnoitring, but an immediate attack wherever our troops could see the enemy. Merritt's troops (Custer's and Devins's divisions) struck the rebel columns at Deatonsville, and Crook a little further to the west on the Farmville and Lynchburg road.

Custer and Devins found them-

selves in open country, and their charges into the enemy's train resulted in considerable destruction. They also succeeded in holding the enemy at Deatonsville until the appearance of our infantry; when Sheridan marched them around to the left and rear to strike the enemy again on Crook's left. Crook meanwhile found himself seriously engaged with a large force of infantry. The country along the lane by which he advanced on the enemy was densely wooded. There was but little opportunity to fight dismounted, and while our troopers pulled aside the branches as they struggled through the woods to form their lines of battle, a welldeveloped force of infantry met them with a destructive fire. With Smith's brigade on the right and Gregg's on the left our men stood their ground firm, but when it was evident that they had encountered the main body of one of Lee's infantry corps, they were quietly withdrawn, and ordered to proceed again towards the left of Merritt. Crook was now in his turn to march around Merritt's rear, and to strike the enemy again on Merritt's left. Thus would Lee's flank be constantly assailed, and unless he halted his entire army the chances were most favorable that Sheridan would by these successive attacks in flank encounter some weak point and sever Lee's columns while on the march. It was in this attempt, at last so gloriously successful, that was fought the famous battle of Sailor's Creek.

GUNNER ON BOARD THE YANKEE.

The life on board a man-of-war is so individual and so isolated from contact with the world generally that descriptions of it make attractive pictures.

The typical old salt is an inveterate story teller, but his tales are adventurous, salted to the tastes of his audiences. It is only when new blood, such as our naval reserves. is poured on to the decks of our battle-ships, that the flavor of such life, interesting to a landsman, is exhaled. Our naval went from the various walks of life, bar, college, and store, and saw their new service with special ability to describe its peculiar features. The Badger, Dixie, Prairie, Yosemite, and Yankee, all were manned by this new element of naval strength. These reserves, who for the first time had the opportunity to show their metal, now peace has come, embody in literary form the daily experiences of such sea service. Among the first to

enter this attractive "sea way" is II. II. Lewis, who edits the story.

THE GUNNER ABOARD THE YANKEE.

It is declaratively written for boys, but this purpose only gives excuse for a more minute description of the *Yankee*, the discipline thereon, and the work performed. The general reader is just as interested to learn these facts as the boys, although he may be more reluctant to admit his ignorance. The book is one of great interest, and the author adroitly introduces an undercurrent of story and comment which greatly enlivens the page.

We present a sample of the work as its best commendation.

The publishers, Doubleday & McClure Co., of New York, will send the book prepaid to any address on approval, to be paid for if satisfactory, or to be returned in case it is not wanted, after examination.

WE ENTER THE "THEATRE OF WAR."

The shrill pipe of the bosun's whistle, followed by the order "All hands to muster," reached our ears a day or two out from New York. We were enjoying an hour of well-earned leisure, so it was with reluctance that we obeyed and went aft on the gun deck. All hands are seldom called to muster, so we

knew that something of importance was in the wind.

After the three-sided hollow square had been formed, the captain appeared. The small men stood on tip-toe, and the tall men craned their necks.

"We are about to enter the theatre of war," said the captain, in his sharp decisive way, "and I expect every man to do his duty, to preserve discipline, to perfect drills. Drills will, of necessity, be frequent and hard. I would have you understand that our best protection is the fire from our own guns. The more rapid and accurate our fire, the safer we shall be. Pipe down."

After we had been dismissed, the men formed little groups and discussed the captain's speech.

"I like the 'old man's' talk," said the "Kid," condescendingly; "its to the point and short. But how in the name of common sense are we going to find time to drill more frequently? Three times a day and once or more at night, allows us just time enough to eat and do the necessary routine work, to say nothing about sleeping. Clear ship, general quarters, and tire drill during the day, and general quarters after ten last night. That's already somewhat frequent, methinks," he concluded, suppressing a yawn.

"Well, if we are to have any scraps," said "Bill," "we certainly must know how to work the ship and the guns. For, as the skipper said, 'our own fire is our best protection."

We bowled along at a good fifteen-knot gait, day after day and night after night. The weather was magnificent and the climate delightful. It was full moon, and such a moon as few of us had seen before, so bright that letters could be and were written by her silvery light.

Though drills of all kinds were of constant occurrence there were times after mess when we could "chalk off" and enjoy the glorious weather. Our experience of bad weather along the coast of New Jersey and Long Island had given us keen zest for the good conditions we were now enjoying. We were sailing along in the warm waters of the Gulf stream, the Gulf weed. peculiar to that current, slipping by as we forged through it. "Stump," "Dye," of number eight's gun crew, a witty chap and a good singer, "Hay," and I were leaning over the taffrail, looking into the swirling water made by the propeller's thrust, when "Dye" remarked: "This is the queerest water I ever saw in all my days; it looks like the bluing water our laundress used to make, with the suds mixed in."

The smooth sea was dark and clear as could be, but where churned by the propeller it turned to the color of turquoise.

"I really believe," said "Bill," as he joined the group, "that we could use it to turn our whites blue."

It was a delight and marvel to us all; we would have liked nothing better than to have spent hours gazing at these wonderful colors.

As we stood absorbed in the sight before us, we were interrupted by the short, sharp ringing of the ship's bell, a dozen or more strokes given in quick succession followed, after a short pause, by two more strokes.

Some one shouted "Fire, boys," and all hands rushed for their stations—some to the hose-reel, some below to the gun deck to close the ports, and some to the berth deck to receive the hose when it came down. We did not know whether it was drill or actual fire, but the skipper's talk of the night before gave us unusual energy, and the preparations were made in record time. The canvas hose was pulled along the deck with a swish, the nozzle grasped by the waiting hands below and carried with a runaway aft on the berth deck. The fire was supposed to be raging at this point, as was indicated by the two last strokes of the alarm signal.

While the hose was being led out, sturdy arms tugged at the port lanyards and pulled them to. Others battened down the hatches to keep the draught from adding fury to the flames.

All this was done in less time than it takes to tell it, and the men stood at their posts, perspiring and panting from the quick work.

We had hardly time to catch our breath when the order, "Abandon ship," was heard. Immediately there was a scurry of feet, and a rush for the upper deck; but some stayed below to carry ship's bread and canned meats to the boats—two cases of bread and two cases of meat for the large boats, and one case of each for the smaller. The crews and passengers of each boat gathered near it. Every man had been assigned to a boat either

as crew or passenger, and when the order "abandon ship" was given, every one knew instantly where to go for refuge.

Though we had already gone through this "fire drill" and "abandon ship" (one always followed the other), it had then been done in peaceful waters and in a perfunctory way. Now that we were entering "the theatre of war," we felt the seriousness of it all, and realized that what was now a mere drill might become a stern reality.

The order "Secure" was given; the hose was reeled up, the ports opened, and the provisions returned to their places in hold and storeroom. The men went to their quarters, and so stood till the bugler blew "retreat."

The time not devoted to drills was taken up in getting the ship ready for the serious work she was to undertake.

All woodwork on the gun deck not in actual use was carried below or thrown overboard, and the great cargo booms were either taken down and stowed safely away, where the splinters would not be dangerous, or were covered with canvas.

These preparations had a sinister look that made us realize, if we had not done so before, that this was real war that we were about to engage in—no sham battle or manœuvers.

The men went about their work more quietly and thoughtfully, for one and all now understood their responsibilities. If the ship made a record for herself, the crew would get a large share of the credit, and if she failed to do the work cut out for her, on the crew would be laid the blame. If the men behind the guns, and the men running the engines did not do their work, rapidly and well, disaster and disgrace would follow.

As we neared the scene of conflict the discipline grew more and more strict. Before a man realized that he had done anything wrong, his name would be called by the master-at-arms, and he would be hauled "up to the mast" for trial.

- "You ought to see the gang up at the mast," said "Stump" one bright afternoon. "Mac' and 'Hod Marsh' have gathered enough extra duty men to do all the dirty work for a month."
- "What were you doing up there?" asked a bystander.
- "Why, I thought I heard my name called, and as discretion is the better part of valor I lined up with the rest, and I was glad I did, too, for it was good sport."
- "Maybe you thought it was sport, but how about the chaps that were 'pinched'? Who was up before the skipper anyhow?"
- "Oh, there was a big gang up there—I can't remember all; Lucky Bag Kennedy was there, for being late at general quarters the other day. When the captain looked at him in that fierce way of his and asked him what he had to say for himself, Lucky Bag' said he didn't realize the time. The skipper could hardly keep his face

- straight. 'Four hours' he said, and that was all there was to it."
- "Poor 'Lucky Bag," came from all sides as "Stump" paused to take breath.
- "Then there was Big Bill the water tender," continued "Stump." "He was hauled up for appearing on the spar deck without a uniform. When the skipper asked him what he had to say for himself, · Big Bill 'cleared his throat with a woof-vou know how it sounds; the ship shakes and trembles when he does it—and the 'old man' fairly tottered under the blast. Bill' explained that he could not get a uniform big enough for him, because the paymaster could not fit him out. The captain almost grinned when he heard the excuse, and 'Big Bill'-well he enjoyed the situation, I'll bet a month's pay."

There was a little pause here, and we heard a great voice rumbling from below. Then we knew that "Big Bill" was telling his intimates all about it, embellishing the story as only he could do.

We laughed sympathetically as the shouts of glee rose to our ears. We had all enjoyed his goodhumored Irish wit.

- "Well, who else was in trouble this afternoon, 'Stump'?" said "Mourner," the inquisitive.
- "Oh, a lot of unfortunate duffers. Several who were put on the report for being slow in lashing up their hammocks got a couple of hours extra duty each. One or two were there because they had

clothes in the 'lucky bag'—they had left them round the decks somewhere, and the master-at-arms had grabbed them.

"The owners had to go on the report to get the clothes out. It cost them a couple of hours each."

"Well, how did you get out of it?" said I, when "Stump" paused to breathe.

"I was nearly scared to death," he continued, after a minute or two. " My name was not called, and the rank thinned out till there was only a few of us left. I began to think that some special punishment was being reserved for me, and the captain was waiting so he could think it over. What my offence was I could not imagine; my conscience was clear, I vow. As I stood there in the sun I thought over the last few days and made confession to myself, but couldn't think of anything very wicked. Had I unintentionally blocked a marine sentry's way and thus interferred with him in the performance of his duty? I had visions at this point of myself in the 'brig' existing on bread and water. Had I inadvertently gone into 'Cutlet's' pet wheelhouse? I was in a brown study, conjuring up imaginary misdeeds. when a voice sounded in my ear: · Here, my man; what do you want?' I looked around, dazed, at the captain who stood by, the closed report book in his hand. Then I realized that my being there was a mistake, so I saluted and said, 'Nothing sir.'"

"That's a very nice tale," said

"Dye." "We'll have to get Mac' to verify it."

"It's straight," protested "Stump." "Ask the skipper himself, if you want to."

* * * *

There was little sleep on board that night en route for Santiago, and when morning dawned, every man who could escape from below was on deck watching, waiting for the first glimpse of Admiral Sampson's fleet. Shortly after daylight, the squadron was sighted. The scene was picturesque in the extreme.

The gray of early dawn was just giving way before the first rays of a tropical sun. Almost hidden in the mist hovering about the coast were a number of vague spots seemingly arranged in a semicircle, the base of which was the green covered table-land fronting Santiago. The spots were tossing idly upon a restless sea, and as the sun rose higher, each gradually assumed the shape of a marine engine of war. Beyond them was a stretch of sandy, surf-beaten coast, and directly fronting the centre ship could be seen a narrow cleft in the hill—the gateway leading to the ancient city of Santiago de Cuba.

As we steamed in closer to the fleet we saw indications that something of importance had occurred or was about to occur. Steam launches and torpedo boats were dashing about between the ships, strings of parti-colored bunting flaunted from the signal halliards

of the flagship New York and nearer shore could be seen one of the smaller cruisers evidently making a reconnaissance.

"We are just in time, Russ," exclaimed "Stump," jubilantly. "The fleet is getting ready for a scrap. And we'll be right in it."

I edged toward the bridge. The first news would come from that quarter. Several minutes later, Captain Brownson, who had been

watching the signals with a powerful glass, closed the instrument with a snap, and cried out to the executive officer:

"Hubbard you will never believe it."

"What's happened?"

The reply was given so low that I could catch only a few words, but it was enough to send me scurrying aft at the top of my speed. The news was startling indeed.

INCIDENTS OF SUFFERING IN THE WAR OF 1861.

By George S. Ames, Company B, First Maine Cavalry.

I will try and give you an account of my being wounded also my treatment while a prisoner of war, as I remember it. I was wounded June 24, 1864, near St. Mary's church. My pension certificate reads gunshot wound of sacrum and scrotum. We had crossed the brook mentioned in the history when I was hit. We were ordered to load our gnns, and after we had loaded, to halt and right about face, and give the Reb's a volley. We were fighting dismounted. I think we were about a mile east of the church. I was loading when I was shot, should think that it was about eight o'clock P. M. I was disarmed and ordered to go to the rear, but as the Reb's pushed by me in pursuit, I went off to the right of the road into some pine woods, and scraped some pine spills together to make a bed, and laid

down for the night, but not to sleep. I thought that there was a chance for me to get back into our lines if the Rebs fell back that night, which they did, or a part of them at least, for I heard the artillery going back toward Richmond before morning. I lay there until morning, but when I attempted to get on my feet I found that I was pretty bad off, so I laid down again, and presently I heard the sound of horses feet.

I raised my head a little and looked to the east and saw three mounted men coming directly for me. I felt in hopes that they would pass me unnoticed, but one of them turned his head in the direction where I lay (which was about twenty feet away) and saw me and said,—"here 's a Yank," pointing to me then hauled up and all three dismounted. One of them said "we'll go through him, and if he

makes any resistance we'll blow his brains out." So you see I was in pretty snug quarters. They commenced to dismantle me. I had a nice pair of cavalry boots and one of them hauled them off, regardless of the pain he caused. I had a new Burnside hat that I paid three dollars and a half for, one of them took that: the third went through my pockets, but fortunately for me, I had taken my pocket-book out of my pocket, and put it under my head under some pine spills, so I saved a few dollars that I had on my person. They took a nice pocket knife, my wife's and my two little boys' pictures. I begged for them but they said, "You keep quiet or we'll blow your head off." After stripping me they started off into the woods.

I lay there about an hour or so, when an old man hove in sight. I hailed him and got my bearings; he said it was about a mile up to the church. I asked him if he would assist me in getting up there, and he said he would be glad to, so we started. I stood it very well until we had got about half way, then played out and was obliged to lie down. My wound was painful and I could move but little for three days. During this time my rations were a few small apples I found under some apple trees beside the road, and a little raw corn I dug out of the dirt where the horses had been fed. As customary in the cavalry service my haversack and blanket were left on my horse. The third day I hobbled a little farther on

toward the church, and came to a little cabin where an old man and woman lived. I got some water but nothing to eat as they were very poor and did not show any disposition to help a Union soldier even had they been able, so I had to make the most of my situation. I got a chance to crawl into a little entry way and lay two nights, the rest of the time I was obliged to lie on the ground for ten days; by that time my wound got so bad that I could not get on my feet.

The eleventh day the Rebs took me to the church. I found there John Ford of Company C, who was wounded in the left shoulder. We stayed there until evening and then they carted us up river about two miles and put us in a little building used for a hospital. had swelled so that I could not get my knees nearer together than two feet: my wounded place had swelled as large as a man's head. After a little while a doctor came in and examined my wound. He said it must be lanced and get the swelling down so that be could locate the ball and extract it. He lanced me, but he did not cut quite through and I came off my cot on to my feet; the doctor caught me to keep me from falling (for I was to weak to stand), and when I changed my weight to my feet it burst through where he lanced. I should say that my wound discharged the amount of two quarts. The doctor said I would have mortified in a very short time. Previous to being lanced I made my water partly through the back passage. After being lanced a part came through where I was lanced.

About twelve o'clock that night I was carried out of the hospital on a stretcher and put into an army wagon, and carried with most painful suffering to Richmond; was put into a large brick building near the river front, -quite good quarters for Rebeldom. We had some of our soldiers who were taken out of Libby prison for hospital service, so we had fair treatment. Of course our rations were small and the poorest kind, a little bacon soup and a very small piece of corn bread twice a day, but I didn't need much in the condition I was in, so I used to give the most of mine to the boys who did the work, and they were more than glad to get it. The twenty-seventh day after I was wounded the doctor located the ball and took it out. After extracting the ball I passed a part of my water out through the place the ball was cut out, so before my wound healed up I passed four different ways. The doctor who attended me told me not one in a thousand could pull through with my wound. The fifty-ninth day after I was wounded an order came to the hospital to parole all who were able to be moved. I was so anxious to get out of prison life I told the boys that I was going to take the chances if they would let me and go with the rest.

About twenty were paroled from my ward. I got the attendant to

turn me partly across my cot and lift my feet off the bed and let them hang down to see if I could bear the strain. It was pretty tough at first, but they kept at work with me until I made up my mind I should try it, but when the time came to be moved it took two to hold me up while I made my mark (for I was unable to write my name) to the papers we were obliged to sign. When the time came to be moved they had to carry me on a stretcher. I was taken to Annapolis and put in the hospital there about the twelfth of August. I was kept there until the last of September. I had improved so much by that time that I got onto my walking sticks and could hobble around some. The last of September I was furloughed home for thirty days with the understanding that if my wound was no better at that time to report to the hospital at Augusta. I did so and stayed there until April, '65. when an order came to the hospital the first of April to discharge all that would not be fit for duty in six months time. I came under that head and was discharged March 16, and the war closed in April. My wound did not heal so but that I passed part of my water through where the ball was extracted until August,—over thirteen months.

John Ford, of Company C, of my regiment, who was wounded in the left shoulder at the same battle, St. Mary's church, could walk around the ward in Richmond and came frequently to see me, and thus relieved the monotony of remaining so

to the flag of truce boat, but the Annapolis, August 13.

constantly on my cot. He helped poor fellow was taken sick with me much when I was being moved dysentery, and died en route for

SANDY BROWN.

By C. C. Hassler, Company L. Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The days of miracles are past, is what some people say, Because they hasent seed 'em done in this yere latter day. But when I tell 'em they are wrong—an' prove it to 'em, too, It makes me feel as if I'd like to spin the yarn to you. You see. " Back in the Sixties." things were sorter kinder riled, An' some folks rared and tore around as if they had gone wild. They swore they'd bust the Union up an' pull the old flag down, But among the Boys, who sed, "Stand back," was me and Sandy Brown.

For three long years together we had marched an' slept an' fit, Thro' battles an' thro' scrimmages, an' nary one got bit, When jest about the windin' up, an' Richmond most in view. Dog-on'd if Sandy did n't fall, shot clean plum thro' an' thro'. There wann't no time fer foolin' there, as thro' the flame and smoke, The devil seemed to help them Rebs to flank us an' we broke. And while on both sides many fell, of courage an' renown, There wan't a man with braver heart nor this same Sandy Brown.

Now jest at this point is the place the miracle come in. Convincin' me beyant a doubt the dead will rise agin. My brother Dan'l writ and sed, "The Pennsylvania boys Would gladly welcome comrades from the state of Illinois." I knew that Dan had jined the church an' would n't lie straight out, But when I read what followed, I must say I was put out; For there in black and white, it sed, jest as he put it down, That if I came alive and well, I'd meet old Sandy Brown.

So I sez, "Mother," now sez I, "jest pack my leather grip With sasseges and chicken legs—enough to stand a trip. I've never seed a 'campment now for nigh on thirty years. An' I'm a-going to this one if it costs a yoke of steers. But I'll bet a pair of overalls again a bran new gown That Dan was lyin' when he sed I'd meet old Sandy Brown.

I dassent stop to tell you half that happened on the way, But I sized up all red-headed men I met from day to day. I tramped all through the camps and streets until my feet were sore, Discouraged an' most out of heart I vowed I'd tramp no more.

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But when the big parade begun I'd take my stand somewhere An' spot old Sandy as he passed, providin' he was there. So there I stood an' gaped and gawked jest like a fool or clown, While thousands passed on foot an' horse, but nary Sandy Brown.

At last the Pennsylvania boys came a-prancin' down the street, I could n't cheer to save my life, but I kept time with both feet. With steady steps they marched along, a sight most grand to see, When I noticed one old grizzly Vet. kept lookin' straight at me. Gray-haired an' feeble tho' he seemed, yet when he came close by, I kinder aiged up close enough to look him in the eye. When, as if by magnetic flash, from 'neath that snow white crown Went thrills of joy, convincin' me I'd met old Sandy Brown.

I tuk one bony hand in mine an t'other one I threw
Around his neck, an' sed, "Old pard, God bless you! Is this you?"
With vice-like grip he tuk my hand and held it, oh! so tight,
While tears run down his furrowed cheeks, he told me I was right.
An' thar we stood an' shuck hands till we made the muscles crack,
An' every squeeze that Sandy give I give another back.
While hushed in sacred silence stood the comrades all around,
"Thank God!" sez he, "You've met what's left of Comrade Sandy Brown."

The bands were playin' army tunes, I never heerd a note, Dog on my cats! if something want a-stickin' in my throat. An every time I tried to speak I'd sputter, sneeze, an' cough, That dog-on'd lump would jest raise up—an' choke the words clean off. The 'campment's over now, an' all the boys are home agin. Alas! before the next one comes, the army they'll be in Will be where angels dressed in *blue* will wear a golden crown, A fit reward for loyal men, like Comrade Sandy Brown.

ECHOES.

A MATTER OF RANK.

Berea, Ohio, has one of the largest libraries of war literature in the United States. J. P. Cole the manager of this library writes:

"I have felt a great interest in the Bugle since receiving the first number, and don't wish to miss one number. I think it outranks any publication now issued relating to the 'Old Boys in Blue." ALWAYS READ IT THROUGH.

H. C. Whitney, Company A, First Maine Cavalry of Dover, N. H., writes:

"I received the April Bugle this morning, it was sent to Boston and remailed to Dover where I am living. I was glad to get the Bugle as it is always interesting, and I always sit down and read it through before I get up."



J. P. CILLEY. COUNSELOR AT LAW.

ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Prosecutes claims before Congress, all the departments at Washington, and the United States Court of Claims.

Has complete copies of the monthly reports of the first Maine Cavalry, 1861 to 1865, and is fully equipped to aid any member of the old regiment in securing pensions or other claims against the United States.

THE MAINE BUGLE

Its echoing notes your memories shall renew From sixty-one until the grand review.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, AND OCTOBER, AND WILL BE-THE ORGAN OF THE "MEN OF MAINE" WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. NO OTHER STATE HAS A PROUDER RECORD. IT WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THEIR YEARLY REUNIONS, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO EACH REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS. IT IS ALSO THE ORGAN OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL PUBLISH THE ANNUAL PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY, AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS REGIMENTS, NORTH AND SOUTH, WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

Editors, Committees from the Maine Regiments.

PUBLISHED BY THE MAINE ASSOCIATION.

ADDRESS J. P. CILLEY, TREASURER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

THE MAINE BUCLE.

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THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN V.

OCTOBER, 1898.

CALL 4.

ECHOES.

Be thine the ringing tone, the swelling cheer!

Loud let the challenge sound from slope to plain;

Till all the vales and mountain tops shall hear

An echo to the Bugle call of Maine.

WELCOME VISITOR.

Heman P. Smith Company B, First Maine Heavy Artillery of New York city, 11 East 16th street writes:

"The Bugle is a welcome visitor at my home and I desire to continue my subscription."

WILL TRY.

A. M. Benson, late captain Company C, First Maine Cavalry and Seventh Maine Infantry of Boston, writes:

"I am glad indeed to get the Bugle, as I find more real good substantial news of our past than of anything that has come to me. I wish I could contribute somewhat to the many stories told, and perhaps a little later when I can get my thoughts together, I will try and write something, as I notice all the boys are doing it, and I do not know why I should not also."

Note.—By all means write as

you contemplate. The "Echoes" and personal narratives are the most interesting part of the Bugle.
—Ed.

SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

General Henry E. Tremain, aide-de-camp on General Crook's staff, writes:

"What you tell me about your vision on April 9th, '65 (see History First Maine Cavalry, p. 437), interests me, as I saw the same thing, and was the constant medium of communication between your brigade commander and General Crook, until McKenzie was put under Davies, facing to your rear. Then I conveyed the order to latter to use everything and destroy the force in his front, viz., the cavalry you had seen going around your left, who had been compelled to halt and fight. They had charged us twice, and then would have been annihilated except for the truce, when I was sent to reECHOES.

voke the same order I had just delivered. No wonder you would not know what the other brigades were doing, as part of the time the enemy was between you and them. I was practically cut off from Crook, who was with them at one of my rides from you. The trouble about paper descriptions is the absence of any known landmarks except the 'Lynchburg Pike' to locate positions."

Note.—The final campaign of the War of the Rebellion has never been as minutely described as the other battles of the war. It was magnificently planned and its execution was as incisive and effective as any campaign ever fought. The last fighting of the cavalry on the morning of April 9, '65, when Crook's division met the 2,500 mounted men under Fitzhugh Lee, has never been adequately described. General Tremain's narrative of those eventful days will be valuable for its new information and exhaustive descriptions. His knowledge of the work of the morning of April 9th is complete and will contain new historical material of great value and interest. We have also a promise of an article on this same subject from Captain Stephen Tripp of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, who tells the facts as he saw them.

SO SAY WE ALL.

John D. Vautier, historian Eightyeighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, of Philadelphia, writes:

"It is not every state that has soldiers big enough to blow their own horns, but then we expect big things from Maine, because it sent big men to the war and they are not all dead yet, so let the music pipe merrily along the line and give us the best you have in the shop.

"By the way, it seems to me, since Johnny Reb and his sons have marched under the shadow of 'Old Glory' again, and passed through the smoke and fire of battle in 'Uncle Sam's blue,' and filling soldiers' graves with 'U. S.' on the headboard, that the time has come when the last trace of bitterness engendered in the Civil War shall cease, and we shall take our old-time foes by the hand and say, 'We're done, old Johnny Grayback; you are reconstructed, galvanized, pure gold, blue-bellied Yankees all the way through, and we'll fight and die for Uncle Sam side by side. You shall share our haversacks, our love, and, it may be, our graves, and we are all Union men now. God bless us all!"

"When a 'Confederate' gives his service and his life for the Union, what more can he do? So I say, 'God bless the old Johnny Rebs, because you have gone and done it yourselves,' and so say we all."

OLDEST GRAND ARMY MAN.

