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GEORGE LINCOLN PRESCOTT.

COLONEL 32D MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, AND BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.

*Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.*

*Mortally wounded in front of Petersburg, June 18, 1864.*

# WHAT I SAW AT BULL RUN.

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AN ADDRESS

BY

*EDWIN S. BARRETT,*

DELIVERED IN THE

TOWN HALL, CONCORD, MASS., JULY 21ST, 1886,

ON THE

25th Anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run,

AT THE

RE-UNION OF THE VETERANS OF CO. G (CONCORD ARTILLERY),

FIFTH REGIMENT, M. V. M.

CAPT. GEORGE L. PRESCOTT.

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At a meeting of the veterans of Captain Prescott's company, held at the rooms of the Grand Army Post in Concord, on the evening of June 10, it was voted to hold a re-union of the veterans of Company G, on July 21, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Bull Run.

The following committee was chosen to arrange for the re-union: JOSEPH DERBY, HUMPHREY H. BUTTRICK, JAMES W. CARTER, GEORGE F. HALL, EDWARD F. PHELPS, CALEB H. WHEELER, JOHN BROWN, 2d, EDWARD J. BARTLETT. JAMES W. CARTER, *Secretary*.

Invitations to the re-union were sent out to the members of the company as far as their addresses could be obtained, and numerous responses were received, showing quite an interest in the proposed re-union. On the afternoon of the day designated the comrades assembled at the rooms of the Old Concord Post, G. A. R. The roll was called, and thirty veterans responded to their names, of which number thirteen were residents of Concord. An hour or two was pleasantly spent in reviving memories of the past, and in giving personal reminiscences of the war. Some of the comrades present had not met for a quarter of a century, hence it was especially pleasant to renew the acquaintance after so long a separation. Under the guidance of Lieutenant Derby, the comrades visited the grave of Captain Prescott, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and with uncovered heads dropped flowers upon the last resting-place of their honored commander. The soldiers' monument, in the square, was then visited, and the company photographed, after which they returned to the Grand Army rooms, where a bountiful dinner was provided by Caterer Wright. Lieutenant Derby pre-

sided on this occasion, and after ample justice had been done to the dinner, and cigars were lighted, speeches and toasts were in order, which filled up the time to 7.30 P. M., when the comrades formed in line, and under escort of the Concord Artillery, Captain Frank E. Cutter, and Old Concord Post, Commander Edward J. Bartlett, were escorted to the Town Hall. Rev. Grindall Reynolds was president of the meeting, and his address of welcome was especially eloquent and impressive. The Grand Army Quartette, under the leadership of Mr. William Barrett, gave several of their inspiring war songs, which was a pleasant feature of the occasion. The president then introduced Mr. Edwin S. Barrett, who gave his experience at the battle of Bull Run, in connection with that of the Concord company.



## WHAT I SAW AT BULL RUN.

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THE election of Abraham Lincoln as President in November, 1860, was the signal for the slave-holders of the South to openly commence their long-threatened treason against the Union. The North had declared, by the election of Lincoln, that any further extension of slavery must cease, while the South not only demanded further slave territory, but additional guarantees for its protection, or the further alternative of a secession from the Union of the slave-holding States, and the founding of a Confederacy based upon the corner-stone of human slavery. After the election of Mr. Lincoln the more reckless fire-eaters of the South declared that he never should be inaugurated, and boldly threatened his assassination while on his journey to the national capital, but he arrived there safely on the morning of February 23, 1861, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March following. The South promptly commenced their preparations for war. In the North there was great excitement, but the people, long accustomed to the threats of the Southern slave-holders, hardly believed they would attempt open rebellion by force of arms. South Carolina, that hot-bed of secessionists, first lifted her fratricidal hands against the Union. At daylight of April 12th Gen. Beauregard opened his batteries upon Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, and for thirty-three hours kept up a continuous fire of shot and shell upon this Union fortress, till Major Anderson, in command of the garrison, was compelled to surrender. On April 15 the call was issued by President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men

from the organized militia of the loyal States, to serve for three months. The proportion to Massachusetts was two regiments. Gov. Andrew promptly supplied four; of these Middlesex County furnished two — the Fifth and Sixth Regiments. The Concord Artillery, Company G, Fifth Regiment, Col. S. C. Lawrence, left this town on Friday, April 19, 1861, and joined the balance of the regiment at Faneuil Hall in Boston, where they were quartered a day or two, receiving their equipments. The officers of the company were George L. Prescott, Captain; Joseph Derby, Jr., First Lieutenant; Humphrey H. Buttrick, Second Lieutenant, and Charles Bowers, Third Lieutenant; and the company all told numbered eighty-two men; thirteen were boys of eighteen or nineteen years of age. They were mustered into the service May 1 and July 4, and their term of service expired July 31, 1861. Of these eighty-two men Concord furnished fifty, Woburn thirteen, Waltham four, Lincoln three, Boston three, Weymouth two, and one each from the following towns: Acton, Carlisle, Ashby, Quincy, Lunenburg, Braintree, and Harvard. Of the company only thirteen are now living in Concord. As near as can be ascertained twenty-two are dead, and the remaining forty-seven are widely scattered; thirty are present this evening. The regiment left Boston for New York on Sunday, *via* the Boston & Albany Railroad, and on the march to the station one of the Concord company fell in a fainting fit and was left behind. Procuring a carriage, I took him to some friends, where he was kindly cared for. From New York to Annapolis the regiment was conveyed by steamer, and from Annapolis they were to take the cars for Washington. On arriving at Annapolis they found only cars enough for four companies, consequently the Concord company, with the other five companies of the regiment, were compelled to march all night to Annapolis Junction, and there took the cars for Washington, arriving there about noon of Wednesday, and then going directly to their quarters in the Treasury Building. They were in good health and spirits, barring the fatigue incident

to their long journey. Washington and its suburbs during the next few weeks was one vast military camp, as the Northern volunteers gathered for its defence, while on the Virginia side of the Potomac floated the rebel flag from many a prominent point, in full view from Washington, bidding daily defiance to the Union arms. At length the order was given for the Union forces to cross the Potomac and occupy Alexandria and the commanding points on the Virginia side. At midnight of May 23d, by the light of a full moon, the movement was begun. The New York Regiment of Fire Zouaves, Col. Ellsworth, going by boats, and the Seventh New York Regiment, Col. Lefferts, and other regiments, including the Fifth Massachusetts, over the bridges, and by daylight they were all on the sacred soil of Virginia, without having met with any substantial resistance, capturing, however, several hundred rebels, who were taken by surprise and quietly surrendered. Col. Ellsworth, with his regiment of Zouaves, occupied the city of Alexandria, and quickly moved his companies in different directions to repulse any attack from the rebels. His men destroyed the railroad track, captured some rebel stores, and were generally more actively employed than the other regiments outside of the city. Then followed the tragic death of Col. Ellsworth. Seeing a rebel flag flying from the roof of the "Marshall House," he determined to remove it. Entering the hotel in the early morning with four of his men, he climbed the staircase to the top story, and then out through the skylight on to the roof, and hauled down the rebel flag. On descending the staircase, a man jumped from a dark passage and leveled a double-barreled gun squarely at Col. Ellsworth's breast; Private Brownell attempted to turn the gun aside, but failed, and the man discharged one barrel straight to its aim, the charge entering the Colonel's heart, and he fell dead upon the stairs with the rebel flag in his arms. Quickly his assailant turned to fire the remaining barrel at Brownell, but his aim was faulty and the charge lodged in the ceiling, while almost exactly at the instant

Brownell in his turn fired, the shot striking the rebel squarely between the eyes, and he fell dead upon the landing. Fearing he had not killed him, Brownell stabbed him through and through with his sabre bayonet. A woman appeared from one of the rooms, and rushing to the stairway, recognized the body of the defender of the rebel flag as that of her husband, and with agonizing screams threw herself upon his body. This man was the proprietor of the hotel, and his name was Jackson. This tragic event produced a marked sensation in the country, and it was feared the Fire Zouaves would burn the city of Alexandria in retaliation, as Col. Ellsworth was the idol of his regiment, and has been called the Gen. Warren of the Rebellion. Young, of strikingly handsome personal appearance, a thoroughly trained soldier, his future was full of promise, while his generous, manly qualities greatly endeared him to his friends. //

