

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN III.

JANUARY, 1893.

CALL I.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE
CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGI-
MENT, 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 CONTAIN
THE YEARLY PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY
AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED
REGIMENTS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL

ROLL CALL OF 1893.

(Will you answer to your name?)

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY. *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.



TRIBUNE CO.,
PRINTERS,
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A Complete Alphabetical Roster of
MEMBERS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY
1861--1865

2
EXPLANATORY NOTES

The figures opposite the names refer to the pages of the extended roster in the history, but are of value in this pamphlet as showing the company, etc., of each member, viz:

Pages 451-460 show the Field and Staff.	
“ 461-462 Non-Com. staff.	Pages 541-557 Co. F.
“ 463-464 Band.	“ 558-577 Co. G.
“ 465-480 Co. A.	“ 578-593 Co. H.
“ 481-499 Co. B.	“ 594-610 Co. I.
“ 500-512 Co. C.	“ 611-630 Co. K.
“ 513-525 Co. D.	“ 631-643 Co. L.
“ 526-540 Co. E.	“ 644-658 Co. M.
“ 660-665 Comrades of the 1st D. C. Cavalry who died prior to transfer, or were not taken up on the rolls of the First Maine Cavalry at that time.	

* A star indicates that such member is dead.

	PAGE	
Abbott, Alfred . . .	598	
J. Holman . . .	504	
John P. . . .	598	
Abrams, John . . .	515	*
Achorn, James W. . . .	531	Camden.
Adams, Daniel . . .	661	
Frank C. . . .	565	131½ Coburn St., Lowell, Mass.
James M. . . .	515	Lincoln Center.
Job C. . . .	487	Van Buren.
Thara S. . . .	583	Solon.
Additon, Charles H. . . .	565	Auburn.
Aderton, Thomas J. . . .	583	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 12, '64.
Agin, Patrick . . .	618	
Akers, John M. . . .	544	Alfred.
Aldrich, William C. . . .	487	
Allen, Elijah . . .	487	
Frederick K. . . .	471	Died in Southern prison, Feb. 13, '65.
Harrison B. . . .	585	Hartland.
Hazo F. . . .	531	
Henry C. . . .	546	
Hiram W. . . .	583	Died at Andersonville prison.
Ivory E. . . .	597	26 Heard St., Chelsea, Mass.
Josiah S. . . .	504	
Meivin J. . . .	583	Skowhegan.
Samuel H. . . .	451	Thomaston.
Walter . . .	599	
Alexander, Arley P. . . .	618	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Chelis . . .	618	
George E. . . .	618	
William F. . . .	531	
Ambrose, Charles . . .	618	Bath.
Ames, George S. . . .	487	Lincolntonville.
Henry C. . . .	649	
John . . .	487	Searsport.
William H. . . .	471	Died in the service, Sept. 24, '64.
Anderson, Thomas . . .	517	

	PAGE	
Andrews, Eben	503	Willard.
George P.	515	Eastport.
Gideon, Jr.	488	Herrnon.
John R.	579, 594	Malta, Ohio.
Lewis	582	Holliston, Mass.
Orlando V.	488	
Sylvanus G.	661	Died in the service, May 5, '64.
Tristum	531	Snohomish, Wash.
Annis, Alonzo	516	Charlotte.
Jonathan A.	661	
Archibald, Samuel G.	661	
William C.	616	
Arnold, Jerry E.	517	
Perry	504	Bangor.
William A.	504	
Atkins, Edgar	585	
Atwood, James F.	661	Killed in action, June 26, '64.
Averill, Frank W.	646	Fort Yates, Roseman Co., Dak.
Avery, Columbus C.	635	
Sewall S.	634	Died at Hallowell, Dec. 26, '90.
Ayatt, Joseph	531	
Ayers, Clarence	661	Charlotte.
Ayres, William H.	517	
Babb, Abner	488	Alton.
Lothrop L.	616	
Badger, Nathan	583	
Bagley, Alonzo J.	488	Dexter.
Benjamin	488	Troy.
Levi	618	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Bailey, Charles M.	528	W. Bristol.
Edwin D.	615	E. Livermore.
Henry W.	635	
Ira F.	649	
Mark W.	471	
William E.	583	
Baker, Albert	484	
Charles H.	579	Bangor.
Cornelius V.	618	Skowhegan.
Dow C.	581	* From wounds received April 9, '65.
Edward S.	563	
Frederick	661	* In the service, April 17, '65.
Frederic M.	562	
Granville W.	471	
Sanford G.	618	
Wellington P.	461, 583	Anawam, Ill.
William B.	514	Died at Richmond of wounds received May 11, '64.
Bangs, Augustus A.	635	16 Cumberland Street, Portland.
Edward F.	635	Strong.
John C.	635	Broken Bow, Neb.
Roscoe R.	635	Wescott, Custer County, Neb.
Banks, Charles	616	York Village.
Barber, Jesse	649	Abbott Village.
Barlen, Ansel	531	
Barker, George	617	
Henry	661	Died at Washington, April 26, '64.
Henry S.	516	Oak Hall, Volusia Co., Fla.
Barlow, Willard W.	485	Thomaston.
Barnard, Otis H.	635	East Auburn.
Barnes, Benjamin F.	599	Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Aug. 18, '64.
George W.	470	Winslow.
Barrett, Addison D.	504	148, 150 Main Street, Norfolk, Va.
Cyrus F.	531	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 23, '64.
George H. M.	501	Rockport.
James F.	488	*
Barrows, Benjamin O.	502	Methuen, Mass.
Roscoe J.	488	Garland.
Bartlett, Aaron	650	Prof. Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
George A.	648	Killed at Coal Harbor, June 2, '64.
George W.	459	
Joseph W.	470	
Orrin W.	484	2 Pearl St., Portsmouth, N. H.
Bassett, Charles E.	565	
Edward	599	
Boston, Nathan P.	599	

THE ROLL-CALL.

5

	PAGE	
Batchelder, Theodore J.	517	Machias.
Batchelor, Joseph M.	470	
Bates, Henry	565	Killed by accident, Feb. 1, '64.
Bayard, John D.	635	
Beal, Burton A.	618	
Charles F.	546	Died at Georgetown, Feb. 6, '63.
George F.	597	Orono.
Beals, Roscoe G.	532	East Hebron.
Waldo C.	544	
Bean, Burnis R.	618	Saco.
Charles H.	484	Died at DeWitt, Neb., March 12, '77.
Oscar L.	516	Monticello.
William S.	635	Died at Washington, April 19, '63.
Beathen, Robert	532	
Beckwith, Alonzo	488	Belfast.
Bedell, Moses	599	
Beede, Gilman H.	471	Levant.
Begin, John H.	583	
Bell, Charles H., Jr.	515	Soldier's Home, Santa Demonica, Cal.
Franklin H.	471	
Loring W.	517	Died at Boston, Mass., '72.
Webster	635	
Wesley K.	471	
Belony, John	618	
Bendenger, Peter	618	
Benner, Alexander	488	Liberty.
Daniel W.	488	
Thomas H.	488	Rockland.
Benson, Andrew M.	500	Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.
Calvin B.	558	Died at North Abington, Mass., Feb. 24, '91.
Bennett, Preston	546	Newport.
Berry, Stephen A.	546	*
Thomas	502	Died at Richmond, Me., '62.
Bease, Edward P.	618	Died at Washington, June 21, '64.
George C.	618	Killed at Boydton Plank Road, Oct. 27, '64.
William G.	619	Lewiston.
Betts, George H.	661	
Bibber, Andrew H.	457, 513, 541	Orange, Cal.
Bickford, Aaron F.	580	Skowhegan.
Artemas D.	461	
Isaac	583	* at Porter, Me., Feb. 28, '89.
John H.	619	Died July 30, '90.
Warren F.	488	Islington, Mass.
Bickmore, Llewellyn F.	583	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 11, '64.
Bicknell, Isaac B.	547	Died at Washington, Dec. 31, '64.
Bigelow, Eustace C.	458, 542	92 Water St., Room 68, Boston.
Levi E.	463, 581	Skowhegan.
Bingham, Isaac	545	Clinton.
Birce, Francis A.	483	Alta, Placer Co., Cal.
Bird, David E.	517	Belfast.
Birkenstock, John	661	
Bisbee, Hannibal, Jr.	561	Died out west a few years after the war.
Blackington, George E.	547	Rockland.
Black, Lebalister	565	
Blackman, Albert	619	
Francis H.	517	
Blaisdell, William	619	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Blake, Charles A. J.	619	
Charles E.	488	
David A.	636	Died in the service, Feb. 13, '62.
Horace F.	532	Denmark.
John S.	615	Cape Rosier.
William C.	467	
Blanchard, Albert J.	661	Killed in action.
Albion E.	504	Died in prison at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 7, '64.
David D.	532	Forest City.
David J.	583	
Henry F.	559	Augusta.
Walter	504	
Blennerville, John	599	
Blethen, Horace K.	647	
Zebulon B.	558	North Anburn.
Blodgett, Edwin R.	633	Died in prison at Salisbury.
Silas	619	

	PAGE	
Bodfish, Frank	459	Died at Anson, July 3, '86.
Boisoinault, Madison F.	650	Died at Andersonville prison, Sept. 11, '64.
Bolan, Allen L.	661	
Bolton, Daniel V.	543	
Horace W.	542	Cor. Clark and Washington Streets, Chicago, Ill.
Bond, George S.	488	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
William	506	Newfield.
Bonnasa, Eswell	517	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Boothby, George W.	532	Saco.
Stephen	454, 541	Died of wounds received May 10, '64.
Roston, Henry W.	580	Died of wounds received Aug. 13, '64.
Bowden, Nathaniel, Jr.	514	North Bluehill.
Bowen, Benjamin F.	661	Killed in action, June 29, '64.
John C.	471	Bangor.
John C. C.	644	
Bowhan, Jeremiah	565	Killed at Staunton River, June 26, '64.
Bowker, Edmund C.	565	Canton.
Oren L.	532	Died at Strasburg, May 23, '62.
Bowler, Marquis	482	East Palermo.
Bowley, Edward M.	635	Died at Washington, Dec. 9, '62.
Bowman, M. T. V.	458, 502	Des Moines, Iowa.
Boyd, James W.	547	
Wm. L.	457, 403, 642,	1065 West Mallon Street, Spokane Falls, Wash.
631, 646		
Boynton, Abiel D.	488	North Whitefield.
Edwin J.	561	
Samuel P.	565	Rockland.
Brackett, Albert A.	532	
Alvin M.	547	Killed on the Dahlgren Raid, March 1, '64.
Hiram E.	471	
James W.	483	Greenwood Garden, Peaks Island.
Brackley, Enoch A.	635	
Bradbury, Russell S.	565	Auburn.
Wyman O.	635	
Bradeen, Isaac	635	Milo.
Bradford, Sumner P.	650	
William	488	Friendship.
Bradman, William H.	645	Died at City Point, Va., July 30, '64.
Bradstreet, Elbridge H.	488	Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 9, '64.
Brady, John	489	
Bragdon, Augustus	650	
Bragg, Samuel M.	471	North Vassalboro.
Branch, Milton M.	471	Waterville.
Brawn, Amos	532	
Bray, George H.	650	Monson.
Henry L.	463, 650	*
James W.	565	Killed at Berryville, Aug. 14, '64.
Joseph S.	635	Died in Southern prison, Oct. 30, '64.
Justin L.	635	
Brennan, Patrick	532	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 20, '64.
Brewer, Charles E.	661	Died at Washington.
Brewster, Solomon C.	471	
Bricckett, George W.	661	Died at Washington, Dec. 22, '63.
Brick, Isaac C.	461, 503	* Spring '61 at Charlestown, Mass.
Bridgham, Samuel W.	543	Newburgh.
Brier, Eben F.	486	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Francis	489	
Briggs, Alonzo B.	650	
Charles, Co. I	599	
Charles, Co. M	650	Died of wounds received May 24, '62.
Elijah H.	504	Monticello.
Broad, Louira K.	615	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Brock, Freeman	489	Died at Frederick, Md., Aug. 29, '62.
Brookings, Frederick C.	634	
Brooks, Alanson V.	635	
Francis	599	
Jonathan	501	13 Middlesex Street, Chelsea, Mass.
Brown, Augustus D.	635	Livermore Falls.
Benjamin R.	619	
Calvin H.	582	
Charles B.	514	Bangor.
Charles S.	489	* at Lincolnville.
David F.	661	Died in the service.
George H.	484	*
George M.	456, 644	Bangor.
George W.	532	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 31, '64.

	PAGE	
Brown, Henry N.	489	Searsmont.
Isaac H.	471	Lewiston.
James M.	565	
John	517	
Jonathan	489	
Levi G.	650	Farmington.
Orrin K.	635	
Philander	583	
Both C.	489	Hillside, Col.
Thompson M.	517	Hampden Corner.
William	504	Died in prison, Salisbury, N.C., Nov. 7, '64.
Bruce, John O.	489	Belfast.
Samuel J.	489	Belfast.
Brusos, Peter	532	
Bryant, David, Jr.	613	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
George W.	632	West Paris.
James W.	661	
John	532	
Lawrence	599	
Sumner H.	504	Died in the service, Jan. 7, '63.
Verano G.	599	
William W.	518	Boston.
Buck, Cyrus A.	565	Died in Hospital, Jan. '65.
Edward P.	504	Waterville.
Henry A.	583	Died in Southern prison.
Merrill S.	610	
William, Jr.	650	
Buckingham, John E.	661	
Bucklin, Moses R.	489	South Warren.
Buckman, Winfield S.	547	
Budge, Daniel	471	Springfield.
Bugbee, George E.	513	Wilder, Johnson Co., Kansas.
Buker, Fayette	518	
Bullen, William S.	503	Died in Salisbury prison, '64.
Bulmer, Mark P.	518	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 15, '64.
Bump, Hosea P.	636	Farmington.
Bunker, Eli H.	532	Wilmette, Cook Co., Ill.
George H.	650	West Sullivan.
Burbank, Augustus J.	558	409 Tacoma Building, Chicago.
Burgess, Charles	616	Bath.
Hiram E.	532	Branford, Conn.
William M.	504	* in Sidney.
Burleigh, Albert A.	583	Houlton.
Burlingame, Jason	662	
Burnham, James O.	619	
Linsdale	547	
Robert	599	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 5, '62.
Burns, James, Co. G	565	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
James, Co. L	536	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 9, '64.
John	504	
William, Co. C	504	
William, Co. K	619	Chalkstone Ave., Providence, R. I.
Burrill, William L.	471	
Burrows, Jerome W.	486	* at Union May 19, '88.
Rufus E.	489	Thomaston.
Samuel	482	Broad Bay.
Burton, Elbridge	462, 482	Thomaston.
John F.	505	Cushing.
Butler, Luther H.	599	
Plummer H.	583	South Norridgewock.
Butterfield, Freeman H.	619	
William J.	612	Milford.
Butters, George H.	532	
Buzzell, Samuel L.	579	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Cahoon, William	505	Hallowell.
Caleb, George A.	662	
Call, Lyman H.	489	
Cameron, George R.	505	Died at Rockport, Dec. 8, '90.
John	532	
Campbell, Angus	634	
Charles W.	518	
Collin	532	
J. Sanborn	583	
Cannel, John J.	546	
Canney, William H.	636	* in Dixmont, June 5, '90.

	PAGE	
Canwell, James	583	*
Capen, Charles W.	532	Williams Street, Deering.
Henry A.	565	
Cappers, Osgood	484	Levant.
Card, James H.	597	East Surry.
Carey, George	611	Houlton.
Cargill, Alonzo M.	662	Killed in action Aug. 16, '64.
Carle, Lauriston	518	* at Andersonville, Oct. 15, '64.
Carlenton, Asa	619	
Carling, Michael	547	* at Andersonville, Sept. 3, '64.
Carlton, Daniel C.	599	
Carpenter, Alpheus	619	Bath.
George W.	619	
Carr, Enoch R.	566	Pittsfield.
James P.	619	Brunswick.
Martin	487	
Samuel B.	619	
William H.	566	Pittsfield.
Carroll, James	489	* in his tent, Petersburg, Aug. 31, '64.
Carson, Jeremiah L.	619	
John P.	631	Mount Vernon.
Carter, Alvin A.	489	South Hope.
Benjamin F.	633	* at Braiden, Fla., '85.
Charles E.	505	Joliet, Ill.
Cromwell	636	Died at Andersonville.
Eugene B.	505	Died at Frederick, Md., Oct. 29, '62.
Heman B.	471	Died in Southern prison Jan. 20, '65.
Thomas F.	480	32 Summer Street, Somerville, Mass.
Carty, Dennis	563	East Livermore.
Case, Cyrus	501	Melvern, Osage Co., Kan.
Casey, William	505	Killed at Sailor's Creek, April 6, '65.
Cates, Solomon B.	463	
Cathcart, James	532	Died in prison at Belle Isle, Sept. 29, '62.
Catland, Nehemiah B.	484	Died June 14, '63, from prison life.
Caverly, Amos	471	109 Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
Charles H.	636	
John	547	
Orrin B.	547	Died in the service, Dec. 31, '64.
Caviss, Lucius H.	650	
Chadbourne, Albra	599	Died Jan. 1, '81, Rochester, N. H.
Collins M.	595	Died of wounds received May 11, '64.
Nelson W.	650	
Paul	457, 594	Died Jan. 4, '86, at Portland.
Chadwick, David	503	W. Washington.
Challis, Henry E.	634	906 Hollis Street, Baltimore, Md.
Chamberlain, Isaac	650	Plainview, Pierce Co., Neb.
James W.	619	
Lorenzo	502	*
Lorenzo D.	636	
Sylvanus R.	636	
Champney, Alonzo D.	503	Rockport.
Chandler, Elbridge G.	530	Ford, Warren Co., Iowa.
Frederick A.	619	
Josiah A.	505	
Nelson	566	
Perry	564	Lewiston.
Chapman, Edward F.	599	Died at Chester, Pa., Jan. 17, '91.
Edward K.	619	Stroutwater.
Marcellus G.	463	Marion, Marion Co., Ohio.
Milton C.	468	Newburgh.
Chase, Charles T.	558	3 Davis Place, Portland.
Edward E.	648	59 Brown Street, Portland.
Frederick W.	636	
George H.	543	New Gloucester.
Isaac N.	620	Died at Camp Bayard, March 18, '63.
James A.	543	
Oscar T.	662	
Samuel S.	532	
William F.	547	Died at City Point, Nov. 9, '64.
Chick, Frederick L.	546	Hampton, Rock Island Co., Ills.
John H. L.	615	Died at Salisbury prison, Jan. 3, '65.
Child, Henry A.	561	Died in New York after the war.
Homer	563	Peru.
Childs, William H.	636	
Churchill, Otis M.	620	Orland.
Cilley, Isaac	489	

	PAGE	
Cilley, Jonathan P.	455, 481	Rockland.
Ciphers, William H.	532	
Clapp, Charles T. E.	583	
Clark, Albion W.	650	
Edward H.	485	Rockland.
James O.	518	Belfast.
Job	518	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Joseph A.	505	* at Andersonville, June 27, '64.
Leonard	471	
Nathan	547	
Orville H.	615	Bristol.
Paul F. R.	543	Nat. Mil. Home, Montgomery Co., Ohio.
Prentiss M.	468	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 8, '64.
Roland C.	489	Warren.
Sidney W.	468	Masardis.
Clarke, George	599	
Theodore	566	Died at Andersonville, Nov. 1, '64.
William E.	566	Killed at Appomattox, April 9, '65.
Clarkson, Charles B.	636	Neenah, Wis.
Clary, Osgood, Jr.	615	*
Clayton, Collamore O.	636	Zaopi, Minn.
Edmund B.	633	Died in Salisbury prison, Oct. 6, '64.
Rufus M.	636	La Moure, No. Dakota.
Cleary, Patrick	529	
Cleaveland, Elisha B.	468	Snohomish, or Tualco, Wash.
Charles A.	471	Died in prison at Richmond, '62.
William H.	469	Colebrook, N. H.
Cleaves, Frank	599	
Horatio M.	599	Saco.
Clement, Albion H.	486	Searamont.
James	532	
John K.	489	
William Y.	489	So. Lancaster, Mass.
Clifford, Elisha A.	460, 547	Care Post 12, G. A. R., Bangor.
Cliff, William E.	505	
Closson, George E.	597	Surry.
Cloudman, Joel W.	457	*
Clough, John W.	662	Died in the service, July 12, '64.
Clouser, John	547	
Cluff, Eben	599	Alfred.
Coan, Elbridge J.	636	
William H.	584	
Coakley, James W.	532	Killed by accident, Liberty, Va., Dec. 12, '63.
Martin H.	532	Died in the service, March 7, '65.
Coats, Francis W.	518	
Cobb, Charles H. Co. B.	489	Brunswick.
Charles H. 1st D. C.	662	
George	620	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 18, '65.
Coburn, Hiram S.	468	Malden, Mass.
Jefferson L.	467	Lewiston.
Levi C.	560	
Coffin, Charles W.	596	Shapleigh.
John	566	
Joseph H.	563	514 Main Street, Lewiston.
William H.	518	
Colbath, Martin P.	471	
Miles	466	Exeter.
Colburn, Abraham M.	518	Orono.
Francisco	501	Windsor.
Colby, Alonzo	615	
Cornelius	547	Brunswick.
George G.	583	
George W.	458	Died at Waldoboro, Feb. 24, '81.
Joseph E.	600	
Levi M.	600	
Colcord, Albert J.	505	
Joseph L.	505	35 Portland Street, Boston
Cole, Albert M.	600	Appleton, Wis.
Horace S.	405	Fergus Falls, Minn.
James D.	484	
Joseph G.	547	
Orison W.	547	Etna.
William W.	505	Fairfield.
Coleman, Charles A.	490	
Co. B.	490	Benton.
Charles A. Co. H.	584	

	PAGE	
Coleman, Elijah W.	547	Searsport.
William P.	481	Wetmore, Col.
Colesworthy, Henry R.	632	W. Gosham.
Collamer, Solomon C.	484	Died at Washington, Aug. 28, '62.
Collamore, Andrew W.	480	
Elijah	586	Died of small pox, in Lewiston, '66.
Colley, Charles H.	483	
Collins, Albion	620	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 28, '64.
Winfield S.	527	Killed at Boynton, Oct. 27, '64.
Colson, Edward W.	636	Died in Salisbury prison.
Comins, Leander M.	467	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Como, Peter	620	
Comstock, Edgar F.	471	750 Madison St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Conant, Albert	598	
Alexander B.	614	West Auburn.
Isaac B.	505	Died at City Point, Va., in Ag. 29, '64.
Conley, George W.	663	
Connies, Samuel	533	Died at Camp Bayard, Jan. 4, '63.
Connor, John	515	*
Peter C.	547	
Connors, Peter	532	City Building, Portland.
Cook, Hiram T.	647	Friendship.
Melville B.	482	
Nathan V.	461, 579	Assyria, Berry Co., Mich.
Coombs, Artemas	600	
Clement W.	471	Died at Togus, Oct. 6, '91.
Israel A.	502	Died in the service, March '64.
James H.	471	Fitchburg, Mass.
Jesse F.	584	
Lucallus J.	586	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 25, '65.
Samuel E.	584	Sturgis St., Woburn, Mass.
Thomas P.	600	Thomaston.
Copeland, Oliver E.	490	Dexter.
Llewellyn	584	
Manley	650	27 Cedar Street, Salem, Mass.
Corliss, Benjamin M.	586	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Marcellus	650	Killed by accident, Augusta, Me., Oct. 12, '64.
Samuel M.	547	Port Allegheney, McKean Co., Pa.
Cornell, Edward F.	600	
Corson, Charles A.	581	
Charles I.	584	Bangor.
Cotter, Thomas	650	Orono.
Cousins, Nathan H.	584	*
Cowan, Henry E.	600	Ludington, Mich.
Kilburn	584	323 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.
Louis O.	594	
Samuel N.	649	
William D.	650	
Cowee, George	501	
Cox, Cyrus	650	
George H.	620	
Coyle, John	533	
William	480	
Crabtree, Gilbert D.	650	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Feb. 6, '65.
Crafts, Granger C.	620	
Craig, Albert A.	501	
John	505	Bangor.
John C.	662	Died at Washington, Aug. 23, '63.
Cram, Ashbel H.	505	Davenport, Scott Co., Iowa.
John F.	470	Bradley.
Joseph, Jr.	471	
Crane, Eldridge C.	518	Fort Jones, Cal.
Joshua H.	505	
Richard J.	636	
Crapleton, James	471	
Crawford, James	518	
John E.	502	
John F.	505	
Crocker, Alfred	490	
Crockett, Albert S.	647	Died at Augusta, Feb. 13, '62.
Charles W.	662	Bangor.
Crooker, Melville C.	618	Bath.
William J. (mis- printed Crocker)	631	
Crosby, Charles S.	461	
David	620	

THE ROLL-CALL.

11

	PAGE	
Crosby, George W.	584	
Stephen R.	662	
Crosgrove, Robert.	600	
Cross, Asa V.	547	Minneapolis, Minn.
Eben G.	650	
Isaiah W.	490	
John	600	Died at Boston, April 5, 1899.
Jehn F.	600	
Lewis C.	472	
Sewall B.	518	
Simon	584	Cornish.
Crowell, Addison W.	634	Augusta.
Charles H.	662	Died in the service, Feb. '64.
Levi	617	
Crowley, Jeremiah	505	Died in the service, April 2, '64.
Croxford, Horace	472	"
Culnan, Michael	518	
Cummings, Frederick A.	547	Saccarappa.
James G.	502	
John C.	505	Died at Annapolis, March 1, '85.
John G.	600	Died at Biddeford.
William	595	Died at Aquia Creek, May 10, '68.
Cunliffe, Elisha E.	600	
Cunningham, Edward	636	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3, '63.
William W.	620	Holyoke, Mass.
Curran, David	516	
Currie, David	636	
Currier, John D.	566	Died in camp, Feb. 14, '64.
Curtis, Daniel S.	457	Died at Washington, Feb. 6, '90.
Erving T.	647	
James, Jr.	662	Died in the hospital.
Joseph R.	490, 597	Portsmouth, N. H.
Uriah	490	Stetson.
Vandorous	617	
Warren W.	490	
Cushman, Fairfield	490	Died in the service, July 14, '62.
George H.	650	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Horace B.	600	Bangor.
William M.	632	
Cushing, James B.	566	Died in prison at Salisbury, Nov. 7, '64.
Cutler, Frank M.	481	"
Cutting, George D.	548	
Cyphers, Martin C.	581	Hancock, Minn.
Daggett, George W.	636	So. Liberty.
John H.	514	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
J. Monroe	533	St. Marys, Kootenai Co., Idaho
Levi H.	564, 631	61 Clinton Street, Boston, Mass
Washington	533	Hodgdon.
Dalley, Erastus R.	505	
Dakin, Frank B.	633	
Levi S.	596	No. Fayette.
Daley, James B.	636	Patten.
Dam, Albert C.	461, 646	Died in New York, May 15, '90.
Charles F.	545	118 Exchange Street, Portland.
Damon, Lafayette	501	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 8, '64.
Daniels, John E. Co. K	620	
John E. 1st D. C.	661	
Richard M.	546	Pittsfield.
Walter D.	596	Died in prison at Danville, N. C., Dec. 27, '64.
William H.	548	Exeter Mills.
Darling, Jackson V. B.	651	
Joseph T.	548	Malaga, Cal.
Darnaby, Ephraim B.	620	Died of wounds received Sept. 16, '64.
Davis, Alexander S.	463	
Asa E.	533	Died of wounds, March 13, '64.
Benjamin F.	548	
Boardman	661	
Charles F.	634	Windsor, Henry Co., Missouri.
Charles J.	518	
Charles M.	661	Died in the service, May '64.
Charles N.	533	"
Daniel F.	545	Bangor.
Daniel W.	600	Amesbury, Mass.
Ebenezer P.	648	Died in Southern prison, Jan. 4, '65.
George A.	661	Abbott.

	PAGE	
Davis, Horace O.	620	
James P.	490	
Jason C.	490	
Leland F.	600	Arctic, R. I.
Luther	620	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 13, '64.
McKendree	486	Friendship.
Milton R.	506	Canton.
Octavius A.	472	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 14, '64.
Otis D.	620	
Rodney C.	506	Died at Augusta, March 5, '62.
Samuel	595	Great Falls, N. H.
Samuel C.	470	Monson.
Samuel W.	472	
Stephen	548	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 9, '64.
Thomas	472	Bangor.
Thomas W.	472	
William H.	596	
William L.	533	Died at Annapolis, April 6, '64.
Dawes, Frederick S.	505	Hudson, Mass.
Dawson, Simeon M.	472	
Day, Alfred F.	651	
Charles D.	584	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Nov. 15, '64.
George P.	651	Auburn.
John H.	468	
Nathaniel, Jr.	636	
Thomas	518	Oakdale St., Montville, Conn.
Thomas	562	Killed at Brandy Station, June 9, '63.
Thomas	566	Auburn.
Thomas	620	
Thomas	472, 620	Died at City Point, Va., Feb. 13, '65.
Co. M.	651	
Co. M.	614	Moultenville, N. H.
Co. M.	584	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Co. M.	533	Died in the service, Oct. 20, '64.
Co. M.	533	North Waterford.
Co. M.	636	Knightville.
Co. M.	600	Died at Fortress Munroe, Aug. 17, '64.
Co. M.	503	
Co. M.	602	Killed on Kautz's raid, May '64.
Co. M.	566	Killed at Beaver Dam Station, May 10, '64.
Co. M.	583	Died at Auburn, soon after the war.
Co. M.	651	Died a prisoner, at Lynchburg, June 16, '62.
George M.	490	
Levi	600	Effingham, N. H.
Deller, John	620	Lewiston.
Dennett, Irving C.	533	
Menander	514	Ellsworth.
Derring, Octavius	549	120 4th Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Devereaux, Augustus R.	566	
Elisha W.	620	
Devine, Cornelius	602	Killed in action.
Oliver	567	2012 Olive Street, St. Louis.
Dill, George S.	584	
Dillingham, Virgil P.	472	Died at Washington, Oct. 19, '64.
Doane, Edward H.	662	Killed in action, June 15, '64.
Dobbins, Joseph	587	•
Dobbs, Warren	500	
Doble, William	502	
Dockendorf, James W.	651	Died a prisoner, Lynchburg, June '62.
William	472	Died at Annapolis, Md., Sept. 18, '62.
Dockham, George A.	595	•
Dodge, George W.	472	Lewiston.
John M.	548	606 Congress Street, Portland.
Nelson A.	600	Cambridgeport, Mass.
Rudolph L.	490	
Doe, Bradbury P.	518	Spring road, Vineland, N. J.
Erastus A.	472	1907 Woodside Ave., Bay City, Mich.
James M.	472	
John	621	Milford.
Joseph	621	
Dogea, John	533	531 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.
Dolbin, John H. (mis-	533	Killed, charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
printed Dolhier)	542	Kenduskeag.
Dolley, Nathan D.	564	Green.
Dolliver, John F.	533	Washburn.
Donnell, Almon B.	533	
Donnelly, James	533	

	PAGE	
Dority, Alvin A.	505	
Dorrity, Hugh	490	
Dougsons, William M.	472	
Dougherty, Valentine H.	472	
Warren O.	469	
Doughty, George	651	Augusta.
Douglas, Abner L.	636	Selden, Sheridan Co., Kansas.
Arrona W.	636	
George F.	584	
Jeremiah S.	646	Commercial Street, Portland.
William W.	469	
Douty, Calvin S.	451	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Dow, Albion K. P.	584	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 19, '64.
James E.	518	Lyman, Washington.
James H.	633	
John H.	518	Waite, Washington Co., Me.
Joshua M.	490	Warren.
Downey, Arthur	621	
Downs, Phineas L.	490	
Doxey, John	600	
Doyen, Daniel B.	561	
Henry L.	662	Killed while on picket.
Howard M.	548	W. Levant.
Drake, Alvin	506	Died in Laston, Fla., Oct. 3, '77.
Francis E.	505	Died at Frederick, Md., Oct. 23, '62.
James F.	548	Emporia, Lynn Co., Kan.
John B.	561	144 South Market St., Boston, Mass.
Dresser, David D.	567	
Edward E.	533	•
Peter J.	468	Auburn.
Purrrington	468	
Drew, Alonzo	472	
Ansel	469	•
Frederick C.	596	
Hiram T.	472	
Irving F.	636	•
Walter	584	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 2, '64.
William H.	616	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 12, '64.
Drinkwater, Albion C.	472	Braintree, Mass.
Duchane, E. L. T.	517	
Dudley, David Y.	601	
William F.	548	Lewiston.
Duley, Charles T.	567	Farmington Falls.
Dunan, John	518	
Dunbar, Edward	518	
Dunham, George H.	503	Died at Livermore, Oct. 1, '82.
William B.	505	
Dunn, Christopher C.	530	
James T. W.	472	
John	463	Died in Augusta.
John A.	472	
Dunning, Alonzo	543	
A. M.	468	
Freeland	506	
Dunsmore, Rufus M.	636	Temple.
Dunton, Givanus H.	490	Winterport.
Zealor A.	584	
Durgin, Edwin G.	601	
John A.	621	Died at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 15, '62.
William M.	469	
Dushane, Francis	651	
Duston, George L.	567	Auburn.
Dutch, Alonzo	518	Belfast.
Amos M.	506	Boyd Lake.
Dwellely, John C.	567	
Dyer, Albert C.	621	
Charles	548	Etna.
Jeremiah C.	533	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 24, '64.
Robert F.	500	
Stover, G. (mis- printed Storer)	621	
Dykes, William R.	584	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
Earle, Ebenezer	651	
Henry D.	636	Canton, Mass.
Eastman, Charles	548	Freedom, N. H.

	PAGE	
Eastman, Gilman L.	662	
John	621	
Eaton, Albert J.	601	•
Charles	634	
Frederick B.	506	
George W.	490	Belfast or Northport.
Joseph D.	601	Wells.
Nathaniel	567	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Eddy, Charles	533	
Eleazer	518	Killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, '64.
Edes, Edwin T.	596	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Edgar, James	616	Winslows Potter, Portland.
Edgartown, James P.	490	•
Edgecomb, Albert	472	123 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
Edwin P.	601	Cornish.
Edgerly, Asa B.	506	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 29, '64.
Austin	601	Biddeford, or Ordnance Office, Washington, D. C.
Edwards, Nathaniel S.	548	
Eider, Gilman B.	637	
Eidredge, Levi, Jr.	518	
Elliott, Daniel H.	601	Rumford.
Farnum A.	667	
John G.	533	
Samuel B.	621	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 3, '64.
William	506	210 Hoyt Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
William D.	612	
Ellis, Hiram H.	533	Died at Washington, Nov. 19, '62.
Hiram S.	472	Windom, Cottonwood, Minn.
John F.	506	
Matthew W.	518	Searsport.
Osco A.	526	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Scott, S.	467	
William	518	
Eliaworth, Rufus G.	463, 634	Charlestown Dist., Boston.
Elwell, Tristram J.	506	St. Albans.
Emerson, Elisha D.	584	Died in Andersonville, Dec. 1, '64.
Henry R.	601	•
Emery, Abner C.	581	Old Colony R. R., Boston, Mass.
Briggs H.	621	•
Carlton P.	633	106 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.
Charles A. F.	463, 470	Hallowell.
George C.	637	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
George E.	472	
Horace B.	649	Hampden.
John, Jr.	473	Hampden.
Nahum	473	Waterville.
Nathaniel S.	567	
Zebulon M.	633	
Emmons, Joseph P.	567	Died in prison, at Charleston, Oct. '64.
Emory, George M.	596	
Erskine, John A.	491	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 28, '64.
Esancy, John F.	662	
Estabrooke, Edward M.	463	25 Trumbull St., New Haven, Conn.
Thomas S.	529	Houlton.
Estes, Chelsea L.	469	
Gustavus K.	567	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Jeremiah A.	564	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 26, '64.
Llewellyn G.	466	Alexandria, Va.
Evans, Harrison S.	545	
John G.	548	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Lorenzo K.	548	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Stewart E. Co. F.	548	No. Guilford.
Stewart E. Co. M.	661	
Eveleth, Melvin W.	543	Colorado Springs, Colo.
Ewer, Charles	651	Died of wounds received May 24, '63.
Fales, Fenelon M.	467	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
John Leroy	506	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Leonard K.	598	Thomaston.
Falkner, Alexander	519	
Farnham, Frederick L.	503	Washburn.
Jr.	469	Oldtown.
James B.	469	Rumford Center.
Farnum, William H.	563	Lewiston.
Farr, Mansel W.	585	
Farrington, Byron H.	506	Died at Washington, Aug. 22, '62.

	PAGE	
Farrington, Henry L.	567	
Farris, Charles W.	548	Died at Warrenton, Va., March 4, '64.
Walter S.	548	Died at City Point, Va., Aug. 19, '64.
Farwell, William S.	501	
Fassett, George L.	647	Lewiston.
Gorham F.	504, 649	Died in prison, at Danville, Va., March 3, '65.
John G.	646	249 Second Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Faulkner, John E.	533	Monticello.
Faunce, John	637	Oxford.
Felch, Ivory H.	651	
Felix, Andrew	519	
Fellows, Samuel	533	Severy, Greenwood Co., Kansas.
Fenderson, Gilbert	585	
James W.	581	
John H.	580	
Fessenden, Joshua A.	482	Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.
Nathaniel	567	
Ferguson, Charles H.	597	Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, Mass.
Ferrill, C.	491	Died in the service, March '65.
Feyler, William	491	
Field, Bohan	528	Hot Sulpher Springs, Col.
Hanson S.	567	Killed at Ground Squirrel Bridge, May 11, '64.
Files, Joseph P.	651	Portland.
Flsh, Austin A.	632	Woburn, Mass.
Fisher, Albert G. B.	473	
Andrew	651	Died at Peaks Island, Aug. 14, '90.
Fisk, Amos	491	Rockland.
George F.	491	Chillicottin, Livingston Co., Missouri.
Fitzgerald, Daniel S.	621	Lewiston.
John	548	
William H. H.	637	Died in hospital, Va., Feb. 8, '63.
Flaherty, John	548	Richmond, Franklin Co., Kan.
Fletcher, Joseph W.	585	
Stephen R.	567	Bradford.
William E.	601	Camden.
Flinn, Juan F.	533	Died of wounds received Apr. 6, '65.
Flint, Daniel D.	501	Dexter.
Levi C.	651	Monson.
Thomas	651	Stetson.
Floyd, Henry S.	585	Killed at Roanoke Bridge, June 25, '64.
Fogg, Albert R.	621	Box 539, Cumberland Mills, Me.
Benjamin F.	467	Died in Southern prison, Aug. 27, '64.
Horace A.	614	
Llewellyn W.	585	
Moses H.	585	
Follett, Henry H.	549	
Folsom, Benjamin F.	533	
Francis J.	637	Auburn, Cal.
Gorham A.	530	
Henry H.	634	16 Queen Street, Lowell, Mass.
Henry W.	533	Eddington.
Oliver J.	464, 534	
Ford, Charles W.	611	42 Exchange Street, Portland.
John	506	Died on the way from prison, Aug. 13, '64.
John F.	648	245 Washington Street, Haverhill, Mass.
Llewellyn	651	
Forsythe, John G.	585	The Folks, Somerset Co.
Nelson S.	560	Ashland, Mass.
Forrest, Thomas.	534	Died in Andersonville, June 23, '64.
Foss, Benjamin R.	473	Lee.
Franklin B.	585	Harmony.
Jacob P.	534	Machias.
Silas S.	534	
Volney H.	569	Bangor.
William L.	519	Killed at Briery Creek, April 7, '65.
Foster, Alfred	651	Gardiner.
Charles H.	580	Canaan.
Charles W.	662	
Daniel M.	580	Canaan.
George W.	637	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
James D.	562	
James M.	585	
John H.	647	761 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Joshua F.	651	
Phineas, Jr.	513	Tacoma, Wash.
William E.	585	Killed at Wyatt's Farm, Sept. 20, '64.

	PAGE	
Fowles, George S.	621	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Samuel (misprinted Fowler)	549	Corina.
Fowler, Samuel H.	601	Canton.
Foy, William	564	Gorham, N. H.
Frank, Oliver B.	491	
Frasier, David	549	
Frazer, Alexander	637	
Free, Robert	585	Died at Augusta, April 11, '62.
Freeman, Adelbert	585	Died in hospital, Nov. 12, '64.
Perrin P.	506	Camden.
Freese, John W.	465	Eureka, Cal.
French, Allen D.	534	Waltham, Mass.
Charles A.	473	
Evander L.	531	
John	548	Lewiston.
John S.	631	31 Oak Grove Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
Friend, Adelbert I.	637	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 12, '64.
Albert P.	567	Brooksville.
Taylor B.	549	Mound Valley, Kan.
Frisbee, Randolph R.	463	Died at Washington, April 12, '62.
Frost, Columbus B.	662	
Daniel	637	Died in Salisbury prison, March 12, '65.
Edward	534	Pasadena, Cal.
George D.	473	North Monmouth.
George W. H.	564	Died in hospital, Sept. '64.
Nathan P.	484	
Sewell F.	506	Died in San Francisco.
Wellington	585	Pembroke.
Fuller, Alden A.	534	
Alden W.	582	Elko, Elko Co., Nevada.
Edwin V.	567	
Elisha C.	637	No. Livermore.
Henry D.	481	•
James	473	•
Samuel	459	Hubbard, N. H.
William F.	562	Died in Portland, July 20, '64.
Fultes, John	651	
Furber, Frank M.	463	
Furbush, Charles D.	473	Garland.
Henry W.	564	Lewiston.
Gage, Daniel W.	561	157 North Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Gannon, George Q.	632	North Livermore.
Walter	585	
Gallagher, John	621	Caribou.
Gardner, Albert	531	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Charles E.	473	4852 Washburn Ave., Chicago.
Gardner, Leslie B.	519	Died at Washington, June 30, '63.
Garey, Lionel D.	637	No. 95 Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Garland, Henry D.	473	Died in Baltimore, Nov. 16, '81.
Garnett, James L.	536	
John H.	583	27 and 29 South Market Street, San Jose, Cal.
Garrett, Orrin L.	546	Carmel.
Garvin, Simeon	597	Good Thunder, Bluehill Co., Minn.
Gatchell, Emery T.	461, 621	Brunswick.
George W.	567	Brewer.
John R.	549	Died at City Point, Va., Dec. 23, '64.
Josiah	614	Brunswick.
Gates, Edwin S.	585	Lincoln Centre.
Frank	649	Sherry, Wis.
Oliver P.	473	
Gay, Charles	633	
Elijah	506	Center Montville.
Gearnar, George	601	
Geary, Charles B.	601	Newton Centre, Mass.
Cyrus M.	648	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Gerald, Alexander	621	
Dudley B.	506	Canaan.
George W.	506	Died in the service, July 31, '63.
Samuel M.	506	China.
Gerry, Samuel B.	519	North Bradford.
Getchell, Ammi T.	491	
George C.	622	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 31, '64.
John	549	
Joseph T.	651	Monarda, Aroostook Co.

	PAGE	
Geyear, George . . .	506	
Gibbs, Reuben . . .	508	
Gibson, Charles H. . .	563	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Gilbert, Arad E. . .	601	Leeds.
Ellison . . .	567	Augusta.
Joseph D. . .	662	
Josiah R. . .	464, 568	
William W. . .	464, 568	Vassalboro.
Gilchrist, Alden . . .	601	
Arthur . . .	491	Center Montville.
Riley . . .	491	* North Boothbay.
Giles, Frederick M. . .	568	
Gilkey, Edward . . .	633	
Gilley, Charles B. . .	519	South West Harbor.
Edward . . .	506	
John . . .	514	Died of wounds received May 11, '64.
Gilman, Alexander B. . .	534	
Amasa . . .	661	Dover.
Charles B. . .	491	Solon.
Daniel H. . .	461, 580	
Fairfield J. . .	534	
Lewis . . .	534	
John M. . .	549	
John N. . .	637	
William B. . .	506	
Gilmore, Aldrich . . .	506	Pablo Beach, Fla.
Robert J. . .	464, 601	
Gilpatrick, Charles . . .	519	Wilbur, Ulster County, N. Y.
Jesse L. . .	622	Died at Salisbury, Dec. 4, '64.
Gipson, George W. . .	601	
Given, Albert P. . .	534	
Gleason, Carlton T. . .	568	Georgetown, Col.
Glidden, Charles . . .	534	
Kelsey L. . .	585	Died of wounds received May 8, '64.
Lyman W. . .	637	
Goddard, Charles W. . .	534	Care Cape Cottage Box, Portland.
John . . .	451	* Died at Willard, Dec. 31, '91.
John H. . .	527	
Goding, Abraham . . .	652	
William H. H. . .	637	Auburn.
Gonyea, Jock . . .	585	
Goo, Peter G. . .	534	
Gooch, Orrin W. . .	491	Fostoria, Turcola Co., Mich.
Goodale, Andrew J. . .	601	
Goodbehere, Joseph S. . .	473	Died at Annapolis, Jan. 12, '65.
Goodhue, Harvey L. . .	564	Died at Caribou.
Stephen S. . .	617	Haverhill, Mass.
Goodnow, Jason S. . .	582	West Grafton, Tallor Co., W. Va.
Goodrich, John H. . .	601	
Goodridge, Leonard J. . .	586	
Goodspeed, William M. . .	506	
Goodwin, Charles C. . .	585	159 Clark Street, Portland.
Charles H. . .	549	Stetson.
C. L. . .	530	Springfield.
George E. . .	580	Skowhegan.
James A. . .	581	East Livermore.
John W. . .	549	Gaines, Pa.
Levi A. . .	473	Canaan.
Llewellyn . . .	585	Skowhegan.
Orrin L. . .	585	Died at Lee, Sept. 27, '69
Seth B. . .	568	* 159 Clark Street, Portland.
Tristram . . .	463, 637	Stetson.
Gordon, Charles . . .	473	* Springfield.
Charles O. . .	631	Skowhegan.
Gore, Charles H. . .	544	East Livermore.
Gould, Asa S. . .	637	Gaines, Pa.
Charles . . .	652	Canaan.
Charles R. . .	473	Skowhegan.
Edward D. . .	534	Died at Lee, Sept. 27, '69
Levi W. . .	637	* 159 Clark Street, Portland.
Nathaniel . . .	637	Stetson.
William . . .	601	Springfield.
Gove, George A. . .	622	Limerick.
Moses E. . .	582	Perry.
Gowen, Benson . . .	491	
Graffam, Joshua B. . .	534	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.

	PAGE	
Grafton, Edmund C.	486	Killed by railroad accident, July 30, '62.
Grant, Abner D.	473	Columbia.
Charles E.	473	Hermon.
Charles L.	622	York Village.
Gustavus	549	Died at Andersonville, July 23, '64.
John P.	617	Medway, Mass.
Madison M.	473	West Bangor.
Royal	652	
Samuel	473	Hermon.
William B.	515	Oriand.
Graselle, Joseph	568	Herbert, Pierce Co., Wis.
Graves, Augustus A.	648	
Gray, Francis	637	
George M.	473	Houlton, Me.
George W.	473	Orange, Cal.
James J.	529	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 15, '64.
James S.	473	Lakeman Market, Boston.
Stephen	468	South Brooksville.
Thomas C.	519	Solon.
Wesley	514	Foxcroft.
Greeley, David	543	Died at No. Pittston, Dec. 26, '90.
Greenleaf D.	652	
Warren J.	534	Died in Togus, Me., in 1889.
Green, Alden A.	463	
Edwin H.	586	
Frank W.	529	
Herman R.	649	
Llewellyn	652	So. Lagrange.
Oscar F. A.	652	Boulder, Col.
Greenlaw, Augustus	506	
Greenleaf, Charles L.	506	Washburn.
George W.	534	
Gregory, Elvrious	622	
George W.	652	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Grey, Abner K.	519	Prospect.
John P.	622	Lost at sea, Sept. '70.
Griffin, Andrew	457	
Samuel E.	519	W. Pembroke.
Thomas	602	
Grindall, Melville	519	*
William B.	652	
Gross, Arthur L.	622	Oriand.
Edwin R.	519	33 Elberon Place, Albany, N. Y.
Grover, Boynton	560	Killed by accident in Missouri, after the war.
Gullifer, Moses H.	473	
Gulliver, Thomas H.	491	
Gumty, William (mis- printed Gunt)	473	
Guptill, Isaiah	637	
Lemuel H.	491	Died in California.
Gurney, Freeman J.	568	
Isaac P.	596	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 28, '64.
Nathaniel	491	Waldo.
Samuel J.	483	Waldo.
Gurns, L. B.	515	
Hagan, John	622	
Haines, Albert	534	Fort Fairfield.
Daniel W.	461, 529	Died at Fort Fairfield, Aug. 15, '70.
Dudley L.	501	
Walter F.	615	Died at Saco, June 3, '89.
Hair, Sebina B.	647	229 University Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Hale, George B.	637	
Haley, David M.	470	Sebago.
George W.	458	
Hall, Alden	562	W. Auburn.
Alto L.	586	Winn.
Amos R.	586	Hernden, Fairfax Co., Va.
Dana M.	523	
Daniel W.	579	Died of wounds received June 17, '63.
Edwin D.	474	*
Elijah E.	530	South Atkinson or Howland.
Elijah G.	652	The Forks, Somerset Co.
George D.	602	
George W.	515	
Henry C.	478	Woburn Mass.

	PAGE	
Hall, Isaac A.	484	Searsmont.
James G. B.	568	
James M.	468	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
James R.	534	South Atkinson.
Marcellus W.	646	Dover.
Sullivan T.	653	Houtzdale, Clearfield Co., Pa.
William H.	602	
Hallowell, Henry T.	544	*
Nathan T.	614	Windsor.
Ham, Benjamin F.	602	Springvale.
Hiram H.	634	
Hamilton, Benjamin	662	
Charles E.	622	
Dimon	545	Box 254, Norway.
George F.	542	Sheridan, Wis.
Ivory W.	549	South Waterboro.
Josiah	491	
William	652	Unity.
Hamlin, Henry A.	568	Died in Southern prison, Aug. 1, '64.
Hammon, Lyman	637	
Hammond, James C.	470	
Hannaford, George O.	597	W. Newfield.
Hanscom, Levi P.	598	Died at Augusta, March 21, '62.
Loring L.	540	
Sylvanus L.	549	Boothbay.
Hanson, Albert W.	613	Fall River, Mass.
Asa F.	646	Maple.
Austin D.	602	
Daniel P.	506	Augusta.
Elbridge M.	633	
Israel	602	
Hardgrave, George	662	
Hardinbrook, Charles W.	506	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 6, '64.
Hardison, Hiram P.	534	Died at Belle Isle prison, July '62.
Harlow, Hollis	622	Died at Salisbury prison, Oct. 29, '64.
James H.	582	Dead River.
Orlando W.	502	
Harmon, Frank R.	561	Mechanic Falls.
William L.	622	
Harper, Alonzo D.	503	Worcester, Mass.
Harriman, Frederick A.	470	Griannel, Iowa.
James W.	534	Necedah, Wis.
Joseph N.	515	Orland.
William H.	586	Brockton, Mass.
Harrington, Orrin M.	411	Newport.
Harris, Albert H.	637	South Merrimack, N. H.
Delmer	488	*
Elisha De Wolf	543	Auburn, King's Co., N. S.
Gilbert N.	515	28 School Street, Boston, Mass.
Hezekiah F.	622	Killed at Boynton, Oct. 27, '64.
Horatio W.	622	Oldtown.
Isaac B.	491	Box 21, Groveland, Mass.
Isaac S.	549	Died at Andersonville, Dec. 26, '64.
James B.	648	
Jason F.	637	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Leonard A.	549	
Samuel E.	652	
Stephen E.	652	Medford, Taylor Co., Wis.
William	541	Killed by accident, May 17, '64.
Harrison, Charles F.	568	
Hart, Francis	622	Bath.
Henry	586	
John E.	586	Burnham.
Harvey, Charles C.	586	Died in hospital, Dec. 26, '64.
George D.	597	North Berwick.
Ira B.	549	Lewiston.
John F.	653	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Haskell, Almora (mis- printed Almon)	637	Bolsters Mills.
Henri J.	485	Helena, Montana.
Orrin S.	461, 465	Pittfield.
Haslett, Hugh	507	
Hassan, Albert W.	549	Belfast.
Hastings, Simeon C.	586	Sidney.
Hasty, Robert	602	Saco.

	PAGE	
Hatch, Frederic C.	564	
Israel M.	568	Died soon after the war.
Noah	534	Springfield.
Phillips	622	
Hattin, Charles M.	507	
Haugh, Henry	519	
Hawes, Henry A.	485	113 Bartlett St., San Francisco, Cal.
Washington	529	
Hawkes, Benjamin G.	542	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Nathaniel S.	549	Phillips.
Hayden, George W.	474	Died in the service, Jan. 25, '63.
Hayes, James	534	Crescent City, Del Norte Co., Cal.
Michael	622	Died at Sallsbury prison, March 16, '65.
William M.	503	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. '62.
Hayford, Orlando A.	568	Died at Canton, Nov. 11, '83.
Haynes, Frank G.	485	29 Henry Street, New Haven, Conn.
Horace M.	662	
Haywood, William H.	519	Died at Washington, Oct. 22, '62.
Hazeltine, Robert, band	463	
Robert, Co. I	602	
Hazelton, Asa B.	507	41 State St., Camden, N. J.
Hazen, John B. Co. F	544	South Waterford.
John B. Co. M	647	
Head, John H.	574	Bangor.
Heal, Luther L.	586	Killed at Harper's Ferry, Aug. 23, '64.
Robert A.	580	Lincolnton Center.
Heald, Charles	635	Died at Washington, April 23, '64.
Charles A.	652	Bangor.
Edwin	549	
John A.	526	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Heath, Lorenzo J.	535	
Hemmingway, Joseph H.	662	
Henley, Harmon T.	544	
Herbert, Edward B.	613	Died of wounds received Dec. 10, '64.
James	529	•
William M.	613	Bristol.
Herman, Christian S.	535	
Hewin, James W.	549	
Philander S.	590	
Herring, John G.	647	Foxcroft.
Hersey, Henry A.	623	North Turner.
Heaketh, Thomas	623	Died at Washington, April 15, '64.
Hewitt, Ephraim	549	
Hibbert, Baron S.	474	
Hicks, Benjamin C.	535	
Higgins, Albert H.	652	106 7th Street, South Minneapolis, Minn.
Charles J.	507	Hallowell.
Edwin M.	519	W. Eden.
George H.	507	
James H. (mis-	623	
printed James A.)	623	Old Orchard.
Wafren S.	507	
William N.	614	Lewiston.
Hight, Thomas	454	•
Hildreth, Charles A.	504	Died at Gardiner.
Horace W.	502	Gardiner.
Hill, Charles E.	503	Milltown.
Edwin	550	Dover South Mills.
Jeremiah	602	
John F.	595	
Joseph C. Co. A	446	601 F St., N. E. Washington, D. C.
Joseph C. Co. E	530	
Lorenzo B.	528	Augusta.
William H.	474	
Hilton, Alfred L.	586	No. Waldoboro.
Joseph M.	543	
Hinckley, Frank K.	519	
Hindle, David L.	637	19 Ames Street, Lowell, Mass.
Hinds, Josiah D.	602	So. Orrington.
Hinkley, William	582	Died Dec. 2, '79.
Hitchings, Oliver	662	
Hoben, Marcellus	530	Orrington.
Hodgdon, William H.	491	
Hodges, Thomas B.	474	
William H.	535	

	PAGE	
Hodsdon, Moses M.	602	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Hogan, James	474	
John	623	
Holden, Samuel M.	487	Wabash, Cass Co., Neb.
Simeon A.	516	Tremont.
Holland, Henry	586	
Hollis, Thomas	637	Died at Augusta, Jan. 3, '62.
Holman, Freeland L.	632	Died in prison, at Savannah, Ga.
Rawson	564	South Paris.
Holmes, Horace	562	
William L.	519	Fairfield.
Holt, Charles H.	507	
Frederick	586	Orono.
William T.	543	
Holway, Sumner A.	586	Windsor.
Holyoke, Horace P.	543	*
Hoojer, Charles H.	623	Lynn, Mass.
Gilbert A.	652	Died Oct. 30, '69, at Sullivan, Mc.
Lawrence P.	623	W. Sullivan.
Lorenzo C.	652	Died in Washington, Feb. 2, '64.
Hopkins, D. Oscar	662	
Elbridge S.	634	Died of disease while in the service.
Gustavus A.	661	
Honan, Peter	586	
Horn, Rufus A.	535	Died in Panama.
Horrie, Thomas L.	535	
Horton, William	507	
Hovey, Emerson W.	530	
Silas G.	638	Died of disease in '64.
Howard, Albert	602	Died in the service, Sept. '64.
Hollis	602	*
Horatio N.	652	918 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.
James F.	468	Hallowell.
Johnson, Jr.	662	Died at Washington.
Lloyd	662	
William	535	
William H.	623	432 St. John St., Portland.
Howe, George G.	602	*
Nathaniel	633	W. Brooksville. (Should be Hawes.)
William S.	513	Died at Lewiston, Aug. 24, '91.
Howes, James F.	623	
Llewellyn G.	535	Died at Andersonville, July 23, '64.
Samuel W.	623	
Sumner W.	568	
William O.	568	
Hoxie, William H.	503	Detroit, Me.
Hubbard, Charles P.	535	Died at City Point, '65.
Humphrey, Ephraim B.	474	
Timothy P.	568	Pittsfield.
Hunnewell, David	662	Died in the service, June 12, '64.
Hunt, James L.	638	West Washington.
John	529	*
Hunter, Alvin	550	Flintville, Brown Co., Wis.
John M.	530	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Huntington, Daniel B.	662	North Bradford.
James C.	550	
Huntoon, Peter	504	
Hunton, George E.	568	Allilene, Kan.
Huntress, Henry O. (mis-		
printed Henry)	596	
Hurd, Charles C.	550	63 L. M. S. Dutton Street, Lowell, Mass.
Henry H.	586	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Henry J.	662	
James A.	586	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Jethro H.	491	Blaine.
Robert F.	602	Berwick.
Samuel, Jr.	545	Stetson.
Washington L.	579	Died of wounds received June 17, '63.
Hussey, Charles	566	
George W.	526	Died March 24, '90.
James R.	474	Died in Southern prison, '65.
Huston, Albert N.	519	Bucksport.
Charles E.	602	*
Hutchings, Charles	519	Died in the service, Nov. 30, '64.
F. W. J.	535	
Newell S.	519	Verona.

	PAGE	
Hutchins, Benjamin F.	586	
George	623	
Hanson, Jr.	530	Etna.
John A.	586	Ocala, Marion Co., Fla.
Joseph F.	568	
Hutchinson, Dennis	474	East Corinth.
Fred E.	469	
Joseph M.	602	Died Oct. 29, '89.
Hyson, Zebard F. . . .	623	Cooper's Mills.
Illsley, Horace C. . . .	463	Died in Augusta.
Ingalls, Emery G. . . .	652	Bangor.
Hiram B.	638	
Samuel	649	
Ingersoll, Augustus W.	463	Houlton.
Ingraham, Francis . . .	535	Houlton.
Irish, Daniel G.	548	Died at Lewistown, Dec. 17, '91.
Irving, Elnathan P. . . .	569	
Jack, Charles E.	468	Rear 22 Chauncy Street, Boston.
Harrison J.	543	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Jackman, Charles G. . .	569	
Jackson, Albert F. . . .	652	Monson.
Albert M.	623	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. '65.
Charles	652	
George W.	550	
Henry A.	586	
John B.	550	
Miles	474	No. Appleton. (Death in History an error.)
Moses T.	550	Killed at Petersburg, June 15, '64.
Samuel H.	548	
Sylvanus R.	528, 550	*
Jacobs, Almon J. D. . . .	617	Died from imprisonment, March 15, '65.
William	569	
Jellison, Benjamin W. . .	602	Bangor.
Jenkins, Alexander	550	Newport.
Isaac N.	662	Died in Southern prison.
James	550	Togus.
John	569	
Jennings, Peter	603	
Reuben B.	631	
Jerris, Peter	474	
Jewett, Charles	663	
Edward E.	653	Died in Philadelphia, Aug. '62.
Frank E.	616	6700 Glades Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
George F.	611	43 Washington Market, Boston.
Rufus E.	586	Died at Baltimore, March 26, '65.
William H.	507	
Johnson, Aaron	507	
Albert H.	550	
Albert R.	514	*
Alonzo L.	662	
Alvin M.	507	Hallowell.
Charles K.	644	Died on the way north from prison.
Charles R.	615	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Ebenezer S.	632	Farmington.
Eldridge G.	603	Died in the service, April 7, '65.
Eri A.	491	Died at Augusta, Feb. 19, '62.
George F.	519	
Henry	550	
John B.	603	Died in the service, Oct. 2, '64.
John F.	550	Killed at Farmville, April 7, '65.
John H.	569	*
Mariner S.	507	South Exeter.
Rufus	603	
Samuel M.	550	Killed at Sailor's Creek, April 6, '65.
Walter	544	
Wilder	623	
William	507	
William J.	662	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
William L.	550	
William P.	550	
Johnston, Charles H. . . .	638	
John E.	623	
Jones, Austin L.	633	Pemyr, Placer Co., Cal.
Charles D.	587	Rockland.

	PAGE	
James, Cyrus T.	627	
Eugene F.	491	Union.
Era E. L.	638	
James, Jr.	474	
John	535	Died prisoner of war.
Riley L.	569	E. Saginaw, Mich.
Rodney	569	Fairfield Center.
Rufus L.	638	Died at Washington, Feb. 12 '64.
Stafford B.	469	W. Auburn.
Jordan, Andrew J.	569	Died in hospital, Oct. 26, '62.
Benjamin F.	474	Oldtown.
Charles W.	569	Auburn.
Edward	461, 645	Bangor.
Elbridge G.	634	
Eleazer	474	South Vineland, N. J.
Gustin	653	
Hiram C.	550	Care W. & H. C. Plummer, Portland.
Thomas D.	474	
Warren A.	519	Bangor.
Judkins, Sylvanus	587	Athens.
Jumper, George E.	559	45 Hoff Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Junkins, Robert P.	463, 638	
Kalloch, Edward K.	559	
Kame, John M.	461, 464, 653	Scottsville, Mason Co., Mich. (Should be Came.)
Kane, James W.	653	
Peter M.	519	Eastport.
Keen, Howard	653	
Keenan, George	507	
Keene, Seneca E.	535	Lincoln Centre.
Seth H.	535	
William C.	492	
Keeting, George R.	623	53 Highland Ave., Haverhill, Mass.
Keiser, John S.	550	Ellsworth Falls.
Kellan, Thomas F.	653	
Kellen, John, Jr.	603	Died in prison at Charleston.
Kelley, Charles S.	569	
George M.	569	East Northport.
George S.	545	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
John	623	
Orlando	653	South Etna.
Kellogg, Charles F.	638	
Marcellus R.	663	
Kelsey, John B.	569	Died at Auburn, Dec. 6, '86.
Kemp, Charles E.	492	Livermore Falls.
Kendall, Abiather R.	581	Died in Southern prison.
Kendrick, Ralph	623	Died at City Point, Va., Nov. 28, '64.
Kenerson, Ithiel S.	570	Died at South Bethel.
Kennard, William K.	550	Bar Harbor.
Kennedy, William H.	570	Died at Andersonville, Oct. '64.
Kenney, Charles B.	464, 617	325 Front Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kilkenny, Benjamin	638	West New Portland.
Kimball, Allison P.	492	East Bradford.
Andrew J. Co. A.	474	
Andrew J. Co. B	492	Hermon.
Augustus W.	587	9 Lawrence Corp., Lowell, Mass.
Charles	469	Flanders, Mich.
Charles A.	603	
Cyrus B.	587	Auburn.
George E.	587	
George S.	500	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Hiram	603	Died in Augusta, Jan. 8, '62.
James	467	Flanders, Alpena Co., Mich.
William H.	638	Burnham.
William W.	570	Died in '89.
King, Albert H.	603	
Alpheus	474	
Hiram B.	470	Mechanic Falls.
Kingsbury, Alpheus R.	634	65 Hampshire Street, Lowell, Mass.
Kingsley, Charles E.	624	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 29, '64.
George A.	624	North Auburn.
Kitchen, George	530	No. 3 Walnut St., San Jose, Cal.
Knapp, John P.	535	
Kneeland, Alfred	587	Winterport.
Knight, Albert E.	530	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Alfred W.	492	North Whitefield.

	PAGE	
Knight, Augustus H.	570	Waltham, Mass.
Cyprian M.	504	•
Cyrus E.	535	
Edwin D.	543	
James M.	624	39 Fifth St., Dover, N. H.
Simeon M.	603	So. Waterboro.
Thomas W.	648	
Zebulon	541	Otisfield.
Knowles, Adoniram J.	587	Died in Maryland, Oct. 4, '64.
Benjamin P.	514	Died at Hampden, '72.
Henry L.	519	
Hosea	502	41 Winter St., Portland.
John	545	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
Knowlton, James L.	570	Liberty.
Samuel J.	546	
Knox, Charles O.	507	Gardiner.
Kucking, Theodore	474	
Kyle, Alexander	492	
Labelle, Lewis	535	
Labree, Horace	474	
Ladd, John W.	663	
Laine, Columbus C.	587	
Lake, Enoch H.	474	Levant.
Lakeman, Frank	535	
Lakin, Corydon B.	660	Norfolk, Va.
Lambert, Danfel	624	
Lampher, William A.	560	
Lamson, Edwin B.	485	Union or So. Vassalboro.
Lancaster, Richard E.	474	Oldtown.
Zelotes	474	
Lane, David R.	587	Died in Southern prison.
George W.	570	
John	507	Appleton.
Leander	519	Turner.
Lee	474	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
Samuel W.	468	Augusta.
Thomas	633	
Lang, Caleb N.	616	86 Portland Street, Portland.
Charles	624	Killed at Boylton, Oct. 27, '64.
Robert	624	Killed at Boylton, Oct. 27, '64.
William	624	
Langpher, Daniel R.	492	Died of wounds received on picket, Aug. 9, '64.
Langworthy L.	492	
Lanelle, Virgil G.	535	Died in Southern prison, '64.
Lannon, John	474	
Lary, Charles S.	663	Killed in action, June 30, '64.
Lash, John B.	504	
Latham, Charles F.	516	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 4, '64.
Charles W.	470	
Lawrence, David	550	Stetson.
Joseph H.	515	Orland.
Leach, Lyman	603	
Silas	520	North Castine.
Lear, Joseph H.	492	
Leathers, Daniel	653	Carmel.
Frank J.	535	South Winn.
John B.	587	Died in prison, Richmond, March 20, '64.
Leavitt, Frank W.	535	
Horace C.	520	Died at Washington, June 9, '62.
Lee, Joseph W.	579	Bristol, Pa.
Leeman, Roscoe G.	653	Died at Abbott in '65.
Leighton, Benjamin F.	570	
Co. G	570	
Benjamin F. Co. H,	587	
Cyrus	663	Killed in action, June 27, '64.
James W.	570	
John W.	485	
Lyman P.	516	Lynn, Mass.
Nathaniel W.	615	Richmond.
Lennon, William A.	507	Stetson.
Lermond, Edward W.	507	
Ephraim	492	East Union.
Le Sault, Batiste	535	Milford.
Leslie, Henry B.	535	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.