The claim of the Norridgewock G. A. R. Post, published in a recent issue of the *Ptttsfield Advertiser*, for seniority of one of its members in point of age and military service has been questioned, as appears by the following letter sent to the above paper:

Liberty, Me., Oct. 8, 1898. Comrade O. S. Haskell:

Dear Sir: Moses B. Black of Palermo enlisted in Company C, Sixteenth Maine, July 28, 1863. and was discharged in August, 1865. He was ninety-four years old the 4th day of last January. He has always been a resident of Palermo, Me. He also had two sons in the service, Harvey C. Black, Company G, Eleventh Maine, and Ira Black, Company G, Twenty-sixth Maine. They are all living at this date.

Moses B. Black is undoubtedly the oldest G. A. R. man in the United States. He was born in 1804, and was fifty-nine years old when he enlisted in 1863. He served two years and one month. He is now confined to his home, having lost the use of his lower limbs, but his faculties are good and he remembers very well. He is a member of E. H. Bradstreet Post, No. 44, Liberty.

Yours truly,
L. C. Morse.

Verily, the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion are growing old! In Farragut Post, Bridgton, Me., are seven men who have passed the seventy-year-old line, namely, A. Mellen Thomas, who was 77 last January; Captain Richard T. Bailey, 76 next December; Benjamin Dodge, 75 last February: Captain J. T. Jenner, a little past 75; Abner Dodge, 73; Francis Winn, 72 last September; B. F. Millikin, 72 last October. There are quite

a number of others who are nearly seventy.

THE FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

There has never been printed so full and realistic a narrative of the War of the Rebellion as that written by Captain Robert G. Carter, and now running in the MAINE BUGLE.

It is compiled largely from letters written by the brothers at the time, giving distinct views from different standpoints, showing live observations of the same events from privates and officers, from West Pointers and volunteers, so that the war life, as it actually was, passes before your eyes.

The July Call presented the Battle of Fredericksburg. From this time forward the narrative gains rapidly in interest. Just ahead comes Burnside's mud march, Chancellorsville, and the Gettysburg campaign and battle, with their wealth of memories, sad and bright, and there will be occasion to state, historically, some truths within the writer's knowledge, which no one seems to have cared to put in print, thinking, no doubt, that time enough had not elapsed since the War of the Rebellion closed. But history to be correct must be absolutely true, and the writer is going to tell the truth though the heavens fall. He believes the time has come, when without detracting from the record of many now dead, the truth can be told in justice to the living, and an account be given of the disasters which befell us

Bullions.

through rum and incompetency, and the nunccessary hardships suftered from those two exils.

The old retired generals in Washington know many things, but then hips are scaled, and then herve torce, literary inclinations, etc., are now on the wave, as well as then yital interest in what they are too apt to consider, at then age, as the dead past

MAY EXTEREST THE READERS OF

Paward P. Pobie, of Pawincket, R. I., late heutenant First Maine Cavilly, writes

Polye, It is a member of the Pust Rhode Island Regiment, and the youngest son, Willis Polye, lett this morning for camp, to serve in Battery V

Parly in the war I saw by the paper that our old triend. Pavid McM Gregg, had offered his services to the government. I immediately wrote him that it he went I wanted to go with him in any capacity which he thought I could best ill. In a low days I received the following answer which I think may interest the readers of the Brett.

William Vol. 1'v. Mars. 1808

was a great pleasure to receive your letter and should my offer to serve in the held be accepted and I be given a community. I most cetterally with your to being along ust as many of the o'd Pass Maine

men as you could find. I tear, however, that I will be thought too old and I will not be called out My offer of service has had one result exceedingly gratitying to me, so many of the old Second Division men have written to me asking to to be counted in again that I am deeply touched. Then blood is my and they torget then old wounds and aches and panis, and would strike another blow for their countive flow proud I would be to lead the devoted tellows again? It I should be called, I will have the Assembly sounded and I am sme its notes will be recognized in Mame and many of the old tellows will obey the call With best wislas.

> ··· Yours sincerely, ··· D. M. M. Garan.

A PARAMITE OF THE REGIMENT

Mrs. A.P. Howard of for Spring street, Portland, nee Winnited H. Smith, writes:

"My mother, Mrs. Winson B, Smith, died in May of 1807. I do not wish to be shuf off entirely from my father's regiment, so please transfer the Break to my name."

THE LORDING OF WAR

On the first of March, 1805, at the cavalry light at Dinwiddle Court House. Var. Leroy H. Pobe of Portland, Me. brother of Edward P. Pobe of Pawincker, R. L. then serving in the Eirst Maine Cavalry, was severely wounded. He went back to the field hospital in the court horse, where his wound was

dressed. About dust the surgeon came into the court house and notified the wounded that the enemy was pushing the Union line back, that all that were able to walk or hobble, had better go toward the rear at once in order to prevent being taken prisoners; and that the ambulances had been tilled with the more seriously wounded and had already gone. Young Tobie, with others, started for safety as tast as he could. He was so forto unte as to recine a borse belong. ing to his regiment which had been brought to the hospital for another wounded man, but that compade was too reverely wounded to ride, He rode a short distance, but found that the motion of the horse untated his wound so that the pain was inbearable, while he was growing faint all the time. Finding himself unable to other walk or ride, and being filled with the time soldier's tear of being taken prisoner, he applied to the drivers of several am fullances as they drove by to take him in, but they all refused. As he was thus refused for what comed to him to be about the twentieth time, he heard a yorce behind him caying: "Are you wounded, my man " On turning he beheld General John Irwin Gregg, commander of the Second Brigade, Second Division Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, who had evidently heard the drivers refuse to take him in. He informed the general that he was wounded, when the general replied, "General Gregg", headquarters' wagon is none too

good for a wounded soldier to ride in, you want till my headquarters' wagon comes along, and tell the driver that General Gregg fold you to tell him to take you in "Young Tobic gladly obeyed this official order, got into the wagon, and was carried to a place of safety, and though he never to got the mise ries of that long right ride in hi wounded condition, he was alway grateful for the Lindness

New in another war, Edward !' Tobic, Jr., con at Isdyard P. of Company L. First Phode Island regiment, to ', V , went to Wante ington on duty. As the train was starting on his return to camp, he moticed two soldiers horrying to get alread. One got upon the car safely, but the other was a trifle late, and in his facte made a mic-He would doubtle, have gone under the wheels had not young Tobic chught him by the arm and helped him on board. He lemmed that the two roldiers were from the Twelfth Penneylyoun regiment, and that the one his had arristed was a som of General John Livin Chegg He was of service to the two in other har, and will take pride in his action when he learn that the young man whom he saved from inputy and perhaps from death, is the con of the general, who, thurty three years ager, performed a kind corvice for the Inch Par

(111,1711 A 111),

Licutenant William P. Coleman, late of Company B, Pint Maine Cavalry, of Florence, Colorado, writes:

"I expect my ranch to pay me \$300 a year on an average. I have a very good water supply. Was taken with inflammatory rheumatism last August; have been laid up ever since. About four mouths ago dropsy set in. At the present time I am not able to dress myself without help. If my right hand was as bad as my left, could not write at all. My left hand is as large as two. The doctors say they cannot cure me. We have been living in Florence since August, 1896. My daughter is teaching here. Florence is quite a smart little town of about 5,000 inhabitants: has been built up in the last seven or eight years. If the gold camps and oil supply hold out it is bound to make quite a city in time. The state ditch was taken out above Canon City (some eight or nine miles above Florence); they cut through several hills, laid out a great many thousands of dollars, then quit, for what reason I do not know, or whether it will ever be completed. It would have covered all of the Arkansas valley from Canon City to the Fountain, a distance of nearly forty miles, and several miles wide. It would be a great help to this country. All we need here is plenty of water to make all kinds of fruits and vegetable grow. This is the greatest fruit country I was ever in. If I could have put all of my farm into fruit when I first went on to it, it would have been worth fifty thousand dollars now. But we

never know what to do until afterwards, and now it is too late for me to do anything."

THE BUGLE'S DEVOTION.

Joseph T. Woodward, late adjutant Twenty-first Maine Volunteers, of West Sidney, Me., writes:

"I am pleased with the Bugle's devotion to the Maine soldiery, its fairness, independence, and merit. Hoping you may live long and prosper, and have pleasure and profit in guarding the interests and placing in good form the story of the Rebellion days."

A CHANGE OF AMBITION.

Horatius at the bridge, and he Who fought at old Thermopylæ;

Great Samson and his potent bone By which the Philistines were slone;

Small David, with his wondrous aim, That did for him of giant frame;

J. Cæsar in his Gallic scraps That made him lord of other chaps;

Sweet William, called the Conqueror, Who made the Britons sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington, And Frederick, and Wellington,

Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe, And Farragut, and Grant, and oh,

A thousand other heroes l Have wished I were in days gone by—

Can take their laurels from my door, For I do n't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid; The doughty deed that Dewey did,

In that far distant Spanish sea, Is really good enough for me.

The grammar's bad; but, oh, my son, I wish I'd did what Dewey done.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SON IN ALASKA.

D. S. Baker of Trafton, Wash., late of Company K, Twentieth Maine Infantry, writes:

"I am too busy just now to write much as I am practically alone on the ranch, and this is the busy season for us in this far away corner of Uncle Sam's farm. My son has been in Alaska (on the Klondike) for over two years now, and we are looking for him out in July. I may go back with him for one winter, just for the experience. With regards to the old comrades."

A MEDAL OF HONOR.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON,
March 28, 1898.

Coloncl Walter G. Morrill, Pitts-field, Me.:

SIR:—You are hereby notified that by the direction of the president and under the provisions of the act of congress, approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action, a congressional medal of honor has this day been presented to you for most distinguished gallantry in action, the following being a statement of the particular service, viz.:

"At Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863, this officer, then captain in the Twentieth Maine

Volunteers, and on duty with skirmishers in advance of the Fifth corps, learning that an assault was to be made upon the enemy's fortifications by troops of the Sixth corps, those present called for volunteers from his own command to unite with the storming party. With those volunteers, some fifty in number, he joined the Sixth Maine regiment and charged with it. The enemy's works were carried with the bayonet, four guns, eight battle-flags, and 1,300 men were captured, and Captain Morrill was specially mentioned in the official reports of the Corps and Division commanders."

The medal will be forwarded to you by registered mail as soon as it shall have been engraved.

Respectfully,

R. A. Alger,
Secretary of War.

TRYING SEVEN YEARS.

A. B. Holland of Lewiston, late of Company K, Twenty-ninth Maine, and Second District of Columbia Volunteers writes:

"Enclosed find five dollars for Bugle. Mighty good thing, especially for those who served in First Maine Cavalry. I was one of the mud punchers, and served four years, and the government has just concluded to allow me a pension, after my trying for it for the last seven years. Would like to go into this little scrap, but have got too many stiff joints. God bless you and yours."

I READ IT OVER VERY OFTEN.

Zebard F. Hyson of Cooper's Mills, late of Company K, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

"My health is very poor and I have seven in my family to take take care of, but I will try to pay for the BUGLE sometime next month. I like the BUGLE; I read it over very often and think of the dear comrades. How I should like to meet them once more, and shake the friendly hand with them! May God bless you all, and may we meet some day never to part!"

DEATH OF THOMAS SOMERS.

R. E. Myers of Lockhart, Texas, writes:

Thomas Somers of Company G. First Maine Cavalry, is dead, so I learned about two weeks since; died in Austin. He has not been here for over two years. I looked for him in San Antonio; heard he was there, but he had gone. I consulted an attorney, a United States soldier; he told me to send Somers to him; he thought he could assist in the removal of his trouble. The poor old fellow's troubles are ended now. I fear there was something wrong about his death. His people live in Maine, somewhere."

Major Charles F. Gillies of Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., late of Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, writes:

"Then, my finances are low, and the Pension * Bureau slow; McKinley again? No! no, no. Oh! ye departed spirits who fought and bled, Who at Antietam and Gettysburg led, Behind their Guns Sleep quietly on, nor wake To hear vainglorious prate For those who fought the Dons. In Extremis they nobly did their part For "Cuba Libre," non disputandum, And transfixed some "stars." Where were the Bars, cui bono? Sweet and honorable 't is, for one's country to And the "man behind the Guns," by Some hard squeeze of State-craft, May get a poverty-stricken grain of salt, By and by."

General George H. Nye, of South Natick, Mass., late of First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth, writes:

"I enclose check for Maine Bu-GLE, which I always enjoy reading, and it brings up thoughts of the past, when we were soldier boys together; and we may not be too old to try it again, if duty calls."

C. C. Case of Burbank, Cal., late of Eighth Maine Infantry, writes:

"This is a dry year here. Little if any crop except on irrigated lands, so have to bring in hay, grain and flour, even potatoes from more favored sections. Hard times for the producers at best; and when nature goes back on us it is difficult to keep our heads above water. Wish I could send a cheerful greeting to all the old boys. Our sons must wallop Spain."

THE LAST DAYS OF SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY.

By Henry Edwin Tremain, Major and A. D. C. Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S.V.

[CONTINUED.]

SAILOR'S CREEK.

Most justly has it been the theme of flaming official bulletins from the generals whose forces were there engaged. These, however, convey to the popular mind only very indefinite ideas; they tell of an attack with General So-and-So on the right, and such a corps on the left: of a grand success, with the capture of so many prisoners, guns, small arms and colors; of the good behavior of all officers and soldiers. and end with calling attention to the conduct of some particular officers who may have come under more immediate observation of their chiefs than some of their less fortunate, but equally deserving, compeer's. But it is for the artist who has witnessed these battle scenes. when he paints them on the life-like canvas, or the master mind who can group together all the facts of the contest, making a series of pen pictures of deeds of unemblazoned heroism, depicting in all their stern grandeur the fearful strife of war, telling with truthfulness and touching simplicity of those

"Ten thousand glorious actions that might claim Triumphant honors or immortal fame"

to give to history the story of a battle. Leaving then this task in such hands I am only now speaking of that which I saw, ct quorum pars fui.

In the course of the overlapping

successive attacks by the divisions under Devins, Custer, and Crook, by which Sheridan essayed to strike a weak point of the enemy, Custersoon after noon found himself near the road on which the enemy's trains and columns were moving, and quite in advance of the main body of Ewell's corps, which was apparently Lee's rear-guard.

To protect their road, therefore, the rebels must halt and fight. General Ord's column about the same time advancing from Burkesville, struck Lee still further to the west, and compelled him to halt there, while the Sixth and Second corps of the Army of the Potomac so closely pressed the entire rear of Lee's army as to employ in their front a very considerable force. Thus was Lee's army, now wearied, harassed, hungry, and defeated, and with all its impedimenta stretched for miles along the country beset with a hopeful, enthusiastic, vigorous, and pursuing foe on its entire flank; every wagon threatened with capture or destruction; every regiment watching for battle or escape. Sheridan himself was at this time on the south of Sailor's Creek assailing the strong rear-guard of the enemy with one cavalry brigade under Colonel Stagg, who was fighting rebel infantry of ten times his

strength, charging desperately their breastworks, and displaying every man many times in different places. By these admirable demonstrations he occupied the enemy until the Sixth corps arrived, when the attack became more extended and successful; at the same time Humphreys, with the Second corps, met the enemy, and advanced on the right of the Sixtle corps. Meanwhile Custer with his two remaining brigades had essayed to reach the main trains passing by his front, and charged the long, thin line of infantry protecting them in vain attempts to pierce it and cut off all the troops now opposing the Army of the Potomac infantry. The rebels seemed to have been hurriedly posted in a line, taking but little of the natural advantage which the locality afforded and protected by hastily constructed breastworks of earth and rails. A couple of pieces of artillery were rolled into position and the enemy quietly awaited the result of Custer's cavalry manœuvres on the open plain in their front. Their ammunition was precious and was not wasted.

Dismounting a few of his men to engage the enemy in the wooded portions of the field, Custer formed the remainder to charge again the rebel line in his front. The country was open and undulating, with fine positions for artillery, quite favorable for cavalry operations, and altogether what a veteran would call a splendid battle-field. Custer's two light Parrott guns relieved him of any annoyance from the

Rebel artillery, but the character of the country also gave either party the advantage of observing the other's manœuvres.

About this time General Crook's column appeared on the hills, and filing off into dense woods seemed marching past the field further towards the enemy's advance. But this was only a ruse. Concealed in the woods and guided partially by a "reliable contraband," the course of the column was at once changed, and just as Custer was prepared for his second charge, Crook emerged into the field on his immediate left and directly in front of the enemy. Away now to the charge dashed Custer's troopers; squadrons of "red cravats" bore down upon the ensconsed foe. But victory was not thus easy. Waiting until the horsemen were almost near enough to leap over the slight breastworks, the quiet line of dingy greys suddenly sprang into life, planted their rebel flags almost within the reach of the bold troopers, and with their peculiar faint cheer delivered into our ranks a most destructive volley. Saddles were emptied; horses plunged in the struggles of death, and amid din and dust, conflict and confusion, vim and valor, the charge was over. The rebels remained in their old lines, and when the smoke and dust cleared from the field Custer was reforming his lines and preparing to renew the strife.

Crook had already become engaged, and indeed had joined with two regiments from Davies's bri-

gade in this dashing but unsuccessful charge of Custer. Crook now dismounted Gregg's brigade of his division, and sent them through a thick wood on the left to strike again the enemy's road. Gregg's was comparatively speaking a large brigade (though of not more than from 1,200 to 1,500 men effective), but composed entirely of Pennsylvania troops. They were reliable veterans; most of them armed with repeating carbines. Soon was heard old-fashioned volleys of infantry musketry, mingling with the sharp rings of the carbines. The strife now was in thick woods and at the very side of the coveted road; and the rebels found but a poor shelter in its adjoining rail fence. Nothing, however, could be seen, and as you listened to the mingling crash and din of small arms, it seemed that the dismounted troopers could scarce compete with such formidable infantry. But our men had started for the wagon train, and now seeing it were determined upon its capture. Soon, therefore, an aide-de-camp dashed back to General Crook with "General Gregg's compliments, sir, and his men are burning the enemy's wagon train." "Tell him to push on, destroy all he can, and charge those Rebels in flank and rear," briefly replied this quiet, thorough soldier, as he pointed to the colors along the rebel line which had just repulsed the charge of Custer. Gregg's mounted regiment in reserve (Twenty-first Pennsylvania) eagerly rode out to obey the order.

The afternoon was now well-nigh spent. Sheridan on the south of Sailor's Creek had been heard from that he was driving the enemy before him. The guns of the Sixth corps had been booming londer and louder for the past hour or two, and now they approached. Nearer and nearer they drew, until there was not the slightest doubt of our complete success in that quarter of the field. The enemy was being pushed directly into the lines of the cavalry; and he must not be allowed to escape. Every cavalry soldier heard these guns, knew whence they came, saw the rebels in front of him, and could not fail to appreciate our advantages. Our men therefore sat in their saddles with the most complete reliance and confidence, awaiting their general's commands.

Crook's lines were formed on the left of Custer, with Davies's brigade on the right, mounted, and Gregg's on the left mostly dismounted, and among the enemy's burning train. There was no opportunity this time to ransack or pillage the burning wagons, and their contents were scarcely noted. Smith's brigade remained in reserve. Custer had only two brigades under Wells and Pennington, Colonel Stagg being retained by Sheridan to demonstrate in the enemy's rear, as already mentioned. McKenzie's troops were also in the same quarter of the field. Devins's division, however, remained for a while as a reserve under Merritt both for Crook and Custer; but when it was seen

he would be needed by neither, he was sent still further around to the left that he might again there engage the enemy, or intercept his fugitives.

These dispositions being completed, it was nearly sunset. The afternoon had been bright and clear, and while the cavalry were not able to see the infantry, yet the latter could see much of the manœuvres of the cavalry on the high ground over which part of the operations were conducted. The charges of Custer, although so far unsuccessful, were not without good results. They retained the serious attention of the enemy in his front, while proving to Wright and Sheridan that they had again found the enemy. In this connection it is curious to note that in the official report of Sheridan he mentions the fact of a soldier (William A. Richardson, of the Second Ohio) who had pierced the rebel lines in the first charge, miraculously escaped capture, penetrated them to the other side, and there informed his general of the true condition of affairs beyond him.

The sun was sinking in the west; scarce an hour of daylight yet remained. There had been skirmishing and fighting, and a close pursuit all day. But while it was a success, aside from the ordinary destroyed baggage, stragglers and other débris of a defeated and retreating army, nothing special had been gained. The present opportunities must be grasped, or night would seize them, and the morrow

would then be but a repetition of to-day. The enemy in front of us must be completely broken; he must be destroyed or captured, and as the guns of the Sixth corps were now almost within range of those of the cavalry, it seemed a natural instinct to anticipate the orders for another charge. Aides-de-camp flew along the cavalry front, and quickly indicated to the different commanders the direction of their advance. Brigade officers dashed through their regiments, regiments gathered up their squadrons; and soon curving up and down the undulations of the open fields, hidden here and there by pretty little clumps of evergreen, the lines of Union troopers slowly and quietly advanced once more on the rebel line. Custer with his gay red and white headquarters pennant, and surrounded by a small staff, and orderlies bearing captured rebel colors, was on the right directing the movements of his two brigades under Wells and Pennington; and Crook on the left with a few orderlies, and his color-bearer carrying the plain blue flag of his division, moved among his troops under Smith and Davies. Gregg was assigned the work of still pressing, dismounted, his advantages already gained. Thus four mounted brigades of cavalry, within sight of each other as well as the common foe, regularly and quietly walked towards him. It was grand and imposing; it was morally sublime, and I doubt not as each man grasped more tightly his sabre, his arm was nerved with the righteousness of the cause and a consciousness of duty; while many a strong heart beat within those soldiers' bosoms as thoughts of mother, sister, sweetheart, wife, quickly rose and whispered of the prayers from the firesides at home. Yea, and who shall say that there were not in those brief moments silent offerings to Him who giveth life and taketh it away again.

The spring flowers smiling coyishly through the grass were literally trodden under the iron hoof of war; they carpeted the fields for Sheridan's squadrons, but withal were passed unheeded. So began the charge. No wonder that when the hostile lines approached, the very sight shook the rebel centre. One, two, then three, then little groups of men in gray were seen hurrying back from the light breastworks. This was enough. It was easy to see that now was the time. A bugle sounded, and as bugle after bugle echoed "the charge" along that line of cavalry, there was one grand jump to conflict. All was dust and confusion; horses and men fell dead across the rebel works. Every firearm might have been discharged, but on one side all was desperation, horror, and dismay, while on the other, confidence, enthusiasm, and victory. The rebel line was gone, and squads, companies, and regiments were flying over the hills. Horsemen were among them, and turned them back with empty arms as prisoners. Others more quickly sought for

safety, by waving the white flag of surrender. Troopers in blue rode fearlessly and carelessly among a motley mob in gray, and received their unceremonious surrender. All was excitement and irregularity; scarce an organized squadron could be seen. Meanwhile the guns of Wright's corps sent their missiles of destruction among both parties, and a heavy skirmish line appeared over the brow of the hill, intercepting the flying foe. A group of fugitive horsemen ahead of us suddenly halted, and then turned in another direction; then they hesitated again. Infantry on one side of them, cavalry on the other! Might they not pass between them? But it was too late. Their surrender was demanded, and Lieutenant-General Ewell, in command of Lee's most reliable corps, now the rear guard of his army, with his staff became prisoners of war. Their captors turned them toward our lines, and soon this plain group in dingy gray, some of whose horses bore two riders, all poorly mounted and caparisoned, the leaders of a fallen foe, defeated, captured, with a disappointed, sad, and sullen sensation which a prisoner only can appreciate, were marched to the Union rear.

They had not all escaped the vandalism of the battle-field. Some of the party had been obliged to surrender their valuables to some unauthorized and venturesome "Yankee," and the vehemence of the contest, not yet entirely over, led the captives to make repeated

solicitations of those they met with for safe and honorable treatment. Seeing a Union officer at his side, one of the staff remarked: "This officer is a gentleman, sir; I know he is. I appeal to you, sir, for protection. My watch has been stolen." "That is to be regretted, sir; if it can be found, it shall be restored and the thief punished." Rider number two on some of the horses, being rather inconveniently seated between the saddle and the animal's tail, occasionally ventured an expression indicative of the unpleasant means of that species of locomotion; but with these exceptions, the party had little to say until General Custer and staff were encountered. Ewell expressed his satisfaction at having fallen into such hands, and begged that General Custer would cease hostilities there at once, that all Ewell's men would immediately surrender, especially if he could send an officer among them and so order them, for which he requested permission. Pointing to a part of the field where there was evidently a considerable force of the enemy yet assembled, with no means of escape, General Ewell entreated that they should be fought with no longer. They were his men, and he felt confident they would surrender. While it was hardly likely that this request was a ruse to gain time for other manœuvres, this was possible, and Custer, being a subordinate, was unauthorized to stop the fight. The matter was soon put at rest, however, by Wright's infantry closing

in upon all the men in question, and receiving their complete surrender.

The sun had by this time gone down; its lingering, sweeping rays had not seen the final conflict. The fields which all the afternoon had listened to the patter of small arms, and the sharp ring of rifled cannon, were now strewn with the thousand fresh evidences of a recent battle; while the booming of distant guns from other parts of the army tolled the knell of the fallen, and fitly harmonized with the dusky gloom of evening as it spread its mantle over the scene. Here were the fields where all the afternoon Union squadrons formed and reformed for the charge; on these were now being gathered thousands and thousands of rebel prisoners; a little further off were light breastworks broken down here and there to show where squadrons entered: along these were scattered bleeding horses, wrecked artillery, ghastly human corses; further on smoking ruins of burning baggage wagons —while for acres the grounds were strewn with side-arms, muskets, and other tokens of defeat. were hurrying stragglers, too, of either army. Union soldiers lost in the charge and rebels seeking present safety. But Crook was still pursuing; over hill and dale his squadrons pressed and fought the flying enemy, while Custer gathered up his little band, and darkness only ended that day's victory.

Not the least interesting feature

of this battle was the completeness of the collapse of the rebel corps which fought it. From commanding general to the private soldier the sensation appeared to be the same. "We are lost and must make the best of it with our enemies." Dozens of men would surrender to a single "Yankee." When once the Union arms seemed entirely successful among the scattered rebels, the hope of escaping the present danger, of battle and of partaking of rations with the victors, rose paramount to that of military duty and honor. There could now be no esprit de corps, for the corps itself was no more. It was the same old organization-although altered by the incessant changes of active campaigns-with Jackson earlier in the war swept through the valleys of Virginia, or hurled in heavy masses against the sturdy, veteran Army of the Potomac. Its history is one of valor, hardship, suffering, victory, tenacity, and final defeat. Its military discipline was most vigorous and exemplary, its confidence and selfreliance a pride and boast among its members, its bravery never questioned, its fortitude, endurance, and heroism worthy of the nation to which its men belonged, and against whose justice, beneficence and righteous power they most wickedly rebelled.