Early in June, 1861, I started for Washington, having in charge a set of new uniforms for the Concord company. I found the regiment encamped just outside of the city of Alexandria, and in fact the entire neighborhood was one vast camp for the gathering Union forces. The men were delighted with their new uniforms, and lost no time in parting with the worn and seedy garments which had done them such good service since they left home some two months before. Then came the fitting of the men to the uniforms, or the uniforms to the men. It required time, considerable patience, and no end of calculation. The man standing six feet two did not appear to advantage in the uniform intended for a man but five feet four, while the lean boy of eighteen to nineteen did not fill out successfully the suit fashioned for a more robust companion. However, after a trying experience, the company were satisfactorily settled into their new uniforms and voted them a great success. The men were in good spirits, doing their duty faithfully in every particular, sharing in picket and guard duty, and spending a portion of each day in drill; sometimes as a company, then with the regiment, and occasionally as a brigade. There was more

or less of jollity and fun, with no excesses, and in fact it seemed in some degree like a brigade muster on a large scale; but the constant picket firing at night was a forcible reminder that we were in an enemy's country, and that a vigilant foe was watching our every movement. Active correspondence was kept up by the company with their friends at home, and this correspondence, with their routine of camp duties, kept the time of the men pretty well employed. For some weeks I divided my time between the camp and the capitol at Washington. The debates in Congress were intensely interesting, but at night I was glad to return to Captain Prescott's tent, even if the constant picket firing disturbed my slumbers. For real excitement I would occasionally visit our picket line and take a look at the rebel picket opposite; and I remember on one occasion meeting Vice-President Hamlin at Falls Church, that being our farthest picket at the time, and he was intent upon seeing how a rebel picket looked at short range. On the Fourth of July I dined at the City Hotel in Alexandria, with Lieut. Buttrick and Private Garty. We were inclined to celebrate Independence Day with a change in our bill of fare, as we were heartily tired of the salt beef and hard-tack which were the staple diet of the camp. One evening Lieut. Charles Bowers invited me to take a walk with him over to Alexandria, and on the way made known his object. He wished me to use my influence at Washington to obtain a pass for a slave family, in order that they might go up on the boat to Washington; once in Washington, they would be free and no questions asked. This family numbered some half-dozen and were owned by a resident of Alexandria. There were the old grandmother, her daughter—a woman of forty, I should judge—with several children, the oldest a young woman of twenty, and she with a babe in arms. This whole family, with the exception of the old grandmother, wished to be free, and were anxious to go up to Washington, if a pass could be obtained from the military authorities. The grandmother did not desire to go; she was willing to die in

slavery, as her infirmities would make her a burden to the others, but she was very anxious to have her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren breathe the air of liberty. Lieut. Bowers and myself left this slave hovel, with its four generations of slaves, determined to do what we could to give this family their freedom. Of course we did not wish to violate any law — no Concord man would — but we both thought that a trip to Washington would do them good ; but before we could carry out our plan the order came to march. I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without a brief allusion to Captain Prescott. I had known him from my childhood, and I had great respect and affection for him. When I first visited the camp he at once urged upon me the hospitality of his own tent. On the march we slept under the same blanket, and on every occasion and under all circumstances he treated me with as much care and consideration as though I had been his own son. In fact, the same fatherly care was exercised toward every man under his command. If sick he would sit by them, and write out their letters home while they dictated, receiving and delivering his routine camp orders at the same time ; if any jarring in the company he would patiently examine into the trouble, and in his kindly, straightforward way smooth away the difficulties. He made it a rule to visit the tents of his men every night before retiring himself, to see that the men were properly covered and protected from the night air, and many a time in camp and on the march have I been a witness of this his last duty of the day. His interest also extended to the whole regiment, over which he exercised great care and watchfulness, as well as kindness of heart. I remember an instance of a boy in another company having received a fatal wound while handling a revolver ; he lingered for some days, and during the time Captain Prescott gave all his spare time to the care of this dying boy. On the night of his death he left our tent about nine o'clock, saying, "he thought the boy had not long to live." I could not sleep myself, I remember, and about twelve o'clock the captain returned, and with



tearful eyes informed me that the boy was dead. Captain Prescott had the entire respect and esteem of his superiors in command: faithful to every duty, they knew he could be relied upon, and all through the war to that fatal day before Petersburg, June 18, 1864, when as Colonel of the Massachusetts Thirty-Second Regiment he fell mortally wounded, he carried himself as a brilliant example of the typical Northern volunteer, and one of which our town may well be proud.

Of the men in the Concord company I can truly say that they were thoroughly imbued with a sense of duty to their country, and felt the great responsibility of its defence, while as soldiers, no company in the regiment was its superior. One night in camp, on attempting to pass the guard, I was challenged by the sentry on duty and the countersign demanded, which I was unable to give. The guard was one of the youngest of the Concord boys and knew me well, and there would have been no particular harm in allowing me to pass, as he knew me and could vouch for my loyalty. But he held to the letter of his orders and higher sense of duty, and I felt proud of his true military spirit, as I turned away and sought a more willing sentinel. Actual conflict had now commenced in Virginia at various points. General Butler had been repulsed with severe loss at Big Bethel; General Schenck, while exploiting on a railroad train with the First Ohio Regiment, fell into an ambuscade at Vienna, ten miles from Alexandria, and his whole force barely escaped capture by a large body of rebels. A Concord boy was a First Lieutenant of this Ohio regiment, and was seriously disabled and for a long time in the hospital, in fact never entirely recovered his health, and now sleeps in a far Western grave.<sup>1</sup> In my frequent visits to Washington I had learned that an advance movement was soon to be ordered, and I quietly determined to be one of the party.

On Tuesday morning, July 16, the order was given by Gen. Scott to advance and attack the rebels at Manassas.

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<sup>1</sup> Arthur H. Barrett.

Col. Heintzelman was in command of our division, and the Massachusetts Fifth had the right of the line, or the head of the column, and the Concord company the right of the regiment. A company of pioneers were in advance of us, armed with pick-axes, crowbars, spades, etc., their duty being to repair the bridges and clear the way for the advance of the division. We had skirmishers thrown out on either flank to the right and left as we advanced. Our guides were men supposed to be familiar with every road and cross-road in the country. Supplied by the regimental quartermaster with a military cap and regulation belt, I readily passed muster as an assistant surgeon, and was frequently addressed as doctor. I was provided with a pass from the War Department, which gave me entrance at all times within our lines as well as protection where not acquainted. Our first day's march was slow, as we found all the bridges destroyed by the rebels, and our pioneers were obliged to repair them. Then again where the road ran through the woods the rebels had felled the trees across, compelling us to clear them away or seek a new passage around the obstruction. Frequently we had to leave the main road and pass our whole column through a corn or wheat field, leaving behind a swath of destruction. The mounted rebel scouts were always prancing in our front, occasionally exchanging shots with our advance skirmishers, and as our regiment was at the front it made our onward march quite exciting. We marched ten miles and bivouacked for the night in an open pasture. Our camp fires were soon lighted and supper hastily prepared. We carried three days' rations of hard-tack — trying to false teeth — and corned beef, which the soldiers nicknamed salt horse. We had no tents during this eventful week, but rolling ourselves in our blankets, lay down on the bare ground to sleep. Rather fitful were our slumbers, for our pickets were constantly engaged at night in exchanging shots with the pickets of the enemy, and we were apprehensive of a night attack. On the second day's march our regiment still led the column, but we did not encounter as



many obstacles as on the first day ; and having been furnished with a horse and equipments by the quartermaster of our regiment, I felt equal to any emergency, although conscious that my advancement from the ranks to the staff was a streak of good fortune rather beyond my deserts, and to be a volunteer staff officer, even without pay and subject to no assigned duty, was certainly an enviable position. My horse was a large dark bay standing sixteen hands high, muscular and strong, of great endurance and without any especial beauty. I have a suspicion that he was unwittingly left in his stable by some rebellious Virginian for his family use, while his master had gone further south, but having been taught that I should never "look a gift horse in the mouth," I asked no questions. He certainly was of great service to others as well as myself, as will appear later ; and what was most remarkable about him, he seemed to be very indifferent as to whether he had anything to eat or not, and I fear he did not gain much flesh while in my week's service.