	PAGE	
Leuzarder, Julius M.	528	
Levensellar, Samuel	570	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Lewis, Almon	561	
Eben G.	663	Died at Brandy Station, Jan. 27, '64.
Frank	474	Orono.
George E.	638	
Levi B.	587	
Orrin F.	570	Lee.
Waterman T.	648	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
William N.	587	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Libby, Alvah M.	598	•
Anson O.	474	Waterville.
Benjamin F.	598	
Eugene A.	535	Saco.
Graeger A.	507	Milford, Mass.
Henry T.	542	East Baldwin, Cumberland Co., Me.
Horatio S.	501	American Express Co., 43 Franklin St., Boston.
John Q. A. (mis- printed John G. A.)	507	Rockport.
Madison	570	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Osman	475	
Samuel O. (mis- printed Samuel I.)	469	
Seth	570	
Lincoln, James W.	492	Died in Washington, Aug. 28, '62.
Raymond	535	10 Loring St., Somerville, Mass.
Linnell, Charles E.	663	Died in the service, March 24, '64.
Lippert, Charles	624	
Liscomb, William S.	581	
Little, Henry	580	Anburn.
Thaddeus	457, 612	Boston, Mass.
Littlefield, Charles F.	603	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 14, '64.
Dependence S.	603	465 Main Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
James A.	587	
Jonathan	586	Brownfield.
Joshua M.	624	Edgerton, Pipestone Co., Minn.
Oliver B.	603	
Reuben O.	603	Danvers, Mass.
Lloyd, James	612	
Locke, William R.	507	Etna Center.
Lockhart, Robert	507	Custer City, Pa.
Lombard, Jesse	624	Saco.
William H.	587	Ripley.
Long, Charles E.	653	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Thomas J.	464, 617	247 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.
Lord, Ambrose M.	520	Snohomish, Wash.
Amos	648	
Augustus, Jr.	475	Williamsport, Pa.
John F.	603	Waterboro.
John T.	544	
Loring, Jacob B.	481	Rockland.
Load, William M.	612	Richmond.
Lougee, Enoch W.	545	
James S.	653	Killed at Middletown, May 24, '62.
John E.	542	North Parsonfield.
Samuel	545	Died in New York, Oct. 15, '64.
William H.	551	
Lovejoy, James W.	663	Killed in action, June 29, '64.
Marcellus P.	638	
Samuel B. M.	559	Died soon after the war.
Samuel C.	461	Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.
Lovell, Daniel K.	544	
Lovering, John	463	Houlton.
Lowe, Franklin B.	507	Waterville.
Perley	587	599 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Lowell, Albert	544	
Benjamin P.	604	Lewiston.
Charles H.	648	Dexter.
Daniel W.	551	Lake Co., Fla.
Horace H.	469	Penfield, Clarefield Co., Pa.
Lowlin, Stephen	520	Died in the service, Dec. 25, '64.
Lubleau, Peter	624	
Lucas, Samuel	570	Canton.
Willard, 2d	492	•
Luce, Alonzo B.	563	

	PAGE	
Lace, Charles B.	638	Died at Washington, Jan. 26, '64.
Charles S.	529	Monticello.
Henry A.	536	
Hezekiah	529	Winterburn, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Joseph P.	544	
William H.	475	Rice Lake, Wis.
Laddon, Levi	633	
Lufkin, Andrew J.	468	
Charles E.	475	
Jason L.	507	
Otis E.	475	Killed at Dinwiddle, March 31, '65.
Lunt, Charles W.	638	
Joseph	507	Died at Gardiner, '64.
Parker G.	508	San Francisco, Cal.
Thomas	502	Gardiner.
Wilbur F.	559	Exchange Street, Portland.
Lurvey, Lemuel R.	520	Southwest Harbor.
Lwoney, Michael	624	Canton.
Lynn, Frederick D.	492	Togus.
Lyon, Henry F.	502	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Lucian W.	587	820 Douglas St., So. Saginaw, Mich.
Lyons, Charles W.	531	Houlton.
Thomas G.	624	Nobleboro.
Mace, Edward A.	638	
Mack, Luther J.	475	
Maddocks, Charles	520	
Maddox, James	604	Amesbury, Mass.
Madigan, Dennis	492	
Maffitt, James H.	546	
Maguire, James	579	
Maina, Ivory	536	South Casco.
Maloon, Horton (mis-		
printed Harton)	570	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
William, Jr.	564	Auburn.
Mangan, Michael	536	
Mann, George W.	604	
James K.	536	
Mansell, George F.	475	Brownville.
Mansur, John S.	531	Mansur's Mill.
Warren	413	90 Dexter Street, Malden.
Manter, Benjamin A.	551	
Marble, James S.	508	
Marden, Alston R.	508	Died at Belle Plain, Dec. 25, '63.
Rufus R.	492	
Wayland	663	
Mariner, Ambrose	508	Augusta.
Marks, Augustus	531	Died in Southern prison.
Marsh, Charles H. Co. II	587	Eastport.
Charles H. Co L	638	
John B.	604	3 Chester Place, Boston.
Marshall, Benjamin F.	581	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 10, '64.
Marston, Charles L.	562	53 Congress Street, Portland.
Edwin T.	562	
Hathorn	638	
Martin, Joseph H.	503	1315 Fifth Avenue, So. Minneapolis, Minn.
Thomas	536	15 Toulo St., Providence, R. I.
Mason, Fernando F.	570	Turner Center.
Jonas W.	551	Died at Washington, Jan. 16, '64.
Silas D.	508	
Matthews, Henry A.	570	
William R.	517	
Maxin, Henry	653	Died in Abbott.
Maxwell, Isaac C.	475	Auburn.
Mayberry, Charles E.	508	
George H.	581	Madella, Minn.
Mayhew, Nathan	541	
Maynard, Joseph B.	536	
Mayo, Clifford N.	469	Grinnell, Iowa.
Daniel T.	580	
William H.	570	
McAllister, Amos	536	
De Witt C.	663	
Joseph	492	Died at City Point, Va., June 30, '64.
William	536	East Stoneham.
McCarthy, Richard	624	52 Nichols St., Providence, R. I.

	PAGE	
McCauslin, Franklin . . .	508	Hartland.
William T.	508	
McClanning, William S. . .	570	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 116, '64.
McClure, Edward W.	502	
Gustavus	648	Died in Minnesota, May 17, '90.
McCobb, Austin	483	Hollister, San Benito Co., Cal.
Wilbur	484	Hollister, San Benito Co., Cal.
McCombs, John H.	663	
McCarrison, George S. . . .	492	Died at City Point, '64.
James, Jr.	551	Dover South Mills.
McCoy, Andrew	582	
Charles E.	529	Bangor.
McCurdy, Eben H.	472	
Hugh	529	Died of wounds received June 19, '64.
John	530	
Samuel R.	592	North Vassalboro.
McDaniel, Cornelius C. . . .	663	
McDonald, Albert L. 464, . .	604	Killed at Ground Squirrel Bridge, May 11, '64.
Alexander	625	
Christopher	634	
George F.	475	Donnigan Station, Cal.
John, Jr.	571	Kenduskeag.
McDougall, Alexander	613	Fort Fairfield.
McDuffie, Charles	536	
McFarland, Ira A.	564	Died in the service, Feb. 6, '65.
Justin L.	492	
William O.	492	Brunswick.
McFarlin, John	529	Woodstock, N. B.
McFee, John	551	
McGaffey, Florian	533	
Otis	531	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. 24, '62.
McGee, John	587	
McGinley, Thomas	536	Springfield.
McGoon, Ephraim J.	587	Killed at Dinwiddle, March 31, '65.
McGrath, William N.	536	Webber Ave., Bedford, Mass.
McGuire, Alfred D.	487	St. Helena, Cal.
McIntire, Oliver H.	604	
Thornton W.	588	Plymouth.
McIntyre, Charles A.	483	Killed at Appomattox, April 9, '65.
Henry S.	569	
McKeen, Ezra H.	633	Phillips.
McKeene, Silas	536	
McKenney, Albert S.	503	
Cyrus W.	623	
Daniel R.	545	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 15, '64.
Joseph	601	Orono.
Richard	551	
William H.	536	4 Trowbridge Place, Portland.
McKenzie, John	501	
William	475	
McKinnon, Alexander	536	
McKusick, Benjamin F.	583	28 Union Street, Portland.
John F.	535	Died at Lockhart Run, W. Va., Jan. 27, '91.
McLaughlin, Charles H. . . .	469	Oldtown.
William	625	
McLoud, John	433	Cascade, Lock Co., Ore.
McMaster, Thomas J.	548	
McNear, Alfred	533	102 Decatur Street, East Boston, Mass.
McNeill, Dwight	475	*
McNichol, Thomas	520	
McPhall, Alfred E.	584	
Duncan	583	*
William H.	503	Perry.
McKay, John	571	
Mealler, John	475	
Mears, Parker	624	
Meeds, Daniel J.	604	
Megguler, Elisha H.	633	Biddeford.
Melvin, Albert A.	475	17 Appleton Corp., Lowell, Mass.
Ambrose P.	631	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 1, '64.
Edwin B.	551	South Exeter.
Merrim, Joseph	516	1304 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Leonard B.	463	Fort Robinson, Neb.
Merrick, Stephen W.	604	
Merrifield, Charles N.	433	Lewiston.
Jacob C.	598	
James S.	515	

	PAGE	
Merrill, Albert G.	624	Brunswick.
Asa	469	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Charles C.	588	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Charles H.	501	Gardiner.
Dennis H.	624	Died in Salsbury prison, Dec. 7, '64.
Edward P.	513	55 Bramhall Street, Portland.
Henry O.	588	191 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.
James W.	624	Sanford.
John A.	588	Killed at White House Landing, June 21, '64.
John H.	544	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Lewis	544	Los Angeles, Cal.
Lenuel O.	624	*
Samuel H.	460	Manchester.
Willard R.	517	20 Taylor St., Holyoke, Mass.
William	653	Upper Stillwater.
Merrin, Orrin L.	475	U. S. Inspector, C. H., Portland.
Merritt, James H.	536	Died in Augusta, Jan. 16, '64.
Merrrow, Francis E.	604	* at Montville, Nov., of injuries received in the valley, '62.
William O.	638	*
Messer, Adelbert A.	483	Died in Southern prison.
George A.	485	Weeks Mills.
Willard L.	493	Lincoln.
Meserve, James H.	536	Treas. Dept., Washington, D. C.
Miller, Alonzo D.	551	Sebula, Iowa.
Charles M.	516	Wallace, Shoshone Co., Idaho.
John	508	Died in prison in Georgia, July, '64.
Millett, Joseph C.	588	
Milliken, Loren H.	614	Died in Augusta, April 7, '64.
Mills, Gustavus L.	531	Bangor.
John S.	638	Died March 12, '67.
Manfred	653	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Miner, John L.	653	Readfield.
Mitchell, Edward P.	551	*
Everett	663	East Boothbay.
Henry L.	493	Died in Southern prison, Oct. 30, '64.
John	571	Quincy, Mass.
Nahum W.	596	Died at Camp Stanton, May 10, '62.
Moffitt, Eugene C.	571	Ennnett, San Benito Co., Cal.
Monk, Eugene	561	Died at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 3, '64.
Montgomery, Joseph	536	Rochester, N. H.
William	513	Died at Andersonville.
Monroe, Albert P.	475	Died at the Soldier's Home, Togus.
Warren B.	604	Togus.
Mooney, John	603	St. Albans.
Moors, Josiah N.	638	Died in Salsbury prison, Nov. 9 '64.
Moor, James	663	Died in the service, March, '65.
Moore, Albert	536	61 Spring St., Portland.
Charles H.	604	Castine.
Delmont	604	Sangerville.
Eber S.	464, 475	Rockland.
Lewis G.	520	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Moses D.	520	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 8, '64.
Nathan	551	Hermon.
Thomas	485	Orono.
Thomas B.	536	Biddeford.
William H.	588	
Wilson J.	516	
Moores, Morris L.	493	
Murray	604	
Morang, Calvin S.	638	
William	653	
Morey, George W.	634	
Morgan, Alonzo D.	604	
Averill C.	653	
Jacob O.	663	
Morgridge, Samuel T.	464, 604	
Morrill, Benjamin C.	520	
Edward F.	520	
Elijah	536	
Emery	493	
George	604	
Ira	536	
William	536	
Morris, James W.	663	
Morrison, Aaron L.	503	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Angus	604	

	PAGE	
Morrison, George . . .	571	
Morrow, John . . .	508	Madison.
Morse, John . . .	493	Unity.
Thomas H. . . .	508	Troy.
William B. . . .	638	
William H. . . .	571	East Friendship.
Mosher, Benjamin C. .	580	South Norridgewock.
Isaac C. . . .	588	South Norridgewock.
John M. . . .	508	Died of wounds received Oct. 9, '63.
Mosman, George G. . .	634	
Moulton, Albert . . .	625	York Corner.
Charles E. . . .	604	Orr's Island, Harpswell.
Jonathan P. . . .	517	
Mountford, Vincent . .	486	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Mower, John M. Co. A. .	470	North Vassalboro.
John M. Co. L. . .	638	
Thomas H. . . .	563	
Mulvey, John . . .	561	
Mulvin, Benjamin . . .	663	
Munson, Laurel . . .	529	Houlton.
Murch, Alfred B. . . .	545	*
Ephraim A. . . .	520	Sailor's Home, Staten Island, N. Y.
Muchmore, William . .	638	Died March 18, '88.
Murphy, Dennis . . .	588	Skowhegan.
James A. . . .	615	Died in Salisbury prison, March 18, '65.
Samuel H. . . .	605	Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Aug. 18, '64.
Murray, Russell . . .	605	Charlestown, Mass.
Thomas M. . . .	606	Liberty.
Myrick, Edward E. . .	625	Augusta.
John D. . . .	611	Died at Augusta, Dec. 27, '82.
Joseph H. . . .	508	
Nado, Henry C. . . .	564	So. Weymouth, Mass.
Nash, David J. . . .	563	38 Bates St., Lewiston.
Jonathan	616	Died in prison at Danville, N. C.
Nason, George E. . . .	503	54 So. Russell St., Boston, Mass.
Josiah, Jr. . . .	508	
Samuel E. . . .	663	Died in the service April 21, '64.
Neal, Franklin B. . . .	508	Belfast.
James A. . . .	605	Elktown, Siskiyou Co., Cal.
John O. . . .	663	
John W. . . .	502	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Reuben S. . . .	502	W. Farmingdale.
Thomas J. . . .	502	Died in Chicago, Ill., '90.
Thompson	561	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 7, '64.
Needham, Frank C. . .	571	Bethel, Me.
Nellis, William H. . .	639	
Nelson, Edward F. . .	536	Died in Maryland, June 20, '62.
Neville, Mark	527	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Nevins, Justin S. . . .	632	
Newbergin, Danville .	598	Newfield.
Eugene	606	
Sumner B. . . .	617	Milford.
Newbold, Andrew D. . .	493	
Newell, Charles W. . .	605	
Nicholas, Frederick B. .	639	
Nichols, Charles F. . .	571	New Portland.
Oscar W. . . .	520	Died at Andersonville prison.
Nicholson, William . .	625	
Nickerson, Eugene . . .	536	
Hezekiah O. . . .	588	Readfield.
Moses	571	
Nason G. . . .	663	
William H. H. . . .	551	
Niles, Timothy B. . . .	571	
Nobriga, Mitchell R. . .	571	
Nodstrom, Charles E. .	538	
Nolan, Michael	551	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Norris, Richard	632	
North, Charles A. . . .	468	Malden, Mass.
Northrop, George . . .	563	70 Coburn St., Lowell, Mass.
George J. . . .	459	206 East Ridge Street, Marquette, Mich.
Norton, Charles A. . . .	625	
Norwood, Frederick A. .	508	Died at Rockport.
Henry W. . . .	461, 634	
Noyes, Clarence	493	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 18, '64.
Fred K. . . .	471	

	PAGE	
Noyes, Joseph H.	506	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Nute, Israel H.	536	Lee.
Nutt, James E.	530	*
Nutter, Robert	537	Port Caledonia, Cape Briton, Canada.
Samuel A.	505	Hildeford.
Nutting, Chandler R.	588	
Frank	502	38 Alney St., Dorchester, Mass.
Jason S.	520	Died in the service, Jan. 8, '65.
Oakes, Corydon J.	520	Lost at sea.
Evander	469	
George E.	464, 605	
Oakman, Isaac	553	Weeks Mills.
O'Brien, Dennis	571	Killed at Stanton River, June 26, '64.
James	508	
Michael	475	Mendocino, Cal.
William	537	
O'Connell, Redmond	475	Milwaukee, Wis.
Odell, Solomon H.	539	
Ohlsen, John	581	
Olson, Charles J.	493	
O'Neil, John	553	Died in the service, Nov. 9, '64.
Orcutt, Rosalvo E.	528	1118 19th Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Ordway, Augustus L.	539	Medford, Mass.
Benjamin	563	
Caleb F.	464, 582	Died Nov. 24, '85.
George A.	553	Quincy, Mass.
Osborn, Benjamin A.	527	Watsonville, Cal.
William A.	537	Mt. Pleasant, Isabella Co., Mich.
Osborne, Charles F.	588	Killed near Richmond, May 12, '64.
James H.	563	
Osgood, John N.	571	Died in hospital, Sept. '64.
Otis, Eugene H.	553	172 Essex Street, Bangor.
George H.	586	West Kennebunk.
Overlook, Rufus L.	539	
Owen, Nathaniel L.	464, 553	90 Warcham St., Boston.
Oxton, Franklin A.	498	West Rockport.
Packard, Corbitt L.	463, 616	Orient.
Pacott, Frank	551	Rockland.
Page, Christopher A.	468	*
Henry B.	588	
John	551	
Paine, Richard H.	551	
Painter, James W.	539	
Palmer, Albion D.	493	
Charles C.	533	Died in Salsbnry prison, Jan. 25, '65.
Dennis W.	475	Hernon.
George D.	493	Died at Montville, Feb. 12, '90.
Samuel W.	484	
Thomas H.	561	
Parker, Aaron	537	Died in Andersonville, July 24, '64.
Albert S.	520	Died in Washington, May 13, '65.
Alexander M.	459	Deering.
Aurelius	483	Died in New Orleans, La., March 20, '92.
Frank W.	539	
Marcellus M.	485	Rockland.
Samuel E.	508	
Sanford G.	563	
Parkman, Eli W.	560	Killed in action, June 16, '64.
Parks, Darius N.	525	
James	475	Died at Oldtown, Aug. 7.
Parsons, John B.	571	
Partridge, Charles A.	616	
Frank A.	605	Died in prison at Danville, Dec. 29, '64.
George	605	Northampton, Mass. (Should be Perry.)
Patch, Henry L.	539	Zimmer, Neb.
Patten, Alono	493	
Edward M.	457	San Francisco.
George	520	Died at Point Lookout, Md., Sept. 24, '64.
George G.	554	Sullivan.
Robert A.	508	Washburn.
Stephen W.	508	Died at Alameda, Cal., Dec. 27, '84.
Sumner A.	459	Skowhegan.
Patterson, Aaron B.	475	Dexter.
Charles F.	493	

	PAGE	
Patterson, Jeremiah F.	571	
Lycurgus	508	Hampden.
Paul, Leander H.	683	Rockport.
Payson, Barak C.	508	Died in Washington, July 6, '64.
Peakes, James B.	475	Santa Cruz, Cal.
Joseph B.	625	Dover.
Peaks, William G.	689	
Peachey, John B.	654	
Pearson, Chester C.	654	Died in Augusta, March 20, '62.
Pearsons, William R.	493	6 Broadway, N. Y.
Pease, George L.	546	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 28, '64.
Peavey, Darius W.	475	
Hiram	475	Died at Exeter, Jan. 20, '90.
Pendleton, Andrew F.	517	
Richard F.	475	
Silas P.	520	Camden.
Penly, George W.	654	
Pennington, Frank A.	520	
Penny, Henry J.	571	
Pentland, Robert	537	
Perkins, Alonzo	482	Died in the service, Aug. '62.
Barton G.	483	
Daniel	605	Died in Andersonville, May 30, '64.
Elliott	654	Farmington, Wash.
George	509	
George E.	598	Box 77, Hooksett, N. H.
Hiram	625	Waldoboro.
Horace	476	
Isaac T.	551	
John H.	639	Died in Washington, May 1, '64.
John McC.	595	31 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
Otis	625	*
Thomas	663	
Thomas H.	588	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 10, '64.
William H.	605	Killed at Louisa Court House, May 2, '63.
Perry, David S.	520	
Joseph E.	508	
Pettengill, Anson	493	
Peva, Freeman C.	509	Augusta.
Nathan R.	509	Cooper's Mills.
Phelps, George W.	552	Died of wounds received Sept. 13, '62.
Willard H.	580	Died in Andersonville, June 16, '64.
Phenix, Charles B.	493	Lewiston.
Phillbrick, Charles E.	494	Died in prison at Florence, Dec. 28, '64.
Phillbrook, Wm. J.	494	Died in Washington, Feb. 18, '63.
Phillips, George P.	654	Westville Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Russell	613	
Beth H.	654	
Walstein	541	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Phillop, Thomas	663	Killed in action.
Phipps, Charles L.	625	
Joseph W.	468	
Pickard, Charles H.	494	Died May 10, '79.
Jefferson	571	
John E.	537	Died in Frederick, Md., Nov. 14, '62.
Pickering, Charles W.	478	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 22, '64.
Pierce, Albert R.	581	Died at Salisbury, Nov. 26, '64.
Alfred	463, 545	Arlington, Mass.
Alphonso	553	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. '64.
Frank W.	453	Houlton.
Gardner	529	Died at Augusta, Aug. 1, '62.
George A.	520	
Isaac Y.	458	
Jacob H.	625	Died at Manassas, June 7, '62.
Stephen B.	625	Died in Southern prison.
Pierson, William J.	639	
Pike, Benjamin R.	503	Presque Isle.
Pillsbury, Ellsworth C.	639	Sanford.
Evans S.	644	324 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M.	597	Sanford.
John M.	494	Died at Augusta, Feb. 23, '62.
Pinkham, Charles E.	588	Sacramento, Cal.
Daniel	588	East Steuben.
Hiram B.	494	Died in Hospital, June 16, '64.
James	639	New Vineyard.
Moses S.	503	W. Gardner.

	PAGE	
Pinkham, Samuel	639	
Wellington	639	Died in the service, May 24, '62.
Piper, Nathaniel	571	
Pishon, George E.	563	Died in Hospital, Sept. 8, '64.
Pitts, Isaac S.	552	So. Waterboro.
Plummer, Alvin E.	494	
Clement P.	494	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 26, '65.
George L.	654	
George W.	654	
Jeremiah S.	552	
Samuel	494	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Oct. 23, '64.
Pollard, Jonathan F.	516	Masardis.
Kendall	605	
Thomas J.	571	Died in Andersonville, Oct. '64.
Pollister, Joseph M.	520	
Pomlow, Joseph	582	Skowhegan.
Pomroy, Rowland B.	582	Died in Southern prison.
Pond, Arthur A.	571	
Poole, Solomon	615	Clinton, Mass.
Poor, James W.	460, 481	Died in Reno, Nevada, Sept. 2, '90.
Porter, Edward E.	494	Died in the hospital.
John L.	605	*
Ruel W.	654	Detroit.
Pottle, William F. (mis-	494	
printed Potter)	494	
William M.	486	
Potter, John	478	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 16, '64.
Powers, George E.	494	
Pratt, Alonzo M.	639	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 15, '64.
Arba	654	
Arston R.	663	Died in the service, Sept. 4, '64.
Beniah W.	633	New Vineyard
Charles H.	663	
Franklin E.	648	
Joshua F.	654	
Nathaniel N.	625	Richmond.
Oliver P.	639	Died at Frederick, Nov. 17, '62.
Pray, Alamber H.	509	Augusta.
Frank W.	594	*
Harvey S.	588	*
Isaac	509	
J. H.	595	
Preble, Melvin	625	Bangor.
Prescott, Alpheus	605	
Daniel C.	478	
Franklin	647	Newburg.
James N.	552	Exeter.
Lewis	521	Phillips.
Preston, Robert	521	*
Price, William	639	National Home, Milwaukee, Wis.
Priest, Alpheus M.	521	
Henry W.	588	*
Prince, Albert F.	486	
George	611	16 Davis Street Boston, Mass.
George H.	663	Died in the service, March 7, '64.
William B.	494	Died in the hospital.
Proctor, Edward E.	476	Lisbon.
George F.	476	Lisbon.
George W.	476	Bowdoinham.
J. Loren	663	*
Fullen, Charles H.	663	Died in the service, July 20, '64.
Pulsifer, Addison G.	572	*
Eben J.	562	South Auburn.
Thomas B.	521	Yarmouth, Mass.
Punch, John	518	
Purington, Granville	509	*
Putnam, Black Hawk	526	Houlton.
Charles C.	529	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Pyle, Solomon	605	Mapleton.
Quimby, William B.	552	Amesbury, Mass.
Quinn, Dennis	625	
John	552	Died in the service, July '64.
Michael G.	494	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 25, '64.
Silvanus	647	Orneville.
Quint, Luther	588	Scotstown, Campton Co., Prov. Quebec.

	PAGE	
Rackliff, James H.	634	Bangor.
Ragan, James	537	
John W.	537	Died of wounds received Oct. 12, '63.
Ramsdell, Henry A.	528	
Paul R.	625	Died in Andersonville, Aug. '64.
Rand, Charles E.	463	
Randall, George	625	Washburn.
Warren G.	521	
Rankins, Lucius	476	Levant.
Ray, Joshua	188	North Hermon.
Raymond, Charles E.	410	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 24, '64.
Redman, John	754	Died at Washington, Dec. 13, '63.
Reed, Alvin L., Co. L.	653	
Alvin L., D. C.	603	
Ambrose	552	Gardiner.
Charles M.	639	
Cyrus T.	551	Milwaukee, Wis.
Edwin M.	500	Died of wounds received Aug. 29, '62.
Frederick	663	
George E.	572	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Hubert	537	Died at Acquia Creek, Feb. 10, '63.
Nathaniel, 2d.	521	
Sanford J.	654	
Renier, John	589	
Reeves, Forest	654	
Miles	654	
Thomas B.	654	
William H.	646	
Reynolds, Henry G.	639	Bangor.
James E.	663	Died in the service Aug. '64.
James K.	521	
Mulford B.	509	Sidney.
Rhines, Benjamin	605	Somerville, Mass.
Rhodes, David W.	539	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Rice, James A.	605	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Thomas D.	552	
Rich, George H.	589	
Richards, Albert	589	
Henry B.	604	
Horatio M.	572	Chesterville.
Moses Y.	572	
Surmandel	424	Belfast.
William H.	521	
Richardson, Alex. A.	476	Vassalboro.
Amos	517	
E. A.	476	
Isaac I.	521	
Isalah O.	521	Orland.
Joseph	604	
Moses M.	577	
Oscar	529	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Beth M.	476	Pendleton, Ore.
Timothy	414	
William A.	597	Bridgton.
William M.	435	Died at Andersonville.
Ricker, Almon N.	439	Holyoke, Mass.
Franklin B.	606	
Henry D.	552	
James M.	572	
Milton F.	633	Auburn.
Nathan L.	476	
William	516	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 13, '64.
Rider, Charlie E.	634	Killed in action, June 15, '64.
Ridley, Ambrose C.	521	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 26, '64.
Jerome, Jr.	509	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 24, '64.
Luther	509	Hallowell.
Ridlon, Albion L.	634	
Riley, George	477	Monroe.
Ring, James C.	552	
Thomas	626	
Ripley, Fred A.	436	South Hope.
Hosea P.	639	
James	521	
William K., Jr.	580	Canton.
Rivers, Joseph	521	
Parker T.	494	50 Beacon Street, Bath.
Rivier, Alfred	604	

	PAGE	
Roach, Patrick	626	
Robbins, Charles H.	606	Biddeford.
Edmund A.	654	Milo.
Edward K.	432	*
John B.	487	*
Lucius C.	572	Lewiston.
Roberts, Albert J.	572	
Calvin	606	Killed at Louisa Court House, May 2, '63.
Charles E.	579	*
George W.	639	
John C.	896	
Nathaniel K.	476	
Beth	654	*
Thomas F.	664	667 Congress Street, Portland.
William J.	606	
Robertson, Richard, Jr.	437	Swanville
Robinson, Albert A.	597	Moreno, Cal.
Anson J.	503	Dover.
Charles E.	434	*
Charles H.	603	Died at City Point, Sept. 27, '64.
Elijah	654	
Francis E.	572	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 1, '64.
Fred C.	664	
George D. S.	521	
George E.	603	
James H.	483	Castine.
John	626	Bath.
John F.	580	Palmyra.
Leander	515	Died in Medford, Mass., June 8, '86.
Lewis G.	434	
Lucius M.	560	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
Preston	649	
Rodney W.	664	Great Falls, Cascade Co. Mont.
Samuel J.	606	*
Rodgers, William S.	44	
Rogers, Alfred	424	Died in Boston, Apr. 16, '65.
Alphonso P.	537	Cannon City, Colo.
George	654	Minneapolis, Minn.
George A.	476	
John L.	626	Fort Fairfield.
John W.	647	Died in Washington, Jan. 19, '65.
Noah	654	
Ruel H.	639	*
Sherman H.	624	
Thomas D.	606	
Thomas H.	606	Died in Saco, July, '72.
Washington I.	424	
Rolfe, Asa H.	562	Orono.
Rollins, Charles H.	664	Died in the service. May 29, '64.
George W.	521	
John H.	521	
Rolliston, Robert	470	
Rose, Joseph	44	Beltwood, Butler Co., Neb.
Leonard L.	512	North Abington, Mass.
Beth G.	572	
Ross, Allen R. M.	572	
George H.	435	
Ivory	626	Died in Philadelphia, Sept. 11, '64.
Joseph	531	
Joseph W.	531	
Rowe, Christopher C.	521	Belfast.
Eli W.	470	
William	606	Died at Alexandria, Sept. 22, '62.
Rowell, George A.	640	Died in Southern prison.
George W.	664	
Stephen P.	664	
Royal, Andrew J.	162	
Bailey T.	572	
George A.	572, 606	
George S.	552	Yarmouth.
William F.	552	Yarmouthville.
Runnells, William F.	406	
Russell, Addison P.	457, 467, 500	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, '64.
Alonzo P.	572	North Turner Bridge.
Alvarado	626	
Amos E.	631	Rockport.

	PAGE	
Russell, Benjamin F.	552	Exeter.
Charles A.	552	*
Cyrus M.	580	Died in the service, March 15, '64.
George A.	530	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 12, '64.
George D.	606	West Poland.
George B.	521	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Irael I.	537	Died at Washington, Sept. 10, '62.
James H.	559	239 Prince St., St. John, N. B.
Ryan, William	654	Died at Point Lookout, Md., May 11, '65.
Ryder, Benjamin F.	436	
Sabine, Charles A.	509	
George C.	648	
George W.	509	South Lubec.
Sampson, Enoch	152	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 12, '64.
O-good M.	435	Lewiston.
Randall	521	
Sanborn, Benjamin F.	620	Hamilton, Mon.
Charles H.	502	Detroit.
O. Is F.	636	Died at Augusta, Feb. 12, '62.
Silas M.	572	Canaan.
William N.	509	Detroit.
Sanford, Augustus	606	
Edward T.	558	Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming.
Henry	476	Died at Augusta, March, '62.
Thomas J.	612	Box 81, Marlboro, Mass.
Sargent, Charles A.	473	Lincoln.
Daniel F.	660	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 23, '64.
Groves O.	476	
John A.	435	
Nathaniel F.	632	Died in Salisbury prison, Sept. 16, '64.
Saunders, Daniel H.	515	Hancock.
Francis E.	635	11 Hamilton Corp., Lowell.
Savage, Frank J.	646	Fairfield.
Gardiner A.	643	Fairfield.
Henry D.	634	Milo.
James W.	183	
Sawyer, Alonzo J.	467, 632	*
Edwin H.	621	*
Hudson	461, 116	Chanute, Neosho Co., Kansas.
James C.	121	Orland.
James F.	435	
Scammon, Charles H.	637	
Scannell, Timothy	557	
Schouton, Antoine	531	
Scott, Hiram	557	Died at Black Creek, Va., April 24, '62.
Samuel	626	
Sargent J.	470	Died at Washington, Nov. 5, '62.
Wesley K.	476	Died at Salisbury prison, Jan. 1, '65.
Scribner, Charles L.	633	Staplehurst, Seward Co., Neb.
Seavey, Aea W.	606	
Sedequest, J. Harvey	604	
Sedgeley, Charles F.	435	Died in Southern prison.
Sennett, David	511	Died in the service, May 2, '62.
John	121	
William P.	517	Meddybemps.
Severance, Ora F.	672	
Walter F.	46	
William H.	46	
Winfield B.	643	
Sewall, George M.	633	
William	633	Died in the service Jan. 9, '63.
Shackford, Ebed L.	461, 615	11 Second St., St. Paul, Minn.
Shaw, Charles F.	609	Died of injuries, Jan. 19, '65.
Charles W.	509	Box 57, Windthrop.
Daniel W.	152	19 Clark Ave., Chelsea, Mass.
Francis A.	532	Died at Hampton, Va., Sept. 29, '64.
James	109	
Linus E.	647	
Prntice	532	
Nathan M.	636	
William B.	609	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. '62.
William, Jr.,	622	Belfast.
Shay, George A.	634	Arkyle.
Sheahan, John P.	626	Dennysville.
Sheehan, James R.	606	21 Oak St., Biddeford.
Shepherd, Albert D.	552	

	PAGE	
Shepley, Orrin	540	
Shovelin, Patrick F.	509	2 Swan Street, South Boston, Mass.
Shields, Charles E.	529	Marinette, Wis.
Edward W.	530	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Isaac, Co. B.	495	
Isaac, Co. E.	537	Linneus.
Shorey, Edmund	664	Died in the service, May 28, '64.
Greenbush	626	Died at Camp Bayard, March 12, '63.
Henry P.	655	Died in Southern prison, Dec. '64.
Luther	626	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 20, '64.
Samuel, Co. B.	485	Union Street, Portland.
Samuel, Co. K.	626	Died at Washington, May 29, '63.
Sluman, George W.	664	Rockland.
Siegara, James	617	*
Silver, John E.	495	
Simpson, George W.	522	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Hollis	522	Waterville.
James M.	632	45 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.
Sanford F.	532	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. 24, '64.
Simmons Charles B.	655	Rockland.
George L.	661	Killed in action.
Siprell, James E.	537	Died of wounds received March 2, '64.
Skillings, Albert C.	546	
Charles W.	544	261 1-2 Middle Street, Portland.
Sleeper, Burnham C.	495	Rockland.
Hiram B.	545	Wappeton, Dak.
Small, Albert	530	Old Mission, Shoshone Co., Idaho.
Albert J.	583	Woodburn, Allen Co., Ind.
Avery	486	Rockport.
Clement P.	496	
David W.	537	Walla Walla, Wash.
George H.	626	Died at Augusta, Feb. 1, '62.
Horace M.	606	Died at Washington. Nov. 28, '64.
Joseph	495	Died in Southern prison.
Leonard C.	572	Died at Salisbury prison, Feb. 8, '65.
Levi G.	607	Gray.
Orrin	562	Concord, Mass.
Simeon F.	626	
William	530	Houlton.
William W.	562	Lubec.
Smart, Frederick	537	
Smiley, Charles C.	543	Died in prison, Salisbury, Nov. 15, '64.
Smith, Allet	564	North Turner.
Ansel	529	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
Austin G.	655	
Benjamin S.	572	
Charles, Co. A.	476	
Charles, Co. H.	589	Skowhegan.
Charles D.	572	Died in Hospital, July 27, '64.
Charles E.	565	
Charles H.	452, 513	Washington, D. C.
Charles M.	522	Newton, Mon.
Clarence	563	
Edward E.	655	
Elexzer H.	648	
Eugene A.	599	
Frank I.	476	
George H.	509	Died at Belle Plain, Feb. 13, '63.
George M.	436	South Portland.
George W.	532	Box 62 Matapan, Mass.
Henry H.	648	Jeffrey St., Lynn, Mass.
James	537	
James H.	545	New Gloucester.
John	522	
Josiah H.	655	Trenton.
Laban	640	Died at Alexandria, Nov. 6, '62.
Rufus A.	607	
Samuel C.	594	Winfield, Kan.
Sewall W., Co. E.	537, 589	Skowhegan.
Sewall W., Co. L.	640	Killed in action, June 26, '64.
T. Jefferson	664	*
Wendell T.	553	Died at David's Island, N. Y., July 21, '64.
W. Frank	522	
William	509	
William E.	563	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. '64.
William S.	476	

THE ROLL-CALL.

87

	PAGE	
Smith, Windsor B.	612	Died at Portland, June 24, '85.
Snell, Allison K.	572	Fairfield.
A. orzo H.	573	•
Charles	509	•
Norman	540	
Walter E.	573	
Walter S.	532	Killed in action, June 25, '64.
Snow, George W.	481	
Olive C.	522	
Orrin A.	565	Vassalboro.
William R.	537	Woodstock, N. B.
Somes, Charles E.	614	
Sumers, Thomas	573	Vassalboro.
Southard, Theodore M.	573	Lewiston.
Soule, Asbury E.	435	
George A.	522	Yarmouth.
Horatio B.	553	
Lewis W.	476	Searsmont.
Lorenzo A.	435	St. Albans.
Southard, Belden,	549	Princeton, Mille Lacs Co., Minn.
Leander P.	535	
Sidney K.	528	
Souther, Atwood C.	545	13 Sanborn Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Nathaniel	533	
Sparrow, Rodney	437	Portland.
Spaulding, Aibert	550	
Albion	476	
Liberty B.	573	Died at City Point, Va., Sept. 18, '64.
Spear, Edward	597	Saco.
John B.	535	
Manna-eh W.	522	
Orra P.	437	
Paris	435	Died in the service, '62.
Spein, Andrew D.	445	
Spencer, Alvin B.	538	Berwick.
Franklin	509	
Jefferson	555	Kenduskeag.
Joseph C.	553	South Effingham, N. H.
William	528	
Spratt, Alton D.	553	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 24, '64.
Edward P.	507	Died in Washington, Oct. '64.
Fahron P.	507	Eddington.
Springer, Benjamin J.	582	Died in prison, Richmond, March 20, '64.
Eugene	533	
Sproule, Charles E.	495	
Spurling, Andrew B.	513	Elgin, Ill.
Stacy, John S.	615	Died in Frederick, Md., Nov. 8, '02.
Stackpole, William	403, 507	
Stanhope, Amasa	499	Brownville.
James M.	504	Died in the service, May 11, '64.
William H.	573	Died in Andersonville, Nov. 2, '64.
Staples, Daniel L.	543	
Edwin	504	Killed in action, Sept. 16, '64.
John W.	439	
Stephen M.	574	
William	526	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Starbird, Herbert M.	535	Litchfield.
Isaac S.	533	
Rufus S.	460	
Starkey, Augustus H.	573	Died in the service, July, '64.
Starr, John	510	
John, 2d	510	
Stayner, James E.	514	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Steadman, Joseph C.	435	Foxcroft.
Stearns, George B.	507	Died in Andersonville, Dec. 24, '64.
John B.	546	120 Lincoln Ave., Osh kosh, Wis.
Minot C.	504	Died in the service.
Steel, George W.	504	
John C.	477	
William H.	553	
Stephens, Phillip C.	477	
Stetson, Andrew B.	517	Died at Soldier's Home.
Benjamin F.	502	
Charles W.	531	
David L.	535	East Anburn.
Ephraim T.	500	
Hezekiah	573	Sumner.

	PAGE	
Stetson, Orin R.	505	Canton.
Samuel A., Co. H.	560	
Samuel K., Co. K.	714	Houlton.
Stevens, Albert	522	Waco, Neb.
Asa M.	477	Exeter.
Charles A.	612	
Charles H., of Andover	477	4 Auburn St., Lawrence.
Charles H., of Exeter	460	
Churchill S.	573	52 Agricultural St., Worcester, Mass.
Cyrus E.	640	Sirong.
David, Co. C.	510	
David, Co. G.	573	
David M.	510	Died at Gardiner.
Edwin F.	477	Green, Butler Co., Idaho.
George S.	495	Knightville.
Hiram M.	632	Died in the service, Dec. 29, '64.
Horace	468	Died at Cambridge, Mass.
Jarvis C.	457, 542	
Willbur J.	537	Waco, York Co., Neb.
William	626	
Zoradius D.	495	Hampden.
Steward, Phineas P.	589	Wadena, Minn.
Sainuel	582	
Stewart, Asa F.	495	South Gardiner.
Daniel H.	655	
Ezra H.	597	
Gardner	553	East Boothby.
Moses	655	
Samuel	495	
Sylvester	477	Litchfield Corner.
Stickney, Charles L.	516	Calals.
Stiles, John P.	607	
Stilphen, James E.	626	Harpswell.
Stimpson, Albert W.	613	
Stinchfield, Frank H.	546	
George B.	538	
Stinson, Charles H.	630	
Ruel B.	614	Died at Bath, Oct. 30, '77.
Stockbridge, Joseph T.	495	Died at Washington, Jan. 20, '65.
Stockham, Charles M.	477	
Stockman, George W.	655	
Stockwell, John M.	573	
Stoddard, Augustine O.	607	Belfast.
Stokes, Edward	496	
Henry	496	
Stone, Corydon O.	553	Miller Street, Charlestown, Mass.
Leonard	589	Monson.
Samuel B.	640	
William F.	579, 607	Portland.
Stowe, Gardner L.	522	Dover South Mills.
Hartwell E.	522	Dover.
Nathan C.	522	Dover.
Stowell, David P.	456	
Stretch, John	640	Died in prison, Salisbury, Aug. 26, '64.
Strout, Albion S.	665	
Alfred C.	483	Thomaston.
Samuel, Jr., Co. I.	607	
Samuel, Jr., D. C.	664	
Stuart, Charles F.	477	Died at Washington, April 27, '63.
George E.	640	
Studley, Benjamin E.	664	
Sturgess, Charles E.	646	Haverhill, Mass.
Sumnat, George J.	578	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Summers, Nicholas	640	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 11, '64.
Sutherland, Benjamin	477	Richmond.
James W.	531	
Nathaniel	573	Died at Salisbury prison, Oct. '64.
Swaney, John	522	
Sweeney, Daniel	522	
Sweetland, William H.	573	Gardiner.
Sweetser, William H.	553	Died at White Oak Church, Va., Dec. 23, '62.
Sweet, Justin L.	613	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Swift, William Franklin	510	
Sylvester, Albert	589	Died at Petersburg, June 1, '65.
Albert L.	640	Pittsfield.

	PAGE	
Sylvester, Ansel T.	664	•
Charles H.	553	Died in 1883.
Edward A.	496	Etna.
Horaco	573	•
Joseph W.	477	Etna.
Levi W.	664	
Walter	563	Soldier's National Home, Leavenworth, Kan.
Taber, Charles B.	553	Box 251 Wakefield, Mass.
Talpey, Oliver C.	522	
Tarbox, Charles H.	640	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 26, '64.
George	655	
Tash, Charles L.	664	
Tate, Henry I.	496	
Tatten, Joseph W.	522	
Taylor, Ansel G.	601	Died in the service, July 7, '64.
Atwell A.	522	Orange, Mass.
Constantine	456, 631	Columbia, Manoy Co. Tenn.
Edward	607	
Ephraim H.	645	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Frank	635	Died at Bangor, March 6, '77.
Winfield S.	510	
Teague, Edwin C.	615	Worcester, Mass.
Temple, Levi	665	
Milo J.	627	
Taft, Benjamin F.	459	Died at Brewer, Sept. 16, '85.
Thaxter, Sidney W.	456, 465	22 Deering Street, Portland.
Thayer, Henry D.	605	
John D.	529	
Thing, George S.	573	Waterville.
Thomas, Abner	627	
Augustus G.	538	Richmond.
Charles E.	640	Farmington Falls.
John B.	640	Died in the service, Sept. 29, '64.
John J.	647	Abbot.
Lyman	573	
Robert T.	655	Monson.
Thompson, Albert	633	Temple.
Benjamin F.	640	•
Charles D.	477	Died in prison, Richmond, Aug. '62.
George W.	510	
Henry A.	640	Farmington.
Howard M.	553	Somerville, Mass.
Jeremiah	529	
John	484	Searsmont.
John D.	615	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
John P.	665	Northampton, Mass.
John S.	655	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 19, '64.
Samuel A.	477	Lee.
William H.	640	
Thoms, Charles A.	632	Augusta.
Thorn, James H.	573	•
Samuel	477	Died in Southern prison, '65.
Thorndike, Peter R.	496	
Thurlow, Henry J.	649	
William H.	665	
Thurston, Charles E.	573	Eureka, Cal.
John R.	477	
Martin A.	589	
Thwing, Charles G.	502	•
Tibbets, Byron D.	607	
Cyrus	522	
Daniel M.	553	Died in the service.
George	656	
John	563	
Luther	607	Limerick.
Silas F.	589	
William B.	613	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Tilden, Isaac W.	522	Rockport.
Tilton, Henry F.	477	Newport.
Timmons, Charles E.	522	
Toble, Edward P. Jr.	461, 528, 561	252 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I.
Leroy H.	573	15 Beckett St., Portland.
Tobin, Horace K.	640	Died in prison, Salisbury.
Tolman, John F.	470	Six Mile Falls.

	PAGE	
Toothaker, James M.	477	*
Levi	544	Brunswick.
Torsey, Samuel T.	510	
Tower, Gideon, Jr.	486	Camden.
Towle, Francis E.	516	Worcester, Mass.
William G.	655	Saco.
Town, Francis L.	649	East Dover.
Townsend, Fred'k P.	553	Stetson.
William H.	664	
Tozier, David	613	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Emulus S.	503	Milford.
Tracey, George	655	Franklin.
Levi, Jr.	655	Died in the service, Nov. 22, '64.
Trafton, George H., Jr.	507	*
John H.	607	
Mark	640	
Silas C.	615	Georgetown.
Trask, Nathan E.	477	
Thomas A.	426	Oakland.
Zelotes W.	666	
Trefethen, John T.	553	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Triffitt, Alfred C.	664	Died at Georgetown, May 13, '64.
Trimble, William	504	Calais.
Tripp, Edmund	522	Littleton.
Nahum G.	607	
True, Ammi M., Jr.	463	
Frank W.	553	Died at Augusta, Sept. 18, '84.
George W.	529	
Trueworthy, Jeremiah	463	*
Tuck, Charles H.	627	
Tucker, Benjamin F.	456, 481	Chicopee, Mass.
George P.	627	South Paris.
Tukesbury, George D.	553	*
Turner, Benjamin H.	582	Died in Southern prison.
John	484	
Turney, Nelson	627	
Tuttle, John C.	553	
Tweedie, Thomas	496	Died in Southern prison.
Twitchell, James P.	553	
Twombly, Stephen	553	Fairfax C. H., Fairfax Co., Va.
Tye, William B.	538	
Ulmer, Clarence D.	458, 522	Flint, Mich.
Matthias	538	
Vance, Richard	552	
Varley, John B.	554	
Varney, George A.	544	
Henry J.	590	Skowhegan.
Horace	496	Died in prison, Salisbury, Oct. '64.
Joseph	656	Mansfield, Tioga Co., Penn.
Joseph S.	590	
Sannuel S.	556	Springfield.
Varnum, Joseph G.	522	Died at Ellsworth Falls, Dec. '92.
Vaughan, Zenas	631, 644	Skowhegan.
Veazie, Abiezer	496	Died at Malden, Mass., Aug. 14, '90.
Arthur	661	*
Frederick M.	477	Died at Andersonville, Jan. 15, '65.
Vickery, Charles	573	Red Beach, Calais.
Viles, William H.	477	Died in Southern prison.
Vinal, George	596	Died in prison, Danville, N. C., Dec. 4, '64.
Reuben	640	Died at Vinalhaven June 8, '87.
William A.	506	West Upton, Mass.
Virgin, Isaac G.	558	Canton.
Vique, Levi	666	
Vose, Elisha	522	
Lyman	530	6 Squires Court, East Cambridge, Mass
Marcus A.	481	Providence, R. I.
Wadsworth, Francisco	510	
Wakefield, George W.	510	
Walker, Albert R.	613	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 29, '64.
Alexander	656	Monmouth.
Charles	544	
Charles F.	580	741 Broadway, South Boston, Mass
Charles H.	664	Boulder Creek, Cal.

	PAGE	
Walker Charles W. Co.		
A.	477	
Charles W. Co. K.	614	York Village.
Freeland C.	664	Killed in action.
Ozro F.	614	Oakland.
Llewellyn	496	North Monmouth.
Thomas S.	522	
William B.	496	
William D.	477	East Bradford.
Wall, Andrew	627	Died in Andersonville, Sept. 4, '64.
Wallace, Charles H.	561	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 3, '64.
Given B.	523	*
Oscar C.	516	
Walton, Daniel O.	477	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 12, '64.
George B.	496	
Ward, Alpheus H.	523	Sioux City, Iowa.
George W.	523	Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
John C.	515	Calais.
Warren, Alanson M.	646	Dover.
Benjamin	538	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Freedom	007	Died at Annapolis, Md., March 17, '64.
John	656	Died in the service, Nov. '64.
John F.	538	Died at Augusta, Feb. 15, '62.
John M.	649	Mt. Tom, Mass.
Lewis	656	No. Londondery, N. H.
*		
Washburn, Allen H.	632	
Charles A.	574	
Waters, James	510	
Waterhouse, Eli S.	598	Kennebunk.
Watson, Edward E.	523	
John T.	656	Died in Southern prison, Jan. 5, '65.
Watts, Alfred Y.	613	
Webb, Albion P.	510	
Chandler J.	496	Camden.
Converse L., Jr.	581	Skowhegan.
John R.	579	Skowhegan.
Nathan B.	515	Died at Boulder, Col., April 9, '91.
Richard	467	Dover, N. H.
Webber, Charles H.	554	
Harris G.	477	Bangor.
Jeremiah D.	523	
Leonard	596	Died at Bangor, Aug. 23, '83.
Thomas C.	594	Custom House, Boston, Mass.
Webster, Daniel	590	
Elisha A.	554	
Justin	632	No. Chesterville.
Weeks, Daniel S.	627	Died in the service.
Weiler, William	503	Bangor.
Welch, Benjamin A.	614	Died of wounds received Aug. 25, '64.
Charles	627	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Gilman	510	
Henry T.	531	San Jose, Cal.
Isalah	640	Strong.
James B.	477	Rockwood, Roan Co., Tenn.
Welden, George E.	496	Worcester, Mass.
Wellington, George	640	
Wells, Esau	464, 568	Box 945, Biddeford.
Daniel J.	477	Greenville.
Marcellus	607	
Wentworth, Charles A.	656	Ontario, Story Co., Iowa.
Charles M.	496	S. Orrington.
Edwin	496	
Ethelbert	554	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
George	496	
George A.	640	Died in prison, Salisbury, Sept. 18, '64.
Jesse	640	
Marcellus	554	East Union.
Nathaniel	554	
Orrin S.	545	
West, George W.	538	Steuben.
John W.	579	Lewiston.
Llewellyn J.	656	*
Westgate, Barney	616	
Weston, George	631	
Weymouth, Algernon	477	Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Charles D.	554	Weeks Mills.

	PAGE	
Weymouth, Charles W.	607	Augusta.
George A.	554	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Seth H.	656	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, '64.
William H.	554	Milo.
Whalen, Michael	504	
Wharf, John F.	643	324 Devisaders Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Wheeler, Edwin	608	
Levi W.	574	Paw Paw, Ill.
Whitcomb, Francis V.	554	
George D.	554	
Horace V.	554	Morrell.
Otis W.	543	
Ripley C.	554	
White, Austin B.	545	
Freeman J.	546	
George W.	574	Steuart Point, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Henry	574	Died at Frederick, Oct. 20, '62.
Horace M.,	528	
Lorenzo	542	
Robert H.	477	Fitchburg, Mass.
William	510	
Whitehouse, Charles H.	510	
Whiteley, Richard E.	476	Bradford, McKear Co., Pa.
Whiteknact, George W.	576	
John	576	
Whiting, James C.	69	
Whitman, William	57	Died at Lock's Mills.
Whitmore, Alfred H.	529	Died in Southern prison.
James	656	Died in the service, March 28, '64.
Otis	490	
Whitney, Charles H.	590	
Edmund W.	640	Died at Farmington, May 26, '02.
Frank W.	538	Died at Washington, April 15, '62.
Franklin P.	590	*
George W.	529	
Henry C.	478	16 Chapman Place, Boston, Mass.
Samuel	478	
Thomas E.	478	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 20, '64.
Warren L.	456, 465	Bangor.
Whittaker, Henry T.	648	Franklin.
Whittemore, Henry A.	561	
Victor	597	Died at Washington, Sept. 1, '62.
Whitten, Charles	510	Hartland.
David H.	554	Died in the service, Feb. 28, '65.
William	510	
Whittier, David H.	591	Athens.
Wiggin, Nathan B.	523	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 15, '65.
Wilbur, Rufus A.	531	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
Wilder, Elijah C.	517	Calais.
Thomas C.	517	Died in the service, July 4, '64.
Wilkes, Edward	627	
Wills, Hiram S.	523	
Willey, Llewellyn L.	581	Newport.
Thomas K.	656	*
William, John	664	
Williams, Gilbert	523	Winn.
Hiram	523	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
James T.	533	Sali-bury Point, Mass.
Josiah	656	Ellsworth.
Thomas M.	416	Milltown, St. Stephens, N. B.
Thomas P.	633	Temple Mills.
Williamson, Henry	574	
Wills, Gancello	574	
Henry A.	594	150 East 4th Street, Topeka, Kansas.
William	523	
Williston, George, Jr.	554	Harpwell.
Wishier, Wallace W.	582	Alpena, Mich.
Wilson, Charles	583	
Edward	554	
Frank B.	608	
Frederick A.	564	Augusta.
George E.	523	117 Elzth St., Oshkosh, Wis.
Horace	564	Care George H. Thomas Post, San Francisco, Cal.
Joel	541	Newton, Sussex Co., N. J.
Wing, Gorham A.	564	
John G.	664	
Preston B.	468	Hopkinton, Mass.
Wingate, Rufus H.	656	Died of wounds received Aug. 28, '64.

	PAGE	
Winslow, Albert P.	478	
Ezekel	478	Died in Andersonville prison.
John W.	478	
William A.	590	Lowell.
Winter, William A.	501	Hallowell.
Wisler, John	664	
Witham, Benjamin C.	478	
Charles E.	627	
Charles W.	554	425 Washington Ave., Lansing, Mich.
Samuel	538	Winthrop.
William	618	Togus.
William H.	656	
Withee, George W.	590	Died on the way to Andersonville, May, '64.
Wixon, Atwell M.	523	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 15, '64.
Edward	523	
Wood, Benjamin S.	503	King's Island, Saalsbury, Mass.
Calvin B.	647	
Frank H.	647	
Frank M.	478	
Hiram	664	Died in the service.
James V.	608	David City, Butler Co., Neb.
John	523	
John P.	536	Newfield.
Josiah L.	470	
Woodard, Israel R. D.	476	Died in Southern prison.
Woodbury, Collins	574	
Woodman, Charles A.	608	
James M.	608	Killed on Wilson's Raid, '64.
Rupert W.	510	
Seth E.	656	Plymouth.
Seward P.	477	
William F.	597	
Woods, Edward R.	617	Died of imprisonment, Nov. 17, '64.
George W.	554	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Woodson, Jacob H.	464, 500	*
Woodward, Oliver J.	647	
William H.	627	Died at York Corner, May 11, '90.
Wolfende, Joshua	523	
Worcester, Edward P.	478	Tekamah, Burt Co., Neb.
Worthing, Arnold F.	510	
Wright, Alonzo T.	641	Died of wounds received May 11, '64.
George B.	523	
Horace	510	Died in the service, Aug. 18, '64.
Ezra R.	664	
Wyatt, George H.	523	Died at Washington, July 6, '64.
Marcus P.	530	
Wyman, Charles W.	554	
Clarence L.	590	
George W.	664	
John E.	590	
John H.	580	Skowhegan.
William H.	574	
Yeaton, George B.	538	Rockland.
Ward S.	656	Weid.
York, Charles	477	
Charles E.	590	The Forks.
Cornelius	574	*
George W.	595	Killed on the Dahlgren Raid, Feb. 29, '64.
Rosalvo A.	641	*
Yeung, Andrew J.	510	North Troy.
Augustus	478	Bangor.
Asa M.	523	Died at Denver, Col., Jan. '88.
Benjamin F.	470	Brewer.
Edward M.	617	Care Ingalls Bros., Portland.
George M.	464, 564	Middle Street, Portland.
Hanson W.	574	
Havannah	590	Died in the service, June 14, '63.
Henry	510	
Josiah B.	477	
Sewell C.	581	Rockport.
Stephen P.	590	Lincolnton.
William	478	38 White Street, Boston.
William A.	590	Died of wounds received June 2, '64.
William H.	554	
Burleigh, Edwin C.		Augusta.
Johnson, Charles		Belmont, Me.
Ripley, Edward B.		28 Central Street, Boston.
Goding, Harrison, Co. L.		Newport, Vt.
Coburn, Levi C.		Canton.
Lovejoy, William W.		88 Grove St., Chelsea, Mass.
Twitchell, Cyrus W.		Bo. Paris.

The Country for Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND THE MINES.

MONTEREY.

After leaving Santa Rosa, filled with the beauties and the hospitalities of the charming city, we rode all night, and awoke in the morning in a new country. We had been north of San Francisco, had come by that city, and were now some distance south of it, and fast nearing Monterey, the most famous resort, perhaps, in the country. It was a pleasant ride in the early morning, though the sun was obscured by fog. And this fog lasted all day in this country where the sun always shines. On this account the air was not so hot and uncomfortable as it had been since leaving San Diego, and the heated term was over, still it was not quite so pleasant as if the sun had been shining. Thus is human nature prone to be unsatisfied under any circumstances. We passed Monterey and stopped at Pacific Grove, a few miles beyond, where there were better hotel accommodations, the train which arrived first having had all that the Del Monte could accommodate. Thus we were out of the world and in the woods, but very pleasant woods. Pacific Grove very much resembles some of the summer resorts along the New England coast—summer cottages and tents, etc., only that here the tents and summer cottages are occupied all the year round—and it is connected with Monterey, only a few miles away, by street and steam cars. The day at Monterey was a little slow, yet many enjoyed it thoroughly, and no one would have missed it. The fog and cold after the hot sun and the extreme heat made outer wraps necessary, and those who had them not were not comfortable.

After breakfast Mr. Wilson, Ed and I took a stroll through the Chinese fishing village of Pescadero and found some things worth seeing, perhaps, but what we saw on this little stroll may be described as the filthiest looking of anything we saw during the whole trip. The boats had come in from the night's fishing, bringing bushels and bushels of squid. A portion of these were being cleaned and prepared for drying by toothless old Chinamen of hideous looks, and this operation, with the surroundings and the unhealthy look of the fish, was enough to make one shudder on being told that these were being prepared for food, though there was a bit of reaction on being told they were all to be sent to China. But the greater portion of the catch was to be dried for fertilizing purposes, and Chinamen were busy spreading them over the fields to give the sun a chance to get at them. The fish were handled in buckets and with shovels, and as they resembled nothing more than half-made, light-colored jelly, full of all kinds of dirt, the process was a sickening one to look at. We did not watch the process any longer than was necessary to get an idea of it. We also made an inspection of the village, looking into the houses and at the people, but a very brief inspection was enough.

Learning that the "long drive was one of the attractions of Monterey, Ed and I hired a team at a wonderfully reasonable price for a favorite resort, and took the drive. Well, it paid. Whoever did not take that drive made a mistake. For seventeen miles we rode, now along a beautiful beach, now along rugged cliffs, with ever varying scenery, with something new to look at and enjoy all the time. At seal rock we stopped awhile to watch the movements of the hundreds of seals, which is always interesting. Far out, miles from any signs of civilization, we found a lone Chinaman, squatting on the ground by the side of a small collection of shells. It seemed comical to find him there, and we wondered where he was going to find any customers, but when a carriage came along and the lady therein made purchases for "each of her Sunday school scholars," and then we made several purchases,

we began to see that he had not made a mistake in his location. He was a happy Chinaman, all smiles, and I could not help thinking of my friend's Indian experience, and wondering if he were not laughing at the fool Melican man who bought his shells.

FOURTEENTH DAY OF THE ESSEX CRUISE.

Monday morning, May 23d, we awoke to find the train in motion, and by the usual breakfast time were at San Jose (pronounced San 'Osay)—as pretty a city as we saw. We rode around the city, obtaining a good view of the Lick Observatory, at Mount Hamilton, more than forty miles away, paying visits to East San Jose and Santa Clara, rolling ten pins in a pretty little alley which we found way out nowhere in particular, and passing a very enjoyable forenoon, seeing new beauties everywhere. It would have taken but very little temptation for Ed and I to remain at San Jose, there is so much there that is attractive, and there is such a cozy, home-like look, and so many signs of taste in all directions. The famous electric lighting tower in the centre of the city is alike a wonder to all visitors, and a suggestion to all municipalities which light the streets by electricity. The light is placed in the top of the tower, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, and sheds its radiance all around—in the yards, back and front, as well as in the streets—throwing a soft mellow light far more pleasant to the eye than are the electric lights placed on poles only a short distance above the line of vision, and diffusing more light where it can be utilized than by any other mode of lighting which we saw. It is unnecessary to say anything about the streets, only that they are, as in most California cities, wide and straight. The buildings are fine and everything about the city bears the impress of being well kept. A feature of the streets are the business signs, which extend from the buildings over the sidewalks is a graceful curve, giving a very pretty effect and almost compelling one to read them by their very novelty of position.

We only regretted that we could not stay in San Jose longer, as we took the cars again at noon for a ride through the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. In the afternoon we paid a visit to the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, and enjoyed looking about the grounds and the buildings, while we admired the benevolence and breadth of view of him who founded the University on so grand a scale topographically and so broad a scale educationally. Senator Stanford devoted the magnificent sum of \$20,000,000 to the founding and endowment of this University, which constitutes it the wealthiest university in the world, and believing in that kind of training for the young people of his state that will fit them for the duties and requirements of every-day American life—that will equip them for the conquest and utilization of those vast material resources that abound in this new western world, he has announced that at the Stanford University the polytechnic education shall be given prominence; that while the higher and accepted university training will not be neglected nor forgotten, it will be the policy of the institution to graduate from its halls engineers, electricians, artisans and mechanics, as well as professors, artists and literary men. We also visited the Stanford stock farm, where we saw some of the fastest horses in the world, as well as many of lesser fame but of great promise, and also had the privilege of visiting the training stable and seeing how young horses are put through their paces by intelligent trainers.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Then to the good car Essex again, and between five and six o'clock we rolled into San Francisco. I think all were glad to get there. We had been having a wonderful ride and had seen a good deal of this wonderful State, but had been "hustling" for many days—riding in the Essex by night and sight-seeing in the day time, and were getting somewhat weary of even this pleasure. More than this we had seen so much that was new and remarkable that we really needed a change in the programme so that we might digest what we had seen. So we were glad when we

arrived at San Francisco. The headquarters of the association were at the Occidental Hotel, but many had friends with whom they stopped, by which they enjoyed a double pleasure. Ed and I found a home while in that city with Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, a lady formerly from Rhode Island, with whom I had a previous acquaintance, and a pleasant home it was. Mrs. Wilson, like most of the Californians, is always pleased to see some one from the old eastern home, and made us feel more than welcome. She has two splendid sons, who did much to make our stay pleasant, taking us around, and showing us many things of interest which we should not otherwise have seen. But more of them by and by. We found her residence very soon after arriving in the city, and were glad to "get somewhere." It really had a little bit of getting home flavor, to know we were to stop a few days, after so much riding about the country.

The next day, Tuesday, May 24th, we were the guests of the San Francisco *Examiner*, one of the most enterprising dailies of the Pacific slope, and a right royal host we had. Early in the morning Ed picked up a copy of the *Examiner* and found



therein portraits and short sketches of more than three hundred delegates to the convention—a feat of newspaper enterprise that in its line exceeds anything ever attempted on the Atlantic coast. The accompanying illustration will show you, comrades, not how I looked on arriving at San Francisco, exactly, but how the *Examiner* made me look.

And right here, before I forget it, I wish to thank the business manager of the *Examiner*, C. M. Palmer, for personal favors. Under guidance of our host's representatives we took passage on a steamer, in the morning, for a sail around San Francisco Bay. Just before the steamer left the dock I had a sad reminder of the old days in Virginia. A section of artillery was firing a salute, on the dock, in honor of the Governor of California, who was with us, and by a premature discharge one of the artill-erists had his arm shot off. The unfortunate man was taken

away, and the salute was finished just as though nothing had happened—just as we saw done, comrades, at Trevillian Station, though our battery was not exactly firing a salute, and it was the other gun that did the mischief.

Will any of those who were on steamer Ukiah that day ever forget the pleasures and wonders of that sail? There was little of the bay that we did not explore, and everything was new and strange. We were given a good view of the Golden Gate, even entering into its portals, though we did not sail through it. We had a splendid view of the city of San Francisco—a city sitting on many hills—from numberless points, and found new beauties at every point of view. We found plenty of San Franciscans to point out the places of interest and there was a wonderful social and happy feeling over all. During the day the steamer stopped for a while at El Campo, a pleasure resort, where we disembarked for a season to roam around. The band, which made lively music all the day, started up the music in the dance hall, and soon gentlemen and ladies from all parts of the country were mingled in the waltz, the polka and the Virginia Reel. It was exceedingly interesting to watch them, and dancers and non-dancers alike seemed to enjoy it. Indeed, so enthusiastic did some of the dancers become, under the inspiration of the air, the scenery, the surroundings, and the music, that when preparations were making to return to the steamer and the band struck up "America," the waltzers were again on the floor. This was an amusing surprise to me. I remember a long time ago, "way down in Maine," at an evening party, where some of the young people were very anxious to dance and there was no music, the grandmother of the house very kindly volunteered to sing for the dance, and gravely struck up, in her cracked voice, in a sort of chant, "Life is real, life is earnest," which broke up the dance, but I never expected to see dancing to the tune of "America." But we learn something new every day in these busy times. During the day, also, we paid a visit to the Union Iron Works, where were building two or three of the new government men of war, where we had an interesting hour or so, and got some idea of the changes in gun-

boats from the days when we did not fancy the sound of their shells going through the air but called them "cast iron stoves." But we also got some new ideas of the power of these gunboats, their form, size, etc., and took on an added pride in the United States.

In the course of events a collation was served on the steamer and then, as is altogether too customary, followed a season of speech making. But it was excusable this time, and the more so because the speaking was so remarkably good, and the presiding officer, W. H. Mills, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was the best man for the place that I ever saw in more than twenty years of attendance on like occasions. There was singing by a quartette, and I was sent back among you quickly when I heard them sing

"Blow, bugles, blow,
Set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugles, blow,
Answer echoes, dying."

Then the quartette sang "America," in which the assemblage joined, and never did it sound more magnificent to my ears. There was something in the air about us, and the circumstances, that made the familiar tune and the familiar words, as sung by representatives from every state in the Union, sound unusually grand. It filled my soul as it did once before, just after the war, when on a visit to the Soldiers Orphan Home at Bath, I heard the children of our deceased comrades sing,

"Land where our fathers died,"

with a touch that gave new meaning to the words. I glanced at my confederate friend and found him singing with all his might, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. That filled my eyes, and as I looked away from him I saw that this form of expressing patriotic feelings was just then quite general. I can see my confederate friend now as he looked then, although that was more than six months ago, and as I think of this incident I am forced to confess that he is quite as loyal, and has quite as much respect for the stars and stripes, to-day, as though he had worn the blue instead of the gray.

I must relate one story that was told at this gathering, because it illustrates newspaper enterprise, and especially the enterprise of the *Examiner*. Thomas T. Williams, city editor of that paper, was explaining the cause of the wonderful success of this paper, which he said was due to the fact that "we publish *all* the news, and deliver the papers all over the city for fifteen cents a week," and in illustration of his statement that they spare no expense in collecting news he told this story: One afternoon word came to the Merchant's Exchange that a vessel had been wrecked on the rocks in a certain locality; that all on board were drowned except an Italian, who was clinging to a rock; that the sea was running so high that no boat could reach him, and that he must surely drown at high tide, which would be at twelve o'clock that night. There was no hope for him. Soon after this word came, the proprietor of the paper, Mr. Hearst, told Mr. Williams the story, and directed him to "save that Dago." Mr. Williams was a bit surprised at such a direction, and inquired how it was to be done, when Mr. Hearst replied "I don't care how, only save that Dago and *scoop all the other papers.*" This was enough. Mr. Williams detailed two men for this purpose, and in response to their query as to how they were to do it, replied in the words of his employer, "I don't care how you do it. only do it, and *scoop all the other papers.*" This last clause awakened their enthusiasm, and by chartering a tug-boat, skill, pluck, good seamanship, some swimming, plenty of rope, and a good deal of risk, the two men succeeded in carrying out their instructions. The result was, "all the other papers" the next morning had an account of the wreck, in which they drew a vivid picture of the man on the rock waiting for the tide to come in and drown him. They imagined his terrible sensations as he lay there with the water slowly rising, and rising, and rising about him, a little higher, and a little higher, and a little higher, till he must have known that he would die the next moment, and they all killed that Dago at just twelve o'clock, at which time he was in the *Examiner* office and the men were pouring hot coffee into him.

After remaining on the bay nearly all day, we returned to the city, and in the evening the convention opened. I am not going to give you an account of the convention—not at all, comrades. But I wish to give you a few lines of a poetic greeting we received, both for the kindly expressions it contains, and for the strain of native pride and enthusiasm that runs through it:

Hail, hail! good friends, all welcome hail;
 By speeding car o'er ringing rail,
 O'er mountain waste, o'er hill and dale,
 Welcome, all hail!

* * * * *

Behold a land of genial skies,
 Of pulsing hearts, of gladsome eyes,
 Where tears are few, and few are sighs.

Come feel our pulse, so full and strong,
 Where youth survives life's wind and storm,
 Where speed the crimson currents warm,
 While years unheeded fly.

Aye, come and view our landscape o'er
 From heights o'er which the eagles soar,
 Where harps Æolian chime;
 From out whose peaks the cataracts pour
 In silvery threads, then seek the shore
 'Mid flowrets, fruit and vine.

Aye, view our fields of oil and wine,
 Where Palm and Pine their branches twine,
 Where fruit and flower of every clime
 Invite the admiring eye.

Come where the mount and glen outpour
 Their generous sands of golden ore;
 Which still from age to age, maybe,
 Shall fill, still fill, earth's waiting store—
 Waiting, still waiting, yet for more,
 Till drops shall fill the sea.

And hence to please your wondering eyes,
 Lo, mount on mount, and peaks on peaks arise
 'Till visions fade, like hopes, amid the skies.

* * * * *

And when away by speeding rail,
 Or 'neath the onward bending sail,
 God speed ye hence; and hail! all hail!
 Our hearts are still with ye.

I know you will pardon me, comrades, if I give you the following extract from a California paper, to show you what sort of a party I was in, and what the Californians thought of us as a whole. I will say, though, that I think every one of the party would endorse the last clause, at that time.

"They come from all portions of the United States and are mingling in one homogeneous fraternal body. The angular representative man from New England, with his predilection for apple pie and beans, the bustling little neatly dressed cosmopolitan from New York, the omnipresent Ohio man, the gentleman from Kentucky who knows what he wants and knows where to get it, the rustler from Kansas with the breezy remnants of the latest cyclone still clinging to his person, the clarion-voiced orator from South Carolina, the pushing, not shoving, scribe from Alabama, the comfortable looking flannel-clad gentlemen from Wisconsin and Minnesota, the oyster devouring mortal from Maryland and gentlemen and ladies from all other parts of the Union are all here, and they wouldn't be anywhere else at the present moment."

EIGHTEENTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

The convention closed Thursday afternoon, and before twelve o'clock that night we were again on board the Essex, with a good deal of the "getting home" feeling on again taking our places in the car. At midnight we started for another ride about the great State of California, to go sight-seeing in a new line. Up to this time we had been shown what the State could do in the way of tilling the soil—now we were to see something of her mineral resources. We arrived at Sacramento the next morning three or four hours late, which we were told was due to the fact that there had been an accident to the pontoon at the mouth of the Sacramento river so that the train could not cross the river, and consequently we had had to go round, making an extra ride of ninety miles. This delay made considerable difference in the day's ride and enjoyment, but it could not be helped. We made no stop at Sacramento, but kept right on to Woodland, where we took breakfast. We were riding along the shore of the Sacramento river, and noticed that the banks were very much over-flowed, in some cases, judging by the situation of the trees, to the extent of a mile on either side. Then we learned that the cause of the accident which gave us the ninety miles extra ride was this same flood on the Sacramento.

This at first seemed rather queer—this extensive flood in a land where it never rains—and we could not understand it. Afterwards we learned that owing to the extreme heat of the week before, when we were sweltering in the San Joaquin valley, the snow on the mountains had melted with unusual rapidity, hence the flood. This was rather an interesting experience, and went far towards proving the statement of our guides at Los Angeles and at Stockton, that the heat was entirely out of season. But we had a splendid ride along the overflowed river, through a fine fertile country that it would do any one good to see. Some time after noon the train arrived at Chico, where we remained a few hours and were treated to a regular old-fashioned down east country picnic. This was held in an extensive grove, and a handsome grove it was, and the people were there from all the country round. There was a good substantial picnic dinner, albeit it had suffered some from the sun while waiting for us; there were various sports, and on the whole we had a very good idea of the way the people in the country in this great State enjoy themselves. As usual, there were many present who came, some of them long distances, to see people from the old eastern home, and I had the privilege of meeting some from my own city. I had never seen them before, to be sure, but they were just as glad to see me—I was from their old home—and I fancy I was able to answer some, at least, of their many questions satisfactorily. After a few hours of rest and refreshment here, we returned to Sacramento, to be ready for an early start the next morning.

Now it happened that one there was among us whose birthday this was. How this secret came out, I do not know—perhaps his wife gave him away. At all events the fact became known, and it was determined to celebrate the event on this return ride to Sacramento. The victim was one who had been especially active during the whole trip in making it pleasant for all by joke and story, and his reputation for telling big stories and making large statements had grown wonderfully, all good naturedly of course. At the proper time he was called up and given a talking to by one of the party, when Rob Roy deftly

crowned him with a wreath of California's brightest and choicest flowers, and the following rhyme was thrown at him, much to his own amusement, as well as to the amusement of all on board. His name is naturally disguised in this transcript.

I dreamed I died, and at the heavenly gate
Applied, with fear and dread, to learn my fate;
St. Peter calmly scanned me o'er and o'er,
And "sized me up" as ne'er I'd been before,
And then replied, in firm but gentle tone,
"Come in, come in, your record here is known."
Surprised and pleased, inside the gate I passed,
While through me thrilled the thought, "In heaven at last."
A moment more I heard another rap
Upon the gate; it opened with a snap,
And there stood Frank I. Wardwell, just the same
As when on earth he bore that honored name.
St. Peter looked a moment in his face,
Then said to Ananias, "Give him your place."

During the ride this afternoon, my confederate friend kindly loaned me a paper from his home, containing a paper which he had read before some confederate army association, giving his recollections of the journey to Richmond of his company from his home, in Alabama, at the breaking out of the war. The paper was a very interesting one, and I enjoyed reading it. I found that he and his comrades were as enthusiastic in their devotion to their cause as were we, and that the journey was as full of pleasant incidents and cordial greeting as was that of the Northern troops in the early days—by the time we went to the front the new had worn off and our journey was a more serious matter.

IN THE MINES—PLACER MINING.

Saturday morning, May 28th, when we awoke, we found ourselves among the foot hills of the Sierras, surrounded by some of the finest scenery we had seen. Up the mountains we climbed, around the "Horn," filled with the enjoyment of the ever varying scene in the early morning. But this magnificent ride was a short one. The train stopped at Dutch Flat, where we were given an inkling into placer mining. Great prepara-

tions had been made for our benefit here, for here everything was new and strange. We could understand something about the fruit groves and vineyards, but few of us had any idea about mining except what we had obtained by reading—now we were to see it. And by the courtesy of the people we were to see it in all its stages, from the primitive pan to the modern hydraulic method. We were taken over what seemed to be the bottom of an immense sand hole, over rough ground, with no paths or roads, and with a little stream of water here and there. We learned that this was the famous Dutch Flat gold mine, out of which has been taken millions of dollars' worth of gold. The portion over which we were walking had been dug over and over until, though there was still gold in the sand and gravel, as we found, there was "not enough to keep a Chinaman alive." All through this desert looking place we found old "fortyniners", willing to show us how gold is obtained from the earth in placer mining. Here is one with a pan, the original and most primitive way. The pan is much like an ordinary milk pan, Placing himself by the side of the stream the miner dips up the pan full of gravel. With the aid of water he washes all the gravel away, leaving only the gold, which, being heavier, sinks to the bottom and remains in the pan. Ed and I happened to meet with one who was prepared to show us how thoroughly. He had brought from his home a small bit of gold, half as big as a small pea, and also a single grain of gold, the smallest piece imaginable. These he placed in the pan, and it was wonderful, after every filling of the pan with gravel, and the subsequent washing away of the gravel by a peculiar moving to and fro of the pan, to see the bit and the grain of gold remain. It was a very interesting process to all of us, and we watched it narrowly. We began to understand the full meaning of the term, which we had often heard in the east, even, "It panned out well," or "It didn't pan out well." Next to the pan came the rocker. This was simply a contrivance to enable the miner to wash away the gravel with more speed and less labor. Instead of holding the pan in the hands and manipulating it carefully, the gravel was placed in a wooden box,

which box was round on the bottom and was placed at the head of a short sluice. By a rough handle attached to the box, the miner rocked it back and forth as fast as he chose, all the time keeping the other hand employed in pouring water into the box as fast as he wished. A pleasant looking old "Forty-niner" met my inquisitive disposition half-way, and allowed me to work his little gold-finding machine. Under his direction I rocked out several grains of gold, but so interested was I in watching the operation that I did not notice that a stranger stood by—a woman—and carefully picked up and took care of every grain as fast as I rocked it out, for souvenirs. Ed managed to save one grain, however, and I gave up the work with a feeling that however much of a success I might be in rocking out the gold, I certainly was not a success in keeping it. Then we saw the "long tom," and the sluice, which are merely improvements on the pan and the rocker, and though they had a rough, unfinished look, they did the business for many a miner in the golden days. We strolled about the mine hither and thither at will, seeing much that was of interest. The miners themselves were well worth seeing. They were ordinary looking men, but when one thought of their trials and triumphs in the early days—the days from which they take their name—thought that each one of them has a history, thought of their labors, their patience, their perseverance, their failures and their successes, they did not look so ordinary. We got a bit of the flavor of the early days from one of these argonauts, who, with his miner's outfit complete, his pan, his cooking utensils, his pick, his big boots, his blankets, his tent, had camped in one portion of the mine. His clothes were the worse for wear, and had been patched many times with whatever patch was handy without regard to color or texture, which gave a very picturesque appearance as well as a touch of the old times. He had a little camp fire very much like one of our own little camp fires, comrades, while campaigning in Virginia, over which was toasting a small piece of meat on a stick, reminding me of our own first attempts at cookery, at "Camp Misery," on our

arrival at Catlett's Station in 1862. Close by the fire was a stick standing up in the ground, on which was a placard bearing the legend, "Hard Luck Camp." But the hero of this camp, with all his ragged and patched clothing, did not seem to be quite so much a victim of hard luck as his voluntary "get-up" was intended to indicate. We found him very communicative concerning the days when his appearance and the legend above his little camp were solemn facts, and from him we obtained much interesting information and were again reminded of the old song,

" Oh the gold is thar, most any whar,
And we'll take it out rich with an iron bar;
And whar 'tis thick, with a spade or pick,
We'll take out lumps as big as a brick.

* * * * *

And how 'twill sound, as the word goes round
Of our picking up gold by the dozen pound."

Over acres and acres of this old mining ground we traveled, all the time nearing a hill in the distance. This hill is estimated to contain twenty-three millions of dollars' worth of gold, only waiting to be taken from its bed—which would be taken from its bed as soon as improved machinery could do it, if it were allowed to be done. But there is too much gravel in the hill to pay to work the mine in the slower modes of pan and rocker, or long tom and sluice. To make it pay the mine must be worked by what is called "hydraulic mining," and there is an injunction on this method of mining, so that this rich mine has been lying idle for ten years. It was claimed that the washing down of this immense amount of gravel, boulders, etc., into the river below, caused the river to overflow its banks, doing much damage to agriculture—so much damage that the State Legislature took up the matter and forbade this system of mining. But since our visit there the United States Court has removed this injunction, in part, at least, and this hill, as well as others, will soon be yielding its riches for the benefit of the State of California, as well as the

whole country. When we arrived near this hill, we found the tables spread for us, and gladly we sat down to "an old-fashioned miners' breakfast." With rough boards for a table, with tin dishes, in the open air, we ate heartily, the principal food being baked beans in half a dozen varieties, with brown bread to match. It was a good breakfast and enjoyed all the more for the morning's exercise and the unaccustomed surroundings. All the time we were eating an immense stream of water had been playing upon the side of the hill close by us. We had noticed it, but had given it little thought until the appetite was satisfied. Now we learned that we were to be given an illustration of hydraulic mining. This stream was some ten inches through, and was washing down the side of that hill wonderfully. In due time we learned that this powerful stream was thrown by gravity alone, and that the machine which controlled it is called the monitor. We watched this awhile and then did as the others did, viz., walked along to see where all this sand which was coming down from the hill went to. We found it all ran through a large sluice, so long that we did not go to the lower end of it. A quarter of a mile or so from the monitor was a little furnace, with everything in readiness to separate the precious metal from the quicksilver put into the sluice to hold it, and to change its form from grains and small nuggets into larger nuggets. After the stream had been playing awhile the water was shut off and the work of cleaning up commenced. Then it was found that all the way in the sluice were placed blocks of wood a little distance apart, to catch the gold as it sank to the bottom of the sluice, allowing the lighter gravel to flow off. Miners began to remove some of these blocks to get at the gold. Then one could get some idea of the excitement in the early days. Although our party expected to get nothing from the "cleaning up," they watched the operation with eager eyes, and soon every one was showing a vast deal of excitement—more than there was any warrant for personally—the excitement of gold hunting. The faces were a curious study for a while, and something of the fascination of gold for itself mingled with the excitement of seeing it taken from the earth,

was exhibited. The sluice was "cleaned up" only a short distance, but when what gold was obtained came from the little furnace and was weighed, it was found there were two nuggets—one of the value of one hundred and fifty-three dollars, which was presented to our association, and the other of the value of about sixty dollars, which was presented to the Governor of the State, who was with the excursion at this time—two hundred and thirteen dollars in gold after so little work. This told a wonderful story to be sure, but when we were told by the miners that when the sluice was cleaned up the entire length, there would be a quantity of gold obtained sufficient to pay all the expenses of the day's trip and enjoyment, the wonder was increased, and grave doubts were expressed of the wisdom of the injunction which prevented the gold being taken from the mountain, when it can apparently be so easily done.

QUARTZ MINING.

After a morning which brings up the most vivid memories of the whole trip, we again boarded the Essex and returned to Colfax, where we took open cars on the Grass Valley narrow gauge railroad. Then came a wild ride, indeed. Over ravines and through hills, twisting here and there, with rapidly ever-varying scenery growing wilder and more wild as we rode, now running along by the side of some hill which bore no evidence of having ever been trod by foot of man, now over a shaky-looking trestle hung above a wild ravine hundreds of feet below, the ride was one of oft-changing excitement. There was a spice of danger in it all which added its own fascinating sensation to the ride. But there was no real danger, and after riding about an hour through this wild region, we suddenly rounded into a station where four or five hundred children had gathered to meet us. This was a surprise. We had seen no signs of civilization for miles—we could see none now, except these children. But on embarking from the car we soon found quite a little city nestled in among the hills—the city known as Grass Valley. But one had to go about the city considerably to see it, so well were the houses hidden among the hills and trees. A roman-

tically situated city, surely, and a very pretty one, when one has a little acquaintance with it. Dinner was served, and then we took carriages for a ride about the city and to visit some of the famous quartz mines for which that region is noted. We had obtained an idea of placer mining in the morning, and were now to be introduced to quartz mining. Ed and I had the good fortune to board a carriage which went to the famous Idaho mine, the richest and deepest gold mine in the world—three thousand feet deep in solid gold-bearing quartz. We watched the ponderous machinery for awhile, saw the “cages” disappear in the earth only to return loaded with quartz taken out of the earth so deep, and looked about and asked questions at will, but all seemed to be possessed of the idea that they wanted to go down into the mine. This they were allowed to do, but as there were so many of us, it was thought best to go only one thousand feet into the earth, on account of time. This was readily agreed to, of course. Then in little parties of six or eight, commenced the visit to the regions underground. Just here were seen some of the peculiarities of human nature. Curiosity was strong, but it could not in all cases entirely overcome fear. There might be danger in it. To be sure here were miners who had been down into this mine every day for years without accident, but even this did not entirely assure the timid. There might be an accident, you know, and it would be awful. It is curious that the ladies of the party had less of this fear than did the men. Some of the men got upon the cage very hesitatingly with their wives. One of my companions of the Essex said to me just before starting on this downward excursion, “I shall be a happy man when I get upon top of the earth again.” “Why do you go?” said I. “Well, I want the experience, and I want to go, and my wife wants to go, too, and I don’t want her to go alone.” I tried to assure him by asking, “You are insured against accidents, are you not?” “Yes,” he replied, “but that doesn’t include mining,” and he said this so honestly and with such a lugubrious air, that I was very much amused. But he went down. Ed and I went down, of course, and had a splendid time a thousand feet below the

surface of the earth. I was amused, though, when we landed down there, to see my friend of the accident insurance hurrying toward the cage as if anxious to get to the top of the earth once more. We had with our cage load a miner who had worked in this mine, down in the earth, for twenty years, and he proved to be an intelligent and interesting guide. What sensations did we have down in the ground? Well, I was conscious only of the sensation of being very much interested in quartz mining and what I could see and learn about it. The fact that I was so far from the surface of the earth did not occur to me after the descent was accomplished and we were fairly in the mine. All was new and strange, and we had only the light of candles, one of which each of us carried, but all idea of being under ground was gone until we were ready to make the ascent. I had feared that there might be a difficulty in breathing so far from the atmosphere, but once in the mine I never thought of this, and went hither and thither, and saw what I could, and asked questions, without a thought of breathing. In fact, it was not until I was again on top of the earth that I thought of it, when my curiosity was aroused, and I told one of the miners of my fear. He laughed a bit and explained that the mine was perfectly ventilated, even to the lowest depths. We learned by this experience how the quartz is brought up from the mine, then ground to powder, and then washed out of this powdered rock in much the same way as it is washed from the gravel—on the same principle, but by more extensive means.

We were allowed to take some specimens of the gold quartz, and after a pleasant ride over the hills upon which the city rests, and a good idea of the rare beauties of its location, we again boarded the narrow gauge cars for another wild ride back to Colfax. As Ed and I boarded the car we got into conversation with an old miner and learned much that was interesting about this part of our great country. I learned more. As our conversation took one turn after another, I learned that he was from the good old state of Maine, and that he was a brother of Orlando A. Hayford, one of the original members of Co. G, of our regiment, who received a bullet in

the thigh at the battle of Shepardstown, from the effects of which he died only a few years ago. This brother's name is James B. Hayford. He was in California when the war broke out, and when the opportunity offered he enlisted in the battalion of cavalry which was sent east and became a part of a Massachusetts cavalry regiment. He was taken prisoner, was confined a while in Libby Prison and elsewhere, but came through the war all right, and after the muster-out returned home, but his old love returned to him, and he went back to California, where he seems to be prospering. I remember his brother Orlando very well. He was one of the men who realized from the first what the war meant, and went into it with a determination to do his best as long as he lived, or until the war was ended. When we were picketing along the Rappahannock in the winter of 1862-3, he and I were on post together one dark, stormy night, when I had a long conversation with him, and for the first time learned what manner of man he was, and I think that conversation with him that night gave me some new ideas about the war and what it meant to the country. After he was wounded, I visited him in the hospital at Baltimore, when I found him, though suffering from a wound which did not heal for years, and then only with an operation performed years after the bullet struck him, still firm in his determination to fight to the end, if he got able, and still without a regret that he had enlisted to fight in the cause of freedom. So I had a very pleasant conversation with my new found Union cavalry friend.

GOOD BYE TO THE ESSEX.

The ride back to Colfax was equally grand with the ride to Grass Valley, but I did not enjoy it so well. The greatest, brightest day of the whole trip was over, and when we arrived at Colfax, where the good car Essex was waiting for us, Ed and I were to bid good-bye to our friends of the car—our friends of nineteen days of wonderful riding about the country. At Colfax the trains were to be made up for the journey home—one train by way of Portland, Oregon, and the other to go straight to

Ogden. But Ed and I did not propose to be hustled out of the great State of California in any such manner. We had been hustled ever since we reached the State's borders, and had had a grand time, every hour, but we had not seen anything of San Francisco, and more than that, we had not paid the promised visit to my sister at Riverside. So we intended to stop in the State a while longer, to see more of her wonders. But it was anything but pleasant to bid good-bye to our friends of the Essex, or to the old car itself. We had formed some very pleasant acquaintances during that ride—all in the car seemed like old-time friends, so rapidly does friendship ripen under such circumstances—and there was a good deal of the leaving home feeling in bidding them good-bye—never to see many of them again. We bade them farewell with a kindly feeling and a filling up of the throat, saw the good old car Essex roll away into the darkness, and Ed and I were left alone more than three thousand miles from home. Is it to be wondered at that we felt a little lonesome and even homesick, as the train left us? Good-bye, old Essex—you carried us safely thousands of miles, and are entitled to our gratitude. You were our home for nearly three weeks, and a wonderful home you were. May you never know disaster. After we left you, you continued on your journey, and finally left your passengers and our friends safely at their homes. Good-bye, friends, who were with us in the Essex. May your lives be prosperous and happy, and your memories of the excursion to California be always with you. Ed and I will remember you all long and with pleasure.

(To be continued.)

The members of the Essex family have been saddened by the death of one of their number, Col. John C. Bundy, who passed away from earthly cares on the sixth of August last. His co-laborers in the world's broad field of battle have offered their testimonials to his virtues and his services, and it remains for us, who knew him only as one of the Essex family, to speak of him as a fellow traveler on a journey less serious than that of life, and to say that the memories of Col. Bundy are of the pleasantest. We also wish to convey to his family our sympathy with them at this hour. Col. Bundy served the country during the war as a cavalryman, so there was a subtle bond between us such as only comrades can understand.—ED.



ED AND I.



FRED R. DUSENBERRY.



MISS FRANCES L. DUSENBERRY.

GEORGE C. RANKIN.

SOME OF THE ESSEX FAMILY.

Going Down the Hill.

BY CHAS. C. HASSLER,

Co. I, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry.

There are times when gloom and sadness
Banish all the joys of life,
There are times when love and kindness
Cheer us in this world of strife;
There are times when clouds above us
Throw their shadows on our way,
There are times when those who love us
Help to drive our cares away;
But the clouds have silver linings
That with patience are revealed,
And our sorrows and repinings
Are with love and kindness healed.
Time's remorseless hand has taught us,
That, disguise it as we will,
We, as well as they who fought us,
Now are going down the hill.

Arms that once could swing the sabre
With a nerve of truest steel,
Now soon weary while at labor
From infirmities they feel.
Graceful forms of manly beauty
Glowed with health and honest pride,
Never faltering when duty
Led the way where heroes died;
Over mountain, through the valley,
On with buoyant hearts they go,
Sound the charge, advance or rally;
All were welcome near the foe.
Time has wrought a transformation,
Changed them as by artist's skill;
They who saved the land and nation
Now are going down the hill.

Shiloh's field will bloom with roses;
In the Wilderness will grow
Daisies where the dead repose,
Daisies white as driven snow;
Unknown, peacefully they slumber,
Unknown here but known to God;

He can tell their names and number,
 Resting 'neath the quiet sod.
 Bless the thought, 'tis fitly blended
 With another, bright and fair,
 That when this life's journey's ended
 They a crown of life shall wear.
 Angel voices swell the chorus,
 "Peace on earth, to men good will,"
 Soon we'll join those gone before us,
 Just before us down the hill.

With the current some are drifting
 Down the stream of life in peace,
 Others heavy burdens bearing,
 Wonder when their cares will cease.
 Some are cheered by those that love them,
 Happy homes and bounteous store,
 Others mourn for those above them
 Waiting, on the other shore.
 Father, in thy keeping take them,
 Guard them on life's journey through;
 Do not leave them or forsake them
 Many be their days or few.
 Honor, fame and martial glory,
 Never more their souls shall thrill,
 Time confirms the sad, sad story,
 They are going down the hill.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

VI.—THE YANKEE REBEL.

We had been at the Court House but a few days when a white-haired old man, leaning on a long staff, came into camp and inquired if we were really Maine men—said he had heard that we were. We informed him that we were veritable "Down East" Yankees, and that if he had any longing sentiments of secession still clinging to him we would willingly aid him in removing them. He said he had no such sentiments nor ever had—that he was a Union man and always had been, and a State of Maine man at that. He told us he was a native of

Farmington, in Franklin county; that he came there a short time before the war begun and had settled on a tract of timber land about a mile distant, which he had purchased; that he had commenced the erection of a saw-mill on a small stream running through it, and was about to begin the manufacture of lumber from the abundant pine, when the war came on and terminated his plans of operation. He proved to be Thomas Chase, the father of the celebrated poet, "Florence Percy," author of "Rock me to Sleep, Mother" and other beautiful ballads. Captain Daggett and some others remembered and recognized him. When he left Maine he was best known as the "people's lawyer," though he was an itinerant preacher at one time and a perpetual candidate for political honors. He was an ardent pro-slavery Democrat, and for some time before he emigrated the abolitionists of his section of the State made the political atmosphere so warm he was unable to endure it, and accordingly he moved into a more congenial clime, where he could enjoy and practice his political religion with none to molest or annoy. He had a most pitiful story to tell of what he had suffered at the hands of the confederates on account of his loyalty to the Union and his reverence for the old flag. He said, upon tender of worthless promises to pay, his property had been taken from him and converted to military uses; that he had been subjected to personal insults and abuse and had been threatened with imprisonment for his fealty to the old government; and last, his only son had been conscripted into the rebel army. His story was well told and interesting, and he not unnaturally won our sympathy. The presence of Maine men near him, sons of his earlier friends and neighbors, made the old man's heart light and his step elastic as he left us to tell his lonely family that he had seen Maine men that day, and that he had shaken the hands of boys from old Franklin.

When he had gone we made some inquiries of the citizens about the country seat who knew him, for evidence to confirm some of the remarkable statements he had made to us, and we were surprised to learn that he was one of the earliest and most violent advocates of secession in the whole State of

Virginia; that he called on Governor Letcher at two different times and entreated the governor to give him a thousand men of the State troops and he would seize Fortress Monroe and secure it to the confederacy. The governor informed him that the legislature, then in session, was at that time considering the great question of secession, and until the legislative branch of the government had taken some action in the premises at least, the action sought would be not only unconstitutional but revolutionary, and he therefore declined to consider the request. We were also informed that his fears of violence and of imprisonment never existed, that they were merely inventions to win our sympathy and to cover his great sins. His son, who was so cruelly conscripted, deserted at the first opportunity. The old man was very kind and neighborly, but we could not refrain from telling him that he had imposed upon us by his assertions of loyalty to the Union and his tale of suffering for the old government and its flag when in truth he had been an ardent old rebel as long as there was a ray of hope for success.

He made no retractions or denials and never voluntarily alluded to those unpleasant topics afterwards. He visited us often at our camp and we called on him at his home.

His family at this time consisted of himself, his wife (a second wife—not the mother of "Florence Percy") and two daughters, aged about sixteen and eighteen years respectively. His son had not returned from Maine whither he went after his desertion.

We were relieved the last of July and mustered out the first day of August. When we left the Court House the old man and his family manifested deep regret and sincere sorrow, and we could not prevent a feeling of sadness as we realized their pitiable situation. He was old and poor, feeble and friendless—as poor in moral and political influence as in material blessings. Indeed, he seemed isolated and alone among those whom he had earlier counseled and encouraged to acts of treason and rebellion. The people of the South had been led to believe that if war should result from their acts of seces-

sion the contest would be carried on north of the Potomac and between the two great political parties in the free states, but they had been deceived, and deceived by such characters as the subject of this sketch, who were known in the north as "doughfaces," and who, during the war degenerated into bipedal reptiles and were called "copperheads," whose every political act, intended to weaken the armies of the Union, tended to prolong the war and make more certain and complete the destruction of the confederate armies and the military resources of the seceding States. Like our ancient mother they felt that they had been beguiled by the same creature in another form. Hence his isolation and their contempt for such a perfidious creature.

Pen Pictures of Prominent Confederates.

Comrade Albert E. Sholes, formerly of the Fourth Rhode Island Infantry, but who since the war has resided for the most part in the South, where he has served as Commander of the Department of Georgia, Grand Army of the Republic, recently read a paper before Tower Post at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, entitled, "Some Experiences of a Union Soldier in the South Since the War." From this paper, which was a most excellent one, the following sketches of prominent confederates are taken, and they will be found wonderfully interesting:

It was in the fall of 1875 that I became acquainted with the chief of the confederacy, Jefferson Davis. In 1869 I had married a lady who was an invalid, and in a few months I was convinced that her life would be very short if I endeavored to remain in the North. I therefore decided to go to Louisville, Ky., where we made our home for six years. In 1875 I first went to Memphis and there formed an association with the publishing house of Boyle & Chapman, under the firm name

of Boyle, Chapman & Co. It was only after I had been there some days that I learned that a silent partner of the firm, who was in Europe then in the interest of direct communication between that country and the Mississippi Valley, and shortly expected home, was the Hon. Jefferson Davis. A few weeks later I met at the store one morning a thin, gray-haired and bearded, hollow-cheeked gentleman, somewhat stoop-shouldered, plainly dressed in black, who took my hand with a pleasing smile and a courtly bow as I was introduced to "Mr. Davis." Our desks were side by side, and it became our custom, after the morning mail was opened and the morning news scanned, to whirl our chairs for a pleasant half hour chat. He told me of the people he had met in Washington during his Congressional days and while Secretary of War, spoke in the highest terms of Senator Anthony of my State, discoursed charmingly of his experiences in Russia, of his political campaign in his native State, and of his service in Mexico, but never, during all those months when we met every day, did he ever in any manner refer to the four years of his life as President of the confederacy, if I except the occasion when he introduced to me his little daughter, Winnie, then a child of eleven, and said, "She came to us while we lived in Richmond." He must have been a disappointed and sadly embittered man. I thought then, and have often thought since, that Winnie was all that came to him while he lived in Richmond, of which he could be proud. Life had been bright with promise for him until he had attained his prime. His people had heaped honors upon him, but from the hour when he had been induced to turn against the flag under which he had fought to assume the leadership in the effort to dismember the nation, his career had been downward. Now, in his old age he was made a scapegoat for all the mistakes and errors of the confederacy by the masses of his own people, was execrated by the people of the North, and yet, outwardly, he was genial, affable, agreeable, an upright citizen, and a most companionable gentleman.

At my hotel I had observed a gentleman particularly who had a most pleasing face and kindly manner. He was tall and

somewhat spare, with nearly white hair and beard, but with a very clear, white complexion, and the most beautiful blue eyes I have ever seen save those of a child. He sat beside me at the table, chatted sociably with those who were seated with us, and occasionally addressed some remark to me, and I wondered who he might be, and yet had no convenient opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Finally one day we passed from the dining room almost together, and upon getting outside he turned and said, "Seems like everybody thinks we know each other, and I reckon we'd better get acquainted; my name's General Forrest." I could scarcely believe my ears, and even upon assuring myself that I had heard aright, I still could not realize but that there must be two General Forrests. This handsome, gentle-eyed man surely could not be he of whom I had read as "the friend of Fort Pillow!" And yet it was, and an intimate association of many months, during which I read his life as written by his adjutant general, a few pages each day, discussing my readings with him at night, led me to admire and respect the man whom I should naturally have hated. Time softens animosities, and I can now tell you of this man whom I consider the most wonderful character developed upon the southern side during the war. Born of comparatively poor parents, at eleven years of age his father died, leaving an invalid mother and two smaller brothers, of whom he at once became the mainstay and support, working from early morn till late at night upon the little plantation which was his home. No time for study or for education for himself, although he would not permit his brothers to grow up in ignorance, and he worked the harder that they might receive a fair education. Arrived at man's estate an opportunity opened for him in the city of Memphis, to engage in perhaps the only mercantile business for which an illiterate man could be fitted, and about the year 1850 he established a slave market there. Not long thereafter he married the wife whom in 1876 I knew as a good, sweet, loving woman, and she taught her husband to read and to sign his name. The war came, and Bedford Forrest joined as a private a company of cavalry recruited in Memphis, and upon the

muster into the service of the confederacy he was elected to the captaincy. By sheer force of natural military ability, by marvellous influence over men, by wonderful marches, by remarkable strategic talent, this rough, uncouth, uneducated man rose from the position of private to the rank of lieutenant general of the confederate army. His military history, whether written by friend or foe, reads like a romance. His capture of Col. Streight and his forces on his celebrated raid was as fine a bit of strategy as was exhibited during the war. Streight had something like thirty-five hundred men, if I mistake not, when he started on his trip through Northern Mississippi and Alabama, a very much larger force than Forrest was able to gather to chase him, and as day after day and night after night the chase was kept up, horses and men dropped by the wayside, others were sent to the rear with prisoners, until finally they came in sight of and opened fire upon Streight's main body. Forrest, after a few shots, sent a messenger across the river to Streight, demanding an unconditional surrender. His force was scattered along the road for miles, only a few hundred having kept up, but these few hundred, with two pieces of artillery, he kept marching around a hill into a pass behind a second hill, and then back behind the first, and around again in full view of Streight, until he, believing that he was in the power of an overwhelming force, unconditionally surrendered to a body hardly large enough to form a decent guard about his troops.

At the battle of Fort Pillow his youngest and pet brother was killed beside him, and I have been told by those who were with him there that for a time he was a very demon let loose. I have seen the tears roll down the general's cheeks in later years as he told me of that brother, and how he loved him. May not we after all these years, draw the mantle of charity a little, and believe that on account of this terrible grief he for a time lost control of himself and his men, and that he was not in full measure responsible for all the dreadful occurrences of that dreadful day. When I met him he had but recently become deeply impressed upon the subject of religion, and had finally made application for admission to the Cumberland

Presbyterian Church, of which Mrs. Forrest was a member. Coming home very angry one day, after a sharp altercation with a prominent negro politician, whom he had reprimanded for insulting a very old and honored citizen, he met me, and after telling me of the occurrence, he said, "I want to be a Christian, and I am trying just as hard as I know how, to be one, but when I seen that no-account nigger pitching into that old man, I thought cussing was worth mor'n praying, and I cussed him just as good as I could a' done it twenty years ago. I reckon," he added, "the good Lord don't expect you to be good all the time, till he gets ye to heaven with him." The general crossed the river the following year, and has been judged ere this for the deeds done in the body, whether they were good, or whether they were evil.

Of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, whom I met and knew at the same time, my principal remembrance is of a garrulous little old gentleman, fond of narrating his exploits, both what he had done, and what he might have done. He still held a sort of Sewardian idea that the war might have been closed in ninety days, only it would have closed with the recognition of the confederacy, if Jefferson Davis had but followed his advice, if he had been given the command to which he was entitled, and if his suggestions had been followed. He could point out with unerring accuracy all the mistakes of Davis, Beauregard, Johnson, Lee, and every other officer of rank, and he would have avoided them all had he been in their place.

NOTE.—The following, taken from Appleton's *Encyclopædia of American Biography*, Vol. 11, p. 506, is of interest:

Some of Gen. Forrest's official documents are very amusing for their peculiar orthography and phraseology. In his dispatch announcing the fall of Fort Pillow, the original of which is still preserved, he wrote: "We busted the fort at niner'clock and scatered the niggers. The men is still a cillanem in the woods."

Accounting for prisoners he wrote: "Them as was cotch with spoons and breast-pins and sich was cild and the rest of the lot was payrold and told to git."—ED.

Up the Shenandoah Valley

AND ON TO APPOMATTOX.

(Concluded.)

BY GEN. J. P. CILLEY.

Saturday, Sept. 24, I was off on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for Harper's Ferry as the five companies were off for the same place in April, 1861, only then we marched whereas I now went by rail over the very railroad on which I commanded a train of cars in that same month of '61. Major Brown "was there" as in that first march, and with his usual power of making friends—he was taken a willing prisoner by Major McDonald, of the Confederate service. Charles D. Jones of our regiment was also on the train, but unfortunately in a section that started later. The cars were crowded and in the rush for seats I found myself by good fortune by the side of an attractive lady and we were seated together.

Interested by a pleasing touch of Virginia accent we became acquainted by means of a copy of the BUGLE and I found my companion was the wife of George Clinton Hough, a well-known architect of Washington, that they had enjoyed a wedding trip to Maine this very summer, that she was a native of Loudon Co., Va., that both her father and brother, Julius and Daniel Harper, had seen service in the Union Army as members of Means Volunteers of Virginia. She gave me many interesting accounts of the peculiar service of those volunteers, of the various fords of the Potomac they used to cross and the mountains on which they hid in guiding men back and forth and in visiting their own families, told me of the Confederate, Col. E. V. White, who lived near her father's residence—a man of much property, talented and a hard shell Baptist, who preached for pleasure and profit to others only. A man of but little education, who in one of

his official reports of an engagement said: "I met the enemy and imputed them."

She left the car just above the Point of Rocks for her father's home in Virginia, and as I assisted in carrying her bundles from the cars she adroitly thanked me for the pleasant manner in which I had "chaperoned" her.

Forward through Weavertown and Sandy Hook to Harper's Ferry and by Martinsburg and Winchester to Middletown, all familiar places to the five companies who early campaigned in the valley. At Middletown I had an hour or more of conversation with John W. Willey, who as gunner in Cutshaw's Battery, May 24, 1862, fired the shell that knocked a year or so out of my army life and forced me thereafter to draw sabre with the assistance of my left arm.

He was wounded at Winchester the next day in his head but kept with his battery doing no duty till he recovered. His battery was also known as Carpenter's Battery. At Gettysburg he supported Picket's charge by being stationed near the extreme left of the rebel line and firing shot and shell towards the cemetery and Culp's Hill, was at the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania, accompanied Gordon at the battle of Cedar Creek with instructions to take charge of the captured artillery and work it as he could, with any of the men he could find at hand or use. That the captured artillery was abundant and he could find plenty of men to assist him, but from every piece captured, the Yankees had carried away the rammers and lanyards and those cannon could not be used till their own artillery had crossed and come forward with rammers and lanyards to supply the lack.

Willey was an expert gunner and was frequently detailed with his gun to perform artillery sharp shooting. He remained in active service till the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, when the men and horses of his battery fell before the bullets of Custer's men and there was nothing left for him to do except run. He saw a way out between two converging lines of our forces closing in upon them. He was summoned by a host of voices to surrender, but reasoned that no one

would dare to fire at him because such one would fire towards his own men. Willey said he kept on going till he reached Lynchburg, when he learned Lee had surrendered and he came home to Middletown, where he has since been diligently employed in raising a family of five boys and four girls.

By this time my horse was ready and I rode four miles out to Rockville and was greeted by Mrs. John W. Wright, who took care of me during the long weary months I lay wounded at her house in Middletown. The next day with a good horse and buggy and with her son-in-law, Smith Cooley, a member of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, I rode over the battle ground of Cedar Creek. Cooley was detailed as the special guide for Gen. Gordon in the day of the attack and was with him the entire day and thus had good opportunity to observe the fight. He took me near the ford where Gordon crossed in the sheltering fog of Oct. 19, 1864, and fell upon the Eighth Corp in their tents shouting, "Another Union Victory."

My acquaintance with Gen. Stephen Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont and with so many officers of the Tenth Maine and the fact that I possessed the histories of both these gallant regiments, made the examination of their positions the most interesting part of the field. I then returned to the village by the brick Methodist church and by the spot where "the subsequent proceedings of May 24, 1862, interested me no more" at least for that day, thence to where the dirt road from Front Royal entered the town, and down the road we advanced to find Jackson's men that memorable morning and on which we fell back again to the pike and hecatomb between its stone walls, halting in the field whence Willey, with his guns of Cutshaw's Battery caused me to take a rest and become a resident of Middletown for nearly three months. It was reliving a life separated from my subsequent life by an unconscious gap of time that I have never been able to fill. In truth I never knew when I was hit or any circumstances of the occasion till some two days after the fact. It was rare good fortune to have a guide, the courier, who was guide to Gordon and near him all the day of Oct. 19, '64.

Cooley told me that near noon Early came to Gordon and ordered him to stop the pursuit, that Gordon replied that the only safe way was to continue to press the enemy or to fall back and save captured artillery and stores. Cooley was convinced that had either of these suggestions been adopted the results of the day would have been different.

Cooley served largely as a scout and gave me many interesting accounts of his peculiar service; how at one time he got so entangled within the Union lines, that he dare not move in the darkness and stood by his horse all night in open field waiting for dawn to show him a way out; that on another occasion he was surprised while at the house of a friend by two union cavalry men. At first he proposed to fight it out with his pistol but the lady of the house beseeched him not to fire as it would cause the burning of her house and probably be useless, that the two soldiers demanded his surrender and after some prolonged talk from opposite sides of the room between the Yanks and Johnnie, the latter agreed to deliver his two pistols into the hands of the lady of the house and surrender, if they would put up their pistols. This was done but Cooley managed in going out of the house to take one of the pistols from the lap of the lady and put it into his boot leg. The three passed out of the house, mounted, and the captured Johnnie was escorted by the two Yanks toward the union lines. As they proceeded Cooley noticed the butt of a pistol in the boot leg of one of his escorts, and watching his chance seized it and with his other hand drew the pistol from his own boot leg all cocked.

He exclaimed, "throw up your hands. I have one of your pistols and at the least motion of the other to draw I shall fire. Now throw all your weapons to the ground, and about face and precede me to my own lines." He told me of his efforts in scouting during the campaign of Lee's surrender, that our cavalry forces seemed to be on all sides of Lee and changed their position so often as to utterly confuse him in obtaining any information of our position except that we were marching faster than Lee. That the morning of April 9th, 1865, he and another

comrade were trying to cook something, when a shot from a cannon killed his companion. Appalled by such a shot from the Lynchburg road, on which they must advance, he concluded he had enough of war and mounted and struck out for his home near Middletown and made such good progress that he kept ahead of the news of Lee's surrender for several days.

The next day I was on my way up the valley by the north branch of the Shenandoah, I rode on the platform from Cedar Creek through Stausburg to beyond Woodstock and had an excellent view of Fisher's Hill. We passed parallel and near the pike as we neared Woodstock and I fancied I could pick out our camping ground at Tom's Brook and the place where we halted and looked into Woodstock and where the charge of a portion of Co. B. was terminated by the fall of Lieut. Cutler's horse. In the same seat with me was J. D. Road of the Seventeenth Battery Indiana Light Artillery of Peru, Ind., who was No. 1 or rammer on his piece. At Cedar Creek Battle when the men and horses of his battery were so reduced that it could not be removed, he drove a priming wire in his gun with a stone and with a pair of horses, remaining, overturned two caissons and then hitched onto two limber chests joined together and by a left about wheel upset both in hopes of exploding them. The confederates were then within twenty feet and his work ceased by a wound through his left lung. At a station near Staunton, I heard some young, sharp, merry voices shouting:

Hulla be lu, genac, genac,
 Hulla be lu, genac, genac,
 Hoor, Hoor, Rae Rae.
 S.— M.— A.

and asking the gentleman ahead of me the meaning of the yell, I found I was speaking to Prof. A. M. Southen of Stanton Male Academy and that the yell was from a party of the students of that Academy en route for the commencing term.

In the same seat with me part of the way was C. K. Ober, Sec. of the National Committee, Y. M. C. A., who knew my son by name. He introduced me to H. O. Williams, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Virginia. They were going to a

meeting at Lexington and gave me a very interesting account of their work in the state. On the train also was B. B. Wilbur of Richard Borden Post, G. A. R., Fall River, Mass. And now we were at Lexington, noted for its monuments to Jackson and other confederate officers and its schools and colleges and the Southern end of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I was just in season to catch the train on the Chesapeake and Ohio, and by a zig zag course without delay of trains reached the Natural Bridge Station, whence high on top a tally ho coach, driven by a colored George Washington Lewis, I ascended the mountainous road to the natural wonder of the world.

I passed the entrance to the grounds on the invitation given by the owner, Capt. Parsons of the First Vermont Cavalry, to his cavalry comrades. Alone I took the winding path down the hillside, blocked in by boulder and forest, I heard the sound of merry voices approaching me, all at once I came upon No. one, two and three of my set of fours, who had campaigned together from Penobscot Bay to Pennsylvania Avenue—Dr. Wheeler and wife and Rev. Mr. Lock. Glad cheers shook the leaves and branches around us. Mrs. Wheeler said they had been on and on to the extreme end and to the "Maiden's Veil," and that it was "perfectly gorgeous."

I went on alone feeling perfectly gorgeous at our happy meeting and with wonder viewed the high gorge spanned by nature's hand in a manner more impressive and beautiful than any work of art.

I stood and adored it long, felt a strange desire to climb the path that Washington ascended and high overhead carved his name and the ascent of Henry Piper, who could not return but kept on till he reached the top, but realized sadly that my climbing days had ceased at Middletown in 1862. I went on to the end of the fascinating path, slowly as returning parties one after the other passed me, by the cave, by the little island and fountain, by the hidden river which I dimly saw but heard and felt below me, on and on through the gathering shades of evening till I reached the point where the Maiden's Veil said modestly—no further, and amid the deepening shades of night I

retraced my steps. Trees and banks, heights and rushing water, all made their effects more deeply penetrating by the gathering darkness, a dog belated or lost from his party joined me, running ahead constantly but as persistently returning for companionship and company. The cave which before looked meagre and disappointed me, now viewed from the opposite side in the gloom, appeared dark and mysterious. Finally the bridge joined again the heavens above me, I could discern the huge dark sides frown from the shades of night around me. High, massive and unaccounted for, it symbolized a god-like passage above the deep narrow, tortuous stream of life, symbolically burrowing at my feet.

I must leave at 7 A. M., was up at four and at the earliest rays of daylight again walked with admiration the paths by the Veteran Arbor Vitae tree, having a circumference of eighteen feet and an age estimated at fifteen hundred years, and on to the ravine below. I could not awake the dream of the night before, but carried away a clear outline of Nature's wondrous work. I then went to the top and crept as near as I dared to the edge of the grove near the bridge. The sense of insecurity and fear added to distances, and I looked down and down as though my sight could never reach the bottom. I then went out of the grounds and on to the top of the bridge and at Pulpit Rock from where you can look straight down, and from whose heights one fair maiden fell and a shapeless form was born from the stream below, but a grasp of the solid rails round the stony platform gave a sense of security that enabled you to lean over and look straight down calmly and figure the distance mathematically. Instead of fear a feeling of triumph and exultation permeated you—man can conquer chasms—

Four dollars and a half for the ride to the hotel, with a very abbreviated supper, lodging and breakfast was not bad, although the bed room was double barrelled and both barrels loaded, and being waked near midnight for the second charge, I was tempted in settling to shoot off the old chestnut to the landlord to see what effect it would produce. I asked first if he had heard it—he replied, no.

I then said that I had heard the reason assigned why Washington, with his strong arm, was able to throw a silver dollar over the Natural Bridge, was "because a dollar went further in those ancient days." The landlord did not even smile—but I did internally. The next day on to Roanoke, proud city of recent growth. I know not whether to call it in the valley or not. Evidently the Blue Ridge and Alleghany ranges have met and kissed each other. From this midland Virginia where the mountains of the two ranges intermingle, spring the head waters of most of the rivers in that State, the Shenandoah flowing northward, the James, eastward, the Roanoke, southeast to Pamlico Sound, the Kanawha, westward to the Ohio, while waters of the Tennessee take their course southwest and divide both that state and Kentucky.

In this city, the youngest in the state, but the third in population, is a colony of Maine State College, Worcester Technology and Bowdoin College boys and my sister, who has been a member of my household from 1871 till last spring. I found her the presiding goddess of the Bachelor's Club in a large brick house built by the Maine State College graduate and situated on the side of a mountain, one thousand feet above the sea level and overlooking the river and city of Roanoke, a city wonderful for its many attractive dwellings, its large churches, business blocks and Academy of Music and a most beautiful hotel—cosmopolitan it is also—for from my car window I saw the sign "*Him Lee, Laundry*" but "*Her Lee*" had no visible presence, but there was "*Snyburg*" with a sign "three balls" "Branch of New York Loan Office" and "*Catoque Brothers, Fine Groceries.*"

We started on time emphatically, for I saw the conductor, two brakemen and two others all with their watches in their hands, and they all together sang out "time," and we went.

Captured by the Confederates again—the conductor was R. S. Eckley, Co. A. Twelfth Virginia Infantry in Malone Division and I was flanked by J. N. Ramey, Co. G. Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, now of Surry County, in that state where he owns some one thousand acres of land and besides this plantation runs a large store. He has had ship

timber within the last few years cut from his farm by a Thomaston man, Mr. Vinal, well known to me. He came out of the service stripped of most of his property, but now has many acres and is a large, well built, typical Virginian.

I stop at Appomatox Station with strange feelings of expectancy. I looked involuntarily around for the cars and artillery we last saw there. There were some new buildings and an air of prosperity. I should judge it had doubled if not trebled its population since April 9th, 1865, but this statement must be accepted with the understanding that it was late at night when we saw it, and there were very few buildings.

Here my luck of falling into good hands continued, J. T. Lee of Co. H. Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, who was present at Dinwiddie Court House and Five Forks, and now a merchant, let me have his horse and carriage to ride to the Court House.

N. H. Gregory of Co. E. Eleventh Virginia Infantry, also of Pickett's Division, who was with him at the charge at Gettysburg and also in the Antietam fight drove me to the Court House. He was furloughed home just before Richmond surrendered on account of sickness, and thus unfortunately could not give me any account of Lee's March from Richmond and his position at Appotamox.

As we rode to the Court House and without the slightest idea of how near it we had approached, I recognized with startling clearness the identical ground whereon we came dismounted, front into line the midnight of April 8, 1865 and waited for daylight and Lee's army. We pause but a moment and then go on to the village. The Court House has gone, only a few bricks remaining from the destroying fire that laid in ashes the edifice whose name designates the locality where Lee's army laid down their arms and the cavalry of that army hitched their horses to the plow instead of mounting them longer for war.

The Court House is now rising in large and better proportions on an appropriate lot near the depot but the historic Court House will live in memory and be preserved in history.

A. - - OMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA. (Drawn on the spot by W. Webber, Hd. Qrs. 2nd Brig., 3rd Div., Gen. Army
1. General's house where Gen. Grant and Lee consummated the surrender. 2. Appomattox Court House. 3. Rebel Artillery. 4. Rebel Ammunition. 5. Group of Union
and Rebel soldiers trading. 6. Rebel camp back of town. 7. Front view of McLean's house. 8. View of Appomattox Court House. 9. Crossing of the Lynchburg and
Danville Railroads near Bullsville station. 10. Getting pieces of the apple tree under which Gen. Grant and Lee never met, but whose Grants said officers first met Lee.

The clerk of courts at the time of the surrender was George T. Piers. I found him still a resident of the village and its postmaster. R. P. Poore, a lawyer of the place, introduced himself to me—claiming descent from Gen. Poore of the First New Hampshire line in the war of 1776, which regiment won the cognomen, in joke, as the Dam-Poor-Cilley regiment from the names of the three of its officers, Dam, Poor and Cilley, but which won an enduring reputation in the field at Saratoga and Monmouth, and received the distinction of being specially designated by Washington to be retained in service at the close of the war and had the longest continuous service of any regiment of that arm in the continental army. He was a graduate of Lexington Military Academy and was an officer in the Appomattox troops of the Second Virginia Cavalry, and afterwards in the Tenth Virginia Cavalry. He passed safely through the war of the rebellion to be badly wounded through the body by the jailer of the county, in an altercation concerning a prisoner he was to defend and with whom he desired the right as counsel to personally interview.

After exhausting the points of interest in the village and ascertaining the position of trains and artillery and such organizations as remained in fighting form, I returned to the site of our fight April 9, '65. I left driver and team, alone walked the line our regiment held the early half of that memorable Sunday morning, went over the location where I did vidette duty that night in a manner that I never fully dared to tell till after our muster out; and on foot over the wide fields where we slowly and in good order, receiving and inflicting loss, withdrew the cavalry curtain from the front of the solid ranks of the twenty-fourth corps and the black countenances of Birney's division of the twenty-fifth corps.

I thought of McIntyre, my district school recruit, who signed the enlisting roll during the moments of the forenoon recess and in a day or two reported for duty at Augusta. I saw again his swollen face as it appeared in the streets of Middletown, Va., May 24, 1862, and heard his words, "this is our first fight, Captain. I came here to fight and I wish to remain with my

company;" and again when painfully wounded he said "the next time I prefer being hit square and fatally instead of being tortured by painful recovery."

Here in front of the wood before me his young life entered into its rest, on that memorable Sunday when all the bells throughout the wide North rang out the glad tidings, war is no more.

I wish most earnestly some monument might stand in this field to his memory and to the memory of the valiant seven whose death consecrate that field, and to the First of Maine which stands first in the number of its battles and in the cavalry column leads in the number of officers and men killed in action.

The position of the troops at Appomattox has never been accurately shown, nor has the spectacular view, from the circling amphitheatre of hills clustering on the west, south and east of the historical village and crowned in glory with the union blue, ever been pictured or described.

I turn to some minor views of closing scenes of the war and to a partial account of the position of the union army on that day, and must leave the rest to your own imagination and your own recollections.

The first exhibit, from the confederate side, has a little touch of boasting that is not accurate, but which is very pardonable to the under dog. The extracts following it leave many gaps but I hope this imperfect presentation may arouse other comrades to fill out the breaks and form the lines correctly and with justice to that great occasion.

General Fitz Lee says that on the evening of the 8th his cavalry, which had formed the rear guard, was moved to the front; that the corps commanders were called to Headquarters, where General Lee explained the situation fully, and submitted the correspondence he had had with General Grant to them. It was decided that Fitz Lee, supported by Gordon, should attack Sheridan's cavalry at daylight, and in case nothing but cavalry was found, they were to open a way for the remaining troops; but in case the cavalry was supported by heavy bodies of infantry, the Commanding General must be at once notified.

At daybreak on the 9th Gordon's command was formed in line of battle half a mile west of the Court House on the Lynchburg road. The cavalry was posted on his right, W. H. F. Lee's division next to the infantry, Rosser's in the center, Munford's on the right, making, General Fitz Lee says, a mounted force of about 2,400 men.

"Our attack," he continues, "was made about sunrise, and the enemy's cavalry quickly driven out of the way, with a loss of two guns and a number of prisoners. The arrival at this time of two corps of their infantry necessitated the retiring of our lines."

Gen. Fitz Lee is in error about the hour, as it was actually near nine o'clock instead of being daybreak, and in error in the number of guns captured. There was no gun actually captured. The gun left in the ravine by breaking of its axle was indeed left by us in that position, but no confederate came near enough to touch it. It was captured by the eye only.

General Crook says: "At about 9 A. M. the enemy made a strong attack on my front and flanks with a large force of infantry, while their cavalry attacked my rear. Mackenzie and Smith were forced to retire by overwhelming numbers until relieved by the infantry, when we reorganized and were getting ready to go the front when an order for the cessation of hostilities reached me."

McKenzie was not in our sight. In our fight our brigade were apparently alone till we reached the woods, when the Twenty-fourth Corps and the colored division of the Twenty-fifth Corps debouched. I have supposed McKenzie was in the woods at the left of Lynchburg road. His fight may have been with the cavalry that passed by our left flank for an hour or more after sunrise, as described in the history. All the accounts I have read place no confederate forces in the wide open field to the left of the Lynchburg road except the force in our regimental front, but only on the right of that road where they faced partly to the south.

General Merritt says the enemy advanced against Crook in heavy force. The cavalry was forced back. Custer was brought up and the cavalry retired slowly but of necessity. Soon the Twenty-fourth Corps took up Crook's line on the left of Devin, and the Fifth Corps deployed in rear of him. As soon as the columns of the enemy discovered we had infantry in position they retired precipitately toward the valley. The cavalry was thrown out rapidly to the right, taking possession of the high ground on the enemy's left and opened artillery.

General Ord states that he was barely in time on the morning of the 9th, "for in spite of General Sheridan's attempts the cavalry was falling back in confusion before Lee's infantry, "but," he says, "we soon deployed and went in, Gibbon on the left, at double quick, with Foster's and Turner's divisions, in beautiful style, and the colored troops also at double quick, under their respective commanders, with the Fifth Corps under Griffin, when a white flag met him at the Fifth Corps front with a request for a cessation of arms until General Lee could meet General Grant and confer on the terms." General Ord continues: "As I knew that a surrender had been called for and terms asked for and made known, I knew this second request meant acceptance and the bugles were sounded to halt."

General Sheridan says: "A white flag was presented to General Custer, who had the advance, and who sent the information to me at once that the enemy desired to surrender. Riding over to the left of Appomattox Court House, I met Major-General Gordon, of the rebel service, and Major-General Wilcox. General Gordon requested a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations for a surrender then being held between Lieutenant-General Grant and General Lee. I notified him that I desired to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood, but as there was nothing definitely settled in the correspondence, and as an attack had been made on my lines with a view to escape, under the impression that our force was only cavalry, I must have some assurance of an intended surrender. This General Gordon gave by saying that there was

no doubt of the surrender of General Lee's army. I then separated from him, with an agreement to meet those officers again in half an hour at Appomattox Court House, At the specified time, in company with General Ord, who commanded the infantry, I again met this officer, and also Lieutenant-General Longstreet, and received from them the same assurance, and hostilities ceased until the arrival of Lieutenant-General Grant."

General Grant arrived at Appomattox Court House about one o'clock, when the meeting between himself and General Lee took place. After a brief conference the two letters of General Grant and General Lee, respectively presenting and accepting the terms of surrender, having been written in each other's presence, were exchanged.

At about four o'clock the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was announced to the Army of the Potomac.—*Humphrey's Campaign of '64 and '65.* pages 396-399.

"As the chimes of the early church-bells at home pealed their sweet matins, which clashed harmoniously in mid-air like cymbals, these fields trembled under the sounding peals of war's clangor, which met discordantly and were hurled in gruff rumblings far over the hills. For a little while Crook stood his ground; but when General Sheridan came up and looked about him, he sent back word to Generals Ord and Griffin to hurry on, and ordered Crook to fall back slowly and not sacrifice his men by trying to check the heavy force attacking them. The enemy's line was now moving down the road but was formed almost parallel to it, and on the left as they looked towards the depot. To confront them, then, our infantry which had marched up the road, faced to the right and moved into the woods, in whose front Crook's command was fighting. Merritt was ordered, now, to get his divisions mounted and move round the right of our Infantry line, and Crook, as he retired, was instructed to give way in the same direction, in order to leave a fair field in front. Gibbon with the Twenty-fourth Corps, Griffin with the Fifth, and Birney's division of colored troops belonging to General Ord's command, were now ensconced among the trees silently waiting for orders to advance. Apparently we were deserting the field; our cavalry had almost ceased to resist the enemy's advance, and from sharp and close fighting (so close that one of Crook's batteries lost a gun,) they had gradually relapsed into a passive condition, as if they accepted the situation and would now permit General Lee to pass on unmolested.

Seeing our troopers march off by the flank, apparently giving up the fight for the road and opening a way of retreat, Lee's men yelled and quickened their pace and doubled their fire; they would get away after all, they thought, for Sheridan's cavalry couldn't hope to stop them and evidently we had no other troops at hand. But the sound of their peculiar cheer had hardly entered the woods before the long lines of our infantry emerged and burst upon their astonished sight.

Then our troops advanced quietly and grimly, saving their cheers for the end of the rebellion, which everybody felt must soon be reached. The undulating lines of the infantry, now rising the crest of a knoll, now dipping into a valley or ravine, pressed on grandly across the open; for here at last we were out of the woods in the beautiful clear fields stretching away to the horizon, and here, if the rebellion should crumble, all who fought against it might see its fall. The cavalry on the right trotted out in advance of the infantry line, and made ready to take the enemy in flank if he should stand to fight, or dash at his trains, which were now in full view beyond Appomattox Court House.

"Now came the rider bound on bound, bearing a white flag of truce and the whole line is halted on the crest over-looking Appomattox Court House and the Valley beyond in which lies broken the Army of Northern Virginia.—*With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign, page 209-212.*

A reference to the map will show these beautiful clear fields; their rise and fall is well set forth in history, page 437. The left of the Twenty-fourth Corps advanced over the identical grounds, where we had fallen back and halted at about 10 A. M., where the lines our brigade held during the hours of midnight till 9 A. M.

The map should show the right of our regiment resting on the Lynchburg road. It is a singular coincident that as our regiment formed front into line in the last fight of the war, Co. A. held the right and Co. B. the left, just as these two companies held it at Augusta in our first formation and during the winter of 1861 and '62. The course of our falling back is indicated on the map; at "A" where we crossed the ravine was the cannon of our brigade with a broken axle so that it could not be moved, near this spot McIntyre of Company B was hit, but continued on his feet till near the edge of the woods, when he fainted and in a short time expired. We continued our backward movement till near B. Martin's house, where we overtook our led horses and waited confirmation of the stories of the white flags and surrender. General Ord's forces advanced over the identical ground we had left, to our midnight position on the top of the hill; which I have always called Clover Hill, and from thence extended their lines in nearly a due south course to Plain Run, where Chamberlain's division of the Fifth Corps joined; the Fifth Corps lines extend easterly towards the home of A. Le Grange and beyond, the mass being in the triangle between W. Inge and Le Grand, while their artillery was back on the Prince Edward road. Partly in front of the Fifth Corps and towards the right extend the cavalry divisions of Custer and Devin. In front of the Twenty-fourth Corps was Gordon and Longstreet with their men, while the teams and large mass of the Confederate forces were down on the Farmville road, both on the village side of the north branch of the Appomattox and the

1862

farther side of that stream, while beyond and on the opposite side of Rocky Run, a tributary of the north branch from the North, lay Humphrey with the Second Corps and the Sixth Corps also, I think. The famous apple tree was about half way from the Court House to the North Branch and on the north-west side of Farmville road. The McLean house is the western house of the three shown on the south side of the Lynchburg road leading from the Court House which stands in the square in the village. The Eleventh Maine bore a remarkable record in the advance of Foster Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps losing six killed or mortally wounded and thirty-one wounded, nearly equalling the number of our dead on that field and exceeding that of any other regiment. This loss was incurred on nearly the same ground we occupied and we anticipate receiving from Comrade Monroe Daggett a full account of their position and work that day.

The map is a reproduction of the United States map made soon after the surrender and shows accurately all the roads, streams and even the depression of the ground and the high lands on the south from which so large a proportion of our army overlooked the historic village. In our history, page 687, the loss of our regiment is given as two killed, eighteen wounded of whom four died, it should be a loss of seven killed and mortally wounded, as I found from records of the Pension office that Corporal Edward S. Baker, who is reported as wounded and discharged by general order, number 77, died in hospital from his wound.

My ride from Appomattox Station to Petersburg was uneventful. My time would not admit of stopping at Farmville, I viewed with regrets the village from the depot and soon passed over High Bridge with natural as well as symbolic exultation as I saw the line of our advance and fighting on the way to Farmville. I mused on Appomattox memories and arrived in Petersburg quite late and continued its memories in dreams. Had no time to revisit the locations so long and so well known to us along the front of that city and to the south towards Reams' Station and Bellefield and westward to Din-

widdie and the rapid successions of battles to Appomattox. Those fields must await a more leisurely trip like that proposed by Comrade Perley Lowe, when duly mounted and armed with maps and camera we can see and retain and present to your view also, the nine days' gallop of April 1865, when fighting was the only sleep we enjoyed.

From Petersburg to Fredericksburg my companion was H. H. Morgan of the First Vermont Heavy Artillery, Sixth Corps, who was a participant of Sailors' Creek.

At Fredericksburg I had several hours at my disposal and under the guidance of Addison Coleman, a black Baptist preacher of that city, I rode along Marye's Heights and with special interest viewed the grounds over which the Sixth Maine Infantry charged. My acquaintance with Harris, who then commanded that regiment, his relationship to Lieutenant Harris and the two Hanscoms of our own regiment, and my remembrance of seeing the sixth Maine again under Harris' leadership charge at Rappahannock Station, caused me to linger and study that event of pre-eminent valor.

Then we rode on to Salem church and were impressed with the wonderful and successful part of the Chancellorsville fight accomplished by Sedgwick and his men. I hope in some future Call to present an account of the Sixth Maine, so that their work and mode of charging may be more fully known to us who rejoice in their good record. While at Salem church, which bears on its walls many marks of bullets and shells, my colored preacher, who holds that position as an adjunct to his occupation as hostler, told me that a day or two before he had driven a Pennsylvania man to that locality, who halted sadly under a large oak near the church, and with tears told how in the rear of that tree his three sons fell mortally wounded.

Thence to Washington and a few days work in the Pension Office and the Departments, a day or two in Brooklyn and the steamer lands me in Providence and I am out to Pawtucket where I sounded reveille in Tobie's office.

"We can't get them up,
We can't get them up,
We can't get them up
In the morning."

but finally he appeared and a lot of work was planned for the Bugle. While waiting for the cars at the depot, I made the acquaintance of the chief of Police, Oliver H. Perry, who has held that position ever since the city was organized. He is a lineal descendant of the Lake Erie Perry and is as good a fellow as the old Commodore was. He served in three different Rhode Island organizations in the war of '61, was at Fredericksburg, an account of which was doubly interesting from my recent visit to that field. I close with the suggestion if you desire to add ten years to your actual life, revisit the old campaign grounds of '61 and '65.



THE ASSEMBLY.

"Saddle up, pack up, and be ready to move out immediately."

We greet you all with a happy New Year. We feel assured that if you have complied with the Treasurer's request in the last call and have closed the year with your BUGLE indebtedness fully paid and with the suggested Christmas gifts to members of your families, your Christmas was indeed a happy one.

This issue with its annual roll call brings to you the names and countenances of men with whom you marched knee to knee and bivouacked together in many a field nearly thirty years ago. We were comrades in every sense of the word and have drank from the same canteen of individual experience and mutual aid in line of battle. To-day we drink again from that same fountain of memory and inspiration canteened in our regimental quarterly. The question and desire arise, shall we drink alone or shall all

stand together and pour out a libation to the gods of memory and good fellowship? Let what wells up in your heart and memory, refresh and quench that thirst for companionship and loyalty, which marks and characterizes our regimental association in a most enduring manner. We commence in this issue Campaign "three." Campaign "one" was the printed proceedings of our first eleven reunions, Campaign "two," our next ten reunion proceedings reinforced by double and treble amount of story, song and history, which gave pre-eminence to our first campaign; and now Campaign "three" comes before us with wider interests and better prospects.

The Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States has formed itself in column under our leadership and the BUGLE notes are heard from East to West and from North

to South, over our land. We are mounted on horses well trained and in saddles that hold us comfortably and firmly. Let us ride proudly as the typical knights of old, "without fear and without reproach" remembering kindly and with fraternal greetings those of our number who are dismounted or sick and disabled, and thus need our help and encouragement; and the close of 1893 shall add to the good record of our valor and fidelity.

The last of the series of interesting sketches by Major Henry C. Hall under the title, "After Appomattox," appears in this Call, but the comrades will be pleased to read other sketches from the same pen—say sketches of scenes and events at or before Appomattox.

Sergeant John M. Perkins of Co. I, editor of the *Grand Army Record*, Boston, Mass, visited Tower Post No. 17, G. A. R., Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 19th, on the occasion of the official visit to the Post, of the Department officers, known in that little state as

"Grand Rounds," and made a very interesting address upon the matters of associate membership in the Grand Army of the Republic and of keeping up the interest of the comrades in the meetings of their Posts.

President W. DeW. Hyde of Bowdoin College under date of Nov. 23, 1892, writes

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, ME.,
Nov. 23, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I thank you for the advance sheets of "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador." As Sallust says: "In primis arduum videtur res gestas scribere; quod facta dictis sunt exaequanda." In this case the diction is equal to the deed, the clear and vivacious style of the writer is fully up to the level of the brilliant achievements he narrates.

The intrinsic interest of the story, and its connection with the State and the College, ought to secure for it a wide reading. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM DEW. HYDE.

In April issue we hope to commence an interesting account by the writer of the "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador" of a twenty-five hundred miles ride on a bicycle through Holland, up the Rhine, over the mountains of Switzerland and down through Germany, which will interest our sons as well as the older members of the association.

Those who intend making a trip to California will find no pleasanter route or better service than by the new fast passenger train from Chicago, just put on by the Santa Fe route. This train is made up of dining cars for all meals to Kansas City. Pullman Palace sleeping cars between Chicago and Los Angeles or San Diego, and a free reclining chair car between Chicago and Los Angeles. This new train is put on at the request of and to accommodate the road's large and growing Southern California traffic, and will make the trip across the continent, not only a pleasure but a real luxury, the mere thought of which is enough to make one who loves to travel downright envious.

The Roll Call.

We present you with the roll call again, comrades, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most complete roll call of its kind ever presented to the survivors of a regiment, or the friends of deceased comrades. Now we want you, as you look it over and memory calls up the faces and the scenes suggested

by the names, if you see anything that is not right or incomplete, to sit down at once before it passes out of your memory and to write to us what the correction or the addition should be, so that the roll call may be even more complete. You may know of the residence of some comrade or of some comrade's death, which should appear in the roll call, but which does not appear, and which very likely will not appear, unless you attend to it. This, comrades, is addressed to every one of you individually.

Captain John H. Harmony.

We learn with sadness that Capt. Harmony of the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry who was Inspector of our Brigade on General Smith Staff, has been removed by death the last year.

Sons of the First of Maine!

Recruits, in every sense that young blood and fresh hopes can typify, we ask you to enlist and serve with us in these Campaigns of Story, Biography, Travel and History. We need your names and support.

Subscriptions.

Hereafter the treasurer's account will be kept by "Campaigns" instead of by "Calls" and all comrades are urged to pay by the year and pay in advance.

The Land of Sunshine.

We are obliged to omit reference to this attractive locality. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for a copy.

Genealogical.

We have a large number of family records on hand but are obliged to omit them in this issue for want of room. In the April Call we shall have more pages to devote to genealogical facts and personal history.

Maps.

We give you in this Call a map of Appomatox and the location of the final scenes of the rebellion and the final consummation of all our battles from Bull Run, Gettysburg, Wilderness, the Siege of Petersburg and Richmond and the march from Atlanta to the Sea. Nature herself never created a more appropriate or wider amphitheatre than the hills around

Appomatox Court House afforded for the display of the troops in front and on the Southern flank of that village. The position of forces here gathered have never been located on any map and their right establishment is an historic endeavor that should be accurately accomplished. The Reunion of the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac held at Washington, Sept. 1893, appointed a large committee of one from each regiment to aid the war department in determining the position of the Cavalry organizations in the various engagements of the war. This was vital and most important for even Gen. Sheridan in his memoirs inadvertently put Crook and Mackenzie divisions as covering some by-roads instead of on the important Lynchburg road, where the Third Brigade held from one till nearly 10 o'clock the morning of April 9th, and when our regiment suffered a loss of men, killed and mortally wounded, greater than any other regiment present on that day. All the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac were present and their position on that historic field should be correctly shown.

BUGLE ECHOES.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
 Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;
 Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,
 Like an angel's mantle floating down from out the azure sky.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

SACO, Me., Oct. 26, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have been sick and have lost my right eye and the other one is very weak so I am not able to read or write but little but thank you for sending the BUGLE to me for my wife reads to me; I enjoy it much. I am back on my dues for the BUGLE but you shall have it all as soon as I can spare that amount. I send our family record.

Yours with much respect,

DANIEL J. MEEDS.

(Hist. p. 604.)

SKOWHEGAN, WISCONSIN, Nov. 8, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir:—I was left with two young boys and only my pension. I turned my musical education to practical use, but now my sorrow is that my younger boy at fifteen must have school. My sister consoles me by saying he will succeed with much less education than the average boy, but the assurance he has marked ability renders my grief the greater. However, he is so young, some door may be opened for him. I have much to be thankful for in the fact that my boys are both honorable and devoted to their mother. With thanks for your trouble,

Yours most respectfully,

FLORENCE M. CHADBOURNE.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn., Nov. 17, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Enclosed please find draft for \$5.00; place the same to my credit on BUGLE account. I am sorry I cannot attend your reunions, hope my business will be so that I can leave next year. I am much interested in the BUGLE and all the First Maine Cavalry boys should help keep it blowing. Was much interested in Maj. Hall's account of the Chit Wheel story, knowing Sergeant C. of Co. A very well. It is a true account of the affair.

I am, truly yours,

H. S. COLE,

Late Capt. Co. A, First Maine Cav.

HOULTON, Me., Nov. 28th, 1892.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps for which please send BUGLE October number. I want to hear all about Washington encampment. I was there at that reunion of First Maine Cavalry. I am very sorry indeed that I did not have the pleasure of meeting you. I am very fond of the BUGLE, nothing gives me more pleasure than to peruse it. I carry it into our corps to have its poetry read. Please send at once to

MRS. HARRIET MUNSON,

Care of L. Munson, Houlton, Me.