Illustrating the spirit prevailing at the close of this battle, and as one of many similar incidents doubtless never to be recorded, is the experience of an officer of Gen-

eral Crook's staff, Captain Cyrus S. Roberts, who had joined in the grand final charge when his usually quiet general at the last moment enthusiastically ordered every one about him, officer or orderly, to join in the charge whenever he pleased. "Put everything in; now everybody go in," is an inspiring command seldom heard from the professional soldier, but always effective, never misunderstood. Joining then, the nearest squadron, this subordinate rode among the disordered foe who, throwing down their arms, hastened back for safety into the Union lines. Never stopping, however, each trooper rode hurriedly on to overtake and capture still more of the rebel fugitives. Our young officer not a little enthusiastic, pushed on supposing he was followed by others, when suddenly as his horse was jumping a ditch he encountered a well formed regiment of the enemy, who had either rallied or arrived from a different position of the field and taken a favorable position to embarrass pursuit. Fortunately, just then his horse missed his footing and with his rider fell into the ditch. The horse regained himself, but the regiment just then opening a heavy musketry fire, drove him back with all our pursning soldiers. The young aid, however, was a veteran, and unharmed lay as if dead within a few feet of the enemy's line, while the paper and dust from their cartridges flew over and about him. Soon the fire ceased and the regiment moved away. The captain

cautiously looking up perceived that he had ventured too far. Our men had all retired from that locality and a large group of rebels were retreating over the same path he had ridden. Quick as thought the little fellow sprang up and demanded their surrender, saying that they might as well surrender now to him as go any further, our cavalry was only beyond the hills and on the same road over which they were marching, but surrender they must. So alone and unaided this Yankee marched twenty-five or thirty soldiers and their officers to a place of comparative safety. Raising then a white handkerchief from a commanding hill, he continued gathering the stragglers of the enemy, until when accidentally found by his staff comrade (the writer) he was the sole custodian, commander, and guard of more than fifty rebel soldiers with ten or a dozen of their officers; and he marched them in triumph to the bivouac of his general. So runs the excitement, the ever-varying chances of war.

Not the least among the noticeable features of this battle is the amusing behavior of mules under fire. In some of the brigades there were a large number of the soldiers mounted on these interesting animals who had been picked up about the country to supply the places of worn-out horses. Sometimes half of a regiment would be so mounted, and as they stood in the line awaiting the charge there was little in the demure counte-

nances of these long-eared creatures to remind one of the "fiery steed" or the "mettled charger" which the license of the pen habituates to the battle-field. When a charge is sounded these undisciplined mules do not jump with sympathetic inspiration at the first touch of the spur. With characteristic obstinacy they start slowly, and their speed is only increased with considerable difficulty and attentive chastisement. When once fairly under way, however, and dashing headlong forward in their jumping, kicking, native style, their riders need give them no further attention; the crowd rushes on, and each individual mule knows no master. So when a number of them were thus directed toward the enemy's line one of two things were inevitable: either regardless of any obstacle, they would clear the slight breastworks, unless shot, disappear in the rebel rear, or else, stopping suddenly, plant themselves in its front, with pricked-up ears, head most reverently lowered, and extended legs, assume a firm, defiant, and immovable attitude, which no other beast has ever attempted. In either of these cases their riders' chances of escape from capture or death are very indifferent, and none appreciate this fact better than the veterans. Therefore, when the mules had reached that pitch of obstinate excitement which knew no control, there was something indescribably laughable in the unique attempts of their riders to dismount under diffi-

culties. While some risked their fate by throwing themselves precipitately from the saddle, the animal going at full speed, others, more dexterous, quickly slipped along his back and down via his tail to the ground. When then one charge was repulsed, and a large number of these mules was seen returning with empty saddles, it was believed our loss must have been exceedingly severe. But shortly afterwards covered with dust and dirt, and to the serious amusement of their comrades, the mule troopers straggled back from their perilous proximity to rebels. Mingled with the laughter of their more fortunate associates, long, loud, deep, and not a little profane were their wild execrations against "mule cavalry." Sheridan says that "this fight was so overshadowed by the stirring events of the surrender three days later that the battle has never been accorded the prominence it deserves."

Among the results of this day's victory are the capture of six rebel generals—Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, De Bose, and Custis Leefourteen guns, many caissons, wagons, battle flags, and several thousand prisoners. Of the latter it is impossible to learn the exact number; it will never be known. Commanding officers themselves never received reports of the number taken exclusively on that day, and their official estimates are only approximate. Certain it is, however, that several thousand were assembled that evening in the cavalry bivouac, while many more, of course, were with other commands. In this interesting campaign the operations of one day followed so closely and were so united during the night to those of the next that it is difficult to say exactly what part of its grand movements and successes was accomplished in any one particular day. The complete results appear only at its conclusion.

"If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender," says Sheridan in his official despatch to Grant at the close of the day. The next day Grant wrote first to Lee on the subject.

HIGH BRIDGE AND FARMVILLE.

Long before dawn, the next morning (7th April) the cavalry bugles were echoing through the bivouacs a lively reveille, and everybody was astir. It was with cheerful, hopeful spirits that the sleepy soldiers obeyed the summons. They lit their little coffeefires, groomed and saddled their horses and mules (for the latter were now an important ingredient of "Sheridan's Cavalry"), rolled up their packs, breakfasted frugally on their salt meat and hard-tack, and at the first break of day only awaited the order to move. Any particular headquarters might be distinguished by a movable flagstaff, surmounted by a carriage lamp, planted in the ground before a fire rather more blazing than its neighbors, around which a group of officers might be seen crawling from under their blankets, or making a hurried toilet; while just behind was a candle in a bottle candlestick, flickering upon some rude structure intended to serve as a table and showing a unique set of tin and crockery table furniture, no two of whose dishes belonged to the same set. Here was an army wagon backed almost upon the table, with its tailboard let down, exhibiting its load of tents, pots. kettles, valises, boxes, barrels, and all such paraphernalia, waiting to be reinforced by the table and its contents. The hot coffee fumed in delicious fragrance over bright and burning rails, and was not unfrequently upset by some careless fellow as he moved around the fire at every change of wind to avoid the smoke: the ham and bacon, or tough beafsteak, if anybody was so fortunate as to have it "sizzled" away in the frying-pan, while the cold, uninviting huge plate of hard-tack announced to the general and staff that breakfast was ready. Some few might be able to find seats, but more usually was this simple, weird-like meal sleepily partaken of by all "standing and in silence." All was over by daylight. The hum of busy preparation was passed; a division general and staff quietly mount; the bugles sound, "To horse!" "Forward!" the confused mass of horses and mules and men takes shape; and a column files out from among them to follow their leader.

Every soldier appreciated what the cavalry were to do to-day. In their comprehensive phraseology it was nothing else but to "pitch in." "If we could only once get the rebs started" . . . they used to say in less encouraging times. But now they were really "started," and all were eager to keep them "on the wing." In the cavalry operations of to-day it was intended that the immediate pursuit of the enemy should be resumed; that he should be attacked and harassed wherever found; and the subsequent movements of the day were to be determined by events. Crook's column was given the advance. Shortly after starting it, however, Sheridan learned that a command of General Ord of the Army of the James having, during the fight of the day before, met a strong and formidable line of the enemy on the railroad between Burkesville and Rice Station, had not been able to press far enough to prevent the possibility of Lee's escape by moving his main body around the left flank, and Grant's armies, and thus get ahead of him on the road, south, to Danville. Especially might this be attempted on the part of the enemy, as a good and wide road ran from Lee's bivouacs near Farmville Prince Edward Court House in the very direction to assist such a movement. Fearing an attempt of this kind on the part of the rebels, which, if successful, would undo all the strategic advantages of the day before, Sheridan divided his forces and sent General Merritt's corps to march around the rear of the Army of the James and to strike

the road mentioned at Prince Edward Court House as soon as possible. Deeming this matter of the utmost importance Sheridan rode himself with this column, which constituted about two thirds of his entire command—Custer's and Devin's divisions.

I do not believe that Lee could have attempted any move of the nature indicated, with the shadow of success, especially with the deficiencies in his supply trains. Besides he was much nearer Lynchburg than Danville, and had a better chance of reaching Lynchburg. He must have thought so then, for no move was made in the direction feared by Sheridan, and the long march of Merritt's corps on this day was without further incident than is afforded by uncertain country roads and the passage of two or three deep and sluggish branches of the Appomattox—the Sandy river, the Bush river, and the Briary river.

It should be added, however, that this move afterwards proved the best that could possibly be made for the main body of the cavalry, as it located them again on the extreme left flank of Grant's lines and placed Sheridan so as to be able to operate away from the entanglements of our infantry columns, while it situated him most favorably for that grand march of the day following (Saturday, 8th April), when the enemy was intercepted, his last supplies captured, his reserve artillery parks attacked; and his army commanded (compelled?)

to halt for the night, that Grant's infantry might march up and demand a surrender.

The main pursuit, then, by the cavalry, on the 7th of April, fell to General Crook's division, the old cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Soon after starting marching in the direction the enemy had traveled, as indicated by the wreckage and remains of wagons, baggage, caissons, destroyed ammunition, clothing, documents and stragglers, Crook found that the gallant Humphreys, ever vigilant and earnest, was already marching on his right with the veterans of the combined Second-Third Army Corps. Each had calculated upon marching by the same road; but, giving way to the infantry, the cavalry sought its way through the woods and across plantations, and neither column halted in the eager pursuit. It was a clear and glorious morning, and the sun seemed to smile in triumph over the beaten tracks and the abundant evidence of a defeated and flying foe.

The Lynchburg railroad between Rice's Station and Farmville, as may be seen by the map, curves like a siphon between the two stations, crossing the Appomattox river nearly equidistant from each, at High bridge. Here is also a country bridge for ordinary vehicles. Thither Humphreys marched at once, hoping to overtake the enemy and effect captures' before he could cross, and prevent, if possible the destruction of this val-

uable structure. In this he was only partially successful, reaching the river just as the wagon bridge was being fired by the enemy's rearguard, and while the second span of the railroad bridge was burning. The smaller bridge fortunately was secured, and Barlow's division, having the advance, at once prepared to cross. The ground on both sides of the river is high and affords most commanding positions, and on the opposite bank appeared a considerable force of 'the enemy, drawn up to oppose the passage, in a good position strengthened by redoubts. Artillery was posted to cover the attack and Barlow advanced. The enemy's skirmishers were quickly driven from the bridge and ten pieces of artillery captured from him in the works he abandoned on the north bank, while on the south side eight more pieces were taken. But, the fort the rebel column blown up, moved off without awaiting further attack.

Meanwhile Crook diverged from Humphreys to the left and west, marching by the most direct route towards Farmville, where the railroad again crosses the Appomattox and where in all probability important captures would be effected. Leaving the combined Second-Third Corps and crossing the railroad, two small tributaries to the Appomattox, the Sandy and Bush rivers lay on his route. Reaching the former, rebel cavalry appeared on the opposite bank, while a few men made a bungling attempt to

fire the bridge. The infantry skirmishers of General Ord's column at the same time appeared. The enemy fled without a shot and all hands went to work to put out the fire. Rather a difficult task for men provided with nothing more serviceable for this purpose than muskets and sabres. The bridge was high, too, and forty feet long; its beams were already burning. There were no pails there either: but "where there is a will, there is a way," and some soldiers carried water in their hats. This was the vicinity of that dreadful slaughter of the day before, where a detachment from the Army of the James, under General Reed, its adjutantgeneral, sought to march around the enemy's rear, reach High Bridge, and destroy it and all the crossings of the Appomattox before the enemy had yet crossed it. But when near Sandy river they had marched into a snare. They found the enemy on all sides of them, as a "V," and out of the little picked brigade of about 1,500 men, scarcely a third escaped. General Reed was killed, Colonel Washburn of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry was seriously wounded, and all the command was killed, wounded, captured, or scattered. The One Hundred and Sixteenth and the One Hundred and Twenty-third Ohio were almost destroyed and the wonder of the sad affair is that any survived

This was the most serious reverse of the campaign, but fortunately did not in the least affect its results. But while the loss in life is deplorable, the dangerous character of the important service purposed, the enthusiasm which prompted and led the whole affair and the fruitless gallantry and heroism of those engaged, commands universal admiration. It was a part of the war.

After crossing Sandy river, Crook soon again encountered rebel cavalry, and some verv sharp skirmishing continued for about a mile, until reaching the Bush river near its junction with the Appomattox, to which it is tributary. The road to Farmville, on which the column proceeded. here crossed this little stream by a country bridge within sight of High Bridge, and while Humphreys' operations were going on there, the rebels also attempted to hold Crook in check until the bridge ahead of him should be destroyed. Here, too, the banks were steep, the bridge low, and the grounds on each side of it swampy and impracticable for cavalry. Smith's brigade dismounted and, while skirmishing, the head of General Ord's infantry column arrived. destruction of the bridge was prevented and after some little delay in fighting and manœuvring, the enemy retired with our advance close in pursuit, at about the same time that Humphreys crossed High Bridge.

Taking now a short but rugged plantation by-way, the cavalry

moved quickly towards Farmville, leaving the better and more common road on the left to the infantry following.

Farmville is a pretty little town nestling at the foot of its surrounding hills, in Prince Edward county, near the junction of the Buffalo with the Appomattox rivers, and before the war had a population of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is old enough to look thoroughly Virginian, is the principal point on the railroad between Petersburg and Lynchburg, about sixty-eight miles W. S. W. from the latter. It is therefore an important tobacco depot, and much of the weed was found stored here. During the war it has been the location of extensive work and repair shops. Ambulances, wagons, and many other manufactures for army use were here made and repaired by the Confederates. Near the railroad depot there was a firm trestle bridge across the Appomattox which is here ordinarily not ford-

Arriving at the top of the cleared hills overlooking the town, the rebels were found to be in occupation with strong rear guards of cavalry to defend the neighboring heights. Fighting at once ensued and after an hour's heavy skirmishing, assisted greatly by Lord's battery of horse artillery, the enemy sullenly retired down the hills towards the town, when our men, suddenly emerging from the woods, found themselves on the brow of most commanding heights, in a

most beautiful and open country, with Farmville at their feet. On the bridge over the Appomattox a train of cars was standing, while the fields on the opposite bank were black with a multitude of men. Who could these be? Humphreys, it was known, had crossed the river below, but he could not have marched the main body of his corps around there so quickly. It could not be the enemy. He must have known on which road we were marching, and it was not usual for him to treat us with such bad generalship as thus to expose a whole corps to destruction:

It was probably, then, some strong body, suddenly detached by Grant from one of the extremes of his army, and which had succeeded in forcing some extraordinary march. If so, good, for here was a considerable body of rebel cavalry intercepted. The sky had clouded over and the distance was too great to distinguish uniforms. Whoever they might be, there they were beneath us-one vast crowd of men, not resting in lines, but wandering in disorder over the field. They seemed completely under our control; their lives at our command. From the water's edge to the wooded brow of the hill beyond, they appeared a moving, restless mob. Now a few men were observed on the railroad bridge, and soon a little tuft of smoke puffs out from one of the cars; the wind fans it into a flame.

"They have not been able to get the train off the bridge," said

one officer, "so they are burning it."

"No," replies somebody else, "it is our men destroying the bridge to prevent the rebel cavalry down in the town from crossing, and will "gobble up" the whole lot of them certain."

To open fire on them would surely entail a most fearful loss of life. To justify it there must not remain a single doubt that it is not the enemy. If rebels, every moment was precious to us.

Generals peered through their glasses and staff officers galloped off to find a negro citizen or some-body who might decide the question, and thus passed several minutes of terrible uncertainty. We can wait no longer: it must be the enemy; at any rate it will soon be determined.

"Tell General Smith to charge down through the town," was a simple order which now needed no further explanation; and "Train those guns on those men!" indicated that somebody would be hurt. The bursting flames and black, heavy smoke arose from the railroad bridge. Helpless to prevent it and before our very eyes almost, under our feet was the destruction now being completed. Two Napoleon guns were at once rolled to the brow of the hill and trained as if for a pleasure salute towards the mass of men on the low fields beyond the river. A shot was fired and in their very midst a shell exploded. Another quickly followed, and another, and another,

as fast as two brass guns could be loaded and fired for a few rounds. Had there been here a few more guns, I doubt if many of those men would have escaped with their lives; as it was, they were powerless. What could they do? Not fight! They were infantry. A river was between us, and they were down on a plain under our guns, and musket fire could not injure us. So they quickly glided away. What the actual casualties were just at this particular time can never be known. General Lee himself was there and under his personal direction a section of artillery was posted and answered to our fire. But its shots were wild and futile and were only laughed at by our officers.

The rebels of course sought safety in flight; yet so great among them was the general demoralization of their forces and so worn out with continual marching and fighting of the campaign that many exhibited no desire for escape. They seemed resigned to the chances of death or the sure fate of capture and evinced much reluctance to retreat any further. So plain were the evidences of this fact that a mounted guard was seen to encircle the whole field with a full skirmish line and by force drive away the multitude of stragglers beyond the range of the guns now playing upon them. Such being the morale of an army, no wonder the surrender of its remnants followed within forty-eight hours.

These troops proved to be of

Anderson's corps and had retired on Farmville after the battles of the day before [6th]. Part of the army, however—as has already been seen-retreated from Sailor's Creek by way of High Bridge. Lee himself was with the former portion, which reached Farmville during the night, the troops crossing the river and bivouacking where they were first seen by the cavalry, while their venerated commander took up quarters in the town of Farmville. In the morning, fully appreciating the close pursuit and straitened circumstances of the Rebel army, many of the citizens had begged General Lee to remove his men from the vicinity of the town as soon as possible, and thus avoid, perhaps, its entire destruction, which would be a likely consequence of any battle in the immediate neighborhood.

Meanwhile, Smith, with his gallant little brigade of the First Maine, Sixth and Thirteenth Ohio Cavalry, and Second New York Mounted Rifles had ridden down towards the edge of the town. There was no "masked" fighting here: no manœuvre was hidden; the rebels saw him coming and were prepared. It is common for historians to tell of bloody charges up to the deadly crest; how brilliantly and gallantly this command stormed a position, or that one scaled a height. But you do not often read of a charge dozun hill, least of all such a cavalry charge. Yet here it was. General Putnam, a name always revered by Americans, than whom none bore a more honorable part in the nation's virgin war, accidentally helped himself to immortality by a John Gilpin escape down a flight of stone steps. Connecticut people to-day will take visitors to the field and with no little pride point out the hill and precise location of the now obliterated steps. Why may not Virginians do likewise? To be sure there are no stone steps there, but there might have been if rocks had been more plenty, and then this deficiency is compensated by numbers. In Connecticut only one warrior rode down hill: in this case there were a thousand patriots as true as any Putnam.

The following extract from the history of the First Maine Cayalry, pp. 434-435, thus describes this charge:

"At Briery Creek the enemy, taking advantage of the high bluff of the opposite bank, tried to stop us, but the battalion of 16-shooters moved up the stream to a bend covering the bluff, and soon wiped them away, and we were over. Finding them troublesome in our front, we moved to the flank, and over and down some of the steepest hills we had seen in that part of Virginia, and opened a side fire on their marching column, which melted away as we advanced, and we were soon out on the brow of a hill. Before us was Farmville on the banks of the Appomattox, a charming place, and in comparison with the other towns passed through, bearing the appearance

of a city. Long lines of hospital barracks clustered in the farther part of the place. In the plain across the river a large force of the enemy lay with batteries and wagons. We could see rebel soldiers in the place, but could not tell the number. General Smith moved the section of artillery that had followed us to the hilltop, and ordered the First Maine to charge the place. We started at a trot which soon changed to a square, steady gallop. The enemy whirled their batteries into position on the opposite side and hurled shot and shell at us. Major Myrick, whose battalion was thrown as skirmishers to our left, and had a better view of the place, in sorrow and anger, exclaimed, 'There goes the First Maine to destruction.' We knew not what was in front of us, but the steady, swinging gallop of our horses caused our blood to tingle and glow from head to foot. We realized the full meaning of the Arabic proverb, 'That a day not spent on horseback is a day lost.' The enemy's guns shot wild and touched not a man. As we neared the city they ceased firing, fearing to injure their own people. It occurred to me just in time, not to risk my command all in one street. Directing the leading company to keep straight on, and waiting till two or three companies followed it, I again led the column on another street. Major Hall catching my idea, for we were moving at a gallop, with no opportunity to give instruction, took a third street with his battalion. As our horses' feet rattled on the hard streets the men broke out with a yell. The horses caught the spirit of the charge, which almost became a race. I remember a sergeant, whose horse gaining on the others, came abreast of me, and we complimented each other's horses as we galloped side by side. All at once our street turned sharp to the left, along the base of a wooded hill; barracks were to our right, and this hill to our front and left. From its top came a shower of leaden hail that dropped man and horse as we turned the corner. I remember contemplating the situation a moment, and solving the question by seeing one of the men, whose horse had fallen in the middle of the street, spring behind him and commence firing with his carbine. A brick house, destroyed by fire, stood with its walls fallen low, and its cellar on our immediate right where the street turned. In hot haste the leading company of the regiment was placed dismounted in that cellar and behind those walls with orders to spare not their ammunition, but to make a noise if nothing else; and the guns that wound up Saturday night to shoot all the week, unloaded themselves in a manner that was sweeter than music. The firing in front became less frequent, and the rebel force receiving this fire in front and seeing Major Hall on a road leading to their rear, soon left the top and we took possession of it. The whole place lay under our carbines

and control. A fortunate, nice, enjoyable thing. Done with slight loss of men, and we felt happy."

By this time the remainder of Crook's cavalry had come up and were marching into the town. Davies' brigade arriving as a support to Smith, had taken charge of the place, while the latter was pursuing the enemy to a safe distance and recalling and reforming his regiments. Guards and patrols were placed about the and, while the troops were passing through, the bands played, colors waved, and the soldiers were filled with contentment and enthusiasm. But there was no answering sympathy among the people. Stores were shut up, houses closed, frightened women peeped through dilapidated doorways, sullen men lolled about the porches, obsequious and venerable negroes attempted to bow in respectful salutation to each individual soldier of the line, while others, less reverent, attired in such dazzling colors as their own or their former proprietor's limited wardrobe might afford, sauntered carelessly through the streets, as if they were celebrating a holiday and the arrival of the blessed Yankees, which they innocently believed bestowed, finally and forever, upon them that complete and practical freedom which their crude intelligence conceived as the only result of emancipation.

The infantry of the Army of the James and the head of the Sixth Corps now appeared and massed on the neighboring hills, while

Humphreys with his Second-Third Corps had pushed on after the retreating enemy from High Bridge on the direct road to Lynchburg, sending Barlow's Division, however, towards Farmville, as a matter of judicious precaution and to intercept any part of the enemy who might yet remain there. This excellent disposition of Humphreys greatly accelerated the retirement of Lee's forces from Farmville and its vicinity, and a large portion of them narrowly escaped capture. Barlow had considerable skirmishing, but the enemy was well posted on commanding hills and was enabled to check an advance until his main body from Farmville, had retired well on the road before him. Barlow's attacks, however, more than annoyed the enemy. In abandoning the town and its environs the rebels were compelled to

burn about one hundred and thirty of his wagons which he was unable to get away. Retiring, then, before Humphreys' main column, as well as Barlow's detachment, the enemy fell back to a well-chosen position, some three miles from Farmville.

During these operations, Brigadier-General Smythe, commanding one of General Barlow's brigades, a gallant young officer who had risen rapidly in the service and whose Irish extraction had only added notoriety to a well-earned reputation, was mortally wounded while conducting in person the operations of his skirmish line. General Humphreys mentions in his official report that the fall of General Smythe "led to the loss of some part of our skirmish line." It is claimed that he was the last Union officer killed in the war.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

By Captain Robert Goldthwaite Carter, U. S. Army.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

REFLECTIONS AND COMMENTS—"CAMP GOVE"
—BUILDING LOG HUTS—A COLD RECONNOISSANCE—CONFEDERATE HARD TACK—
A WOUNDED WOMAN—THE ICV BATII—A
TERRIBLE NEW YEAR'S MARCH—"BURNSIDE'S MUD MARCH"—THE WHISKEY RIOT
—THE REWARD (?) OF VIRTUE—GENERAL
HOOKER IN COMMAND—SNOW, RAIN AND
MUD—WINTER PICKET DUTY—THE "BILED
OWL"—VISITS TO HEADQUARTERS—HOOKER'S BODY GUARD—REVIEWS BY THE PRESIDENT—HOOKER "STUCK IN THE MUD"—
A LAUGHABLE PICTURE.

After the battle of Fredericksburg we naturally indulged in many allusions to the campaign, comments, reflections, and criticisms, and while some references to, and extracts from, these letters may seem like repetition, it will be seen by the reader that the principal object in their introduction is, as was stated in the first paper, to closely connect them with the incidents and details of these campaigns in such a way as they shall be our statement alone, and reflect our opinions and no others.

Our brother Bob now says:

"CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, "December 18, 1862.

"It is now some time since we occupied our present camp again, and I wrote you, but knowing that Walt was writing so often, I thought he would do as well as myself, and for a week I have had no chance to write owing to a grand forward movement, which, ere this, you have read about.

"I suppose you have seen by the papers that we have had terrible weather, two inches of snow and ice, and so cold that we could scarcely keep from freezing, yet, as you say, it is now 'a question of endurance,' and as the old sailor said, so say we 'I'll be plagued if I'll freeze!

"I would not tell half the sufferings we went through, for it would only make mother feel worse, and increase your anxiety, but any man of sense can see that we suffered beyond description, for wood and water was to be got, and the company is so small it all comes on us few recruits; and this we have to do without axes, picking up small stuff, and pieces of brush off the snow, and then great iron pails of water; this we have to do constantly.

"Gene came over, and seemed very anxious to make us comfortable and in good condition.

"Wednesday night we knew we had got to start at midnight; we heard the heavy guns, and at

reveille, three o'clock, it was quite brisk. We started at five for the river and after marching . . . we reached the plain that overlooks Fredericksburg, where we halted. The sun came out quite warm, and soon the snow and ice was a nasty mess of mud, which stuck like wax; we stayed here all day; at night we moved back about a mile into some woods, and were very near Gene. We crossed the field into the woods, where he was encamped, and as Walt has told you, enjoyed ourselves hugely, having a good chair, fireplace, floor to the tent, etc. Gene lay on his bed, with his grey sleeping cap on, while we ate biscuits, the first I have tasted since I came out here; we left about twelve o'clock, much pleased at our good time; slept in the woods until morning, when we started for the river again, this time much nearer than before. Burnside had succeeded in laying his bridges the day before, raising the 'Old Harry' with the city, and Sumner's corps crossed that night; we didn't move that day. Hooker crossed most of his men but us; that night we slept without shelter, as it was not a decent place to pitch (tents). on, being hubbly and muddy.