We camped the second night near Sangster's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and all the afternoon we had noticed the smoke of the burning bridges, which the rebels had fired as they retreated before us towards Manassas Junction. One of our men presented me with a pair of saddle-bags found in the railroad station, which the rebels had left behind in their hasty retreat. This soldier was certainly an angel in disguise, for without these saddle-bags I should have been minus my horse when most wanted.

Our third day's march was long and toilsome. We did not follow altogether the country roads, but tried to shorten the distance by short cuts across the country, through wheat and corn-fields. Women scowled at us from the doors and windows of their houses, children fled in terror, but the slaves could not conceal their delight, and were always ready to do us service. We had captured some rebel scouts on the march, but they were sullen and silent, and not interesting even to look at. We had heard during the afternoon heavy firing to the southwest, and thought another of our divisions had en-

gaged the army. It proved to be at Blackburn's Ford, four miles south of Centreville, and the object of our attack was to ascertain the strength of the rebel right wing. It was ten o'clock at night before we reached our camp at Centreville, tired and jaded with our long march. Our rations were exhausted, and a light, drizzling rain was falling. Our camp was located on the top of a high hill, and from this elevation we could look down upon the camp-fires of thirty thousand men, a magnificent spectacle and one long to be remembered. The ground itself was an old corn-field, and I remember that it was with some difficulty Captain Prescott and myself could find a level place large enough to accommodate us, as we both slept under the same blanket. On Friday we rested in camp, waiting for our supplies to feed the army. In the afternoon cattle were driven into the camp and slaughtered, and the meat passed around before it was cold, consequently the beef-steak was very tough, and I much preferred the hard-tack. In the evening Captain Prescott and myself sauntered through the different camps, but neglected to get the countersign, and on attempting to pass the guard of a Pennsylvania regiment we were challenged; not being able to respond with the countersign, we were promptly arrested and taken to the guard-tent, but on producing my pass from the War Department, we were immediately released. "

It was the original plan of General Beauregard to attack our army at Centreville on Friday, the 19th, but his reënforcements not coming up, he did not make the attempt; but I am inclined to think it extremely prudent on his part that he did not do so, as the hills of Centreville could have been easily defended by us with our artillery, against a greatly superior force. The rebel force at Winchester, under Gen. Joe Johnston, was ordered to fight Gen. Patterson, or slip away from him and join Gen. Beauregard at Manassas; the latter fearing all the while that Patterson would make a junction with Gen. McDowell before Johnston could unite his forces with Beauregard's. The strategy of Gen. Johnston surpassed that of Gen. Patterson, and he slipped away from him, and before the

day of the battle, Sunday, he had transferred his whole army to Manassas Junction and formed the junction with Beauregard, Patterson all the time thinking he had Johnston in his front at Winchester. By this failure of Gen. Patterson to hold Gen. Johnston in check, or else give him battle, Gen. McDowell had lost the battle of Bull Run before he had fought it. On the other hand, if we had attacked Gen. Beauregard on Friday we should have had only his single army to fight, and the chances of victory greatly in our favor, and even up to Sunday, notwithstanding our delay, Gen. McDowell felt that only Beauregard was in his front. On Saturday, the 20th, we were still in camp, and hard-tack and supplies were again abundant, but these two days' delay were fatal to the plans of Gen. McDowell. Saturday evening Captain Prescott and myself visited the camp of the First Rhode Island Regiment and called upon Lieut. Prescott — a cousin of Captain Prescott, who was killed the next day — and there we heard of the order to be in readiness to march at half past two the next morning, and returning to our camp, gave the news to the company.

There was not much sound sleep that night; the hum of preparation and expectancy seemed to pervade the vast camp, and the thought of what the morrow might bring forth must have forced itself upon the minds of all. The night was cool, and at twelve o'clock I awoke, feeling very cold; and unable to sleep more, I anxiously waited for the signal to prepare. At two o'clock one drum sounded through the camp and was repeated through the numerous camps around us, and in half an hour thirty thousand men stood ready to battle for the Union. The army moved in three divisions — Gen. Richardson to attack the rebel left wing with artillery as a feint; Gen. Tyler the center, and Gen. Hunter, by a long circuitous route, was to attack the rebel left, and try to outflank them, bringing his line so as to coöperate with Gen. Tyler. Tyler's division, three brigades and two batteries, with one rifled thirty-two pound gun, moved on the Warrenton turnpike to the stone bridge that crosses Bull Run. Hunter's division, five

brigades, four batteries, and one thousand cavalry, which was the main body, and to which the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment was attached, was to follow Tyler's division. We waited in marching order from half past two o'clock till half past six, before the command was given to march. We had partaken of a scanty breakfast, and this long halt was a great tax upon our patience and endurance. The regular cavalry and a battery of artillery led the advance of our division, followed by the First Minnesota, Col. Gorman, the Massachusetts Eleventh, Col. Clark, then the Fifth Massachusetts, Col. Lawrence, thus giving our brigade the right of the line. Gen. McDowell and staff now led our division. As we left Centreville we passed by the camps of the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment and the New York Eighth battery, and to our surprise we learned that they refused to advance, claiming that their time had expired on the day before. Gen. McDowell urged them to join the column, but his solicitations were in vain, and while we were marching forward to battle, this recreant regiment, with the 8th New York battery, turned their faces homeward to the music of the enemy's cannon. There was great indignation throughout the army at their cowardly action, and I am happy to say they were mostly Dutchmen.

We followed Tyler's division till we had crossed Cub Run; then turning to the right, took the old Braddock road, leaving Tyler's division on our left. Passing through a forest of heavy oak timber, some three or four miles in length, we emerged into the open country, with a wide interval on our left, and the Blue Ridge mountains distinctly visible on our right. We had heard an occasional cannon shot during the morning, but not until ten o'clock was there any sound of a general engagement. Passing over a hill, we could see in the distance the flash of the rebel artillery, and the excitement increased and our march was hastened, part of the time on the double-quick. Surgeon Hurd and myself now rode up to a house, and dismounting, we requested permission of the inmates, in our blandest tones, to make some tea in their kitchen, the doctor having a package of the article in his pocket. The

Virginia ladies paid no attention to our request, but stared angrily at the Northern invaders. So walking into the kitchen, we helped ourselves to hot water and made our tea, of which we drank freely, and I have always felt that this tea was an immense benefit in sustaining me during the fatigues of the next twenty-four hours; but the angry looks of these female rebels left a permanent impression, as we mounted our horses and rode away to the head of the column. About a mile before we reached the field of battle, our men began to throw away their blankets and all unnecessary appendages, the different regiments trying to throw them into a pile, or as near together as possible, without halting. The sun was hot and the perspiration rolled in big drops from the faces of the men, but in their excitement of the double-quick, and the fighting in front, the heat did not seem to trouble them. I tied my horse to a tree near the hospital headquarters, Sudley's church, and gave a small colored boy twenty-five cents to watch him, and with Dr. Hurd hastened to the head of the division, which advanced in double-quick time till they came within reach of the enemy's guns. Passing in the rear of Burnside's brigade, then hotly engaged, we passed on to the right. I could see that the enemy's batteries were posted on a slightly elevated plateau partially concealed in the woods, while their infantry were more to the rear, keeping under cover as much as possible. We were separated from the rebels by a valley more or less wooded and somewhat undulating. It was now about half past ten o'clock; Gen. McDowell ordered our infantry into this valley in the front of the rebel artillery and infantry, and kept extending his line to the right, with a view of turning their left wing. By lying on the ground our men were partially sheltered from the rebel fire, the shot passing over their heads. I watched the colors of the Massachusetts Fifth with intense interest as they marched into this valley, but I preferred remaining on the higher land where I could better observe the battle. As our division passed along, the rebel fire would make an occasional gap in our ranks, and I remember with what horror I saw the first



man fall, killed instantly by a cannon shot, and our men passed over him, trampling him in the dirt. I then made up my mind that I should witness all the horrors of a battle. A staff officer rode up to me and ordered me to rally the stragglers, and see that they took their places in their regiments. There was quite a fringe of stragglers just outside of the range of the rebel fire, and hastening to where they were the thickest, I earnestly urged them to take their places in the line, I fear without much success, but I am happy to say I saw no Massachusetts soldiers among them. I kept as near to Gen. McDowell and his staff as was practicable to hear the orders given, but as they were mounted and moved rapidly from point to point, I was not very successful. A battery swept past me to take a position; I followed it along some distance, when the captain galloped back to me and called out, "Doctor, tell Capt. Fry to hurry up my supports." I did not know Capt. Fry, the acting Adjutant General, but hastening back, met an orderly, of whom I inquired where I could find him. He pointed him out to me near a regiment of infantry. I rushed up to him and gave my message; he replied, "They are coming right along," and on a double-quick the regiment followed after the battery.