599 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD,
CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 19, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—Among the thousands of privates who first and last were under your command in the old First Maine you can be expected to remember but few of us personally, but none of us are likely to forget you. I was one of the D. C. boys; in a sharp little fight Aug. 22, 1864, at Reams Station I got a bullet through the "hind leg" which sent me to the cavalry corps hospital near City Point. This mishap saved me (perhaps) from being taken in with the boys and beeves when the Johnnies made that smart little cattle raid near Sycamore church. While at the hospital Sergeant Samuel L. Buzzell, of Co. H, First Maine (Hist. p. 579) was brought there with the wound from which the brave fellow died after a too long delayed amputation had been performed. I remember hearing him call in a perfectly clear voice to the attendant. "George, the artery has broken open," and when the blankets were thrown off the life blood spurted high over the cut, the nurse promptly placed a thumb on the broken artery and the surgeons were called but nothing could be done, and calmly the brave spirit passed away with a courage not born of the battle field.

After recovery from my wound and a fever I went to the Dismounted Camp, where I starved and shivered through the winter—I say starved for the rations received were not much more than half what we always got elsewhere, but by getting an order those who were fortunate enough to have money could buy all the bread and pork they wanted. I shall always believe that somebody stole our rations and made money selling them back to us. I cannot think of it to this day without indignation and would give something to know who was to blame.

I was sent to the First Maine a few weeks before the last campaign and was with you at Dinwiddie. I think we all agree that was a hot place. I was on the extreme left of our line when that dashing but useless cavalry charge was made up the bank of that creek and into the face of a regiment like ours armed with repeating rifles, in common with many others I suppose I looked through my gun sight at the dashing officer who led the charge. I admit having been scared a good many times but this time there was no more thought of danger than I have when I stand on a "run way" waiting for a deer and I felt about the same; it did not seem to me as if any of them were ever going to get away and I wondered when my carbine was empty why so few were lying on the ground, and after the exultation of the moment had passed and I crossed the field near where the dead officer lay, a pang of pity and regret for the bold soldier and his daring men, our countrymen, who had fallen passed over my mind. I pray God our country may never see fighting again, but if it must let it not be among ourselves.

The real business of the day came later, and with a pine tree in front of me I was doing my best sighting under the smoke for grey legs one of the boys near me was shot through the legs and before he was helped to the rear I shouted, "Give me all your cartridges," and he handed me fourteen rounds. I was very much interested while working them off, so much so that I actually forgot all about danger, but when the last shot was gone and the game we wanted was very near us I looked around to find some one to borrow from, but the only ones I saw whom I knew were Capt. Hall and yourself. I rushed up to my captain and shouted, "Where's the company"; he didn't seem to know exactly but I suppose as they got out of ammunition they felt they had no fur-

ther business there at that time. You and Capt. Hall seemed to see reasons why you should go back; I saw the same reasons, a good many of them, grey ones, and General, I kept *just as near you as I could* but though I used to think I was a pretty good runner, you got to the pile of rails that West Virginia Cavalry Regiment was making a breast-work of a few moments before I fell over completely pumped out. Somebody has said, "It's fun to hunt the tiger, but when the tiger hunts you—well, the fun is over." General I beg your pardon, I didn't intend when I sat down to spend part of the evening talking to you and the boys, to inflict my personal memories of the last campaign on you and if it were to anybody else but to my old comrades I would tear up what I have written, for old soldiers are liable to get to be "chestnuts" to the rising generation, I fear, but when I started out I intended only to tell you of a plan I have long cherished and hope sometime to be able to carry out and perhaps one or more of the old regiment would like to join. It is this—we would go to Petersburg, get saddle horses and ride over the ground of our last campaign down to Dinwiddie and along the old line of march as near as we could to Appomattox. Does this scheme strike any of the readers of the BUGLE as worth while? If so, I would like to hear from them and we will see if we can arrange the trip. I ride a good deal now and enjoy it very much. I have passed three winters in the South since the war and know that good saddle horses can be had anywhere there.

Yours very truly,
 PERLEY LOWE,
 Co. H.

[Hist. p. 687.]

NOTE.—These miniature pictures of battles are very fascinating to partici-

pants. They seem meagre and with no prospective of time or distance or accessory facts but they show what the individual soldier saw and how oblivious he is to all except his own work. The reason for haste to reach the rails was, we had hell the enemy at bay till Custer's men could organize in the rear, and our next stand must be at the breast works, until behind them we were between two fires. The ride over the grounds of our last campaign has been my dream as it has of many other comrades, and I hope comrade Lowe's plan may be executed.—
 J. P. C.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 21st, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I have just received the "First Maine Bugle" for October. I also received July number, but not April number, I suppose that it must have miscarried. I was one of the select fifty from the Ninth New York Cavalry, Capt. T. D. Brown commanding on the Kilpatrick raid. Well do I remember that on the morning of March 2nd after leaving Richmond, the Ninth New York detachment was rear guard and we were somewhat encumbered by bags of potatoes, turkeys, etc., gathered from storehouses and barns, where we had called, when we were suddenly attacked by Hampton Cavalry and a squadron of the grand old First Maine came to our assistance. I would like to hear from any comrade that has a vivid recollection of that great expedition for the liberation of our men imprisoned at Libby. As time closes in upon us, our interest in the war increases, while our memory is letting go, and we begin to lean on each other.

Very Truly Yours,
 WM. G. HILLS,
 301 North Second St.

ASHLAND, Mass., Dec. 4th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I have not received ny October BUGLE and think it perhaps has been sent to Somerville, my last address, I have moved to Ashland, Mass., to take charge of The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union Farm, situated here. I am short of funds at present writing but will send my dues next month—about the tenth. I think the Labrador papers are tip-top and the BUGLE is full of cverything interesting to me. It makes me laugh to read some of the stories told by the boys, and I think if we should all write our experiences while out South it would make a book more full of comic and odd as well as serious and daring experiences than was ever published. What a grand lot of men there were in the old regiment and what a lot of boys. A good many not twenty years old and how they are scattered now all over the world you might say, in all kinds of business and situations, public and private. Do you think you can find another regiment in the service like it? I do not believe you can. If I ever chose a record to leave behind me for my children, it would be as it is—He was a member of the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours respectfully,

NELSON S. FORSYTH.

(Hist. p. 560.)

WARSAW, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1892.

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, Etc.,

Dear Sir and Comrade.—Am in receipt of First Maine BUGLE, extra, Campaign II., July 1892, Call 9. I am not sure when it came, found it in my mail this morning. Looked it over, see several items that came under my own observation when serving with Generals Pleasanton and Sheridan and later with Grant at Army headquarters. Like the spirit and tone of out put and wish to

know if I can procure the back numbers from the first, the price so that the History and the three can be remitted for together. These histories and records must be written up soon for the actors are rapidly surrendering to the only enemy that could every time overpower the U. S. Volunteer.

Fraternally yours,

A. B. LAWRENCE.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, Ohio,
December 20th, 1892.

Dear Sir,—I enclose one dollar for the First Maine BUGLE for 1892. It seems to me you give it the wrong name as the trumpet is for cavalry, the bugle for infantry and artillery. The First Maine Cavalry and all the 1861 regiments did their full duty in the Army of the Potomac as I by actual seeing know, for I was four years in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry. I still carry a rebel ball in my left shoulder, crippled for life. I am,

Truly yours,

FRANCIS HAVILAND,

Capt. Fourth Pa. Cav.

401 BOLTON AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO,
Dec. 23d, 1892.

GENERAL CILLEY,

Dear Old Comrade.—Please find enclosed two dollars to pay for the BUGLE for '92 and '93, I would not be without the BUGLE for it is worth its weight in gold. To one who heard it blow from '61 to '65, the sound of the BUGLE stirs up vivid recollections, we hear again the roar of artillery and infantry. No one can fully describe it; one must have shared the charge to know anything about it. Wishing you and all the boys all the compliments of the season, I remain,

Yours in F. C. and L.

A. L. KNAUFF.

Captain A. D. C.

DAVIS, MACOMB Co., MICH.

Dec. 20th, 1892.

COMRADE J. P. CILLEY:

I received the First Maine BUGLE; it was sent to John Harmon, Bugler Twenty-Fourth New York Cavalry. Now I was in the Twenty-Fourth New York Cavalry and was bugler of Company L and my name is John Hannan. I was counted as a bugler but I carried a gun most of the time and threw the bugle away. I was wounded April 6, 1865, at Sailor's Creek. I have looked at the BUGLE and think it is very good.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN HANNAN.

ASSYRIA, MICH., Dec. 24, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I have come to the conclusion that most of the comrades of Company I, are ashamed of their war record, as I read the BUGLE and find very little they have to say. Company I, wake up. The BUGLE has blown reveille. It did not take very long to get into line if we heard the report of a gun or the whiz of a shell when we were at the front, and why should it now? It is my greatest joy to read the sayings of comrades. I would like to ask the comrades if they remember the charge we made on Farmville, how my horse ran away with me, and took me into the town among the Johnnies, and how close I stood behind that old brick building when they opened fire from the hill, and what a raid we made upon the old tobacco house. Well do I remember the first time I saw the First Maine Cavalry. It was at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia, August 9th, 1862. I was wounded and taken to the rear and passed the First Maine drawn up in line, ready to make a charge on the Johnnies or on a kettle of baked beans—I did not stop to ascertain which. I belonged to Company H, Tenth Maine Volunteers

at that time and after my time was out in May, 1863, I reinlisted in Company I, "First of Maine" and joined the Regiment at Warrenton, Va., and my first introduction was on Dahlgren raid to Richmond in the spring of 1864, and I was in all of the subsequent raids and fights of the regiment until our final muster out at Augusta. Being so far from my native state I have never attended any of the reunions of our old regiment, except that one, good fortune let me attend in Detroit at the encampment 1891, which never will be forgotten. Send the good old BUGLE and I send you two dollars to pay up and one for January. I will send before long for the History. Yours in F. C. and L.,

ARTEMUS COOMBS.

[Hist., p. 600.]

YARMOUTH, Mass., Dec. 17, 1892.

DEAR GENERAL:

Once more the BUGLE refreshes our memories with dear old names and incidents—some amusing, some glorious and some tender and pathetic, but all full of the sweetest, happiest memories. The letters from recipients of BUGLE belonging to other states and organizations in the union as well as confederate army are very interesting. It causes a feeling of sadness to know men who battled manfully for what they believed to be right should in old age be reduced by disease and misfortune. I am glad you are able to send them BUGLES and hope there will be enough voluntary contributions to enable you to supply them to many veterans, both blue and gray. I enclose you a trifle and if it more than pays my arrears please accept balance as a donation to BUGLE fund.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS B. PULSIFER.

The Doctor's balance for BUGLE fund was \$3.50. He had previously given for same object, \$4.

[Hist. p. 621]

CALAIS, ME., Dec. 18th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade.—I have received the BUGLE and was greatly pleased with the account you wrote of our trip to Washington. I would like to write for the BUGLE but my education makes me reticent. I often think of the winter we were in Augusta under "lath" drill and discipline. They fed us one time on sour bread and after marching to the tables and right dressing, the boys tried a new drill by playing haliover with their loaves; there were apparently more than five hundred in the air at one time and Capt. Smith in a dignified manner asked Lieut. Montgomery why he did not command them to stop; his answer was, "I have commanded them but they won't mind." I believe one loaf accidentally took the Colonel in the ear and Co. G. had to come into line and get a lecture. Result, we got better bread. We were a green crowd in military matters, but we knew good bread. I often think of our first camp on Capitol Hill, Washington, in the mud, where we drew our first mules. The teamster of Co. D. undertook to handle one but his mule stood up and brought his fore paw on his nose, but immediately got a little military instruction from the teamster that he never forgot. Most every thing seems like a dream, our first march into Virginia, the three days sleet and snow storm at Weaversville, without tents or anything to eat for man or horse and still other pleasant memories of our Fourth of July at Warrenton junction, also our jollification after the battle of Brandy Station. I shall never forget my experience on the Warrenton Pike after we had returned into Virginia from Gettysburg, my company was reduced to eleven men, not a commissioned officer present; Sergeants Libby and Brooks only commanded us. We did picket duty on the pike and they woke me up at

midnight and sent me to my post alone. I thought I could go right to it on the pike by the path through the oak grove but I got on the wrong path, ran against a fence, jumped over expecting to land on the pike but behold it was an open field. I saw a shanty, made for it and saw a man dodge around it. My heart was in my mouth, I was about as scared as he was, until I found he was a darkey. I asked if there were any Yanks around here, he answered me by directing with his hand to all points of the compass and I was no wiser than before. I hunted around till I found a track and followed it to the pike, but was so turned around I did not know which way to go, but at last went to the left and struck what I thought were Rebs. They were lying down with gray blankets over them, would rise and look at me, but I concluded if they said nothing I would be mum also. At last I heard a Sergeant ordering his relief to fall in and I knew him. I hailed him and told him I thought the vidette on my post had been captured, he said he was there last time he was out, so I went back with him and found my man growling about his extra two hours of picket duty. We are often called "Hospital Bummers" and all such names, we do not claim perfection but my conviction is, that most of the boys dreaded hospitals, for instance Jerome Ridley of my company lost his voice, he would not stay in hospital but kept coming back. He came one icy time, when we were encamped near the railroad at Camp Stoneman between Falmouth and Acquia Creek, cold and every thing frozen. In spite of the cold and inability to speak, he was glad to be with his company. Having a supply of ginger in my saddle bags, I acted as doctor, and gave him a big dose and put him in a shelter tent between his brother and another comrade with a fire at his feet. The fire inside and out made so much heat that

the two other sleepers were nearly roasted but what there was left of Jerome could talk the next morning. This is only one incident of desire of the boys to return to duty, and such returns generally caused pleasure enough to cure disease.

Yours in F. C. & L.

WILLIAM TRIMBLE.

[Hist. page 504.]

BETHEL, Me., Dec. 19, 1892.

COMRADE CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—I received the October Bugle, Saturday, am very glad to get them but sorry I am not able to pay for them. I have not been able to do a day's work for three years, have had twenty-one attacks of chills and fever in that time, am just getting up from a severe attack. I get six dollars per month pension and no other income, so you see I am in pretty hard sledding. If any comrade wants to pay for Bugle for me, I would be very thankful. If I am ever able will do the same for some poor comrade. I did not receive the April Call, No. 8, would like it very much as I have kept mine very choice and want them bound. If you can send Call 8, I will send them to be bound. I will now look over last Roll Call and correct a few names. If possible will try to be at reunion in Lewiston, have not had the privilege of attending since the one at Auburn, 1883.

Yours in F. C. & L.

F. C. NEEDHAM.

[Hist. p. 571.]

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, Augusta,

Dec. 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear General.—Herewith is enclosed amount due for BUGLE. It is in all respects a worthy work. With regards,

Yours sincerely,

EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade.—Excuse my neglect and give me credit for \$1.00 enclosed. I promised Tobie to write something about the First Rhode Island Cavalry, and will try to do it soon. I shall feel honored by the opportunity to tell a soldier's story to the brave men who read the BUGLE. I mail you "Duffie and the Monument to his Memory" by way of interest on money over due.

Yours Truly,

GEORGE N. BLISS.

BROOKSVILLE, Dec. 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir.—I am very thankful for your kindness in sending me the First Maine BUGLE. I think it is a very interesting book and I should like very much to take it, but owing to my financial condition just now I am not able to take it. I have received two of them and thank you very much. I want a History of the Regiment and I hope soon to be able to get one. I have not forgotten you and should like to see you very much. I remember how you looked when you were with the regiment, but like all the rest, of us, I suppose time has left its mark and I would not know you now. I was taken prisoner October 27, 1864, at Boydton Road, Va., in an engagement with Wade Hampton's mounted forces and was confined in Libby Prison four months.

Yours in F. C. & L.

A. P. FRIEND.

[Hist. p. 567.]

Lieut. Howard Asten of Co. F. 13th Ohio Cavalry, and Secretary of that Association, writes from Lanesville, O.: "I was all ready to go to Washington, but serious illness of wife prevented." Some twenty of the 13th O. V. C. got together in their reunion in Washington.

HERBERT, PIERCE Co., Wis.,
Dec. 31st, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have received a copy of the BUGLE and am well pleased with it. I shall take it with pleasure but I would like a little delay in paying till I receive some money due me.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH GRASILLE.

(Hist. p. 668.)

STETSON, ME., Dec. 25, 1892.

MY DEAR COL. CILLEY:

It is with much pleasure I have from time to time received the BUGLE. It does me good to get them and read the names of those old officers and men I have stood in line of battle with, in the three years and more of war. I have not been able to meet with you at any of your reunions on account of poor health. It does me lots of good to hear from you through the BUGLE, and please receive my sincere thanks for the same. I hope to be able to pay good for it another spring. My bills have been large for the last six years and all I have is my pension. I have one sister to care for and I am not able to do anything, but I will try to save enough to pay for the BUGLE sure.

Your ever true friend,
THOMAS H. FLINT.

(Hist. p. 661.)

CRESCENT CITY, DEL NORTE Co., CAL.,
December 24, 1892.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY:

I return thanks for the BUGLE. I am glad to know something concerning the old regiment. Remember me to the old comrades.

Yours very truly,
JAMES HAYES.

(Hist. p. 534.)

EDDINGTON, Dec., 29, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Enclosed please find three dollars for copy of History for my husband. I have worked hard for the money to get it for him for a birthday present. It will make pleasant many a weary hour that he is obliged to spend in an invalid chair, and perhaps take his mind from the son, the only one left and the hope of his declining years, who sleeps in a soldier's grave. I intended to have sent for the BUGLE also, but at this time I am unable to do so, but if you will send it to him I will forward money as soon as possible.

Yours with respect,
MRS. P. P. SPRATT.

(Hist. p. 607.)

1728 Q ST., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 5, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

* * * Will try to write my recollections of Appomattox, an account of it in full for the next number of the BUGLE.
* * * Will try to visit Appomattox in the meantime.

Yours truly,
C. H. SIMTH.

Orren M. Harrington, of Co. B, sends a drawing made by Lieut. Fuller of the Picket Reserve held by our regiment in February and March, 1865. We hope to reproduce the same as an illustration for our next issue. If any other comrades have drawings or pictures of our camping grounds or groups of comrades it is urged they make the fact known, so that the eye as well as the ear may find delight in the Echoes of the BUGLE. We do desire most earnestly to continue to present a page of comrades' pictures in each call. A part of such a page is now ready. Who will aid in completing it?

REVERE HOUSE,

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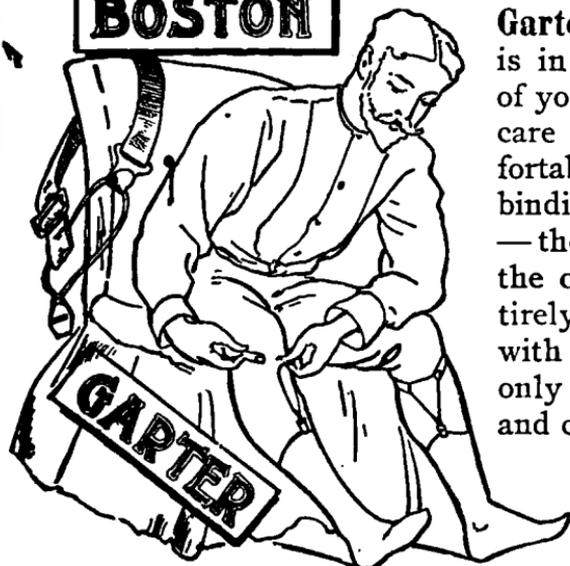
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CONTENTS OF CALL II.

	Page.
PRISON LIFE AND ESCAPE, - - - - -	3-11
CAPT. ANDREW M. BENSON.	
TWENTY-FIRST OF MAY—Song, - - - - -	11-13
CAPT. T. D. BLACK.	
A CAVALRY REMINISCENCE, - - - - -	13-18
LIEUT. HORATIO C. LIBBY.	
WHEN HE WAS A SOLDIER BOY.—Poem, - - - - -	19
MARY STEWART.	
THE COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, - - - - -	20-32
LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	
A TWENTY-EIGHT HUNDRED MILE BICYCLE RIDE, - - - - -	33-41
JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.	
INCIDENTS OF APPOMATTOX, - - - - -	41-45
GEN. CHARLES H. SMITH.	
A TRIBUTE TO PRESTON'S HISTORY, - - - - -	46-48
GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY.	
INCIDENTS OF CAVALRY SERVICE, - - - - -	48-50
C. W. WILES.	
KILLED BY THE COMMITTEE, - - - - -	50-51
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LAST SPEECH, - - - - -	51-54
CHARLES D. JONES.	
KNOX COUNTY BRANCH ASSOCIATION, - - - - -	54-59
Banquet, Speeches and Stories, Address by Gen. Cilley, Stories by Sergt. Melville B. Cook, Official Order of Gen. Meade, Poem by Miss Anna E. Coughlin.	
THE ASSEMBLY, - - - - -	60-66
Notes, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Androscoggin Association, Skowhegan Branch Association, The Massachusetts Branch, Teaching History with the Stars and Stripes, Comrades Filling Positions of Honor and Trust, Magnificent Scenery, Tribute to a Comrade, New Publi- cations, The Land of Sunshine.	
BUGLE ECHOES, - - - - -	67-85
William P. Coleman, William Trimble, Reuel W. Porter, E. M. Tuton, Elisha DeW. Harris, James B. Peakes, W. E. Bailey, C. A. Went- worth, James L. Bowen, John H. Kemper, Frank W. Hess, Mary A. Coffin, Cyrus Case, Llewellyn, Green, Charles F. Davis, Monroe Dag- gett, Henry G. Bartlett, W. Murray Weidman, M. O. White, L. A. Albee, D. W. Davis, C. A. Stevens, Charles Treichel, George F. Jew- ett, E. G. Ingalls, James H. Merritt, Alfred Pierce, I. Newton Ritner, F. S. Dickinson, A. P. Friend, C. E. Thurston, John C. Lineham, S. A. Fuller, George F. McDonald, Christiana Hutchinson, Batiste Le- Sault, W. A. Vinal, Alvin Hunter, J. K. Lowden, Alonzo Annis.	
GENEALOGICAL, - - - - -	86-93
Job C. Adams, Artemas Coombs, George E. Closson, John Henry Dolben, William H. Daniels, Howard M. Doyen, Charles F. Davis, William H. Farnum, Albert R. Fogg, George D. Frost, Samuel A. Fuller, Simon Garvin, Elijah Gay, Abner Grant, Alvin Hunter, Charles L. Marston, Benjamin F. McKusick, Daniel J. Meeds, Nathaniel L. Owen, Henry L. Patch, Edward E. Proctor, Albert A. Robinson, Gardiner A. Savage, Gardiner Stewart, William A. Vinal, Edmund W. Whitney.	
TAPS, - - - - -	94-97
Gen. John W. Freese, Capt. Warren Mansur, Edmund W. Whitney.	

Error—On p. 53 in fourteenth line, read Tuesday instead of Thrsday.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN III.

APRIL, 1893.

CALL 2.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JANUARY, APRIL, JULY AND OCTOBER, AND WILL CONTAIN
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE
CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGI-
MENT, 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 CONTAIN
THE YEARLY PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY
AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED
REGIMENTS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY. *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

**TRIBUNE CO.,
PRINTERS,
ROCKLAND, MAINE.**

Prison Life and Escape.

BY CAPT. ANDREW M. BENSON.

I was captain in the First District of Columbia Cavalry when we started June 28th, 1864, for the south side of Richmond, on what is known as Wilson's raid, our objects being to destroy government stores, the Petersburg and Welden railroad line, and the South Side railroad from Ream's station to the Richmond and Danville. Having so far accomplished our purpose, we followed the Richmond and Danville road to the Little Roanoke river, over which there was a bridge that I was detailed to burn, supported by Capt. Charles C. Chase, with another squadron. As we moved into the range of some small guns on the opposite side of the river, the confederates opened on us with canister shot, by one of which I was wounded in the side and disabled. We failed to destroy the bridge, and fell back. Gen. Wilson, being confronted by Wade Hampton's and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry and Mahone's division of infantry, thought a battle inadvisable, and retreated toward the Black Water, leaving all his wounded behind. Capt. Chase and I, who were both in the number, together with two or three hundred more, fell into the hands of the enemy. Being first taken to Petersburg and kept there two days, we were sent on to Libby prison, which we reached July 3d. There we remained three weeks. We were next forwarded to Macon, Ga., where those of us who were officers were put into a stockade. About fifteen hundred officers of the Union army were there before us.

In a short time a few of us get together and decided to tunnel out under the stockade. We commenced operations immediately. After a few days, when we were summoned in to roll call, the guard entered in our rear, between us and the barracks, and searched for the tunnel. They were not long finding and destroying it. One of our own officers, whose name I have

forgotten, was said to have given the information that ruined our first attempt to escape.

About the middle of August we were taken to Savannah and confined in the Marine Hospital yard. Again we resolved to tunnel our way out. We succeeded in carrying the work through the hospital vault, and as far as we considered wise at that time, the moon being then at its full, when we decided to wait for a dark night before attempting to escape. Meanwhile, cattle were grazing over the lot through which we were to make our egress, and the tunnel coming too near the surface, a cow fell in and precipitated not only her own discomfiture but the discovery of our plans. We knew nothing about this, however, until the arrival of a dark night and our time for action. Capt. McElroy of the gunboat Teazer, Capt. A. Grant of the Nineteenth Wisconsin, and myself started to reconoitre and determine which way we would best move after getting out of the tunnel. McElroy led. Arriving at the end of the tunnel, we saw something was wrong. McElroy attempted to clamber out of the hole, when some one called the corporal of the guard, at the same time thrusting a bayonet into the earth which barely grazed the captain's neck. We hastened back into camp, only to be confronted by Col. Wayne, commandant of the post, with the officer of the day and a guard. Our names were taken and we were sent to quarters. The tunnel was broken in from one end to the other, a distance of about two hundred feet. Undiscouraged, we looked for another place to bore our way out, and came upon an old disused well covered with earth. On this site we worked for two or three nights. I was standing near the edge of the shaft directing our men in the tunnel, when a rebel suddenly appeared. I tried to catch him, but he got away and notified the commandant. The game was up again. We took cover in the nearest tents we could find. In a few moments Col. Wayne visited us with a guard, guided by the spy, and ordered our tent to be taken down, saying: "I'll raze every tent to the ground but I'll stop these accursed Yankees from digging tunnels." I left my hiding place, approached the colonel, and told him I hoped he wouldn't take down the tent as

some officers inside were sick, and it would be cruel to expose them to the weather, which was rainy. Only those actually engaged in the tunneling should be made to suffer, I said. Again the colonel asked my name. I told him. At that moment Capt. Grant emerged from his place of concealment and said he was Capt. Benson's second in command and if any punishment was to be inflicted he proposed to take his share. We were then ordered to our quarters and placed under guard for the night. In the morning we were taken to the provost marshal's office in the city and then to the jail near our former camp, where we were placed in solitary confinement in dungeons. For sixteen days we remained there, our only companions being vermin, rats and cockroaches. Every day we received, about ten o'clock, a tin basin containing a sort of soup, which served for both food and drink. In all those days we didn't touch bread, meat or water.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth day the quartermaster of the post happened to pass my cell. I gave him a Freemason's sign, which he understood. He stopped and questioned me, and said Col. Wayne was Grand Commander of the Knights Templars of Georgia, and he thought if I applied as a Mason for my release from jail, I would be successful. The quartermaster kindly brought me pen, ink and paper, and conveyed to Col. Wayne the application that I then wrote. He also brought me food, a candle and matches, newspapers, etc. The next morning Col. Wayne came to me. As I had promised in my application for release not to attempt escape again during my stay in Savannah, he said he would allow me to return to the stockade. Coming out into the corridor, with hardly strength enough to stand, I inquired for Capt. Grant. "He's over yonder, I suppose," was the colonel's reply; "and he can rot for all I care." To this I answered: "You know very well, colonel, that Capt. Grant came to me when I was in trouble and said he would take his share of punishment with me. Now I don't care to go out and leave him here." After considerable talk the commandant made me responsible for Capt. Grant, and took us both back to the stockade. A few days later we were conveyed

to Charleston, and there placed under the fire of our guns from Morris Island. Two hundred three hundred-pound shells were thrown into the city every day. In retaliation for our treatment our people took sixteen hundred confederate prisoners and confined them in a stockade directly under the guns on Morris island. This counter move resulted in a compromise, whereby we were removed from Charleston to Columbia, S. C., and placed in a field on the north side of the Congaree river. This was about October 1st. We were closely guarded and dead lines were fixed beyond which a prisoner could venture only at the cost of his life if he were discovered.

Col. Horace H. Walpole of Syracuse, N. Y., Col. James H. Geer of the same city, Lieut. Correll of Brooksville, Vt., and myself decided to run the guard, and if we got through alive to escape toward the north, aiming for the Blue Ridge. On the night of November 1st we placed ourselves in position near the dead lines. Immediately after the relief had passed us we leaped to our feet and ran out across the lines. We were fired at but all escaped without injury. Our venture this time was attended with a happy conclusion. Having provided ourselves with a map showing the rivers and towns on our route, we started out toward Marion, N. C. For ten nights we marched, subsisting on the raw corn we found in the fields, and lying low under cover of logs and roots during the daytime. On the tenth night we heard a party singing on the road in front of us. We decided, if they should turn out to be colored people, to put ourselves in their hands, in order to obtain food. I stationed myself near the path, in the shadow of some deep woods, on one side of the road. The first person who came along was a young colored boy. I caught him, threw him to the ground, and held him there until the rest of the party had passed. He guided us to the house of a white woman, whose husband was in the Union army. She gave us about all she had in her pantry to eat. As she wished souvenirs to remember us by, Col. Geer presented her at parting with a silver pencil, Walpole and Correll with buttons from their coats, and I with my toothbrush, for which I paid eighteen dollars in Charleston.

Proceeding on our way, we arrived in Chester county, S. C., without further adventure of importance. In this county a Mr. Logan resided, who, we had been informed, was a friend of the colored people. Thinking he might assist us, we called on him one night about half past ten o'clock at the postoffice, where he was living. My companions remaining in the stable yard, I knocked at the door of the house. A negro answered the summons, and informed me Mr. Logan was in bed. I walked in, entered the man's chamber, introduced myself as Capt. Benson of the Union army, and told him that, having escaped from imprisonment in Columbia, I had heard he was a friend of the Yankees, and had come to him for food and directions. He replied that he wasn't a friend of the Yankees, that he wouldn't give me food or direct me, but he would take and turn me over to the authorities next morning. That plan he concluded in a very few moments, was not feasible. I bade him good night, and he didn't even have the courtesy to return my salutation. Leaving the postoffice I turned into the road, and found that Logan's colored man was following me. Going a little distance, I got behind a large tree and waited for the fellow to come up. As he approached I seized him, threw him down, and told him if he made any noise I would kill him. He didn't make any disturbance, but said to me: "I heard you tell Massa Logan you was a Yankee. I'se a friend of the Yankees. I'll give you something to eat. I'll go back to the house, and Massa Logan'll tell me to go out and stay out until I find you, and I'll tell him I can't find you." I let him go, and everything turned out as he expected. After he had come out of the house again I joined my friends and went over into a field, where the negro left us, went to his cabin, and brought us some chicken pies and other delicacies. We scooped the food out of the dishes with our hands, and that chicken pie tasted better than anything I ever ate at Parker's. After our repast the negro guided us up the road some ten miles, or as far as he could, and returned that night in season for his day's duties. He consigned us to the care of another colored man of his acquaintance. From this time on, for the most part, we were aided by he colored people, who were entirely loyal.

All through the South at this period the highways and byways were patrolled by the home guards, as they were called, whose duty was to capture escaped prisoners and runaway negroes and anybody else who was outdoors after nine o'clock at night without a pass from the authorities. We were constantly running into these guards, and had many very narrow escapes from them. Nevertheless, we eluded them all, having only a few adventures, and went on, crossing rivers and passing through towns in the night time. The weather was cold and rainy. But for the food given us by the negroes we should have been unable to travel so far. It was, indeed, a wonderful march. In order not to pass through Ashville, N. C., or the Cherokee country, which was peculiarly hazardous, we went two hundred and fifty miles out of our way and took in Cow Pens, the old historical ground, having Ashville and the Smoky mountains on the one hand and Cherokee country on the other. Finally we reached Marion, our objective point, and thence easily made our way to the Blue Ridge.

The first white friend we met was Isaac English, a scout who was recruiting for Kirk's First Tennessee cavalry. He told us of a society called the Loyal League, which was organized and in working order up in the mountains, and, being quite loyal himself, he advised us to join this society. We consented to be initiated. The following evening we were conducted up to the camp of the Loyal League, where we found about five hundred confederate deserters, with as many more refugees from North Carolina and Tennessee. Fires were burning and arms were stacked, and the camp looked decidedly warlike. We were initiated into the order of the Red and White String. The incidents of the initiation were quite thrilling. Kneeling upon the ground, we were surrounded by eight or ten men with muskets and bayonets fixed, and told by the master of ceremonies to place our right hands on the square and Bible and repeat the oath after him. At the words "and may your hearts be pierced by bayonets should you reveal any of the secrets of this order," the muskets of the guard were brought to the charge, and the steel points came very close to our breasts. As

I looked at these bayonets flashing so near in the weird light of the camp fires. I must say that I felt a bit anxious. It was all right, however. We were invested with the emblem of the order, a cord composed of red and white strings twisted, which was tied in the buttonhole of the shirt at the neck. After the ceremony we spent a pleasant night of story telling around the fires.

Mr. English took us down to Crab Orchard in East Tennessee. There we learned that Breckinridge had gone up the valley and attacked Gillam, driving him from Bull's Gap and gaining control of all passes through the mountains. We were, therefore, obliged to remain three or four days in Crab Orchard. At this time the whole of Carter county was loyal. Many persons residing there had been driven from their homes in surrounding counties, in all of which, it is fair to say, those who were left were rebels. When we entered Carter county a party was being gotten up to raid Johnson county, about forty miles away. As we couldn't go farther toward Knoxville, for the time being, we joined in this raid. Marching one night and part of the next day, we came to Johnsonville, which was a recruiting station and contained a large amount of quartermasters' supplies. Our scouts reported four or five hundred recruits there. Numbering only one hundred ourselves, and possessing only a little ammunition, we let Johnsonville alone, but, crossing Roan's mountain and following the course of Roan's creek, we captured horses and mules and cattle, until we could find nothing more worth taking. On our return, near Elk river, we were attacked by a small body of horsemen whom we repulsed without suffering loss. We succeeded in getting back into Carter county with nearly all our prizes.

Leaving Carter county in a few days, we continued our journey without encountering any adventures until we were only six miles from Knoxville. That city was occupied by our troops. Crossing the Holstein river and ascending a hill we saw our picket fires between us and Knoxville. Our march took us through a very broken country. As we would go down into a valley and up another hill we could see no trace of

our picket fires in front of us, but on looking around we saw our fires immediately behind us, and sure enough we were within our lines, having passed through our own lines without the guards or ourselves knowing it. Col. Walpole cried out, "Hello, there!" and men at the outpost sprang to their feet and answered: "Halt! Who goes there?" Col. Walpole replied: "Friends, without the countersign," and then came the command, "Halt, friends; advance one." The sergeant of the guard together with a soldier with bayonet fixed allowed the colonel to advance within a short distance, when the sergeant said: "Where are you going?" "To Knoxville," was the colonel's reply. "You are going into the enemy's country," said the sergeant, "Knoxville is the other way." To this Col. Walpole rejoined: "We have just come from the enemy's country, and are going to Knoxville, having come through your lines." The sergeant was much alarmed and begged us not to say anything about his delinquency to Gen. Carter, commandant at Knoxville. We said we wouldn't. He gave us three horses, which were all he had, and the four of us rode into Knoxville at one o'clock in the morning of December 26th. Having reported at headquarters, we were sent to the hospital, and after taking a bath and putting on fresh clothes, we slept in beds for the first time in about six months. We were sent on to Washington in due time and reported to Col. Baker of my regiment, who was chief detective of the secret service of the war department. He presented us to President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, to whom we related the story of our adventures. They were particularly interested in the Red and White String.

To me one of the most happy events connected with our capture and escape was a sequel that happened nineteen years afterward. In 1883, while in Washington, I met a comrade who had been in prison with me. He asked me if I had seen Capt. Grant, or as he was then Col. Grant, who had been in a dungeon with me in Savannah. I told him I hadn't, but had tried in vain for years to find my old companion in misfortune. "Why," said my friend, "he is living at 228 A street, southeast." The

result of this talk was that I called upon Capt. Grant and had a very affecting interview, when I learned for the first time that he had jumped from the train on the way from Charleston to Columbia, escaping over the same route with me and my companions, and arriving in Knoxville six days ahead of us. He like us had gone on to Washington, whence he went to his home in Wisconsin on leave of absence. Our interview, as I have said, was very affecting. I did not disclose my identity at first, and when I did he burst into tears of affection and joy. He has gone now to join the great majority.

Song—Twenty-First of May.

AIR—BONNY BLUE FLAG.

This song was composed by Captain T. D. Black, Co. F, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, now of Fremont, Nebraska, after the battle of Poplar Grove Church near Petersburg, Va. It is a short history of the regiment and went like wild-fire, officers and men sending copies home and having it published in their home paper, which were circulated among the boys. It was written at night in his tent. He would compose a verse, get up and write it down, then lie down again, compose another verse and write it down and in this way had the song finished before morning, which was ringing through the regiment the next day:

Come all you dashing cavalrymen
 As you go riding by,
 All mounted on your horses
 You appear to us so high,
 Look down upon the Twenty-first
 And pity them I pray,
 They were ordered to be dismounted
 On the twenty-first of May:

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Twenty-first so true
 They left their homes and firesides the rebels to subdue.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

We reorganized in February,
 The spring of sixty-four,
 A regiment of cavalry,
 Twelve hundred men or more.
 We encamped in Franklin county
 Until we were called away,
 And ordered to be dismounted
 On the twenty-first of May.—CHO.

We left the town of Chambersburg
 Our journey to pursue,
 A regiment of cavalry
 Of soldiers brave and true.
 We marched along to Washington;
 Our hearts were light and gay,
 But there we were dismounted
 On the twenty-first of May.—CHO.

They took our horses from us,
 Placed the musket in our hand,
 And then straightway they ordered us
 To report in Dixie's land.
 Our men like all true soldiers
 Had not a word to say,
 Although we were dismounted
 On the twenty-first of May.—CHO.

We reported to General Warren,
 It was on the first of June,
 And then assigned to his brave corps
 With a fight expected soon.
 And there we did our duty,
 The general did say,
 Although we were dismounted
 On the twenty-first of May.—CHO.

At the battle of Cold Harbor,
 It was on the first of June,
 It was there our gallant colonel
 Received a serious wound,
 But our brave men and officers
 They had not seen the worst,
 For some lay dead and wounded
 Of the gallant Twenty-first.—CHO.

We have a gallant leader yet,
 Who never knew a fear,
 He has fought to put rebellion down—
 I think it's his fourth year.

His name is Maj. O. B. Knowles,
A youth scarce twenty-two,
Commanding now the Twenty-first
Of soldiers brave and true.—CHO.

But now we have our horses,
And to muskets bid adieu;
We have always done our duty
To sustain our colors true.
I hope the war will soon be done,
And rebellion be no more,
Then we can all go home in peace
To Pennsylvania's shore.—CHO.

As I do not wish to weary you,
I now will close my song.
I thought when I commenced it
It would not be so long.
But now we've seen the elephant
And nothing more to say,
We don't rue now being dismounted
On the twenty-first of May.—CHO.

A Cavalry Reminiscence.

BY LIEUT. HORATIO C. LIBBY.

In the autumn of 1863, the glorious old Army of the Potomac was lying in camp in the vicinity of the historic Rappahannock, the gallant Second Corps about the village of Culpepper, and the "eyes of the army"—the cavalry—at the front on the Rapidan and Robertson rivers, watching the pickets of the enemy and making occasional raids into their lines. During the movement which had placed our army in the position as above stated, the writer was ordered by the colonel of his regiment to report to General D. McM. Gregg, commanding the Second Division, for duty, and was attached to his staff for a brief period. On the retreat which soon followed he rejoined the regiment at Culpepper. The last day of our arrival in the vicinity of the Rapidan had been accompanied by a down pour of rain. The night closed down upon us dark, damp and dismal. Headquarters were established in a grove of pines. We made

ourselves as comfortable as possible with no other shelter than the friendly trees around us. Securing our faithful horses, saddled and bridled, to the trees, and wrapping our blankets about us, we lay down to rest but not to sleep. About midnight an orderly came to where we lay and said the general wanted us. We found him sitting on a fallen tree with a piece of paper on his knee, diligently writing by the light of a candle. Several of the staff were about him. He soon finished his task, and passing it to us, requested us to read it, that we might know the import of the writing in case events should occur which would compel us to destroy it. It was an important request to General Warren, commanding the Second Corps, asking that an infantry support be sent to his aid. We were at the extreme front, several miles from them. The intervening country was roamed over by guerillas and there was a possibility of being captured by them. He further said, "Take as many men as you require." We took one and were quickly en route. We arrived before daylight, fortunately without any mishap, at General Warren's headquarters, located in the Court House yard at Culpepper. We soon found a sentinel who was informed of the immediate necessity of disturbing General Warren's slumbers. He went to a tent and called up one of the staff, who at once took us to the general's quarters. He "turned out" and soon had a candle burning, and then we gave him the message. After reading it he looked up and pleasantly said, "You boys are up there too far. Inform General Gregg that I will send the infantry support immediately." Having successfully carried out our instructions we started on our return ride, and safely reached headquarters, at daylight. The following days were sunny and calm. From the high hills on the opposite side of the river, the signals of the enemy were seen working rapidly. In a few days it was made evident by the movements of their troops that General Lee was making an effort to get around our right flank. Thereupon our army fell slowly back, the cavalry as usual protecting the rear and flanks.

At Amisville, near Sulphur Springs, on the Upper Rappahannock, our regiment with the battalion of another was sent

on reconnoissance to the right flank and rear towards Little Washington, at the base of the Blue Ridge mountains near Thornton's Gap. We marched in the early morning, on one of the brightest days of October, and arrived at our destination without meeting any opposition. On the distant hills guerillas were occasionally seen, watching our movements. During the day a detachment of twelve men, in command of an officer, was sent back to corps headquarters to report our position. They were "cut off," and after destroying their equipments and allowing their horses to go free, endeavored to escape through the woods to our lines, but were all eventually captured by Mosby's men, near Thoroughfare Gap. The officer escaped and entered our lines several days after. The others were not so successful in eluding the vigilance of their captors and were taken to Richmond, but fortunately for them, were soon after exchanged. The return march was not of particular interest, until we approached the vicinity of our bivouac of the previous night. The shades of night were falling as we marched along, and the enemy was near, but of that fact we were not aware. Orders had been given to find a suitable ground for the night, which must be accessible to water for the horses and for the men to "make coffee." We were expecting to bivouac at any moment. Suddenly a volley of fire arms at the front greeted our ears. We halted, and observing a house in the shelter of a grove, with a light burning dimly in a window, the writer dismounted and running to the door rapped quickly. A woman appeared and upon asking her what troops were in the vicinity she readily replied, "A. P. Hill's corps." This was startling. The answer was reported to the colonel, who thereupon went to the house, and received the same reply. Men and horses were weary. Our position was somewhat critical. Instant flight was our only chance to escape capture. "Fours right-about!" was quietly given—which placed my company at the front of the column, and taking the gallop we kept that pace until we arrived at Gaine's Cross Roads, several miles from our place of adventure. Here a young colored guide was secured. He rode at our side several hours. He was glad to do us such good service, but,

naturally, was very nervous and dared not speak above a whisper. An occasional shot in the distance on our right flank alarmed him. He was fearful of being captured. We assured him there was no danger of that—the rebels were too far away. He guided us as far as his knowledge of the country would permit, leading us through the woods, over one of the roads General Lee's force traveled during his memorable march to Pennsylvania and historic Gettysburg. He informed us where we would find a white man who would further direct our march, but he was not inclined to do so. He insisted that he was not familiar with the country. We compelled him to go with us to the colonel, who upon further questioning him allowed him to return to his home. Our colored guide left us and we have often wondered what became of him. However, the colonel secured a reluctant guide; in fact he at first refused, but the colonel offering to pay him well for his services he concluded to accept the position. Furthermore he informed him that at any indication of treachery he would be instantly shot. The colonel kept this guide with him and directed the movements of the column from the rear.

We had three guides during the night. The writer relates only what came under his own observation. We crossed the forks of the Upper Rappahannock, and thence proceeded onward over high and rocky hills, until we reached the turnpike leading to Warrenton. It was yet dark when we arrived at the outskirts of the town, where we halted. Very soon a clock in a not far distant town rang out the hour of three. We had not encountered any pickets—had not been challenged. It seemed very strange—it was suspicious. The colonel and a member of the staff had come to the front and were discussing probabilities. Was it better to charge through the town with the command, or send in a dismounted man and await the result? The colonel returned to the rear, not having come to any decision. In a moment a staff officer came in great haste from beyond the head of the column. Asking for the colonel he was directed to the rear. Quickly came the command, "Fours right-about," and we were again on the gallop until we reached Water Moun-

tain near by, and moved along its base as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit. Through fields and woods, over stone walls and fences, on we hastened. We soon learned that we were flanking the town by the left, the reason for which we knew later on. We will narrate the stirring incident that determined this sudden movement to the rear and flank. When the column halted it appeared that this officer had proceeded some distance beyond the front rank when he discovered a dim light from a bivouac fire, not far from the pike or road. Upon further examination he discovered some sleeping soldiers. Dismounting and giving one of them a gentle shake he asked him "What regiment?" "Twelfth," the drowsy soldier replied. The answer was not definite, and making another effort to arouse him he asked him "Twelfth what?" "Twelfth Virginia, you damn fool," the now exasperated soldier growled out. That was sufficiently clear and gave us the information we most desired in our uncertain position. The officer said "All right, all right," and hastily leaving the disturbed trooper to finish his dreams, reported his adventure. Hence our flanking movement. We reached our lines about seven o'clock A. M. at New Baltimore, having been in the saddle quite thirty hours, and marching more than a hundred miles. We had gained information which was of great importance to the commanding general of the army. At corps headquarters they had taken it for granted that the regiment had been captured and had omitted us from a requisition for "rations and forage." They were as delighted to see us as we were to escape. Men and horses were worn, weary and hungry. After resting several hours we proceeded to Fairfax Court House for our necessary supplies, but we were again required for other and pressing duty.

At Bull Run we were obliged to pass over the ground on which the Second Corps was encamped, the commanding general of which requested the colonel to proceed to Manassas and "develop the enemy." The colonel demurred, giving as a very good reason our weak condition. But the general thought lightly of it. The result was the head of the column was directed towards Manassas. After crossing Bull Run skirmish-

ers were thrown out, and we advanced slowly and with caution until we approached the vicinity of Manassas, where we observed a heavy troop of cavalry coming from the opposite direction. They deployed skirmishers, and moving towards us opened fire. We had developed the enemy in numbers too numerous for us to cope with, and therefore we fell slowly back, exchanging shots with the enemy's advance, who were not inclined to press us very hard. They moved with caution, seeming to fear a "trap." Desultory firing was kept up until we again reached Bull Run, where we prepared to fight "on foot." All dismounted except every fourth man, whose duty it was to look after the horses of the dismounted men and lead them to the rear. The dismounted men moved forward and awaited in line the final onset of the enemy. They soon came in a largely superior force, compelling us to retire in a hurried manner. In the meantime General Warren had been advised of the course of events and had prepared to receive them. We left them in the hands of the gallant Second Corps, who gave them a warm reception. They could not get through their strong lines; it was a bulwark they could not force, and so we left them.

We remounted our jaded horses, and directing our hungry force to Fairfax Court House, arriving there at ten P. M. and after drawing our supplies we laid our tired bodies down for a much needed rest. Thus ended one of the most exciting and eventful of our many rides.

"When He Was a Soldier Boy."

BY MARY STEWART.

My love he went for a soldier once,
And marched to the sound of the drum;
With his coat of blue and his carbine new
He longed for the foe to come.
There were those who wept when he marched away,
A long farewell to joy!
But his face was bright and his footstep light
When he was a soldier boy.

For who would stay at work in the fields
When Honor calls to her side?
My love he heard the bugle blow,
And he never would turn and hide!
But he followed the call through cold and wet
And suns that scorch and destroy,
And laughed at the pains of day and night
When he was a soldier boy.

The deadly rifle bullet's ring,
The crash of falling shell,
The long, dull whirr of the cannon ball,
He knew each of them well;
And whether behind the breastwork's screen,
Or out where the troops deploy,
He took true aim through smoke and flame,
For he was a soldier boy,

And all the years that he marched and fought
I was a girl at play;
I did not know I should love him at all,
And be his wife to-day.
And though he is truest and best of men —
What love is without alloy? —
I wish I had been his sweetheart then,
When he was a soldier boy!

The Country for Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.—SAN FRANCISCO AND HER CHINATOWN.

Lonesome and homesick, Ed and I went to bed in the little hotel at Colfax after the Essex had passed out of our sight forever on the evening of May 28th last. We had some rather amusing experiences at Colfax and this hotel, but managed to get some sleep and were awakened in time to take the two o'clock in the morning train for San Francisco, which, however, did not arrive until nearer five. We had a long ride to San Francisco, as the flood in the river had not subsided and we had to ride ninety miles further than the usual route. We reached San Francisco about four o'clock in the afternoon and lay down to take a little nap before going out in the evening. This little nap lasted until the next morning, and then we began to realize that we were becoming tired from so much sight-seeing. But we felt greatly refreshed the next morning.

This was Memorial Day—May 30th. We went down town early, found my old schoolmate, Joseph H. Litchfield, now a business man and prominent citizen of San Francisco, a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, and from him learned where Lincoln Post formed for the parade. To this Post belonged Comrade George E. Jumper, of Company G, the only one of the company now living, besides myself, who went out and came back with the regiment, and who was captured and taken to Libby Prison with me at Brandy Station. I wanted to see him. I had failed to find his name and address in the city directory, though I found it in the directory of the year before, and knew no better way to find him than to visit his Post. It was a very unpleasant sensation, this missing his name from the

directory of this year when it was in the year before. It might mean almost anything, from moving out of the city to death, and it gave me a very uncomfortable feeling. But hoping for the best, I found Lincoln Post, and commenced my search for Comrade Jumper. Even in his own Post I found it no easy matter to get track of him. Many did not know him, and many who did know him did not know what had become of him. In speaking to one comrade about him, I said, as one means of identification, "He was a tall, dark-whiskered man," to which he quickly replied, "Well, you want to look for a tall, gray-whiskered man, now." I saw the point and continued the search with different eyes. But I did not succeed in finding him. I did find where he works, though, and learned that he had moved to Oakland, which accounted for his not being in the line, for so few knowing anything about him, and for his name not being in the directory. So I had to give up seeing him that day.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE.

Charley and Ernest Wilson, the two sons of our host, had taken us in charge for the day, and they gave us a great day. But first, we naturally waited to see the Memorial Day procession, and were well repaid for so doing, as the parade was a grand one, indeed. It was headed by several companies of police, marching with a front which extended clear across the wide street, while three or four companies were armed with Winchester rifles, a sight novel to our eyes. Then we learned that the entire police force of the city is armed with Winchesters and drilled in their use, so they know how to use them when occasion requires. Following the police were the United States troops and the State troops, in all their glory, and though there was some good marching, and the cavalry made a good appearance, yet they did not look as they did when we rode with Sheridan—I don't believe I ever shall become well acquainted with the modern uniforms, especially of the cavalry. The veterans of the Mexican war made a good showing in the line, and did not look so much older than did very many of our

own comrades. But the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic made the finest appearance—the finest I ever saw, and I say this without hesitation. There was a very large number of them, and they marched well. Not only this, but every comrade of them all has a history, and has assisted in making some of the history of the country and of this glorious State. And when it is remembered that of all this vast array, very few if any of the comrades are natives of the State, but almost to a man served in the regiments from other States, one gets a new idea of the make-up of the American soldier and of California. The Sons of Veterans followed their fathers, with a lighter step, perhaps, but not with a surer, nor with a lighter heart. The display of flowers was simply immense. No State in the Union can furnish flowers in such profusion as this, and even here the display was something unusual. Not only were there wreaths and bouquets in abundance, but some very large and handsome set pieces. One of these which I particularly remember, was a floral imitation of the ship Yorktown—a very handsome piece of work; also a handsome, large floral monument, and many others. I was pleased to see in the line with the comrades, two colored comrades marching along with proud step, and no man felt any less pleasant because they were there. This attracted my attention all the more forcibly for the reason that on the last day of my ride in the Essex, my confederate friend kindly loaned me a copy of a New Orleans paper which he had just received, giving an account of the disbandment of the Department of Louisiana Grand Army of the Republic on account of the race question. Still I must say, if the resolutions passed by that Department are correct, as I have no cause to doubt, there was at least some excuse for that action. But I have never forgotten how good those colored troops looked as they relieved us on the field on the morning at Appomattox.

A GLANCE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

After the parade had passed, Charley and Ernest took us around San Francisco as much as they could in a single day. I liked San Francisco. So did Ed. To me it seemed to be

the finest city we had seen—better by far, than Chicago. There are not so many tall buildings as in Chicago—they do not erect them tall through fear of earthquakes,—but there are many very fine buildings, and a more solid, substantial appearance over all. A view of Chicago from one of the tall buildings, with here and there another tall building, suggests a man's mouth with only an occasional tooth. A view of San Francisco gives a more even, compact appearance. In Chicago, one must climb to the top of a building, by elevator or otherwise, to obtain a view of the city. In San Francisco one has only to jump into a cable car and in a few moments, it matters not much in which direction he rides, he has a fine view of the city, and can vary this view the further he rides. Chicago is too level; San Francisco is all hills. The cable car service is as good in one city as the other, so far as we could see, but in San Francisco a ride gives one never-ending, ever-varying, always interesting views of the city. Chicago is a great city—a very great city—larger than San Francisco, but I would be satisfied to live in San Francisco. The streets are wide and straight, and everything about the city looks clean and neat. As to the people of the two cities, we did not see enough of them to make a comparison, but I should say there is more "push and go" in Chicago. Chicago ought to have the World's Fair—there is no doubt of that—but give me San Francisco to visit or to live in. These are my impressions from a brief visit to both cities.

It would be tedious to attempt to tell all that we saw in this wonderful city on this wonderful day, so a brief glance will suffice. We visited the famous Sutro Heights—a magnificent park made and owned by a private citizen but thrown open to the public at all times; the Cliff House, from which we watched the countless seals on Seal Rock, looking in the distance, as one visitor remarked, "like so many maggots on a huge piece of meat"—not an elegant comparison, but very expressive and quite correct; the Golden Gate Park, where hours can be passed, with something new and interesting to see every moment. And wherever we went, all was new, all was worth seeing, all added to the high opinion we had at first formed of the city, and we

were inclined to pity those of our excursion party who had had no really good opportunity to see San Francisco.

COMRADE JUMPER.

On Tuesday Ed and I started out to find our old comrade, Sergeant Jumper, (Lieutenant Jumper is his proper title, but Sergeant comes more natural, as we knew him the better by that title). We found him, and I was at once reminded of the remark of the comrade the day before, "You must look for a tall, gray-whiskered man, now." Still, Comrade Jumper is not nearly so gray as are many of those who were dark-haired in '61. The years that have passed since we were mustered out have told upon him, of course, as they have upon all of us, but not so much as upon most of us. Was he glad to see me? Were you, comrades, ever glad to see the next relief on a dark stormy night when standing picket? Were you happy on that famous day at Appomattox, when you learned officially that Gen. Lee had surrendered? Was I glad to see him? You can all answer that question for yourselves, better than I can. My throat fills up and my eyes water, now, as I write and think of this meeting. I knew him almost immediately, as I was looking for him and expected he would be there, but he looked at me long before he recognized me, and then only until I laughed, for he had no idea that I had left the little State of Rhode Island. But didn't the old memories come up in the minds of each of us? We did not talk much—we could not,—but there was a deal of thinking for a few moments. I had the pleasure of seeing his oldest son, also—a fine looking young man, of whom any father might well be proud. This son has just begun to learn the business of paper-hanging and decorating—the business his father follows—while a younger son is still in school. Comrade Jumper is looking well, and though he feels the effects of four years of very active campaigning you will be glad to hear that he bids fair to live many years yet. I did not have time to visit him at his home, much as I wished to, but I did make a second call upon him, at his work. He hasn't forgotten the old days, not at all, and while

talking over the service and the years that have passed since then, with all their vicissitudes, I was pleased to hear him say that he had never seen the time when he "was sorry he enlisted." I had the pleasure of making him a present of one of our regimental badges, and I don't think he has anything which he is more proud of. He had never seen one before, and was as pleased with its make-up and its looks as he was to have it for his own. Then I was glad that I had thought to put it in my valise before leaving home. But I had to bid him good bye, all too soon. This visit, this meeting with my old comrade, was one of the brightest spots in the whole trip. I sincerely hope and trust that I may meet him again and again before the final muster-out.

VISITING OLD FRIENDS, ETC.

We visited the United States Mint, while here, and were very pleasantly surprised to find that we not only did not have to ask permission and go through much red tape, to get in, but that the officials in charge knew what we wished as soon as they saw us, and straightway made the most complete and pleasant arrangements for showing us all through the establishment and explaining everything we saw. Here we saw how gold money is made—from the rough gold, right from the mines, to the finished ten dollar coin. And it was a fascinating operation, be sure. But the kindness and cordiality with which we were treated added much to the enjoyment of the visit. Here the miner may take his gold ore to-day, and to-morrow go and get its full worth in gold coin. I did want one of those ten dollar pieces before it was milled or stamped, though. They were pretty.

I had the pleasure of meeting some friends from home, and from my old home in Maine. There was Joseph H. Litchfield, before mentioned—an old schoolmate in Lewiston. "Joe," as we always knew him, is at the head of a large tailoring establishment, with a specialty of military goods, and is one of the Railroad Commissioners of the State. He was as jolly as ever, and does not look much older, only that his hair is quite gray.

I spoke to him about this, and he replied, with one of his old-time looks, "Well, if you had been Railroad Commissioner of the State of California, as I have, you would be gray." Then we met friends from home who had lived in that State for only a short time, and some who were there on a visit, so we did not get lonesome, at all, or have very much of a far from home feeling. We had letters of introduction from persons we knew to persons we did not know, and spent some time—wasted some time, would be better—in trying to look them up. When we found one we were pleased with our reception, and pleased with their efforts to give us pleasure. But the greater number of them we did not find. In one instance we looked long and rode miles to find a family, just because a friend at home seemed so anxious to hear from them. We found their residence, but they were not at home. On our return I was somewhat amused, on telling my friend that I did not see any of the family but learned that they were all well, to have my friend reply, with a grieved tone, "I wish you had seen them—I would like to know how they feel toward us, now." This was the first I knew that I was going out there in the capacity of mediator. But the time was not entirely thrown away, as it was impossible to ride anywhere in San Francisco and not see enough of interest along the route to compensate for the time. Everything interested me in San Francisco, and the longer I remained there the stronger this feeling grew. I would have liked to remain there six months to look about, and I would like to live there. One thing surprised me there—the cheapness of everything in the line of food. At first-class restaurants the prices were so low as to cause surprise to all eastern people—much lower than even third-class restaurants in New England, and the food was of excellent quality and goodly quantity. But they "don't split a nickel in 'this country.'" As an instance of this may be mentioned the *Examiner*. The price of this paper, single copy, is a nickel, and yet they deliver it to subscribers in the city for fifteen cents per week. A call at the office of the Adjutant General of the Department of California, Grand Army of the Republic, gave me a pleasant hour, during which I had the

gratification of hearing good reports of Comrades John S. French, Evans S. Pillsbury, John F. Wharff, Horace Wilson, and others of our regiment, all residents of the Golden State. I also heard good reports of all the comrades from the good old State of Maine.

CHINATOWN.

Did we go to Chinatown? Oh, yes. Ask Ed. Everybody, gentlemen and ladies, who go to San Francisco, go to Chinatown, and the majority of them "go through Chinatown." This is one of the most interesting features of the city. Take Chinatown out of San Francisco, and much more than half of the interest in the city would be gone. Chinatown is the one place where a gentleman can accompany a lady shopping and not become weary of waiting for her, or impatient with the shopping propensities which are generally attributed to the ladies. There is so much to see and so much to interest him, that he forgets to notice the flight of time. For, verily, the Chinaman behind the counter in Chinatown, San Francisco, is an exceedingly interesting study. He is a smart, active, courteous, successful salesman—better in all ways than many salesmen in the eastern States. I am aware that this is a broad statement, but I believe it from my experience and the experience of others of the Essex party. Ed and I went down there several times on shopping expeditions, and every time came away with many purchases, and with increased admiration for the business abilities and courtesy of the heathen Chinese. Only in one store did we find anything but courteous greetings and a disposition to show us anything in the store, and in this instance we left as quickly as we could, with a feeling of gratitude that we got out at all. The Chinese mean business, and they attend to business in a manner from which many salesmen in this part of the country may well learn a lesson. For instance, in the first store which we entered, I made a dozen or more purchases, and more than half of them were articles which I could not see on the counters or shelves, and would not have seen at all if the polite and active celestial salesman had not "sized me up," seen the kind of goods for which I was looking,

and taken pains to show me many things not in sight. And we had this experience often, while others spoke of the same thing. If a party of ladies and gentlemen went into a store, and one of the ladies asked to see some embroidery, the clerk was not easy until he had shown her not merely one or two samples, but piles of goods, and as handsome goods in that line as can be found anywhere. And so with other lines of goods. They pay particular attention to the wants of the customers, and seem to understand by intuition, founded on long experience, what will attract the attention of purchasers so strongly as to reach their pocket books. Always with a smile that is "child-like and bland," maybe, but it gives one a feeling that he is welcome, at least. In one store, after we had made several purchases, the clerk showed me something which I did not care for, the price of which was seventy-five cents. In a spirit of fun, I offered him fifty cents for it. With a grieved expression, he replied, shaking his head very like an American, "Oh, no; can't do that; if I was going to do that way, I would put on a big price in the first place, alle same Mellican man." The joke was so good that the Chinaman and the American joined in a hearty laugh. We found them with a good understanding of the English language, and a good idea of humor, and found it almost impossible not to get laughing and joking with them in every store into which we went. In one store, after making some purchases, I said, "I suppose after we are gone, you will all have a good laugh at these fool Mellican man." "Oh, no;" he replied, "that would be mean to treat customers that way," but the smile which accompanied this remark was hardly assuring. Another time I said, "I have been buying pretty freely, you ought to make me a present, now." "I will," he replied, and he gravely handed me a business card of the firm, saying "Come again." For the gratification of my curiosity, I asked one heathen to give me a bill of some goods which I had purchased. He willingly assented, and withdrew to the desk. In a remarkably short space of time he reappeared, and gave me a bill, made out in both English and in Chinese. I asked him to read the Chinese for me, which he did, but I was unable to

tell whether he was reading from the Chinese characters or the English—he certainly read it the same. But the English was as well written as many New England clerks could write, and the spelling was correct. And yet he is a heathen. I have that bill now, hanging up in the office, as a pleasant reminder of Chinatown experience. At another time, after making several purchases, I asked the clerk to reckon up the amount by the aid of a little frame containing rows of round disks running on parallel wires, such as I had seen in several places. Quicker than thought he moved those little disks about, and in an instant, almost, gave me the total amount. It was done more quickly than I could even set the figures down, much less add them up. Surprised, I asked him to reckon it again. He, complied, as quickly as before. After much labor, compared with his ready reckoning, I found that he was correct. Then I asked him to show me how it was done. He complied, but did it so rapidly that I could not understand the mode of operation, even after he had shown me two or three times. And yet he is a heathen. These are but a few of the amusing experiences Ed and I had in the stores of Chinatown. We visited many of them, some of them several times. There are no stores in the country with finer goods in their lines than these in San Franciscan Chinatown. We made very many purchases—so many that we often asked ourselves what we wanted this or that for, and could give no really good reason, but bought it just the same. We did not leave a store without wishing we had purchased some particular thing which we did not think we really wanted, and very often this feeling was so strong that on the next visit we purchased this particular thing. So Ed and I have the pleasantest recollections of our visits to the stores in Chinatown, San Francisco.

ANOTHER VIEW OF CHINATOWN.

But there is another view to take of Chinatown, and we took that view also. Accompanied by Charley and Ernest Wilson, with a Chinese shopmate of theirs for a guide, we went through that famous and interesting locality one evening, and with Loyal Webster, a policeman to whom we had a letter of intro-

duction, we went through there another evening. So we saw considerable of Chinatown which is not to be seen by the light of the sun. We went into opium dens, and saw the celestials "hit the pipe" in the true Oriental fashion, by contributing ten cents with which to purchase the stupefying drug. This was not a pleasant sight to witness, nor were the surroundings agreeable but it was part of the experience, and we were there for experiences. We saw a celestial with the most villainous looking face I ever saw on a human being or even in any picture drawn from a depraved imagination, lying back on a wooden bench, asleep under the influence of opium, and with a look of thorough, entire, happiness on his repulsive features. We went into gambling dens, and saw them at their play, noisy and shouting, excited and well nigh wild as the game went on, but all too busy to pay any attention, or even notice the presence of the "Mellican man." Yet the coolest Chinamen there were the players themselves—the lookers-on were the ones who were excited. We went into boarding and tenement houses until we were ready to join in the cry, "The Chinese must go." We had formed a very good opinion of the Chinese of San Francisco, from our dealings with the shop-keepers, but we lost a portion of it while in their quarters and their resorts. You will remember, comrades, how we thanked our stars while in front of Petersburg, that we did not have to burrow in the ground as did our comrades of the infantry. That seemed to us to be a terrible thing. Yet, in Chinatown, San Francisco, we went into tenement or boarding houses where there were two, three, or even four stories, underground. But this doesn't half tell the story. Into these underground habitations, the Chinamen were packed almost as close as sardines in a box. Arranged around a sort of corridor in the centre, were little holes, scarcely so large as the cells in an ordinary police station or State prison, in which the Chinamen lived—lived, did I say? well, slept. In the centre of this small corridor was a pillar or post, around which were hung the cooking utensils of the boarders, or tenants. Could an unlimited supply of fresh air be pumped into those dwellings, it would be impossible, almost, for an American

citizen to live there, but no fresh air ever enters them except by some mistake. We were perfectly willing to leave those, even before taking a good look around. We went through an alley which has been given some horrid name which I have forgotten, but it was appropriate, for the reason that many and many a morning have dead Chinamen been found there, murdered by the "high-binders," and we emerged from the alley with a feeling of relief that can hardly be expressed in words. We went into the Chinese theatre, but fortunately there was no performance at that time, and we were mercifully spared that infliction, though perhaps a few moments of it might be something to remember as an experience. We went into two Joss houses—one of them being the new one, which is the finest in this country, and stood amazed at the elaborate, massive, wonderful decorations—barbaric to be sure, yet wonderful and compelling one to gaze upon them long and carefully. There was carved work in gilt, and hammered brass work beyond description, beyond imagination, almost. We gazed upon the Joss with mingled feelings but with no irreverence—the surroundings forbade that—and wondered at the creed of the Chinese, that could worship an image like that—an image that required fire burning in front of it all the time to keep off the evil spirits, and food and drink before it all the time so that when it got hungry it could partake of the spiritual portion of the food, leaving it in substance and form the same as before the Joss had feasted. It is the custom for visitors to the Joss houses to purchase a package of sandal punk as a sort of peace offering or to pay for the privilege of the visit. At the second one, having already offered propitiation at the other, we declined to do so, whereupon a big eyed famished-looking celestial gave us such a glance of horrified pity as would have made almost any one superstitious and forced him to return and make the purchase to ward off any such dire punishment as shone in the eyes of this horrified Chinaman. But we came to no harm. We went into the restaurant—a building of many floors, with each floor more elaborately decorated with carving in gilt and hammered work, and more richly furnished than the one next below it.

There was a regular advance in tone and splendor as one ascended the stairs, and we were told the prices arose with the stairs. We ate nothing there. We could not. Perhaps we made a mistake in that we did not drink a cup of tea but somehow we did not want it, although we knew that no people can make tea like the Chinese. Perhaps that was why we did not desire to try it. But enough of Chinatown. I am not inclined to discuss the Chinese question—not at all—I am merely trying to give you something of an idea of what we saw there.

GOOD BYE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Our stay in San Francisco was all too short, but we must away. On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 1st, we started for Riverside, having bade good bye to Mrs. Wilson and her two sons, with many good wishes and many thanks for kindnesses which we shall long remember. One gentleman whom I intended to see there I did not see, much to my regret. This was Anthony Hamilton, whom I had met before, and very much wished to meet again. But a misunderstanding on my part as to the time of a little gathering of friends with him among them, and a blunder on the part of some one else as to his place of business deprived me of that privilege. I was very sorry, but the fates were against me, that time. We bade good bye to San Francisco with a feeling that we would like to settle down and remain there. The ride to Riverside was a ride of more than five hundred miles, over the Southern Pacific Railroad, and though we had been over a large portion of the route before, we so timed our start as to this time ride over in the day time the portion which before we rode over in the night. So it was really a new ride, and an interesting one. Any ride in California is an interesting one. We had the privilege of passing through the famous "loop" in the day time, and viewing its wonders; of riding through hills and around hills with remarkable rapidity; of riding through a desert country for miles and then suddenly, without warning, riding into a beautiful country—a perfect garden—in short we enjoyed all the variety which a ride in this wonderful State affords.

(To be continued.)



WILLIS TOBIE.
Scholfield's Commercial College, 1891.
Office Pawtucket Mfg. Co

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Jr
Bowdoin College, 1891.
Harvard Law School, 1893.



EDWARD P. TOBIE, Jr.
Pawtucket High School, 1888.
Pawtucket Evening Times



FRANK S. DOUTY.
Southern Pacific Railroad,
San Francisco, Cal.



HERBERT A. FRENCH.
Kent's Hill Academy. Tufts College.
Editorial Staff, Boston News.



CLARENCE F. FRENCH.
Tufts College, 1889 Harvard Law School.
Alderman, Waltham, Mass., 1893.