"Saturday morning came along, and with it the usual shelling, but we dreamed not of the work in store for us. I thought I could write, but about nine o'clock, we began to hear skirmishing, and then quite a volley, and soon the guns began to roar, and then I knew the

battle had commenced; after that it was one incessant roar.

"Franklin began first, and his firing was very heavy, but did not begin with the firing on the right. We saw two or three charges, and could hear them cheer (remember we had not crossed the river, but could look over across, and see them back of the city). About two o'clock we 'fell in' and started for the battle; I felt as cool as a cucumber, and marched as if on review. After crossing the river we stopped to breathe a moment, then loaded and marched out a side street, under a heavy shelling, which knocked out two ahead of me, and one at the side of our company. We crossed the railroad under a tough fire, and as we scrambled up the embankment I heard the order 'charge!' given, and saw the whole brigade 'into line' charging: the Eighteenth on the right, the New York regiments next.

"One hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, First Michigan, then ours; being the next one to the left we had the hardest chance to keep up, and then our company is the left flank company, and of course we had to run like the 'Old Nick' to come into line. I fixed my bayonet on the run, and we went across that field under the most murderous fire of the day; it was nothing but one roar; the bursting of the shells; the swishing of the canister; and the singing, buzzing sound of the bullets, was all that could be heard; even the cheering we gave seemed to be drowned in the terrible noise.

"I kept my bundle on all the time, and it did seem as if I should die, I was so exhausted carrying such a load; yet I remembered what you said about throwing away my things, and I stuck to them. They got an enfilade fire on us as we went, and the way the dirt did fly was a caution, and I naturally went sideways, with my head curled into my collar, the same as I would go through a storm of hail and wind.

"When we got to a small hill we stopped for a moment, and then I thought I was gone through with. The shells burst right over, in front, behind, in fact all over us, throwing the dirt into my face and eyes; at the same time, the bullets sounded like a huge swarm of bees, going between my legs, brushing my clothes, and everywhere but into me, killing and wounding at the side of me, and yet 'your Uncle Dudley' was not hurt.

"Give us credit then, father, for keeping our rolls on, for the boys slung them off, and came back without a thing, and have suffered, some of them, considerably. Walt kept his on all the time, so did I mine, and now I thank God that I kept mine, for I should have suffered awfully these cold nights without them; but I don't see now how I ever charged with it on. Well! to continue. We thought it a 'leetle' too hot behind the rise in the ground, so we rose up and cut for the next rise which was

larger and came in good style on the left of the regiment. . . Thought it was about time to commence firing. . . My gun missing, . . . drew the charge, got daylight through my rifle, loaded, and the way I pitched in then was a caution.

"Walt and I stood side by side, the sweat rolling off our faces in great streams, and the powder, dirt, and smoke all over them, and we loaded and fired, cheering and yelling, "Here's for B! give it to them! put the —— into them!!!

"Our regiment behaved splendidly. The Second Maine, which was on the extreme left, tried three times to cross over the ground, and could not come until dark, such was the fire. When such a regiment as the Second Maine falters, then you may think there was hard work. The Twentieth Maine, Colonel Ames, came in gallant style, and after we were exhausted, both in body and cartridges, the Twelfth Rhode Island relieved us, and they behaved so cowardly that their officers went to Ames, and requested shim to relieve them, which he did at dark.

"We had fallen back by the fence, and had just laid low when the Twentieth Maine and Ninth Massachusetts opened a terrible fire on the rebels, who were creeping up for a charge.

"By Jingo! did n't the balls fly? We were in an exposed position; our company and the lieutenant got cut off just as we fell back, and could not get to us for some time;

Walt got his haversack carried away, and his canteen had a bullet put through it, which knocked him over on to me; three shells exploded so near my head that I was all covered with mud; soon darkness came on, and all firing ceased except an occasional shot, when we fell back from the hill and were relieved.

"Walt grasped me by the hand, and the tears almost came into his eyes, as he said, 'Bob, we are safe and sound, are n't we?' That night seemed worse to me than the battle, for we had to lie down among the dead and dying. The groanings and moans of the wounded were awful; sometimes they would almost shrick for some one to take them off the field; most of them were taken off before morning.

"Sunday, all day we lay exposed to the fire of their sharpshooters. Walt and I lay in range of a shed, about twelve feet wide, and some of the boys kept passing by for water, and they (the enemy) put . . . many bullet-holes through the side, . . . all of them only a few inches over our heads, and we flat on our backs in the mud. . . . We never so much as put up our hands for fourteen hours. Walt and I had two dead men for a shelter of work, one with his whole back up to his neck scooped out with a solid shot, the other with his leg shot away.

"Sunday night we were relieved, and marched noiselessly back to the city, where we bivouacked all day Monday on the wharves, eating flapjacks and raising the "Old Nick." . . . Fredericksburg is a



RUINS AT FREDERICKSBURG

mere wreck: you never saw such a sight: we completely gutted the whole concern. Some houses beautifully frescoed and furnished inside, were literally stove into kindling wood, and the boys got hold of rocking-chairs, looking-glasses, sofas, even to dresses and bonnets, beaver hats, pans, kettles, clocks, and in fact everything. . . We were all powder from head to foot, and after scrubbing up, had quite a rest.

"Gene came riding along the lines in the afternoon, and when he saw us his eyes watered and he grasped us by the hand. He had been looking... hours for us:
... he thought one of us must have been killed. Monday night we were started up into the main street again, and manœuvred around in a strangemanner until ten o'clock.

marching backwards and forwards . . . until we were tired almost to death. We then stacked arms, and slept on the sidewalk, with the exception of a few of us, who went into a store, and slept on the floor until two or three o'clock, when we were ordered into line and no noise to be made.

.. We started back to the wharf, crossed the pontoon, and the rearguard of Burnside's army was across the Rappahannock, for we did not know until then that our brigade covered the evacuation."

Note. — The regular division crossed after we did.

.. The bridge was taken up as soon as we had crossed, and the wind blew, the rain descended in torrents, and we marched back to our chi encampment, with the

mud half way up to our knees, in a raging cold rain-storm, where we arrived wet, cold, and hungry, and where we are now pretty well used up,—I only wonder not dead, for to-night is a week since we started, and we have laid without shelter in the rain and mud, through the battle, with nothing to eat but crackers and pork, and yet I am still kicking, and hoping you will accept this letter as a rough account of myself. I am forever your loving son."

Our brother Walter adds:

"DECEMBER 20, 1862.

"I am not well, so I shall not write a letter now; I shall as soon as I feel better, and it will be a rich one. I shall tell you all in it. . . . I could not sit in my tent and fail to acknowledge in some way your continued thoughtfulness of us.

"As soon as we got back here, cold, wet, hungry, and used up (for we had nothing but hard bread to eat the whole time—five days, no fires for coffee being allowed, and it made me sick to eat in view of such sickening sights as were before me), we found the things . . . awaiting us. My feelings of gratitude for all these blessings that have been shown me during the perils of battle, bursts the bands of sickness, and I speak forth feebly my heartfelt thanks . . .

". . I am not cast down. I want another chance, then 'up guards' and at 'em. It is awful cold; I can hardly write. I have not been well for the last thirty-six

hours, in consequence of our excitement, fatigue, and exposure; I was wet through with rain and mud on our march to this place on that memorable morning that we, as rear-guard to our retreating forces, marched across the pontoon bridge. It was a time I never shall forget, for the wind howled and the rain poured; the roads were awful, and I visited Mother Earth enough to make impressions more lasting upon my mind than upon my clothes and body. We waded in Virginia mud way back to this, our old camping ground, and yet, when we were routed from our soft (?) beds in the houses of Fredericksburg (they were all cosy, even if it was a hard floor, for we had been on the cold ground too long), where we were ordered after I wrote mother, from the banks of the river, we all thought it was to meet the foe. We were not greatly mistaken.

"What can I say, father, about the battle and its results? When I consider the stupendousness of the issue, and the great cause at stake, I could exclaim, almost in agony: 'Oh, how have the mighty fallen!' How disastrous are the ways of man! God plows deep furrows in the homes of Northern freemen, but the great sheaves still grow in the Southern rebel's husbandry.

"The worth of liberty is shown in the gallant fighting of our men; the price is seen in the ghastly corpses we have left behind. The fault is in our generals and head

officials. We fought well, except in a few instances. Our division had over a thousand men straggling in the streets of Fredericks-burg when we went into the fight. Our colonel has fined all those in our regiment \$13, and reduced all non-commissioned officers to the ranks. Our company numbers six in disgrace—all old fellows: those who have doubted our pluck, and I rejoice to see the covvards humbled.

"I went so far ahead when I fired, that I was ordered back by our major and lieutenant. I was mad, yet calm; how I itched for a hand-to-hand struggle. If I wouldn't have been some in that case. I believe I could have whipped my weight."

Our brother of the regulars now writes:

"DECEMBER 21, 1862.

"You keep remarkably quiet about our, late disaster in front of this place; why is it? Can you inform me why the Army of the Potomac does not advance, or seek a new scene for its operations? We have had a terrible battle, and yet it does not compare with Antietam, for at the latter place it was fought by both parties, face to face.

"The rebels had the superiority in numbers and position of ground. Almost all of our troops were engaged; here not half, yet our loss exceeds that at Antietam. It amounts to this: The recent battle was only a murder, for which the commander-in-chief and A. E.

Burnside are responsible. 'Little Mac' will have to be called upon again, even if he comes at Secretary Stanton's and General Halleck's expense. When George was commander-in-chief, everything went as merry as we would wish to have it, but from the moment they commenced to interfere with him, we have had nothing but disaster.

"McDowell is coming out all straight, and I wish they would send him down here to command a corps; if George B. McClellan should come here again in command of this army, I believe the soldiers would go crazy with joy. I tell you he has more military talent than any other man in this country.

"The secretary of war's approval of Captain Frank's nomination of First Lieutenant Eugene Carter as regimental quartermaster, came last night, so I am now a full blooded quartermaster. I was detailed yesterday to inspect the First brigade of regular infantry; General Sykes and Colonel Buchanan were there, and after I got through, I was invited to dine with the colonel who commands the brigade. I considered it quite an honor to inspect a brigade of regular troops, and I only a first lieutenant.

"I have not seen Walter and Bob since the army recrossed the river; I should have gone over this morning but we were expecting orders to move camp, and I did not like to be absent."

Note:—First Lieutenant Eu-

gene Carter, Eighth United States Infantry. was appointed regimental quartermaster, December 10, 1862; relieved February 2, 1864.

The weather continued bitterly cold, and there was much suffering among the men. About the 22d of December we moved across the railroad from "Stoneman's Switch" about a mile, and here laid out and. built our winter quarters. It was but a short half mile from where the bridge (railroad) crossed Potomac creek, and was located upon a steep side hill, in the midst of a growth of small timber and underbrush, which we had to clear away. There was but one ax in the company, and at night, with a borrowed shovel, and a candle stuck on a log, we worked, with "the candle dimly burning," until nearly midnight, digging our cellar.

Every soldier had his own ideas and tastes to display in the erection of these edifices, and as none of us had been educated for architects or builders, many were crude indeed. Each seemed to vie with the other, however, as to who should get up the best "coop," and perhaps it was this generous spirit of rivalry that enabled us to succeed as well as we finally did.

We dug into the side hill, about six feet for width, and ten or twelve in length, by about four in depth on the upper side. We then logged up with spruce and cedar, notching the logs at the ends, so that they would fit into each other, leaving a doorway.

A fireplace was dug out of the

hard clay, which was merely a hole with another smaller one leading to the surface, about which we (those who were fortunate enough) placed a pork barrel, or if not, sticks, built up cob-house fashion, and profusely plastered with the red clay mud. Slim cedar poles were tacked on the top logs for rafters, with as steep a pitch as possible. A ridgepole completed the superstructure. Six ponchos, buttoned together, and thrown over the frame, two more at the back and front, all closely cleated down, completed this curious "dug-out."

A bunk of cedar poles was made by driving upright stakes with crotches, and laying stout horizontal poles in them, then covering closely with springy poles first, and cedar tips (laboriously gathered in rubber blankets) afterwards, and over all our rubber and woolen blankets.

It proved a bed not to be despised, and surprisingly comfortable to one who had slept upon boards, in furrows, on rocks, etc. Here we lived and performed the ordinary routine of camp life, and extra work of all kinds, hardly to be expected or required of a soldier, such as ornamental board fences leading to officers' quarters, fancy arbors, etc.

The camp was named "Camp Gove"—after Capt. Jesse A. Gove, formerly Captain Tenth United States Infantry, appointed to succeed Senator Henry Wilson as colonel of the Twenty-second, and killed at the battle of Gaines' Mills.

We debated as to whether we should work on Sunday, and looked on with dismal faces to see the houses of the wicked undergoing rapid completion, while ours were vet in the incipient stages. We had already learned to make coffee, fry and broil meat, boil "scouse," consisted of pork and which cracker boiled together to the consistency of a thick soup and seasoned with pepper, and go through with the coarser kinds of cooking, but it was here in this camp that we mastered the intricate modes of making puddings, biscuits, "flippers," etc.

Our brother Walter writes as follows:

"In Camp, Christmas Eve,
"By Candle Light,
"December 24, 1862.

"Since I wrote you last we have moved camp, and are nearer Burnside's headquarters than before; we have orders to build log huts for winter quarters, and have commenced operations already. hadn't time to get sick, for the word was 'up and go!' Weak as I was, I kept up, and after a few days at a new business, I feel as if I must rouse myself and be perfectly well, else things will work bad in my tent; but, father, I haven't been well since I came back from Fredericksburg; I am all unstrung, and have a cold all through me; I have no appetite for the common ration, and scarcely eat three hard bread a day; I did not while I was gone either.

"The whole tote gave me a severe shaking both outwardly and inwardly, and then to be defeated is enough to make one sorely grieved, and all on account of inability of high officials, who still ride the waves of ease, while we suffer, and have been made to see death at our very footsteps. We poor recruits do not see much to encourage us: we have seen defeat every time so far; we have met the jibes and sneers of the old soldiers, doubting our ability to go through a battle, and now we hear those very ones talk infinitely worse than ever before about the war, and especially do the fined stragglers swear and curse against the cause. I know that it is all empty, spent wind, for the cause will yet be triumphant; but it troubles me to see the spirit worse than it was before, particularly among the ardent admirers of 'Little Mac,' and it certainly does not inspire us to hear men say they will never fight when they can 'skedaddle.' I never want to myself again, when my life hangs by a thread, and the prospect of success is so poor; although rely upon me when duty calls, for my sense of right, and love of country and its glorious cause would impel me forward to death, even if my poor, weak nature hung back, and human feelings gained control over me. . . . I never lose self-control; I care not for myself, I only shuddered for Bob (the boy hero). I can only thank God that my body does not lie on Virginia soil on the banks of the Rap-

pahannock. When I had my canteen pierced I was thrown over on my side, but kept cooler still and hugged Mother Earth all the closer. While we were firing, I advanced · · · every time · · · presenting a splendid mark for the 'rebs,' and Bob would sing out: · Did you hit 'em, Walt?' I would retreat back and answer, 'Guess so, that time!' How the bullets whistled by my head; it was one of my careless, forward movements, reckless, yet full of the right pluck, and I gloried in it. I was ordered back by our Lieutenant Baxter: he has been so good to us ever since; he seems to be proud of us, and says so. We like him better than ever, and he is a brave man; he is with us constantly on company grounds, and when he buys a paper, sits by our fire and reads to us the general news of the day and items of interest.

"He said he was going to write to the Triweekly about the fight; whether he has or not, I do not know. Bob and myself are going over to see Gene to-morrow. Many thanks for all: every day brings fresh memorials of your goodness to us. If we could only repay, but oh, father,—if love of home, constant heed of all your good advice, and good motives for the future will suffice at present, I desire to assure you of it all, and may He who knows all distant, future time, keep us safe, so that we may be able to balance all when we meet again, happy and joyous in our own dear home, with peace as the heritage

of our tributary endeavors out here in the wilderness.

"When we went into the battle, the fire on Griffin's division was terrible, and when I remember how the bullets flew, and the shells exploded right among us, I wonder more and more how we escaped. Griffin was in a brickyard, trying to get one of his batteries into play, when ours, his first brigade, passed, and he said: 'There goes one of my brigades to hell, and the other two will soon follow!'

"Even that 'old war horse,' proof against bullets, saw our position, and spoke as he did; he could n't get his battery to work the fire was so severe; unusual for him, the best artilleryman in the service.

"How can we measure the damage done to the cause? Instead of being victorious, and in pursuit toward Richmond, we are now inactive, and have received a check. No matter whether it could have been otherwise or not, it is as it is now, and the deed cannot be altered. If the pontoons had arrived sooner, and a position for batteries gained, we might have succeeded; we surely would have stood a better chance.

"I think if more men had been given to Franklin, and operations in front had been confined merely to holding position and keeping the enemy occupied there, we might have done better, for Franklin gained the earthworks on the left, but was forced to relinquish them, on account of his meeting fresh bodies of rebel infantry, and his



DEAD AT FREDERICKSBURG.

force being fatigued and inadequate; and yet old Joe Hooker raved because he had one of his divisions detached to help Sumner and Franklin. He is reported to have said when his two corps went in, 'Now I'll fix this thing!'

"... It is idle to speculate; the battle was gained and thousands of brave men fell, while the rebs suffered but little, and we have not the wherewith to show for the bravery of our troops. It is a cruel, a sad result: Why can the Almighty permit it? Henry Wilson was here for a day; has gone to Washington. I guess this will do for war matters."

"Sunday, December 28, 1862.

"It is a magnificent day. . . . We are situated in such a way that

if a rain should descend we would be totally submerged and washed down into the valley. We are now building winter quarters on the woody side of a hill, and while our log structures are in process of building, we are living any way as regards shelter, and how fortunate we have been in having good weather. It seems as if Heaven had smiled on us in this particular. . . . All our fond hopes, however, to escape safely until our shanties were built, seemed ready to go down deep last night, the clouds were so fierce in their exteriors, and I expected nothing else but a rich bath, clothes, poncho, household furniture generally reckoned in, before this morning. Contrary to expectations, we still swim dry, and have been led to suspend operations on our houses on this Holy Day.

". . . . We had quite a discussion last evening about the propriety of working on our huts to-day, provided it rained during the night; all our Bradford boys, with one or two from Haverhill, declared that we would not, and the old fellows said they should. It is a most lovely day, and they are at work, while we still cling to the good advice of Mr. McCollum (Congregational minister), and in every way possible, 'strive to be men.' But you little know the difficulties we meet with, and how often we are tried both in mind and body; the army is the greatest place for human nature to display itself, and we all display our several faults immediately upon entering its enclosure, subject until discharge therefrom to all its vile influences.

"We shall yet weather the storm, and won't it be a blessed day when we return to you all, as pure and honorable as when we bade you a long farewell at the Bradford depot. God grant that it may be so in his own good future. . . . We have hard work to get up our huts, only having one ax in the company to cut down trees with, and a borrowed shovel at night. Ed. Walton, LeRoy Kimball, Bob, Edgar Holt, and myself are going to keep house together; we worked night before last until 11 o'clock, digging in our cellar; it was an odd sight to see

us there at dead of night with 'candle dimly burning.'

"You ought to see the different kinds of houses that we soldiers put up; every kind of taste is displayed, and all sorts of original inventions practised, each one seeming to vie with the other to see who gets up the best *coop*. We are now living much better than formerly, and are in a warmer place. We draw fresh meat regularly, and have soups, rice, and good hard bread; we go into a little private cooking on our own expense. Sam Appleton and myself made a pudding yesterday, as good as any I ever ate at home; if we had had raisins and eggs, it would have been a perfect plum pudding. I bought crackers (good home kind), condensed milk and butter, while Sam had clove, nutmeg, and cinnamon; we mixed pounded cracker (pounded on a stump) with all these ingredients, sweetened with sugar, and put the sum total into a greased dish, and baked it in hot ashes, covered over with a plate, coals on top. It was baked splendidly, and we all agreed upon its being the pudding of the season. I have got so that I can' cook quite decently.

". . . Of course . . . you have heard all about the battle of Fredericksburg, and know by our letters home how your brothers went through it all; how we were baptized in lead and iron; how they fought with noble men against odds, and how we were all defeated and cast down.

"I need not repeat it, that campaign of six days, the horrid sights we saw, how we suffered for food, how we lay the whole of one day upon the ground with the bullets whistling through our ranks, and we were wet, cold and tired, covered with mud from head to foot, etc., etc.

"We could not even spread our blankets nights, for fear of a forward movement. It was an azvful experience, and I don't care to see another of the same kind, although I am always ready to fight; if I could only meet 'Johnny Reb' at the point of the bayonet at close quarters, I would be satisfied, even if I were used up in the scrape. I want just one good show, one hack at them, where I can reach them; when our army can be victorious; and that's what we want—a victory!! Oh! what a shout would go up from the United North, over one grand triumph; it would hush forever these vile home croakers, who 'knew it would be so,' and who ought to be crushed. I am still patriotic, and full of hope; I have never faltered yet, and I know I fought the best I could in the late battle, so did Bob, the young hero. Midst a perfect storm of shot and shell, he kept at my side 'double quick,' for more than a half mile, his blankets on him, and scores falling around him, mangled terribly. . . You can scarcely realize the horrors of the field, and all that Saturday night, as I went about giving water to the wounded; everything testified that 'man was made to mourn.' I shall never forget the scenes of that night. . .

" . . . The army don't seem to be in very good spirits; as Sumner said, 'I can't explain it, but there is a lack of confidence, and the old fellows who talked bad before the fight, now talk worse.' I am acting corporal in the place of one of the old veterans in our company who skedaddled at Fredericksburg. . . . Bob went to see Gene a day or two since; he is all down at the heel and dreadfully blue over Burnside's defeat."

" DECEMBER 29, 1862.

"It is quite warm here to-day, and Walt is writing. I feel it my duty to add a few lines, which opportunity I have not had since the battle, as we have been changing camp, cold weather, etc., but now the weather is delightful, and you would be surprised to see the ground with no snow and the warm sun, so different from home, where there is sleighing, skating, etc.; it does not seem like winter at all.

"Of course, ere this reaches you, you will have been apprized of our safety in the recent battle. We (First brigade) went in . . . under the most terrible fire of the day. They got a cross fire upon us, and the way the shot, shell, grape, and canister and bullets flew was a caution; yet I never thought of fear during the whole of it. My face was all covered with powder and sweat, and shoulder to shoulder Walt and I stood and fired, the

shells bursting over our heads, striking and throwing the dirt into our eyes and mouths, the bullets brushing our clothes. Three shells exploded so near me that I was almost stunned, and my mouth was plugged with dirt; yet I never thought of but two things—home and the rebels.

"Yes, even in the terrible fire I thought of home, and father, mother, and my dear sisters came up before me as distinctly as if they were there in the smoke and noise. You may thank God . . . that we ever lived to come out of it safely. I always thought that the dying and wounded would be the worst of it, and as I lay on the battle-field that night it proved to be so. . . I hope I shall not witness it again. I dread it worse than the fight. It is all humbug about their being so comfortably taken care of; that cold night I went around and talked with them, and the poor fellows begged and begged to be carried off."

Our cousin in the defences of Washington now writes:

"Fort Tillinghast, Va., "New Year's Eve, 1863.

"I was glad to receive a letter from you, also to learn that Walter and Bob were safe, also Eugene. In regard to father's death, the first communication, which was dated November 9th, in answer to one previously written by me, gave me to understand that he was killed in front of Vicksburg. This was from James F. Richardson, commanding the United States gunboat Judge Torrence. The next one I received was written previous to this (but for some unknown reason I did not get it) by the paymaster's clerk of same steamer, dated above Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river, July 17th. He says: 'Your father died quite suddenly on the night of July 14th.' Also his account at the auditor's office in Washington corroborates this statement. He had no connection with the Third Maine regiment, as he was transferred from that regiment into the navy sometime in February last. . .

"If you should wish to communicate with the commander of the boat you can do so by directing to Cairo, Ill., as it may become necessary to use those letters in Washington. . . I am at present very comfortably situated; also same with the men. I have a room 12x12; I have a fireplace, and my room is papered all over, top and all, with little birds; I have a good kerosene lamp, also a bedroom, and taking everything into consideration, live quite easily. John comes in occasionally and sits with me; can do so whenever he chooses. . . . I have got me a pretty little mule at my command. I gave \$25 for him; today was offered \$80. This afternoon I rode out into the country, and called upon some young ladies who reside in the vicinity, who were not foolish enough to go off with the secesh. They brought on the cider and egg-nog in true

Virginia style. I will send my phiz' in this."

It was from this camp that we emerged on the 30th of December, to go upon a reconnoissance, connected with a forward movement of the army, to Richard's ford, on the Rappahannock river, and when we "packed up" it was with the thought that we would never see the old camp again.

Upon the first night out, a drunken aid, who had directed us on the wrong road, caused us much hard running after dark, to catch up with the rest of the command, which was miles ahead; while we were halted an hour or two by his stupidity, bringing down much hard language from "the boys." After this impromptu and chilly bivouac, about 8 a. m. the next morning we moved slowly and with painful steps down a road badly blockaded with fallen trees, which was cleared by our pioneers, to the ford.

The water was skimmed over with ice, and wading, slipping upon wet stones, and shivering with cold, we crossed, breaking the ice as we forded. Berdan's Sharpshooters, with the advance as skirmishers, soon cleared the way for the cavalry, and during this brief skirmish a woman, Mrs. Richards, was accidentally wounded in the thigh, while hastening into her house near the ford. A cavalry vidette, belonging to the First South Carolina, and whose horse had been wounded, was captured. When passing through our lines in the woods, with a kind of oil-skin tarpaulin hat on his head, and two greasy cloth haversacks upon his hips, he was asked by one of our wags: "What have you got in there, Johnny?" at the same time lifting the flap of the haversack.

The Confederate smiled grimly, then scowled, and replied: "Confederate hard-tack, by G—d;" while our bummer extracted a hard, sour, indigestible flour pone, which seemed to our astonished eyes as large as a cart wheel.

A very rapid march of about six or eight miles, on the arc of a circle and through a strange country, brought us to "Ellis" ford. We were now reeking with perspiration.

There was one small, flat boat, which accommodated about ten or twelve of those who did not care to get any wetter. The rest of us plunged into the cold, black, icy waters up to our breasts, and pushing up to the slope on the other side, near a house and some large out-buildings owned by Mr. Ellis, were informed that "without fires" (which, of course, meant without coffee), we would "picket the river at night." There was a large garden filled with half-frozen turnips and cabbages; some of the latter we ate raw.