Burnside's brigade was pressing the rebels steadily back, the Second New Hampshire Regiment holding the left of his line. I stopped in the rear of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, which was on the most elevated ground, but the shot and shell were so thick about me that I thought it extra hazardous to remain there. Noticing a high persimmon tree standing alone at a short distance to the right, I determined to climb it — I had learned to climb trees on Ponkatassett hill. As I ascended the tree I noticed that the trunk had been repeatedly hit by the rebel bullets. The top of the tree was partially dead, and at about thirty feet from the ground I took my position, and from this tree-top I had an unobstructed view of the battle. On my immediate left was the brigade of Gen. Burnside, and on my right across the road and more in the valley, the brigade of Col. Franklin, including the Fifth

Massachusetts. Opposed to Burnside, and directly under my eye was posted the rebel brigade, under Gen. Bee, with two Georgia regiments and the Fourth Alabama, partially protected by an angle of fine woods, being part of Joe Johnston's army just arrived from Winchester. On the left of Gen. Bee, and facing our right, Stonewall Jackson was in command, while some four or five miles away on the rebel right, near Blackburn's Ford, Gen. Beauregard was posted with a large part of his force, expecting our main attack there, he being deceived by the artillery fire of Gen. Richardson's division, which was intended as a feint and to hold Beauregard to this point, while McDowell outflanked him. Gen. McDowell's plan of battle was unquestionably a good one, and he should not be held responsible for the delays which caused its failure. It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock; our division had been rapidly placed in position, all the time exposed to the fire of the rebels. Ricketts's battery took a position to the right of my tree, just across the road, and in the rear of our infantry lines and to the right of Ricketts's was the battery of Griffin. The Rhode Island battery was on my left, some fifty rods from Ricketts's, and in the rear of Burnside's brigade. Ricketts's battery now opened fire with shell, and the first shot struck fairly within the rebel lines, and our men cheered at their success in getting the range so quickly. Then opened the Rhode Island battery with equal vigor and precision. The firing spread along our whole line to the right, the left having been steadily engaged. Promptly did the enemy respond; it was an incessant roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, grand beyond my powers of description. Our infantry in the valley commenced their rapid firing. Advancing to fire, some regiments sheltered themselves by lying flat on their faces, while the rebel shot passed over their heads. Steadily but slowly we forced back the enemy; more than ten thousand infantry and twenty pieces of artillery were sending their shot and shell into the rebel lines, while the enemy responded with equal vigor. My tree was repeatedly hit by bullets while I was in it; but I noticed they struck

below me, so after a while I became accustomed to it ; but the bursting of shells gave me a more uneasy feeling, and I watched them with a more tender solicitude, for I witnessed the results of their explosion. This hill was a favorite point of observation for Gen. McDowell and his staff officers, although swept by the rebel fire ; and I heard McDowell give an order to one of his aids to advance a battery to a point beyond the valley and on to the plateau near the Henry house. The captain of the battery received the order, and glancing at the perilous position to which he was ordered, asked in a loud voice, " By whose order am I to go there ? " McDowell overheard this question and promptly replied, " By mine, sir. " " All right, " said the captain, and soon the battery started, the horses running at the top of their speed across the intervening valley. The Ellsworth Zouaves and the Fourteenth New York Regiment were ordered to the support of this battery. I watched this advance with intense interest, for I felt it was a hazardous movement, it being far in advance of our main line, and I could see from my tree-top a considerable body of cavalry and infantry directly in their front, and on their left, partially concealed by the woods, and I think if McDowell had been in my lookout he would not have given the order.

The Zouaves presented a beautiful appearance as they marched behind the artillery ; their showy scarlet uniform and their perfect marching I well remember. It was supposed that the Zouaves would stand fire, and only sought a good opportunity to avenge the murder of Ellsworth. But scarcely had the battery halted and fired, before the enemy opened upon them with their partially concealed artillery and a terrific fire of infantry, and our artillery were driven back pell-mell through the ranks of the Zouaves, many of their men and horses being killed. The Zouaves stood their ground, firing in lines, then falling on their faces to load. Their ranks were becoming thinned, yet they would not retire. Suddenly the rebel fire ceased, when out from the low pines dashed Stewart's cavalry, and charged with uplifted sabres upon the



broken ranks of the Zouaves. The Zouaves resisted this onset as best they could. After firing their guns, too sorely pressed to load, they clubbed their muskets. It was a grand *mêlée*; cannoniers, rebel cavalry, and Zouaves. I could see the horses rearing, sabres glistening, and reekers dashing; the only approach to a hand to hand combat on the field that day.

The Zouaves were broken and driven back, their commander, Lieut. Col. Farnham, having been mortally wounded, and they did not reform as a regiment again during the day. Captain Ricketts was seriously wounded; many of his horses were killed at the first fire, his guns were captured and then retaken; but finally at the close of the day his guns were again captured, his horses having been killed, he was unable to draw them off. On my left the battle still raged. Barnside had steadily pushed the rebels back into a piece of pine woods, but there they made a determined stand. We poured into this piece of woods a most terrific fire of infantry as well as artillery at short range. The trees were literally shorn of their branches, and the slaughter in the rebel lines was fearful. I could see the ground covered with their dead and wounded, and wondered how long they could stand this withering fire. Fresh support came to the aid of Barnside. Col. Marston, of the Second New Hampshire, the regiment two hundred feet from my tree, had been carried off wounded. Suddenly a cheer went up from this regiment, for the whole rebel line on our left had given way and were in full retreat. And now the battle raged round the Henry house near the center of our line with varying success. We forced the rebels back from this plateau and advanced our whole line, and seemed about to envelop their left wing. We brought an enfilading fire upon the rebel infantry, which proved very destructive. Beauregard now hastened to reinforce his shattered left wing, and with his fresh troops succeeded in reforming his line and stopping our further advance. The Henry house was now between the combatants, and was riddled with shot and shell. Mrs. Judith Henry, a bed-ridden woman, was

taken out of the house by the inmates and carried to a ravine for safety. Later, after the battle passed, she was carried back to the house. Again the house came within range of the contesting forces, and Mrs. Henry was killed in her bed.

I had now been in the tree-top over two hours, and all this time a stream of wounded men had been passing toward the hospital headquarters at Sudley's church, either helped or carried by their comrades. The ambulances were active in picking up the wounded. It was now about two o'clock; the day was excessively hot, and I began to suffer from thirst. A quarter of a mile to my left was a small house, the Lewis house, and I determined to go there for water. I left my post of observation in the tree-top with great reluctance. There was a fascination which held me to the spot, notwithstanding I was a fair target for the rebel sharp-shooters. Picking a couple of persimmons as a remembrance, I descended the tree, startling two straggling soldiers leaning against it, by requesting them to move their guns so that I could get down. They looked up in astonishment at hearing a voice, and no doubt took me at first for a rebel spy, but the U. S. on my cap, and my anxious inquiries after their regiment, soon re-assured them.