SAMUEL A. FULLER, Jr.
Pinkerton Seminary.

A Twenty-eight Hundred Mile Bicycle Ride.

THROUGH HOLLAND, UP THE RHINE, OVER THE MOUNTAINS
OF SWITZERLAND AND DOWN THROUGH GERMANY.

BY JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

In just about a month, since a wearer of Princeton's "orange and black" greeted two Bowdoin boys, bronzed with a twelve days' voyage, at the dock of the Netherland American Steamship Company, at Rotterdam, Holland has been "done" and the same could have been said of Belgium, had not the first day's experience over the horrible roads of the latter country "done" one of the college cyclists instead; the Rhine has been critically viewed, the hills of the Black Forest scaled, and three side trips made to Triers then to Worms, and finally to Strassburg. As soon as the hearty, "How are you, old man?" had been exchanged all around, and the experience of two weeks' wheeling in England compared with the fortunes of the other two members of the party, who had been plowing the Atlantic for nearly the same length of time, severely testing the abilities of the cooks on board the steamer, as she slowly but very steadily plodded along, but finding nothing whatever connected with the passage worthy of the adjective monotonous; the wheels were gotten out, geared up, and losing hardly a moment of our precious time, the twenty-eight hundred mile-trip on wheels was begun at the steamer's side. The first objective point, however, as it was about five A. M., was a hotel and breakfast.

Before all the superfluous baggage could be disposed of, the absolute necessities reduced to the contents of a small grip on each wheel, and a valise sent ahead, and a hasty glimpse of the busy little city taken, the afternoon was nearly spent. About five P. M., however, the true start was made, Delfthaven and

the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers started, then Delft, with the scene of the tragic assassination of William the Silent, and then the Haag, being the route for the day. Baggage was strapped to the wheels and final adjustments made in the presence of an interested and fast increasing crowd, in front of the Victoria hotel, until the excitement bade fair to become so great that for fear of police interference with our start on the charge of blocking the streets or disturbing the peace, we hastened on. It was new business finding our way out of a strange city, until we became used to it, so that we could rather enjoy the notoriety, the presence of a crowd of jabbering men, women and children who couldn't understand a word either of our English or our German, and who therefore, until we learned to compound our worst English and German with a guttural sound to every consonant which alone seemed enough to make it absolutely unintelligible, could give us no information as to the road we desired to find. The result was that we had a little trouble in getting along, and it was not strange that we missed the way two or three times that first evening.

Finally a policeman got over the idea which seemed stubbornly fixed in his mind that we wanted to find the docks from which the emigrants sailed, namely, the ones we had left that morning, and we managed to see the windmill that at present marks the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked. A few sign posts which would direct the modern pilgrim to the spot, and a fitting memorial tablet or monument at that place are certainly much needed. If there is anything of the sort there now it is so inconspicuous that two separate parties of Americans were unable to find it that day.

Having done our duty as successors to the fair inheritance which the Puritans left to us we had another problem to find the road to Delft. By riding nearly back to Rotterdam we did it, and at the same time passed the beautiful suburbs of the city, where its wealthy merchants have their semi-country residences. Each is surrounded by a hedge and a dyke, with a drawbridge; each has the sign conspicuously placed by the bridge "Verboden toeingang" and each had that thrifty, well-kept air and

neatness about it that characterizes everything in Holland save the water in the canals. With a strong head wind we made but slow progress, over the brick or "clinker" paved road, which when old is about as bad as cobblestones, toward Delft. Opposite the old church, in what is at present a "gymnasium" or grammar school, we saw the staircase on which William the Silent fell by the pistol shot of an assassin. The guide book says the bullet mark is yet visible. We saw several holes in the old ceiling that might be called bullet holes and so were satisfied without an exhaustive search. Our visit was so quickly and quietly made that it failed to attract the usual crowd, and we thought we should get off unobserved. But it did not fail to have its accident. Just as we had descended the stair and were entering the inclosed court leading to the street a fine old gentleman came out and apparently offered to show us the tablet in the wall at which we had just been looking. We shook our heads and as he followed us one of the party put a small piece of money into his hand thinking he might have hurried out to show us around and take us to the museum in the room above, which we did not have time to see. Much to our amusement, just as we were reaching the street the money came bounding along the pavement after us, followed by what seemed an exclamation of disgust. It was almost the only time we had a tip of any sort refused.

On to the Haag we found a foot-path beside the road, which avoided the pavement and made our ride more pleasant. Quaint wind mills, farm houses and summer residences, the lumbering canal boats, for the road was along a canal the entire way, and queer costumes, combined with the fact that it was our first day ashore after nearly two weeks of blue water, made the day's impressions very vivid, and no one of the party will ever forget them. At the Haag another experience with the ability of a Dutch city to collect an enormous crowd on the smallest provocation awaited us. Just in front of our hotel we met a gentleman, the Hon. George C. Stetson of Washington, and his son, a Harvard student, who had been fellow passengers with us on the voyage, and of course were greeted very cordially by them.

The simple act of dismounting there to greet them proved of so much interest to the inhabitants of the staid Dutch capital, that Mr. Stetson's family, who were in the hotel, and all the employes came rushing out to see what could have caused such a mob to collect. It was most assuredly a warm reception, and in our tired and dusty condition we were relieved when the proprietor bundled our wheels and ourselves out of sight. After the riding and excitement of the day our enjoyment of the first night ashore can well be imagined.

The forenoon of the second day ashore was spent in visiting the galleries, where we saw Rembrandt's famous "Lesson in Anatomy" and Paul Potter's "Bull." The former was of great interest to Lincoln, the medical member of our party. Then we went to the Palace, council chambers, and the interesting old inquisitorial prison with its horrible instruments of torture. Many of them were in place just where they had been last used. In two of the cells of the prison were hideous drawings, made, we were told, by the DeWitts with their own blood during their stay there.

Here we had our first and last experiences with one of the pests of Europe—a second-class "commissionaire." Our guide book was not quite clear, and in our uncertainty he came to our rescue. Out of gratitude and partly from imagined need we made a bargain with him, but when we found he only took us to the outer doors and there left us to ring up attendants, whom of course we had to pay to take us around the interior, we talked so plainly to him about the way he had deceived us, that he was glad to take what we thought he had earned and get out of our sight. Since then our rule is when in doubt to go ahead on what seems the most promising line till stopped. We find we never get far on the wrong road. In all places of interest to sightseers such as we, the walls seem to have both eyes and ears, for we find one can never start into a forbidden place without an attendant rushing out and warning him off.

The rest of the day was used in a visit to the Bar Harbor of Holland, Scheveningen, where we saw the great fishing boats hauled up on the beach, seemingly never to be floated again,

with the colored sails, clumsy models, and rudders big enough apparently for an ocean steamer. With nets slung aloft to dry, and swarms of children climbing about them, they certainly did make the beach a most interesting sight. The road took us through the most aristocratic part of the city and through its chief parks, and on the way back to the town from the beach we passed along the famously beautiful wood road just before turning off for Leyden, which was to be our stopping place for the night. After a delightful ride through characteristic Dutch scenery Leyden was reached, just too late for the museums, but we managed to see the fine old tapestries and carvings in the Burgomaster's and the council halls. The Rathaus in which they were is very well preserved, and almost the same as when built in the 14th century. We wondered at the curious "burg," a prehistoric fortress on a high mound in the center of the city, and wandered around the quiet old university town till bed time.

The ride to Amsterdam, through Haarlem, where we saw the famous organ, one of the largest in Europe, and some fine corporation portraits by Franz Hals, in the Rathaus, was a quiet one but very enjoyable. We fell in with two English speaking Germans, who were beginning a tour through the northern part of Germany, and rode with them to Amsterdam. Also at Haarlem we ran into some more of our fellow passengers on the "Obdam," in company with other Americans, and in a foreign land, especially one with such a barbarous language as *Hollandische*, any American is at once a friend.

At Amsterdam we were walking through the "Zoo" when we were greeted by a "Can you fellows understand this confounded language?" and a University of Pennsylvania man introduced himself. Greetings were exchanged on the basis of the great fraternity of American College men, and we were given points as to what to see and what to omit in making a hasty visit to the city. If all the points that tourists give each other could be collected and published and kept up to date, traveling would become a perfectly simple matter.

The next day we took our first long ride, of about fifty miles, having by that time sufficiently recovered from the effects of

the voyage and gotten our riding muscles hardened up a bit. We picked out our own route back to Rotterdam, avoiding the high roads and making nearly a straight line, following along the canals and on the top of the vast dykes arranged to be used in case war made it necessary to flood a portion of the country. Hardly had we gotten out of the city when we were stopped by a gate and toll demanded. From there on all day were we compelled to pay every few miles. In some cases there would be a bridge over the canal along which we were riding which we did not want to cross, but in such places instead of paying one toll as we expected we were compelled to pay two. The gates were arranged so that we had to cross the approach which was included as part of the bridge, and then before we would get out on the other side to keep on along the canal, for some reason which we do not yet thoroughly understand we were compelled to pay again. The tolls averaged only about two cents, but the continual stopping was vexatious. In many places our only road was along the tow path on the top of the dyke, perhaps four feet wide, nearly always with the water on the one hand at a higher level than the land on the other. As we were somewhat off the usual route of cyclists we attracted a great deal of attention in the villages we passed through. People would rush out to see us, the dogs barked, and the children shouted till one would have supposed nothing less than a regiment of cavalry was passing on a dead gallop. The route took us through a great deal of Holland scenery of the most fascinating sort. The great flat pastures, the picturesque costumes, odd harnesses and carts, and the always interesting canal boats; then the grand dykes, with water inside sometimes twenty feet higher than the land level and even then not within ten feet of the top, along which the road led; the interesting villages with long rows of houses fronting the canal, leaving only our narrow road in their front each with a stone wash tub built right into the side of the canal in front of the house, all contributed to make a most delightful ride. The feature which we most thoroughly enjoyed, perhaps, was the absence of clinker roads. They were nearly all of earth, worn perfectly hard and smooth.

The next day we took the boat through the canals and waterways of Zealand to Middleburg and kept on through the island to the decayed old town of Flushing. Here were many remnants of its departed greatness, monuments to the great Dutch admirals, and immense dykes. The costumes here and at Middleburg were as interesting as any we had seen. The women wore very tight sleeves coming just to the elbow. The neck is cut low behind and in front, but the underclothing is not and often makes a curious combination in colors. Add to this a large hoopskirt, a pair of gold spiral cones projecting one from each temple, a sort of lace quaker bonnet over them and a straw bonnet of similar shape over that; forearms burned by the sun to a deep red, wooden shoes and brilliant red stockings below the rather short skirt, and the effect can be imagined. The men's coats are much like the coats worn in New England in the early part of this century, with the tails cut off; the trousers are very tight, and the whole is usually surmounted by a rusty tile of doubtful shape. Portions of these costumes are seen in other parts of Holland and in Germany, but the whole thing is seen only in Zealand on market days. The costume most nearly approaching the above in oddity to American eyes are the great black bows worn by people of the Black Forest as a head-dress. The bows are of stiffened ribbon about twelve inches wide, and project out on each side, from the back of the head in some cases fully fifteen inches.

Taking the ferry to Breskens from Flushing, we rode over one of the worst roads it has been our fortune to meet, across the Belgian border where our baggage was examined, to Bruges. Our room there looked directly out on the belfry which Longfellow has made so familiar to Americans, and its chimes joined in with our dreams through the night. We were in the midst of some sort of a "fest," and there was a concert by a fine military band, which we could enjoy from our room during the evening.

One of our party being a member of the "Continental Touring Club," best known as the "C. T. C.," consulted a brother member as to the roads in Belgium, our experience with them

the previous day having been very unfortunate. By his advice we put our cycling dignity in our pocket and took the train to Antwerp, and after a three days enforced stop there, went on by rail to Landen, from whence to the border the roads were macadamized and nearly equal to the excellent German roads, for wheeling purposes.

Bruges, we voted the most interesting town we had seen. Its inhabitants number hardly one-half that the size of the town warrants, and statistics say that one-fourth of them are paupers. It seems about like a deserted city, and its hospitals, churches and quaint streets deserved a much longer stay than we made. The old pictures by Memmling, in the hospital of St. John and the Vandykes in the cathedral were interesting, but to us the anachronisms were so painfully apparent in them, as in the work of all the old Dutch masters that we have seen, as to take away much of our enjoyment.

The stay at Antwerp was improved by two members of the party in inspecting thoroughly that city and in a visit to Brussels, the other member spending the time in minutely examining the four walls of the room in which a sprained ankle confined him.

After an uncomfortable ride in the third-class Belgian cars, which are equally devoid of upholstery, convenience and comfort, it was a relief to all when finally the train left us at Landen. It seemed good to be again our own masters, on our wheels, able to go just as we pleased, with a fine road, weather and scenery about us. However, we seemed to have lost a little of our skill, or perhaps were slightly intoxicated with the delightful scenery, for after riding nearly all the afternoon, and thinking we must be nearly to Liege, which was our destination for the night, we suddenly came out on the hills above the valley of the Meuse and in the beautiful panorama before us saw, not Liege at all, but Huy with its smoking iron works, some twenty-five miles from Liege.

However, it seemed as though the beauty of the country repaid us largely for the extra labor our mistake, in not turning off to the left as we should have, had caused us. After riding through the town and inspecting the chapel ingeniously placed

in a cavern in the limestone hillside, we pushed on, down the Meuse, the hills on each side appearing most beautiful as the gathering twilight hid the heaps of iron ore and waste that dotted them; and right on the road would pass first a nook of quiet sylvan beauty, and then the spouting flame from a great smelting furnace. About five miles short of Liege we stopped for the night, the long ride proving rather too much for one member of the party.

The next day, after inspecting the curious old courts in the Rathaus of the otherwise very modern looking city of Liege, and purchasing better maps so as not to repeat the blunder of the preceding day, we rode up the beautiful valley of Verdre, crossed the border about seven and reached Aix La Chapelle in a heavy rain about nine in the evening. There we found the other member of our party, who had been sick in the morning and had come on by rail from Liege, feeling much better. Tired and wet with our long ride we soon turned in and dreamed of attending coronation ceremonies, and visiting castled crags, till a loud knock at the door told us that the time had come to begin our ride to and up the Rhine into Switzerland.

(To be continued.)

Incidents of Appomattox.

BY GEN. C. H. SMITH.

As I wrote you some time ago, I hoped to go to Appomattox before this time to look over our battlefield there. Having failed to realize my desires in that respect I began to write my recollections of that historic battle without the help of second sight in order to fulfill in some measure my promise to you that I would do so. I naturally turned to Tobie's History for necessary data, and find on page 439 a reprint of my official report of the battle which tells the story about as well as I could tell it now, and practically forestalls my purposes, as I do not care to

write for reprint what anyone can read in the history. However, I can give a few incidents which do not appear in my official report.

The evening of the eighth of April the brigade went into camp about dark, or a little after dark. A little later, General Crook, our Division Commander sent for me. As I reported to him, I found him standing in an open space with but little appearance of headquarters about him. He gave me my instructions for the night in an informal, familiar and colloquial manner, which are correctly reported in a note on page 434 of the history. The men groomed their horses and made coffee, those who had any, before we saddled up and moved out. With the help of a guide which we had picked up, I went directly to the railroad station where I found Gen. Custer standing at a high writing desk doing something. I told him what I was ordered to do. He seemed pleased and at once sent an officer to recall his pickets. He also suggested to me the direction that I subsequently took. As we proceeded over his battlefield of a few hours before, we picked up in the dark two confederate officers who said they were surgeons looking for their wounded.

Soon after we reached the pike northerly from the station we met General Custer's outposts returning to the station. Our order of march was: Sixth Ohio Cavalry in advance followed by First Maine, Second New York and Thirteenth Ohio in order. We advanced on the pike towards the Court House until the advance encountered and drove the enemy's pickets which were posted on the ridge or high ground west of the Court House, where we subsequently formed line of battle and repelled the enemy the next morning at daylight. The line was formed in the dark with the Sixth Ohio on the right, its left resting on or near the pike. The First Maine was next towards the left, its right resting on or possibly extending beyond or south of the pike. That regiment was very large. It had nearly as many men as the other three regiments of the brigade together and by reason of such greater strength was the backbone of the brigade. The Second New York, a very small regiment was posted on the left of the First Maine. Those three regiments

were dismounted to fight on foot. Their horses and horse holders were left at a distance in their rear. The section of artillery was posted on the pike close up to the line of dismounted men. The Thirteenth Ohio kept its horses at hand and a part of it was posted on each flank of the dismounted line of battle with mounted videttes pushed well to the front and flanks. Some camp-fires of the enemy were in view. It was probably about two o'clock in the morning when the foregoing disposition of the brigade was completed. But little of interest occurred from that time until daylight, when the enemy advanced to attack as has been often described, by myself and others. Some one has written that the enemy captured one of our guns that morning; the statement is a mistake. It is true that the enemy made a right vigorous attack and advanced well into our faces. Their shots took effect among our artillery horses which rendered it expedient to send the caissons and limbers further to the rear and subsequently to move the guns back to a better position which daylight revealed. But the attack of the enemy was decisively repelled and our guns were not in danger of being captured at any time. It was evident that the enemy did not expect to encounter artillery and the repeating rifles of the First Maine Cavalry on that *picket line*. It was several hours later, perhaps eight or nine o'clock, before the enemy advanced again in force. During that time all our other cavalry forces came to the front, including Generals Sheridan, Crook, Merritt, Custer, McKensie and others. I do not know what part other forces took in the battle, but do know that our third brigade continued to cover the pike and bore the brunt of the enemy's last attack. Just before the final attack General Crook, our Division Commander, came to me just in rear of our line of battle; I pointed out to him the enemy advancing in force. Our mounted men were skirmishing well to the front. There was quite an extended field in view. The general took in the situation and remarked, "Of course we cannot defeat that force, but want to gain as much time as possible." Soon after he rode off and left me. The brigade held its ground as long as possible and was finally driven back, but not until our infantry, colored troops, had got-

ten well up to relieve it. In our retreat we passed a disabled abandoned Napoleon gun. I made an effort with a squad of men to rescue it but could not; it was not one of the guns used with our brigade on that occasion. Ours were three inch rifled guns. That abandoned gun has been spoken of by some one as being one of ours, hence this reference to it.

The following extract from "The Falling Flag" by Edward M. Boykin, Lieutenant Colonel Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, a very interesting narrative which we hope sometime to present in the pages of the BUGLE, sheds some light on the confederate movements of the night of April 8th, and morning of the 9th, 1865. There must be an error in the supposition that a portion of our cavalry was between Appomattox and the James River, also Gen. Fitz Lee's division was not in that direction but on the right of Gordon's and Longstreet's Infantry as per his report given in Jan. '93 Call, page 85.

"The Federal cavalry kept on toward the town, and the squadron, under cover, drew deeper into the woods, and moved round the town and went into camp, but did not join the main body until next morning. The enemy kept on until they got into, or nearly into the town, but again fell back, establishing their line somewhere between the town and the depot. Our outside picket was in the town.

We went into camp about one o'clock in the morning, on the Richmond side of the town, in the woods—General Gary riding to General Gordon's headquarters to report before lying down.

April 9th—The sun rose clear on this the last day, practically, of the Southern Confederacy. It was cool and fresh in the early morning so near the mountains, though the spring must have been a forward one, as the oak trees were covered with their long yellow tassels.

We gathered the brigade on the green on the Richmond side of the village, most of the men on foot, the horses not having come in. About eight o'clock a large portion of our regiment had their horses—they having been completely cut off the night before by the charge of Custer's cavalry on the turnpike, and were carried, to save them, into a country cross-road. Then the "Hampton Legion" got theirs. My impression is that the Twenty Fourth Virginia lost the most or a good many of their horses. The men built fires, and all seemed to have something to eat, and to be amusing themselves eating it. The woods on the southern and eastern side swarmed with the enemy and their cavalry—a portion of it was between us and the James River, which was about twelve miles distant. General Fitz Lee's division of cavalry lay over in that direction somewhere; General Longstreet with General Gordon was in and out the outer edge of the town, on the Lynchburg side, and so we waited for the performance to commence. Looking at and listening to the men you would not have thought there was anything special in the situation. They turned all the responsibility over to the officers, who in turn did the same to those above them—the captain to the colonel, the colonel to the brigadier, and so on. Colonel Haskell had not yet returned—having sent in all the horses he had gotten, and was still after the balance. About nine or ten o'clock, artillery firing began in front of General Longstreet, and the blue jackets showed in heavy masses on the edge of the woods."

I think General Smith may be in error in placing the Second New York on the left of our regiment. I have talked with Capt. Loring, Sergt. Cook and many others of Co. B. who held the left of our regiment and they all agree that our regiment was on the extreme left. My own recollections on this point are very vivid. As we straightened our line at the rail fence first mentioned on page 437 of the history, I can see now as I saw there the Colonel of the Second New York lead his men on the

right flank of our regiment up the incline. I advanced the First Maine on his left to keep in touch with him but reluctantly, for I saw very clearly that the only place for dismounted men to hold the advancing enemy successfully was at the margin of the woods, capping the ascent in the other direction, from whence also, we could hurl our men mounted over the open field if the enemy pursued too closely or in any disorderly manner.

Before we had reached these woods where we met the black countenances of the Birney's Division of the Twenty Fifth Corps all the Cavalry had withdrawn to the right and in a short time were as far to the right as the house of A. LeGrand and Widow LeGrand, as shown on the map, except McKensie and the balance of Crook's Cavalry Division, these troops I have been unable to place. The Tenth New York were back on the road to the Station and had their fight there, the First Pennsylvania and First New Jersey Cavalry coming to their assistance. Captain John J. Tuyl of the Tenth New York was captured on the railroad beyond the Station. His narrative of his capture printed in the History of Tenth New York is bright and laughable. He remarks that he and Lee surrendered about the same time.

As regards the Thirteenth Ohio my recollections vary a little from General Smith's, but are not clear as in the matter of the Second New York Mounted Rifles. I remember it thus: there were no mounted videttes in the front of our regiment at any time during the night or morning till we had fallen back into the open field south of the turnpike; that from this time till we reached the woods the Thirteenth Ohio mounted were on our left flank nearly in the prolongation of our line, with some skirmishers thrown out in front and further to the left. The line of falling back as given on the map is only the general direction.—J. P. C.

LEAVES FROM EDWARD P. TOBIE'S DIARY, 1865.

April 8—Moved out about 9 A. M., marched to Pamplin's and halted about an hour. Advanced to near Appomattox Station and went into camp about eight P. M. About nine ordered to go with the brigade to hold a road. Marched till one o'clock, April 9th, then built breastworks and remained on the skirmish line all night.

April 9—Enemy attacked at daylight; after a sharp skirmish a large force came in on the left and we were forced back, retiring slowly and fighting every inch for about a mile when the Infantry relieved us. Quite a fight, when all at once the firing ceased and Gen. R. E. Lee surrendered. Moved into different positions during the day and finally went into camp at three and one-half P. M. Mail received.

April 10—Started at six and a half A. M., and marched back to Prospect Station, going into camp about four P. M.

April 11—Started at seven A. M. as escort for Gen. Grant and made a rapid march to Burkesville Station, on the Danville road, a distance of twenty-five miles, arriving at three and a half P. M. Went into camp.

April 13—Moved at daylight, marched to near Nottaway Court House and went into camp. Guard mount P. M. (Stayed here till April 17.)

A Tribute to Preston's History.

BY GEN. J. P. CILLEY.

The History of the Tenth New York Cavalry by Capt. N. D. Preston is a beautiful and most interesting volume. It has followed that attractive feature of our history in giving individual description of battles and various personal experiences and has drawn its material from a large number of its members, and the result is, a narrative as bright and fascinating as a perfect conversation. Like all successful regimental histories it has been a labor of love to the historian with responding work from a large number of its members. Over two hundred portraits appear in the history and among the many interesting groups taken in the field are Sheridan and his generals, Sheridan and his staff, Gen. Gregg and staff and other cavalry officers; among them appear Gen. Smith and Major Taylor of our regiment. There are many salient features of its service prior to our intimate acquaintance with it and after our separation from it in becoming a part of another brigade, that will be a surprise as well as a pleasure for its friends in our regiment to read and know. Among these stands eminent its prophetic acquaintance with Gettysburg. This happy experience came as a sort of Christmas gift, the evening of Dec. 25th, 1861, by the arrival of the regiment at that time. In this historic town they remained quartered till March 7th, 1862, when with "loving adieux and waving of handkerchiefs" they left for Perryville on the Susquehanna. At Gettysburg also occurred the first tragic death in the regiment. John W. Connon of Co. A returning from sick leave and waving his hat in glad recognition of his comrades, was killed by coming in contact with an over head bridge and was the first Union soldier buried at Gettysburg. At Perryville and Havre de Grace, the absence of the attractions of Gettysburg led to a tumultuous desire on the part of both men and

officers to be sent to the front or disbanded. However, as summer drew near, "fishing and flirting" rendered the men more contented and the warlike disposition of the regiment found expression in the capacity of horse marines in the capture of the schooner *Resolution* with twenty-two men, including a confederate Lieutenant with a new uniform under his citizen dress.

We next see the gallant regiment encamped in Patterson Park, Baltimore, the last of June, 1862, and the historian modestly says, "the ladies of that city gathered in large numbers to see their dress parades." While we know it was the fine forms of the New York boys that drew them and held their admiration till August 15th found them near the field of honor at Bladensburg.

August 29th, 1862, found them in Virginia and their first service in front of the enemy. Like our own first experience it was not entirely as desired by all, for Capt. Pratt writes "it was very dark when I reached the Pike where I fell in with a large body of rebel cavalry and became their guest." Col. Mumford of the Second Virginia Cavalry was the entertainer of Capt. Pratt and his thirty men. From this time forward their regimental history was parallel and in line with our own. July 1863 as the regiment from Brinkerhoff Ridge looked towards the village of its first love and military life, one can imagine the excitement of men and officers and the determination to make every one do his duty. Lieut. A. J. Edson filled with such spirit, made one poor fellow of his company who was a constitutional coward, stand to the work by placing Bob Evans on one side and Joe McKeegan in his rear to keep him in place and at work. When the firing began, off went this fellow's carbine straight in the air. "Hold on," shouted Evans, "there are no rebels in that direction, you'll kill an angel!" And so through the entire volume, from the picture in front to the opposite view of the same picture, on the last page of the cover, the history is horse all the way through, and a delicious feeling of fresh air and enjoyment even under disagreeable conditions and surroundings pervade the work.

True regimental narratives stand in the same relation to more pretentious histories, as biographies stand to works of general

history. They are bright and sparkling with individual acts and personal characteristics.

The volume is 8vo., 710 pages and 200 fine portraits, prices: Yellow vellum cloth, \$5.00; sheep, \$6.50; half calf or half morocco, \$7.50; full morocco, \$10.00. Address, H. E. Hayes, 346 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Incidents of Cavalry Service.

BY C. W. WILES, DELAWARE, OHIO, TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

During the winter of 1862 and 1863 while the Army of the Potomac was in quarters near Belle Plain, Virginia, the cavalry was occupied in picket duty along the lower Rappahannock river about twenty miles from our camp. detachments of two or three hundred men being sent out for ten days and at the expiration of that time were relieved by others. While this duty was not as pleasant as life in the comfortable winter quarters, it was enjoyed by the soldiers as it gave them opportunity to procure butter, milk, eggs, and other luxuries not found in camp, this portion of the country called the Neck not having been over-run by either army.

Our regiment was associated with the First Maine and First New Jersey forming Kilpatrick's Old Brigade and a portion of Gregg's division. Having just returned to our camp from a tour of picket duty, April 8, 1863, the whole division was ordered out for a grand review. The division, after the review, was drawn up in an open square in the center of which we observed a blacksmith's forge wagon with fire lighted. We then suspected that we were to be spectators of something more than a review. Soon two men were brought in under guard, taken to the forge, the left halves of their heads shaved clean to the scalp and then hot irons from the forge were applied to their left shoulders and the letter D branded so deep that if they are alive at this day they have a reminder of that occasion with

them. The escort then formed, and with large cards on their backs bearing the word "Deserter" they were drummed out of camp.

A young lieutenant from our regiment had recently been attached to Gen. Gregg's staff as aide-de-camp, a position he was very proud of and improved every opportunity to display his fine form and good clothes. During some maneuvers of the division he was sent with orders to our brigade commander Gen. Kilpatrick. Having performed the duty, he saluted the general, wheeled his horse and dashed away to report to Gen. Gregg. Unluckily his horse struck one of those bottomless mud holes and nearly turned a somersault, landing the officer in the mud and water. As he crawled out he was hardly to be recognized as the same being who had but a few moments before presented such a fine appearance. But determined to do his duty he mounted his horse, and dripping with mud and water he reported to Gen. Gregg. The general returned his salute and after listening to his report quietly suggested that he could be excused from further duty for the day if he so desired. It is needless to add that he was very glad to retire and change his clothing. Since the war he has been heard to remark that no man can realize his feelings as he took that tumble in full view of his chief and the whole division. Further information on the subject can be obtained of Major L. L. Barney of Elmira, N. Y.

During one of our tours of picket duty along the lower Rappahannock word was brought to Major Waters, commanding our grand reserve, that some soldiers had visited the fine plantation of Mr. Mason and "stolen" some of his horses. Two or three officers and as many men were ordered to visit Mr. Mason, ascertain the facts and report, foraging at that time being considered a great crime. One bright winter day the parties detailed mounted their horses and after a brisk gallop of six or eight miles arrived at his home. He occupied a rich farm of several hundred acres, and standing back from the road, surrounded by fine trees and a large number of negro houses, was the mansion, he at this time owning some two hundred

negroes. Riding up to the house we fastened our horses to the conveniently arranged horse rack and approached the mansion. Mr. Mason met us at the porch and being informed of the object of our visit, cordially invited us to enter, when he proceeded to elaborate upon the dastardly outrage of the Yankee cavalrymen in running off his horses and persuading his negroes to escape. Of course we greatly sympathized with him and were prepared to pursue the villains anywhere. He brought out some fine old peach brandy and clay pipes and we drank and smoked while he talked, impressing upon us the fact that the villains must be pursued, captured, punished and the horses returned. We were fortifying ourselves for the task before us, in fact we were all pretty well fortified before leaving. He proudly pointed to the portrait of a fine looking young man and remarked that it was his son who was an officer in the confederate service. Our interview of several hours was finally terminated by a luncheon of hominy and milk and a final glass of peach. We assured him that the matter would be fully reported to headquarters and then bade him good day and rode back to camp. We never heard that the horses were returned or that the villains were discovered.

Killed by the Committee.

AUGUSTA, ME., March 9th, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General,—I had your petition referred to the committee on military affairs. Capt. Samuel W. Lane informs me that no hearing will be given, and also that it is not likely to be favorably reported.

Yours truly,

W. S. WHITE.

The Encampment of the G. A. R. held at Rockland Feb. 10th, 1893, petitioned the Legislature to aid in the publication of regimental histories, as has been done in various ways by nearly every Northern state except Maine. Several regimental associations sought the same object. Our association sent in many

petitions for this purpose, with reasons stated for the recognition of its publications, which in truth present as important historical facts with genealogical and biographical material as the publications of the Maine Historical Society and at one-third the expense. From twelve hundred to fifteen hundred men of our regiment went to the front without one dollar of bounty. A large portion of the First District Columbia Cavalry, which so grandly reinforced us in Sept. 1864, were promised fifty-five dollars state bounty but were never paid and their claim for the same remains on file in the Adjutant General's office of Maine. In addition, the carefully accumulated earnings of Capt. George J. Summat, who fell at Aldie June 17th, 1863, have been covered into the Treasury of Maine with no apparent recognition of the soldier or his regiment. At that same battle of Aldie, the spirit of the regiment was voiced and our right arms held aloft by the shout of Joe Coffin from the ranks, "Here's for the honor of old Maine!" Words of inspiration as well as words of prophecy. Now, as then, we find our best compensation in the consciousness of well doing. "The song that from the heart is poured, is in itself a rich reward." Comrades, as your arms held aloft the fame of the regiment and the honor of old Maine for four long years of war, so now raise them for your own good name and the preservation of your own good record. The State will simply look on.

Bring out the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along.

President Lincoln's Last Speech.

BY CHAS. D. JONES, CO. H.

* In the early part of the month of April, 1865, I found myself on a United States transport steamer bound from City Point to Washington, freighted with wounded Union soldiers from the engagements following the fall of Petersburg. I learned upon reaching Washington that President Lincoln had just returned from Richmond, where he had been visiting immediately after

its fall. The city of Washington was under joyful excitement over the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. As soon as I could be relieved of my duties (which were assisting in the removal of the wounded from the steamer to the various hospitals) I went out on Pennsylvania avenue where I found bon-fires burning, fire-works flashing from all parts of the city, and bands playing jubilantly; all of the public and many of the private buildings were brilliantly illuminated, the capitol in particular looking like a great cloud of fire—illuminated as it was from basement to dome. The streets were thronged with civilians and soldiers; and it was no uncommon sight to see soldiers meet and embrace each other, throwing their hats high in the air, hugging, kissing, and cheering. In fact everybody seemed to be intoxicated with joy. I with the crowd moved towards the White House. The evening was dark and foggy—it was raining some. A crowd was encircling the White House, numbering perhaps ten thousand, civilians and soldiers. Shouts and cheers went up for the President, and finally in response to the call of the multitude for a speech, the President stepped out upon the brilliantly illuminated balcony. I had seen the President quite a number of times before, and during the war when he wore a care-worn, exhausted look, but upon this occasion he appeared very much changed; the wrinkles of care had disappeared from his face, and great joy was visible in every feature, and as he commenced to speak the vast multitude became so silent that every utterance of the President could be distinctly heard to the outer edges of the circle of listeners. His first sentence I now distinctly remember. It was: "My countrymen, we meet to-night with great gladness of heart." He continued to speak for perhaps half an hour. There was nothing in his remarks that bore any evidence of exultation over the fall of the foe, but they were directed more particularly to the coming question of reconstructing the States. I never have been able to find in any historical works that speech, and I would not dare attempt to repeat any of it from memory.

While I was standing in this brilliant light I looked back upon the outer circle of the crowd, where it was very dark, and the

thought came to me then: "Is there not some enemy of the President in this vast crowd who would gladly take his life?" And as I thought of it I grew quite nervous. What an opportunity was offered of shooting the President from the ambush in the shrubbery of the grounds, for by the aid of the darkness the chances of escape would have been good—far better than on the night he received the fatal shot. I felt greatly relieved when the President retired into the White House. The crowd after he retired remained for some time, cheering, and bands playing, and loud calls were made for Gen. Butler, whom the crowd seemed to think was at the White House. I saw no evidence and could learn nothing to lead me to believe that Gen. Butler was present.

This was on Thursday evening, and upon the following day a salute by order of the President was fired at meridian from every piece of artillery in the forts encircling the city, many hundred guns being simultaneously discharged. On the following evening I attended Ford's theatre where the play "American Cousin" was performed. I was very much pleased with it and decided that I would go the following evening, but when the time arrived I found that I was unable to be relieved of my duties in season to attend that evening. I retired and somewhere after midnight I was aroused from my sleep by hearing the outcry upon the street: "The President has been shot." It was usually a noisy street; in fact I had become so accustomed to it that it took a great deal to awake me, but *that* cry aroused me at once. I arose and seated myself upon the side of the bed and at once accepted this as true, and for some little time I fell into meditation as to the result to the country in the loss of the President. In going out upon the street I learned that the President was not yet dead. Cavalry were patrolling all the principal streets of the city, great excitement prevailing. The assassins of the President and Seward were supposed to be concealed in the city, and learning that an attempt had been made upon the life of the vice president also, it appeared that there was a great conspiracy to destroy the President and his cabinet. I remained up the rest of the night, receiving reports

every half hour of the condition of the President, until about seven in the morning, when the last one announced his death. A great change had come over the city: exceeding joy turned into deep grief; all the public buildings that had been so brilliantly illuminated a few nights before were draped in black; all business was suspended. The President's body was taken to the rotunda of the capitol, where I went and viewed it as it lay in state. Thousands of civilians and soldiers for days passed in through the broad east doors, past his casket, taking a short, sad look at the lamented chieftain, and passed out through the west doors. Never was a ruler so loved and lamented.

Knox County Branch Association

OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

Some forty members of the First Maine Cavalry, the residents of Knox County and members of the State Encampment, assembled in the vestry of the First Baptist Church, Rockland, Thursday evening, Feb. 9th, 1893, and after the banquet the following members, by appropriate remarks or stories and incidents of their cavalry service, received the applause of those present.

Gideon Tower re-acted his charge at Beaver Dam Station. Major Brown "was there" as usual, and after his first speech narrated some of the sad and pathetic stories of our service. Samuel Burrows gave his repeated escapes from the camp at Augusta and showed he would have been a dangerous person to incarcerate in Andersonville. Comrade Samuel Shorey could not make a speech, but told of a laughable repeal of an order from Gen. Gregg by the sudden appearance of a dismounted Company B. man, Phenix, with a noisy bag of hens. Capt. Melville B. Cook read a very interesting account of some of the army exploits of Eugene F. Jones and Charles B. Phenix, who were mere boys, under seventeen years of age, and also read the official copy of an order from Gen. Meade compli-

menting the bravery in action of Samuel J. Gurney, Samuel Shorey and Charles B. Phenix.

Frank Pacott spoke for the Isles of the Sea, being a native of Martinique, in the West Indies. Capt. John P. Carson, Capt. Jacob B. Loring, Lermond K. Fales, Thomas H. Benner, Oliver E. Copeland, William G. Besse, whose brother was shot by Benner's side Oct. 27th, 1864, Marcellus M. Parker, Charles D. Jones, and a large number of others came to the front and added to the interest and happiness of the occasion.

The banquet was a simple one but most happy in all its relations of renewed friendship and social enjoyment. The meeting of comrades from the different parts of the State with those of this county was the occasion of bringing together some old friends who had not seen each other since war times, whose efforts to recall each other's countenances and names were both laughable and pathetic.

The following officers were elected: President, J. P. Cilley; Vice Presidents, Melville B. Cook, Alfred C. Strout, J. Frank Burton, Burnham C. Sleeper, Frank Pacott, Gideon Tower, Franklin A. Oxton, Alvin A. Carter, Eugene F. Jones, Fred A. Ripley; Secretary, Chas. D. Jones; Treasurer, Marcellus M. Parker.

Comrade Nelson S. Fales of the Seventh Maine Volunteers was elected an honorary member of the Association for the sake of his three brothers who served in the First Maine Cavalry, two of whom lost their lives from wounds received in battle. Five Fales brother were in the army, three of whom died from wounds, and the remaining two were both wounded, Nelson S. being very severely disabled.

General Cilley brought Comrade Tower to his feet and to the front by the following remarks:

In many cases the activity and courage of the men on the skirmish line and the advance, without the direction of officers or commanders, have determined lines of battles and brought on engagements that were never planned, but which formed themselves without order from commanders.

The successful issue of the triumphant action at Sailors' Creek was largely accomplished by a stray cavalry man riding from one side of our forces to the other through what was supposed to be the rebel position, and reporting to Gen. Sheridan that there was no enemy in front of that part of his line or between the opposite division of his

cavalry. At Aldie, after the disastrous repulse of the First Massachusetts Cavalry with severe loss, when Kilpatrick rode to the First Maine Cavalry and shouted, "Men of Maine, you saved the day at Brandy Station! Now save it at Aldie!" as the order to charge was given, "Joe" Coffin of Company G shouted from the ranks in more than inspiring strains, and with a voice that reached every man in the regiment, "Here's to the honor of Old Maine!" and his shout proved the words of prophecy as well as words of inspiration.

A minor instance of this power in the ranks occurred in 1864 which has a little shade of the ludicrous to relieve the historic strain: Its hero was our well known Corporal Tower of Company B. His previous service in Company G, Twenty-Sixth Maine Infantry, in Louisiana and before Port Hudson had prepared him for his work in Virginia.

In Sheridan's Raid towards Richmond in May 1864 it became necessary to clear the road from a strong opposing force of rebel cavalry, and Company B was ordered to charge and open the passage. Gideon rode a powerful horse that was a little awkward and headstrong, always disposed to do the unexpected thing. In the charge, instead of obeying the reins to go round a clump of pine trees, he dashed for the middle of the trees and in his efforts to surmount one of them, found himself almost at the top, and when the tree bent down, his forefeet were a yard or so from the ground. Gideon felt the up and down motion as his horse was swiuing up and down with the swaying of the tree and thought his horse was still at the full gallop, and under the inspiration of the charge, when every corporal in the ranks feels as though he commanded the whole army, shouted with a sort of triumphant command, "Charge, charge!"

Then all at once he realized that he was renewing his infantile experience of riding a rocking-horse pivoted by a spring on its hind legs. He grabbed the horse's mane with his left hand, and leaning over his horse's head, changing the tone of his voice to one of disgust, but still as strenuous, he growled, "Climb! Climb!" And the horse's fore feet came down to the ground, while the recurring sway of the pine tree sent his rear quarters so high into the sky that the shoes of his hind feet went hissing through the air like a three-inch Whitworth shell.

The appalled rebels turned their horses and found safety in their speed, except two or three who stood dazed and paralyzed till a few minutes after their capture, when they had time to close their eyes and mouths and exclaim, "Are you nns mounted on horses that can climb trees?"

SERGEANT M. B. COOK'S RESPONSE.

There are some men whose memory is always associated with us when we look back upon the stirring times which we have met here to-night to celebrate. I have in mind the names of two such comrades. Both were young, one seventeen and the other a year older, although the muster rolls will proclaim each older than that. They were firm friends at the commencement of their service, which began at the organization of our regiment, and they have continued that relationship until the present date. They were from the town of Union and both were as full of mischief as it is possible for two persons to be. Their first captain, Gen. Cilley, will bear me out in that remark.

Not knowing the cause of their enlistment we will say it was pure patriotism, but still I think it might possibly be for a good time, for that was what they had clear up

to the end of the war. Both re-enlisted in the field, came home on a furlough and returned together, and both served on many a hard-fought field. Neither ever flinched when danger came but bore his share with the bravest, and never in all the four years' service was there a faltering in duty or a shrinking from danger. Both also were fortunate enough to return to their homes and become good citizens of our State. I allude to Eugene F. Jones and Charles B. Phenix, soldiers known throughout the First Maine Cavalry.

Their first adventure in the cavalry was at Augusta, where they left the ranks of the company unobserved at morning water call, and through the day raced their horses upon the ice of the Kennebec, joining the company at night when the horses were again taken to drink, and would have escaped detection if one of the horses had not died shortly after reaching the stable. This caused an investigation, in which one said his horse had the spring halt and he had only "tried to get it out of him!"

Their next act together was after Sheridan's famous raid in rear of Lee's army, when he penetrated the outer lines of Richmond and retired for supplies to the banks of the James river. A squad was detailed from each company under a sergeant to forage for food, and feed for the horses, and no foraging party could rely upon certain success unless these two were of the number. Many times these expeditions were not all pleasure but required the nerve and bravery of brave men to get safely back to company or command. This was another reason why these boys were gladly enrolled in such a squad. They never were known to desert a comrade or run from danger when help was needed.

The party marched a long way from camp, surrounded a house occupied by Pennsylvania soldiers on the same mission, ordered them to report at once to their regiment, and then commenced the search for food. It was soon found that there was more than could be carried on horseback. The ever-ready Jones sighted two old army mules, while Phenix discovered an old carriage (he had a Columbus mind for discovery) and in less time than it takes to write it a harness was improvised, the mules and carriage united, the top of the old vehicle thrown back, and the whole filled to the uttermost with butter, sugar, meal, flour, hams and corn. Just then the report of a carbine and a cheer from the Discoverer proclaimed another America in a flock of sheep and a pig. Two sheep were killed and soon graced the volante, and the pig was caught and fastened to the same. Jones hitched a cord to the pig's hind leg, then mounted the near mule, his horse being fastened to the rear of the carriage with a sheep upon his back. Then Phenix assumed command and gave the order, "Forward, March." When nearing camp the squad drew sabres and marched forward in their most military manner, not a smile on their bronzed faces, even when Phenix gave the muttered order to sound the rally, and Eugene pulled with vigor on the cord attached to the pig's leg, and the wild squeal of victory resounded!

The official copy of the order from Gen. Meade which was read by Comrade Cook, at this meeting:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION ARMY CORPS,
OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, V., Dec. 17th, 1862.

LIEUT.-COL. DOUTY,

Commanding First Maine Cavalry,

Sir,—I am directed by Gen. Meade to report for your information that during the engagement on the thirteenth instant, Corporal Samuel J. Gurney, Private Samuel

Shorey and Private Charles P. Phenix, all of Company B of your regiment, had their horses killed under them. He further directs me to request you if possible to remount those men as he wishes to retain their services as long as possible on account of their bravery shown upon the battlefield.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A. G. MASON, Lieut. and Aide-de-Camp.

Headquarters First Maine Cavalry,

Camp Bayard, Va., Feb. 9th, 1863.

Official:

C. S. DOUTY, Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

MISS COUGHLIN'S POEM

Written for Encampment of the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, at Rockland, February 10th last, by Miss Anna E. Coughlin, of that city:

We render thanks to God for many gifts to-night,
 Many gifts of grace and nobleness and truth,
 For peace on land, on sea, for a fair flag floating free,
 For the sunny promise of our country's youth.
 But more, yea, more, O Lord, for these, our guests awhile,
 Take Thou the loving thanks we lift to Thee,
 For lessons they have taught, for peace and freedom bought
 By struggles Thou and they alone didst see!

A friend may walk beside us thro' the heat of noon
 And his helping hand be oftentimes our stay;
 Then when years have fled he comes with saddened tread,
 What welcome, think you, he should see that day?
 The welcome of the sunburst to clouds of sodden grey!
 Of the raindrops to a wrecked and famished crew!
 And while our lives shall last and mem'ries of the past,
 Such welcome we will hold and cherish well for you!

It seems a dream to day, that sudden bugle call
 That rang from stubborn Sumter o'er the land,
 When every loyal son marched on to Washington,
 And bent the knee to Freedom's altar grand;
 What need, oh, friends, to tell to you who know so well
 The thrilling scenes that were on land and sea—
 Of Lookout's awful height or the dashing, daring fight
 Of Sheridan's dauntless, matchless cavalry;

Of Grant's own grim resolve to "fight it out on this line,"
 Of Sherman's swinging march unto the shore,
 Or the saucy little fraud that dealt a just reward,
 The iron "Yankee cheese-box," Monitor

No need to tell you, no. God bless our heroes true,
 Yea, every one that answered to death's roll—
 For them the gates have swung, the evening hymn is sung,
 And peace be to each warrior's kingly soul.

And Rockland hath her own, her loyal son and true,
 Who stemmed the raging tide at Chancellorsville;
 And when the day was done the day for him was won,—
 When Berry fell it seemed a place that none could fill.
 Do you know the highest praise e'er writ of peer or king?
 "His soldiers knelt and kissed their leader's face;"
 O curving bay and shore, O old Atlantic's roar,
 Guard well our hero's long last resting place!

We yield a rev'rent thought to those whose place was high,
 And breathe their name in many a minster aisle;
 But let the solemn air voice, too, the worthy prayer
 Of loving lips: God bless our rank and file,
 And those who never knew, whose life went out in strife,
 Who fell in struggle fierce, nor saw the end;
 In the dawn of God's great day, what grander can we say
 Of one than this—He died thy children's friend!

The sower sows in hope, he trusts the harvest's yield,
 The toiler of the sea brings home a shining load,
 The sculptor carves for fame, the artist loves a name,
 The singer cherishes the laurel crown bestowed—
 No thought of crown or gain in after years to come
 The drear, dark days brought thee, nor just reward;
 But when ye fought to free in the name of Liberty,
 Ye lifted sixty million people nearer God!

Ye "doers of the word" thro' years of living flame!
 Let every storm swept banner wave for thee!
 From smooth Pacific calm to the land of pine and palm,
 Thy valor and thy courage honored be!
 Lift up your hearts in peace tho' the Reaper's blade be bright,
 Tho' year by year your ranks are thinner grown,
 For duty's paths are sweet, when near the earthly feet
 To heaven's golden roadway and the great white throne.

Sound forth a warning note, O Israel of God,
 For us to keep, as kept these here, to Right!
 To love a high ideal, to be brave and pure and leal
 And keep our faces steadfast to the light!
 To love as ye have loved, the azure banner free,
 To guard as ye have guarded, every fold,
 To keep it shrined in heart, of our very lives a part,
 The best and dearest earthly thing we hold!

THE ASSEMBLY.

“Saddle up, pack up, and be ready to move out immediately.”

We have received from Chaplain Fuller three short sketches of his experience while with the regiment which will be interesting to all.

The comrades are coming to the front grandly in the matter of forwarding changes and corrections for the Roll Call, and it is hoped they will continue to do so throughout the year. Every comrade should take an interest in making the Roll Call complete and correct.

Post No. 9, G. A. R., of Hudson, Mass., held its installation ceremonies for the officers of 1893 on Jan. 4th, when Commander Warren C. Waterhouse surrendered the insignia of his office to the newly-elected Commander, Frederick S. Dawes, formerly a member of Co. C, of our regiment, and was subsequently a member of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

The Western Society Army of the Potomac held its fourth annual banquet at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the twenty-fifth of January last. Gen. Cilley acknowledges the receipt of an invitation and complimentary ticket. It is pleasant to notice that among the officers of this association is Capt. A. J. Burbank of old Co. G.—the “gray horse Company,”—of our regiment, as treasurer.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler.

Since the January Call was issued, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler has been mustered out, and the country joins in paying to him the just tribute which only his friends have paid him for more than quarter of a century. He will be long remembered and as long as this memory lasts there will remain the memory of the fact that he was one of the first to rally to the support of the flag when

it was assailed; that he saved the Capital of the Nation in its time of greatest danger by opening communication there-with via Annapolis, and that he ruled New Orleans as no other man could rule that city.

The Androscoggin Association.

The annual meeting was held in Auburn the evening of Feb. 6th, at the residence of Comrade M. F. Ricker. It was a friendly, social entertainment given by Ricker and his wife and was heartily enjoyed by the comrades and their wives and daughters who were present. The Androscoggin Branch has been an active one, but this year an additional burden has been placed on its shoulders—the preparation for the entertainment of the association at its annual reunion. Lewiston has lost Major Howe and other good comrades and needs greatly the help and countenance of the comrades in Portland and in the adjacent counties to make our next reunion the full success it was when held in Lewiston in 1879. The following officers were elected: W. G. Besse President, Geo. P. Day Vice President, Henry Little Secretary and Treasurer,

B. P. Lowell Chaplain. Gen. Cilley was present.

Skowhegan Branch Association held their reunion April 10th. They have the novel feature of honorary members who add much to the enjoyment of the occasions and are apparently as enthusiastic members as those who served in the field with the grand old regiment.

The Massachusetts Branch.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Branch was held at the Crawford house, March 29th, the 28th anniversary of our leaving our winter quarters of 1864-65, on the Jerusalem Plank road, to enter upon the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac,—the glorious campaign which ended with the surrender of Gen. Lee. There were the same cordial greetings and kind words which characterize our reunions, though on a smaller scale. At the business meeting the following officers were elected:

President—Lieut. George F. Jewett.
 Vice Presidents—Alfred Pierce, Patrick F. Shevlin.
 Treasurer—Col. Albion C. Drinkwater.
 Secretary—Charles A. F. Emery.
 Executive Committee—Gilbert N. Harris, Patrick F. Shevlin, Albert Edgecomb.

After the business meeting, forty comrades and ladies sat down to the banquet. The enjoyment of eating over, Maj. Henry C. Hall, who presided at the table, called upon one after another for remarks as follows: Gen. J. P. Cilley, Capt. J. F. Chase, Fifth Maine Battery, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., Major Benj. F. Tucker, Patrick F. Shevlin, Gilbert N. Harris, Corydon O. Stone, and Hospital Steward Emery T. Getchell. Among the pleasures of the occasion was that of once again meeting Major Benjamin F. Tucker, our first adjutant, who looks as young and is as sprightly as when, long years ago, he taught to us the first rudiments of "Fours Right."

Teaching History With the Stars and Stripes.

The School Committee of the City of Pawtucket, R. I., recently passed a resolution designating certain days, commemorative of important events in the history of the city, State and Nation, as "Flag Days," ordering the American flag to be raised at all the school houses on said days,

and directing the teachers to instruct the pupils in the significance of the events thus commemorated. This seems to us to be an eminently wise and patriotic provision. For our own part, we would like to see the grand old stars and stripes floating from every flag staff every day. Ever since we were greeted by "Old Glory" on our return from rebel prison, and saw scores of bronzed heroes who had faced danger and death without flinching drop on their knees and fervently thank God for the sight of the dear old flag once more, —ever since that hour nothing looks quite so good, or means anywhere near so much, as the old flag. Yet we are aware that were the flag to float over the school houses continually it would become a common thing and attract no attention. So we think the Pawtucket plan is a good one. When the boys and girls of that city see the flag flying as they near the school house in the morning, they will know that it means something, and will naturally inquire what it is flying for, nor will they be satisfied until they learn, so the teacher will have an excellent opportunity to

impart the lessons of the flag and the lessons of the event in honor of which the flag is flying, to interested listeners.

Comrades Filling Positions of Honor and Trust.

HENRI J. HASKELL.

Of Company B, Attorney-General of Montana at present and for a number of years past, has sent us his first, second and third reports, also the reports of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Board of Education, Land Commissioners, Commissioners for the Insane and the Board of Pardons. We have devoted half an hour to the inspection of these nine reports and have learned more how the State of Montana is governed than we could tell in two days.

Of all the above boards of commissioners the attorney-general is a member, the members being the governor, attorney-general and secretary of state. The governor as president of each board, reports to himself as governor. All the legal and other conundrums arising in the duties of the various boards and in the exercise of new powers by

new state machinery are referred to the attorney-general for his opinion and solution. In his own report as attorney-general, his work for Jan. 1891 to Dec. 1892 covers forty suits in the Supreme Court, embracing all sorts of criminal trials and then a host of writs of mandamus, certiorari, injunction, etc. All the special questions pertinent to the office of attorney-general are answered, a short synopsis of which occupies twenty pages; some of these are portentous, others as easy as Columbus' egg; for instance, "a tax payer is one who pays highway or poll tax."

Of the nine reports sent us, we were glad to find one in which our gallant comrade did not appear *ex officio* as member, viz.: that of Superintendent of Public Instruction. In this volume he only enters as the respondent to such legal conundrums as the school ma'ams and educators of his State may properly present, and these answers only fill one hundred and two unledged pages. This large amount of reply can only be accounted for by the fact that the county superintendents are with one

single exception married or unmarried ladies. In one, Miss Wolf, who is superintendent in Deer Lodge county, a county whose dimensions we hesitate to mention, asks, "Is the county superintendent obliged to visit every school in the county and pay his or her own traveling expenses?" Our gentlemanly attorney general discusses the matter to the extent of nearly two pages, and thus ends, "therefore we conclude that the question propounded must be answered in the affirmative." We should not blame Miss Wolf for showing her teeth and feeling a desire to eat some of the does or bucks of Deer Lodge County.

RILEY L. JONES,

Of Company G, figured honorably in the dedication of the Masonic Temple at Saginaw, Mich. Feb. 27th, 1893. He delivered the address on the past history of Lodge No. 77 in that city. The address was printed in the city papers and is a most creditable and valued production.

JOSEPH R. CURTIS,

A one armed veteran of our regiment, who served his four

years, donating the last, as a volunteer gift with no pay or bounty, has recently been elected colonel of the command of Union Veterans' Union at Portsmouth, N. H. for 1893.

POSTMASTERS.

John M. Akers, Company F, Alfred, Me.; Samuel Burrows, Company B, Broad Cove, Me.; John Thompson, Company B, North Searsmont, Me.; Daniel W. Davis, Company L, Amesbury, Mass.

LEGISLATORS.

Major Henry C. Hall, Woburn, Mass., House; Joseph G. Peaks, Company K, Dover, Maine, Senate; Charles W. Coffin, Company I, Shapleigh, Maine, Senate; Samuel W. Lane, Company A, Augusta, Maine, House.

JAMES F. DRAKE,

Of Company F, is maintaining the high standard of right instruction raised when we established a school in Virginia after the war closed and kept it in operation till near our muster out, by acting as corresponding secretary of the Kansas State Sunday School Association and by editing the Kansas State Sunday School Journal, an

eight page paper filled with enthusiasm and good work. He is living at Topeka in the Sunflower State.

Magnificent Scenery.

Just at this time, when people are thinking of making their summer trips, it is well to call attention to the beauty and grandeur of the trip from Denver, Col., to Salt Lake City by the Denver and Rio Grande and Rio Grande Western railroads to say nothing of what is to be seen at either terminus. The ride over this road, either wide or narrow guage, or going in either direction, will give one more mountain scenery, so say those who have traveled widely, than any other ride in the world. There is something new to gaze at, wonder at, and admire, almost every moment, and when one has completed the ride, the tendency is to turn and ride back to view the same ever-varying scenery from another standpoint. And to gain the whole benefit of the trip one desires to ride only in the day time, that none of the grandeur may be lost in the darkness.

Tribute to a Comrade.

The obliging and faithful services of Charles W. Weymouth, formerly of Co. I of the First Maine Cavalry, who runs the elevator at the State House, are appreciated. Friday afternoon he was called before the State assessors, where Mr. Hayford, on behalf of the board, presented Mr. Weymouth with an elegant gold-mounted G. A. R. sword and scabbard. Mr. Weymouth fittingly responded, and will proudly wear his gift in the official position he holds in Seth Williams Post, G. A. R. But his cup of happiness had not yet been filled. He was called into the office of the commissioner of labor and industrial statistics and was there addressed by Commissioner Matthews, on behalf of several of Mr. Weymouth's upstairs friends, who presented him with a handsome Grand Army cap, saying as he did so:

"It always was my great pleasure to recognize worth wherever I find it. You have served the State in your capacity long and well. Those whom you have elevated to higher positions in this building value your services and desire to manifest their appreciation of the same by this little token which it now gives me great pleasure to present to you. When you wear it may it be a constant reminder to you that we all appreciate your valuable services." Mr. Weymouth responded: "I thank you all heartily for this gift which you present to me and hope in the future that I may serve you at least as well as I have in the past."—*Kennebec Journal, Jan. 7th.*

New Publications.

"Blue and Gray," by the Patriotic Publishing Company, Philadelphia, is a new monthly war magazine, on a purely patriotic basis. It publishes war stories and reminiscences from the men who wore the blue and men who wore the

gray alike, recognizing both as American soldiers, with a view of showing that the men of the two armies were equally brave and had only a soldierly feeling for each other. It allows no ill feeling between the northern and the southern soldier. Beside the articles devoted to the war in this spirit, it is full of patriotism and is thoroughly American—a magazine every patriotic father should place in the hands of his sons and daughters.

Our Editor in his above notice omits to state that one of the most attractive features of the magazine is an article from his pen describing his prison experience while in the hands of the soldiers we fought. It contains an excellent cut of Tobie and is further illustrated.—J. P. C.

The 7th, Regiment Gazette, New York City, is remarkable for its special interest as our Bugle. The Easter number—April—gives the Inaugural experiences at Washington and all its pages reflect the life and good fame of the regiment.

"The Dignity of Sex," by Henry S. Chase, M. D., just issued by the Purdy Publishing Company, Nos. 168-179 Madison street, Chicago, is a book small in size but large in contents—a book which will benefit every one who reads it, especially the young.

"The Grand Army Record," the organ of the Department of Massachusetts G. A. R., published monthly at No. 31, Cornhill, Boston, is edited by Comrade John M. Perkins, of Company I, and has the ring of the bugle in every column.

The Land of Sunshine.

A UNIQUE COUNTRY WHERE THE SKIES
ARE ALMOST NEVER CLOUDED, WHILE
THE AIR IS COOL AND BRACING,
LIKE PERPETUAL SPRING.

As an anomalous southern resort, by reason of the fact that there one may escape summer heat no less than winter cold, New Mexico is rapidly becoming famous. Averaging throughout the entire territory 5,600 feet in altitude above sea-level, and characterized by dry air which, unlike a humid atmosphere, is incapable of communicating heat, the temperature in midsummer remains at a delightfully comfortable degree through the day and at night becomes invariably brisk and bracing. The sunshine is almost constant, yet the most violent out-of-door exertion may be undertaken without fear of distressful consequences. Sunstroke or prostration are absolutely unknown there. It is an ideal land for a summer outing. Its climate is prescribed by reputable physicians as a specific for pulmonary complaints, and the medicinal Hot Springs at Las Vegas are noted for their curative virtues. The most sumptuous hotel in the west, the Montezuma, is located at these springs. Write to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, for "The Land of Sunshine," an entertaining and profusely illustrated book descriptive of this region, the most picturesque and romantic in the United States.

BUGLE ECHOES.

For ties that bind eternal, comrades,
 For fellowship without surcease,
 One hour of battle touch-of-elbow
 Is worth a thousand years of peace.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

WETMORE, Colo., Dec. 23d, 1892.

DEAR GEN. CILLEY,

I received the October number of the *BUGLE* last night; was very much pleased to get it; was quite interested in Lieut. Tobie's account of his trip across the continent. I was in Pueblo when his party passed through that place, and had I known he was one of the party should have made myself known to him, as I would have been very glad to meet one of the old First Maine comrades, especially the historian of the regiment.

Yours truly,

WM. P. COLEMAN.

Hist. p. 481

CALAIS, Dec. 23d, 1892.

DEAR GENERAL,

I again write the *BUGLE* to give my experience in service without regard to spelling or form. In reading most histories or reminiscences (for instance, *Boston Journal*) I find contention, as each one wants to be the Great I Am. What I think you desire is personal experiences. Now I will try to describe the battle of Brandy Station as I have it in my mind. At Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock river, we stood at horse all night, and in the morning started our horses on the run with dust so thick we could only see our file leaders, looking

grey as rebs. We struck Brandy Station and formed line under Maj. Boothby, charged through a line of what I called mounted infantry. The line we charged through I thought at first was our own men (we were as grey with dust as they). When I saw them form to cut us off I lay down on my horse, rode up to Major and sang out "Rebs in our rear." He was the coolest man I ever saw. He took off his spectacles, took out his handkerchief, wiped the glasses, and looked, and then said, "Attention" (I thought it was two hours.) "Return carbine! Fours right about, wheel! Draw saber! Charge!" We made for them, but their horses were fresh and we could not catch them. During this time other rebs had formed around a house more like a pack of scared sheep than soldiers, loaded up the artillery there with grape shot and canister, and as we got in a low place a short distance from them, they let it go and it all went over heads. We then turned to the right, formed line, and held it under fire of their shells till the rest of the division fell back. It seemed to me that if they were not more scared than we they could have captured most of us. For this work Gen. Kilpatrick got a star on his shoulder. I recollect him when he first came to us at

Belle Plain, Va., a mere stripling of a boy, inspecting us big raw-bone men of the State of Maine. The most prominent thing I recollect was his big nose and mouth and that "still voice," when he gave a command. You could hear it half a mile. One instance: when we were on review before President Lincoln, he was out in front of us, he saw one of the followers of Lincoln, little Thad, and sang out to him, "How are you, Bill." It did not look very military, but there were lots of things not very military in our first service. After the charge, we fell back and circled around between the Station and Rappahannock Ford and supported a battery. Here I lay on the ground to rest and fell asleep. The battery opened, and you ought to have seen me come on my feet and poor Lieut. Kimball laugh at me. That night we fell back to the ford, where the Sixth Maine made their gallant charge the next season. This ended the battle of Brandy Station. From there we went to Warrenton Junction and had a jollification in camp.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM TRIMBLE.

Hist. p. 504.

DETROIT, Me., Dec. 25th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—The BUGLE for October came to hand recently, brimming over with good things, from the title page to the last ad. on the outside of the cover. It will carry good cheer to many an old cripple. Every article has an individuality, is in fact a picture of the one who wrote it, and as I turn the leaves old comrades rise up one after another, just as as they stood in the dark days of the sixties. Maj. Brown's letter brings to mind a hundred incidents of the time when he commanded Co. M. Among them are two speeches made by him to the company. The first, "I expect you

to be equal to any company in the service. If there is a battle to be fought I expect you to win your share of glory; if there is any forage, anything to eat, any rails to be had, I expect you to be on the spot as soon as any one and get your share; but if I catch any of you stealing I will put you under arrest." The other, it was in the early morning of June 21, 1863, he had been ordered, with his company, to carry a dispatch where four companies had been driven back by guerrillas. With the order in his hand he rode up to the six sets of fours, all that was left for duty of the sixty-five men who left Belle Plain in April, and gave us its import and added, "Men, this looks like rough work, but it's a great honor. If I am killed, Sergt. Johnson is competent to command you; if he is killed, obey the non-commissioned officers down to the last corporal. If I show the white feather, shoot me. By twos, forward!" Slight wonder that a few hours later we followed him through Upperville without finching, and when we struck the foe, as Burns put it, "had no thought only just how to kill two at a blow." The letter of Fitz John Porter reminds me that it was at the headquarters of Gen. Fitz John Porter that I performed the first service for my country, if eating damaged hard bread does not count; also that I have been twice christened. Family tradition says that I was christened Reuel W. Porter by Rev. S. S. Tappan in what is now Winterport. The second event was performed in Co. M by Sergt. Asa Hanson acting as master of ceremonies. As on the former occasion I was not consulted and the name given me was Fitz John Porter, this time baptized in blood. This is the way the BUGLE sings; let its music reverberate till the last First Maine Cavalry man pitches his tent beyond the shining river.

Yours truly,

R. W. PORTER.

BENTLEY CREEK, Pa., Jan. 3d, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Enclosed find one dollar in payment of the First Maine BUGLE. It is a good work and will do much to perpetuate the deeds of the old troopers of Gregg's Division. I have a history of your regiment, also of the First New Jersey, Second New York and my own, the Tenth New York Cavalry. I take great pleasure in comparing notes, where our regiments were engaged together. Since the days of '63 to '65 I have had a profound respect for the First Maine Cavalry. Their courage and valor were never questioned; in saying that I do no injustice to any cavalry regiment, for they were each a band of heroes and their rank and file represented the highest type of American manhood.

I am yours fraternally,

E. M. TUTON,
Co. E, 10th N. Y. Cav.

AUBURN, KINGS CO., N. S.,

Jan. 6th, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your kindness in sending me the First Maine BUGLE. I have been laid up with rheumatism and have not earned \$10 in two years, but in a few months will be all right again and then I will pay all arrears, so put my name down for a BUGLE every time it blows. I am just crazy to have a First Maine Cavalry Badge and will have one as soon as I can.

Until then I am yours,

ELISHA DEW. HARRIS.

Hist. p. 548.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., Jan. 8th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade,—I have just been reading the last BUGLE and think it is about time for me to fall in and pay my dues. Thinking it may be of interest to some of my old comrades, I send you with this a picture of myself, taken

at Alexandria, Va., in Sept. 1863, after being four months a prisoner, two months at Lynchburg and two months on Belle Isle. Enclosed please find order for fifteen dollars—four for picture, two fifty for badge of First Maine Cavalry, three fifty for dues, three fifty for BUGLE Campaign II., and for Campaign III., and the balance to be applied to subscription for BUGLE for Comrade Edmund T. Bangs, who, I see by the BUGLE, has been unfortunate. Please inform me as to date of the next reunion, as I intend to visit the East sometime this year and wish to time my visit so as to attend the reunion and fall in line once more with the "boys" and answer to the roll-call, "Here."

Yours fraternally,

JAMES B. PEAKES,
Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.

Hist. p. 475.

BRADFORD CENTER, Me.,

Jan. 10th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade,—I received three Calls of the First Maine BUGLE and hasten to thank you for forwarding, and my dear old comrade and tentmate, Perley Lowe, for my New Year's present. I have never met with the boys at a reunion, but intend to, if I live; will be very thankful if you can keep me posted in regard to reunions of regiment. After thanking you for your kindness, I am yours for truth,

W. E. BAILEY.

Hist. p. 583.

ONTARIO, STORY CO., Iowa,

Jan. 9th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me the BUGLE. I inclose one dollar to pay for one year's subscription. My wife and I are very much interested in its pages. We have lived here fifteen years, and in all that time have seen not one of the old First Maine boys. We are going to

send for the History as as soon as we can. I want to show some of my many friends out here that the grand old Potomac Army had its finger in the pie, too. Here they think the Cumberland Army fought the war all through to the end. I was a raw recruit in February, '64, a mere stripling of eighteen years, and though I know nothing of the hard fought battles previous to that time, I was with the regiment and shared its hardships and fortunes from the time of enlistment until the close at Appomattox.

Yours respectfully,

C. A. WENTWORTH, Co. M.

Hist. p. 656.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 14th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

General and Comrade,—We send you by this mail a copy of "Massachusetts in the War." Certainly the BUGLE is a very interesting publication, and I have already read more in it than I often do, with my manifold duties, in any like publication.

Fraternally yours,

JAMES L. BOWEN.

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE WAR—1861-65. By James L. Bowen; 1050 pp.; 62 fine portraits. Cloth, \$4; half leather with paper or cloth sides, or library calf, \$4.75; full black leather, \$5.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price.