Our clothes froze stiff on our backs that cold, bitter night (it was reported that some men died), and back from the river's bank we saw the bright reflections of the huge fires of our brethren in the woods, at the top of the hill. January 1st (New Year's), it was

said that some officers had made a private bet, that the brigade would arrive in camp at a certain hour. We always thought it must be true, for at early daylight we started at a rapid gait, and without halts of any consequence, marched nearly thirty miles in about ten hours back to our old camp, where the men (those who did not "fall out" inside the picket lines near Hartwood church) arrived chafed, sore, and blistered, and cursing every thing and everybody, from the commanding general down, for such inhuman methods.

The brigade afterwards enjoyed the title of "Betty Barnes Cavalry."

The plan of General Burnside was to cross the river six miles below Fredericksburg, at a point opposite the Seddon House a short distance below Hayfield, and to make a feint above the town; this latter to be converted into an assault, if discovered below, and if not, to throw the entire army across at the point opposite the Seddon House, or points near by, where bridges could be built. Positions for artillery to protect the crossings were selected, roads surveyed, and corduroy necessary to prepare the road cut. In connection with this, a cavalry expedition, under General Averell, was organized of picked men who were to cross the river at Kelly's and Raccoon Fords, cut the Virginia Central railroad, cross the James, and then cutting the Lynchburg also the Weldon roads, destroying all bridges, canal locks, etc., was to join General Peck at Suffolk. To insure the success of this expedition, Griffin's division of the Fifth Corps with a battery were detailed to accompany it and secure the passage of the Rapidan river. An extra brigade was to go with it and cross the river, then, turning to the right with five hundred additional cavalry, it was to attack any and all forces in the direction of Culpeper Court House, returning by crossing further up the Rappahannock. The expedition was organized the Monday before New Year's and was completed the next day, and Tuesday the 30th we were on the road as narrated. (Rebellion Record). Here jealousy, or something worse, again thwarted General Burnside's plans. Two well-known officers of the army notified the president of this contemplated move and General Burnside was directed to suspend operations by the following order:

- "WAR DEPARTMENT,
 - "Washington City, D. C.
- "December 30, 1862, 3:30 p. m.
- "I have good reason for saying that you must not make a general movement of the army without letting me know.

(Signed) A. Lincoln."

Letters now describe this reconnoissance as follows:

"We waited and watched in vain for a word from home in answer to our *battle letter*, and a word of comfort and good cheer, after doing our whole duty, and I must say for the first time since we have been on this perilous mission, I felt as if I was neglected. Every night after taps we sat up for the mail, yet no word; at work hard at night and during the day on our log cabin, and not a single word from the 'clearing;' all a wilderness, and for our lives we could not assure ourselves of the facts of the case. . . . Close upon this, an order came last Tuesday to move; where we knew not. . .

"We started in a cold rainstorm, and marched until midnight, and such marching, almost a run, in this slippery clay and mud. All this was the mistake of a drunken aid to Butterfield. We were allowed no fires, and we were squatted on the ground and mud, wet, cold and sleepy, expecting to move every minute. . . .

". . . If that giant evil (whiskey) could be removed from the officers' grasp, how little we should suffer comparatively, and how soon would rebellion be 'non est.' I say we suffered; ave! we agonized, for just that order given without authority from the lips of a man who was sweltering under the effects of strong drink. We remained there about an hour before the true situation of things was discovered, and then our brigade was . . . miles behind; our colonel did not know what road they had taken, and it was dark. Things looked dubious, but he started us and we double-quicked it for about two miles and then streaked it at a fast walk until we caught up, about 11

o'clock; . . . only fifty men in in the regiment then; they had all fallen out from sheer exhaustion. It was the hardest march I ever experienced. I was all perspiration, my shoulders were cut with straps, and I was nearly gone up, when we caught the rear guard of our brigade. Bob hung to it, and only nine or ten more of the company got up in time. . . . I went to bed with dry feet; I was determined to do that, for well I remembered my last experience at Sharpsburg; I shall never be likely to do that thing over again if I know myself.

"We were allowed no fires. We started again about 2 a. m. and marched seven miles further and waited for the morning; marched about 7 without anything to eat but crackers and pork (no coffee), and then, cold as we were, that raw, windy morning, we forded the river half way up to our waists. The water struck like an icicle to our very vitals. Cold! how cold!!

"We skirmished with their cavalry, took three prisoners, marched eight miles further, crossed the river again—this time up above our waists—almost swimming, then had to picket the ford all night (our regiment), and wet and cold, and my legs full of rheumatism, I waited for the New Year to dawn upon us, fearing, for the worst was to come. In the morning, we started for camp, twenty-four miles, and marched, and I believe such marching the brigade never had.

. . . I believe your eyes

would have filled with tears to see the poor boys limp along, for we actually dragged ourselves along, groaning at every step. We actually got into camp, loaded as we were, at 4 o'clock, then human endurance gave in, and we lay down, and some could scarcely stir. . . . We dropped right down on the muddy ground, equipments still on, and many of our boys fell asleep. . . .

"... Bob was all jaded out; had the rheumatism in his left leg terribly. Le R. had his feet blistered in five different places, and suffered much. Edgar was perfectly gone, and Webster, Day, Morrison, and six of the old fellows we left way back on the road.

. . I determined to fall out several times, and come in easy, for it seemed a shame to march men so hard when they were most home. I guess old Barnes tried to win a name for his brigade on the walking part of that famous reconnoissance. . . .

". . . It was far into the night when I awoke, and it seemed as if I slept the sleep of death. I could not move; a coffin in the grave could not have bound me down closer. I was sore, stiff, and lame, and the frost was thick upon me. I dreamed of home while I was sleeping, and I shall never forget all of your faces as I rushed into the house that night, with all the horrors of that march upon me, my face dirty, hair uncombed, clothes muddy, gun rusty, and equipments soiled; tired, hungry,

and utterly used up. I found you in the sitting-room, and when I walked in you all raised your hands, and as if amazed and thunderstruck at such a strange appearance, said not a zvord; you did not know me, your own son, and before I could announce myself I awoke, and to my surprise found myself still on the ground where I had laid myself when I got into camp.

Note.—January 6th the Twentieth New York (Eightieth), "Ulster Guards" was assigned to the headquarter provost guard by S. O. No. 6, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, and stationed at Acquia Creek for the purpose of preventing deserters from getting away.

"January 7, 1863.

"I am very busy now. . . I have been doing all the company writing, making muster and pay rolls, and yesterday the quartermaster sent for me to do some writing. I have been doing some of his quarterly return writing to-day; I may be his clerk. The adjutant also sent for me, and wanted me to help him . . . our house is not finished yet, and we can't find time to complete it; we have moved in, and have, a fire every night; quite comfortable.

". . . I have a corporal's warrant; my name was read out at dress parade last night; one step on the ladder, but my ambition is higher yet. I consider it an honor though, for I am the first recruit advanced, and there is many an old veteran who is yet a private.

"JANUARY 13, 1863.

"I, too, am in hopes that ere this you have received some of my letters since the reconnoissance across the R.: that awful march did not delay my writing; never so long as I can move a finger, shall my hardships keep me from sending you word as to our health and general condition, for too well now am I aware with what anxiety and increasing watchfulness do you think of us. . . Your last letter written in the senate chamber . . is amply significant of the place we hold in your best affections. To be 'first in one's thoughts' while sitting in halls of honor, with your mind overburdened with business, is enough for us; we need no better manifestations than the every-day, practical showings forth of your goodness for us, and what can we do? Filled with a sense of unworthiness, I can only write and tell you how we thank and assure you that we are true to every home teaching, and turn anxiously to the future time when all these troubles will cease. and we shall be returned to you all, ever to remain in peace until our earthly pilgrimage is over. Bob has n't written, for he has had no chance.

"I think I told you in my last that Gene was over to see me, Bob being out on picket; he said that he and Frank were to have a leave of fifteen days, and were going home, and to Maine. He wanted Bob and myself to be sure and get over to see him before he went, and I promised him that we would come over in a few days, intending then to go over last Saturday, but Bob did n't get in from picket, so I deferred it until Sunday, so that he could go too; again I was disappointed in Bob's not coming, and started off alone. I wrote a short letter to Bob telling him where I had gone, and left him your letter, and also yours to Gene.

"I visited the Thirty-fifth on my way to Burnside's headquarters, and saw Ed. M., Haze G., and many other friends. When I got to the Eighth Infantry, I found Quartermaster Gene gone to Washington; I felt badly enough, I can assure you. I wrote him a letter, and his man, Barrett, showed me every attention (he thinks the world of Gene) possible; I saw Captain Frank, who invited me to a magnificent supper, and I spent the evening with him, enjoying every second of the time, listening to his details of Mexican curiosities. and of his experiences when in command of Fort Fillmore, near Santa Fe. New Mexico.

"It was very instructive and amusing, and he is such capital company; he treated me so politely that I can never cease to remember him for a future return if it lies in my power. I stayed all night, and slept in Gene's nice bed, and ordered one of the same dimensions immediately upon rising; I appreciated that night's rest, I can assure you. In the morning I made a fire; got up early, and started for home, having lived an officer's life for

half a day, just long enough to know its pleasures. They know how to live better than these volunteers; besides, they have a better chance. A man who caters for headquarters also sells to them chickens, turkeys, oysters on half shell, game, and every kind of high 'fod' with all the common etceteras, such as pies, cake, bread, butter, cheese, ham, eggs, and all kinds of meat and preserves.

"However, this will do for such things. When I got home I found Bob; he had had a hard time on picket, got out of rations, been in the rain two nights, and had seen rough usage generally; his duties in the company are more severe than ever before; he has fatigue, guard, picket, and provost duty constantly, and gets no chance to write. I only get what I steal. Our house is n't finished vet, and I do n't know when it will be. . . We thought we were going to the front when we started on our tramp, and I never expected to see this camp again; I felt bad enough I can tell you, for our houses had just begun to assume a degree of comfort that was too inviting to leave for a campaign. We were reviewed by our new corps commander and General Burnside the other day. I admire General Meade's appearance, but Burnside looked as though he had just crawled out of bed; he is a splendid looking man, but dresses rather slouchy. We had to march five miles and back to the review ground; that is always the way when we are reviewed. I am still

writing for the quartermaster, and am looking for a permanent job: if so, I shall mess with the non-commissioned staff, and may ride a pony. Adjutant has gone to Washington, and Lieutenant Steele is acting: pretty good for him; quartermaster sergeant gone to Acquia Creek, and I am lord of this realm."

Our brother, the regular, now says:

"JANUARY 15, 1863.

"I returned from Washington last night; I was ordered there on duty just for one day; I had no time for anything. I saw Colonel Willard, Frank Fessenden (the first time since I entered West Point), and several of my young friends. Lieutenants Andrews and Cooper are away on a fifteen days' leave. Captain Read is now in command of the regiment, and I have a second lieutenant with my company, but he does not know much about military matters. Captain Read asked me if I would still command my company, and I could not refuse. As soon as Andrews and Cooper get back we will have nine officers with us, and Frank and I are to have a leave if we can get it. . . . I do not want one until I can be spared, and can ask for one with a clear conscience; then it must come. I shall go over to see Walter tomorrow, but I may not see him or Bob, for I understand that Hooker is under marching orders; we are . to have a big fight here soon.

"... What do you think of the recent fight, the Banks expedition, etc.? Poor Gwynn, who was killed at Vicksburg, I knew very well, and a greater loss we could not have sustained. I buried a man of my company this morning."

Our brother Bob now says:

"January 17, 1863.

"I have tried in vain to write for the past two weeks. . . . We now have to keep stirring continually; reveille at six o'clock, and drill at seven; company drill at 9.30, battalion at 2.30, dress parade and guard mounting; then between, lugging water, wood, fatigue, etc., so that it gives one no chance at all.

""When you think you have a chance then comes two or three days' reconnoissance, or four days' picket . . . the company is so small that it takes what few there are left to do guard duty and nigger zvork. I am as well as usual except the rheumatism. Ever since that reconnoissance I have had repeated attacks of it. I suppose that you, upon reading that little paragraph, thought you had some idea of it, but I tell you, father, you can never form any idea of the awful suffering endured during those two days. If I should attempt it, I should fail. . . .

"... Since then I have been on picket for four days, and was out in a tremendous rainstorm, which drenched me through, and again brought on the *rheumatiz* . . . We received two letters last night from you. . . . in our hard situation, no matter how cold or how tired, a letter or a bundle from home makes us happy, and fatigue and exhaustion are forgotten in the pleasure they afford us."

Old R— was a character in camp, who went to make up the sum total of our many and varied phases of human nature. He had been enlisted for our regiment when nearly sixty years of age, by some recruiting officer who ought to have been hung or dismissed from service for such an inhuman act, for it was manifest the poor old man was totally unfit for the service. On the Fredericksburg campaign he had slipped and stumbled along, and unable to keep up had been left behind, and was consequently out of the fight. On every reconnoissance, tour of picket duty, and, in fact, every march, or military service of any nature whatsoever, except ordinary camp guard, he had been found unable to perform.

Every morning at surgeon's call, he crept out of his miserable "dugout," and repaired to the hospital to get excused from duty. He spent his days in the dark, gloomy, smoky hole, never leaving it except to "fall in for soup," etc., in which he failed not. The army was a cruel place for a sick man, and worse for a man who, by reason of age, incapacity, or disability, still remained about camp, without performing his share of duty.

There was little pity, true sympathy, or commiseration, therefore, for the misfortunes of this "nonhewer of wood." The company got "down on him," and from certain men he got nothing but curses and abuse, and by them was dubbed, the "Biled Ozvl," "Old Hell pestle," etc.

He became thoroughly discouraged at the slow process that promised, at some future date, to release him from this dreadful life. neglected himself, and sitting over the smoke and ashes of the small fire, which he scarcely manifested enough energy to replenish, his face became pinched, smoke-begrimed, dirty and repulsive; his hair long, tangled, and matted. Soon it was discovered that he was alive with vermin, and as the spring approached it became evident that old R- would die from nostalgia (homesickness) or lice unless something was speedily done to set him upon his feet again. A detail was made. He was carried to the His head and face were creek. "lathered and shaved," his clothes stripped from him and burnt, and he was then scrubbed from head to foot with a blacking brush, and a new, clean change of clothes placed upon him. The metamorphosis was complete, and for a week or so he was quite spruce; but he soon began to relapse into his old ways again, which so disgusted the men, that whatever pity they had entertained before was now changed into positive dislike, which soon found vent in mischief and numberless jokes. Among these was smoking him out, by dropping a blanket over the low chimney to his ranch, which always brought him out in the most hasty yet comical manner, crawling on all fours like a crab. His favorite expression was: "Oh! thunder boys,—take k-e-e-er;" when his tormentors would set up a roar of laughter.

Another favorite trick on the poor fellow was dropping cartridges down the chimney into his fire. A puff, a dull explosion, and the agility which the old man displayed when he darted out of the low mud doorway of the "shack," was remarkable. Again, watching when he was frying his pork, some deviltry-loving wag would steal up quietly and shake a lot of red pepper down the chimney, part of which going into the fire, and the rest into his fry-pan, down his neck and into his nose, would cause him to splutter, sneeze, and cough, when his tormentors would shout down, "Oh, thunder, you old dead beat, take k-e-e-er!"

The rumor at last came that his discharge papers were at brigade headquarters, and when we moved out, one bright sunny morning, for a tour of picket duty, "Old R—" had scarcely got half a mile from camp, before he stubbed his toe, went down on his knees with his immense bureau and load of rations, was ordered back to camp, got his discharge, and we never saw him more.

Our brother Walter now writes:

"January 18, 1863. ". . . We were to move vesterday, but now it is delayed until to-morrow. We are having a real day of rest to-day, and we are enjoying it hugely; a fire is in the fireplace: Bob and LeRoy are frying 'flippers' (flap-jacks); Edgar is writing on the bunk; and Ed. W. is quietly sleeping; our house looks quite clean, too. We are very nice for soldiers, but we don't live up to some of John R's advice, a la Hall's Health; it can't be done in the army; no time, no conveniences, liable to interruption, and as a whole, utterly impossible. wholly played out. If we move I do not know whether I shall have to shoulder a gun and 'frog it' with the company or not. The quartermaster said he wanted to keep me with him, and thought he could get me a horse, etc., . . . but still I shall be out of my element to be thinking of Bob as under fire, and I not at his side. Rely upon it, though, all of you, that wherever I am, I shall do my whole duty, never flinching. If I go into battle again, I am in for a better chance and taller fighting than at F. If I remain behind, I shall look out for Bob most faithfully. We are certainly going to move for a fight, and Heaven only knows what will be the result.

"I wish there was more confidence in Burnside among our officers; he does not seem to inspire the army like McClellan. I hope it will be a grand, successful move, and that Richmond will be the

prize. Our successes are about divided elsewhere, and it seems as though we ought to give the preponderating stroke, one that shall give us the victory, amid the applause of the word."

Our brother Walter says:

"JANUARY 19, 1863.

"This is our last night in our winter quarters, and it may be the last chance I shall have of writing home for some time. I therefore avail myself of this evening's leisure to speak a word or two concerning our prospects in the move now pending. We are going for a fight, and I am reckoned in; we have bitter cold nights, and our march is to be a long one, for Hooker and Siegel are going up the river and come down upon the enemy's left flank. I have been thinking of what we shall have to endure, and lest we 'cave in' on this campaign I write just before starting. If it continues as cold as to-night, some of us will freeze while asleep, and in the approaching battle I fear some of us must . . . I wrote for the colonel to-day, and the adjutant got me to pen a paper for him. Colonel Tilton told me I would have to march with my company, as the regiment is so small; quartermaster does not like it; he says I shall have extra pay for what I have done, and when I stop at a camp he shall want me again, and will try to have me detailed; we will see about that.

"Now I am in for a fight, and the

Lord protect and defend any poor, miserable rebel who may happen to cross my path; if I don't settle Fredericksburg's account with him.

. . . Good-by, dear mother; I hope it may be my lot to write again soon; sweet thoughts of Bradford days spent at home serve to cheer our lonelier hours, and make us wish more and more for the wished-for day of welcome return."

On the 20th of January, 1863, at one p. m. we again emerged from "Camp Gove," and traversing the old road across the railroad at the "Switch," and by Sykes's division of regulars, made that famous "mud march" of General Burnside, which shall go down to history, as one of the most remarkable movements ever made by the Army of the Potomac; when the bottom literally dropped out of the whole immediate country, and men floundered up to their knees in the liquid filth, and mud-puddles, which had been churned by the artillery, cavalry, and infantry of the entire command.

Rain descended by day and night. Wagons were stalled, never to be resurrected. Mules stuck fast, only to lie down and die, and were completely submerged, with ears only faintly visible over the sea of mud. Guns and caissons became inextricably, confused and mixed up in their oozing beds, where they lay with the mud in the muzzles of the pieces, until the road could be corduroyed for their relief, and conveyance to a place of safety. Pon-

toon boats might as well have been unloaded and floated to their positions on the river's bank, where the "Johnnies," with kind invitations "to come over," tacked to the trees, were exultantly waiting for the "picnic" to commence.

We marched a mile or more, halted three hours, started again, marched two miles and went into camp rather disgusted at our slow progress. The plan General Burnside had in view was much the same as before described—a flanking movement, both up and down the river, one a fcint; the other proved a faint before we got through. Our route was the same as in the reconnoissance, toward the fords. On the 21st, General Griffin in person roused Colonel Tilton and ordered him to get the regiment ready to march immediately. We were soon in line; and without coffee, remained for four long hours until Humphreys's and Sykes's divisions had filed past us. The rain, which had poured in torrents during the entire night, had not ceased, but, accompanied by an east wind, penetrated and sought our bones. We marched about half a mile further, then halted in a bleak field where we made coffee and felt better. In an hour or more we again moved, going two miles further toward Hartwood church. We bivouacked in a fine old forest of oak, and got ready for the night. The way was blocked ahead. The floods descended; all was a sea above and beneath. January 20th, the provost guard struck

camp and started on the "mud march," but returned on the 21st.

On the 22d, Thursday, we lay still. The one incident worth relating as occurring on this day, was the unfortunate whiskey riot. The rain was still descending in The men were chilled torrents. through and through. Under these conditions it was deemed advisable to issue the usual whiskey ration. Some of our men procured more than one ration of the ardent fluid; in fact, one or more canteens, on orders from the officers, in some cases raising the orders from one to ten until there were several canteens to each company, enough to start the noisy and quarrelsome ones. A fight commenced in one of our best companies, C, by one Murray. In attempting to quell what was at first a slight matter, the officers from other regiments came over and fanned the flames, and soon the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania (our old friends), the Twenty-second, Second Maine and First Michigan were inextricably mingred.

It now became a "Donnybrook Fair." Hit wherever a head could be seen, as it came up smiling from the depths of the clayey mire. The major of the One Hundred and Eighteenth (O'Neil) was threatening our boys with instant death if the fighting did not cease at once. He was backing up his threat with the display of two cocked six-shooters, one in each hand. This was too great a temptation for some of our whiskey-laden pugilists, one of

whom stole up behind him, and sent him sprawling in the mud by a dexterous blow behind the ear. The only wonder is that the pistols did not go off and kill somebody. The giants of the Second Maine soon cleared the field, and the whiskey having given out, and the effects somewhat worn off, quiet soon reigned over the battle-ground, no more sanguinary than a few bloody noses and black eyes.

Friday, the 23d, we turned out at daybreak to corduroy the roads back to camp, under the impression that it was to enable supplies to be pushed out to us.

The sun came out on the morning of the 24th, and the commands were set in motion for their old camps, wallowing, sliding, and slipping at every step; the artillery being gathered in the next day. To describe this movement with its gloom, rain, cold, mud, and dispiriting, demoralizing, and humiliating scenes, would be beyond our power; we are content that it was a part of the history of that army in which we suffered, and that we did our entire duty there as upon the more bloody battle-fields.

Whole volumes might be written upon it, the exposure and sufferings of the men, whereby many a poor fellow laid down his life: the sea of mud; the ropes bent to the pontoon trains, artillery, caissons and limbers, in vain efforts to move them from their oozy beds; the dead mules and horses by the roadsides, more than half buried where they fell; the deluge of cold, penetrating

rain that constantly soaked us to the skin.

It is beyond description; all things have their end, and we were glad when this had its end, as we floundered and waded back again, partly over the corduroys, which we were compelled to build for our relief, especially the writer, who for not being drunk, was rewarded (?) by being detailed to go into our old camp, and bring out axes to cut logs for corduroying.

It would be hard to tell which was the meanest, or, as the Western boys express it, the most "ornery" time the Army of the Potomac ever had, but for mud, rain, cold, whiskey drowned-out men, horses, mules, and abandoned wagons and batteries, for pure unadulterated demoralization, Kilkenny fighting and downright cussedness, "this took the cake."

All these scenes have been described, drawn, and vividly painted for the new generation of military readers and students; and yet it would be hard for the boy reader of to-day to fully realize those scenes, or what suffering and sacrifices were endured by our brave boys, and what treasure was poured out by our country to redeem it from the curse of human slavery, and to establish the supremacy of the Union.

On the 24th, at eleven a. m., upon our return, somebody too drunk to know a road from a "hole in a blanket," led us at right angles from our proper course, and we were marched by a short cut, which

proved in the end a very long one, over hill and valley, through briers and brambles, and a very dense growth of saplings and scrub trees. after which we halted; but once more in motion, we kept on until about noon, when we found ourselves just one eighth of a mile from the spot we had left. After Sykes's and Humphreys's divisions had passed us, our march was resumed again on a "short cut" through every muddy corn-field that could be found, and within two miles of our old camp, we struck off into a "cow path," exactly in the wrong direction, and again we ascended and descended. such hills as we explored; and zehat brooks and small streams we waded, with our wet luggage upon our broken backs, only to find ourselves about one half mile nearer our old camp than when we left the main road.

The whiskey having finally lost its grip we arrived in "Camp Gore," about four p. m., and again pitched our ponchos upon the rain-soaked ground we had left five days before.

Our brother Bob says:

" JANUARY 25, 1863.

"I have just read your letter. .

If you could only know how such letters serve to raise the drooping spirit of your soldier brothers, you would never hesitate a moment between pleasure and writing a letter to them; and to have them come at this time of all others, when the Army of the Poto-

mac is most despondent and discouraged, just come in from the last grand forward movement, wallowing in the mud and water, sleeping in mud, eating and drinking it; in fact for four days we have been wet through, and had to sleep so, for there has not been a dry day since we started; cannon, teams, ambulances, pontoons, everything stuck fast, and to crown all the 'rebs' are in position across the river at the ford, where we were to cross with cannon planted, etc., all ready to give us Hail Columbia when we were crossing.

"Oh! the misery of this move. The men were wet, tired, hungry, and desponding. They gave out whiskey, and the whole brigade got drunk, and got into a regular riot, or nearly that, and when a detail came for four men from our company to go into camp for axes, I being about the only one sober, had to go. Wet and tired as I was, I waded seven miles into camp, got axes and started back, but had to stop on the way and corduroy the roads. We worked hard the next day, and then were ordered ahead to the regiment, where we arrived all used up; the next day we came into our camp, as usual on the run, and had just got our ponchos up, a fire built, and had sat down to rest, when who should come in but Sam Hopkinson.

"I am glad mother saw Fletcher, and enjoyed his description of our journey together; he was a first-rate man, full of life and good humor, always willing to take hold and work at anything, and I felt badly when I heard he was wounded.

"If we had crossed the river you would have had a good prospect of seeing me at home, for we would have had a great battle, and I would have been wounded, or worse, killed; . . . I am spared perhaps to be the victim of the next engagement; but know this one thing, that wherever my body is, there is one who never shirked from the fight, and if Walt is not with me by my side, I will do my best, and fight alone, although it is hard for me to have him away. He has been for the second time promoted, this time to be sergeantmajor of the regiment. Tell mother I suffered badly from the rheumatism on the last march, and as to being careful about getting cold, it is out of the question; you can't wade through mud and water in a cold rain storm, sleep in woods, raining all night and the next day; sleep in wet blankets the next night, then sweat under a load that a good sized jackass can't begin to carry; have to wade into camp 'double quick, and yet be careful about getting cold; neither will all the medicines that ever were given cure one, for as soon as he is well of it, he has to go right through the same performance, and the most discouraging thing about it is, that it never seems to be of any good.

"This army seems to be fated; if I could only sit right down with father, and talk to him, I could soon convince him, and let him into the reasons of the failure of the

Army of the Potomac, but paper will not suffice . . . I don't think we shall move from here for some time; the army is demoralized to a great extent, and something will have to be done to restore order in it before it moves again; they have no confidence in Burnside."

Burnside was relieved. Hooker assumed command. We were better fed, better clothed, desertions grew less frequent, furloughs were granted in homeopathic doses; grumbling was reduced to a minimum.