Leaving the tree I started for some water at the little house on my left, where I could see quite a crowd of soldiers clustered around the well. I stopped to speak with a rebel prisoner, whom two of our men were taking to the rear. He belonged to a South Carolina regiment, and in vain I tried to make him talk, but he was disinclined to be agreeable. I soon passed within range of the rebel fire; the shot fell thick about me and shells were bursting all around; I hardly knew which way to turn. A spent cannon ball came rolling over the ground toward me, and I involuntarily put out my foot to stop it, when a soldier drew me back; a bullet whizzed past my ear, so near that it felt like burning. It occurred to me I had better change my base. I passed still toward the left, over the ground fought over by the command of Burnside and Tyler. Scattered over this field were guns,

blankets, and other paraphernalia of warfare, mingled with our dead and wounded men. I saw here a horse and his rider under him, both apparently killed by the same cannon ball. Getting over an intervening stone-wall, I was startled by the long line of dead men belonging to the First Maine Regiment, who had a hard fight at this point. As I drew near the house I saw that it had been turned into a hospital for our wounded, and such a scene as was presented in that little house of two rooms was enough to appall the stoutest heart. The rooms were crowded, and all around on the green sward were men mortally wounded. I should think there were forty. One man lay dead with his canteen at his lips; he had died in the act of drinking. They lay so thick around that I could hardly step between them, and every step was in blood. The hospital headquarters were a mile off, and there were only two surgeons here. I gave them what little assistance I could, until becoming faint and sick I was compelled to leave. I left this house, and following the wake of battle bore off towards the south, till I came to the pine woods previously held by the rebel brigade of Gen. Bee when opposed to Gen. Burnside and others. Here occurred the heaviest loss to the rebels; two of the rebel regiments were nearly destroyed. They held this angle of woods with great tenacity, it being the key to their position. The Fourth Alabama lost all its field officers, and were left with only a captain to command. The Eighth Georgia of six hundred men, their colonel killed, did not at the close of the day muster but sixty men. The Seventh Georgia suffered heavily in its officers, and the Brigade Commander, Gen. Bee, was killed. I found in these woods the ground literally covered with the corpses of the enemy. I counted in a space of about ten rods square, where they seemed the thickest, forty-seven dead rebels, and ten mortally wounded; the slightly wounded were helped off, and scattered through these woods were any number more. I talked with several of the wounded, and they told me they belonged to the Eighth Georgia, Col. Bartow, and had arrived at Manassas

from Winchester the day before, together with all of Gen. Johnston's force. One young man informed me that he was from Macon, Georgia, and that his father was a merchant. I asked another man where he was from. Glancing at my belt, he replied, "I am for disunion, opposed to you." This man was shot through the body. I heard one of our soldiers ask a wounded rebel if their orders were to kill our wounded. He replied "No." I thought it an unfortunate time to ask that question. Our straggling soldiers carried water to these wounded men, and as they lay there in their dying agony, a cup of cold water was left within their reach. All through these woods were the killed and wounded of this rebel brigade. I spoke with a wounded man belonging to the Fourth Alabama Regiment, who told me he had joined the regiment on the 13th of April, and pointing to a dead horse lying near us, with saddle and bridle on, said, "There is my colonel's horse, and I suppose you have taken him prisoner." In these park-like woods I noticed a splendid bay horse, handsomely caparisoned, and nibbling the leaves from a tree, and captivated by his beauty, I was about to mount him, when I saw that one fore leg was shot off at the knee-joint, as clean as though cut by a knife, and bleeding a stream. It was near this spot, during the efforts made by Gen. Bee to reform and steady his line, that Jackson and his brigade are said to have acquired the name they afterwards bore, by Gen. Bee calling his men to observe how Jackson and his brigade stood like a stone-wall, and this circumstance gave the great Confederate General the name of Stonewall Jackson.

It was now between four and five o'clock, and I had noticed for some time a lull in the battle, and felt sure we were the victors. I passed through the woods and came out in front of the valley previously held by our infantry, while within rifle shot were the rebel lines. As I came out of the woods and looked back across the valley and up the hill, to my utter astonishment I saw our whole army retreating in confusion and disorder. No lines, no companies, no regi-

ments could be distinguished." I stood still a few minutes unable to comprehend the extraordinary spectacle. I heard my name called, and turning around, Lieut. Buttrick, of the Concord company, exclaimed, "My God, Ed. ! what are you here for ?" I asked him if the Fifth had suffered much ; he replied, "Not seriously, but that Col. Lawrence was wounded." I waited to find others of my friends, but the whole line was drifting from the valley. An ambulance passed, and some one called to me. I rushed up to it and found an officer of the Fifth slightly disabled, and not long after Robert Pemberton (since dead), a private in the Concord company, came to me and asked me to examine his shoulder to see if a bullet had lodged there. While stooping to pick up a revolver from the ground a bullet had hit him near his shoulder blade and made a glancing wound ; he was in fine spirits, however, and seemed to treat the matter as a good joke. "I went slowly up the hill, occasionally halting and looking back. I stopped on the summit while our panic stricken army drifted by, and I can compare it to nothing better than a drove of cattle, so entirely broken and disorganized were our lines. The enemy had ceased firing, except from their extreme left, where the cannonading was kept up with vigor. I did not leave the hill until the enemy's fresh reënforcements of infantry moved slowly forward, their guns glistening in the declining sun," but they showed no disposition to charge and only advanced a short distance. Had they precipitated their columns upon our panic stricken army, the slaughter would have been dreadful, for so thorough was the panic that no power on earth could have stopped the retreat and made our men turn and fight. They were exhausted with fifteen hours of marching and fighting, having had little to eat, their mouths parched with thirst, and no water in their canteens. What could be expected of them under such circumstances ? "Before five o'clock all resistance had ceased. McDowell placed eight hundred regulars under Gen. Sykes on the hill fronting the Henry house to protect our retreat." I did not expect to find my horse where I had



left him in the morning, fearing in the general rout some one would take him, but when I reached the hospital headquarters at Sudley's church, I found him hitched just where I had left him, but the colored boy whom I had left to watch him was missing. The saddle-bags on my horse had saved him; for supposing him to belong to some surgeon doing duty in the hospital, he was left unmolested by our men, who in their panic seized every horse.<sup>11</sup> Mounting him I rode up to the door of this old brick church, delightfully situated in a grove of oaks, and watched the ambulances bringing in their loads of wounded, and fearing I might discover a friend or acquaintance. As these loads of wounded were brought up, blood trickled from the ambulances like water from an ice cart, and directly in front of the church door was a large puddle of blood. I left these scenes of blood and carnage and fell into this retreating mass of disorderly and confused soldiery. Then commenced my retreat. None who dragged their weary limbs through the long hours of that night will ever forget it. Officers of regiments placed themselves in front of a body of their men and besought them to halt and form, for if they did not their retreat would be cut off. But they might as well have asked the wind to cease blowing. The men heeded them not, but pressed on in a disorganized retreat. The regiments two or three miles in our rear, which had not been in action, exhorted our men to halt as we drifted by, but all to no purpose. The various regiments tried to collect together as many as possible by calling out the number of their regiment, and their State.<sup>12</sup> In some instances they collected two or three hundred men. Suddenly, while riding my horse at a walk, I was overcome with drowsiness, and it seemed impossible to keep awake. I don't think I was ever so sleepy in my life, and in fact I did lose myself several times and came very near falling off my horse. I resolved to take a nap, so turning into a pasture I dismounted, and tying the bridle rein to my arm, I lay down upon the ground to sleep. But the plan would not work. My horse was very hungry and would not keep quiet; so

after being dragged around by my arm over the stones and through the bushes, I was compelled to relinquish my nap for a more favorable opportunity. My horse knew better than I what was best to be done. I again fell into the column and fortunately met with some of our regiment. Later, at a narrow place in the road, the baggage wagons, artillery, and ambulances got jammed together in a dead lock, and in trying to get through them I was hemmed in so completely that for ten minutes I could not move in any direction. I finally extricated myself by dismounting and breaking down a fence, and driving my horse over it struck through a large corn-field till I again reached the column, but by this delay I became separated from my friends in the Fifth Regiment and did not see them again till I reached Centreville. Shortly after I overtook two soldiers helping along a disabled lieutenant. They asked me to take him up behind me, to which request I readily assented. The poor man groaned as they lifted him up, and I was fearful he could not keep his seat. I told him to put both arms around me and hold on tightly. Leaning his head upon my shoulder we started on. He gave me his name, and informed me that he was a lieutenant of the Marine Corps, and belonged in Connecticut. He stated that they had four companies of eighty men each in the fight, and that Lieut. Hitchcock, a very dear friend, was killed by his side. A cavalry officer, with his arm in a sling, came riding along, and drawing up near to me I asked him if he was much hurt. He replied that he had received a bullet through the fleshy part of his arm. He also informed me that during the battle he had two horses shot under him, and the one he was then riding he had caught on the field.