It staggers imagination to contemplate the amount of research involved in the preparation of this volume. The book itself is in evidence to show that Mr. Bowen has hesitated at no labor that was necessary to perfect his purpose. It proves also that the mass of material became his servant and not his master. Its place is among the histories, and it is likely to crowd certain volumes that make greater pretensions. It is full of interest, modest and manly in tone, free from puffery and pregnant with incentive to better citizenship. For such a book there should always be a cordial welcome.—*Boston Times.*

ARCADIA, N. Y., Jan. 16th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—I received a copy of the First Maine BUGLE a short time ago, and what a flood of reminiscences it brings to my mind. My first knowledge of the First Maine was at Camp Bayard, Virginia, near Acquia Creek where I joined them from a sick bed, and then followed the Stoneman Raid where we got better acquainted. Next at Brandy Station came full fellowship. Col. Kilpatrick, who commanded our brigade at Brandy Station, thought there was no regiment equal to the Second New York Cavalry (or Harris Light) and he wanted them to take the advance as the Tenth and First Maine had not been in a charge of this kind. How well I remember that charge; the First Maine was on the right, the Second New York in the center and our regiment, the Tenth, on the left. When we got about four or five rods from the rebel line which was charging up towards us, the Second New York broke all up and ran into our regiment, driving us into a post and rail fence, and then the First Maine, which I consider the best cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac, taking them as a whole, did some grand work. In my opinion they saved both our regiments, the Tenth New York and Second New York, for had they not checked the rebel charge when we were all in confusion they could have cut us all up. After we had got straitened, Kilpatrick's aide rode up to me and said he wished me to charge over by the station on the knoll. I gave the order "Platoons left about wheel," and about two-thirds of the regiment followed me in the charge. I charged through a regiment of rebs and through the hollow to the next knoll, where I captured two guns and thirteen rebs. The guns had been left by Col. Wyndham of the First New Jersey of the First Brigade. I could not get them off as I had no har-

ness. The next day Kilpatrick called the Second New York Cavalry cowards, and when he got up his petition to send to Washington for a brigadiership not one in that regiment signed it, except Major Coons. The First Maine boys signed it, also the Tenth New York, and it was through them that he got his commission. There was one incident connected with the fight that I heard at the time and I guess it was a true one. It was said that one of the First Maine boys captured a confederate flag. Kilpatrick sent an orderly up to the regiment after it, and the First Maine boy told the orderly very politely that he had captured the flag, but that there were more flags of the same kind out in front and that if Kilpatrick wanted one bad he had better go out and get one for himself. He cut the flag off the staff and wound it around his body under his shirt and Kilpatrick never got it. At Aldie our regiment did not partake, but we stood upon the rising ground and saw the First Maine charge and where you lost that noble man, Col. Douty. Our next meeting was at Middleburg where I made probably the grandest charge ever made. It was on the nineteenth of June; our division after Aldie went towards Ashby's Gap. Kilpatrick and Buford went towards Snicker's Gap. We met the rebels just beyond Middleburg (Mosby's old home) on the nineteenth. The situation was like this: the Tenth New York was divided; four companies were in a wheat field on the left of the road acting as skirmishers; the balance of the regiment was in the road on columns of fours; the First Maine was on the left of the road. About ten o'clock Kilpatrick, who had got back in person, although his division was not back yet, said to Gregg, "Why don't you send in the Tenth New York and charge that wood and drive them out?" I was in the road at the head of the column when

Gregg's aide came up to me and said, "Major, Gen. Gregg wants you to take a squadron and charge that wood; if you find when you get there that it is too hot, fall back, but charge as far as you can." I took the First Squadron, Cos. F and I, fifty men, and charged. Just as I entered the wood Lieut. Hawes was shot, and it drew his horse across the column and cut off about three files. I said, "Hawes, my man, what is the matter?" He said, "I am shot, major," and he put up his hand to his vest and I saw the blood push through his fingers. I then turned to Lieut. Boyd and said, "Let's go as far as the blacksmith shop at the top of the ridge." I ordered them forward, Boyd raised his hand and said "Come on, boys," when he was shot through the head, falling over against me, his head striking my leg. I then charged with the rest of the men to the snop where their battery had been, but they lumbered it up and went back about half a mile and fired again at us. When I got to the knoll I could see the regiments lining off to the right, several regiments, I should think about three to four thousand men. I then turned and marched back. When I got out of the woods and stopped by the side of the road I found I had five men left. Co. I had one man, Sergt. Perry, and Co. F a corporal, two privates and a musician. If there is any instance in the history of nations where fifty men charged a large number and actually drove them and where the fifty lost all but five men, I have yet to read it. While I was stopping by the fence Col. Smith, who was now in command of the First Maine since the death of Douty, rode up to the fence and asked me if I would be so kind as to relieve a captain of the First Maine who was on the left of the woods; his lieutenant had been shot and disabled. I told him I would, and left obliquely through the wheat field to where the captain was and placed my men on

the picket line. At the battle of Gettysburg in the afternoon and evening of the third, when we fought near Wolf's Hill, I do not remember seeing the First Maine. I think they must have been on some other part of the line. But after the battle, when we went through the long line of dead bodies that the rebs had neglected to bury, the Tenth headed the column and the First Maine was right behind us when we got beyond the town and captured that hospital with all the rebs and began to pick up the stragglers. We knew then that we had been victorious. We had no fighting that day except a slight skirmish with the rear guard of the rebs just as we went over the mountains, but we encamped in an orchard on the outskirts of Chambersburg and there was a captain in the First Maine with whom I had got quite well acquainted, but I forget his name at this time. He said, "Let's go down town," and I said "Come on," and when we got in the town we found the citizens had not heard of our victory and we were the first to inform them. They unlocked their pianos and gave us some fine music and singing. The captain of the First Maine had a fine bass voice and he sung Kingsley's "Three Fishers," and it was bordering on the hour when graveyards yawn when we got back to camp. Please forgive this long scrawl. I did not intend to make it so long when I began, but when one begins to tell over old camp histories there is no stopping until the paper gives out.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN H. KEMPER,

Late Major 10th N. Y. Cav.

Hist. N. Y. Cav. p. 272, also pp. 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, where Lieut. A. J. Edson, Corp. David L. Wallace, Lieut. John B. Buffum also describe the Middleburg affair. The flag captured by the First Maine Cavalry at Brandy Station now hangs as a trophy in the State capitol at Augusta.

WASHINGTON BARRACKS, D. C.,

Jan. 19th, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Yours of the 11th inst. has been received, also Call 10 of the BUGLE, on the general "get up" and typographical appearance of which I congratulate you most heartily. You certainly have my permission to make any use of "Kelly's Ford and the Volunteer Cavalry" you may deem proper. There are some things which I would add to it if I had time to take up the subject again, but I have not. If you have time, read my article in the January number of the *Journal of the Military Institution*. * * * I recollect you very well indeed. Those were great days, days of great doings, and few of us thought what an important part we were playing in history. As time clears away the fog and mist the dignity of our performances, even professionally, is enhanced greatly. The wisdom of our strategy and tactics, notwithstanding the numerous mistakes, is appreciated more and more by foreign military writers. In the spirit of that *Camaraderie* engendered only in war, I am truly yours,

FRANK W. HESS,

Major 3d & 5th Pa. Vol. Cav. and 3d U. S. Art.

BATH, Jan. 20th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I received by morning mail a copy of the First Maine Cavalry BUGLE, for which accept my sincere thanks. Were I in a position to subscribe for it I should be happy to do so. My son is on the U. S. S. Woodbury. Had my husband lived he would have been in the High School, he being qualified to enter at that time. He may desire to be enrolled as one of the Sons of the First of Maine. Very respectfully,

MARY A. COFFIN,

Widow of John Coffin, Co. G, 1st Me. Cav.

MELVERN, Kansas, Jan. 20th, 1893.

DEAR COMRADE,

Success to your efforts. Long live the
BUGLE.

Yours,

CYRUS CASE.

Hist. p. 501.

SO. LAGRANGE, Me., Jan. 20th, 1893.

GEN. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—I can give you a sketch of my capture as I should tell it to you, for I am no great hand to tell a story or to write of myself, but I will do the best I can. I was taken at Dinwiddie Court House the last day of March, 1865. When I was captured I was in the water. We went across the creek mounted, then we dismounted, hitched together our horses and the No. Four men took them, and we formed a skirmish line, our company on the left—there were only two companies, K and M—when the Johnnies charged us in line of battle. I was taken in the water and shall remember it until the last day for I have been a used up man ever since. I arose from the water and fired one shot, and a good one it was, too. It counted one for me. I then dropped my gun, belt and revolver into the water. The first greeting I had was, "Surrender, you blue bellied Yankee." I felt proud to think they did not call me anything worse. The next thing they did was to grab my hat, then start me for the rear, if they had any. They took me back where one of our men lay wounded; they were stripping him—his name was Andrew Fisher. I did not see him afterwards. A Johnny came along and asked me how I would swap boots. I told him they would not fit, but he made me sit down, hauled them off, and they were just a fit. He made a few jumps and away he went. The next start was Johnny with an old horse. There was not meat enough on his bones to rot his hide if he had been killed. He took me

and started for the rear and had a pick at me. I thought I could handle him alone but he put his old revolver up to my ear all cocked. I could feel the cool breath of it and gave up beat. Then he made me take hold of the saddle and trot alongside the old horse like a dog. The poor old horse did the best he could, but I did not have to double quick to keep up. He handed me over to the provost guard, or I suppose it was. They received me very kindly, in their way, by calling me everything they could think of. The captain—I never shall forget him, and if I were going to my mother's funeral and should meet him I would stop and kill him—was the nastiest man I saw while with them and had the worst tongue. He sat there with an old revolver and there was nothing but what he called me, and if I made a reply he would draw a bead on me and threaten to shoot, so I had to lie low and grit my teeth, but it was not my good will but my fear. The next thing I got was an order from the cavalry general for the guard to take me over where he and his staff were. They did so, but I did not feel proud to think the general wanted to see me. He asked me a lot of questions and all the answers I gave him were, "I don't know." He asked me what I did know and I replied I was not supposed to know anything. He said he didn't think I did know much, and told them to take me back, and I heard him tell his staff if there was anyone of us that had anything they wanted, to go and take it. We were pretty well picked then. We were something like a barber's shop, first come first served. The next start was for Richmond, but when we got to South Side railroad we found they were having trouble there. Then they took us to a river and were going to ferry us across in an old leaky skow. The water was high and they had two large negroes to handle the craft. The Johnnies were in more

of a hurry to get out of the way than we were so they took a load of them first, horses, officers and privates, and we sat on the bank and watched the progress. They started out but could not manage their craft and down the river they went, and we never saw them again, and for my part I did not want to. Then they started us again with light marching orders both inside and out. We went to a stream, but the bridge was gone. They got what they called a boat. It looked more like a coffin. They could take in three at a time. They took them to where they could reach bottom, made them get out and wade ashore. They only got a few across before the cavalry drove them from that way of ferrying that day. We met them coming from Richmond and were making good time. The fifth night they stopped us for refreshments, it being the first time we had been allowed that privilege since we started with them. They gave us about a pint and a half of meal for two. We mixed it up and baked it on a board. Sometime in the night we took up the line of march again. The next stopping place was at some court house; do not know the name. There they were badly confused, and were blowing up their caissons and ammunition. We made a short halt and started again. Some confederate officers, looking at us, said we did not look any better than their men nor any better dressed. I told him if the whole confederate army had been through him he would not look so well as we did. That night I think they stopped us for refreshments again. These consisted of one ear of hard corn on the cob, but it was quite a treat. I got two, for I drew one from a poor comrade who had laid his down for something, and not knowing he had gone without eating as long as I had, I took it. His appetite was poor; they had struck him over the head with a gun and he did not feel very well. Then

we took the railroad for Farmville; we crossed a long bridge; before we got there they were getting ready to burn it. We landed in Farmville at sunrise, where we formed a line. Gen. Lee rode along and asked the guard if we had anything to eat and they told him no. He told them to get three days' rations of flour and bacon and give to us. They got the rations but we got none, as they kept them all for themselves. Before the rations were dealt out and while we were looking to see where our share was coming in and wondering how we were to carry it, for we had hardly a pocket left, the cavalry took them on the other side of the town we could see them. They ran us out, and that night we stopped for a spell and almost froze. They would not let us have any fire and it was very cold. Then we started for Appomattox; marched about all night and in the morning were in full sight of the Court House. We could see things were not all right, for their artillery seemed to all be down over the hill and they were badly confused. We saw the flag of truce when it went forward, but did not know what it meant. Soon we found out and cheered until we were so hoarse that we could hardly speak. They tried to keep us still but it was no use. That night they let us go. Sumner P. Packard, who had been with me since my capture, and I stopped with the Fifth Regulars that night. They did everything they could to make us happy; gave us plenty to eat, blankets, pipes, tobacco, knives, wood, tent and everything for our comfort. The next morning we started for our regiment. We made some inquiries but no one knew until we saw Gen. Sheridan, I think it was. He told us where to go and we found the regiment just starting out to escort Gens. Lee and Grant to Burkesville Junction. The men gave us plenty to eat, and me a mule to ride and I started after them. From that time I

was cared for until I was taken sick and sent to the hospital and from there home.

Yours, etc.,

LLEWELLYN GREEN.

Hist. p. 652.

WINDSOR, Missouri, Jan. 23d, 1893.
MY DEAR GENERAL,

I received the history, also the BUGLES and reports in due time. Doubtless you think it strange at not receiving a reply. Well, in the first place, when they came I was away from home, and in the next place if you send a hungry old soldier such a feast you ought not to expect to hear from him until he has devoured it at least. I have been separated from all my old comrades since the war; now this book has caused me to live those three years over again, and what a pleasant time I have had. It has brought all the boys back to me; some I had nearly forgotten. Yet with this grand book I can find a few *little* faults. Now if there is anything an old soldier ought to be proud of it is his long term of service. In the roster of Co. L my enlistment is correct; I was discharged by General Order No. 83, no dates given. Now the citizen reader won't know whether I served three years or three weeks. Capt. Corson's picture on page 215 does not look quite right put in sideways. He used to come up to the Johnnies "front-face," but then you know his right eye is a little out of kilter and he always was proud. Now I am reading the BUGLES; they are grand, just the place to fill in all the little items that were left out in the history. I have them from Call 2 to 10, and each number gets bigger and better. You are doing splendidly; I think you will not have to d—n the boys again. If I were capable I would try and write up some of the little exciting scenes that I passed through in those three bloody years to help the BUGLE along. Long may she blow! Now do not think I am

finding fault with the history. I only wonder how it was gotten up so well with the old boys all scattered over the world, and I feel under great obligations to Tobie, yourself and all the comrades who worked so hard to get it up. Inclosed find six dollars, four dollars for BUGLES and reports received and two dollars for copies of the BUGLE for 1893, one copy to be sent to Edward T. Bangs, Strong, Me.; if he is supplied, send it to Richard Cram, Bradley; if they are supplied send it to some one else, the other to

Yours truly,

CHARLES F. DAVIS.

Hist. p. 634.

NOTE.—Comrade Bangs was supplied by James B. Peakes, and this contribution goes to Comrade Cram. If Comrade Davis had noticed the explanation given on page 250 of the history he would have seen that General Order No. 83 was dated May 8, 1865, and gives the reason why he was discharged.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, Jan. 23d, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade, — Yours of Jan. 28th was received yesterday, forwarded from my home, St. Maries. Last May at our Department Encampment I was appointed on a committee on legislation. Our principal duty was the establishing of a soldiers' home in Idaho. I prepared and had introduced in the House a bill for that purpose; it passed thirty-one to one and is now before the Senate where I expect favorable action in the near future. If I succeed I shall feel that I have accomplished a good work. I am single handed in the fight. None of the committee but myself put in an appearance. I intended to send you an article for the January BUGLE on my experience in the Infantry. I had it nearly written before I left home and intended to bring it with me and finish it here, but I forgot it, so you will not get it until I return home,

which will be about March first. It is nearly a thousand miles to my home by the route I have to travel so I can't return until I finish my work. I am going to the National Encampment this year if nothing gets in the way; my plans are all laid. I am afraid that I can't get so far east as Maine. It will be much of a disappointment to the First Maine Cavalry boys west of the Rocky Mountains that the regiment did not have its reunion at the time of the National Encampment, but I presume we will meet many of you at the encampment and Columbian Exposition. Yours in F. C. & L.,

MONROE DAGGETT.

107 East 70th St., NEW YORK,
Feb. 5th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,— In looking through the pages of the BUGLE, October, '92, issue, I was much pleased to see a communication from Maj. A. H. Bixby of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. It carried me back to the summer of 1863, when I was located for a short time at Camp Stone-man, near Alexandria, where Maj. Bixby and a few officers had their wives. Finding that I was located for at least a month I sent for my wife and found a boarding place near by. On the invitation of our quartermaster, Lieut. J. A. Goodwin of my regiment, who was acquainted with my wife before the war, I brought her up to the camp where comfortable quarters were fitted up for us. A wall tent set up in the shade of a peach tree formed our sleeping apartment, while near by we had a larger tent with flooring carpeted with army blankets for a parlor. A good piano made up for the scarcity of other furniture, and as my wife was a musician it relieved greatly the monotony of camp life. She messed with the officers and their wives, while I messed in the First Massachusetts Cavalry Band, just across the street, with the

rest of the scrubs. The ladies graced the field with their presence at "dress parade," and promenade concerts were the order of the evening. Nearly every day my wife and I mounted two of the band horses and visited the hospitals and convalescent camps in and about that section. We made one trip ten miles beyond our lines, of which I may some day write you. But a new campaign opened, horses and equipments were issued and we took ourselves to the front, while the band sorrowfully played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." In our autograph album of that period we have the names of Capt. and Mrs. A. H. Bixby, Lieut. L. L. Barney of the Tenth New York Cav. and wife; Dr. S. Newman of Newark, N. J.; Lieut. Chas. A. Vernon, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry; Capt. E. C. Bigelow, First Maine Cavalry; Lieut. G. M. Fillebrown, First Massachusetts Cavalry, and Maj. John E. Naylor, Second New York Cavalry. Finding old friends and old names in the correspondence of the BUGLE adds greatly to its otherwise valuable contents, and of itself is worth more than the subscription price. I appreciate the courtesy of the editor in placing at the head of the "Bugle Echoes" an extract from "The Bugler." May the BUGLE continue to revive old friendships and form new ones.

Yours truly,

HENRY G. BARTLETT.

Hist. 1st Mass. Cav. p. 410.

READING, Pa., Feb. 8th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear General,— Enclosed please find one dollar for the BUGLE. I have not had time to read its contents. It is only a pleasure deferred, confident that if the First Maine conduct its management, their comrades of '61-'65 will gladly follow its lead and calls.

Yours truly,

W. MURRAY WEIDMAN, M. D.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Yours of the 6th inst. at hand and contents noted. In replying to you would say it is out of my line to write articles for the press. I had not seen the report of our meeting January twenty-fourth until I had read your letter. It would be impossible for me to write what I might have said at our Post meeting when Comrade Perkins of Boston was present, and his remarks drew out some of the boys not accustomed to speaking in public. I learned from Comrade Perkins that he was a member of the First Maine Cavalry, which made it all the more interesting to me, and my very soul and spirit were stirred to know we had with us one of the First Maine Cavalry. I was much enthused by what had been said and made mention of our experience June 17th, 1863, at the village of Aldie. The day was beautiful, but hot; we had been in the saddle many days. The 17th of June proved the most eventful of all to the First Massachusetts Cavalry during the civil war. The enemy were moving to Pennsylvania. We passed over the Bull Run battle fields about one to two thirty P. M., moving up the turnpike leading to Aldie; came in contact with the confederates near the village, pushing them back through the town, Kilpatrick's Brigade on the advance. Lieut.-Col. Curtis, commanding the First Massachusetts, was ordered to send out a detachment to learn the strength of the enemy. We soon found ourselves engaged with a large force, the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia Cavalry and Breathed's battery, commanded by Col. Thomas Mumford. The confederates had the advantage, both in forces and position. Our work was successful until the Fourth New York Cavalry, commanded by the brave DeCesola, was ordered in to our support, when the entire command turned to the

rear, leaving their colonel a prisoner, with many of our boys, to go to Richmond. The enemy, encouraged by the cowardly work of the Fourth New York, pressed hard upon our boys, closing in on our flanks, in fact hemmed us in for a time with little hope of escaping. Now Kilpatrick is seen dashing to rear for other support, soon to return with the First Maine Cavalry. Their yell greets our ears and we look upon one of the grandest sights ever witnessed by man. On they came in a grand charge, sabres glistening in the beautiful sunlight. The tide has turned, victory is on our side, a remnant of the First Massachusetts has escaped instant death or the prison pen, the confederates are routed and driven back to Upperville, leaving the federals in possession of the field to care for the wounded and bury the dead. Our loss was 198 out of the 294 engaged. The battle of Aldie was a success to our arms. The battlefield held the road leading to Loudon, but the field was dearly won. Being the attacking party, our loss was the greater. I was much interested in an article which appeared in the *Boston Journal* recently, written by Lieut. L. N. Duchesney of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, who was captured at Aldie, giving a thrilling account of his capture, prison life and escape, traveling three hundred miles over the mountains to East Tennessee. Speaking of his diet in Richmond prison, he told of entrapping large rodents, which were prepared by the blacks for food, making a first-class dish, which tasted like squirrel. It was my privilege to visit for the first time since the war the old battle ground of Aldie. About twenty of our boys left Washington, D. C., June 16, 1891, stopping in Leesburg over night. We were invited to attend a church fair in the evening and had a pleasant time, joining in singing many songs with the good people of the town. We took carriages

early in the morning, June 17th, for a drive to Aldie, about fifteen miles distant. Our mission to Aldie was to dedicate a monument to the memory of our fallen comrades. The monument stands in the bend of the road, by the wayside, on land owned by a Mr. Furr, who kindly gave the spot to our association. Mr. Furr was the son of one of the old planters whose home was used as a hospital on the day of the battle. We were treated most kindly by Mr. Furr, a lusty fellow of three hundred pounds weight. Mr. Furr, in speaking of the battle, said he was with Mosby at the time. He said the confederates had all the advantage and ought to have won the day. He further said the Yanks fought like devils against great odds. I remember a remark made by Kilpatrick the following morning, when we were engaged burying the dead. Said Kilpatrick, "I am sorry, boys, but I did all I could to save you." I have written more than I thought I could. If you find any part of this any help, I am glad to contribute this. Many thanks to the First Maine Cavalry for true and loyal men they were.

In F., C. & L.,

M. O. WHITE,

Co. F, 1st Mass. Cav.

Hist. 1st Mass. Cav. pp. 154-158 & 476-479.

MACHIAS, Feb. 14th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General,—I received through the mail your First Maine BUGLE. I have read it through and am delighted with it. I knew your brave old regiment in the field. At the battle of Aldie I was quite closely identified with them, as the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, to which I belonged was the first infantry troops to support the cavalry, and I personally gave two of your regiment a support that I swore over at the time but which I have laughed over since. We reached the field of Aldie about dark, June 17th,

1863, and bivouaced. A guard was detailed and placed on the picket near the field hospital, which was in a brick building, I think, filled with the wounded from that day's battle. My post was within twenty yards of the building. The next day, the 18th, myself and a comrade were cooking our coffee when two men rode up and halted near our fires. The men told us they were of the First Maine and that their colonel was killed in that battle. One of the men calmly filled his pipe and drew his sabre, as we supposed to pick up a brand to light it, when in a moment, before we could think or act, he had stooped from his horse and thrust his sabre under the bail of our coffee kettle, and both put spur to their horses and were rods away, holding nearly two quarts of our boiling coffee out at arm's length. Now what I want is revenge on the First Maine Cavalry for that act, and if those comrades survived the war and will write to me through the BUGLE, I don't feel sure, but I think I might forgive them. I have mailed the BUGLE to a comrade of the Second Maine Cavalry thinking he might subscribe for it. The reason I do not, I am going to Southern California to be absent a year or more for the purpose of recuperating my health. My family will go with me. We leave in May. I am a totally helpless pensioner from the effects of a shell wound received at Spottsylvania and at times am worse than dead. I want to endorse your BUGLE by saying its historical value is worth ten times its money price to the children of our State. Yours in F., C. & L.,

L. A. ALBER,

Sergt. Co. B, 17th U. S. Inf.

POST OFFICE, AMESBURY, Mass.,
DEAR GENERAL,

The *grit* of olden time animates you still, and I feel it my duty to contribute my mite to help along the BUGLE cause.

I thought it would be impossible after a few issues to keep up the high standard of such a publication, but still they come, chuck full of good lively matter. Enclosed Post Office order for five dollars.

Yours very truly,

D. W. DAVIS.

Hist. p. 600.

BERDAN'S U. S. SHARPSHOOTERS,

SHAKOPEE, Minn., Feb. 15th, 1893.

DEAR SIR AND GENERAL,

Yours of the 6th at hand. I will express you to-day copy of the Sharpshooter History. Mr. Gould, of "Shooting and Fishing," is at present making lengthy extracts from the history of that portion more particularly pertaining to rifle shooting. The cavalry arm of the service in the Army of the Potomac I have spoken of in the highest terms throughout the history, referring to their battles, and have inserted a reduced copy of a one-half tone plate of one of Gregg's Cavalry charges, an important as well as a gallant one, at a very important time on our Mine Run campaign (see page 284); and as the sharpshooters and cavalry were together a good deal, in advancing and in covering the rear while falling back as per following references, I cannot but feel a particular attachment for that branch of the service. See what I say about the cavalry at Gettysburg, page 286; last paragraph on 289, continued to 299; also 283, part of paragraph three. At Chancellorsville, 256; Ellis Ford, 227; last part of last paragraph but one on 411; last paragraph 503; Sailor's Creek, 508; cavalry and sharpshooter frequently skirmished together, page 482. The sharpshooters and other Maine organizations were frequently together, and I refer you to the great part taken by our corps and the Third Maine Infantry on the second day at Gettysburg in the famous reconnaissance at Pitzer's Run, pages 303-14,

and later on the Fifteenth Regiment of Sharpshooters was commanded by a Maine soldier, Major Mattocks of the Seventeenth Maine, bottom of second paragraph, page 398; second paragraph page 401. While I have not named all the regiments that were more or less engaged with us in different actions, yet have I at all times endeavored to show that we had company, instead of pretending that we did it all, preferring to simply give our part performed that the reader may judge if we did it well compared to others.

I remain, yours truly,

C. A. STEVENS.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,

Los Angeles Co., Cal.,

Feb. 15th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General,—I ought long ago to have acknowledged the receipt of the several numbers of the BUGLE which you so kindly sent me. They were first read with the greatest pleasure and then sent to the Home Reading Room where they were also highly appreciated, I assure you. I hope you will pardon the delay, but I was for a long time very ill and I must acknowledge I forgot all about it. I herewith enclose one dollar bill, which please apply to past numbers and let me make a fresh start. If you will let me know when my year commences and the amount of the annual subscription, I will try to give you no unnecessary trouble in the future. We have two veterans of the First Maine Cavalry here, C. H. Bell, Company D, and Simeon M. Dawson, Company A. I met Capt. Bibber once in Los Angeles, but it was a good while ago, and I dare say you have seen him since. In renewing my acquaintance with you the temptation to go over old times is very strong, but if I allowed myself to begin I would never be able to pull up. Perhaps some day you will

follow the crowd and pay a visit to southern California; if so you may be sure of a hearty welcome from

Yours very truly,

CHARLES TREICHEL,
Bvt. Col. 3d Pa. Cav. now Gov. Nat. Home

Stalls 18 and 20, Washington Market,
BOSTON, Feb. 16th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

Enclosed find three dollars for BUGLE, half of it in settlement of BUGLE account against me and the rest to furnish a copy to some comrade less fortunate than myself. I hope that every man that served in the good old regiment may enjoy the privilege of reading these quarterly Calls. Wishing you every success in the enterprise, I remain,

Very truly yours,

GEO. F. JEWETT.

Hist., page 611.

The \$1.50 extra was used to send the BUGLE to Sergt. Loud.—J. P. C.

BANGOR, Feb. 18th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—Inclosed you will find check for \$1.50 which please place to my credit on BUGLE account. I see in the last roll call, January, 1893, the name of Addison W. Crowell as living in Augusta. He died soon after coming home from the war in 1865 or 1866, at Dexter. William T. McCauslin died soon after being discharged, in Detroit; death caused by injury sustained by the pommel of his saddle. Levi Temple died in Detroit in 1866; Moses Stewart died fifteen years ago; Chas. Gould, (Hist. p. 652) was killed in some kind of an explosion out west several years ago; John L. Miner is dead; Samuel Ingalls died several years ago in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake (say in 1887); Hiram B. Ingalls died here three or four years ago (say 1889).

A STRANGE STORY.

James Madison Woodman is reported in the last roll-call and in history, page

608, as killed in action on Wilson's Raid and has always been so reported since 1864. Now the fact is, he was not killed and he is alive to-day, or was a year or two ago. He was wounded, stunned and left for dead. His comrades turned him over, took his watch, money, valuables and trinkets from his pockets and sent them home to his mother and sister with an account of his death, and his funeral sermon was preached in Plymouth church, Plymouth, where he was born and raised, not Stetson as the history has it. When the rebels came to bury the dead left on the field and were about to pitch him into a trench, they discovered signs of life and took him to a hospital, where he soon recovered and was paroled, and in some way he came directly home, having no time or chance to write. The first thing known by his friends of his being alive was, his mother answering a knock on the door one evening, found her supposed dead son standing before her. It gave her such a shock that she fainted. He remained at home, got married, settled on the farm, and a few years ago moved to the western part of the State. This story written up by Woodman himself or by some one who knows all about the facts would make a very interesting article for the BUGLE; certainly one of the most curious and strange true stories of the whole regiment. Reuel W. Porter or Thornton W. McIntyre may know his present address. Franklin E. Pratt resides in Dover, Me.; Eleazer H. Smith in Woodville, post office address Medway.

Yours truly,

E. G. INGALLS.

Hist. p. 652.

70 Winter St., PORTLAND,
Feb. 19th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—BUGLE received all right. Inclosed please find one dollar for same. I meant to have gone to Rockland during Department Encampment, but got

cheated out of it. I was in Washington more by good luck than anything else. I had not seen Washington since '65. I had to leave there before the reunion of our regiment on account of the limit of time allowed me. I enjoyed every minute of it. I should like to have seen a battalion of the old First Maine Cavalry in that parade but it would have taken quite a number from our Post. We should have a banner and parade under it once in a while. While at dinner there one day a gentleman whom I had not noticed much saw that I was from Maine and asked my regiment. On being told that it was the First Maine Cavalry he jumped upon his feet and put out his hand to mine which he shook heartily and said, "I am glad to meet you. You boys captured me once, I am a Georgian but served in a Virginia regiment and was gobbled up by your regiment," We had a brief talk and he wanted to see some of the rest of the boys, so I told him where he could find quite a lot of them. Owing to the rainy weather and a sick room mate, and being under the weather myself, I did not go around much and did not come away satisfied. I have Deering's picture that I told you about, but I am going to see if he has one taken out there. We old vets are dropping out rapidly of late. The time is not far off when our children will have to do us honor on Memorial Day. They will have to keep our grave green. We leave the country and the flag we have kept unsullied in their hands to protect and cherish. I hope they may never be called upon to take up arms to defend it, but those who fought to destroy it and our government are now getting into the government offices and we don't know what may happen. An American that has gone back on the stars and stripes can never be depended upon. He has a stain that can never be rubbed out. But may peace prevail forevermore.

JAS. H. MERRITT.

Hist. p. 536.

ARLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 19th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL AND COMRADE,

The January BUGLE is at hand and its tones ring out as clearly as did its namesake in 1861. I hope to see you in Boston soon at our annual gathering. Kindly send me the amount due for the BUGLE from my old friend, Daniel J. Meeds, of Saco, Me., and I will either pay you personally or by check. I have not seen this old comrade for many years but I want him to enjoy as I do these valuable echoes from the past and I know that it costs money to construct BUGLES — such as ring out from the old First Maine. I met Edgcomb last week and he said he expected Maj. Hall to issue his order for a Boston rally within a few days. I hope to be present.

Yours in F., C. & L.,

ALFRED PIERCE.

Hist. p. 468-645.

FORT KROGH, Montana,

Feb. 24th, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear Comrade,—I consider myself very fortunate in that, through your courtesy, I now own a copy of the famous "Battle Order No. 10," and also Call I of Campaign III. of the First Maine BUGLE. It was my privilege during the late struggle to *walk* in the ranks of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers (Infantry), having enlisted in Company I of that regiment as a private, on September 3d, 1861. When I emerged from the service I was permitted to wear upon my shoulders a strap with a bar at each end of the open space thereof. I afterward received a commission as a brevet officer entitled to the bars. In our brigade (the first body of troops commanded by the "superb" Hancock), we had the Sixth Maine Volunteers, one of the best regiments that ever faced the enemy. Between the "Sixth" and "Forty-ninth" there was a bond of friendship as strong and as tender as that of true brotherhood. For this reason I feel a very deep inter-

est in your association, because you belong to the same State as that from which came our greatly loved brothers of "auld lang syne." Now that the "prolonged unpleasantness" has ceased, I do not envy those who went to the front and into action with *six* feet instead of two. I can not, however, say truthfully that there were not times in the past when your elevated positions and rapid movements were not thought to be vastly more desirable than our wearied tramp, tramp, through miles of "sacred-soil-mush," I observe, however, in your extended roll of those who were "killed in action" and died in "prison pens," that the boys who rode into action gallantly *stood firm* and shared the fortunes of battle with their less favored comrades who went in afoot. I will not trespass upon your time but I would like you to say in your next Call that if at any time any survivor of the First Maine Cavalry should be passing this way, I sincerely hope he will give me the opportunity of taking him by the hand and having him occupy a chair at our table for at least one meal if not more, and if your Call should reach any of the gallant Sixth, they will readily understand the sort of an invitation that I would extend to them, when I simply say that as a survivor of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania my joy would be unlimited if I could once more renew with them the bonds of love which made us one in those days of the "long ago." Wishing you ever-increasing success and satisfaction in your noble work as the historian of your distinguished regiment, I am

Yours sincerely,

I. NEWTON RITNER,
Post Chaplain, U. S. A.

Chaplain Ritner was pastor of the Eleventh Baptist church in Philadelphia from February 22d, 1874, to September 3d, 1891, when he was appointed and entered upon his duties as chaplain of the United States Army. He enlisted in

in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry September 3d, 1861, and thirty years later again entered the United States service. This day, September 3d, '61, is also memorable as dating the first enlistment in the First Maine Cavalry.—Ed.

PORTVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 19th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade,—I believe you are right when you say the cavalry is most effective when organized in a distinct corps, and I will hereafter send my contributions to the BUGLE if I write any. I am in hopes to spur up other members of the regiment to write as I have already written more than anyone so far as I know. But it seems to be a hard job and I may have to do it myself if it is ever done. The Fifth New York Cavalry seems to lack for writers, while some others seem to be overstocked. I sent an article sometime ago to the *National Tribune* on the Fifth New York Cavalry in Pope's Campaign, which I am sorry now I did not send to the BUGLE. Many thanks for the copy you sent me.

Yours in F., C. and L.,

F. S. DICKINSON,
Historian 5th N. Y. Cav.

BROOKSVILLE, Feb. 22d, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade,—The BUGLE for January, 1893, is at hand, and I am very much pleased with it. Enclosed please find twenty-five cents to pay for same. I think you have been very kind to send them to me without payment, but in the future I shall remit the twenty-five cents as I receive each copy. I think every member of the old First Maine should take the BUGLE for it reminds us all of good old times, as we read it. Yours in F., C. and L.,

A. P. FRIEND.

Hist., p. 567.

If comrades in arrears would follow Friend's example and remit when each Call is received, the expense would not be felt.

EUREKA, Cal., Feb. 26th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

I can thank you for putting me in mind of the duty I owe to my comrades. But you must excuse me as I have not had the time some others have. I am in the mission work, trying to get souls saved for Jesus. When He comes I pray that God will have all my comrades. I will send you \$3.50 and pay up. It has been my neglect. I want you to send me the badge of the regiment and I will send the money for it by post office order, which will make six dollars in all. I want to tell you about Gen. Freese, as he is dead and gone home. I did love that man; he was my best friend in California as well as in Maine. I was given the place of honor at his burial. The guards and the G. A. R. had full charge of the service. There were two of the old regiment to follow him to the grave, Comrades Howard Keene and myself.

C. E. THURSTON.

Hist. p. 573.

CONCORD, N. H., Mar. 3d, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General,—Your note with copy of BUGLE was received some two weeks ago. I have delayed acknowledgment in order to get time to look the material over and express an opinion of its contents. I have read many of Comrade Tobie's communications and without flattery can truthfully write that the best history thus far I have seen is his—and the BUGLE cannot help being a success under your charge and with his aid. Your interesting article reminded me of our little reunion at the Windsor, Montreal, on our return from Detroit, in 1891. What a happy day that was with Benson, Dyer, Merrill, Shepard, Ayers and your own good self. It may be foolish, but the thoughts of such gatherings, and of others away back in memory's recesses, soften the heart and moisten the eye. Let those who "were not in it" laugh,

I am willing to cry and in the fullness of my heart say may God bless the old boys.

From your friend and comrade,

JOHN C. LINEHAN.

HUBBARD, N. H., Mar. 1st, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Am more than sorry that—as your circular hints—the BUGLE is not happy this good New Year. In my humble opinion there is no shadow of discount on the BUGLE; it just suits me. It is an honor to our regiment and the men who have projected and now conduct it. I certainly cannot suggest anything for its improvement. It's good enough. You ask what will I "personally do." I'll send you this my dollar and anything else you may ask of me consistent with ability, and though I don't hanker for notoriety, will have my homely "mug" paraded in the BUGLE pages as soon as I can have it photographed. Pardon my past negligences. We ought certainly to do all possible on our part as members of so honorable a body to help you and Tobie, who are doing so much to immortalize the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours truly and fraternally,

S. A. FULLER.

Hist. p. 459.

DUNNIGAN, Cal., Mar. 6th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade,—A few days ago I received a copy of the First Maine BUGLE and although a member of the regiment only one year, in looking over the Roll Call I recognize many names, especially Comrade Gus Thomas, whom I remember tenting with for about five or six weeks in Shenandoah Valley in May and June, 1862, just after the little fracas at Middletown; and by the way, I remember very well of your misfortune on that day. I believe you were the first man hit in the fight. I saw you when you fell, being only a short distance from you. I also remember very distinctly when Lieut.

Cutler rode around to the brick church and told us that all who wished to take a last look at Major Cilley to ride out in front where you lay on the steps of a building. We did so, and as we formed out in fours the order was given to charge. I shall never forget how you looked as you lay there; the only thing I knew after that was that I was hung up in the old rail fence near the road and a big cavalryman (rebel, of course) was making a cut for my head, which fortunately for me he could not reach, but thrust his sabre through my leg near the knee. I emptied my revolver into him but did not stop to see how bad I hurt him as I had business connected with a foot race about that time. I got away all right but was captured by Lieut. Knapp two days after at Mr. Pitman's house at the foot of the Alleghenies. Mr. Pitman was a strong Union man and treated me the very best he could. After my parole from Newton Prison I went to Washington and was there discharged. I re-enlisted in 1862, in September, in the Third Maine Battery, Light Artillery, and served until the close of the rebellion. I came to California in 1873. My business is in the employ of the S. P. R. R. Co., foreman of track. I have been in their employ fifteen years. I inclose one dollar for the BUGLE, and if you will send me the price of the History I will send money for that also, as I shall prize it highly. I have shown the BUGLE to a number of my friends who are interested in anything pertaining to the old soldiers, and they like it very much. Remember me to all comrades of the First Maine.

Yours truly,

GEORGE F. McDONALD.

Hist. p. 475.

HODGDON, June 19th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—My husband, Joseph M. Hutchinson, (Hist. p. 602), was born at Westbrook, Me., June 3, 1840. His par-

ents moved to Biddeford when he was nine years of age and he lived in Biddeford when enlisted. He was in hospital at City Point and David Island, N. Y. He was twice wounded in the right leg, the first time it was in the knee, the second time in the thigh. I cannot give dates. He was in the service three years and eight months. We were married Sept. 2, 1865 and had no children. My name was Christiana White and I lived in Biddeford. He was taken prisoner but escaped. He died in Portland in the hospital, Oct. 29, 1889. His mother's name was Mary Lewis, she was born in Waterboro, Me. I shall send pay for the BUGLE as soon as I get situated to do it. I have enjoyed it much.

Very respectfully yours,

CHRISTIANA HUTCHINSON.

MILFORD, May 23d, 1892.

COMRADE CILLEY,

I was born April 4, 1843, at Madawaska, Me.; Resided and enlisted at Bath, Me., on Sept. 5, 1862. I joined the regiment at Washington after the second battle of Bull Run and was with the regiment all the time up to June 9th, when at Middleburg, Va., I was wounded in my right hand and sent to the Gen. Hos. R. I. I rejoined the regiment at Catlett Sta. Va. just in time for the little reconnaissance and was with the Co. until the spring of 1864. At Turkey Run I was detailed in Gregg's Div. Commissary Dept. and was discharged at Petersburg, Va., June 13, 1865, by order. I am not married. My residence has been Milford and my occupation cook, in the woods and on the river most of the time. I am a Democrat and a Catholic. I am sorry that I shall not be able to attend the reunion at Washington this year. I close with best wishes to all of the First, Me. Cav. boys.

BATISTE LESAULT.

Hist. p. 535.

WEST UPTON, Mass., May 16th, 1892

DEAR GENERAL,

I received the BUGLE last Saturday and am much pleased with it. I like to hear from any of the boys of the old 1st, Maine, they seem dearer to me as the years roll on. My health is poor and I am confined to the house most of the time, so when the BUGLE comes it is thrice welcome. Inclosed please find one dollar for the BUGLE. I want to have them bound, I will send for the history before long.

Yours truly,

W. A. VINAL.

Hist. p. 596.

FLINTVILLE, Wis., Jan. 16th, 1893.

GENERAL CILLEY,

Enclosed please find one dollar for which please credit me on BUGLE, of which I have received every number up to 10, and I would not know how to get along without them now as it is the only way I have of hearing from any of the comrades. There are none of them in this part of the state. I see by the roll call that you have not the address of Isaac Bingham; it is Clinton, Maine, and I want you to please send him a BUGLE, with this letter in it, and tell him to pay for it, or I will, and see if that won't bring something from him, for he knows more of the army than I do (he was promoted and I was not,) although we enlisted together at Clinton, Dec. 5, 1863, and remained together until I was knocked out at Dinwiddie and he stopped to see Lee surrender. Now if he will not tell us anything of the army service, perhaps he will tell us something of the hog he stole from John. I saw the occurrence mentioned in the Clinton *Advertiser*. By the way the *Advertiser* is a nice little weekly printed in Clinton, and is about the only way I know of getting any news from

my old home, and perhaps Ike will tell us something about John and (Ben) the editor, although they were too busy to go into the army with us. And now, dear General, you have asked me so many times for the history of my family that I will endeavor to do the best I can, as far as I can remember my own private family but my memory is too poor to attempt to go back any further, as you will see when I get the children all counted up.

ALVIN HUNTER.

Hist. p. 560.

NORTHFIELD, Mich., March 13th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear Sir and Comrade,—Yours at hand, for which please accept my thanks. I have not had time as yet to look through it. One of my daughters is lying sick, but I hope for the best. Will, as soon as possible, look it through and write you more fully. Well do we of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade know of the valor of the First Maine Cavalry, and while you draw sabre and charge, the First Michigan to your support, honored as bearing the second place in the column of cavalry regiments sustaining the greatest loss in battle; we of the Fifth, under the direction of Col. Alger, will dismount, prepare to fight on foot, but claiming the third place in the honored column.

Very truly,

J. K. LOWDEN.

CHARLOTTE, March 23d, 1893.

COMRADE CILLEY,

Inclosed I send one dollar, this makes two dollars, for the BUGLE, and one that I paid at our last reunion in Boston as membership fee. I shall send you the dollar a year as long as I get the BUGLE.

Yours truly,

ALONZO ANNIS.

Hist. p. 516.

GENEALOGICAL.

"There is no honor in rank or title or official station, no pride of family or of wealth, like the honor and pride which belong to the survivors of that great struggle which preserved constitutional liberty on the face of the earth."

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; d., died; dau., daughter; disch., discharged; en., enlisted; Hist. History; m. married; p., page; res., resided.

JOB C. ADAMS.

Job C. Adams, (Hist. p. 487), son of John Adams and Phoebe (Chase) Adams, b. May 1, 1824; m. Pauline Stimons, 1849.

CHILDREN.

Henry Adams, b. Dec. 31, 1877.

Edward Adams, b. May 16, 1882.

Res. Van Buren, Me.; is an invalid.

ARTEMAS COOMBS.

Artemas Coombs, (Hist. p. 600), b. at South Parsonfield, Nov. 22, 1842; m. Dec. 6, 1863, Louisa Gentleman; oc. a farmer; res. Assyria, Mich.

CHILDREN.

Edward, b. Dec. 26, 1867.

Edith, b. Dec. 26, 1867; m. Dec. 18, 1890, Lewis G. Clapp, b. Dec. 29, 1867, at Battle Creek, Mich., son of Wesley Clapp, 2d Mich. Cav.

Maud, b. July 1st, 1872; m. Nov. 23, 1890, Wm. Segar, Jr., b. Sept. 5, 1868, son of William Segar.

Father, David Coombs; oc. shoemaker; lived at North Chichester, N. H. Mother, Nancy Doe, (Bradbury P. Doe of Co. I is a cousin.)

Was wounded at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and taken to Culpepper Court House, Va.; from there to Alexandria, Va.; was there one month, in Washington, D. C., two weeks; Phil-

adelphia, Pa., four months, when he joined his company, Co. K, 10th Reg. Me. Vols., and served until his time expired, May 7, 1863. On the 10th day of Dec. 1863, he enlisted in Co. I, 1st Me. Cav. and served in that regiment in all of its engagements until it was discharged on the 11th of August, 1865; Republican and Methodist.

GEORGE E. CLOSSON.

George E. Closson, (Hist. p. 597): b. July 5, 1843, at Bluehill; res. E. Surry; oc., followed the sea until the last six years; m. twice; first wife Abbie M. Cole, second wife Ellen F. Turner.

CHILDREN.

Fred H., b. August 23, 1865.

Henry N., b. May 29, 1869.

Charles H., b. Dec. 21, 1871.

Nellie A., b. Nov. 19, 1874.

John H., b. Dec. 2, 1878.

Father, George W. Closson, b. 1822; seaman; res. Bluehill; m. in 1841, Louisa C. Chatto, dau. of Chas. and Martha Chatto. En. Jan. 18, 1864, as private in Co. G, 1st D. C. Cav.; was transferred to 1st Me. Cav., Co. I, promoted to corporal; was in Cav. Corps Hospital, City Point, Va., and receives a pension by reason of dis. from bronchial and lung trouble; has lived in Bluehill, Sedgwick, Rockland and Surry; Democrat.

JOHN HENRY DOLBIN.

John Henry Dolbin, 531 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal., (Hist. p. 533), the name should be spelled Dolben, b. April 3, 1837, Manchester, Eng.; m. at Eau Claire, Wis., July 4, 1881, Mary F. Galusha, who was b. at Oshkosh, Wis., June 27, 1848. Her father was Rev. George H. Galusha, b. in New York, and her mother Margaret Urick, b. in Little York, Pa.; m. Feb. 25, 1845. His father, Richard Dolben, b. June 3, 1802, York, Eng.; d. in Pittsburg, Pa.; mother, Elizabeth Young, b. Mar. 3, 1804, York, Pa.; m. June 23, 1824; grandparents, Richard and Annie Dolben.

WILLIAM H. DANIELS.

William H. Daniels, (Hist. p. 548), b. in Exeter, Me., Oct. 20, 1829; enlisted Aug. 21, 1863, at Stetson, Me. On reaching Washington, D. C., he took a severe cold and remained sick till April, 1864, when he joined his regiment at Pungo Landing, went from there to Deep Creek, Va., near Dismal Swamp, where he was again taken sick and sent to Portsmouth Hospital; stayed there until March, 1865, when he joined his regiment in front of Petersburg, and was wounded in the right arm in the battle at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1875, and was discharged therefor June 28, 1865, at Augusta. M. April 13, 1854, in Greenville, Me., Myra R. Chamberlain, who is five generations from John Chamberlain, celebrated in the early history of New England as an Indian fighter and the slayer of the Pequot chief, Paugus, in Lovewell's fight, May 19, 1725, near what is now Fryeburg.

CHILDREN.

Edee Isanna, b. Jan. 29, 1856; m. Dec. 18, 1880, Abram Neilson; d. Feb. 26, 1885; one child, Henry B.

Lauretta, b. Mar. 10, 1858; d. in infancy.

Myra Ellen, b. Mar. 23, 1860; m. Mar. 23, 1879, m. Elvin J. Mace of Sangerville, son of Joseph and Jane; children, Ruel E. and Roy M.; hus. d. July 4, 1884.

Sarah Isabella, b. Oct. 19, 1862; m. Oct. 17, 1885, Walter E. Gilman; res. Blanchard; children, Nettie and Isanna.

Henry Allen, b. Jan. 11, 1864; d. in infancy.

Geo. W. S., b. Sept. 11, 1867.

Henrietta Myrtie, b. Nov. 3, 1874.

Oc. farmer; Republican; member of Free Baptist Church. His father, John Daniels, b. Mar. 29, 1784, in England; enlisted at age of 21 in standing army; served his time, seven years; was drafted into active service and fought under Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, with the promise of discharge and return home after Napoleon was taken. They took ship but the first night discovered they were sailing toward America, and immediately banded together that they never would fire a gun at an American soldier. When they landed at Castine, Me., near the close of the War of 1812, Daniels, being sergeant of the guard, helped others with himself to desert. They secreted themselves days and traveled nights until they were out of the reach of the British, and arrived at Corinth, Me. He m. June 28, 1818, Sally Hossy, who was b. June 21, 1791, in Woolwich. She was of Welsh descent. He died in Exeter, Me., 1841; she d. Sept. 1867. John Daniels' children were eleven in number; four d. in infancy and six are now living, three sons and three daughters, and two grandsons by the name of Daniels.

HOWARD M. DOYEN.

Howard M. Doyen, (Hist. p. 662), b. Dec. 19, 1837, at West Levant, Me.; en. Aug. 18, 1863, in Co. F, 1st Me. Cav.; m. Jennie A. West, Sept. 8, 1866.

CHILD.

Maude E., b. Sept. 28, 1867.

Oc. saw filer and farmer; Republican; Baptist; from Nov., 1863, to Jan., 1864, escorting wagon trains from Washington to Virginia; out on scouting expeditions, then to the front; in hospital at Deep Creek, Va.; Portsmouth, Va.; Augusta, Me.

CHARLES F DAVIS.

Charles F. Davis, Hist. p. 634, b. at New Portland, Aug. 15, 1836; en. at Chesterville; m. Augusta, dau. of J. G. and Mary Shaw of Chesterville, May 15, 1861, who d. April 18, 1863, leaving one son, Chester M., $\frac{1}{2}$ b. Mar. 28, 1862. He m. Ella Marti of Windsor, Me., Jan. 16, 1888, and now lives in Chicago, has a position with the C. R. I. and P. R. R. Co.

Charles F. Davis m. Vesta, dau. of J. G. and Mary Shaw of Chesterville, Sept. 28, 1866.

CHILDREN.

Della A., b. June 30, 1867; d. Sept. 23, 1877.

Mary L., b. Dec. 16, 1868; m. D. G. Rice, Feb. 12, 1889.

Cora B., b. May 22, 1870; d. Oct. 24, 1870.

Georgia L., b. Sept. 11, 1874.

After discharge he lived in Boston, Mass., until 1869, April, when they moved to Guilford, Ind. Worked at his trade until Nov. 1883, when he moved on a farm at his present residence, Windsor, Mo.

WILLIAM H. FARNUM.

William H. Farnum, (Hist. p. 563); b. Jan. 12, 1836; res. Rumford, Me.; oc. farmer; m. Sept. 23, 1865, Caroline L. Martin, b. Dec. 2, 1845, dau. of Henry and Sarah (Flanders) Martin of Concord, N. H.

CHILD.

Edward C. Farnum, b. April 22, 1866.

Father, Daniel Farnum, b. April 22, 1799; m. Feb. 9, 1830, Mary W. Virgin, b. Sept. 8, 1809. Grandfather, Jacob

Farnum, b. 1768, in Concord, N. H.; m. Jan. 1, 1793, Betsey Wheeler, b. 1767, in Concord, Mass., near the old b title ground; has always been a farmer, attends the Methodist church; always a Republican.

ALBERT R. FOGG.

Albert R. Fogg, b. Oct. 21, 1833, son of Nelson Fogg, b. July 11, 1811, and Margaret (Rounds) Fogg, b. May 4, 1807, m. Oct. 20, 1832, and res. Buxton, Me. Grandparents, Isaac and Sarah (Rounds) Fogg and Samuel and Elizabeth (Austin) Rounds; m. July 4, 1878, Mary L., daughter of Jas. M. and Rhoda A. (Smith) Chick, b. Mar. 20, 1860; res. Buxton, Me.; oc. paper finisher at Cumberland Mills, Me. (Hist. p. 621.)

CHILDREN.

Milton W., b. Apr. 21, 1879; d. Aug. 15, 1879.

Celia I., b. June 12, 1880.

Freddie P., b. May 12, 1884.

GEORGE D. FROST.

George D. Frost, (Hist. p. 473), b. Feb. 14, 1847, at Monmouth, Me.; m. Roxana Jacobs, July 29, 1868.

CHILDREN.

Laforest R., b. Nov. 5, 1869; now in U. S. A., Co. H. 18th Inf.

C. Millard, b. Jan. 22, 1871.

G. Willard, b. Jan. 22, 1871.

Anna M., b. Nov. 1, 1876.

Cora B., b. Feb. 2, 1878.

Gracie E., b. July 21, 1881.

Robert N., b. April 30, 1883.

Richard T., b. Feb. 19, 1885.

Walter E., b. Aug. 27, 1889.

Res. when enlisted Monmouth, since Winthrop, Me.; Republican; attends Methodist church; farmer.

SAMUEL A. FULLER.

Samuel A. Fuller, Derry, N. H., artist, portrait painter, (Hist. p. 459), b. July 10, 1825. His father, Samuel Fuller,

was born Aug. 27, 1782; res. Thomaston, Me.; m. Nancy Coombs, dau. of Joseph and Elizabeth (Gamble) Coombs, b. Dec. 31, 1789, m. 1805. Her grandmother was Isabella Asbell; her grandfather was Archibald Gamble, who died in Warren, Me. Samuel Fuller was the son of Jesse and Isabella (Prince) Fuller. He was a descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller, who came over in the Mayflower in 1620, and who married a Miss Prince. There has been a Samuel Fuller in every other generation down to Samuel Fuller, who was born in Kingston, Mass. The Fullers and Princes intermarried in every other generation down to Samuel Fuller's father. Samuel A. m. May 17, 1855, Susan E. Greenlaw, dau. of Alexander and Catherine (Staples) Greenlaw.

CHILDREN.

William J., b. Feb. 26, 1856.

Katie I., b. May 18, 1857.

Samuel A., Jr., b. Feb. 22, 1859.

SIMON GARVIN.

Simon Garvin, (Hist. p. 597), b. Oct. 8, 1839, at Shapleigh, Me.; m. Oct. 14, 1866, Eliza J. Plumb, who was b. Sept. 21, 1846, at Marion, Ohio.

CHILDREN.

Grace L., b. Feb. 24, 1868.

Emma C., b. April 15, 1870.

Paul A., b. April 3, 1873.

Daisy M., b. Jan. 18, 1875.

Frank A., b. Feb. 22, 1883.

Oc. farming; Republican; Baptist; res., Good Thunder, Minn.; enlisted 21st Sept. 1861, in Co. I, 1st Me. Cav. In the winter of 1863 I was quite sick and quinine did me no good. I was tenting that winter with my cousin, Chas. W. Coffin; he took better care of me than I could get at the hospital; I thought my chances slim if I stayed there and so I applied for a furlough but there was none to be had. Ivory R. Allen had the promise of one and he gave me his chance,

and I want to thank him once more for the favor, for I think it saved my life. I was absent about a month then returned to my Co. In Jan. 1864 I re-enlisted for three years, or during the war; I was taken sick soon after and was sent to Camp Douglass, Washington, and was very sick for two months and Aug. 2, 1864 was transferred to Co. G., 22d V. R. C. After this I was stationed in Washington for a while and then was sent to Kendelville, Ind., from there to Camp Chase, Ohio where I was discharged Aug. 18, 1865. I was promoted Corporal and participated in the following battles: Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Md., Antietam, Md., Brandy Sta., Va., Gettysburg, Pa., Shepardstown, Va. Pris. at Louisa Court House, May 2, '63; ex. May 19, '63. After my discharge I went to Garden City., Minn.; stayed there about a year and then moved to Good Thunder, Minn., where I have lived ever since, and if any of the old soldiers of our co. and regiment should ever come West, I should be glad to see them.

ELIJAH GAY.

Elijah Gay, (Hist. p. 506), b. in Waldo, Me., Dec., 8, 1843; married Flora A. Cushman, Oct. 24, 1868.

CHILDREN.

Fred L., b. Aug. 15, 1870.

Belle F., b. March 8, 1872.

Albert T., b. Oct. 16, 1873.

Cecil R., b. July 4, 1880.

Ora Louise b. Feb. 3, 1883, died Oct. 25, 1884.

Robbie L., b. March 13, 1886.

Occupation, farmer; residence, Lincolnville, and Montville; Republican; no particular religious denomination. Was in the Campbell Hospital, Washington, D. C., from the last of May 1864, to the first of August, 1864; was with the dismounted men guarding wagon trains till the last of May, 1864; pro. corporal April, 1865.

ABNER GRANT.

Abner D. Grant, (Hist. p. 473), b. in Cutler, Me., Feb. 23, 1838; m. May 18, '61 Azubah H. Higgins, who d. Nov. 21, 1870.

CHILDREN.

Annie M., b. Oct. 14, 1862.
 Lemuel A., b. Sept. 25, 1864.
 Lettie A., b. May 25, 1867.
 George W., b. April 12, 1870; d. Sept. 4, 1870.
 Res., Machiasport, Machias and Columbia; oc. caterer or cook; Republican; Baptist.

ALVIN HUNTER.

Alvin Hunter, (Hist. p. 550), b. in Clinton, Me., March 24, 1844; oc. farmer; belongs to no church, but prefers the Universalist; Republican; res. Flintville, Brow Co., Wisconsin. Married in Green Bay, Wis. Nov. 28, 1867 to Rose B. Flint, b. Aug. 10, 1843.

CHILDREN.

Ida E., b. Oct. 22, 1868.
 Edward A., b. Jan. 16, 1870.
 Cora M., b. Sept. 17, 1871.
 Lillian, b. April 6, 1873; d. March 13, 1891.
 George, b. Jan. 18, 1875, d. May 28, 1875.
 Willie A., b. April 9, 1876.
 Walter, b. Nov. 23, 1877.
 George D., b. Sept. 14, 1879.
 Charlie L., b. Dec. 23, 1881.

CHARLES L. MARSTON.

Charles L. Marston, (Hist. p. 562), b. May 21, 1846 at No. Yarmouth, Me.; m. Oct. 12, 1870, Lizzie J. Drummond at Phippsburg, Me.

CHILDREN.

Willie, b. April 10, 1873, d. May 9, 1873.
 Maud, b. Oct. 9, 1875; d. March 1, 1878.

Mabel Charlotte, b. Nov. 21, 1878.

James Drummond, b. April 9, 1881.

Res. Yarmouth, Me.; oc. has been book-keeper for various firms in Boston, also paymaster and financial manager of the New England Glass Works, Boston. Since May 1, 1887, secretary of the Northern Banking Co. at Portland, Me.; Republican; member of first parish Congregational Church of Yarmouth; enlisted at Augusta, Me., May 20, 1864. He was in Hampton Hospital a short time while on his way to join his regiment a few weeks after his enlistment; was taken prisoner at Sycamore Church, succeeded in making his escape while being taken to rebel prison. On reaching our lines at City Point, was so exhausted by fatigue and exposure and lack of food that he was taken on board supply steamer "Gen. Howard" where he remained until strong enough to report for duty. The excellent care received probably saved his life, or kept him from becoming a confirmed invalid. Steamer made daily trips from Fort Powhattan to Bermuda Hundreds stopping each way at Harrison's Landing, City Point and several other stations to leave mail and supplies. Steamer was also detailed for special duty up rivers into enemy's country for supplies; usually under convoy of a light draught gunboat and company of Infantry on board for defense. On one raid up the Chickahominy the steamer was loaded with sheep and lambs; rebel guerillas stoutly resisting our claim. We were too many guns for them, however, and took the meat with us. The boys at several of the landings did not lack for ram, lamb, sheep or mutton for several days after that. Detailed for special duty at Regimental headquarters while in camp near Petersburg. Promoted Sergeant June 21st, 1865; discharged Aug. 1, 1865 at Petersburg, Va., by muster out with regiment.

BENJAMIN F. MCKUSICK.

Benjamin F. McKusick, (Hist. p. 588), at Denmark, Me. Sept. 23, 1837; Enlisted in Portland March 5th 1864; detailed to do guard duty at brigade headquarters from June 13, 1864 until July 24, 1864; was in Cavalry Corps Hos. from Sept. 23, 1864 to Dec. 24, 1864. He married Kate Elliott of New Brunswick, March 12, 1864, has one daughter I. Jennie, b. Aug. 9, 1866. Oc. horse shoer, lived in N. Yarmouth and Gorham about one year and since that time in Portland until 1889 when he went to Williard, Cape Elizabeth; Republican until 1880 since then a prohibitionist; Congregationalist. His brother, Lieut. John F., (Hist. p. 595), died January 27, 1891; he lived at Lockhart's Run, W. Va.; he left six daughters and one son. Two of the daughters are married.

DANIEL J. MEEDS.

Daniel J. Meeds, (Hist. p. 604), b. in Denmark, Me. April 20, 1825, res. Saco; occupation, carpenter; m. May 12th 1851, daughter of Samuel Maloon of Greene, Me. She died Oct. 21, 1882. Married second wife July 4th 1887, Mrs. Marcia Tarbox, daughter of William Redlon.

CHILDREN.

Lucretia, b. March 20, 1852, in Biddeford, Me.

Etta, b. December 5, 1853 in Biddeford, Me.

Hattie, b. July 2, 1862 in Biddeford, Me.

His great grandfather, Samuel Meeds was b. in Harvard, Mass., Feb. 22, 1732; d. Feb. 20, 1815 at Harvard. His grandfather Francis Meeds was b. in Harvard, Mass., Oct. 28, 1765. d. April 21, 1847. His father Artemus Meeds was b. in Harvard, Mass., Feb. 11, 1791; d. in Standish, Me., Jan. 26, 1844; mother, Dezier Johnson, who was b. in Livingston, Me., Sept. 25, 1793; d. in Wiscon-

sin, Dec. 5, 1872. They had thirteen children, ten boys and three girls, six of the boys were in the war of the rebellion at one time. They are as follows:

Cephas Meeds, Newburg, N. Y., dead; en. in 3d, reg. N. Y. Vols. Sept. 16, 1862 dis. at Folly Island Nov. 3, 1863.

Stillman A. Meeds, Leominster, Mass., en. in Co. A. 36 Mass., Aug. 3, 1862, dis. June 8, '65.

Alden Meeds, Stillwater, Minn. Co. A. 9th, Wis. reg.; dead.

Alonzo D. Meeds, Stillwater, Minn. Co. A, 9th Wis. reg.; en. Aug. 14, 1862; d. Jan. 23, '63.

Charles H. Meeds, Biddeford, Me., Co. F. 27th Maine Vols.

Daniel J. Meeds, Co. I. 1st, Me. Cav.

NATHANIEL L. OWEN.

Nathaniel L. Owen, b. Nov. 11, 1842, son of Nathaniel and Matilda Owen of Skowhegan; m. Bell P. Arnold, March 17, 1867.

CHILD.

Kittie, b. July 30, 1874; res. Boston, Mass.; oc. piano hammer maker.

HENRY L. PATCH.

Henry L. Patch, (Hist. p. 639,) Zimmer, Frontier Co., Neb.; farmer. His great-great-grandfather, Benjamin Patch, b. Aug. 23, 1698 and his wife was b. Feb. 11, 1695, times of deaths unknown.

CHILDREN.

Lydia, Paul, John, b. Aug. 5, 1726, Benjamin, Lydia.

Children of John Patch: John Jr., b. 1746; Hannah, b. 1748; Sarah, b. 1751; Jonathan, b. 1753; Samuel, b. 1757; Paul, b. 1761; James, b. 1771.

James Patch, b. 1771, d. Dec. 23, 1849; m. 1st, Hannah Goodwin b. Jan. 29, 1767; m. 2nd, Hannah Nason, b. Jan. 25, 1775.

CHILDREN.

Hannah, Sarah, Martha, James and John (twins), Susan, Mary, Daniel Abigail.

James Patch, Jr., b. Mar. 24, 1797, d. Nov. 14, 1871; m. Betsy Emery; b. June 5, 1800, d. Oct. 16, 1861.

CHILDREN.

Lucia Ann, b. Sept. 16, 1820; Mary Jane, b. May 21, 1824; Dominicus E., b. May 21, 1828, d. Nov. 10, 1882; Henry L., b. July 8, 1833; Gabriella E., b. May 23, 1839, d. Oct. 2, 1867.

Henry L. Patch, b. July 8, 1833; m. 1st, Mary J. C. Hull, b. Nov. 8, 1836, p. Nov. 17, 1864.

CHILDREN.

Mana E., b. Jan. 11, 1861.

Alfred J., b. Sept. 21, 1862.

Henrietta G., b. June 4, 1864.

Second wife was divorced. Their children:

Frank T., b. Dec. 13, 1867, d. same year.

Louise D. T., b. Dec. 1, 1868.

Laura A., b. Dec. 19, 1870.

Harry L. b. Apr. 21, 1873.

Warner, b. Aug. 1, 1875, d. same year.

EDWARD E. PROCTOR.

Edward E. Proctor, (Hist. p. 476), b. July 10, 1845 at Lisbon, Me.; m. Abbie L. Putnam, Dec. 24, 1873.

CHILDREN.

Henry E., b. Nov. 11, 1875.

Herbert L., b. Aug. 5, 1877, d. Sept. 7, 1877.

Mattie L., b. Oct. 13, 1878, d. Aug. 29, 1879.

Charley E., b. March 14, 1880, d. July 29, 1880.

Charley E., b. March 4, 1884, d. Sept. 30, 1887.

Res. Auburn, Me. Enlisted Feb. 10, 1864 at Lewiston, Me., was wounded on the Wilson Raid and also at Reams Station, June 25, 1864. Was sent to Portsmouth hos. from there to New York hos., Blackwood, Ia.; from there to Augusta and was discharged Aug. 11, 1865. Oc.

card grinder, but has not been able to work for some four years; a Republican; Freewill Baptist.

ALBERT A. ROBINSON.

Albert A. Robinson, b. Sept. 3, 1845, at Sebec, Me.; en. in Co. G. 1st, D. C. Cav.; m. at Corinth, Me., Jan. 26, 1864; was taken sick with measles early in May 1864 while with the regiment in Washington, was very sick for several days; rejoined the regiment at Bermuda Hundred the 1st of June; was taken sick with typhus fever about the 20th, of the same month and conveyed to Hampton hos.; was dangerously ill, unconscious for many days. After eight weeks of hospital life, very distasteful to him, he was forwarded to a camp near City Point, where he was kept several weeks, by order of the surgeon in charge, as unfitted for field duty. However in Oct. he was sent to join the 1st, Me. Cav. in front of Petersburg and participated in the subsequent campaigns of the regiment until mustered out in August 1865; was promoted to corporal in Co. I early in April 1865 and to sergeant soon after; was married in Boston, Mass., March 19, 1867 to Rhoda H. Doone.

CHILD.

Emma Alberta, b. Dec. 27, 1867.

Resided in Boston from Oct. 1, 1865 until Oct. 9, 1883 and was engaged in mercantile pursuits; removed to California in Oct. 1883; was mill manager for several years but for the past two years has been engaged in no business; Republican; Congregationalist. He is preparing a sketch for the BUGLE, which we know will interest his comrades.

GARDINER A. SAVAGE.

Gardiner A. Savage, (Hist. p. 649), b. March 19, 1844, at Anson, Me.; en. Feb. 8, 1864; receives a pension of four dollars; enlisted in the 1st, D. C. Cav.; was on duty all of the time until about

the time we were transferred to the 1st, Me.; was sick in Chestnut Hill, hos. for a few weeks; joined the regiment again in the spring of 1865 and came home with it; was in the famous raid at Newport News; m. Olive Fletcher Nov. 10, 1867.

CHILDREN.

Gertrude, b. Nov. 5, 1869; d. Jan. 18, 1875.

Charles A., b. Dec. 4, 1871; d. Feb. 7, 1878.

Grace A., b. Feb. 28, 1891.

Lived in No. Anson and Madison the first three years after the war, and since has been in Fairfield and has been in the grocery business; Republican; Methodist.

GARDINER STEWART.

Fardiner Stewart, (Hist. p. 553), b. at Portmanteau, N. S., July 2, 1839. When he enlisted res. E. Boothbay; en. Jan. 1861; receives a pension at \$10; hurt by horse being shot under him; was treated in hospital at Phila. Pa.; m. Sept. 25, 1862, Angeline Boyd, b. Nov. 25, 1842.

CHILDREN.

Seth, b. Mar. 16, 1867.

Lizzie M., b. Oct. 16, 1869.

Braddie P., b. Oct. 16, 1874.

William H., b. Sept. 8, 1878.

Has resided part of the time at Castine, resides now at E. Boothbay; Republican; Methodist.

WM. A. VINAL.

Wm. A. Vinal, (Hist. p. 596), b. Aug. 25, 1835 at Orono, Me.; Caroline A. Barwise, dau. of Thomas and Mary F. (Southards) Barwise and was b. April 29, 1839 at Skowhegan, Me.

CHILDREN.

Mary A., b. June 1, 1857 at Orono.

Wm. A., Jr., b. Mar. 14, 1860 at Orono.

Frank W., b. April 19, 1862 at Orono.

George N., b. April 21, 1864 at Orono; d. West Upton, Mass., July 18, 1891.

C. H. A., b. June 5, 1868 at Grafton, Mass.

Minnie C., b. July 24, 1879 at Levant, Maine.