The president wrote his famous letter to General Hooker, and visited the army. Inspections, reviews. and discipline were the order of the day. The army picketed nearly forty miles of line on its front, it is said. We thought sometimes it must have been eighty. Our brigade line was between Hartwood Church, and Stafford Court House, near "Stafford Corner." Several times we marched nearly seven miles in cold, wet snow storms, which soon soaked us through, and with slush and mud half up to our knees, and after wading several deep brooks, with our papery flimsy shoes, we arrived at the picket posts, in anything but an enviable condition of body, or cheerful frame of mind, to perform such important duties. We wore out the nights about the huge, sparkling, white oak log fires, at the picket reserve, with our backs arched up, to shed the fast falling snow, roasting our faces and freezing our backs. Lost in a protracted deliberation,

whether we would take our chances on the slushy, sloppy, mire-trodden ground, with the rest of the curiously hunched-up, blanketed forms in that picket-circle, or "take it out," in "pinning down the log" until time to go on post again.

Or, after being conducted by the corporal along the dark, gloomy forest path to the edge of the timber, we were posted for two or four hours. We strove to chew the cud of bitter reflection, nurse up our patriotism and, after trying the "red-pepper" scheme in our stockings, to keep us awake, briskly moved up and down the beat. pinching ourselves to establish our identity. Vainly did we try to throw off our imaginative minds. during the cold, gray hours of the early morning, the groups of stumps in the open space between the lines, that had so often assumed the shapes of men, and "bug-aboos" to our bewildered eyes. Such was the dark side of our picket duties, during the winter of 1862-3.

Note.—Company G, Ninth New York (Hawkin's Zouaves) were relieved from duty at general head-quarters, January 26.

Our brother Walter writes:

"Sunday Evening,
"January 26, 1863.

"I am just back from Gene's headquarters. . . . I learned upon my arrival in camp that I am promoted to the berth of sergeantmajor of the Twenty-second Massachusetts regiment. . . I wrote

to Gene from his camp to-day, and he will probably get it before you get this, and will hear from that about our last move. In getting my pass signed at headquarters, I was somewhat surprised to see Horatio Staples' name signed A. A. A. General; I inquired and was shown the individual, and behold it was the old Portland boy a firstlieutenant in the Second Maine regiment. . . I am writing with no candle light." "January 30. . . When I got back to camp I was accosted with many congratulations and salutations of our noble little tent's crew, in regard to my promotion, which was read on dress parade during my absence. . . I was ordered to report that very evening to the adjutant, with no instructions as to my duties, etc. . . Our quartermaster said to me when congratulating me upon my good luck brains are wanted besides.' Our surgeon said to me vesterday: 'I am glad you got promoted. When I first saw you I thought you would be higher than a private soon. I can'tell a man at first sight,' said he. . . I have an easy berth as soon as I know my business; I assist the adjutant at all times, guard mounting, dress parade, etc.; do all the detailing, and do writing in the office. . . I rank all the non-commissioned officers, and live with the non-commissioned staff; we live pretty well. I have been out on guard mounting several times; the first time I made several blunders and was a little nervous; the regiment 'en masse'

almost, turned out to see the new sergeant-major perform. . . I found it a little hard to use a sword gracefully, but I improve daily. . The regiment is out on picket, and the snow is eight inches deep; they will doubtless have a hard time of it, not taking their ponchos, which are fast to the log huts. I pity poor Bob, and think of him continually; trust to it, his lot shall be easier in the future; good cheer awaits him on his return; I will have a warm fire in his tent, and will contrive to have bread, butter and doughnuts on hand. . . I am so glad that Gene is at home. . . I send a paragraph in regard to our late move; I have no time to describe our hardships in that stick in the mud. . . Hooker is now in command; now for a move; I only wish he was a great general; his fighting qualities would do great things for us. I fear he will be rash." "January 31, Bob is just in from picket, and he with the rest of the boys reports a hard time; they have been out in all the storm, and the mud mixed with snow has been almost unendurable. They took no tents with them, and the first night were awake, sitting beside fires up to their knees in snow and mud. The second night they were on post, and third (last) night, was passed very comfortably by them.

"Yesterday they sent in word for some rations, being all out of grub. I sent Bob some coffee, sugar, hard and soft bread, butter, cheese, doughnuts and pork, with two boiled potatoes; he seemed so thankful for it upon coming in. I had a nice fire for them, plenty of wood cut, and we are going to be happy to-night.

"You want to know about the forward movement, and how we are on account of it; I have already written about it briefly, perhaps as extended as it deserves. We suffered from mud and wet and as usual were defeated in our plans; it is so discouraging to us raw recruits. Still I have faith in the ultimate success of the Army of the Potomac, and when I consider your words of truth in regard to the outside pressure brought to bear upon this army, I must say that the army is terribly deceived; the men do not understand; they do not look ahead. They are discouraged, and forget to reason in love of self. I am still confident; I can seem to see a light beaming way ahead through this deep darkness; I am sure we will vet win.

"General Hooker is now in command, and truly, father, I have more faith in him than in Burnside, for he doesn't acknowledge himself incompetent, but asserts that he can whip them all out and out. He doesn't wish the people to think of him as 'Fighting Joe Hooker,' a dashing, harum scarum, foolhardy fighter, but would have them trust in him as a wise and able general. Hurrah for him, I say, and on to victory!

"If he can make the grand division plan work better than Burnside did, then I am in for it; but, after all, the true Napoleonic plan of thorough detail in the commander's knowledge is the best.

"Poor Burnside! what a pity it is that he couldn't have retired upon his Newbern and Antietam laurels, instead of being permitted to spoil his good name for a general in the late disaster; but history will accord to him his rightful due, that he was a noble man, and did the best he could, and only went down when he was overwhelmed by a position he could not fill.

"We all wait now for future events, and the horizon casts its shadow before. May everything be full of glory for our country. I only hope this army may be fortunate in the future. . . To-night we are to be paid off, and the camp is in a jubilee. Saturday night.— We have just been paid off for almost three months, up to the first of November, and your letter to Bob, with enclosed letter from Senator Sumner, has been handed him. 'In view of all things,' we are 'gav and happy still.' 'Now let the wide world wag as it will. . .

". . . Tell Gene we still prosper."

Our brother of the artillery now writes:

"Fort Tillinghast, February 1, 1863.

". . . I have neglected writing you for some time. . . If I had been sick and unable to write, Lewis would have informed you, so I knew you would not worry on that account. I have had a very bad cold for the past two or three weeks, and I cough myself almost

to death, but I hope to be better soon if this mud dries up. I have not had dry feet for three weeks, for when you step out of a tent the mud and water is knee deep, so you can judge what beautiful times we are having; but I suppose it is nothing to what poor Walt and Bob have to endure. I am so glad that Walter is so much liked in the regiment, and that there is a prospect of his being promoted; he is, and always was a good boy, and deserves it. We have recently received our pay for four months, where they owed us seven; this is the way we have been served. We lost everything we had when we advanced, and on our return had to draw everything over again, even to knapsacks. It is a custom to settle our clothing account every year, and we settled last July; but this year an order came out for us to settle every quarter, and all this extra clothing was deducted from our pay. Soldiering is a gay life! I suppose I have to draw a new dress coat, as the rats with which our tents are swarming, gnawed the collar off mine a night or two since. I have had such a cold that I have not been on duty lately, and consequently have not needed it, but it will not do to come out without any collar on my coat.

"I had rather a thousand times be in the field (I have changed my mind), than where we are now, for the officers have nothing to do, are continually fighting among themselves and 'issuing orders' to the men.

"There have been about a dozen resignations of officers in the regiment during the past month, all on account of our new colonel, who is very unpopular with both officers and men. Have you heard from Gene lately, and when do you expect him home? When I last heard from him he thought of starting soon, but letters I received. . . said that he had not yet arrived; he promised to call on me. . . You should see the jackass that Lewis got; he is a fine animal. Do you think there is any prospect of the war closing within a year? It has commenced to rain again, and I have to pass another night in a wet bunk, for our tents are old and leak badly. It is not now as it was last winter, for then we had good quarters. There are two companies at the fort commanded by a major, and the officers need a good deal of room, consequently we have to suffer."

Our brother Bob now says:

"FEBRUARY 2, 1863.

"Since Walt has been promoted,
. . . I miss him. . . We have always been together on marches and on picket, doubling blankets, etc. . . he is up to headquarters about all the time, so I see little of him compared to what I did. I had just returned from four days' picket duty in a tough snow storm when your first letter, enclosing mother's, came, and sweaty, and piastered with mud, I sat down to read them. . . We had a hard time on picket, as you

must imagine; we marched seven miles in a cold, wet snow storm, which soon wet us through, and the mud was awful; the only way I can describe it was that we waded in running, sloshy mud up to our knees, and also waded one or two brooks, and then to make ourselves comfortable for the night, went into the woods and chopped wood, started a fire, and cold and wet, and snowing like the 'Old Nick.' We sat up all night with the snow on our backs two inches thick; we would get up and shake, then resume our seats: quite a picture. The next day we got quite decently dry, after which a soldier can keep quite comfortable with a rousing fire.

"You were quite right in supposing us in the last ' forward movement;' mud and rain were predominant, but as I have described it pretty well in K's letter, and the papers also give a pretty good account of it, I will not attempt it again; we had a rough time. I send a good description of a soldier on the march; it is pretty good. . . vou were mistaken in my meaning when you thought that I said the papers bragged about our defeat at Fredericksburg; I was speaking with reference to our reconnoissance, and said that the papers bragged about our regiment performing it so well and so quickly, etc. We hate to have them do so as it reminds us too forcibly of the sufferings we had to undergo to accomplish it. . . I get into discussions very often at the guard

house and elsewhere. . . Such a demoralized set they, the old ones, were after the battle you never saw, and they would talk about laying down their arms, and were disloyal; I would do all I could to discourage it, and even get them 'huffy'; they would say: 'You d—d two hundred dollar men can well afford to talk patriotism to us; you have not seen as much as we have.' Yet, mind you, they all say they have not suffered so much as they have in the past three months, all owing to the winter campaign. . . When I write home to you, I don't mean it in a grumbling way, but to describe to the best of my ability, our marches, movements, etc. It is as you say, the new ones have, to a great extent, caught the spirit, and it is awful discouraging to see the undercurrent at work, if you were only here to see it all; cheating by the quartermaster, the drunken officers, removal of the generals, etc. . . We have had more to discourage us than most of them: I have crossed two rivers to fight, and had to leave in a hurry. . . Yet I am willing to try · Johnny' again. . . If they would only stop this quarreling among the cabinet and politicians at home, hang off a few traitors like Wood, Seymour, Van Buren & Co., and take hold with a will to help the president and army, then the boys would feel encouraged; but they know that is what is pulling back the Army of the Potomac, therefore they do feel despondent, and some of them grumble consid-

erably. . . I hear that Burnside has been removed; also Franklin and Sumner; Hooker takes command, Meade the (grand) division, and Griffin the corps; they better stop such fooling. . . We were paid three months' pay night before last at midnight, (by Paymaster Holman). . . with the paymaster comes the sutler, who is in camp as large as can be. I have just been out on dress parade; Joe Hooker is in command of the Army of the Potomac; look out for great things. As it is getting gun time and wood time I will close."

Our brother Walter says:

"FEBRUARY 5, 1863.

". . . Bob went to Aquia Creek yesterday on a detail, and on the cars he met a Mrs. Eaton of Portland (nurse in the army hospital), accompanied by a Mr. Hayes of Portland, agent for a soldiers' society. They both knew you, and her son, Frank E., and Bob and myself went to school together. . . The adjutant's clerk has gone to Boston for twelve days, and I am acting with my other duties; I am busy from morning till late at night, and my only time now is to write after all are abed and asleep, a custom I got pretty well used to last winter. It is now after twelve at night and I have written in great haste. . . February 7th. Let me assure you that Bob is well, and the storm did not totally use him up. He went to bed last night with a headache, but this morning is all right. Edgar II. is somewhat sick, and off duty, excused by the surgeon. . . Calvin S. Mixter, adjutant's clerk, whose place I am now filling, will probably call upon you at the senate chamber; I asked him to, and he partly promised to. . . He is a very nice man and was formerly engaged on some Boston newspaper. . . You can't 'imagine how pleased we were to get your picture.'

Note.—March 1st Companies E and I, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, were detailed at headquarters as personal escort for the commanding general.

Volumes could be filled with reminiscences of this, that and other duties, during that long, trying winter of picket guard, and "fatigue;" of the "debating society," pleasant sings, either in our own tent, or serenading the officers, visiting our friends in the regiments of other corps, etc.

Many boxes were received, and also the "barrel," which, after three months of trials and tribulations on the road, looked when opened, as though there had been a free fight, everything "turned loose," and the package of red pepper, which had unfortunately been packed with turkey, pies, and other good things, had come out first-best, for it was liberally sprinkled over all.

Our brother has been appointed quartermaster of the Eighth Infantry, but he still retained command of "G" company, February 8th, 1863, and during the temporary absence of Captain R——, he commanded the regiment, and received

news that his name had been sent into the senate, for confirmation as a brevet captain, for distinguished services on the Peninsula campaign.

His company was about the 25th of March selected as General Hooker's body guard, and the following order published to the regiment:

"This company was selected by the commanding general, because of its fine appearance and the soldierly bearing of the men, when last inspected, and the commanding officer accepts the selection, as a compliment to the company, and sincerely hopes that the reputation earned may be retained, and that by a strict performance of every duty, this company will prove itself second to no other in the army, not only in point of appearance, but in every respect that constitutes a good company.

By order of
Captain E. W. H. Read,
(Signed) John N. Andrews,
First-Licutenant Eighth Infantry
Adjutant."

He applied to be relieved from the command, as his duties were really more than he could perform, but the commanding general would not listen to it, and gave him the highly personal compliment of saying that he "wanted him with his company."

We visited our brother often, and whenever possible he dashed up to our little hillside camp, on his dapple gray horse, and after a short stop, again disappeared like a flash over the hills towards Falmouth. On one of our visits we witnessed the parade of the regulars, which we had never seen before, and watched with envious eye the sharp, simultaneous click of their guns, as they executed the manual of arms, and wondered if *our* regiment would ever approach such perfection of dress, equipment, drill and absolute discipline, or if we would ever command a company of regulars.

Although in our soldier blouses, and oftentimes hard up for money and good clothes, the courtesy of the officers was as marked, their treatment was as kind and considerate, as though we belonged to their own immediate military family, and we never wanted for a decided increase in our rations, or change in diet, from the "sow belly" and "hard tack" of our volunteer camp.

April 4th President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad" were at General Hooker's headquarters. Monday, April 6th, at ten o'clock, all officers at headquarters were invited to a reception for the president. About forty attended. The president was very sociable and agreeable to all, and with some he joked a little.

Again on April 14th, General Fogliardi, a Swedish general, reviewed our division; was at head-quarters April 27th and sauntering over to where the band was playing its sweetest airs, he conversed with all, and upon finishing a cigar, our

youthful minds intent upon securing relics, we obtained *that cigar stub* for future historical reference and pleasure.

Our letters of the 22d of April, in describing a visit to our brother, speak of General Fogliardi's coming over to his (our brother's) tent, and that "Halleck, Stanton, and the president were at General Hooker's headquarters."

Our brother's letters say:

"APRIL 27th.

"They (the boys) were over to spend the day with me a week ago; saw parade, heard the band of the Eighth Infantry play in front of the line of officers' tents, and saw General Fogliardi (who strolled over from headquarters to hear the music). The general seemed to be very much pleased with everything he saw and heard. He spoke German with Captain Kimball of General Patrick's staff, and French with some one else. He gave me a very fine Swiss cigar, the stub of which I gave to Bob as a relic. Secretary Seward and ladies, the Swiss and Prussian ministers are here; our band serenaded them last night; they review the Third-Corps tomorrow: Dan Sickles commands

On the 7th of April we "fell in" about twelve o'clock, for review by the president. We stacked arms on the parade, and waited until two p. m., when he rode by accompanied by General Hooker and bodyguard, and a large staff of officers. We gave him three cheers. He looked care-worn and anxious, and we thought there must be a "heap of trouble on the old man's mind."

On this day the Fifth corps was reviewed by the president. Whether intentionally or inadvertently, Mr. Lincoln had been furnished with a small, pony built horse about fourteen hands high. The president's legs looked longer than ever, and his toes seemed almost to touch the ground. He wore the same solemn suit of black that he always assumed, a tall, silk hat, a little the worse for wear, with a long, full skirted black coat.

He had neglected to strap down his pant legs while riding, and, as most of the time he was kept at a jog trot, his pants began to draw up until finally, first one white drawers leg, then the other, began to be conspicuous, with strings dangling. The hard trot had settled his tall beaver hat on the back of his head, until it had rested upon his ears, which were large and somewhat projecting, and it looked as though it had been purposely jammed down into that position. Altogether he presented a very comical picture, calculated to provoke laughter along the entire length of the lines, had it not been for that sad, anxious face, so full of melancholy foreboding, that peered forth from his shaggy evebrows. He rode remarkably well, i. c., with a wonderfully good seat, but with a loose, swaving, undulating movement, peculiar to the Western circuit rider, whom one might see riding from town to town about that period.

The next day it was pleasant but cold. We were ordered into line at eight a. m., and after marching about four miles from camp, reached the plain opposite Fredericksburg, in plain sight of the rebel camps, where we were to be reviewed by General Hooker, prior to the opening spring campaign.

After General Hooker took command, we were in a semi-state of moving for some time. Reviews and inspections were very frequent, of a division, a brigade, perhaps a corps, and finally on the 8th of April, the grand review of the Army of the Potomac, at which the president and little "Tad" Lincoln were present.

The army had been looking forward to this for some time, and great preparations had been made for a fine display. For several days large parties had been busy with spade, pick and shovel, levelling, filling ditches, removing stumps and stones, cutting down ridges and draining puddles, until the country was more level than the inhabitants had ever seen it before. Stakes, with the corps badges to designate the positions of the various corps, were planted. moving masses gathered, the flags grew more numerous, and the sounds of bands and drum-corps were mixed up.

The men impatiently waited in the bitter, stinging cold, until their fingers grew numb. The wind swept across the open space. The horses grew restless but finally a salute from the guns of a battery announced the approach of the president, and he soon appeared, mounted upon a horse, which seemed to us, several sizes too small for his long, gaunt figure.

He was followed by a large and brilliant staff, all the regular officers about headquarters helping swell the number. Our brother was there, and in vain did we strain our eyes, as much as we dared to in ranks, to catch a glimpse of his dapple-gray.

As the president rode along the lines, the flags were dipped, the bands played "Hail to the Chief," and the bugle and drum corps "sounded off." The corps were then reviewed separately, the men in the meantime stamping their feet, and thrashing their hands to keep warm. The batteries passed first, then the infantry in column of divisions. It was a beautiful sight, this military pageant of over a hundred thousand veteran soldiers passing by in a steady stream. Hours went by. The sunlight and shadow chased each other over the plain. In the distance were the camps, mile upon mile of log huts, the spires of Fredericksburg, the batteries beyond and the shining river.

When the light caught upon the bayonet tips, and flashed over flags and numerous equipments, as regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, swept by in endless procession, one could hardly refrain from dwelling with wondering eye, upon such a beautiful fairy-like scene. The uniforms were clean,

rifles bright, and everything indicated the pride which that perfectly organized army felt in presenting to the president, especially after the discouragements it had been subjected to, only the best side of the thoroughly disciplined soldier.

The drums and bands kept up their ceaseless music, and the light still danced among the moving columns. But at last, the rearmost regiment came, dipped its flag and disappeared. The immense cavalcade of officers and orderlies, rode slowly back to camp.

The magnificent spectacle was over. It was full of bright visions, splendid groupings, wonderful effects, rarely seen in a man's lifetime, never forgotten by the Army of the Potomae. What must have been the thoughts of the president, as he glanced along the almost interminable lines of bronzed faces, and knew that in a few days they were to go forth to the blood and earnage of Chancellorsville.

Our letters say:

"We have been reviewed by President Lincoln to-day; the whole infantry force of the Army of the Potomac was drawn up on the plain before Fredericksburg and a magnificent sight it was; over one hundred thousand men on review. Abraham looks poorly; . . . thin and in bad health . . . he is to all outward appearances much careworn, and anxiety is fast wearing him out, poor man, I could but pity as I looked at him, and remembered the weight of responsibility resting upon his burdened

mind; what an ordeal he has passed through, and what is yet before him! All I can say is, Poor Abe! with faith still good in the honest. man."

Our brother at headquarters says:

"President Lincoln and wife are here, and there is no end of reviews for him; day before yesterday he reviewed about 15,000 cavalry; today he reviewed 75,000 infantry, and the reserve artillery. I rode around with his escort both times, and I got pretty tired of it to day for it was bitter cold."

Many letters were written from this camp, all of them are full of patriotic ring, but the limits of these papers will only admit of brief extracts.

"When we do move, bones will crack like hailstones. Your letter to Bob. . . made the dimples come upon his cheeks. . . you make him a special subject of exhortation in this letter. I don't know but what he needs it. . . stouter hearts than his quail, and firmer lips tremble when hardships have to be borne. . . no one in the family is second to our noble Bob in true patriotic principle. . . I know your words will do him good and that you will yet have reason to be prouder still of your youngest boy. . . Where has George B. seen enough of duty; where has his coward blood been made to boil at the sight of blood, and dead comrades butchered, when no revenge or redress could be had? What one of his compan-

ions would crawl in the dishonored path to get his discharge? I answer for all of our heroic little band, not one! and thereby nail the lie to his foolish declaration. We shall all hail our nation's deliverance, and ours in the day of our triumph, and in your words and your meaning, would 'crawl home on our hands and knees for the result, viz.: our country's freedom, and our discharge as a consequence. But we would not accept our discharge to-day, and thereby escape our duty, and belie our oath, and loyal endeavors towards the chief end of the war, a restoration of the Union; we think the pleasures of home would scarcely repay us for the dishonor we should get for our choice, and the sting of our eonsciences at abandoning our posts. We know our way is hard, though we do not transgress, and all long to get home. But, I say, never will I leave the field while I can stand, until all be fulfilled. . . ". . . We stand on our

honor still, and plighted our vows are to our nation's defense, and . . . you may never doubt that our courage is firm, and our faith in the final success is perfect: we will do our noble duty. . . .

Our brother Eugene says:

to see Walter and Bob to-morrow;
to see Walter and Bob to-morrow;
they are noble boys, and
I hope and trust that the God of
battles will spare their lives.
The roads are drying up rapidly,
and we will soon be on the move. I
send you a photograph of my tent-

mate, Lieutenant Andrews, adjutant of the regiment.

". . . I was out Friday for the first time, and the day before our division was reviewed by Generals Meade and Griffin, and General Hooker happened around as a spectator. We have been ordered to be ready at a moment's notice to move, and the commands have been deprived of the usual system of passes and furloughs at present; all our ladies in the army have been ordered away from the army, and they leave by special boat tomorrow (March 30) from Aequia Creek to Washington; everything betokens a move. . ."

Our letters continue:-

". . . Last night (April 1st), we had a terrible snow and rain storm. I woke up early in the morning, long before reveille, and found my blanket wet through, and myself in a puddle of water, where the weight of snow had caused the ponchos to sink, and the water to sink through instead of running off; I had to sit up in the cold for four hours. . . We have some idea that the Fifth Corps will be left here to guard this railroad, for our transportation wagons have been turned in to division headquarters. . . When will this mad handed demon of war cease its rage? Will the tearful showers upon the home altars never quench his bloody appetite? Shall we ever see the sacred walls of home again; when will time answer?"

"You can't imagine how beautifully they have fixed up brigade

headquarters: every one says it is the most tasty camp in the army. In front it is one wall of evergreens, with arches and small entrances; back of it a large, open space of ground, laid out in gravel walks, lined with evergreen borders, and all sorts of devices are represented by evergreen on the ground, then another fence of evergreen, with openings to every officer's tent behind, Colonel Barnes, (now brigadier general) in front."

". . . Bob is on division guard (April 5th) for three days."

Our brother at headquarters writes:

"APRIL 9TH.

"Why is it that the country permits old Joe to remain here so long? McClellan started out of Washington one month before this, and then they accused him of being too slow; if McClellan had command of this army now, he could not rest; the politicians would meddle and overthrow all of his plans. The army is now in very fine condition, and I believe there is no army in the world that can stand against it in an open field; but what can we do? The rebels will retreat to Richmond; we will follow, and when we get to their fortifications, we will be all broken down with fatigue, and disorganized generally. We can never do anything until there is sure cooperation; we should make several attacks at the same time. Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Vicksburg, and Richmond should all be attacked at the same time; we are

bound to win somewhere, and we must follow up our victory. My opinion is that when Hooker does move, he will go very rapidly, and if the rebels will only stand a fight, he will cut their entire army to pieces. I went over to see the boys a few days ago; I dined with their lieutenant colonel, major, and adjutant. I was in W. last week for a few days; returned Sunday night."

Letters from our brother Eugene on the 12th of April, and our own on the 14th, say:

"The entire cavalry move tomorrow; we will follow soon. We move very light; I may have to take all I possess on my horse."

"APRIL 14TH.

"Just got orders to move with cight days rations, and 60 rounds of ammunition; we have got to pack our eatables, hard bread, pork, coffee, and sugar (farewell to good living now), and are limited to clothing in our knapsacks; we are surely off now. . . I don't know when I shall write again, but for Bob and myself, let me say in closing words, that although we shall not expose ourselves needlessly, yet we shall do our duty. Love to dear mother, and tell her not to be so sorrowful over our coming hardships, but say to her to be firm in the faith that her sons are 'safe, and never harbor a thought that a bullet may crush many hopes; think of us always, as in health, and flushed with victory; think of us as full of love for

home, and always endeavoring to be happy on the march . . . how often I think of you all on the tramp, and in the bivouac . . . and now with firm resolves to do our duty, let me assure you that every means possible shall be used for our comfort, and all the generalship I possess shall be displayed; we will show you now our enduring powers, and I want you to think always that we are doing well. Good-by, and may we all meet again before many days."

Our brother in the defences of Washington says:

"APRIL 15TH, 1863.

"The Twenty-fifth Maine have left us, and I think they will have to meet the 'greybacks' before their term of enlistment expires, the latter part of June. This morning a large force of infantry left our vicinity to join Hooker, I suppose to take the place of the Ninth Corps which has gone to the Southwest. Poor Walt and Bob will soon have to be *under fire* again; and God grant they may escape unharmed; yet, I feel that it would be almost a miracle if they escape.

"The defences of Washington are growing stronger every day; thousands of workmen being employed in digging rifle pits, and throwing up intrenchments. I really wish the 'rebs' would give us a call some day; they would find slaughter pens to their hearts' content. Our men can strike a target at 1,200 yards, with a thirty-two pounder more than half the

time. You can imagine the execution we could do if a body of men should approach us."