“ It was now about six o'clock. As we continued our retreat the men, overcome by weariness, dropped by the roadside and immediately fell asleep. Some, unable to drag themselves along, begged to be carried, and the wagons were loaded to their utmost capacity. It was a common sight to see two men upon one horse, with a third man helped along by taking hold of his tail. ”

Passing out through the oak forest which extended several miles we at length came in sight of the hills of Centreville. I noticed that a part of the column left the road and bore off through an open field, leaving the bridge we had crossed in the morning on our right. I could not account for this deviation from the morning course, and I determined to keep the main road, as I knew of no other way to cross the river. I continued on till I came in sight of the bridge, and then noticed it was entirely choked with broken down wagons, and that the rebels had posted their artillery on a hill commanding this bridge, and were firing an occasional shot into our retreating column. I followed a crowd of soldiers into some low pine woods skirting the stream at the left of the bridge. I picked my way through the tangled underbrush till I came to the stream. The bank down to the water was steep, and I feared my tired horse could not carry us both down safely, so dismounting I led him down slowly, and then mounting I drove into the stream. The bottom was soft and miry and my horse sunk to his middle. I began to think we should all be floundering in the stream, but urging him to his utmost strength we reached the opposite bank in safety. Twice my horse attempted to carry us up the steep bank and fell back, but succeeded at the third trial. I soon reached Centreville, and there my companion met with his captain, and he then dismounted. Never was a man more grateful for a favor than was the lieutenant, and with tears in his eyes thanked me many times, and then left with his friends.

From Centreville I could see our disordered army pressing onward toward our old camp. The artillery and wagons kept to the main road with the intention of crossing the stream by the bridge, which they had passed in the morning, when suddenly a shell was fired from the rebel battery commanding this bridge. The utmost consternation was created by this fire. In their haste wagons and gun carriages were overturned. The drivers cut their horses loose seeing that the bridge was impassable, and galloped they



scarcely knew whither. Our men plunged into the stream, both above and below this bridge, and reached Centreville as best they could. The enemy still fired from this battery, but did not dare to advance, as they were kept in check by our reserves on the heights of Centreville.<sup>71</sup> I reached our camp, which we had left in the morning, at about half past eight o'clock, and found Captain Prescott and a portion of the Concord company had arrived before me. It was then expected we should encamp for the night. I tied my horse to a tree, and with my saddle for a pillow, had just composed myself for a night's rest, when the orders came to march to Alexandria. We had already marched that day over twenty miles, and now our weary soldiers were ordered to march twenty-five or thirty miles farther. Slowly the fragment of our regiment fell into line and began this dreadful night march. I gave up my horse to Major Boyd of our regiment, who was disabled, and a sick man was placed behind him, and I saw nothing more of my horse till the next morning. I trudged along all night without once sitting down to rest, only occasionally stopping to get water. I noticed that many of the soldiers the instant they sat down to rest fell asleep, and it was almost an impossibility to arouse them. The dust was intolerable, and not having any canteen I suffered intensely from thirst. About midnight our weariness increased and the night seemed endless. Men dropped by the roadside in scores; some completely exhausted begged to be helped along. The wagons and ambulances were crowded, with the horses carrying a rider on his back; in fact, any horse carrying only one rider was an exception. The worn-out men were assisted by their comrades. I assisted one fine fellow along who told me he was taken with bleeding at the lungs while on the field. He was very weak, and in vain I tried to find an opportunity for him to ride, but he bore up manfully through the night, and I saw him the next day in Washington. After passing Fairfax Court House, some of the regiments, or such portion as could be collected together, bivouacked for the night, but the men

were so scattered that I doubt if half a regiment halted in any one spot. I still walked on, never once resting, fearing to sit down lest I should fall asleep. Towards morning my feet became blistered, and the cords of my legs worked like rusty wires, giving me great pain at every step. Gladly did I hail the first faint streak of light in the east. At daylight our men were within five miles of Alexandria. About this time we came to where the Washington road branches off from the main road to Alexandria, and here the column divided, some going to Washington, and others to their old camp around Alexandria. I soon overtook Captain Prescott riding my horse, and he informed me he was the fourth man who had ridden him during the night. Lieut. Derby has often told me that he could not have reached Alexandria but for the chance to ride on my horse. I continued on toward Alexandria, and in about an hour came in sight of Shuter's hill, and then I felt my march was nearly accomplished, but the last two miles seemed endless. I stopped at a small house just back of Fort Ellsworth, and asked the old negro woman for some breakfast. Two Zouaves were there when I entered, and soon four more came in. She knew them all, as they had paid her frequent visits while encamped in the neighborhood. She gladly gave us the best she had, and the six Zouaves and myself, nearly famished as we were, sat down to that breakfast of fried bacon, hoe cake, and coffee, served to us by this old slave, with greater delight than ever a king seated himself at a banquet.<sup>1</sup> Each of the Zouaves had their story of the battle to relate, but the charge of the Black Horse Cavalry was their special theme.<sup>2</sup> One of them exhibiting a large Colt's revolver, said, "There, I gave the owner hell, and he was not the only one either." I soon bargained for the pistol, and now have it in my possession; one barrel only had been fired. The Zouaves gradually dropped off, and after paying the slave woman for our breakfast, I started over the hill to the old camp of the Fifth, where I arrived about half past eight o'clock, and found that Captain Prescott had arrived with my horse sometime before.

It had now commenced to rain, and shortly after our camp was broken up, and we were ordered to march to Washington. Foot-sore and weary we once more took up our line of march, and as we struggled on through the Virginia mud in the pouring rain, our disordered army presented a forlorn and bedraggled appearance, and crossing the Long Bridge we left the Potomac between us and our foes.

We found Washington in a state of intense excitement, and the whole population seemed to be in the streets. Quite a delegation of Concord people were there, some dozen or more, and some of them were present at Centreville and witnessed the retreat. Dr. Bartlett offered his services in attending the wounded as they were brought into Centreville from the field. The company returned to Concord the same week, their term of enlistment, dating from the time they were mustered into the service, expiring July 31st. Gen. McDowell gives our loss at Bull Run as four hundred and eighty-one killed, one thousand and eleven wounded, and about one thousand five hundred taken prisoners, and the rebel loss in killed and wounded was about the same. We had in the battle, actually engaged, about twenty thousand men and forty-nine pieces of artillery; ten of these cannon were captured on the field and seventeen more on the retreat; we also lost four thousand muskets and four thousand accoutrements. The Confederate officers reported one thousand four hundred and twenty-one prisoners sent to Richmond, of whom five hundred and fifty were wounded. The rebels, in not having a large cavalry force, were prevented from making a large part of our army prisoners. In our Fifth Regiment eight were killed and twenty-one taken prisoners, and in the Concord company one man was wounded, Robert Pemberton, since dead, and five were taken prisoners the day after the battle. The names of the prisoners were William Sidney Rice, Orderly Sergeant, Cyrus Hosmer, Sergeant, and Privates Henry L. Wheeler, Edward S. Wheeler, and William C. Bates. Two of these five men are dead, and the others are present this evening. Henry Wheeler and Cyrus Hosmer were taken