Res. West Upton, Mass.; laborer; his father Phineas Vinal, b. April 24, 1787 at Littleton, Mass.; res. Orono; m. Nov. 23, 1815, Abigail W. Marsh, who was b. Dec. 8, 1797 at Orono.

EDMUND W. WHITNEY.

Edmund W. Whitney, (Hist. p. 640), b. July 19, 1840, son of William W. Whitney, b. June 1818 at Farmington, Me., and Elizabeth A. Maxfield, b. Aug. 1832; m. Aug. 1839. M. Oct. 29, 1872, Mary B. Orr, dau. of Christopher and Margaret Orr; b. Mar. 17, 1850; oc. farmer; res. Farmington; died March 26, 1892. The Farmington Chronicle mentions our departed comrade. Vide page 97.

CHILDREN.

Gracie May Whitney, b. April 2, 1876; d. March 1, 1881.

Carroll E., b. Sept. 26, 1884.

TAPS

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

General John W. Freese.

ST. HELENA, Cal., Sept. 19, 1892.
LIEUT. COL. J. B. BROWN,
Eureka Cal.,

Gen. Freese passed away last night. I shall arrive Thursday next with his body.
MRS. J. W. FREESE.

This sad news was flashed over the wires yesterday, and it spread rapidly over the community, for Gen. Freese was known and respected of all men. Although the letters that came weekly from his bedside brought little encouragement there was still a hope that his life would be spared and that he would again take his place in the walks of life. John W. Freese was a native of Maine, aged 56 years. His early life was spent as a woodsman in the pine forests of Maine, where his father followed the occupation of a lumberman. At the breaking out of the war he changed his occupation for that of the soldier. At the close of the war he returned to his home and perfected himself in dentistry, which occupation he followed until his health gave way, nearly two years ago. In 1872 he came with his wife to this city, where he has established a comfortable home, and surrounded himself with the pleasant things of life, making hosts of friends, who will miss him sadly in their social and business gatherings. He left no children. General Freese was an uncle of Miss Fanny Freese and C. W. Freese of this

city. He was a member of Humboldt Lodge, No. 79, F. and A. M.; Fortuna Lodge, No. 221, I. O. O. F., and Col. Whipple Post., No. 49, G. A. R., of this city and was Brigadier-General commanding the Sixth Brigade of the National Guard of California. The funeral will take place on Sunday, the 25th.—*Humboldt Standard.*

AT REST.

The funeral of Brigadier-General J. W. Freese, late commander of the Sixth Brigade, N. G. C., took place Sunday from the armory of Company A in this city. The remains had lain in state there with a guard of honor from Company A, Tenth Battalion, since their arrival on the Pomona, Thursday. During Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon the casket was open to the view of the public and hundreds of friends of the dead general availed themselves of the opportunity to take their last look upon his face. In the armory the casket, draped with the battalion colors, was placed on a bier in the center of the large hall, and at each corner of the carpeted walk about the four sides stood a uniformed sentry at parade rest. Placed about the bier and on the casket were numerous beautiful floral pieces from the friends of the dead soldier. Noticeable among these were those from the brigade staff and the Americus Club. The finest was a

pillow representing an American flag, above which was an arch springing from two standards. In the arch was worked in floral letters the words "Brigade Staff," while surmounting all was a white dove with outstretched wings. The piece sent by the surviving members of the American Club, a social organization to which the dead general belonged during its existence, was worked on a similar frame but in different colors, the letters A. C., while the arch bore no inscription. It was also surmounted by a white dove. The obsequies were conducted with all the military honors due the rank of the dead, and the funeral cortege was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Eureka. The pall bearers were representatives of the different organizations to which deceased had belonged, and consisted of Messrs. Wm. Carson, Hon. J. G. Murray, Josiah Bell, Collector C. F. Roberts, J. H. G. Weaver, Esq., Maj. C. W. Long, Thomas Culter and N. Johnson. California Commandery, No. 1, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which the general had been a member, was represented by Col. S. G. Whipple and A. W. Randall, the only members in the city, who rode in a carriage following those on foot. The solemn procession took up the line of march to Christ church in the following order: Tenth Battalion band, Tenth Infantry Battalion, Capt. J. L. Crichton commanding; carriages containing relatives of the deceased; the hearse; pall bearers in carriages; Sixth Brigade staff and Tenth Battalion staff in full uniform; Col. Whipple Post No. 49, G. A. R.; Fortuna Lodge, No. 221, I. O. O. F., and a long line of carriages. Of those on foot, following the hearse, the place of honor was given to Charles Thurston and H. H. Keene, who marched in front of the staff officers. These two gentlemen are the only two men in the county who shared the hardships and privations of

campaigning with Gen. Freese, having been members of his troop of cavalry when a captain in the First Maine Cavalry regiment during the war of the rebellion. At the church the column rested and the casket was taken inside, where the Rev. Wm. Leacock conducted the Episcopalian services for the dead, assisted by the choir. At the conclusion of the services the line of march was again taken up and the cortege proceeded in the same order to the cemetery. Here the casket, upon which lay the dead general's sword, belt and chapeau, was placed on a bier in front of the Kimball vault. The command was then given and the battalion fired three volleys over the remains, when Bugler Huestis of the battalion staff stepped forward and sounded "taps." This was one of the most affecting parts of the impressive ceremonies, and brought the moisture to the eyes of many an old soldier present. In service this call is the last of all for the day, when the weary soldier extinguishes his light and retires to his well-earned rest. So in this case it was the last of all—the general and well beloved comrade had retired to his last rest, in the sleep that knows no waking.—*Humboldt Times*.

DEATH OF GENERAL J. W. FREESE.

The sad intelligence was brought to this city last Monday that General J. W. Freese was dead. Thursday's incoming steamer brought his remains to this city. To-morrow the last rites will be performed, and all that was mortal of the citizen-soldier and soldier-citizen will be laid at rest. John Wesley Freese was born at Orono, Maine, the sixth day of July, 1834. He lived on a farm until he was eighteen years old, and then went to Bangor and studied dentistry. He opened an office at Bangor and practiced his profession for some time. He then removed to Houlton, where he continued

practice till the breaking out of the rebellion. Inspired with devotion to his country and its flag, the young dentist immediately gave up his promising business, and set himself to the work of raising a company of volunteers for the defense of the Union. He was commissioned captain and went to the front in command of Company A of the Seventh Maine Volunteer Infantry. He took part in the early Virginia campaign, and was soon transferred to the First Regiment of District of Columbia Cavalry, and afterwards to Company A of the famous First Regiment of Maine Cavalry, which was engaged in more battles than any other regiment in the service. At the close of the war Captain Freese received the brevet rank of major. His service was distinguished by the fact that he was never absent from his command during an engagement, though he served four years and nine months (till the close of the war) and participated in thirty-eight battles, besides numerous skirmishes or minor engagements. He did not escape unscathed, however, but bore the scars of two wounds till his dying day. At the close of the war he was married at Hallowell, and located at Augusta, where he practiced his profession. In the early seventies he came to California and was attracted to Humboldt no doubt by the presence here of his brother Jonathan Freese, prominent in the lumber business and in the affairs of the country. He opened an office and resumed the practice of his profession. He became early identified with the development and progress of the county. Politically he identified himself with the Democratic party, of which he was a trusted leader, but never was bitter in his partizanship. He was selected as the candidate of his party for the assembly in this district two years ago, and though it was hopelessly Republican, General Freese, polled a flattering vote, and we are constrained to

add, conducted a gentlemanly campaign and retained the respect and friendship of his political opponents throughout. The attachment for military life and the knowledge that the country needed well drilled militia, had its influence with the veteran, and he became a member of the N. G. C. in 1879, in which he served for one year as captain, and when Governor Bartlett was elevated to the chair of state, he was appointed Brigadier General February 8, 1887, and was re-appointed by Governor Markham two years ago. General Freese began to decline in health some two years ago, and his close acquaintances noted a decline, and finally remarked it to the General. He admitted that he was not feeling strong but refused to make complaint. Soon after he was attacked by sickness, and partially recovering he departed for his old home in Maine, accompanied by his devoted wife, in the summer of 1891. When he returned to this city, several months ago he appeared better, but soon had a relapse, and was accompanied by his wife to St. Helena where he died last Sunday. Mrs. Freese will not be the only mourner at the bier of her departed husband. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased General, among whom not one is there but appreciated in the fullest measure his unselfish patriotism and nobler qualities, will mourn the loss of one whom they knew to be a soldier while in war, a civilian in time of peace, and a gentleman true and noble at all times. Peace to his ashes—honor to his name. He was a soldier for the Union. Had he any faults, as mortals do have, let his record of good constitute a balm to dissolve the harshness of judgment.—*Nerve*.

THE DEAD GENERAL.

The remains of the late Brig. Gen. J. W. Freese, commander of the Sixth Brigade N. G. C., who died in St. Helena, Napa County, Sunday, Sept. 18th, arrived on the

Pomona yesterday in charge of his grief-stricken wife. The body of the dead General was met at the wharf by Maj. Chamberlain commanding the brigade, and his staff, all in full uniform, and also by comrades of Col. Whipple Post, G. A. R., members of Humboldt Lodge No. 79, F. and A. M.; Fortuna Lodge, No. 221, I. O. O. F., and numerous friends. These escorted the hearse containing the remains to Co. A's armory where the body will lie until the day of the funeral, in charge of a guard of honor from Co. A. who will keep their sad vigil day and night until that time. The funeral will be a military one and all the honors due the rank of the dead will be accorded. For this purpose General Orders, No. 5 have been issued from Brigade headquarters ordering the entire batallion to parade for escort duty.—*Humboldt Times*.

Capt. Warren Mansur.

Warren Mansur, late manager of the United States Biscuit Company of Boston, died at Santiago, Cal., at 2 A. M. Saturday, Jan. 28, 1893. He was born Sept. 15, 1839, in Houlton, Me., and came to Boston early in life to establish himself in business. On the breaking out of the civil war Mr. Mansur returned to Houlton and enlisted as a musician in the first Maine Cavalry, and served until military bands were abolished by Congress, when he again enlisted and was commissioned as first lieutenant in Company A, second Maine Cavalry, and was discharged honorably from the service Dec. 6, 1865. He received a commission as captain for gallant service in the field. After the war he engaged in business at Houlton, Me., for a short period and later at Utica, N. Y. In 1872 he connected himself with F. A. Kennedy & Co., at Cambridgeport, Mass., and started the cracker business with a partner in 1881 at Charlestown, under the firm name of Mansur & Whiting. The firm was afterward changed to the Hodges-

Mansur Company, and later in 1890 to the United States Biscuit Company, of which he was made manager. Failing health caused his resignation to be given last year, and in October he started for California for recuperation. Mr. Mansur was an active member of Abraham Lincoln Post 11, G. A. R., of Charlestown, and also of all the Maine societies and clubs. He leaves a widow, son and daughter.

Edmund W. Whitney.

Edmund W. Whitney, of Farmington, died at his home near Hannibal Hunter's last Saturday. He was taken with convulsions in the morning and passed from one to another during the day till he suffered fifteen, each succeeding convulsion more severe than the preceding one, before death came to his relief. Everything possible to relieve him was done by Dr. Nichols and kind neighbors; but the disease, contracted in the army, culminated at last in these violent spasms. The deceased was a good soldier, member of the noted 1st Maine Cavalry, Co. L., and was at the front three years, during which time he saw plenty of hard fighting. During what was known as the Dahlgren raid to Richmond, Mr. Whitney took a severe cold which resulted in his loss of speech and hearing. Subsequently his power of speech returned, but his hearing was gone forever. The trouble in his head finally resulted as above, in his death. It is told of him that in one battle his regiment was ordered to retreat, but Mr. Whitney kept on fighting till his horse was shot from under him and fell, pinning Whitney to the ground. His comrade and schoolmate, Roscoe R. Bangs saw his perilous situation, pulled him from under the horse and both barely escaped capture by the Confederates. The deceased leaves a widow and one child to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father; and the community regrets the loss of a good citizen.

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[See Third Page of Cover.]

CONTENTS OF CALL III.

	Page.
THE FIRST CAVALRY BATTLE AT KELLY'S FORD, VA., MAJOR FRANK W. HESS.	3-16
MY MULE, CHAPLAIN SAMUEL A. FULLER.	17-18
RECOLLECTIONS OF APPOMATTOX, J. L. PRAY.	19-24
DETAILED FROM DISMOUNTED CAMP, LIEUT. SAMUEL C. SMITH.	24-26
MY EXPERIENCE AS PRISONER OF WAR, MARCELLUS M. PARKER.	26-30
THE OLD CAMP GROUND,—Poem. C. C. HASSLER.	30-31
THE COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	32-45
LITTLE WASHINGTON RECONNOISSANCE, ROSCOE R. BANGS.	46
SUNSHINE AND SHADES OF ARMY LIFE, CHAS. W. SKILLINGS.	47-53
THE BATTLE SCENE REMAINS—Poem, GEORGE S. BERRY.	54
GETTING THE WEATHER GAGE OF THE MARINES, HENRY F. BARTLETT.	55-62
CAVALRY SOCIETY, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, Constitution, By-laws, Officers for 1893-'94, Proceedings of Annual Meeting, Boston, June 27 and 28, 1893, Banner and Bugle, Captured, Petite Banquet, Carriage Drive, Boston Hospitality, Three Generations, New Victory to Win, Next Meeting, Badge of Society, List of Members, Deceased Members.	63-79
THE ASSEMBLY, Notes, Bunkey, Somerset Branch, Comrades Holding Positions of Honor and Trust, Union Veterans' Union, Marriage Bells, The Cosmopolitan Magazine, Victor Flyers.	80
BUGLE ECHOES, J. E. Crawford, Elisha Vose, Francis Haviland, Thomas J. Sanford, Wm. M. Davis, John S. Sewall, A. W. Stiles, A. W. Fenton, George F. Emery, R. R. Bangs, F. J. Savage, F. E. Saunders, W. F. Bickford, Frederick S. Dawes, Mrs. George W. Eaton, A. K. Snell, E. W. Whitaker, E. W. Whitaker, (Edward,) Charles W. Skillings, J. W. Harriman, W. F. Bickford, J. F. Duncan, E. W. Schulte, M. T. V. Bowman, Albert F. Jackson, Charles B. Kenney, D. D. Stewart.	88-98

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The First Cavalry Battle at Kelly's Ford, Va.

BY MAJOR FRANK W. HESS, U. S. ARMY AND THIRD PENN. CAVALRY.

The magnitude which the war of the rebellion was destined to assume was not appreciated by the military leaders at its commencement. The important part which mounted troops were destined to play in the great drama was equally unappreciated. It was long after hostilities commenced before the authorities began to accept the many regiments and companies of volunteer cavalry freely offered by the loyal States. Our professional soldiers who comprehended the necessities of the hour perceived that while infantry could be improvised to meet the pressing emergencies of the conflict, were fully aware that cavalry could not be prepared for service without long and patient effort, and were appalled, perhaps, at the Herculean task.

Not to grapple with the difficulty from the very first was an error. The mounted men offered early in 1861 should have been accepted, and the very best instructors should have been selected, and persistent and constant drilling should have been commenced with it at once and continued until a large force was organized and ready for the field.

To anyone acquainted though but casually with the requirements of this arm it is unnecessary to note the fact that it is much more difficult to make ordinary cavalry out of the average citizen in a given time than it is to make good infantry. The Confederates did not make this mistake. Through the leadership of Stuart, Lee and others, who had been educated in the profession, the importance of cavalry was early appreciated by those in authority on that side.

From the beginning the cavalry service there was very popular. Conditions in the Southern States had been such as to produce good riders and good horses. Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky produced the best of the latter suitable for

saddle work. For all who had the opportunity to indulge in it, riding was the favorite pastime, and the young men of the rural districts spent much of their time in the saddle; most of their work on the plantations was superintended while in it.

The knight and the horse are associated in our minds as almost akin. Among these people chivalric traditions, fostered through many generations, but knitted this kinship closer, and a Virginian, especially, who was not a lover of the horse and a good rider was indeed very rare. These States, too, abounded in horses of aristocratic blood. The sons and daughters of such noble racers as Sir Archie, Boston, Eclipse, Timolen, Diomedé, Exchequer, Red Eye, Glencoe, Sir Charles, Bertrand, Wagner, Grey Eagle, Woodpecker, and many others more or less famous in turf annals, were scattered all over them.

In addition to being accustomed to horses, these young men were also skilled in the use of firearms, and to shoot well with a pistol from the saddle was an accomplishment not rare. Shooting and fox-hunting were the favorite manly pastimes, and almost all were good wing shots with the shotgun, which weapon played no inconsiderable part in the great civil war. Recruiting for the cavalry among men who had grown up with this environment was not difficult. Sons of the best families in these States who did not care for commissions in other arms, or who could not obtain them, became non-commissioned officers and privates in the cavalry, and took with them to the field their own thoroughbred chargers. All they had to learn was the simple lessons of the drill-ground, being already masters of the art of equitation, and the use of the saber, a weapon never much relied upon by them, as their familiarity with the deadly pistol made it, for their use, a better weapon. From the very beginning the Southern cavalry may be said to have been at its best for the purpose for which it was used. The knowledge possessed by these men of the topography of the country, its highways and byways, its forests and swamps, streams, fords and bridges made their daring raids and sudden dashes on the unsuspecting picket, scouting parties, patrols and trains of their enemy possible and comparatively easy.

Let us now take a glance at the volunteer cavalry of the Union army. The men we find who composed it came largely from the shops, mines and manufacturing establishments. They knew nothing about the care of horses, or if they did, rarely anything about riding. A contemporary writer remarks on this subject: "It seems that the qualifications of a recruit for the cavalry might be summed up in this: he neither knows how to groom, feed, water or ride his horse, and is afraid of him."

The horse throughout the Northern and Western States had come to be used as a draft animal or roadster only. Those procured for cavalry mounts were as unfamiliar with work under the saddle as their riders were with work in it. Not only were trained saddle-horses scarce among us, but the horses bred here were unsuited for that work, and the hastily-formed cavalry regiments were mounted on horses as fresh from the plow, the dray and light or heavy wagons as were their riders from the farm and workshop. Few out of hundreds could be forced to attempt a narrow ditch or low fence. Not until they had been thrown into the one or over the other did they learn that jumping was easier than falling and much more dignified for a horse who had any dignity to maintain.

The troop to which the writer was attached came from a large city, and most of the men had not been astride a horse until they were mustered into the United States service. The ludicrous scenes witnessed while they were being taught the mysteries of the riding-school will never be forgotten. Many of them showed much more fear of their horses than they ever did afterward of the enemy. The wild fumbling after mane or saddle-strap, the terror depicted on some faces when the commands "trot" or "gallop" were given, are a lasting source of amusement. Many of these timids, however, turned out to be fine soldiers and daring riders, to whom the "four-foot wall" of Lever's "man from Galway" was but a pleasure. But at this period, by the cruel machinations of their riding-master, they were thrown from their saddles more than once, in order that they might learn the most serious result of such a calamity was the hearty laugh with which the exploit was greeted by their

comrades. The few in the North who cared to indulge in the luxury of saddle-horses had relied for them on the States of Virginia and Kentucky. These sources of supply were no longer available. This was wholly true of Virginia and largely so of Kentucky. Is it wonderful, then that the cavalry of the Confederacy should have early asserted its superiority and maintained it during the first year of the war?

Fortunately for the regiment to which belonged the troop before alluded to, it fell into proper hands. Lieut. W. W. Averell, of the mounted Rifles, afterward Gen. Averell of cavalry fame, was made its colonel. He was an excellent drill-master, with proper views of what constituted real discipline. Instruction in a systematic manner, with a view of preparing these men for the service expected of them, was commenced and persistently followed in the most industrious and painstaking manner. From two to four drills a day was the order, and from earliest dawn till darkness fell, the embryo trooper knew no rest. Squad drill, troop drill, squadron drill, battalion drill followed each other in such rapid succession as to make his head swim, and a detail for a scout or a tour of picket duty in the presence of an active and industrious enemy was hailed as a "sweet day of rest." The duties of pickets, patrols, advance-guards, rear-guards, scouting parties, flanking parties and convoys were taught. The camp being not far from those of the enemy, facilities were at hand for the practical illustration of some of these lessons, and many minor skirmishes occurred, in which men learned more in a day than could otherwise have been taught in months.

All of the regiments of cavalry organized in the summer and fall of 1861 which served in the Army of the Potomac, turned out well. This was most especially so of those which were commanded by officers of experience, and from memory I will enumerate the First (Bayard), the Third (Averell), the Sixth (Rush), the Eighth (D. McM. Gregg), all from Pennsylvania; the First Massachusetts (Williams), First Rhode Island (Duffie), First New Jersey (Kilpatrick). They had part of the summer the autumn of '61 and the winter of '61 and '62 for preparation.

In the Peninsular campaign of '61 the cavalry played a very important part, doing the routine work of that corps in small detachments, serving with infantry in the field, and for this work it received a large share of praise from the commanding general. For a truthful and graphic description of the duties performed by the cavalry in this campaign, see a paper, "With the Cavalry on the Peninsular," by Gen. Averell, published by the Century Company, pp. 429 to 434, Vol. II, "Battles and Leaders." The daring expeditionary work, for which American cavalry afterward became noted throughout the world, and an example for others to follow, was undertaken later.

With the very best system of instruction, and under the best instructors, I think it was found that cavalry fit in any respect for the field could not be produced from our material in less time than one year. Therefore I have said it was an error on the part of the government to refuse the material offered in the spring of 1861. The colonel should have been selected by the commander of the army or by the War Department, from the officers of the regular army who had shown an aptitude for that arm of the service, and no difficulty would have been encountered in finding the company officers and enlisted men, by simply making requisitions on the governors of the loyal States for battalions and companies. The cavalry events of the early part of 1863 go to show that a great change had taken place in the relation towards each other of the cavalry of the two armies. The vastly superior excellence of that of the Confederates no longer existed. Not that theirs had deteriorated, but that ours had improved. An improvement also came in the cavalry administration. Unification commenced, regiments were consolidated into brigades, brigades into divisions, and finally came the Cavalry Corps and with this was banished from the trooper's mind the thought that he was dependent on the infantryman to help him out of his little difficulty with the enemy.

The first purely cavalry fight of the war, where more than one battalion was engaged on both sides, occurring anywhere in the east, was that of Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, and while the list of casualties was not enormous its results were fraught

with more importance for this arm of the service than were many battles where the losses on each side were ten or twenty times greater. As has before been intimated, the cavalry had hitherto acted in small bodies, and it may be truthfully stated that no officer present in this affair had ever before seen more than a squadron or two engaged at a time. What cavalry could do acting in larger masses was the lesson to be taught by this engagement.

During the winter of '62 and '63, after the reorganization of our cavalry, it had been made a part of its duty to protect a very extended front from Acquia Creek above its junction with the Potomac, to and along the upper Rappahannock river. Much of this line was through a densely wooded country. These forests had once been cultivated land, but had been abandoned as such, and were now thickly studded with a dense growth of small pines, the foliage of which was so dense as to prevent one from seeing for more than a rod or two through them and they were threaded by innumerable paths. The enemy's cavalry was on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock—right bank—which in the low stages of the water could be forded in many places. From these camps it was an easy matter for him to detach commands of from two to five hundred men, send them across the river at various places, and by the hidden roads which his men knew so well, concentrate on any given point on the line, and drive in or capture our pickets. These forays were numerous during the winter, and very annoying to our people. Every inhabitant in this country was in full sympathy with the enemy, and no matter how frequently the posts of our videttes were changed and the reserves moved, it was but a short time until the precise location was known at the headquarters on the other side of the river. Women and children as well as the men took a patriotic pride in giving information as to our movements, and vied with each other in schemes and ruses by which to discover and convey to the enemy facts which we strove to conceal. On the other hand, information of the enemy's position and intentions could be procured by us only by personal observation, and for this purpose frequent

reconnoissances were made in considerable force, before which he always gave way, retiring to his own side of the river.

Averell, who had risen to the rank of brigadier-general and commanded a division, added much to its efficiency by promptly dismissing from the army the officers who commanded one of these surprised advance posts, that of Hattwood Church, Nov. 28, 1862. Enlisted men were frequently court-martialed for abandoning their posts without making proper and noisy resistance when attacked. Altogether the responsibilities of the cavalry service were assuming a graver aspect. This was the last perfectly-successful surprise of any considerable body of our cavalry.

Fitz-Hugh Lee, who commanded a brigade composed of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia Cavalry, with a horse battery (Brethed's), had been at West Point three years while Gen. Averell was there, and they had been warm personal friends. War, however found them commanding opposing forces, and each brought with his service all of the skill taught by his alma mater, reinforced, fortified and ennobled by the enthusiastic loyalty with which each espoused a cause that he deemed the grandest for which man ever contended, and against which the warm personal friendships of a lifetime weighed as but a feather. In one of the forays in which Lee himself commanded, and in which he had been partially successful in effecting a surprise, though at the cost to his command finally of a very considerable loss in killed and wounded, he left with a surgeon whom he detailed to remain within our lines to care for his wounded, a note, of which the following is a copy:

DEAR AVERELL:

Please let this surgeon assist in taking care of my wounded. I ride a pretty fast horse, but I think yours can beat mine. I wish you'd quit shooting and get out of my State and go home. Send me over a bag of coffee.

Good by,

FITZ.

Gen. Averell had long been considering the project of an advance, into that portion of the country guarded by Lee's cavalry, with the purpose of measuring strength on a fair field with the men who, in small scouting parties led by civilian par-

tisans, had so successfully stolen, by paths known only to them, through the pines to points in rear of our pickets, from which places outposts had been silently captured and the way made clear for their larger bodies to dash down on the unsuspecting reserve posts. He had an abiding faith in the results of the painstaking instruction imparted to his own regiment, and the better morale which was everywhere showing itself in all the regiments of his division—in short, he desired a fight for the fight's sake. He wished the officers and men of his command to meet and measure strength with those of the enemy, that they might practically demonstrate to their own satisfaction their superiority as cavalry, thus reaping the reward of the hard service and many privations endured through the era of preparation. He sought and obtained permission from the commanding general of the army to take a portion of his command across the river with this purpose in view, promising good results. Accordingly on the 16th of March, 1863, about three thousand men of his command, including a battery of horse artillery, left their camps near Potomac Creek and marched to the vicinity of the ford (Kelly's) at which it was intended that he should cross, and bivouacked for the night. Some of these troops, notably the battery, made a march of 32 miles on the 16th, and, owing to the bad condition of the roads, did not arrive at Morrisville, the rendezvous, until 11 o'clock at night.

The enemy's pickets were met before arrival at this point, and pushed back and pickets of his own command were placed well down toward the ford, in order to mask the intended movement of the morrow. A force of nine hundred men were here detached, with orders to move on the roads westward, leading to or near the river or points much farther up, with instructions to drive the enemy all across the river and take up a position some miles westward, with a view of protecting the flank of the main body, which was to move southerly toward and across Kelly's Ford.

These two commands started very early in the morning, and by six o'clock the ford had been reached. An advance guard for the main body had been selected, with a view to carrying

the crossing by a dash, if it was found to be defended. The enemy, through his scouts, either civilian or military, had been appraised of our approach, and the guard at the fording had been increased, and they were on the lookout for us. Here occurred a very stubborn resistance on the part of the rebels, who were posted behind an intrenchment which commanded thoroughly the fording and its approaches. The stream was swollen by recent rains until it was four or five feet deep at the fording and much deeper both above and below, so there was no possibility of getting over except at the fording. A dash was made at the crossing by the advance guard but it was repulsed. Maj. (afterward colonel) Chamberlain, First Massachusetts Cavalry, Acting Chief-of-Staff to Gen. Averell, had been placed in charge by him of the advance. Organizing from the troops in support of the advance guard a charging party, and placing himself at its head, Chamberlain made a charge for the fording; but as he was about entering the water he was wounded and many of his horses were shot down. This attack also failed. These troops were from a regiment which had been badly handled, and did not speak or understand English very well, and who bore an unenviable reputation. Seeing their leaders shot down and floundering in the rapid current, they recoiled suddenly. Chamberlain, while trying to rally and force them into the fording, received another and very dangerous wound, the ball entering his face and passing out of the side of his neck, the shock throwing him from his horse. He sat up on the ground, and, though partially blinded by the blood, with indomitable pluck, fired, it is said, first at his own retreating troopers, and then emptied his revolver at the enemy on the opposite side of the river.

While this was going on Gen. Averell had placed himself on a little knoll to the left of the head of his column, and from this point overlooked and directed all subsequent operations. He perceived that the enemy had dismounted a large number of his men and thrown them into a well-constructed rifle-pit which thoroughly commanded the ford. The river at this point, at this stage of water, is about three hundred feet wide. In addi-

tion to the rifle-pits the enemy had thrown trees into the road on both sides, and on the river bank had driven stakes into the ground, intrenching them with brush in such a manner as to prevent horses from getting out of the ford at all. The left bank of the river is traversed for a short distance by a sunken road, having been worn away to the depth of about three feet by long usage. Into this Gen. Averell directed the placing of one hundred men, dismounted, with orders to keep up a constant fire on the rifle-pits opposite, with a view to preventing the men therein from rising to take aim when they fired. Of course the battery which had now come up would have made short work of the defenses behind which the enemy crouched, but the general wished to exhaust all other means in efforts to cross before using it, as the sound from his guns would have appraised Lee in his camps of the precise place at which the crossing was being made, as well as of the magnitude of the expedition, of both of which he was ignorant until the whole command had passed over.

The pioneers (axmen) of the brigade were now ordered forward to clear the way of obstructions on one side of the river, under the command of Lieut. D. M. Gilmore, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. At this time volunteers were called for by the general to carry the crossing. The opportunity to volunteer for this duty was given to the regiment nearest him (the First Rhode Island), and was responded to by the whole regiment moving to the front. The nearest platoon, that commanded by Lieut. Simon A. Brown, was selected and made ready for the dash. The fire from the sunken road was now keeping down that from the pits, and under its protection the axmen partially succeeded in making an opening to the ford. The remainder of the Rhode Island regiment was moved up to Brown's support, the word was given and away he went. The axmen, having left their carbines behind them, had their sabres fastened to their saddles, the better to facilitate mounting and dismounting. As they dashed forward in the rear of, and, indeed, intermingling with Brown's men, swinging their axes above their heads, the scene was a picturesque one, and suggested thoughts of the ancient Roman and his battle-ax.

As soon as Brown's men and the pioneers began to approach the opposite shore the fire from the sunken road had to be suspended, and this gave the enemy an opportunity to increase his. The axmen obliqued to the right slightly, going up stream, after passing its middle point, some of the horses swimming, and emerging above the road went at the obstruction with a will. Of the eighteen men of Brown's platoon who entered the ford with him, but three came out on the enemy's side; all the rest having been either killed or wounded or had their horses disabled. The horse of one of the three (Private Parker, Troop G, First Rhode Island), was killed in the water, and he swam and waded ashore. Brown's horse was shot in many places, but being as courageous as his rider, bore up under him bravely. The lieutenant rode up the bank and looking down on the men in the pit fired a shot among them, and it is claimed killed one of the enemy. Turning, he waved his sword to the balance of his regiment, and called on them to come on. This they were already doing, and a few of the leading files arriving, they broke through or over the obstructions. In the meantime the enemy, perceiving their inability to longer hold their position, commenced retiring toward their horses, which were some distance in the rear. They were pursued by the mounted men and twenty-five of them made prisoners. This crossing was a very conspicuous act of gallantry on the part of Lieut. Brown and his men, and in almost any service than our own would have been rewarded by some substantial or sentimental recognition. His clothing was cut in many places, and his horse, a very conspicuous gray, had five or six wounds, and the officer's escape seems miraculous, as will be seen by the letter of Capt. Moss, to be quoted hereafter. The remainder of this brigade pushed rapidly across the river, the regiments forming promptly on the south side. The ammunition for the battery was carried over by the cavalrymen in their noose-bags, the water being so deep as to flood the ammunition-chests. Some delay was occasioned here, as it was necessary to water the horses, and only those occupying the fording could be watered at one time. While this was going on the remainder of the division was moving in-

to the position assigned, the General galloped to the front with a detachment, and made a hasty examination of the field. Satisfying himself that the proper place for the expected battle was farther from the river, the whole command was moved forward on the road to Culpepper Courthouse via Brandy Station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad.

The division, properly protected by skirmishers, moved in "order of battle" as nearly as the conformation of the ground would permit, McIntosh having the right and Duffie the left, while Reno commanded the reserves, composed of the detachments from the Regular cavalry. With him was the battery. After moving about three-fourths of a mile from the fording, the advance of the enemy was discovered coming rapidly from the direction of the railroad. This was what Gen. Averell had anticipated, he tells us in his report. By his order McIntosh deployed his small brigade, with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry on his right, the Third Pennsylvania next, advancing the meanwhile toward the Wheatly house, which was in front of the right of Gen. Averell's line. These two regiments were now a considerable distance to the right of the road. Immediately to the right of the road the Fourth New York was formed, and on its left the Fourth Pennsylvania. One section—two guns—of the battery was advanced and went into position between the left of the Third Pennsylvania and the right of the Fourth New York a little retired, while Reno, in support of the two regiments on the right and rear of the latter.

The enemy was now advancing rapidly in line, preceded by a heavy line of mounted skirmishers, whose fire became very annoying to the two regiments near the road, and to which they were now ordered to reply, while the section in position also opened. Under this severe fire from the Confederate sharpshooters, now at a halt, these two regiments, Gen. Averell states in his report, (page 49, Vol. 25, Part I, Official Records,) exhibited a little unsteadiness, requiring some personal exertion, on the part of himself and staff to correct. It was but momentary, however, as they regained their steadiness quickly, and opened with effect from their carbines. This was the only ex-

hibition of nervousness or unsteadiness shown by our people on the south side of the Rappahannock this day. This is a statement which it will be well to keep in mind, as we shall presently see it does not agree with the recollections of one of the historians of this event.

A little after this a charge was made by about a regiment of the Confederates, perhaps not so great a number, on McIntosh's right, with a view, apparently, of obtaining possession of Wheatley's house and outbuildings. Gregg (Col. Irvin), who commanded the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, dismounted a squadron or two, and hurrying them forward toward the buildings, a brisk fight for the possession of them ensued, resulting in the enemy retiring with several empty saddles. A few moments later came another charge. According to Maj. McClellan, Gen. Stuart's historian, this was the Third Virginia Cavalry, joined by the Fifth. This charge was not delivered on anything. It was a "charge in air." They rode down along a fence, on the other side of which was the First Rhode Island and Sixth Ohio in column of fours. This fence was perpendicular really to both lines of battle. They cried out lustily, however, and fired their pistols at our people, but when they discovered they were heading into the regiment that was deployed across their front and using its carbines, they turned off toward the left and retired in the direction from which they had come. These two regiments were badly shaken up, and would have been charged as they retired, but Gen. Averell had no troops in position from which an effective charge could have been made; besides, Lee's strength had not yet been developed, and there was plenty of time left in which to do the charging.

Immediately after the Virginians had passed Duffie's flank (who was at the time in column of fours moving to the front under orders to gain ground in that direction, thus advancing the left of Averell's general line) he passed through a gap in the stone fence, and formed his leading regiment (his own, 1st R. I.) in line. This was without orders. It is presumed that the temptation to pitch into men who so boldly threw themselves at him was too much for the volatile Frenchman, and he

was resolved at all hazzards to try his hand at the charging too. He had not long to wait, for as Averell advanced McIntosh on his right up to and past Wheatley's house, clearing the ground from the charge of the Confederate left, just described, Lee himself, with, according to McClellan, his First, Second and Fourth regiments, moved out against Averell's left. They came on in fine style, and were met at a short distance from our line by Duffie. Here came the first real saber contest of the war in the East. The First Rhode Island was well instructed and was kept well in hand, and charged compactly, according to the drill-book. The shock would have pleased the most critical of old-school cavalymen, so far as the behavior under it of the Rhode Islanders was concerned.

The Virginians, too, stood up well to their work, but used their pistols rather freely. Soon after this meeting was heard the shout remembered and spoken of by so many, from the Confederates, "draw your pistols, you Yanks, and fight like gentlemen." But as our men had established to their own satisfaction the fact that they were gentlemen, and were now anxious to fix their status as cavalymen, they replied only with cut, point, parry and thrust. When the banter was heard, they were encouraged, for they knew that the saber was doing its work. As the enemy's line broke up and retired they were pursued a little too far by some of our men, and, as a squadron or two of fresh Confederates were thrown into the melee, two officers and eighteen men of Duffie's regiment were captured. This reinforcement to their charge was met by a charge of two or three squadrons from McIntosh, but it failed to recapture the men who had been made prisoners. The enemy had now been driven at every point, and Lee withdrew from the field, taking up a position about one mile further to the rear.

(To be continued)



HENRY L. PATCH,
Co. L.
Zimmer, Neb.

ADDISON D. BARRETT,
Co. C.
Norfolk, Va.

JAMES B. PEAKES,

My Mule.

BY CHAPLAIN SAMUEL A. FULLER.

In 1863 the regiment started from Camp Bayard on the Stoneman raid, Monday, April 13th. After the first day's march it bivouacked at Deep Run. This was my first experience so it may be inferred that some blunder might occur in arranging for a three weeks march on horseback. Chaplains were only entitled to one-half of a mule, to be shared with the assistant surgeon, but our kind hearted Quartermaster Ulmer decided he would give me a whole one. Teams are not expected to accompany raids, but ours did as far as Bealton. For the first time mules' backs were to replace army wagons, so I packed my mule which was a very old one, so heavily with books, necessary clothing and camp utensils, that he broke down before he had made a half day's march and Spear had a lovely time getting him to the first bivouac, which I learned some two hours after we had supped, by seeing him hobble into camp led and pulled by Ed Spear, my orderly and some of the boys. Before retiring to sleep we found it necessary to move the mule about ten feet, which had to be done by lifting him bodily to his place for the night, for he was unable to move a limb. On that mule I had some fifty dollars worth of truck that could with difficulty be replaced, which I felt could not then be spared, so I resolved if he could not move in the morning with the regiment, I would stay with him alone until the teams came up as they were only some three or four hours in the rear. This Col. Douty positively forbade. He said I would stand no chance from the quartermaster. Spear also urgently assured me it was dangerous business and we all knew that officers and men had been captured a few rods from the column. Still I disobeyed Col. Douty and informed Spear that he could keep on with the regiment, to which he replied more forcibly than ceremoniously, "that he'd be darned if he would." Never

shall I forget the moment as I sat on my horse in the rear of the column as it disappeared down the hill that morning in April at Deep Run. I never felt so lonesome in my life as when the last fours passed from my view. I felt as one would be supposed to if he were the last man left on the earth, my beloved regiment had left me, what next? The boys I loved so dearly had gone, would the guerillas come? My plan was if they did to run for it—I had a good horse—towards the regiment if they came from the opposite direction and vice versa for the teams. I had no arms, I could not fight. I must run. It is needless to say I was all eyes and ears. Richmond appeared my destination but I could not resist my determination to stay where I was in the road until the teams came. I was determined to stand by that mule and pack, live or die. I knew it was not sensible, but could not resist. The regiment could not have been gone more than fifteen minutes, it seemed longer, when I distinctly heard the familiar clank of sabres and was ready for a start. I had no idea of Federals it must be Rebs. When suddenly from the direction of the night's bivouac seven horsemen came galloping towards me whom I instantly recognized as our boys. Good old Ned Spear whom I always liked and now loved, with six good stalwart soldiers, rode up to me and announced themselves as my guard. I wish I knew the other six of those men who had volunteered to stand by their disobedient chaplain. Those good fellows had fallen out from their companies, ready and determined to sell out dearly before their chaplain should take any journey than that pursued by the old regiment.



Recollections of Appomattox.

BY J. L. PRAY, SIGNAL CORPS ARMY OF POTOMAC.

Long marches at the rate of thirty-five miles per day had now brought us into Appomattox county. While the country here was some improvement on much of the country over which we had passed, it was far from being a first class farming region. We would occasionally pass what seemed a fair farm, reasonably well opened up, but the distance between them took much more space than the farms did.

At this stage of the campaign our cavalry was playing great havoc among the enemy's wagon trains, as well as capturing many prisoners and their regimental flags. Our roadway was strewn with abandoned wagons and military stores.

The Yankee cavalryman was everywhere, especially in the advance. The horsemen seemed to snuff the victory not very far off. There we saw Custer in the height of his glory, with his tall form, long hair, jaunty cavalry suit, and the characteristic red necktie, who had already the well earned reputation of being the most dashing cavalry general in the service. With him we saw his captured flags. They were in the hands of his escort, and consisted of regimental flags and colors, battery and cavalry guidons, and brigade headquarter flags. You would have taken his cavalcade to be a company of Rush's lancers.

I think we spent the night of April eighth, or part of it, about six or seven miles from Appomattox court house. We were called out before daylight on the morning of the ninth, and were soon under headway. Soon after daylight, or say about six o'clock in the morning, our party struck Appomattox station. I think the infantry of our corps was deployed generally to the right of this point, facing the enemy. At the railroad station we found several cars that were said to contain supplies for the confederate army. This point had been reached some time during the night by the Twenty-fourth corps, and a

detachment from that corps was in charge of the captured stores. Here I met Lieut. Lew Heberthall, of Co. K, Sixty-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in charge of the guards. After a brief conversation with the lieutenant on the outlook, we rode toward the court house, some two and a half or three miles distant. The open fields near by gave evidence of great haste on the part of the enemy's ordnance train. Artillery ammunition was scattered about, and there were other evidences of meeting the enemy. As we neared the vicinity of the village, the country became more open, and we soon came up to the cavalry line. Presently my comrade, Sergeant Marcy, observed a horseman coming with a white flag, and some one near by sang out: "They have surrendered." We urged our horses to a gallop. The man with the flag we soon met, and he passed rapidly on to our rear. He was a well dressed confederate officer, with a white flag mounted on a short staff. I think the flag was probably a large white handkerchief. As he rode by on the gallop, he held the flag low, or about even with his body. I think he was in search of our corps or general officers. We hastened to the outside line of our cavalry, which we found about on a line with the *south side* of the village of Appomattox Court House. Our party struck the village at the junction of a road striking the Lynchburg road, at a blacksmith shop. At the moment we arrived, although it was said that there had been orders given along both lines to cease firing, there was still skirmishing—now and then a shot. I recollect of a poor cavalryman being wounded near us a few minutes after our striking that part of the line, and he was very angry at the rebels for wounding him after the order to cease firing. We, as signal corps men, were very anxious to open communication at once, and as I was approaching the mansard roof, of what I have since learned was the *Sears* house, with a view of establishing a station thereon, I was approached by an officer who probably belonged to the cavalry, who thought it not allowable to establish a station there, as it would be *between* the lines.

We thought we could easily locate the headquarters of the Sixth and Second Corps on the right of the column, but were

obliged to swing our flag from the ground, and elicited no response. The white and red flag now in the possession of the memorial association at Toledo is the one we used there. The army of Northern Virginia was now in full view, and their skirmish line was in musket range. The left wing of the army of the Potomac was squarely across their pathway. We had outmarched the Johnnies.

The cavalry picket was soon relieved by the infantry, and the village was left between the lines the *remainder of that day*. Very shortly our corps commander and staff were upon the line, but our main line of infantry was held some little distance back, and although we were very, very weary from our long days of marching and exceedingly short nights of bivouac, every one was astir.

The great day of jubilee had come, and we knew that day that the ninth of April would be known as surrender day during the remaining lifetime of the nation. The afternoon was generally spent by the troops in making themselves as comfortable as possible, for both men and beast had been repeatedly urged and urged, until rest was absolutely necessary. The privileges of signal men enabled us to go beyond the lines, and some of our party familiarized themselves with the village and the enemy's camp. Some of the boys had had the good fortune to see the famous confederate commander on horseback at the time of the meeting with Gen. Grant at the McLean house. Not being able to see the meeting there, I took a ride to their camp by passing through the village and out on the Lynchburg road toward Farmville, along which the army of northern Virginia was then encamped.

The village of Appomattox is built on the slope of a hill, along which diagonally runs the Lynchburg pike. Passing the court house and village brings us to low ground or a narrow vale. At that point was a turn in the road; in the curve on the left were a few scattering apple trees, and a little further along a log cabin. As I was riding around this curve at the foot of the slope, I found three or four Johnnies chopping at the remaining trunk of an apple tree that was lately cut down. I asked

them what their object was, and their story was that Lee and Grant had met under that tree, and they were after pieces for mementoes. I think the great apple tree story was from rebel sources. As I passed on up the slope along the pike, I passed the enemy's camp lying on both sides. I soon came in sight of general headquarters, which I desired to investigate. Passing by in front and around to the rear a short distance, I met a young rebel that was evidently connected with headquarters. With him I had quite a visit. He told me that the two men we could see sitting in the open marquee tent one was General R. E. Lee, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that the other officer was his (the boy's) father, General Walker, chief of artillery. Having seen Lee's portrait so many times, I was enabled to at once recognize him.

I found the young man, like most of the southern young men, still filled with a rebel spirit, and did not think the confederacy at all "done up" because they were captured. We would find that the whole South was against us yet, and this war would never end until the South was independent. My visit was more for curiosity and information than for discussing the political differences, and after I had learned all I could from the young man, I remounted and started on my return, and rode back by the same road. Again feeling anxious to know just how glad the average Virginia soldier was to see the beautiful dawn of a long looked for peace, I turned my horse to the roadside, near a group of confederate soldiers of a Virginia regiment, and remarked, "Well, boys, I hope you are pleased that this war is about over," hoping to word it so that it would not stir them up too much. There seemed to be but very little disposition at first to talk to me. Presently a lieutenant that had been at another part of the company approached as if I had some official message to communicate. When he found I was only visiting he assured me that that was no choice of theirs, and although they were at that time overpowered, they were not whipped, and never would be. They could never, never be at peace with us northern fellows. He did not like me now any better than he did before this happened, and

he would just as soon shoot me then as at any former time. "Oh, well," I told him, "I hope you will think better of us later on," and turned my horse to the middle of the road, and walked a few steps, when it occurred to me, owing to my absence from camp some little time, that I had better hurry up. Yes, I galloped back on the Lynchburg road, feeling satisfied with the investigation.

On the following day we learned that the work of making out paroles was going on at the court house, and in company with my old friend, James Cumming, of the Sixty-seventh Ohio Infantry, now of Bowling Green, Ohio, I went down there and visited that famous temple of justice. It was quite an old fashioned structure, and must by this time appear as much a relic of antiquity as the venerable court house now used by Lucas county. I think that the comrades of the Sixty-seventh Ohio would bear me out in the statement that Appomattox Court House was not celebrated for its architectural beauty.

It was about the twelfth of April when the formal surrender of arms took place on the high ground in the rear, of the village. And now I want to say right here, that if there ever was a red letter day in the calendar of events of my lifetime, that it was the occasion of that formal surrender. The ground was elevated and regular where the arms were to be stacked. This distinction was given to the First division, Fifth army corps, and was received especially by Bartlett's old brigade. That brigade was called out in its best tog to receive the surrender of arms of the confederate army, and formed in line, double ranks, came to front face and stood at attention. The rebel infantry, about 10,000, or what was left, marched up by brigades, halted, stacked their arms on the ground, reformed and marched back to their camp. Some left occasionally a drum, now and then a battered brass horn, and I saw a few flag staffs, but no flags; did not see any rebel flags passed over there. The turning over of the cannon and cavalry equipments, I think was less formal. In fact, that was "scattering" in its way, anyway. But as I stood there in the crowd of soldiers from the other two divisions of the Fifth and the Twenty-fourth Corps, and saw those

fellows come up and leave their arms, and go off in order, I felt that was the real external surrender. I could not see what could be more humiliating, and this certainly was the least that could be expected of them.

In my communication to the *Cannoneer* last summer, I urged him to put in his book a full page picture of the surrender of arms. I think if any bit of history so interesting to the American people has been neglected, it has been that part of the history at Appomattox. I remember the impression that was made upon me by a picture in the old history of the United States, where the surrender of Cornwallis was illustrated by a full page picture. I think there is lots of history in a true picture that will impress especially the young.

Detailed from Dismounted Camp.

BY LIEUTENANT SAMUEL C. SMITH.

In July, 1864, when Gen. Early made his demonstration towards Washington, it was my ill luck to be on duty at Dismounted Camp near City Point. Together with the Sixth Corps, all the dismounted men and officers in charge were ordered to the front. Embarking at Light House Point in the evening of July 6th, we arrived at Baltimore on the morning of the 8th, and on the same day were transported to Washington. Probably the authorities at Washington were never more thoroughly alarmed for the safety of the Capitol, unless they were immediately after the first battle of Bull Run. There were no officers or soldiers loafing on the streets, all were ordered to the rescue. It was a close call. If Gen. Lew Wallace had not met Early at Monocacy and delayed him a day or two, he could have entered Washington with his forces, for we had scarcely soldiers enough there to man the guns in the forts. We were first ordered to Camp Stoneman, from where a part of our forces were sent out dismounted and a part mounted. Officers

were assigned to commands rather promiscuously. In the hurried distribution I was given the command of a company of seventy-five mounted men, from three regiments. There were several such companies all under the command of Major Darling. We marched out Seventh street to Fort Stevens or Slocum, I am not sure which, arriving there about the same time that the Sixth Corps did. The enemy was in force and in plain sight and the guns in the fort were playing on them trying to drive them back. The Sixth Corps advanced outside the fort and after severe skirmishing succeeded in driving them back, while "we held the fort." While we were thus employed there came out from Washington the most unique body of soldiers, if soldiers they could be called, ever seen during the war. It was composed of clerks and laborers from the quarter master's department, armed, but in citizen dress of every conceivable style. Their appearance is better imagined than described. After remaining here till all immediate danger was apparently passed we marched to Bladensburg, that historic battlefield where affairs of honor have so often been settled. After remaining here one day the enemy retreated up the Potomac, we followed them at a safe distance to Poolsville where we rested a day to hang a deserter and to allow the enemy to cross the Potomac unmolested. The next day we crossed the river, and after marching through Leesburg and several miles beyond I was ordered back to Leesburg to hold the town till the Nineteenth Corps came up. Pickets were placed in all roads leading out of town with orders to allow no one to leave or enter town without my permission. The citizens chafed somewhat under the blockade but as I might never again be governor of a town I proposed to enjoy the honor and power. As usual Mosby was supposed to be near by but we were not molested. After remaining here two nights and one day, the Nineteenth Corps having arrived, we rejoined our command and followed in the wake of the enemy to Snickerville, where we met our advance forces retreating towards Washington which was again supposed to be in danger, from where or by whom I never knew, but we returned there all the same, and after a few days in camp marched up the Potomac

again and after various wanderings found ourselves at Halltown on picket. Just at this time, Sheridan's forces having arrived, they pushed on up the valley and left us to our fate. Why we were not relieved I never knew, but after holding our position several days and living on the country, our supplies having been exhausted, I sent a messenger with a note to the commandant at Harper's Ferry asking for orders, and in reply was ordered to Boliver and to report in person at headquarters of Gen. Max Weber. This I did without delay, and soon after at my request was ordered to relinquish my command and report to my regiment in front of Petersburg, where I arrived just in time for the battle of Reams Station. While picketing near Boliver, when our forage and rations were nearly exhausted the boys reported having discovered a good bin of corn and a flock of sheep and asked for instructions. I told them that our horses must have corn but that I could give them no instructions about sheep. They went after corn and perhaps the sheep suffered. The owner invited me to dinner which invitation I accepted. I gave him a receipt for the corn for which I hope he received payment.

My Experience as Prisoner of War.

BY MARCELLUS M. PARKER, CO. B.

A few days prior to the battle of Chancellorsville, General Stoneman was ordered to get in the rear of the rebel forces, destroy their railroads, and cut their communications with Richmond. Our force consisted of nearly the whole Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. We crossed the Rapidan river at Raccoon ford, April 30, 1863, and arrived at Louisa Court House, on the morning of May 2d. The few rebel cavalry there dusted up the road towards Gordonsville. We were very tired, and our horses much jaded by their long march. We had been on the move since April 28th.

We were soon called to attention by Capt. Tucker, who told us his orders were to march up the Gordonsville road and find what cavalry was there, to drive them to Gordonsville if possible, and if we had to retreat, to fall back to Ashland, or towns south of the railroad. Gen. Stoneman would be there next day. We mustered forty-eight men in all, thirty men of our company, B, and eighteen of Company I, under Lieut. Andrews. Company B and Company I all had black horses. No one was to go unless he felt able, and whose horse was in good condition. As we passed the last vidette he said to us: "There are lots of Johnnies up the road."

Sergt. Robinson was on the right and I on the left of the first set of fours. We marched in columns of fours abreast, in three platoons. The road was crooked and rough, and led through woods and small fields. As we passed around a curve, we met four rebel cavalry men. There was a shout, our spurs touched the horses, a few shots, and after them we went. They were out of sight in a moment. At the next corner we saw them again, their number increasing every moment. All order was lost, the best horses went to the front. Our horses, excited by the shouts and noise of firing, did their best. Lieut. Andrews' horse fell. He was up with us in a few minutes. The rebels made the dust fly in the most lively manner. Without any waiting we burst in a large field. A large force of rebel cavalry were drawn up to receive us. It was our turn "to get."

My horse was determined to go on. I could not stop at once but we all came to right about. It was time. The rebels were at our heels. Private Trask was beside me when they overtook us. His dark face had a savage scowl when he was obliged to haul up. My horse was pushed against a fence in the mad rush. I parried a sabre cut with my carbine. It cut the front of my saddle and spoiled my watch in my waistband. I was only slightly wounded. One cavalryman wanted to buy my poncho blanket, but another one said it was his, as I was his prisoner. We did not have much to lose, as we went in with light saddles. I was put on a rebel horse. The saddle had no stirrups. A big wide sword hung on it by a strap; it had no scabbard.

We were all hustled to the rear as the rebels swept down the road until checked by our main force. We were brought before Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, who soon found out our instructions. That night he marched to Ashland, only to find he was on a fool's errand. He did not catch sight of Gen. Stoneman until his rear guard was crossing the Rapidan river on their return. We were sent to mislead him. What were forty-eight cavalrymen to him if he could only get Gen. Lee and his cavalrymen from his rear?

We were examined by the provost marshal at Gordonsville. One old mad dog rebel said: "If I had my way, you all would be hung before sundown." The sun was then near the hills in the west. A rebel soldier who had one arm in a sling, said: "I do not believe in hanging prisoners. When I was in a Northern hospital I was treated the same as the Yankee soldiers. When the ladies brought nice things for their boys I was given a share." We were marched into a big shed, a guard at the only door. We were twenty-seven in all, and among us was Lieut. Andrews of Company I. We did not know then how many were killed. We passed one of Company I dying by the roadside. It was then said he was shot after surrender, in revenge for a fallen comrade. We had met the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and we met them later on well-contested fields. As they could run over us they did not care to kill us. We did not then realize what it was to be a prisoner in a rebel prison. Our floor was of slabs, round side up. We were all soon asleep.

"Would to God that he could slumber, with his dreams colored well,
Till the march of Time releases him from a Southern prison hell."

We had a good night's rest in our prison, rolling about over the slab floor, until we found a place to fit us. It was a new thing for us to sleep on a floor. Our captors issued some round crackers and fresh beef to us during the day, the crackers hard as a rock. One of mine was so very hard and scorched in baking that I put it in my pocket, intending to carry it home—if I ever went home.

Some of the rebel soldiers came to talk to us and they were surprised that so few of us should have made so determined a

charge on them. They said they "fell back" thinking a large force was coming by the noise and eagerness of the charge. A number of citizens also came to see us and talk of the war. We were the first Yankee soldiers to penetrate so far into the state. Some of them were very bitter and abused us as they pleased. I feel sure we returned their insults with interest. Finally an officer came around. He asked the sergeant of the guard why he allowed the people to annoy the prisoners. The sergeant replied that he "had no orders to keep them away." "Then I will give you orders. Let no one come near them. It is bad enough to be a prisoner without being insulted."

We had about concluded to tear up our slab floor, and build a fire on the ground and cook our fresh beef when we were ordered to fall in, and being marched to the cars were put into a box car. Our guards told us that our cavalry had burned the railroad bridges on the road to Richmond, so we would have to go around by Lynchburg. A few spiteful women made faces and said some insulting things to us at some of the stations as we pulled up, but some of our boys made them beat a retreat. It was night when we arrived at Lynchburg. We were marched into a small room in the upper part of some large building, so small we could hardly all lie down.

We could get no water from the guard and of course nothing to eat. Some rebel deserters and men who would not enlist in the rebel army were confined in the next room. They handed some water to us through a small hole in the brick wall, but could give us nothing to eat. We passed a tiresome night on the small and dirty floor. It rained during the night. Two of the boys set up in the fireplace, and the rain covered them with soot. When they were pulled out by the legs in the morning they were a sight to behold.

As the day wore on a long line of rebel cavalry passed below our windows, each man leading an extra horse. Some of the boys hailed them and told them to give us some arms and horses and we would fight them for our liberty. One lean Johnnie called to us, "If you are so full of fight how came you all up there?" This was a dead shot, and all the troopers

laughed, while we joined in. It was extremely tiresome standing about all day in that small room, and we were glad when the order came to "fall in" again for another move.

"You all wanted to go to Richmond, now you will go there sure," said one of the guards. Our guards on the train were two young men, or rather, boys. They had no ill-will against us. They had enlisted because they were told that the Yankees were worse than brutes, and would destroy everything. We arrived at Richmond the next day. We were searched and our names entered in the register of the flourishing Hotel Libby. We did not have much to be robbed of. I had only a box of Ayer's pills and a volume of Cavalry Tactics. We had no blankets but were in the lightest marching order. There was but one prisoner in the room we were located in. There had been an exchange of prisoners a short time before our arrival. We were shown to the top floor where we were star boarders.

(To be continued)

"The Old Camp Ground."

C. C. HASSLER, CO. L., TWENTY-FIRST PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

Vot a host of old memories vake at the sound
 Of the old song so often ve hear—
 "Ve are Denting To-night on the Old Camp Ground,"
 As it mournfully fall on the ear.
 It prings to our minds some thoughts that are sad,
 Of many long nights ve haf spent,
 Ven tired and veary at night, ve was glad
 Ve could shleep in dot leedle vite dent.

Ven the days' vork vos done, and the sun he vos set
 Pehind the pig hills in the vest,
 Mit my bipe to gonsole me, you yust now can bet,
 I enchoy the schweet gomfort of rest.
 Last night I feel over me drowsiness greep,
 Undisturbed by no noises or sound,
 Und I dream dot once more mit the poys I do shleep
 In a dent on the Old Camp Ground.

In dot leedle vite dent vos a bunk ve lie on,
Vile our saddles lay under our het,
Dere vos bet room und kitchen und parlor in von,
Vile the pantry vos under the bet.
Und I dream dot again dere ve schleep und ve schnore
In dot leedle bunk only us tree,
One veller behind, one veller pefore,
Vile the one in the mittle vos me.

Und I dream dot I hear me some noise in the night
Of dem gannons go bum, bum, bum,
Vile the sergeant outside he yell mit his might,
"Vake up, poys, the chonnies vos come!"
Und I chump to mine feet, yust so gwick as a cat,
Mit a yell dot most vakens the det,
Ven my vife she come running, haf scared and haf mat,
Und say, "Chon, vos you in your right het?"

"Dot vos all right," I say, ven I got me avake,
Und vos sure dot instead ouf a dent
I skould shleep me dot nite mit our leedle poy Chake,
Dot last baby poy dot vos sent,
Who cheers the old solcher, und makes his heart light
From sunrise until he go down.
May his het nefer rest on a saddle at nite,
In a leedle vite dent on the ground.

Dose hearts dot vos veary mit vaiting for beace
Shall nefer grow veary some more.
Dose goot poys shall no more their sorrow increase,
As they did in dose days of the var.
Dot old gamp ground dot vos sagred in song
Has oud of sight long ago vent.
May our poys in defense of the right against wrong
Nefer shleep in a leedle vite dent.

Somedimes run the tears on the solcher's cheek down,
As he hears dot old song vot ve love,
"Ve are Denting To-night on the Old Gamp Ground,"
Vile so many are gamping above.
Dose days vot gone py vos all right in their blace,
But ferever in dees world ve roam
To a leedle vite dent, ven ve lay down at nite
Ve brefer our own cottage at home.

The Country for Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.—TEN DAYS AMONG ORANGE GROVES.

Ed and I reached Riverside, for a visit to my sister, Mrs. George W. Garcelon, and her family, and a good rest before starting on the long journey home, early on the evening of Thursday, June 2d, a year ago, having been a little more than twenty-four hours on the ride from San Francisco. We found Mr. and Mrs. Garcelon well, and looking for us. We expected to enter upon our rest at once on arriving there, but found there was to be a grand reception that evening, and it was desired that we should attend. This was not just what Ed and I desired but we could not very well decline so cordial an invitation, so we brushed off the dust of travel, made ourselves as presentable as we could so far from home, and accompanied my brother and sister to the hall of entertainment. This proved to be the newly-fitted rooms of the Rubideux Club—a social club very popular in Riverside—and was really the opening of the new rooms. I have nothing to say concerning the reception, only that I failed to discover any marked difference between the looks and actions of the people of this far-away city, when at their best, and those of people nearer home. The reception might as well have been held in New England, as far as appearances went. And why not? The greater part of the people are from New England, and a few years from their old home has not changed them to any great extent. They are very like what they were when they went there, only so many years older, and of so much more experience. Of course we met many of the residents of the city, who greeted us cordially and made us feel very much at home, and we had a very pleasant evening. I was very much amused to meet an army comrade—a “dough-

boy"—who gave me a very vivid description of a magnificent charge which he saw our regiment make, but which the regiment never made. He had in mind the wrong place or some other regiment, I could not tell which. But however much I enjoyed it, I did not feel like spoiling his story by contradicting it. I was somewhat surprised to find so many army comrades so far away from home—so many from New England regiments, I mean. And yet, this city has sprung up from a desert since the war, and all the residents are new comers, so to speak. So we enjoyed the reception, weary as we were, and were pleased to be there.

The days of rest at Riverside were truly days of thorough, pleasant rest. The air was delightful, the surroundings beautiful, contented quiet reigned around the vicinity of my brother's home, we were at perfect liberty to do as we chose without fear of infringing upon the pleasure of others, and we enjoyed perfect rest. We slept night or day, or rather night and day, as sleep wished to visit us, and sleep was wonderfully familiar for the first few days. Then there was always the pleasure of chatting with my brother or sister, and we had much to say after being separated all these years. They were among the pioneers of this wonderful city of oranges and raisin grapes, and we listened to the stories of the early days of Riverside with much the same kind of interest that I used to read of the pioneers of the great west, years ago. In fact, I was in a state of wonder all the time I was there. Only twenty-one years from a dead, dry desert, here is a beautiful city of thousands of inhabitants, with miles and miles of beautiful drives, with acres and acres of productive orange groves and raisin vineyards, with fine churches and school houses, with a free library, without a cent of municipal debt, with greater wealth in proportion to the population than any other place in the world, and with all the beauty of Nature's most luxuriant growth. There is scarcely an acre of its territory that is not utilized, either for fruit growing, for business purposes, or for residences and beautiful grounds. All in twenty-one years. Do you wonder that we listened with much interest to the stories of the trials and privations, the experi-

ments, the failures and the successes of the early days, not so far away? It sounded very much like a fairy story, as we looked about us and saw the whole city like one beautiful garden, to be told that only a few years ago it was a desert—no, not a desert, the land was only dormant—and had been brought to its present fertile and beautiful condition by the labors of those whom we met every day, and who looked not unlike every day people, after all. Wonderful, wonderful, is the history of the building up of the city of Riverside — one of the most beautiful places in the world, and with a beauty that carries with it everywhere the foundation of prosperity. The good people of Riverside deserve their prosperity—they have compelled the earth to yield it to them by their labors, their skill, their patience, their perseverance, and their faith.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

The days passed away all too rapidly, as they always do when they pass pleasantly. We met many of the citizens, and enjoyed the meeting. I even met friends from my old home in Lewiston, whom I had not seen for a score of years and whom I did not know were there—did not even know were living—and these meetings were pleasant. In short, it was pleasant all the time at Riverside. Nor were we entirely devoid of excitement while in this beautiful, quiet city. Ed and I joined in a demonstration of a political sort while there, and marched with as earnest a procession as ever marched through a New England town. It was a question entirely local—a question of voting to allow the county to issue a large number of bonds to build a new Court House, in which we of course could not become very much interested, but which to the tax-payers was a matter of very great importance, and we joined in the demonstration for the fun of the thing, and, more, to see how such matters are conducted in this far-away land, where nothing looks really natural except the “long-handled dipper” and the North star. So we fell in and marched behind banners bearing the legends, “Down with Tyrants and Bosses,” “Vote Against the Court House Steal,” etc., and shouted as loud as we were able. And

we had all the fun we wanted. We rode to Colton, where the indignation meeting was held, and of course attended the meeting. We were somewhat disappointed in not listening to some of the breezy utterances which we have often read about as characteristic of the Pacific coast, but we did have the satisfaction of seeing a people at once earnest and dignified. The speeches were all good and some of them stirring, and we enjoyed the meeting, and were in no wise ashamed that we had taken a small part in it. But it confirmed the feeling which I had all during my stay there, that Riverside is very much an eastern city, though so far away.

“MACHINE-MADE WATER.”

There were many places of interest to visit here, and many things to see, so we found plenty to busy ourselves about, whenever we wished to busy ourselves. The matter of irrigation was one thing which interested me, for it must be remembered that it was only by irrigation that this desert was made into a garden. While we were there Mr. Garcelon irrigated both his orange grove and his home lot, and I watched the process with a good deal of interest, for I had often wondered how it was done. I satisfied my curiosity, and obtained a new idea of the labors by which all this had been accomplished. I was reminded of a conversation between one of the Essex party and a resident, some days before. Said the eastern gentleman, “I think I rather live in a country where we don’t have to depend upon machine-made water.” “Well,” was the reply, “there are some advantages in what you call ‘machine-made water’; we get it just when we want it, and neither suffer from floods or drought.” There was something in this view of the case which had not before appeared to the eastern minds. But it is a good deal of work, and requires a good deal of unceasing care, this irrigation, though it did seem, on looking over the ground, that the land all about there was laid out especially for irrigation purposes. It did seem, also, sometimes, as though the water was running up hill, as it made its way along the little furrows between the trees. Indeed, had any one told me that the water

did really run up hill, I don't know but I should have believed him—it would not be any more strange than some other things we learned in that wonderful country. It gave me an uncanny feeling one morning, though, to sit on the piazza, surrounded by the largest and finest rose bush I ever saw, listen to the patter of the raindrops among the trees, watch my brother irrigating the home lot with a rubber coat on, and see the children going to school carrying spread umbrellas, in this land of perpetual sunshine. For it was raining on this ninth of June, much to my surprise, and to the surprise of the residents, apparently. At least, they told us as by one accord, that this was entirely unusual, and the evening papers of that day predicted that the little showers of the morning would do considerable damage. So we concluded that it was really unusual, and continued firm in our belief that it never rains in California during the summer months. Wasn't it rather strange, though, that we should have met so much "unusual" weather while in that State so short a time? But, to be fair, it must be said that during this rain, as during the heated term of a few weeks before, there were storms and floods unusual in the eastern States, thus again confirming the theory of our guides at Los Angeles and Fresno that all these atmospheric disturbances there indicated corresponding atmospheric disturbances all over the continent.

EXCHANGING WAR REMINISCENCES.

On this same ninth of June, which day always calls up many memories. being, as you will remember, the anniversary of the fight at Brandy Station, I made a call upon a confederate acquaintance I had formed there by the name of Miller. I thought this would be a good day to talk with him. He carries a Yankee bullet in his body, and suffers with it daily. He received it at the battle of Port Republic. We had a real good talk. He was pleasant, as he always was, and we chatted a good while. He was emphatic in the expression of the fact that there were no ill-feelings between the soldiers of the two armies, and said the Yankee soldiers always treated him well, even when he was a prisoner. He was on picket duty along

the Rappahannock in the winter of '63, opposite us, comrades, and was one of the Johnnies who during that winter sent over little corn-stalk rafts loaded with tobacco, to us—perhaps the very raft which Sergeant Little captured one morning, when the cruel wind and current took it down below my line as I watched it grudgingly. I had several good talks with him during my stay in Riverside, and we formed a pleasant acquaintanceship.

VISIT TO A TIN MINE.

During our stay here my sister's family made up a picnic party for a visit to the famous Temescal tin mines, situated in the mountains, some twenty miles away. That was a great day. The ride was over and around mountains, the road twisting here and there hunting for the best place to advance, and there was sufficient variety to the ride to prevent any feeling of monotony. We found the people at the mine cordial, and were shown about by an old Cornishman, who made our tour, above and underneath the ground, pleasant and instructive. We saw the ore taken from the earth—a dull brown looking ore—and watched the process of separating the tin—still a dull brown—from the rock in much the same way that gold is separated from the pounded rock, and then the converting of this brown dust into bright ingots of tin by fire. It was of course an interesting operation, especially so after our visit to the gold mines, and we called the day one of education. We took our picnic dinner on the piazza of the office, secured some specimens of tin, in the ore and manufactured, and drove home again, this time taking another road, and driving for miles through the wonderful Magnolia Avenue.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE

Is one of the beautiful features of Riverside, and furnishes one of the finest drives in the country or in the world. On our return from this visit to the tin mine we rode twenty-one or twenty-two miles straight-away on this beautiful avenue, though that portion nearest to the mines was little worse than on ordinary dirt road, as it was then in the process of construction.