Our letters of April 18th say:

"I hardly thought I should have time to write you again from this camp, but it seems that 'Joe' Hooker has got stuck in the mud. We have had rain continually, while the orders to move have been pending, and the state of the roads, even now while pleasant, is shocking; we shall probably move in a day or two; everything is packed up for a start."

He says again April 27th:

"Patience is a great virtue, and 'Uncle Joe' has had his tried to the utmost. Sometimes he is a little cross, but the greater portion of the time he is very serene. . . For the last two days the weather has been perfectly beautiful, and the roads are drying up very rapidly; but it has been raining night and day for the past two weeks; we have been ready to move three or four times, but have been prevented by the elements. . . We have been here so long that camp life seems a little stale to me; I want to be on the road; the excitement of marching, bivouacking, and battles I like, and would be perfectly contented to always live in this way, were it not for the anxiety I feel for Walter and Bob. The possession of Richmond, Vicksburg, and all their seaport towns, would not atone for the death of one of them; my patriotism is not that great. I would

willingly give my own life to save my country, but not the life of one of my brothers. April 27th Secretaries Seward, Stanton, and Montgomery Blair visited General Hooker and had a long conference with him."

Effort after effort had been made to start on the new campaign, but the elements had as often objected, and we remained in our camps putting on the finishing touches. The Army of the Potomac was never in a finer condition mentally, physically, or morally, than when about to start upon the campaign of Chancellorsville. The weather was now beautiful.

The mud had dried, the roads were now passable. The esprit de corps of the whole army, excellent.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The First Maine Cavalry Association held its reunion in Bucksport on Wednesday and Thursday, September 14 and 15, 1898.

Some of the advance guard came in Tuesday and Tuesday night General Cilley arrived upon the ground and established headquarters. Wednesday, President Richardson and his reception committee, which by the way was a pleasing novelty, were kept busy at the various trains and boats all of which brought large delegations. Several did not arrive until Thursday morning.

The Robinson House was general headquarters and the broad piazza was a furious battle ground where many of the famous charges were made over again, on one end, while on the other a party of vets with many a twinkle and haw-haw once more recalled this or that daring foraging expedition seemed but vesterday.

The badge most in evidence was the regimental gold badge with its Henry rifle, from which was suspended the regulation cross sabers, surmounted by a pine tree and bearing beneath, a horse's head, within a horse shoe, while the double fold of yellow ribbon showed the appellation bestowed on it by General Kilpatrick, at Aldie.

The decorations of Main street were striking and effective, some of the best seen in town for some time. The big ex-campaign banner floated over the street in front of Emery hall; from this the famous Alamoosook bunting was carried in all directions. Nearly every business place hung out their flags and a string of bunting extended across the street from the Robinson House.

This display was very pleasing to the visitors as well as surprising in its extent.

The business meeting was held in G. A. R. hall Wednesday forenoon when, after the usual routine, the following officers were elected:

President—Emery T. Getchell, Brunswick.

Vice-Presidents—Peter J. Dresser, Lewiston, and Caleb L. Lang, Portland.

Treasurer—Edward Jordan, Bangor.

Recording Secretary—Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

Corresponding Secretary—Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Rockland.

For the place of the next meeting Brunswick, Orono and Phillips were mentioned, the former being decided upon.

The main feature was of course the banquet and camp-fire in the evening in Emery hall and shortly before 6 p. m. Wednesday the Bucksport military band, J. L. Homer, leader, in full uniform, marched from their hall down Franklin street and back Main street to Emery hall, where after playing several selections they entered and were given a position on the stage. The body of the hall was taken up with long tables, covers being laid for 200 and nearly all being occupied by the visiting veterans and their friends, the local G. A. R., and W. R. C. and guests.

Grace was said by Rev. William Forsyth.

The supper was one of the genu-

ine Bucksport's best and the arrangement of tables, menu and service were such as usually seen under the same management. After the supper came the program as follows:

The retiring president, Isaac Richardson of Bucksport, called the assembly to order and prayer was offered by President J. F. Haley, of the seminary. First Selectman S. E. Hall in behalf of the citizens of Bucksport, placed the town at the disposal of the noted visitors. He reviewed briefly the incidents of the Spanish-American war and noted the influence Maine and its namesake, the *Mainc*, had exerted.

In his response to the address of welcome, General J. P. Cilley noted the beauty of our village and the hospitality of its people. Speaking of the criticism made by the privates during the late war with Spain he contended that the soldier must expect hardships and privations.

Little Ethel Richardson recited a poem, "The First Maine Cavalry Rides Here To-day," which was much appreciated. After several selections by the band there were speeches by Hon. Parker Spofford, Hon. P. P. Gilmore, Rev. J. F. Haley, O. F. Fellows, Esq., of Bucksport, Colonel Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass., and George B. Stafford of Skowhegan.

Following this, on motion of E. T. Getchell, it was voted to extend a vote of thanks to the citizens of Bucksport for their entertainment.

Following this came a speech by Secretary Edward Jordan, Bangor. Next J. P. Cilley read letters from many of the members of the association who were unable to be present.

Remarks were made by president of the Massachusetts branch of the First Maine Cavalry and Professor F. C. Ball.

After this many short speeches were made by members and visitors present, interspersed with music by the band. Three cheers for the First Maine Cavalry, for the citizens and ladies of Bucksport and Bucksport band were given. After the program the band gave several selections and many improved the opportunity for dancing.

THE SECOND DAY.

Thursday, the second day, was given over to solid enjoyment and comfort by the veterans and all appeared to enjoy themselves to the uttermost.

In the forenoon, several buckboard parties were made up and drove over to the fish hatchery at Alamoosook, East Orland, where two hours were spent very enjoyably and profitably in viewing the growth of fishes from the egg to those of many pounds weight, making high leaps from the water when fed.

Shortly before noon, nearly every veteran in town, as well as a large number of invited guests, went up to Indian Point, where what proved to be one of the best features of the reunion, a clam-bake, was in preparation. Under the able manage-

ment of John J. Bridges over ten bushels of clams were properly steamed, together with an immense amount of green corn and all the fixings. In addition, sandwiches and coffee were on hand to complete the bill. The visitors began to leave with the out Boston boat, on the three p. m. train, and the town was practically deserted by them in the evening. The visitors were most profuse in their thanks and many said that they had received no such grand and general welcome and such truly magnificent entertainment for years, as in Bucksport.

The above account was taken from the *Bucksport Herald*, and was headed "Bucksport invaded and captured. The First Maine Cavalry hold the town for two days."

LETTERS FROM COMRADES.

G. S. Royal, late Company F. First Maine Cavalry, of Freeport, writes:

"I regret to be obliged to say that I cannot attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, for which I have received your kind invitation. I can only send my best wishes to old comrades."

General C. H. Smith, late of First Maine Cavalry, of Eastport, telegraphs:

"Sorry cannot be with you, greetings, best wishes for all."

Edward P. Tobie, late of Companies, E and D, First Maine Cavalry, of Pawtucket, R. I., writes:

"Soldierly greeting to all, wanted to come but could not."

Major S. W. Thaxter, late of First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, telegraphs:

"I am very sorry I cannot be with you."

Francis Brooks, late of Co I, First Maine Cavalry, of Dover, N. II., writes:

"Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, I should be very glad to meet with you all. I have not forgotten the old First Maine Cavalry and should be glad to be with you once all more. Company I will have a reunion September seventh at West Newfield. Please send me the Bugle, and as I cannot come, give my best best wishes to all comrades of the First Maine Cavalry."

S. Burrows, late Company B, First Maine Cavalry, of Broad Bay, writes:

"I regret that I shall not be able to attend the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Bucksport. My eyes are very bad from the effects of my injuries received during the battle of Gettysburg. Say to the members for me that I am with them in thought if not in person."

H. S. Barker, late of Company D, First Maine Cavalry, of Oak Hill, Florida, writes:

"There is nothing that would please me better than to meet with you boys in reunion, but it is the same old story, not able, but I am thinking some of going to Maine next summer to visit the scenes of my childhood, and if I do I shall be

sure to meet you in reunion if you have the reunion next year. For me there is no stronger tie than those formed while I was with you in the awful struggle to put down the Rebellion. I have lived here for more than twenty years and find the Southern people for the most part friendly. I made an orange grove of six or seven acres and after it commenced to bear, afforded us a comfortable living, then the freeze four years ago this coming winter cut it down and gave Florida a black eye generally. We are commencing, however, to recover now from its effects. I married a girl from the eastern part of the state, Kate Rideout, and have had three children. One boy, Lionel B., is telegraph operator and railroad agent, is said to be as good as any on the line; the next, Gertie M., died while away at the State Normal school at the age of sixteen years, and had the name of being the best scholar in school; no doubt but she was the best for her age. Nellie, the youngest, is at home with us, and is quite an artist."

M. Chafee, of Grinnell, Iowa, writes:

"At the request of J.T. Harriman, I write you a line in answer to enclosed postal card. F. A. Harriman Company A, First Maine Cavalry, his brother, died at this place April 11, 1898."

Bradbury P. Doe, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of Cambridge, Mass., writes:

"I must forego the pleasure of

meeting my dear old comrades for this time. My vacation is passed and I cannot get away again so soon. Kindly remember me to all the dear old boys. I know you will have a good time and one of the happy days of these declining years. God bless and keep you all in F., C., and L."

D. W. Davis, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of Amesbury, Mass., writes:

"I am very sorry that I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the old First Maine Cavalry at Bucksport. I have just returned from the fifth annual reunion of Company l, and do not feel strong enough to go on a second trip so far away. Seventeen comrades of Company I answered the roll-call at West Newfield on the evening of the 7th. A pilgrimage was made to the grave of Sergeant Nahum Mitchell by the members and ladies, and although the distance was a mile and a half over a mountain road, and the rain falling fast all the way, we were abundantly repaid for the inconvenience. Some of you will remember Sergeant Mitchell as one of the very best men in the regiment. He was killed March 31st, 1865. None of us will ever forget the last few weeks of the last campaign. I hope that you may have one of the best reunions that the regiment has ever held."

C. H. Ferguson, late of Company 1, First Maine Cavalry, of 2 Cushing avenue, Dorchester, Mass., writes:

"I am sorry to say I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. I know I shall miss a grand time, but business before pleasure. I think in the war with Spain Admiral Dewey made a record equal to the First Maine Cavalry. I do n't think the fighting on land can hold a candle to our record. The First Maine Cavalry could fight the first time they tried. My love and best wishes are always with the reunion of the regiment, if I am not there in person."

D. II. Gilman, late of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, of 11 Broadway, New York city, writes:

"Your notice of the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Bucksport, September 14 and 15, has been forwarded to me from Seattle. I hardly expect to be able to attend on account of business engagements, but I shall do so if I can. Having been away from the state since the war I have never yet attended any of the reunions, but I am promising myself the pleasure of attending either the present one or the next. I am not a member of the association so far as I know. Please give me the price of the Regimental History."

Note.—Every man who served in this regiment is a member of the association. This was the vote at the first organization.

Harrison Goding, late of Company L, First Maine Cavalry, of Newport, Vt., writes:

"I received notice of the reunion.

I regret very much that I cannot be with you. My health is poor and I am unable to work much, so cannot get money to go with. I will try hard to be with you next year, if alive and well."

James W. Harriman, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Necedah, Wis., writes:

"I should be so glad to be with the old boys at our annual reunion, but 'distance lends enchantment to the view." My best wishes to the old comrades. I am sixty-four years old and I am feeling quite well and still hope I may visit old Maine sometime. All hail to the old comrades and a God bless you all."

George F. Jewett, late of Company K. First Maine Cavalry, of Boston, Mass., writes:

"Owing to the serious illness of my wife it will be impossible for me to join you at the reunion next week. I enclose two dollars for annual dues and subscription to the Bugle."

Charles W. Skillings, late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, writes:

"I regret my inability to be present at the reunion of our gallant regiment. 'Though far from sight, to memory dear.' I trust the gathering may be a happy one and a large representation from all the companies present. As time rolls on, bringing furrows to the brow and gray hairs to the head, may the eye not grow dim nor the memory dull, but clearness of vision and

recollection be the standby of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry. All the comrades this way would be glad to have the next meeting at Peak's Island, Portland."

Robert B. Junkins, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Kennebunk, writes:

"I received card of invitation to First Maine Cavalry reunion, for which I am grateful. I still cherish the memory of the First Maine, but owing to old age and poverty am unable to be present. If I was differently situated nothing would please me better than to be present."

U. R. Lincoln, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Stoneham, Mass., writes:

"I shall not be able to attend the reunion this year but would like to very much. I am getting old and feel the effects of my army life."

H. II. Lowell, late of Company A, First Maine Cavalry, of Penfield, Pa., writes:

"I cannot be with you at your reunion on the 14th in the flesh, but shall think of you at that time. Every face of Company A will be recalled as it appeared in '61 when we were all boys; since then time has made wonderful changes in us. I was captured, you remember, May 11, '64, so did not have the pleasure of being with you the last glorious year of your campaigning, but in point of suffering in '64-'65 think I could discount you some. Remember Captain Cole riding

along the line that morning, in his cool way, asking us what made us look so white; verily it was a time to make the blood recede from one's face, but I do not believe it was fear that made it so. The First Maine was not built that way.

"Since the close of the war I have had all kinds of luck, sometimes up financially, and again down at the bottom of the ladder, on the whole the average has been satisfactory. Hoping you will have a good time at Bucksport."

John S. Mansur, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Houlton, writes:

"Thanks for card, sorry I cannot be with you on the 14th. Poverty commands and I must obey. Still I shall think of you all, and trust that a right good time may be enjoyed by all who are so favored as to answer once more to roll-call before final 'Taps.' Our dear old chums are dropping out fast and soon memory alone will be left to sound the bugle, with no response but the echo of grand deeds of the renowned and glorious First Maine Cavalry."

Robert Nutter, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Port Caledonia, N. S., writes:

"I regret to say that I cannot attend the reunion in person but will be with you in heart and best wishes, and trust that all who attend will enjoy themselves."

Alfred Pierce, late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Boston, Mass., writes:

"I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend our regimental reunion of the 14th and 15th of September, as I shall attend the national encampment at Cincinnati on the 7th, and business will detain me over the date of your gathering. I send fraternal greetings and love to all the boys of our grand old regiment."

F. H. Bartlett writes:

"Mr. William McAllister, Company E, wished me to write to you thanking you for the invitation to the reunion, and expressing his sorrow at not being able to attend. He is getting to be an old man and not able to do any work nor get around but a little, being 83 years old. He says he wishes he had been able to have gone to the front in our late war. Cr. No. 388.772 al. 17.

"He lives here in Stoneham, where most of his children are living near him, and has the good will and esteem of all his townspeople. He says if he was able he should be glad to be with you, and meet his old comrades once more. He wishes you a grand reunion, both you and all those who assemble."

Riley L. Jones, late of Company G, First Maine Cavalry, of Saginaw, Michigan, writes:

"I have your card notifying me of the approaching reunion of the First Maine Cavalry association. Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure than to greet the old boys once more, but the times when that is possible for me are few and far between and this is one

of the betweens. I am not able to get away for the national encampment at Cincinnati, which I had expected to attend and which you can certify I seldom miss. You ask for a friendly greeting and facts of life and service. What can I say to the comrades that has not been said a thousand times, and better than I can say it, but God bless us every one and may the old boys live long and prosper. As to facts of service where shall I begin or end? Shall I refer to the camp in the winter on the banks of the Kennebec, where we led the horses down the steep bank to water and had to hold on to their tails to keep them from sliding down and breaking their necks? Shall I recall the secret history of how I went down to Hallowell the night after pay day, had a fine supper with trimmings, got back to camp somehow, and awoke to find myself standing guard over the commissary tent? But no! To speak of that would be telling tales. Ask Sergeant Little. Shall I tell of the long ride to New York in freight cars with eight men and eight horses in each car? That might be interesting when we hear of the boys of '98, coming home in sleeping coaches and growling because they had no feather beds. Shall I tell of the long and weary marches by day and by night over the plains of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, or over the heights of Blue Ridge and Luray? Shall I write of the raids with Stoneman, Kilpatrick, or Sheridan, when we rode seven days and

nights with one night's rest or when we rode five days and four nights with no rest at all? Shall I tell how the echoes ran through the arches under the southern pine trees as we sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' after the fight at 'Brandy Station?' Shall I tell of the fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, where we presented our compliments to Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, or of the close call at Sheppardstown when but four men of our company came out without a scratch and I was one of the four?

"Shall I speak of Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville? Shall I call the roll of the battles of the Army of the Potomac and say the First Maine Cavalry was there and I was in them all up to the last, for me, the stubborn fight at St. Mary's church, where I was shot through the shoulder and took a furlough and went to Richmond to recuperate on bread made of corn cob meal? But Tobie has told it all so much better than I can, that it is useless for me to write of these things, and so I will not even mention them. I might write of what he does not know, how before the war I took a cruise down the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian ocean to the isles of Java, Celebes, and the Philippines, but that is another story.

"I might tell you how I stepped into a store a few nights ago just in time to hear some one say, 'I tell you the First Maine Cavalry was the grandest regiment that

ever was in the United States Army,' and I responded 'Right you are; Colonel, here's my hand on that.' But I hear you say, will he never stop? And so I close with the kindest regards to the old comrades from one who has the liveliest recollections of the camp, the march, and the battle-field.'

REUNION OF COMPANY I, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fifth reunion of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, was held at West Newfield, September 7. At the business meeting it was voted to hold the next meeting at Saco. In the afternoon a pilgrimage was made to the monument of Sergeant Nahum W. Mitchell, who was killed March 31, 1865, at Chamberlain's Bed. The boys were hospitably entertained by two brothers and three sisters of our slain comrade at the old Mitchell home.

Returning to Mitchell Post hall in time for supper. In the evening the old-fashioned camp-fire was held. Those present were: George P. Beal and wife, South Effingham; George E. Perkins and wife, Parsonsfield; Henry M. Pillsbury, wife and daughters, North Shapleigh; Edwin T. Edgecombe and wife, Kezer Falls; George O. Hannaford and wife, West Newfield; B. P. Doe and wife, Cambridge, Mass.: Rufus A. Smith and wife, Dayton; Daniel W. Davis, Amesbury, Mass.; James E. Maddox, Amesbury, Mass.; II. M. Cleaves, Saco; John P. Wood, West Newfield; Charles H. Robbins, Biddeford; B. F. Ham, Springvale; Luther Tibbetts, Limerick; Charles W. Coffin, Shapleigh; Danville Newbegin, Shapleigh; Simeon Knights, South Waterboro. Letters and postal cards were received from twenty-two-comrades who could not be present. Other visitors were Comrades Hobbs and Hill of Waterboro. Boothby of Saco, Hayes of Sanford, Moore and wife of Newfield, and many other comrades, ladies, and citizens.

The usual greeting and hearty hand-shake of some who had not met since the war, the rehearsing of so many scenes of so long ago, the brightening up of the dim eyes, was noticeable through the day. In fact we were young again for the day and hope to enjoy another next year.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The Ladies' auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry Association met at the Woman's Relief Corps rooms in Bucksport September 14, 1898, and was called to order by Mrs. Annie Davis of Bucksport, who was elected president in the absence of the president. The board of officers of last year were elected for the ensuing year.

The meeting was a quiet one, but very pleasant and enjoyable.

It was voted to hold the next meeting at Brunswick at the same time the First Maine association hold their reunion.

The following were present:
Mrs. A. C. Drinkwater, Brain-

tree, Mass.; Mrs. J. E. Hart, Burnham: Mrs. E. Wentworth, East Union; Mrs. Harriet Webster, Bucksport; Mrs. Angie Fogg, Bucksport: Mrs. Harriet Mooney, Bucksport: Mrs. F. B. Lowe. Waterville; Mrs. Elijah Gay, Montville; Mrs. J. S. Blake, Cape Rosier; Mrs. Geo. F. Mansell, Eddington; Mrs. Annie Davis, Bucksport; Mrs. E. A. Taylor, Bangor.

FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA VETERANS' REUNION.

The First District of Columbia Cavalry held a reunion at Pittsfield, September 13, 1898, and a large number of the old veterans were present to enjoy the exercises. The meeting was called to order by the president, F. B. Lowe, of Waterville, at 2:30 o'clock, and the address of welcome delivered by George E. Kimball, response by N. S. Emery. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President.—Orison Cole, Etna. First vice-president.—N. E. Emery, Waterville.

Second vice-president.—Charles Weymouth, Augusta.

Secretary and treasurer.—R. M. Daniels, Pittsfield.

George E. Kimball was made an honorary member. In the course of the remarks made, F. B. Lowe stated that a history of the First District of Columbia Cavalry ought to be written, and as soon as it was the First Maine Cavalry would be robbed of the honor of twenty-nine battles for which they now claim credit. Other members coincided, and one thought a history of the Wilson raid would establish a desirable and all the record that was necessary.

N. S. Emery, in discussing the First Maine Cavalry and its work accomplished in the war, stated that the number of killed in the First District of Columbia cavalry was in the ratio of three to one when compared with the First Maine and the wounded the same. "We can attend the meetings of the First Maine if we want to, but let's just make our own organization boom," and Mr. Emery sat down midst a shower of applause.

The feeling shown indicated that the First Maine Cavalry, a part of which the First District of Columbia Cavalry became after a number of important engagements had been fought by the latter, had been disposed to take credit for everything done in the war by the First District of Columbia. Further, it is claimed that all such members of the First District of Columbia who were wounded or sick and unable to enter the First Maine, after serving in the war, for some time, are not recognized by the First Maine, though it is perfectly willing to claim credit for the good work these same men accomplished. It seems that this condition is what led up to the organization of the association

which met here and the enthusiasm manifested by its members, if it indicates anything, means that in it the First Maine has a rival of no mean importance.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting at Etna, the date to be announced later by Comrades Cole and Emery.

Dinner was furnished by the Woman's Relief Corps, the meeting was held in Grand Army of the Republic hall, and the visitors were given a royal welcome by the members of the post.

M. S. Johnson and F. B. Lowe met for the first time since being mustered out at the close of the war.

In the evening a camp-fire was held and an interesting program observed.

Among those present were: Frank B. Lowe, Mrs. Lowe, and Miss Grace Lowe, N. S. Emery and wife, G. W. Barnes, N. W. Branch, Waterville; C. H. Goodwin, Mariner S. Johnson, Uriah Curtis and wife, David Lawrence and wife, Stetson; O. M. Harrington and wife, P. L. Bennet, W. Dyer, Dr. F. B. Townsend, Newport: E. R. Carr and wife, R. M. Daniels and wife, Pittsfield; O. W. Cole and wife, C. Dyer and wife, Etna.

COMMENTS BY EDITOR.

The statements of Comrade Emery are entitled to great weight on account of his good standing in the service and since, but evidently the speech made under the spur of the occasion lacks exactness of statement. The twenty-nine battles accorded to the regiment by General Order No. 10, dated March 7, 1865, cannot be impeached diminished. The 107 battles and minor engagements used on our printed placards, contain, as they should, all those participated in by the first District of Columbia Cavalry before the transfer. This list is reproduced for examination. The battles designated by a star are the twenty-nine credited to the regiment by General Order No. 10. It may be and there is some foundation for the claim, that after the transfer of the District of Columbia men to the First Maine Cavalry the battles from that time forward to the close of the war show a greater per cent. of the transferred men than of the older regiment.

This matter can be determined by exact figures by tracing out the service of the killed in the sanguinary battles from September, 1864, till the glorious morning of April 9th, 1865. If the facts are true as claimed, let the full honor be given to the transferred men, who thus proved their devotion to the name of Maine.

There can be no rivalry between the two regiments except in emulation and for mutual benefit. The most marked contribution to the success and enjoyment of any reunion was achieved through the aid and under the presidency of a District of Columbia comrade, but his argument to the mayor of Boston for special courtesies from that city was "there is but one First Maine Cavalry."

The question is not new; at our first reunion in 1872, the foundation stone was laid in these words: "There can be no question of names, no distinction of District of Columbia or First Maine. The record, battles, and glory of each regiment belong to the other, for both as one own the whole. We are all sons of Maine, and what prouder name can be desired than FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIA-TION. The fact that you were a member of the First Maine or District of Columbia Cavalry confers on you an inalienable right to now, henceforth, and I hope forever, enjoy the pleasures and benefits of this association."

Again in fitting words did Lieutenant Henry F. Blanchard present in his address of 1878 the evident truth:

"In the fall of 1864 the regiment received an accession of strength and of numbers by the transfer of about 800 men from the First District of Columbia Cavalry. In this the old First Maine was truly fortunate. They came to take the places of those men whose term of service had expired, and were shortly to be mustered out. How well they filled those depleted ranks their history alone can prove. From this time forth their history is the history of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a history that no man of either regiment need blush to read. No braver men, no better or more faithful soldiers, ever stood in a suit

of blue. The kindliest feeling ever existed after the consolidation. No rivalries for place or preferment ever marred their intercourse or impaired their usefulness. gether and in harmony they moved on in the path of duty. Together they determined to maintain the honor of their regiment and their native state. Side by side they fought at Stony Creek, Wyatt's Farm, Boydtown Road, Bellfield, Jarratt's Station, Hatcher's Run, Dinwiddie, Jetersville, Sailor's Creek, Farmville, Appomattox, and side by side they fell. On the same roll of honor, headed by the gallant Douty, are inscribed the names of Parkman, Sargent, Mountfort, and Comins. Beneath the soil of Virginia are buried the rank and file of both regiments. Their dead are our dead, and their glory is the glory of our common regiment."

ENGAGEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT.

Middletown,* Winchester,* Cacapon, Woodstock, Warrenton, Chantilly, Strasburg, Emmetsburg, Harper's Ferry, Cedar Mountain,* Culpeper, Sulphur Springs, Second Bull Run,* Frederick, South Mountain,* Antietam,* Fredericksburg,* Amisville, Waterloo Ford, Berryville, Bristow Station, Parker's Store,

Sheridan's Raid. Gaines' Mills, Chickahominy River, Bottom's Bridge, Dahlgren's Raid, Jerusalem Plank Road Charles City Cross Roads. King and Queen C. H. Kilpatrick's Raid, White Oak Swamp, New Hope Church, Malvern Hill, Sumner's Bridge, New Market, Ground Squirrel Church.* Fortifications before Richmond, Guiney Station, Hawes' Shop,* Cold Harbor,*

Trevillian Station,* Ely's Ford, White House Landing, Hanovertown, St. Mary's Church,* Favetteville, Rappahannock Station,*Notaway Bridge, Fort Pride, Stoneman Raid, Louisa Court House, Petersburg,* Brandy Station,* Roanoke Bridge, Stony Creek, Aldie,* Gravelly Road, Middleburg,* Upperville,* Charles City C. H., Yellow Tavern, Gettysburg,* Deep Bottom,* Halltown, Sheppardstown,* Weldon Railroad, Ream's Station,* Sulphur Springs, Manassas Junction, Wyatt's Farm,* Sycamore Church, Beverly Ford, Cox's Mills, Kelley's Ford,

Mine Run,* Vaughn Road, Rowanty Creek, Luray, Boydton Road,* Front Royal, Defences of Richmond, *Bellfield, * Beaver Dam Station. Jarratt's Station, Hatcher's Run, Black Creek, Old Church,* Fort Steadman, Dinwiddie Court Wilderness, Todd's Tavern,* House. Fame's Cross Roads, Bowling Green, Jetersville, North Anna, Spottsylvania, Deatonville, Dinwiddie Court House, Sailor's Creek, Rectortown, High Bridge, Salem, Farmville, Appomattox C. H. Milford, White Plains, -107

BATTLE-FIELD SOLDIERS.