together, Hosmer being sick with colic was unable to move rapidly, and Wheeler stayed with him. Sidney Rice and Edward Wheeler were captured together about five o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, and William C. Bates was also taken prisoner on Monday morning at Centreville. It is claimed that Henry Wheeler would never have been taken prisoner but for his devotion to his cousin, Cyrus Hosmer. A man of great muscular endurance, he was also a man of great resources, and would make the most of every opportunity; and for any delicate duty requiring skill and good judgment, either in camp or on the march, he was among the first men to be detailed. I remember when we had reached Centreville on the retreat, some one asked Captain Prescott if he had seen Henry Wheeler, and the captain replied, "Have no fear about him, he will take care of himself." Afterwards in the rebel prisons he ingratiated himself into the good graces of the prison officials, and was thus able to obtain some favors for his friends and himself. These five prisoners, with others, were taken to Libby Prison in Richmond, where they remained until September, were then removed to New Orleans and confined in the "Old Parish Prison" until February, then sent to Salisbury, North Carolina, where they remained until exchanged, and were then sent to our lines at Washington, North Carolina, in June, having been in rebel prisons eleven months. They were then sent to New York, and were for a few days at Governor's Island in New York harbor, and I well remember greeting them there and giving them the first news from Concord, and the results of the battle. For eleven months they had received no news from home; they supposed many of the Concord company had been killed, and life during this long captivity had been a period of suspense and anxiety, with much of mental and physical suffering. They were, however, in good health and spirits, and that week returned to their homes.

I have but imperfectly sketched the events of that memorable campaign, but my experience left a lasting impression, and the events of a quarter of a century seem but as yester-

day. I think all who participated will bear the same testimony. Our disaster at Bull Run produced great excitement throughout the North. The report came to Washington that the Concord company was cut to pieces, and the same news quickly reached Concord, and you who can remember that day will never forget the anguish of those hours, when you were waiting with blanched faces for more favorable news from our Concord company. Having witnessed the opening tragedy of the war, it was also my good fortune to be present at the grand review in Washington of our victorious army, on the 23d and 24th of May, 1865. It was a gala day in the National Capital, and the flag of our once more united country fluttered from almost every available point; a sea of flags. The city was crowded with people, every window and door, sidewalks and roofs of buildings, were filled with spectators anxious to get a view of our conquering army. On the first day the President and his Cabinet reviewed the "Army of the Potomac." Marching in column of companies with Gen. Meade in command, attended by his brilliant staff, came this matchless army of sixty-five thousand well-dressed veteran soldiers, filling the broad straight avenue from the Capitol to the Treasury Building, from curb to curb. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, bearing their battle-scarred flags that had waved over many a bloody field. In this brilliant array I saw the men from Concord, playmates at school, who for valiant services had risen from the ranks to a high command. Men from the old Company G were there, who had received their baptism of fire at Bull Run. The army of Gen. Meade occupied more than six hours in passing the grand stand which had been erected in front of the President's house, and no finer body of soldiers ever trod the globe, for they were hardy veterans who carried a thinking bayonet. On the second day Gen. Sherman's army was reviewed, having about the same number of men. They were not so neatly dressed as the Army of the Potomac; they had marched from "Atlanta to the Sea," and from the sea back to Washington, and their marching could not be excelled. With their long swinging step, they



presented an appearance of men thoroughly trained to hardship and fatigue, regardless of climate or exposure. Tanned by the Southern sun, and with a sort of reckless dash about them, they presented the appearance of invincible soldiers. Following in the rear of a company would be a mule team, loaded with negro children and all the cooking utensils of a family, while the father led the mule and the mother followed behind. Another mule would have a load of captured chickens for the use of the men, with a small colored boy or girl acting as driver. This grand review was a fitting close to our four years of war, and in a few months the vast armies of the North and South had fallen back into paths of peace, while half a million soldiers slept in their untimely graves.

On yonder granite shaft, in letters of imperishable bronze, are inscribed the names of the representatives of our town who "died for their country in the War of the Rebellion." A grateful people delight to recount their patriotic deeds, and will always revere their memory. And to you, veterans of Company G, no *name* can be dearer than that of your old commander; he who led you from this town on Concord's historic day, and after years of service—"faithful unto death"—fell bravely fighting for his country's cause.

# APPENDIX.

## STAFF OFFICERS FIFTH REGIMENT M. V. M. (THREE MONTHS).

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and Cause thereof.
FIELD AND STAFF.				
Samuel C. Lawrence, Col.	28	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George H. Peirson, Lieut. Col.	45	Salem.	July 5, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
J. Durell Greene, Lieut. Col.	32	Cambridge.	May 1, 1861.	Lieut. Col. U. S. A., June 28, 1861.
Hamlin W. Keyes, Major.	28	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	Captain U. S. A., June 26, 1861.
John T. Boyd, Major.	34	Charlestown.	July 5, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel H. Hurd, Surgeon.	30	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Wm. W. Keene, Jr., Asst. Surg.	25	Philadelphia, Penn.	July 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry H. Mitchell, Asst. Surg.	22	East Bridgewater.	May 1, 1861.	Transferred to N. Y. Zouaves, July 1, 1861.
Benjamin F. DeCosta, Chap.	29	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Thomas O. Bain, Adjt.	35	Cambridge.	May 1, 1861.	Captain U. S. A., July 8, 1861.
John G. Chambers, Adjt.	34	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph E. Billings, Qr. Mr.	40	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George F. Hodges, Pay Mr.	24	Roxbury.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry A. Quincy, Sergt. Major.	44	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel C. Hunt, Q. M. Sergt.	28	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Nathan D. Parker, Hos. Steward.	29	Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles Foster, Drum Major.	34	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Freeman Field, Fife Major.	44	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY A.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Expiration of Service, and Cause thereof.
George H. Peirson, Capt.	45	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	Lieut. Col. July 5, 1861.
Edward H. Staten, Capt.	29	Salem.	July 6, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward H. Staten, 1st Lieut.	29	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	Captain July 6, 1861.
Lewis E. Wentworth, 1st Lieut.	38	Salem.	July 6, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Lewis E. Wentworth, 2d Lieut.	38	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	First Lieut. July 6, 1861.
Charles D. Stiles, 2d Lieut.	25	Salem.	July 6, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles D. Stiles, 1st Sergt.	25	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	Second Lieut. July 6, 1861.
James H. Estes, 1st Sergt.	32	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin K. Brown, Sergt.	28	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
David N. Jeffrey, Sergt.	28	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Albert J. Lowd, Sergt.	21	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John W. Hart, Corp.	21	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James H. Sleeper, Corp.	32	Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph M. Parsons, Corp.	21	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John F. Clark, Corp.	28	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.



## COMPANY B.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
John W. Locke, Capt.	30	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles H. Shepard, 1st Lieut.	33	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James D. Draper, 2d Lieut.	29	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George W. Townsend, 1st Sergt.	33	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Jason H. Knight, Sergt.	22	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin F. Barnard, Sergt.	36	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George W. Aborn, Sergt.	26	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 31, 1861, exch'd June 1, 1862.
William E. Ransom, Corp.	27	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James H. Sweetser, Corp.	32	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George H. Greene, Corp.	26	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James A. Burditt, Corp.	24	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Alvin Drake, Jr., Musician.	31	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William V. Vaux, Musician.	24	South Reading.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY C.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
William R. Swan, Capt.	34	Chelsea.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Phineas H. Tibbetts, 1st Lieut.	38	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John W. Rose, 2d Lieut.	26	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Hannibal D. Norton, 3d Lieut.	22	Chelsea.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George H. Marden, Jr., 4th Lieut.	21	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Thomas F. Howard, 1st Sergt.	28	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles W. Strout, Sergt.	28	Dedham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James H. Rose, Sergt.	23	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles P. Whittle, Sergt.	21	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel E. Hollbrook, Jr., Corp.	25	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry W. Copps, Corp.	21	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph Bell, Corp.	21	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Valentine Wallburg, Corp.	19	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George Oakley, Musician.	20	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY D.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place credited to.	Day of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
Carlton P. Mennen, Capt.	27	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George F. Dean, 1st Lieut.	32	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles F. Smith, 3d Lieut.	33	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles H. P. Palmer, 3d Lieut.	35	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Thomas T. Sallee, 3d Lieut.	30	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John T. Thompson, 1st Sergt.	25	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George W. Edwards, Sergt.	40	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James M. Palmer, Sergt.	40	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John F. Mills, Sergt.	22	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William Sallee, Corp.	21	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George W. Wallace, Corp.	21	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Van Buren Gray, Corp.	40	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Daniel J. Haynes, Corp.	40	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John F. Mills, Musician.	18	Buckford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Leonard Sawyer, Dr., Musician.	28	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Orlando S. Wright, Musician.	40	Haverhill.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY E.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
John Hutchins, Capt.	40	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John G. Chambers, 1st Lieut.	34	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	Adjutant, July 8, 1861.
Perry Colman, 2d Lieut.	26	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William H. Partee, 3d Lieut.	28	West Cambridge.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Isaac F. R. Hosea, 1st Sergt.	28	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel M. Stevens, Sergt.	27	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James A. Bailey, Sergt.	24	West Cambridge.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William H. Lawrence, Sergt.	26	West Cambridge.	May 1, 1861.	Killed July 21, 1861, Bull Run, Va.
Sanford Booker, Corp.	26	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William J. Crooker, Corp.	28	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin Moore, Corp.	22	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Luther F. Brooks, Corp.	28	Medford.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Richard Pitts, Musician.	—	Alexandria, Va.	July 5, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY F.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
David K. Wardwell, Capt.	36	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Jacob H. Sleeper, 1st Lieut.	22	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George G. Goddard, Lieut.	25	Brookline.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Horace P. Williams, Lieut.	25	Brookline.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Horatio N. Holbrook, Lieut.	36	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Frederick K. Field, 1st Sergt.	25	Northfield.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
J. W. R. Hill, Sergt.	34	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Calvin S. Mixter, Sergt.	29	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Dominicus J. Wardwell, Sergt.	23	Stoneham.	May 1, 1861.	June 2, 1861, disability.
Charles W. Cassebourne, Sergt.	28	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	Killed at Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.
Samuel Richards, Corp.	27	Stoneham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Solomon Low, Corp.	34	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel W. Tuck, Corp.	30	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel Brendal, Corp.	34	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William S. Bean, Musician.	29	Stoneham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James H. Newell, Musician.	29	Lowell.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY G.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
George L. Prescott, Capt.	31	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph Derby, Jr., 1st Lieut.	40	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Humphrey H. Buttrick, 2d Lieut.	35	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles Bowers, 3d Lieut.	46	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George F. Hall, 1st Sergt.	25	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George W. Lauriat, Sergt.	21	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William S. Rice, Sergt.	28	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 21, 1861, exchanged 1862.
Cyrus Hosmer, Sergt.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 21, 1861, exchanged 1862.
Stephen H. Reynolds, Corp.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Francis M. Gregory, Corp.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George Buttrick, Corp.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel S. Wood, Corp.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William C. Bates.	22	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 21, 1861, exchanged 1862.
George H. Ball.	28	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Warren B. Ball.	31	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William Bowers.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Azro D. Brown.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John Brown, 2d.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William A. Brown.	22	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward J. Brackett.	19	Waltham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Francis Buttrick.	24	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.



James W. Carter.	19	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William M. Clapp.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Richard R. Clark.	32	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Peter Cormick, Jr.	19	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Jeremiah Dalton, Jr.	19	Braintrée.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph G. Dean.	41	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Eugene M. Dearing.	18	Lincoln.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Thomas Doyle.	22	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry Farmer.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Levi B. Farrar.	20	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Francis F. Fitzpatrick.	21	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James Garty.	38	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James W. Goodwin.	19	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William H. Gray.	18	Acton.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
David G. Hatch.	21	Waltham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Timothy F. Heald.	31	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	Discharged. No date.
Thomas M. Hooper.	28	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Mason M. Hovey.	23	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Jonathan F. Jeffords.	23	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	June 8, 1861, disability.
Albert N. Johnson.	19	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles A. Johnson.	21	Waltham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry Johnson.	30	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Josiah Leathe, Jr.	19	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin F. Livingston.	34	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin Loring, Jr.	18	Weymouth.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY G (CONTINUED).

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and Cause thereof.
John E. Lyons.	21	Lunenburg.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John M. Maxfield.	26	Concord.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Asa Melvin.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George E. Messer.	25	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles F. Mulliken.	23	Concord.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles Nealey.	30	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Ira Osborne, Jr.	20	Ashby.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Robert Pemberton.	27	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward F. Phelps.	28	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Charles Puffer.	37	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John S. Puffer.	23	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward W. Reynolds.	23	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John S. Rogers.	24	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Elbridge G. Robbins.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph N. Robbins.	26	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Lewis T. Sampson.	32	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George E. Sherman.	21	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John W. Smith.	23	Lincoln.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George E. Souther.	22	Concord.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Thomas G. Stevenson.	18	Quincy.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Warren F. Taylor.	23	Carlisle.	May 1, 1861.	June 8, 1861, disability.
		Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

John E. Tidd.	21	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George Ware.	22	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	June 29, 1861, disability.
Thomas F. Warland.	31	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Horatio C. Watts.	34	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward F. Webb.	35	Weymouth.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Lowell Wellington, Jr.	25	Waltham.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Caleb H. Wheeler.	18	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph Wheeler.	22	Lincoln.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George T. Whitney.	23	Harvard.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William P. Whittier.	25	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Edward S. Wheeler.	18	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 21, 1861, exchanged 1862.
Henry L. Wheeler.	34	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	Prisoner July 21, 1861, exchanged 1862.
Joseph Winn.	20	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Eugene Wright.	36	Concord.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph S. Wyman.	34	Woburn.	July 4, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY H.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
Henry F. Danforth, Capt.	24	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Kirk Stark, 1st Lieut.	27	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William F. Sumner, 2d Lieut.	40	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George H. Wiley, 3d Lieut.	22	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John E. Stone, 4th Lieut.	24	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George S. Peach, 1st Sergt.	22	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Benjamin F. Pickering, Sergt.	37	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John Pollock, Sergt.	21	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph B. Nay, Sergt.	19	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John A. Sumner, Corp.	20	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William Tobey, Corp.	21	South Danvers.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Elbridge H. Guilford, Corp.	19	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Peter A. Ramsdell, Corp.	24	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph Anthony, Musician.	21	Salem.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY I.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
George O. Brastow, Capt.	49	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William E. Robinson, 1st Lieut.	28	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Frederic R. Kingsley, 2d Lieut.	31	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Walter C. Bailey, 1st Sergt.	26	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John Harrington, Sergt.	28	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William R. Corlew, Sergt.	21	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John C. Watson, Sergt.	22	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Henry H. Robinson, Corp.	21	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
James E. Paul, Corp.	30	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Isaac Barker, Jr., Corp.	36	Somerville.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William T. Eustis, 3d, Corp.	25	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Sidney S. Whiting, Musician.	50	Boston.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.

## COMPANY K.

NAME AND RANK.	Age at Enlistment.	Residence, or Place Credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service, and Cause thereof.
John T. Boyd, Capt.	34	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	Major, July 5, 1861.
John B. Norton, Capt.	38	Charlestown.	July 8, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
John B. Norton, 1st Lieut.	38	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	Captain, July 8, 1861.
Caleb Drew, 1st Lieut.	32	Charlestown.	July 8, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Caleb Drew, 2d Lieut.	32	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	First Lieutenant, July 8, 1861.
Walter Everett, 2d Lieut.	27	Charlestown.	July 8, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Walter Everett, 3d Lieut.	27	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	Second Lieutenant, July 8, 1861.
Albert Prescott, 1st Sergt.	31	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Daniel W. Davis, Sergt.	34	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Samuel A. Wright, Sergt.	25	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George A. Bird, Sergt.	33	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
William W. Davis, Corp.	37	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Enoch J. Clark, Corp.	36	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
Joseph Boyd, Corp.	27	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
George F. Brackett, Corp.	23	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.
J. Newton Breed, Musician.	23	Charlestown.	May 1, 1861.	July 31, 1861, expiration of service.





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