The Union Veterans' Union is a comparatively new organization in Maine, but the men who comprise it are veterans dved in the wool, men from whose nostrils the scent of burnt powder has not yet cleared, and from whose memory the terrible scenes of the great civil war will never be eradicated. Department Commander Eustis bestowed upon them the title of "Battle-field Soldiers," a happy nickname which is likely to endure while the organization does. Because they saw active service while some of their comrades in blue did not, they are not assuming lordly airs. They are simply bound by ties which are a little firmer, and which do not preclude them from walking arm in arm with their comrades, the Grand Army men.

The fifth annual encampment of the Department of Maine, Union Veterans Union, was held with Davis Tillson Command of Rockland, September 26, 1898, and it brought as fine a looking lot of men as Rockland ever had the privilege and honor of entertaining. The up-river delegation was considerably smaller than had been expected, from the reason that there was no boat connection. When the general order was issued the boats were running on their summer schedule, but having changed to the fall arrangement there was no boat that would convenience the veterans. Then, too, the stormy weather kept away many.

The report of the committee of credentials afterward showed that there were fifty delegates present, who with the colonels, department officers and executive committee men, brought the attendance up to eighty-two. The department officers present were: Department Commander Wm. T. Eustis of Dixfield; First Deputy Commander George M. Lovering of Waterville;

Second Deputy Commander S. P. La Gros, Bucksport; Adjutant General J. Edwin Nye, Auburn; Quartermaster General Chas. O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; Surgeon General W. S. Norcross, Lewiston. The national department commander, Robert St. George Dyrenforth of Washington, D. C., intended to be present, but was unable to make arrangements, and sent a letter of regret, as did Adjutant-General Brennan.

At the business meeting in the afternoon Commander Eustis delivered his address which was as follows:

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER'S RE-PORT.

"Comrades:—When one year ago you elected me commander of this organization of 'Battlefield Soldiers' I accepted the great honor with reluctance, for I fully realized that I should not have the time to devote to its interests that such a body of comrades deserve, vet I relinquish my high office today with the consciousness that I have done all in my power to uphold its integrity and importance. We are all aware that many comrades who are eligible to our ranks do not join us simply because they do not understand our aim and object; the mistaken belief is abroad that we antagonize the G. A. R., and other organizations. Let it be our duty to correct that opinion, and by our every word and act show to the world and more particularly to the veteran soldiers and sailors that we antagonize none, but we increase the interest and power of act, in other words, that we are organized upon the strongest pillar of Fraternity, having been down 'into the valley of the shadow of death' together. We realize what the government owes to all who served under 'Old Glory' in the time of that trial for the life of our nation, and not with pleading, whining prayer, but with the strong, united voice of earnest, true, patriotic veterans we demand our rights. It is with pleasure that I say to you that during the past year, directly by the influence and power of the Union Veterans' Union, many hundreds of pension claims, that had been on file in the Department for long months or years, have been adjusted and paid, thus bringing merited relief to disabled comrades. Once satisfied with the justice of a claim the Union Veterans' Union will not cease their demand until settled. I am glad to announce to you that at one of the grandest gatherings of veteran soldiers and sailors ever had, the 20th day of August in the cities of Rock Island, Davenport, and Moliere, General Robert St. George Dyrenforth was elected commander in chief, his ringing words in speech and general orders of his unselfish devotion for the welfare of comrades anywhere and everywhere, and I am glad to add that he is not only a full comrade, but a man of large experience and power. He was formerly commissioner of patents, is ranked among the best of Washington society, and is a warm personal friend of our comrade, William McKinley, president.

It has been my pleasure to visit several of the commands the past year and I am glad to declare that I found most of them in a flourishing condition. To be as charitable as possible, I will say, by mistaken zeal of the comrade who started the organization in the state, a great mistake was made in sometimes placing commands too near together. Such was the case at Newport and Pittsfield, and the result was that both nearly died. 1 visited Newport some three weeks ago and made such arrangements with the comrades there and at Pittsfield, that they have a view to soon consolidate, Madison Libby Command, 15, of Pittsfield, surrendering their charter and all gathering under the charter of Towle Command, 13, thus making one good, strong, earnest command. 1 read that the N. J. Jackson Command, 4, of Lewiston, on account of some internal differences, have disbanded, but a majority of their members, full of a fraternity that means something, have joined other commands in their immediate vicinity. Some two months ago, Comrade J. W. Johnson, Adjutant of Calvin Boston Command, 6, Gardiner, took the initiatory steps towards forming a command at Togus, which has finally resulted in the organization of General Beal Command, 23, with 18 charter members and 16 more have been mustered since. For some months

Atwood Crosby Command, 10, of Waterville discontinued their meetings, but by the efforts of Deputy Department Commander General George M. Lovering and others, they have recently renewed their interest and are now full of the work. In brief, then, comrades, I am glad to realize that the department of Maine U. V. U. is in better condition to-day, than it was a year ago, for the full details of which I refer you to the reports of the adjutant general, quartermaster general and other department officers, that such gratifying results have been obtained. To my adjutant general (Colonel J. Edwin Nye) no word of praise is needed from me. He has been constant in season and out of season always 'standing by the colors;' he has been to great personal expense for the department and I have gladly recommended to the tinance committee, that he be paid \$25 as a partial reimbursement.

· My quartermaster general, Colonel Charles O. Wordsworth, notwithstanding his many duties as city clerk of Gardiner, has always been prompt, earnest and faithful in all duties and to all calls. To these officers and all others of my staff I desire to tender personal and warm thanks. My association with them, and the high office they have so helped me to fill, will always be one of the most pleasant memories of my life. There is one suggestion I would like to make, with the present income of the department treasury it is impossible to

do much work that is needed to bring our organization up to its proper position and I would suggest that by voluntary contributions, entertainments or otherwise a fund be raised so that the department may appoint two or more recruiting officers, whose duty shall be to go into the field not already covered and teach our comrades everywhere the value of this organization, the expenses to be paid by the fund so collected, helped as far as possible by the department treasury.

"And now, comrades, in returning to your ranks as a private I need not assure you that all the assistance in my power will ever be at your command. Again thanking you for the high honor conferred upon me, I will only say it has if possible increased my interest in and love for the U.V. U. bound by a tie that death alone can sever, and, let us hope, may be renewed and strengthened in the 'Eternal Camping Ground' whose great commander is God.

" Yours in F., C., L.,

"WILLIAM T. EUSTIS,

"Department Commander of Maine U. V. U."

The report of Adjutant General Nye will be read with interest by members of the order. It was as follows:

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.

- " AUBURN, ME., Oct. 26, 1898.
- "General William T. Eustis, Commander Department of Maine U. V. U.
- "COMRADE:—As adjutant general of this department I submit the

following report of the business of this office during the past year:

"One year ago, when you took command, the department consisted of eighteen commands. N. J. Jackson command, No. 4, of Lewiston, has surrendered its charter, and Madison Libby command, No. 15, of Pittsfield, has been consolidated with Towle command, No. 13, of Newport. On October 6, General Beal command, No. 23, was organized at the national home, D.V. S., at Togus, by Special Mustering Officer Colonel J. W. P. Johnson of Gardiner assisted by a number of comrades of Calvin Boston command. This new command started under very encouraging circumstances, with eighteen charter members and has already grown to a membership of thirty-five. It bids fair to be the largest command in the department.

"The present number of commands in the department is seventeen.

"Although we have one less command than a year ago, we are in much stronger condition both in number of members and interest as the following figures will show:

"We had, according to the reports for the third quarter last year, 433 members. Gaining by muster 88, by reinstatement 20, making a total gain of 108. We have lost by death, 8; by discharge, 4; by suspension, 17; by transfer, 1; by surrender of charter, 30; making a total loss of 60: making a net gain up to date of 48 and a total membership in the department of 481.

"I congratulate you upon the harmony and interest in the order that prevails throughout the department and the encouraging prospects, and hope that in the near future, the battle-field soldiers through our state will see the benefit of our order, and realize that it tends to create more interest in kindred soldier organizations and that commands of the Union Veterans' Union will be organized in every city and town where enough veterans who are eligible can be gotten together to support it.

"I have endeavored to keep in close touch with all of the commands, and have greatly enjoyed giving what assistance I could for the promotion of interest in our beloved order and only regret that I have not had more time to devote to it.

"In closing my labors in this office that I have filled for three years I take this occasion to express to you and through you to the other members of your staff and the officers and members of the precinct commands, my appreciation and thanks for the courteous and fraternal treatment I have received from all.

"Fraternally yours,

"J. Edwin Nye,
"Adjutant General Department of
Maine, U. V. U."

The report of Quartermaster General Wadsworth showed cash receipts of \$297.51 and disbursements of \$187.12, leaving a balance in hand of \$110.39. He was instructed to draw his order for \$25

in favor of the retiring adjutant general.

A letter of regret was read from Department Chaplain Webster of Newport, who would have been present but for an accident to his wife. A letter of regret from D. A. Ring of Newport was also read.

The election of officers was the interesting feature of the convention, the contest over department commander being especially close. F. F. Goss of Auburn, W. H. Simmons of Rockland and Charles I. Craibe of Togus, were appointed to receive, sort and count votes.

The election of department commander was first on the docket. The name of Surgeon General Norcross was presented, but he declined to accept, whereupon the names of George M. Lovering of Waterville, and Colonel Henry I. Lord of Biddeford, were presented. Mr. Lovering was elected on the first ballot, receiving 25 votes against 21 for Colonel Lord.

For first deputy commander, James Hamilton of Bucksport received 23 votes, S. P. LaGros of Bucksport had 19, and Colonel Lord had 2, Mr. Hamilton being elected.

Marcellus M. Parker of Rockland was elected second deputy commander by acclamation, his name being presented by General J. P. Cilley of Rockland; the other officers chosen were as follows:

Surgeon General—J. H. Shannon of Saco.

Chaplain—J. W. Webster of Newport.

Executive Committee—General J. P. Cilley, Rockland; F. F. Goss, Auburn; J. H. Shannon, Saco; Daniel F. Davis, Bucksport; Isaac B. Davis, Foxcroft: Thomas Hayes, Togus; Calvin Smith, Gardiner.

The new commander made the following appointments: Adjutant general, Daniel P. Stowell, Waterville; quartermaster general, Charles O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; judge advocate general, Colonel Lord, Biddeford. The colonel of each division was requested to recommend two comrades for positions as aides-de-camp.

The new officers were installed by Colonel Lord, assisted by George P. Benson of Waterville as conductor. Colonel Lord was installed by General Eustis.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we recommend to the careful consideration of all our comrades the suggestions of our national commander as it is in his circular letter of October 5, 1898. "Scatter the seed, comrades, stir the boys up, let us form in line of battle, let us invest every point—" We extend our hearty congratulations to our commander-in-chief and would gladly welcome him to the department of Maine.

Resolved, That we extend our cordial friendship and good will to all organizations composed exclusively of ex-soldiers and sailors of the Union Army, believing that every man did his duty in the position to which he was assigned and he must be deserving of the fellowship and commendation of his comrades.

Reso ved, That the thanks of this body be and hereby are extended to all that have contributed to our benefit at this session, to transportation companies for reduced fares, to Davis Tillson command No. 12 U. V. U. for courtesy extended and to Edwin Libby Post and Relief Corps, who have so kindly entertained us.

Resolved. That in the death of John Case Pillsbury, of the United States ship Franklin, whose funeral occurs this day in Rockland, we recognize one of the many young lives of this country that have been sacrificed for the freeing of the oppressed of other nations.

Resolved. That we recognize and commend the patriotism of the present generation which has come forward as readily as did the young men from '61 to '65.

Resolved. That we extend to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy.

ENCAMPMENT ECHOES.

The next encampment will be held with Custer Command of Foxcroft.

Edwin Libby Relief Corps scored another victory in entertaining the veterans. For dinner they provided fish and clam chowder with all the accessories, while for supper there were cold meats, hot baked beans, pastry, cake, coffee and the like. When the supper was all over one gray-bearded veteran rapped on the table for silence, and said: "Ladies of Edwin Libby Relief Corps, I have been attending these encampments and soldiers' gatherings for 20 years, but never before have I seen the veterans entertained as well as you have

entertained us to-day." Then you should have heard the women appland. That veteran spoke from the fulness of his heart (and stomach).

Past Department Commander Eustis had with him at the encampment a war club of wondrous design, the gift of admiring comrades at the encampment in Old Town last year.

Adjutant General Nye brought by special request to the encampment his collection of confederate buttons. General Nye has a unique collection and perhaps there is not another like it in the country. It consists of 25 buttons taken from the uniforms of confederates in different branches of the service. There are navy, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and musicians' buttons. There are Virginia, Maryland, Al-North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Louisiana buttons, the latter containing an image of a pelican and each one bearing some symbolic figure. Mr. Nye began his collection by exchanging buttons with a confederate picket who was stationed near him one night when he was on picket duty. The rest of the buttons he obtained from confederate prisoners and in other ways. Mr. Nye's collection was of great interest to the encampment.

The election of officers was made unanimous in every instance and the best of feeling prevailed.

General Cilley and Dr. Benjamin Williams, who comprised the reception committee, looked carefully after the comfort of every guest in which pleasant occupation they were ably assisted by the other veterans.

M. M. Parker, as colonel of Davis Tillson Command, was right in his element. Colonel Parker is a great worker and helped make the encampment the great success it was.

Alderman W. H. Simmons, also colonel of Davis Tillson Command, welcomed the visitors in behalf of the city.

George M. Lovering of Waterville, the new commander of the department of Maine, is a native of Springfield, N. H., and was born January 10, 1832. He was one of the minute men of the Fourth Massachusetts Infantry, serving under Colonel Abner Packard. He also served in the Third Massachusetts cavalry and received a commission in the 75th U. S. C. T. He was under fire 42 days at the siege of Port Hudson and received a medal of honor for distinguished bravery at the assault on Port Hudson. He was discharged from the service January 9, 1864, without a wound. He has resided in Waterville the last seven years and is in the employ of the motive department, M. C. R. R. He is an Odd Fellow, a Grand Army man and a past colonel of Atwood Crosby Command, U. V. U., of Waterville. He will make the department a splendid head.

Among the Auburn delegates was Spencer Wyman, a former resident of that pretty city and the father of Deputy Warden A. C. Wyman of the Thomaston state prison.

The camp-fire which wound up the encampment Wednesday night was a pleasant affair, some excellent speeches being made.

Two comrades met at the encampment who had not seen each other for 37 years. One had left the other for dead on the battle-field, and the joy of their meeting Wednesday was for no ordinary pen to describe.

One of the delegates wore a pair of pants made in 1862, and had seen service in the rebellion; they attracted lots of attention.

WILSON'S CAVALRY RAID.

By William H. Mayo, Company I, First D. C. Cavalry and Company G, First Maine Cavalry.

It is much easier to write of current events than of what happened thirty-one years ago, but with official records for reference, a fair memory and stirring events to chronicle, I believe I can stumble through with an account of General Wilson's cavalry raid in Virginia in 1864.

A relation of military events is usually dry reading; even the Wizard of the North when he confined himself strictly to facts and figures, failed to make his history of Napoleon entertaining, but his romances founded on the mighty struggles of men and nations of mediæval times are sources of neverending delight to readers both old and young.

I propose to tell my experience while on this mission of destruction; it is necessarily limited to a large extent to the brigade to which I was attached; the figures and dates I get from the official records.

Pursuant to orders from Meade

to General Kautz to join General Wilson with his division of the Army of the James, the command moved out and joined the Third division of the Army of the Potomac near Mount Sinai Church on June 20. Kautz's division was composed of the First brigade, Fifth Pennsylvania, the Third New York, commanded by Colonel West, the Second brigade, Eleventh Pennsylvania and First D. C., commanded by Colonel Spear, and numbered about 2,500 men; the two divisions mustered between 8,000 and 9,000 with twelve pieces horse artillery, four mountain howitzers, twelve pound, and thirty wagons and ambulances, all commanded by General James Wilson.

The work laid out for this formidable cavalry force was the destruction of the South Side and Danville railroads, and the railroad bridge near Roanoke station. At two p. m. of the 22d the force moved out, Spear's brigade in advance. We arrived at Reams' station about 7:30 in the morning capturing a few pickets and driving the rest away, and here, commencing the necessary work of destruction, we burned the buildings, one locomotive, and a train of flat cars.

Kautz made no stop here but the Second brigade in advance moved on to Dinwiddie court house where we rested the horses about an hour; we then marched on towards Ford's depot on the South Side Railroad, reaching there about 5:30 p. m. Here we found two locomotives and eighteen cars, all of which were destroyed with miles of track. We bivouacked here and on the morning of the 23d, march was resumed, the Second brigade still in advance.

It appeared to me that we had no time to sleep or rest, for when out of the saddle we were tearing up tracks and smashing things generally. I am sure that we only suspended our work when rest was absolutely needed by the horses. We marched along the South Side railroad passing Wilson's, Black's and White's Stations, burning water tanks, trestles, bridges, saw mills and depots, and doing more damage in an hour to railroad appliances than could be repaired in a month.

We made a short stop at Nottaway court house, then on to the junction of the South Side, Lynchburg, and Richmond and Danville railroads near Burksville, where we arrived about three o'clock of the 23d, much to the surprise and consternation of the peaceful inhabitants. An immense amount of rolling stock was destroyed at this place and miles of rails towards Richmond and Lynchburg were torn up, made hot and twisted. All this time Wilson with his Third division was following up and making the destruction more complete, if such a thing was possible.

While at Burksville we learned that General Lee with his division of cavalry had got between Wilson's two divisions. We nevertheless pushed on to Keysville where the Third joined us on the 24th, after an all day's fight with Lee near Black's station, and here the united commands bivouacked.

One night we camped—I have forgotten just where it was—near a Confederate hospital filled with wounded men, and a large number of them had undergone amputation. I went through the building and believe that I gave away my last hard tack. It was a pitiful sight to see those men suffering from their wounds and the intense heat, and from the lack of hospital supplies. It illustrated the fact that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The objective point now, as at the start, was Roanoke station, where a railroad bridge spans the Staunton river. Long before daylight on the morning of the 25th the forces pulled out along the railroad, continuing the work of smashing and burning. At six p. m. we arrived at the bluffs overlooking the station and the bridge—the

bone of contention for the possession of which many brave men were to lay down their lives.

Kautz' division was in advance and was elected for the assault, and immediately came the order to dismount and form the attack. This did not take long. One, two, and three for the work in hand, number four to stay with the horses. The second brigade went in on the left, the first on the right. It was a gallant attack and continued as long as there was any chance of success, but after repeated assaults the force was repulsed. The bridge was defended by a force of infantry and batteries posted in earth works covering every approach: then the attack had to be made through a slough where the mud was knee deep. I was number four and staved with the horses back of the bluff and alternated with a comrade to hold eight horses at times, and then creep up on the bluff to watch the fight which ended about midnight. All through the night we could hear trains coming in on the opposite side of the river bringing reinforcements to the enemy, and while the fight was on at the bridge, Lee's cavalry that had followed us from Black's were keeping Wilson's division busy standing them off in the rear.

It was a season of unusual heat and drouth and both men and horses suffered severely from dust and heat. I met one of General Hampton's men in Chicago after the war, and he told me that they could locate our forces by columns of dust

that rose even higher than the smoke of the burning buildings. Kautz' division lost many brave men in this fight. We brought off all our wounded, but only to fall into the enemy's hands later at Stony Creek. Wilson's division pulled out in the night on its return or retreat, Kautz following with the eleventh Pennsylvania and first District of Columbia alternating to bring up the rear and hold back the Johnnies who nearly surrounded us. After burning the buildings at the station, the First District Columbia, the last to pull out, had to ride parallel to. and within a few hundred vards of rebel works, by this time crowded with men. It was daylight too, and why they did not fire at us is a mystery to me; but we had to submit to a heavy tongue fire all the same, such as, "Why didn't vou come over here last night?" and, "We'll see you later, Yanks!" The rear was attacked several times during the day but we had no trouble repelling the attack.

On the return march part of my company just before joining the column, after picketing a cross roads at night, captured a mail carrier. I believe I never saw a man worse scared than he was: he dropped a basket of eggs that he was carrying to hold up his hands and beg for mercy. We relieved him of his mail sack, and a few shots fired over his head started him off at a gait that would surprise any sprinter of these peaceful and degenerate times. In his mail sack were some Richmond papers with ac-

counts of our raid up to date, and advice to General Lee to make no prisoners of the Yankee vandals, but to hang the last one of us for the outrages we had committed on helpless women and children.

A pleasant fate to contemplate truly! As for the reports of outrages, they were malicious falsehoods. I never saw or heard a woman or child approached or spoken to in any but a respectful manner.

The Twenty-seventh was in the saddle early but took it very easily this day, halting several times to give the horses rest. We crossed the Meherrin river at 8:45 and reached Price's farm at 10:30 p.m. and bivouacked.

By this time the negroes, men, women, and children, had joined our columns in spite of orders and protests and in such numbers as to be constantly in the way. Poor creatures! they thought their day of emancipation had come, and it had for many of them, for the rebels appeared to delight in shooting them down. Some kept up with the procession from start to finish, and about four hundred of them came into our lines with Wilson, and a few with Kautz. More than one thousand of them fell into the hands of the Confederates at Stony Creek.

On the twenty-eighth we were on the move before daylight, crossed the Nottaway bridge at 4 p.m. and kept on to Stony Creek station where Wilson's division was engaged in desperate battle with two divisions of cavalry under Hampton; but the fight here did not delay Kautz however, for he kept on with his two brigades marching all night and arrived near Reams' station about six o'clock on the morning of the 29th. Here the Eleventh Pennsylvania in the van was brought to a halt by artillery and infantry under Finnegan of Mahonev's command. Now came the order for the First District Columbia to dismount and advance as skirmishers. I was number one this time and went with the boys. We had barely got in line when an Alabama brigade under Colonel Sanders, charged the line and drove us back some distance, but the Eleventh Pennsylvania came to the rescue. Several companies of this regiment who had remained in the saddle joined with the dismounted troops who had been deployed as skirmishers, and joined us on the left we rallied in a counter charge, and soon had the Alabama men seeking shelter in the woods. We held the position gained by this counter charge for several hours, but were finally ordered back to the rear of our battery.

The First District Columbia was armed with Henry rifles (sixteen shooters) and it was in this fight that the Johnnies said we carried a gun that we could load on Sunday for a week's shooting.

At this time we were in a nasty and critical situation. Wilson had reason to think that General Hancock held Reams' station; instead we had General Hoak's and Finne-

gan's infantry holding the station, Lee's cavalry on our flank, and General Wade Hampton with two divisions of cavalry closing the gap. After Wilson joined us, and we were all surrounded, no doubt the Confederate general thought that they had us to a certainty. The men under Wilson were in a terrible state of exhaustion at this time and it was almost impossible to keep from falling to sleep. We had been fighting or running for nine days and I believe the only sleep I got was in the saddle. Besides, I for one, was hungry; the boys in gray gave us no time to sleep, and we had nothing to eat.

About this time General Wilson ordered Kautz to cut loose from everything and save as many men and horses as possible. We had captured a good many horses and many of ours had given out. I can find no record of the number of horses lost for the entire command, but it must have been several thousand. Colonel Spear reports a loss of seven hundred and twelve in his brigade, the Second.

Now commenced a wild skedaddle through heavy timber, shells from rebel batteries knocking the branches about our ears. Then a charge through an infantry force, and the crossing of a deep railroad cut. Here was a scene I shall never forget. The Confederates had a battery commanding the crossing, with infantry on both sides of us. It looked desperate to me, but it was either this way to

our lines or a rebel prison. horse had not failed me during the ride, and he did not here; he slid down the embankment to the track gracefully enough, but what a sight was here! Men and horses piled up in inextricable confusion. was impossible to get through without stepping on one or the other. I dismounted, took my horse by the head and led him to the opposite bank, when a shell exploded directly over him and tearing away a blanket I had lashed to the saddle, helped us both up the bank. Arriving on the bank there was a muddy stream to cross still under the fire of musketry and artillery; then a swamp that the long drouth had made passable; then safety, but utterly exhausted and badly scared.

My horse had fallen with me several times coming through the timber. I believe that he was asleep, and after crossing the swamp, he refused to go further. I could only take off his furniture and leave him where there was water and grazing and follow the procession on foot. I recovered him several weeks later but he was of no further use for cavalry service. Three days later I came in to our old camp at Jones' landing opposite Malvern hill. General Wilson came into our lines at another point and several days later than Kautz, with a badly demoralized force.

As to the losses in this expedition the reports of commanders are so conflicting in the official records that it is hard to arrive at facts.

The First District Columbia lost one hundred and thirty-eight men; Lieutenant-Colonel Conger in command, Major Curtis and Captain Sanford were severely wounded, but managed in some way to reach our lines. Captains Benson and Chase and several lieutenants were badly wounded and fell into the enemy's hands with the ambulances. The Eleventh Pennsylvania losses were about the same. All of our artillery, howitzers, wagon trains and ambulances filled with wounded, fell into the enemy's hands. We did not save a wheel. General Wilson says that he lost nine hundred men, killed, wounded, and missing. General Lee claims to have captured one thousand men besides the wounded.

Note.—Tobie's history of the First Maine Cavalry, gives by name the loss of the eight Maine companies in the District of Columbia Cavalry, as four killed, nine wounded, of whom one died, nine wounded and prisoners of whom one died, and twenty nine prisoners of whom thirteen died, making a total of fifty-one.

Was it worth while? General Meade said, "The brilliant success of the operation, and the heavy injuries inflicted on the enemy were deemed ample compensation for the losses we sustained."

General Grant said in his report, "The damage to the enemy more than compensated for the losses we sustained; it severed the connection by railroad with Richmond for several weeks."



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HISTORY FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

1861-1865.

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE.

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