But some sixteen miles are completed, and a drive through it gives unqualified pleasure. The street is more than one hundred and thirty feet wide, has a row of magnificent pepper trees in the centre, and is bordered on both sides its entire length with the graceful pepper, the thrifty eucalyptus, the wondrous palm, and other handsome trees, all strange and striking to New England eyes. The roadway is kept in the best condition, and naturally is always shady, so it is ever in excellent form for a drive. It runs through thousands of acres of orange groves, with residences here and there which suggest wealth and good taste. But this is not the only pleasant drive in Riverside. Oh, no. There are pleasant drives, with delightful variety, on many of the streets and even some of the prestige of Magnolia Avenue is in danger—not at present but in the not far distant future—for another avenue, named Victoria avenue, has been laid out, and it will not take long, in this wonderful country, to have it equally well lined with trees, shrubs, and flowers. This is parallel with Magnolia Avenue though at a greater altitude, for nearly its entire length, and reaches the city proper over a handsome bridge nearly six hundred feet in length and sixty feet in height over an arroyo. A writer in the *Arena* says: "You would hardly go to old Italy without seeing Rome and the Coliseum. You will hardly go to our Italy without seeing Riverside and Magnolia Avenue."

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCES.

We had been growing more and more enthusiastic over the wonderful vegetation of California, from the time we reached San Bernardino on our first arrival in the State, but when we were at Riverside, and had an opportunity to look about us at leisure instead of in the hurried manner rendered necessary by brief visits and while being whirled through the country by rail, we began to have a better idea of it. I will not attempt to tell you of some of the stories of rapid growth we heard, because you will be inclined not to put full faith in them, but with the evidence all around me, I could not help believing what I heard. Everywhere the growth was rapid, everywhere the vegetation

was luxuriant. Shade trees are abundant as well as orange trees, and shrubs and hedges as well as flowers, though flowers are everywhere. The hedges are remarkable. The Monterey cypress seems created for hedges, the climate seems just the thing for the Monterey cypress, and the taste and skill of the gardeners of Riverside are unexcelled in the making and training of hedges. At all events, they seem to have no difficulty whatever in making them grow in any shape fancy may dictate, and fancy has been very busy at work in this direction. Fine residences, with handsome lawns, beautiful surroundings, tasteful and sometimes grotesque hedges, an abundance of flowers. shrubbery beyond the imagination of one who has not seen—everything beautiful—are to be seen in all portions of this beautiful city. Verily there are many pretty homes in Riverside.

Riverside has also its share of large hotels, with all the modern conveniences, and one does not wonder that they are well patronized by visitors from all over the country, so much is there to call people to the city. She has more than a dozen churches, and more than half as many school houses—all fine structures, all showing good taste and a care for something beside beauty and wealth. The high school had been completed but a short time when we were there, and the grounds had a new look, but in a very few years the building and its surroundings will be unexcelled by any in the country in cities of even twice the population of Riverside. The grounds are ample, and are well supplied with young shade trees as well as accommodations for games of various kinds, and it speaks well for the people of the city that they should give up so much land for school purposes where land is worth so much for raising fruit. She also has her share of handsome business blocks, a well appointed opera house, and all the comforts and conveniences of the older cities of the country, and yet is only twenty-one years from the desert.

Of the climate of Southern California, which is the climate of Riverside, a medical writer has said: "With a rise in the thermometer you have a double-discounting diminution in your humidity, and with a fall in your thermometer you have an

equal double-discount of an increase in your humidity, which at once produces equability." This tells the whole story, and a good deal better than I can tell it, and I might leave the matter right here, but I am trying to tell you something of my experience. We found the climate very agreeable during our ten days' stay, with the exception of the shower already spoken of, and even the shower did not disturb us as much as it did the residents. At no time was it so hot as on our visit in the middle of May, still the thermometer was "way up" compared to New England thermometers. But though very warm, it was not uncomfortable—not to me, though the residents were inclined to talk about the heat. The air was dry, and to me very grateful, causing not so much discomfort as ten or fifteen degrees lower would do at home. The nights were always cool, ensuring a good night's sleep, and the air in the early evening was deliciously cool. Very often, as I went out to the piazza or under the trees for my evening smoke, my sister came out with a shawl or some sort of a wrap, which she urged me to throw around me lest I, not being acclimated, should take cold. But I think I could "become acclimated" very easily at Riverside.

It would be ungrateful to leave Riverside without saying something about the fruits grown there. We ate oranges to our hearts content, picking them from the trees—and listened to the stories of the wonderful yield of this fruit. We watched my brother putting up his famous lemons—lemons which have a good name all over the State, due to the great care taken with them from the time the tree is budded until the fruit is in the market—and we sampled them in various pleasant ways. We were told of the large numbers of boxes of raisins sent to the markets of the world every year, and wondered thereat. But all this is a portion of the history of Riverside—of the labors and experiments and patience and successes of the pioneers, and is now a matter of well known history.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF RIVERSIDE.

Yes, the days spent in Riverside were glorious days, and their memory will ever abide with us. We would have stayed longer

if we could, but we had been a long time from home and had a long journey before us to get home. So we accepted the inevitable, with much thankfulness that we had been allowed to remain there so long as we had—that we had been able to make the visit at all—and prepared for our departure with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. With pleasure, for after all—with all the delights of travel and of meeting with old time friends—there was a strong desire to get home again—to see kind friends at home who had not had any of this pleasure but who had missed us all these weeks. We wanted to see the old familiar faces and the old familiar places again. To illustrate: A week or two after we left home, as we saw city after city with wide, straight streets, we were in a sense enchanted, and thought it would make us feel “sick” to get home and see the little narrow, crooked streets again; now we felt as though we would give a dollar and a half to see those same narrow, crooked streets. We had decided to start for home on Monday evening, June 13th, and made our preparations accordingly. The afternoon before, Ed and I climbed Rubidoux mountain to take a bird’s eye view and a last look at the beautiful city of Riverside. This wasn’t much of a mountain, compared with many that we saw, to be sure, but we found that it was considerable of a mountain to climb, after all. It was worth the effort, though, many times. Here we saw the city spread out before us, in all its beauty, like a fine engraving. And a beautiful sight it was—beautiful, beautiful. We had been there long enough to become somewhat acquainted, and could easily pick out many localities from our elevated position. We could distinguish the orange groves from the lemon groves by the different tint of green, and we could distinguish the raisin vineyards, and many of the beautiful shade and ornamental trees and tastefully trimmed hedges. We could see the business blocks, the hotels and the streets clearly defined, and we could see the dwellings nestled so cosily among the trees that they seemed to be of secondary importance in the view. We gazed on it long, nor seemed to tire, but found new beauty every moment. And I could not help, as I thus looked upon the whole city at once,

and realized better than I had done before how much had been done in making the desert into this beautiful garden, thinking over again the early days of these pioneers. They went there on account of the climate, which they knew was good for them. Further than this they did not know. Yes, they knew the soil was good, but they did not know what it was good for. They hoped it was good for them. They knew that oranges could be raised to advantage at Los Angeles, about sixty miles away, and they had faith that oranges could be raised to advantage there. All was experiment, but they were willing to try the experiment. They did and succeeded, but it was only after years of work and of waiting, of doubt and of faith, of hope deferred and of trial, of deprivation of many of even the comforts of life to which they had been accustomed, of wide separation from friends, of separation from civilization, almost. But faith, hard work in wise directions, and perseverance won, and they deserve the success they have attained. They have a beautiful city now, of which they are proud, and they have a right to be proud. Beautiful, beautiful city. I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon it, that even work would be rest amid such surroundings, and that I would like to remain there forever. Whoever visits Riverside and does not see the city from the top of Rubidoux mountain, makes a mistake, and does not really see Riverside at all.

GOOD BYE TO RIVERSIDE.

We left Riverside on the evening of June 13th, as we had planned. We bade my sister and her family good bye and walked to the train with as little sense of long separation as though we expected to be back next week or the day after the morrow. It was wonderful, and even till to-day I do not fully understand it. Here were Ed and I going to set out alone for a ride of more than three thousand miles, and with as little anxiety, as little worry about the trains, or accidents, or delays, or weariness, or anything unpleasant, as though we were merely going from Lewiston to Portland. It looks, especially to those who have not been over the route, like a long, tiresome ride,

full of weariness and of vexations—an ordeal to be dreaded. But we had no such feelings—had none at all during the trip—and really had no cause for any such dread. There was no weariness nor unpleasantness worthy to be called such in view of the pleasures to be enjoyed, so near perfection have the conveniences of railroad travel been brought. I really believe Ed and I like to travel, and would delight in travel for a regular occupation. And yet, as I think it over to-day, it still seems strange that we could have set out for that long ride so entirely free from care or anxiety.

We bade my brother and a few new-found friends good bye at the car, and were on the way home. We were anxious to get home, yet did not care to hasten the locomotive, or to miss the visits to famous localities which we had planned. We settled into the car with a sense of real content which I do not think I ever experienced before. The next day we found ourselves riding through the same country through which we rode less than a month before—through the fertile San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys—and yet we did not tire of the twice-seen towns and cities, or of the twice-admired scenery. It seemed ever new, or it had new beauty from the fact that we had seen it before. It was a fine ride that day, as it had been the first time, albeit we missed our friends of the former ride—the family of the Essex. But they were brought to our minds many times during that day's ride, always with pleasant recollections. That evening we had time for another stroll through the streets of Sacramento, which we did not fail to improve, paying another visit to the State House grounds—the last time our feet trod the soil of California. During the night we passed out of this great State, firm in the intention to visit it again for even a longer stay, at the first opportunity, and with the hope that we may have the opportunity.

GOOD BYE TO CALIFORNIA.

I had been in a state of wonder and amazement all the time I had been within the borders of California. It is a great State in more senses than one—great in territory, in population, in

resources, in history even, though one of the younger States of the Union. Did you know, comrades, that the State of California is large enough to nestle within its borders the six New England States, with New York, Ohio, New Jersey and Delaware, and with these ten States have almost land enough for another Rhode Island? Such is the fact. Did you know that in the great State of California you can get an annual mean temperature of from thirty to forty-four degrees in the mountainous north, to from sixty to sixty-eight degrees in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys and the southern portion of the State along the coast, and sixty-eight to seventy-two degrees in the southeastern portion of the State? Such is the fact, and it would seem that almost any one could find a climate in that State that would "just suit him." Did you know that in California there is an annual rain-fall varying from nine inches in the southeastern portion of the State and sixteen inches on the southern coast, to forty and even more inches in the extreme north? Such is the fact, in this great State. But this is not all. The resources of the State are wonderful—from the south,

Where citrus groves in beauty stand, and limpid waters flow,
While minarets of mountain land look down on plains below.
Where deep green orange foliage seems to shroud with jealous care
Great golden clusters of the fruit the bending branches bear,

To the north, where the earth yields of her richest treasures to those who seek in patience and in trust. Fruit groves in abundance and variety, grain fields that cannot be excelled, forests of redwood, of cedar, and of pine, mineral resources beyond those of any other State, with new discoveries almost daily, and with a climate in which one can take solid comfort every day in the year, truly Dame Nature has been good to California. Then there are her cities, proud as they have a right to be, and beautiful. As I looked at the substantial, handsome city of San Francisco, with all the evidences of prosperity, at the cities of Los Angeles, Riverside, San Diego, San Jose, with all their beauty of nature and of human taste and skill, at Stockton and Sacramento, with their touch of the olden time mingled with their more modern look; as I looked upon the fertile valleys,

rich in their green fields of promise, at the acres and acres of fruit groves, and the miles and miles of vineyards; as I looked at the "forty-niners" in their old time occupation—as I looked at all these, the thought would ever come uppermost, "All this is the work of less than half a century." I am not older than many of you, comrades, and I can remember, as can many of you, when the rush to California for gold commenced—when California was an almost unknown, almost unexplored land, and it does not seem so very far away to look back to. California has grown, it may be said with truth, entirely since that time which we so well remember. These thoughts were my daily companions all through my stay there. It is wonderful, wonderful, and gives one a new idea at once of the resources of this our country—resources not even now fully understood or discovered—and a new idea of the boundless capacity of American citizens and American citizenship. I verily believe a man is a better citizen, with a better idea of the greatness of this country, for a visit to the great and glorious State of California. Good bye, California, magnificent State, may you ever prosper and grow as you have done, and may I again be permitted to stand upon your fertile soil, to look upon your many beauties, and enjoy your countless comforts. Good bye.

(To be continued.)



Little Washington Reconnoissance.

BY ROSCOE R. BANGS, OF CO. L.

My company was next to the advance guard, so when we ran into A. P. Hills Corps and the command was given to fours right about it brought us nearly in the rear. The horse that I was riding that night had seen more service than was good for him, and I soon learned that he could not compete with the balance of the regiment on the gallop. I found myself rear guard without being detailed for that duty, but I kept punching the old campaigner with my spurs, till aided by a halt of the regiment I joined my company, but when that started again I was left in the rear. I urged and coaxed my horse along all night. Several times I was so far in the rear that I was out of hearing of the regiment but I let my horse take his own course and worked him for all he was worth, and he carried me to the regiment every time. When the regiment halted near Warrenton I caught up with my company and did not stop there but went to the head of the column thinking I would gain that much, by being at the head instead of the rear when they started again, but soon found I had taken that trouble for nothing, and was in the rear again, but daylight the next morning found me with the regiment. I felt like hugging my old horse and would have given him an extra feed of grain if I could have found any to forage. Co. L lost two men that night, Silas G. Hovey, (Hist. p. 638), and Orren K. Brown, (Hist. p. 635). Comrade Hovey was in prison about one year and died a few days after being exchanged. He was one of the finest men in the company and his death was deeply felt by all who knew him. Otis H. Barnard of Co. L was also wounded.

Sunshine and Shades of Army Life.

BY CHARLES W. SKILLINGS, CO. F.

I enlisted September 30th, 1861, in Co. F, First Regiment of Maine Cavalry; mustered October 19th as private; promoted corporal, '63; was taken prisoner on the reconnoissance to Little Washington October 13th, '63: was confined in various prisons in the South and was released April 1st, '65, from Vicksburg, Miss. Mustered out of service June 20th, '65, having served the country three years, eight months, twenty days, two years, three months, three days with the regiment, participating in all its battles, skirmishes, raids and reconnoissances with the exception of about six weeks' confinement in a hospital, the result of a gunshot wound in the face, the ball having entered the right cheek and passed out at the back of the neck, just grazing the jugular vein. One year, five months, seventeen days were spent in rebel prisons.

Of the vicissitudes of army life I can only say as a member in active service of one of the most active regiments in the Army of the Potomac, I had my share of sunshine and shadow. The sunshine of army life is of occasional occurrence. In the bivouac, "where eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," the sun of happiness seldom if ever shines. But in the quiet of hostilities when the armies are at rest, and only picket and guard duty are required, considerable sunlight creeps into the

life of a soldier through the chinks of social gatherings, foraging and visiting friends in other regiments camped near by, I had a brother, Franklin Skillings, who was about two years younger than I, and who enlisted in Company A, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. The sunshine of my army life was when I could call to see him. The last time I saw him was when in camp near Bealton. A bright, manly young man, handsome in face and figure, tall and soldierly and brave to the extreme, He was wounded three times in different engagements and finally killed at the Wilderness. He was one of the many thousands of the flower of American youth that spilled their life blood upon their country's altar that the nation might live. Early in the morning of October 12th, '63, the First Regiment of Maine Cavalry was ordered on a reconnoissance in the direction of Little Washington, Va. The regiment had camped the night before on its old grounds south of the Rappahannock river, opposite White Sulphur Springs. The day was spent in reconnoitering, and save only slight annoyance from bushwhackers, was pleasant and undisturbed. We had marched some forty or fifty miles and had gained valuable information. We had heard heavy firing in our rear, but was little prepared to meet with the surprise that awaited us on our return. It seems Gen. Lee with his army had advanced in direct line, driven our forces across the river and completely cut us off from any communication with our army, and when we arrived at Amisville late in the evening we learned, much to our consternation, our hazardous situation, having walked carelessly and recklessly into the jaws of Gen. A. P. Hill's army corps. Had they had a rear guard out and been alert they could have captured the whole regiment; as it was they gave the alarm by firing into our ranks. Right about face, forward gallop! was the order, and by fours and by twos and by file we took to the woods to escape the enemy. It was about midnight when in the darkness of the woods near Warrenton, Va., my horse gave out, stumbled, threw me over his head into the road where I soon found myself alone and unhorsed. I left my horse, as he was too weak to get to his feet, taking my haversack and canteen and blanket from the

saddle and starting on my way as I thought towards our lines and in the direction the regiment was going. I journeyed for several hours till I became so tired and exhausted I lay beside the road and went to sleep. Awaking early in the morning I saw camp fires about a mile away and horses picketed. I immediately arose, and with a light heart, for a little sunshine had crept in. Thinking it was my regiment gone into camp, I made my way as rapidly as possibly towards what proved to be the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. When I had gone but a short distance several confederates with carbines raised approached and demanded my surrender. Then the clouds hung heavy over my head, and for seventeen months and seventeen days I knew not a happy moment.

The sunshine had gone out of my life and I soon found myself under the provost marshal's care. Herded with some three or four hundred prisoners upon a hill by the side of the road that leads into Warrenton, strongly guarded, I spent the day without food, a hot sun shining upon me, while the rebel army marched by, some sympathizing, others jeering, and a few cursing us and crying out "Why don't you kill the damn Yanks?" Late in the afternoon a small portion of corn bread and bacon was dealt out to us— not quite enough to give a not very hungry man a small lunch. That night we marched to Sulphur Springs, some ten miles, where we remained till morning, when we marched to Culpepper, registered, and were sent to Richmond by rail. Arrived in Richmond, Va., about 3 o'clock p. m., Oct. 15, '63. Was confined in the Pemberton building, directly opposite Libby. We received no rations that day, and not till about midnight was any food given us; then not half enough to go round, and only those who were awake got anything to eat till the afternoon of the next day. I was one of the unfortunate ones obliged to keep a long fast. When our rations did come they were so poor in quality we could not eat them with any degree of relish. They consisted of a corn dodger and about one-half pint of thin soup. A corn dodger is a biscuit about the size of a good large apple, oval in shape and made of corn meal. Those issued to the prisoners were

baked exceedingly hard. We sometimes thought the corn was ground cob and all. I remember of seeing corn dodgers thrown into the street and the hogs that were at large would attempt to eat them but finally give it up as a bad job. The prisoners would break and crumble their rations into a tin cup or half of a canteen, cover it with water and stew it, making a meal mush which was very palatable but would have been more so had they had salt to season it. Salt by the way, was one of the scarcest articles to be had in the prison. I paid 25 cents a teaspoonful for it, and \$5 a peck for meal. * * * * Well, after having been confined a few days and getting hungry and hungrier because of the small quantity and poor quality of the rations issued, I began to feel as though I was doomed and thought it only a question of a few weeks at the longest when I should with others of my comrades pass in my chips and answer for the last time to my name in the roll call. After about four week's stay in this what proved to be comfortable quarters—comfortable in so far as we were sheltered—because of the commissioners of exchange—Gen. B. F. Butler on the part of the Union and Gen. Ould on the part of the confederacy—having disagreed as to terms of exchange, the cartel for exchange of prisoners was broken, and in retaliation, as I was informed, because of some meanness on the part of the Union government toward confederates held as prisoners, Pemberton was vacated and four or five hundred sick and poorly clad Union soldiers were taken in the coldness of the winter to Belle Isle and confined upon a small low neck of land extending out into the James river. There were only a few tents pitched, not enough to shelter one-quarter of the prisoners, so the larger number was obliged to herd like cattle. I was extremely fortunate in meeting friends who had a tent and was permitted to lie in the doorway, thus affording me shelter from the night air, but found it cold nevertheless. One cold night in January Mr. Bosseau, the officer in charge, put in a requisition for forty cords of wood so as to build large fires throughout the enclosure, but instead he received only four cords, and with it made a great bonfire. But despite all, many of the prisoners were badly frozen and

many died. I have seen bodies frozen hard and stiff as an icicle while waiting to be interred, being rooted about by hogs that were at large on the outside of the prison enclosure. All hope of an amicable adjustment of the exchange of prisoners gone, the South had in the winter of '63-'64 constructed two large prison pens—one at Salisbury, N. C., and the other at Andersonville, Ga. It is of Andersonville, Ga., that I am familiar, as there I spent nine months of my life. Taken from Belle Isle early in the spring of '64 to Andersonville in box cars, ninety to one hundred men in a car, packed like sardines as it were, and four or five days on the journey with small rations doled out to us once a day, we arrived at Andersonville weakened and hungered.

I entered my new life with forlorn hopes. This prison pen was a double stockade, sixteen feet high and enclosing an area of twenty-six acres, five acres of which were an uninhabitable swamp. In June, July and August, 1864, thirty-three thousand Union prisoners were crowded on the remaining twenty-one acres.

The death rate here was large. The soldiers, because of their long confinement, had grown weak and actually starved, because what rations they did get they could not eat. During the time of my incarceration over thirteen thousand Union soldiers died, and I don't hesitate to say ninety-five per cent of them were starved to death. When I bring to mind the scenes of Andersonville I am at a loss for words to express myself. The English language is inadequate and cannot portray the misery, suffering and heroic endurance of the brave boys who, martyrs to the cause of freedom and union of states, to the perpetuity of the nation, finally surrendered their lives.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." In this prison the men were organized into divisions, companies and squads, each having one of their number at the head to draw their rations and look after their welfare generally. Rations were issued once a day and generally in the afternoon. The quantity was small and the quality was poor. For instance, two to six ounces raw bacon, four to twelve ounces corn bread and in exchange

beans, meal and molasses. Amount of solid food for twenty-four hours issued to the prisoners was from twelve to eighteen ounces.

In contrast, the food given by the Algerine pirates to their prisoners and slaves was more and better, showing the wanton neglect of the rebel authorities towards the lives of their prisoners. The U. S. government allowed the Confederates, whom they held as prisoners, thirty-eight ounces of solid food at first, but in June, 1864, they reduced the ration to thirty-four and one-half ounces per day.

In the Dartmoor prison, England, where our soldiers were confined by the English when taken prisoners during the last war, of which so much cruelty has been alleged, the authorities allowed them the first five days in the week twenty-four ounces corn bread, eight ounces beef, four ounces barley, one-third ounce salt (here let me say during my imprisonment I never drew one grain of salt, nor do I know of any being issued to any of the prisoners), one-half ounce onions and sixteen ounces turnips daily—more than fifty ounces solid food; and the other two days the usual allowance of bread and sixteen ounces pickled fish.

The daily allowance to our men at the Melville Island prison, Halifax, during the last war was sixteen ounces of bread, sixteen ounces of beef and one gill of peas.

Slowly and listlessly, with dulled eyes and weakened footsteps, day and night could be seen wending their way to and fro along the Broadway of Andersonville prison, thousands of Uncle Sam's soldiers, foot sore, weary, dirty, naked and hungry, some with a small piece of corn bread in their possession, others with a bone, while others with a piece of tobacco in their hands which they had begged of the guard, crying out, "Who has got beans, beef, meal or molasses to trade for a bone, or bread or tobacco?" This was the mart, this the place where the prisoners could exchange rations, clothing, etc. Many a day have I sat cross legged with two half canteens partly filled with mush which I had made of my ration of raw meal, the gill of molasses divided between the two dishes, crying out, "Who

has got beef, beans, meal, tobacco, old tin dipper, or anything to trade for a dish of hot mush?" By this dickering and begging of the guards I managed to get along very comfortably under the circumstances. Capt. Wirz, the commandant of Andersonville prison was hanged because of his abuse to the prisoners.

Many a time I have seen the captain riding into the stockade upon his old white horse, cursing the prisoners and threatening to shoot them if they didn't do thus and so. Many a time I have heard him say in reply to some poor, sick, dying prisoner, begging of him for more to eat: "Damn you, I'll give you bullets for bread!" Well, finally, the time came when the prisoners were released from this hell, and when for the first time in seventeen months and seventeen days I beheld at Vicksburg, Miss., the grand old flag, the stars and stripes, flying on high, bidding our men welcome to its folds, and promising care and protection, my eyes filled with tears as I answered to my name when the roll was called, and I was bidden to pass over the line from my wretched state of long confinement, suffering and privations to liberty, to happiness. I well remember how I hallooed and cried, how for a long time I fixed my eyes upon the stars and stripes, and asked myself over again and again, "Am I liberated?" The hard bread, the pork, the potatoes and hot coffee of Uncle Sam's furnishing, O how good these were.

The sanitary commission and Christian commission were there in goodly numbers and did noble work. The sick were nursed and kindly cared for; pen, ink and paper were provided and the prisoner permitted to write home. But alas! in the triumph of their release and effulgence of joy to many a relapse came; having exerted all their strength to reach our lines, they drooped and died by the wayside, not being permitted after all to reach home and friends. After a short stay in camp at Vicksburg transport was taken to St. Louis, six hundred miles up the Mississippi river, and after a few days in barracks at St. Louis, by rail I crossed the country to Washington, from there to Augusta, Me., where I was discharged.

The Battle Scene Remains.

GEO. S. BERRY, BOWDOIN, '86.

Somewhere in the expanse of heaven
Is photographed the scene of every fight,
The flash of guns, the cannon's smoke,
The sturdy grandeur of each sullen front
Is placed and held forever.

The memory of each bloody field
Is held till death by all who fought;
To all the rest a battle's but a name;
We see no landscape, listen to no sound;
We cannot see the charge, the route,
And comrades falling one by one.

The battle scene of Gettysburg,
And kindred fights, is fresh to-day
Within the depths of many thousand minds;
The mention of the name brings up
To many hearts the old exciting fire,
The aspect of a hill, a dale, a brook,
With bullets flying, and men falling.

But slowly as the days go by
Those visions fade, first here, now there,
As death goes stalking round,
And takes the picture from each mind;
Until at last not one is left,
And heaven alone retains
The picture of that awful day.

Getting the Weather Gage of the Marines.

BY HENRY T. BARTLETT, BUGLER FIRST MASS. CAVALRY.

During the winter of 1861 my cousin, who was a widower and a shipbuilder, engaged me to take charge of his family and stock farm located a few miles from his ship-yard, while he went to Virginia with men, teams and tools, etc., for a cargo of ship timber. When he had nearly completed his cutting on the James river a short distance above Norfolk, he received notice to leave the State within twenty-four hours. His teams, tools and timber had to be abandoned for personal safety, and he succeeded in reaching his ship with his men and setting sail without being further molested.

While this was going on the three months troops were called out and I was praying for my cousin's return. I went down to the port on the day the troops left for the front and I longed to go with them. My cousin met further misfortune by being shipwrecked off "Holmes Hole" and his return delayed thereby. As soon as he arrived I lost no time in going to Boston where, with my brother, (afterwards Sergt. Co. H, 1st Mass. Cav.) I joined an independent rifle company. After drilling about a month we offered our services to the governor, only to be told that we must disband and return to our homes, as he already had more men than he knew what to do with.

(Looking at the statistics of the war I find that of the six New England States, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, furnished 24,254 men more than their quotas. Of this surplus, quite a respectable corps, Massachusetts furnished 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.)

Not to be able to enlist when I wanted to, and when I could enlist to be told to go home, made me feel very much like the dog that had been chained up all the week and was then allowed to follow his master to the edge of the woods on a Sunday, to

be suddenly told to "Go home!" I firmly resolved that if the governor should ever require any more men, he would have to wait for me until I was good and ready. But the summer of 1862 brought a call from President Lincoln, and in August of that year my brother and I—inseparable in thought and action—enlisted again, this time as recruits for the First Massachusetts Infantry. For some inexplicable reason, when the recruits were sent forward, our names were not called and, in spite of our protests we were not allowed to proceed with the rest of the boys. Third disappointment.

In the barracks next to ours at Cambridge were quartered about two hundred and forty recruits for the First Massachusetts Cavalry Regiment, and before going home we enrolled our names as cavalymen on the same quota as formerly. Our several enlistments made us feel like veterans, and our enforced roving experience enabled us to quickly adapt ourselves to new conditions, and be of some service to our comrades. They were a fine body of men and chiefly from the suburban towns and from the interior of the State. Our barracks, while intended for only one-half the number of men they contained, became known as the cleanest and most orderly in camp. We took our first lessons of dismounted cavalry drill and saber exercise from Sergt. Duchesney of the regiment, then on leave of absence. When the time arrived for us to go to the front we had as orderly a set of men as ever left the State under commissioned officers. We arrived in Washington with the loss of only one man and, as the freight cars were crowded many rode and slept on the car roofs, we concluded that he had rolled off the roof in the night time somewhere between Baltimore and Washington.

It was now in the early days of September, and we immediately expected to join the two battalions of the regiment that had come up from South Carolina in the command of Col. Robert Williams. After obtaining refreshments at the "Soldiers' Relief," formerly known as the "Mount Vernon Cane Factory," we marched to Seventh Street Park and went into camp. Sibley tents were supplied—accommodating about

twenty men each—and pitched on a knoll just back of the grove, where the Howard University for colored students now stands. From here details were made in squads of forty to guard government stores at the wharves, the relieved men turning their sabers over to the new guard.

Government rations were tardy in reaching our camp although we were doing duty enough to claim some attention. We pieced out our scant fare by purchasing truck from the German, Irish and colored peddlers that swarmed about our camp, using postage stamps for small change. Finally a lot of mouldy, moving hard tack was issued us that had been shipped to Hilton Head and back again. One morning it was found that quite a lot of these live sandwiches were missing, and it was said that they had run the guard during the night and escaped. (In the days of General Jackson news reached the backwoods slowly or not at all. So the fact that the rights of pre-emption in regard to food had been abolished under Statute 12 by Charles II. had never reached these worms.) We declared them rebels and invaders of our rights and sentenced them and their belongings to be burned at the stake. I wrote a letter of complaint to the commissary general and was about to mail it when rations arrived, consisting of soft bread, beans, rice, syrup and potatoes. It was a narrow escape for the commissary—and myself. Many of our men were very ill, and my letter home of the twenty-eighth of September, '62, says: "One of the recruits named Alexander Stanley of Marblehead, Mass., died last night of scarlet fever. We took up a collection among the boys and sent his body home at the cost of \$70.00."

Hearing the bugle calls from the camp of "Scott's Nine Hundred" near by and watching Burnside's Corps tramp up the road in pursuit of General Lee, made us feel that, although we were not with the regiment, we were very near the front. Then, beneath the shadow of trees that are still standing in the park, we busied ourselves writing what we then thought might be our last letters to the loved ones at home. But General Lee was fought at Antietam (known in 1839 as Anti Etam) without our assistance. The returning troops excited our admiration,

and we became impatient to get a crack at the enemy before peace should be declared; for rumors were afloat that Jeff Davis was about to send peace commissioners to the city.

On the 30th of Sept. we were ordered to Camp Williams, East Capitol Hill, beyond what is now known as Lincoln Park, and about one and a half miles from the Capitol. About sundown of that day I was put in charge of the First Squad and told to find my way to the new camp. Arriving at the east front of the Capitol I rested my men on the steps of the edifice, and inspected the statue of the Goddess of Liberty by twilight, as it stood in the shrubbery of the little park opposite awaiting the completion of the dome which it now surmounts. It grew dark rapidly. Resuming the march, we left the Goddess and the Capitol to our rear and proceeded over the plain to the east. The flickering light of camp-fires to the right, to the left, and in front of us was more bewildering than helpful. Seven of my men who were in a hurry to reach camp in time to have a game of poker (whatever that may be) left the column and started off briskly on their own account. Seeing this movement, I marked them for extra duty and quietly gave the order "Left oblique, march!" The delinquents soon returned and fell in at the rear of the column.

In due time we arrived in camp and there found a portion of the regiment including the band. Major H. L. Higginson had command. Horses and equipments were issued, and instruction in mounted and dismounted drill commenced in earnest. Not far from our camp was the eastern branch of the Potomac where we watered our horses, bathed, and rinsed our clothes in the copper-colored washings of the soil. Situated on this branch about a mile south-west of our camp was the navy yard; the regulation high wall surrounded it on the land, and through the grilled entrance gate, an occasional glimpse could be had of a marine pacing his imprisoned beat. All about our camp and stretching away to the Capitol, was a barren waste that was either very dusty or very muddy. Sudden storms occasionally swept over this plain with great fury, giving us lively and disagreeable times.

I remember one such storm that came up just as I was posting stable guard for the night. The westerly whirlwind, gathering up the dust in its course, struck our camp with blinding force, overturning tents and forges, and destroying the military order of things in general. Then a black cloud was ripped open by the lightning and the rain came down, changing the whirling dust into mud pellets. The peals of thunder sounded as though the heavens were falling and bumping down the zig-zag course of the lightning, and the surface of the ground was changed in a twinkling, to a slimy, slippery paste. But the rain enabled us to open our eyes and look to our horses. In their endeavors to shield their heads from storm, they had become entangled over and under their halter-straps, and some of them had straddled the picket rope. Others in their terror had broken away and were madly rushing about over the prostrate tents and the men struggling beneath them. The frightened beasts that remained at the picket rope were a sight to behold, and never to be forgotten. Heads that were free were biting. Legs that were not entangled and some that were entangled, were kicking. There was nothing to do but to release the bound horses and secure the loose ones. Facing the enemy's batteries at the usual distance in later years, was preferable to short range with both ends of those scared animals. The storm lasted only about twenty minutes, but it was far into the night before order was restored.

At this time a great deal of interest was centered in the "Monitor" that was still lying at the navy yard for repairs, after her fight with the "Merrimac." Many attempts had been made to obtain passes into the yard to visit her, but without success. My brother and I had just returned from a visit to Alexandria, and to the First Massachusetts Infantry beyond, on a pass issued by General Casey, signed by N. S. Jeffres, assistant adjutant general, and still in my possession. I decided it would be useless to apply for another pass from camp, though I wanted very much to see the Monitor. Calling one of the recruits named Abel, I proposed that we go down the Eastern Branch and try to get a glimpse of her. Taking the first off-duty after-

noon for that purpose we stole out of camp and followed along the Branch to the Anacostia Bridge then, looking down stream we saw the Monitor at the navy yard wharf, about a thousand feet distant. The view from that point was only aggravating, so we hunted up a boat and hired a large boy to row us down so that we could "touch the sides of the Monitor." He agreed to do it for "twenty-five cents a touch."

Proceeding down stream we saw an officer step from the Monitor's deck into a boat along side and then the crew pulled for a steamer lying out in the stream. When the officers' boat was well out on the way, we ran our boat alongside the bows of the Monitor and, as we did so, the marine relief, armed with muskets, came along to relieve the sentry on the wharf opposite us. Watching our chance we took position with the turret of the Monitor somewhat in line between the relief and ourselves and, as the two sentries came to the position of "port arms" we crawled on board. Telling the boy to go away and not to return, we fairly dove through the port-hole of the turret and went below. We imagined the marine with vigilant eye, pacing his beat. In the lower deck we found several naval officers and a couple of ladies making a tour of inspection. The officers saluted us and the ladies bowed. Evidently they were not familiar with the neat, new cavalry jackets that we wore. Without putting our "heels on the same line," etc, we returned the salutes, and the ladies—we had not met any ladies for two whole months—received the homage that even naval officers could not criticise.

We examined the state-rooms, store-rooms, cabins, engine room, etc., and stepped into the covered outlook where Lieutenant Warden was stationed during the celebrated fight, and where he was nearly killed by the shots of the Merrimac striking the iron beams just above his head. All the furniture had been removed in order to give every part of the craft a thorough overhauling. I looked in vain for a piece of iron small enough to conceal about my person; but in the First Lieutenant's room I picked up a pen with a broken nib, and a bit of a broken mirror, about two inches in length, which I still keep among my treasures.

After the other visitors had disappeared above, I found a sheet of writing paper on which I drew a plan of the lower deck with all its compartments, and an elevation of the turret. On returning to camp I wrote out a description of the Monitor on the back of this drawing and mailed it to my wife, who has carefully preserved it through all these years. Returning to the upper deck we examined the turret and the indentures made by the enemy's shot. We were surprised to find how little damage had been done. Here my companion secured the head of a bolt that had been cut off with a cold chisel by one of the workmen. This bolt head has since been loaned to exhibits of war relics, and is highly prized as a memento of that visit.

We passed up onto the wharf with the other visitors, while the marine with the vigilant eye continued to pace his beat. As we walked about the yard looking at the piles of shot and ancient cannon, we discussed our chances of passing out at the main gate without being challenged. If we were challenged and found without passes, would we be searched? If searched and my drawing found, what would become of us? But looking at piles of shot did not answer the questions, so we concluded to put on a bold front and brave it out with the guard. It was agreed that I should answer any challenge, while my companion was to support whatever I might say in reply. We walked straight toward the main gate without appearing to notice the sentry near by, but he would not be ignored. Bringing his piece from a "right shoulder" to a "ready," he cried out "Halt!" We halted. Then our passes were demanded. I tried to pacify him by saying, "Look here, sentry, we belong to a cavalry regiment a short distance above here, guarding the Branch, and we go about without passes; we did not require passes to come in with, and we expect to go out the same way."

The sentry would not be convinced and called out, "Corporal of the Guard, Post Number One!" The corporal, a big blustering fellow came running from an adjoining building. The sentry told his story including our excuses; then the corporal questioned us sharply as to how we gained admittance. Assuming an air of astonishment I said, "Why, Corporal, how could

we come in except through the gateway, yonder? We came in, as you see, without passes, and we expect to go out without any nonsense."

Then the corporal grew red in the face and threatened to put us under arrest. "Well Corporal," I said, "if you want to know, I will tell you how we came in here." Then he listened as I frankly told him how we climbed aboard the Monitor from a small boat, while he was posting his relief at the wharf. That corporal's face was a picture. We kept perfectly cool while he became confused and looked, as my companion afterward remarked, "as though he was not quite sure of anything." The corporal looked around, consulted with the sentry a moment then, opening the gate, called out, "Here! you get out of this, and don't come around here again." That was all we wanted. I was acquainted with guard duty enough to know that the corporal was in a bad fix for, if he reported us, discipline would probably fall on both him and his detail, and we would be released, anyway. We thanked the corporal and returned to camp without being missed. In the evening we showed our little trophies, and gave the boys an account of our first scouting expedition and how a couple of "raw recruits" got the best of the marines.



THE
CAVALRY SOCIETY

OF THE
ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS,

AND

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MEETING HELD AT BOSTON, MASS.;

June 27 and 28, 1893.

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 meetings 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.

By-Laws.

I.—The Entrance Fee of the Society shall be One Dollar.

II.—The Annual Dues shall be One Dollar.

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.

Officers of the Society for the Year, 1893-'94.

President:

GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY.

*Vice Presidents:*MAJOR CHARLES G. DAVIS,
CAPTAIN ALLAN G. P. BROWN,
COL. F. C. LOVELAND,
COL. FLOYD CLARKSON,
SURGEON P. O'MEARA EDSON.*Vice President of the Society in the Army of the Potomac:*

GEN. SAMUEL E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Treasurer:

MAJOR GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD.

Secretary:

GEN. LLEWELLYN G. ESTES.

Assistant Secretary:

MAJOR WILLIAM H. TURNER.

Adjutant-General:

MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

Standard Bearer:

CAPT. P. M. BOEHN.

Bugler:

HENRY T. BARTLETT.

Historian:

CAPT. E. A. PAUL.

Records of Proceedings.

In the absence of the President, Col. Henry C. Weir, the meeting of the society was called to order by its Vice President Gen. J. P. Cilley at room No. 40 Faneuil Hall. The proceedings at the last meeting, held at Scranton, Pa., were read by the Secretary, L. G. Estes, and upon motion were approved. Major G. I. Whitehead, Treasurer of the society, submitted the following report.

GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD, *Treasurer*

In account with THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE U. S.

DR.

1893.

June 26.	To Balance Cash on hand from Account Audited June 15, 1892 at Scranton, Pa.	\$326 24
	“ cash rec'd entrance fees, Receipt Stubs, Nos. 540 to 542 inclusive,	5 00
	Cash rec'd from Gen. Estes collected at Scranton meeting, June 15th, 1892,	19 00
		\$350 24

CR.

1892.

Aug. 1.	By cash paid express on books etc. from Estes,	\$ 40
Sept. 11.	“ cash paid Gen. Cilley publishing proceedings of 1892, postage, envelopes and mailing same,	55 00
1893.		
Jan. 6.	“ cash paid Gen. Estes, expense of Scranton meeting, 1893,	10 95
	Cash on hand June 26th, 1893,	283 89
		\$350 24

On motion the President appointed Col. F. C. Loveland, Bugler H. T. Bartlett and Major A. M. Benson as auditing committee on the Treasurer's report, who found the same correct and supported by proper vouchers, and upon motion report was accepted and approved.

On motion of Major C. G. Davis a committee of three consisting of Major C. G. Davis, Bugler Chas. F. Dam and Capt.

P. M. Boehn was appointed by the President to nominate officers for the ensuing year; after consultation the committee reported as follows:

President—Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley.

Vice Presidents—Major Charles G. Davis.

Capt. Allan G. P. Brown.

Col. F. C. Loveland.

Col. Floyd Clarkson.

Surgeon P. O'Meara Edson.

Vice President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac—
Gen. Samuel E. Chamberlain.

Treasurer—Major Gerrard Irvine Whitehead.

Secretary—Gen. Llewellyn G. Estes.

Assistant Secretary—Major William H. Turner.

Adjutant General—Major Henry C. Hall.

Standard Bearer—Capt. Peter M. Boehn.

Bugler—Henry T. Bartlett.

Historian—E. A. Paul.

The reports of the committee was accepted and upon motion the Secretary of the society was unanimously directed to deposit a ballot for the officers presented by the report of the committee. The ballot was cast and the officers nominated were duly elected for the ensuing year.

On motion of Col. F. C. Loveland it was unanimously voted that the Cavalry Society present the name of Gen. Oliver O. Howard to the Society of the Army of the Potomac as its candidate for the president of the Society for the ensuing year.

Upon motion the society adjourned.

L. G. ESTES, *Secretary*.

Minor Incidents of the Reunion.

BANNER AND BUGLE.

The standard borne by Capt. Boehn and the bugle blown by Bugler Bartlett have been an attractive and prominent feature of our reunions. At Boston both banner and bugle gave special eclat to our meeting. The flag and the bugle made prominent the cavalry march from the reception room in the American House to Faneuil Hall. At Faneuil Hall every cheer was emphasized and crowned by Bartlett's bugle, and at Fort Warren and on the boat with nice adjustment to the occasion the bugle notes rang out over the waters of Massachusetts Bay.

CAPTURED.

At the fort the following cavalry men were imprisoned in a photograph for the offence of being representative men of that branch of the service, Generals Bankhead, Sawtelle, Estes and Cilley, Col. Clark, Majors Benson, Davis and Whitehead, Capt. Boehn and buglers Bartlett and Darling.

PETITE BANQUET.

One of the memories of the reunion to be remembered for years was the dinner of seven of the cavalry boys at Young's, Bankhead, Whitehead, Bartlett, Boehn, Davis, Estes and Cilley, where the tone and quality of each was made known to the others as in the *camaraderie* of the field. For instance, the description of the charge of the sixty cavalrymen at Falling Waters, where twenty only came back, Estes, telling the occurrence as he saw it, unconsciously remarked, "I would have given three years of my life to have been with them." Bankhead's bright renewal of his youth and many other features of the occasion make its memory most pleasant.

OTHER CAVALRYMEN.

There was no register kept at the cavalry headquarters, but the following wearers of the yellow were seen and noted more

or less firmly in the memory of your correspondent. Omitting those named before, mention should be given, C. L. March, Cav. Corps; C. S. Ilsley, Maj. 9th U. S. Cav.; Samuel H. Allen, Col. 1st Me. Cav.; Eli A. Smith, Sergt. 1st Mass. Cav. and secretary of that association; Charles Chauncy, Capt. 2nd Pa. Cav.; Geo. A. Dean, 6th N. Y. Cav.; Charles E. Jacks, Co. A. 1st Me. Cav.; Charles H. Nason 1st R. I. Cav.; Sylvanus C. Small, Quarter Master 2nd Me. Cav.; Geo. S. Osborn, Surg. 1st and 5th Mass. Cav.; Joseph Gay, Co. B. 1st Mass. Cav.; Gen. C. G. Sawtelle, U. S. A.; H. H. Warner, Surg. 1st Mass. Cav.; A. F. Blanchard, Capt. 1st Me. Cav.; Col. David P. Muzzy, 3d Mass. Cav. and J. D. Sleeper, Co. I. 1st N. H. Cav.

THE CARRIAGE DRIVE THROUGH THE SUBURBS.

The First Maine Cavalry contingent in this most beautiful ride was commanded by Maj. Hall and your correspondent, who rode knee to knee as of old. The work all ready done and in contemplation by the Metropolitan park commissioners was a revelation of vastness and beauty.

BOSTON HOSPITALITY.

Our regiment well remembers her banquet at the Revere House and entertainment down the harbor. For the entertainment of the Society of the Army of the Potomac the city contributed fifteen hundred dollars and the citizens added subscriptions enough to make the amount ten thousand dollars. It may be well to remark that this amount was not all expended. It was too large, even for the Army of the Potomac.

THREE GENERATIONS.

The meeting of Gen. Sawtelle and your correspondent was a renewal of their fathers's friendship formed while members of Bowdoin's celebrated class of 1825, and the two cavalrymen's sons each enter their chosen profession this year. It may be further noticed that the faces of these two cavalrymen appear in the picture of Gov. Russell and veterans given in the Boston Globe of June 28th.

A NEW VICTORY TO WIN.

July 6th, 1893, N. Y. City.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

After my return from Boston, I had a chat with Gen. Rodenbough the man who suggested a monument to Gen. Buford. The suggestion was made some two years ago at a dinner of the officers of the Reserve Cavalry Brigade, and was received with great favor. The little association of the officers of the Reserve Brigade was not strong enough to carry out the idea, so it rested only in our minds. I was led to make a suggestion in the same line at our meeting in Boston by the fact that we had a small fund over and above our wants, which might be devoted to such a project. The favor with which it was received led to my speaking to Rodenbough about it, and I asked him to write you a letter for publication in the Bugle, which would tend to bring out expression of opinion from a good many old troopers, and might lead to something practical in the way of our Society carrying out the idea to completeness. I hope you can publish Rodenbough's letter, and if you do that it will call out some sort of response from readers of the Bugle. Do you exchange with the Journal of the Cavalry Association at Leavenworth? That represents principally the mounted troops of the Regular Army, and it is quite possible that the project will meet with some response, especially from the officers of the Second Cavalry, in which Regiment Buford was a captain when the war broke out. At any rate whoop up the matter all you can, and let us find out what we can do. This letter is written not for publication.

Truly yours,

WHITEHEAD.

We beg Major Whitehead's pardon for publishing this letter, but the reason will be patent to all who read it. We have written the Journal for an exchange, but have received no response to our "hullo."—J. P. C.

No. 1 East 65th St., New York, July 6th, 1893.

DEAR SIR:

I have received a letter from Major G. I. Whitehead, Treasurer of the Cavalry Corps of the Society of the Army of the Potomac in which he refers to some remarks made by him at your last meeting. Major Whitehead asks me to communicate with you upon the propriety of some action by the Cavalry Corps A. P. to commemorate, by a suitable monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg, the rare professional qualities and distinguished service, of Major General John Buford. At a recent reunion of some of the the survivors of the Cavalry Reserve Brigade, (of which Gen. Buford was the first commander), it was suggested that a movement in that direction was not only proper but was due to the arm of service of which Buford was so fine a type. I am sure that every Union cavalry survivor of Gettysburg feels that the Army of the Potomac was indebted to Buford for the choice of ground—a factor in the fighting conditions, there, of incalculable value; and that none will deny that his bold and varied use of mounted troops, on the first day, (since quoted as a precedent in European text-books) shed a brilliant lustre on the achievements of the corps, and entitle the general to an enduring mark of appreciation from his old comrades: in the Annals of War there is not recorded a more important cavalry service than that rendered at Gettysburg by the Cavalry Corps, and it would seem to be our duty to mark the fact in justice to those who fought and those who fell. I learn from Major White-

head that there is a "surplus" in the treasury which, with the consent of the Association, might be devoted to the purpose, and believe that this sum could be augmented by contributions from survivors, not active members of the Association, if the project was made known to them through service journals. The proposed memorial need not be elaborate nor expensive, but something substantial, to typify the strong and sterling character of "Honest John Buford." I shall be glad to co-operate with you in this matter and remain,

Very truly yours,

T. F. RODENBOUGH.

Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. U. S. A., (retired)

To GEN. J. P. CILLEY,
Rockland, Me.

Next Meeting.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by Society of the Army of the Potomac, is Concord, N. H., 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 Maj. G. Irvine Whitehead, Treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

List of Members.

? Means "present address unknown."

Abbott, M. A.	Private Co. M, 1st Mich. Cav.	Cassopolis, Mich.
Adams, George H.	Captain	Boston?
Alger, Russell A.	Brevet-Major-General	Detroit, Mich.
Allen, J. R.	Captain	Chelsea, Mass.?
Allen, Samuel H.	Col. 1st Maine Cavalry	Thomaston, Me.
Allen, Vanderbilt	Bvt.-Maj., 1st Lt. Eng., U. S. A.	145 Broadway, N. Y. City
Allison, Wm. F.	Private 2d U. S. Cavalry	Centerdale, R. I.
Alvord, Henry E.	Major 2d Mass. Cav.	Agricultural College, Md.
Atkinson, Louis E.	Ass't Surgeon 1st Penna. Cav.	Mifflintown, Penna.
Austin, Benjamin	Lieut. 18th Penna. Cav.	Alexandria, Va. (P.O.Box221)?
Averill, W. W.	Brig.-Gen., Col. 3d Penna. Cav.	Washington, D. C.?
Baker, Allen	Captain 1st R. I. Cav.	Providence, R. I.
Baker, C. C.	Major	Salem, Ohio?
Barker, E. J.	Major 5th New York Cav.	Crown Point, N. Y.
Barker, Wm.	Private Co. H, 1st Mass. Cav.	283 Westminster St., Prov., R.I.
Barnitz, Albert	Colonel	1761 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O?
Bartlett, J. M.	Captain 5th Mass. Cav.	Concord, Mass.?
Bartlett, Samuel W.	Sergeant Co. H, 1st Mass. Cav.	44 Hanover St., Prov., R. I.?
Bartlett, Henry T.	Bugler 1st Mass. Cav.	200 Lewis St., N. Y. City
Bartram, A. B.	Sergeant	Meriden, Conn.
Barnard, L. R.	1st Lieut. 2d N. J. Cav.	58 Market St., Newark, N. J.
Barnard, John	Private Co. H, 8th Penna. Cav.	334 Lombard St., Phila.?
Barney, L. L.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 10th N. Y. Cav.	Elmira, N. Y.
Barrett, James	Lieut. 1st Vt. Cav.	Clarendon, Vt.
Bell, James M.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 7th U. S. Cav.	Washington, D.C., care A.G.O.
Bell, William	Lieut.-Col. 12th Penna. Cav.	Mifflintown, Penna.
Benjamin, W. H.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 8th N.Y. Cav.	Rochester, N. Y.?
Benson, Andrew M.	Capt. 1st Me. Cav.	27 Kilby St., Boston
Betts, Charles M.	Lieut.-Col. 15th Penna. Cav.	Pier 42, No. Wharves, Phila.
Bibber, A. H.	Capt. 1st Me. Cav.	Orange, Cal.
Bigelow, E. C.	Capt. 1st Me. Cav.	Boston, Mass.
Birdsall, John	Major	Glencoe, L. I.?
Birdseye, Mortimer B.	Lieut.-Col. 2d New York Cav.	Binghampton, N. Y.?
Bishop, J. A.	Captain	Baltimore, Md.?
Bishop, Wm. G.	Private Co. L, 4th Penna. Cav.	Brookville, Penna.
Bixby, Augustus H.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 1st R. I. Cav.	Francestown, N. H.
Blackmar, W. W.	Brigadier-General	Boston?
Blackwell, Clayton E.	1st Sergt. Co. E, 2d N. J. Cav.	
Blakeslee, Erastus	Col. 1st Conn. Cav.	New Haven, Conn.
Bliss, Aaron T.	Capt. 10th N. Y. Cav.	Saginaw, Mich.
Bodamer, John A.	Lieutenant	269 7th St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Bodenweiser, Jacob	Private Co. G, 1st N J. Cav.	Orange, N. J.
Boehm, P. M.	Capt. 4th U. S. Cav.	328 Macon St., Brooklyn, N.Y
Bolton, William J.	Private Co. A, 10th N. Y. Cav.	76 Cumberland St., Brooklyn
Bosworth, George B.	Major	New York City?
Bowne, George A.	Capt. 1st N. J. Cav.	Middletown, N. J.
Boyce, John M.	Corp. 1st Penna. Cav.	Patterson Mills, Wash. Co., Pa.

Bolene, M.	Major	St. Louis, Mo.?
Boyd, R. N.	Maj. 1st N. J. Cav.	New Hope, Penna.
Brackett, Josiah N.	R. Q. M. Sergt. 1st Mass. Cav.	100 South St., Boston
Bradshaw, W. T.	1st Sergt. Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Bray, Joseph B.	Sergt. B. & L. H. Bat. 2d U.S. Art.	Orange, N. J.
Brewster, Charles	Lieut. 13th N. Y. Cav.	New York City?
Brewster, George H.	Capt. 13th N. Y. Cav.	128 Broadway, N. Y. City?
Bricker, Peter D.	Capt. 13th Penna. Cav.	Jersey Shore, Penna.
Brinton, R. M.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col. 2d Penna. Cav.	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Bristol, Jacob	Lieut. 5th Mich. Cav.	Detroit, Mich.
Britton, C. A.	Col. 1st N. Y. Cav.	Trenton, N. J.?
Brown, Jos. Mansfield	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., 1st Lt. 2d Mass. Cav.	Boston?
Brown, Allen G. P.	Capt. 24th N. Y. Cav.	382 Bergen St., Brooklyn
Brown, F. C.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt.	32 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Buckingham, C. M.	Private 2d N. Y. Cav.	Franeestown, N. H.?
Budlong, J. C.	Surgeon 3d R. I. Cav.	233 High St., Providence, R. I.
Bulless, J. Morton	Bvt.-Capt., 13th N. Y. Cav.	Orange, N. J.
Butts, Edward D.	Corp. Co. I, 2d U. S. Cav.	Charter Oak, Iowa

Callanan, J. J.	Lieut. 5th N. Y. Cav.	Holyoke, Massachusetts
Campbell, John W.	1st Lieut. 2d N. Y. Cav.	Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.
Capehart, H.	Col. 1st West Va. Cav.	Bridgeport, Ohio?
Carpenter, L. H.	Bvt.-Col., Lt.-Col. 10th U. S. Cav.	Wash. D. C. (care A. G. O.)
Carr, C. C. C.	Maj. 8th U. S. Cav.	Fort Leavenworth, Kansas
Casse, J. A.	Captain	460 Pearl St., New York City
Castle, Geo. J.	Capt. 13th N. Y. Cav.	Carlinville, Illinois
Cauffman, E.	Lieutenant	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Cavanagh, Geo. H.	Private 1st Mass. Cav.	166 Devonshire St., Boston
Chamberlain, Simon E.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col. 25th N. Y. Cav.	Baltimore, Maryland?
Chamberlain, Sam. E.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Mass. Cav.	Weathersfield, Connecticut
Chappell, Augustus F.	Corp. 6th Ohio Cav.	116 14th Ave., Detroit, Mich.?
Chapman, John K.	Corp. Co. D, 9th N. Y. Cav.	Hornelsville, New York
Chauncey, Chas.	Capt. 2d Penna. Cav.	269 S. 4th St., Phila. Pa.
Christiancy, J. C.	Capt. 9th Mich. Cav. & A. D. C.	Washn., D. C. (Indian Office)?
Cheaney, P. C. J.	Captain	Chelsea, Massachusetts?
Cheney, Newell	Capt. 9th N. Y. Cav.	Poland Centre, New York
Cilley, Jonathan P.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Me. Cav.	Rockland, Maine
Claggett, Dorsey	1st Lieut. 1st Maryland Cav.	Washington, D. C.?
Clark, Augustus M.	Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. U. S. Vols.	Belleville, Essex Co., N. J.
Clark, Chas. L.	Corp. 7th N. Y. Cav.	Gloversville, New York
Clark, John E.	Major 5th Michigan Cav.	30 Trumbull St., N. Haven, Ct.
Clark, S. R.	Colonel	Orville, Ohio
Clarkson, Floyd	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Maj. 6th & 12th Cav.	39 Broadway, New York
Cline, Wm. A.	Colonel	Boston, Massachusetts?
Cole, Edmund L.	Major 21st N. Y. Cav.	Troy, New York
Colerick, Wm.	Captain 1st Mich. Cav.	Lapeer City, Michigan
Conroy, Geo. T.	Major	Carlisle, Penna.?
Corliss, Jacob V.	Sergeant Co. G. 1st N. J. Cav.	Orange, New Jersey
Corliss, Geo. W.	Brevet Maj. U. S. Volunteers	45 William St., New York
Crabtree, Edward	Private 1st Mass. Cav.	Chelsea, Massachusetts
Crocker, Geo. A.	Captain 6th N. Y. Cav.	58 Broadway, New York City?
Creery, Wm.	Capt. 6th Mich. Cav.	Port Austin, Michigan
Cromelien, Alfred	1st Lieut. 5th Penn'a Cav.	1829 Spruce St., Phila. Pa.
Crooks, Samuel J.	Colonel 22d New York Cav.	1040 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn?
Croselmirre, C. F.	Capt. 1st New Jersey Cav.	115 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Crowningshield, Casper	Brig. Gen., Maj. 2d Mass. Cav.	Boston, Massachusetts?
Curtis, Joseph R.	Corporal Co. I, 1st Maine Cav.	Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Dam, Charles F.	Bugler Co. F. 1st Maine Cav.	Portland, Maine
Darling, J. D.	Bugler 1st Massachusetts Cav.	Manchaug, Massachusetts
Davies, Henry E.	Major-General	Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Davis, Charles G.	Major 1st Massachusetts Cav.	Boston, Mass. (State House)
Day, John	Private 10th New York Cav.	140 Washn. St., Saratoga, N. Y.
Deems, James M.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., U. S. Volunteers	163 W. Fayette St., Balt., Md.
Denison, Frederick	Chaplain 1st Rhode Island Cav.	Providence, Rhode Island
Denworth, James B.	Sergeant Co. K, 8th Penna. Cav.	Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Detritt, F. N.	Surgeon	St. George's Delaware
Dodge, Rodolph L.	Private, Co. F, 1st Maine. Cav.	Portland, Maine
Doolittle, Leland L.	Major 24th New York Cav.	Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.
Doty, David R.	Private 6th New York Cav.	New York (P. O. Box 1060)?
Dumott, Thomas J.	Surgeon	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Dunbar, G. Edwin	Colonel	Kalamazoo, Michigan
Dunn, Edmund	1st Lieutenant 16th Penna. Cav.	Connellsville, Pennsylvania
Duryea, Henry T,	Private 2d New York Cav.	Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

Eagan, George M.	Private 1st Connecticut Cav.	Waterbury, Connecticut
Edson, P. O'Meara	Maj. Surgeon 17th Vermont Vols.	Roxbury, Massachusetts
Edwards, Ellis B.	Bvt.-Major, Captain 1st Vt. Cav.	High Bridge, New York?
Edwards, Robert W.	Bugler 5th New York Cav.	Lansingburg, New York
Edwards, William	Major 6th New York Cav.	New York City?
Ehert, James	1st New Jersey Cav.	Pittston, Pa.
Elliott, R. C.	Captain	Boston, Massachusetts?
Emery, G. M.	Sergeant 1st Maine Cavalry	Portland, Maine
Estes, L. G.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Lt.-Col. A. A. G.	Washington, D. C.
Erhardt, Joel B.	Captain 1st Vermont Cav.	Custom House, New York
Everson, James	Sergeant 1st Vermont Cav.	Rutland, Vermont

Farlin, Theodore	Private 8th Illinois Cav.	Glen Falls, New York
Farnham, G. M.	Capt. 10th Michigan Cav.	304 Opera House Bl'k Chicago?
Fenton, A. Ward	Capt. 6th Ohio Cav.	Cleveland, Ohio
Feyerabend, Otto	Corporal 1st Michigan Cav.	Bay City, Michigan
Fitzhugh, Charles L.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 6th N. Y. Cav.	Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Field, Thomas E.	Private Co. B, 1st Mass. Cav.	Falls, Wyoming County, Penna.
Foley, John P.	Private 6th Penna. Cav.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Foote, E. C.	Captain 3d New York Cav.	Cobleskill, New York
Ford, Charles A.	Sergeant 5th Michigan Cav.	Litchfield, Michigan
Forbes, W. H.	Lieut.-Col. 2d Mass. Cav.	30 Sears Building, Boston
Forsyth, George A.	Bvt.-Bg.-Gen., Lt.-Cl. 4th U.S. Cav.	Washington, D. C.
Foster, William S.	1st Lt. Adj't 1st Penna. Res. Cav.	133 Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Fox, Reuben L.	Capt. 22d New York	Oneonta, N. Y. (care A. G. O.)
Frazier, Douglas	Brevet-Brigadeer-General	Boston, Mass., B. & M.R.R. Sta.

Galbraith, John J.	Capt. 5d Penna. Cavalry	Williamsport, Penna.
Gere, E. B.	Capt. 21st New York Cavalry	Owego, New York
Getman, David	Capt. 10th New York Cavalry	Mayfield, New York
Gibson, Charles H.	Major	Germantown, Penna.?
Gibson, Horatio G.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Col. 3d U. S. Art.	Washington, D. C.
Gleason, D. H. S.	Captain 1st Mass. Cavalry	Boston, Mass. (Custom House)
Gordon, Henry	Sergt. Bvt.-Lt. 2nd Ohio Cav.	Detroit, Michigan
Goble, J. R.	Maj. 1st Wisconsin Cavalry	Hoboken, New Jersey
Gould, Edwin C.	Private 1st Colorado Cavalry	Melrose, Mass.
Goodrich, Edwin	Captain 9th New York Cavalry	Tonawanda, New York
Gregg, William L.	1st Lieut. 3d Penna. Cavalry	1625 Green St., Phila. Penna.

Gregg, D. McM.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen., Brig.-Gen. U.S.V.	Reading, Penna.
Green, Augustus P.	Bvt.-Col. & Maj.	13th N. Y. Cav. 9 W. 13th St., New York
Green, Jacob L.	Bvt.-Lt., Col. Maj.	A. A. G. Hartford, Connecticut
Greenleaf, Wm. L.	1st Lieut.	1st Vermont Cav. Burlington, Vermont
Halsey, H. M.	1st Lieut.	13th N. Y. Cav. 253 Washington St., N. Y.
Haight, William J.	1st Lieut.	13th N. Y. Cav. Peekskill, New York
Haley, W. D.	Q. M. Sergt.	25th N. Y. Cav. Templeton, California?
Hall, Henry C.	Bvt.-Maj.	1st Me. Cav. Woburn, Mass.
Hannon, John	Private	24th New York Cav.?
Harrison, W. H.	Capt.	2d U. S. Cav. Care A. G. O., Washington?
Harrington, D. W.	Private	1st N. Y. Dragoons 1430 Main St., Buffalo N. Y.
Harmon, John	Bugler	24th New York Cav. Davis Macomb Co., Mich.
Hazeltine, John W.	Capt.	2d Penna. Cav. 201 So. 11th St., Phil. Penna.?
Hatch, M. F.	Capt.	2d N. Y. Cav. 94 Pearl Street, New York
Haviland, Francis	Capt.	4th Penna. Cav. Soldiers' Home, Mont Co., O.
Hawkins, J. M.	Capt.	13th N. Y. Cav. N. Brighton, Staten Isl'd N.Y.
Hawley, John C.	Private	8th N. Y. Cav. 325 D St., S. E. Wash., D.C.
Hedden, R. E.	Captain	Garrettsville, Ohio
Hegeman, Elbert	Bvt.-Maj., Capt.	13th N. Y. Cav. Long Island City, N. Y.
Hibbard, W. H.	Captain	Denver, Colorado?
Hicks, Frederick M.	Private	5th N. Y. Cav. Rome, Bradford Co., Penna.
Hick, William H.	Bvt.-Col., Major	1st N. J. Cav. Arcade, New York
Hill, John	Private	1st Mich. Cav. 62 Congress St., Detroit, Mich.
Hill, John F.	Captain	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Hills, William G.	Private	Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. 301 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo.
Horn, John B.	Private	Co. I, 6th Penna. Cav. 72 S. Jeff'son St., Orange, N.J.
Hughson, H. W.	Private	9th Mich. Cav. Muskegon, Michigan
Hunter, George M.	Captain	Newport, Rhode Island?
Hunt, James A.	Private	Wash., D. C. (Pension Office)
Hyndman, William	Bvt.-Maj., Capt.	4th Penna. Cav. 15 Whitehall St., New York
Ives, Philo L.	Major	2d N. Y. Cav. N. H., Ct. (P. O. Box 428.)?
Jenkins, W. S.	Colonel	Leavenworth, Kansas?
Jackson, Walter H.	Sergt.	1st N. Y. Dragoons Ann Arbor, Michigan
Keer, Edward C.	Captain	1st N. J. Cav. 44 Thomas St., Newark, N.
Kenny, Charles B.	Bugler	1st Maine Cav. Portland, Maine
Knauff, A. L.	Captain,	A. D. C. 410 Bolton, Ave. Cleveland, O.
Lacy, A. H.	Major,	A. Q. M. Detroit, Michigan?
Lancey, M. A.	Captain	Boston, Massachusetts?
Lane, Julius M.	Captain	Chicopee, Massachusetts
Lansing, E. Y.	Bvt.-Maj., 1st Lt.	13th N. Y. Cav. Albany, New York
Lee, J. G. C.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Major,	A. Q. M. 612 Pullman Bld'g., Chicago
Lee, E. M.	Lt.-Col.	5th Michigan Cav. New York?
Lenning, Thompson,	Captain	6th Penna. Cav. Phila., Union League Club?
Lester, E.	Surgeon	Seneca Falls, New York
Libby, H. S.	Captain	1st Maine Cav. Am. Express Co., Boston
Lightner, N. Ferree	Corporal	Co. F. 12 Penna. Cav. 2017 Poplar St., Phila., Penn.
Lord, F. C.	Captain	Virginia City, Nevada,
Loveland, F. C.	Col.	6th Ohio Cav. U. S. Pension Agent, N. Y. City
Lucas, R. A.	Captain	Harrisburg, Penna.
Lynch, D.	Captain	Washington D. C.?
Lyman, Joel H.	Sergeant	Co. B, 9th N. Y. Cav. Randolph, N. Y.
Matson, Morris M.	Private	Co. B, 1st Penna. Cav. Elizabeth, N. J.
Mann, Hobart D.	Major	8th N. Y. Cav. Leadville, Colorado?
Martin, A. L.	Captain	Philadelphia, Penna.?

Martin, George E.	Sergt. 1st Connecticut Cav.	Camden, New Jersey
Mason, F. H.	Captain	Cleveland, Ohio
Mathot, Louis	Captain	New York City?
Mayell, Henry	Brevet Major	New York?
McAdam, Thomas	Private Co. D, 5th Penna. Cav.	746 S. 18th St., Philadelphia
McCook, E. M.	Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.	Washington, D. C.?
McCook, John J.	Capt. A. D. C., U. S. Vols.	120 Broadway, N. Y. City
McCrea, A. B.	Sergt. 8th Illinois Cav.	Creston, Illinois
McBride, G. L.	Sergeant	
McDonald, John	Capt. 1st U. S. Cav.	Potomac, Maryland
McFarland, James E.	Major 11th Penna. Cav.	West Chester, Penna.
McGloin, Felix	Private Co. E, 6th N. Y. Cav.	603 G St., N. W., Wash D. C.
McGliney, James A.	Lieutenant	Springfield, Massachusetts
McKinney, Edw. P.	Bvt.-Major Capt. C. S.	Binghamton, New York
McKilvey, Samuel	Colonel	Philadelphia, Penna. ?
McMakin, Louis	Captain	Pdilatadelphia, Penna. ?
McMillan, Charles	Lieutenant-Colonel and Surgeon	Rome, New York?
McReynolds, B. F.	1st Lieut. 1st N. Y. Cav.	Grand Rapids, Michigan
Mead, Isaac N.	Assistant Surgeon 5th N. Y. Cav.	Amenia, New York
Meeker, C. B.	1st Lieut. 2d New Jersey Cav.	Madison, New Jersey
Miller, William	Captain 3d Penna. Cav.	Cariisle, Penna.
Miller, Warner	Harris Light Cav.	Herkimer, New York
Meyer, Henry C.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 24th N. Y. Cav.	140 William St., New York?
Middleton, G.	Brevet-Brigadier-General	Philadelphia, Penna. ?
Mitchell, John F. B.	Capt. 2d New York Cav.	74 Leonard St. New York
Moore, C. W.	Surgeon	Mount Joy, Penna.?
Moore, J. F.	1st Lieut. 1st Penna. Cavalry	New York?
Moore, Andrew J.	Sergeant 2d U. S. Dragoons	Goshen, New York
Morrison, A. J.	Colonel 3d New Jersey Cavalry	Troy, New York
Morrison, Wallace	Sergt. Horse Bat. M., 2d U. S. Art.	Gloversville, New York
Mothersill, Philip	Major 5th Michigan Cav.	Detroit, Michigan?
Murphy, John J.	Sergt. Co. F. 5th U. S. Cav.	829 Federal St., Camden, N. J.
Meyers, Michael	Private Co. G, 13th Penna. Cav.	Williamsport, Penna.
Nephew, Lewis F.	Private 1st Connecticut Cav.	New York?
Nevious, Henry M.	Major 25th N. Y. Cav.	Red Bank, New York
Newman, George W.	Sergeant 5th Michigan Cav.	99 Brainerd St., Detroit, Mich.?
Newton, John W.	Capt. 1st Vermont Cav.	Boston, Massachusetts?
Nichols, George S.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 9th N. Y. Cav.	Athens, New York
Nugent, Edward B.	Major 3d Michigan Cavalry	Bay City, Michigan
Otis, Charles G.	Colonel 21st N. Y. Cav.	131 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Page, Henry	Bvt.-Col., Lt.-Col. A. Q. M.	Salt Lake City
Page, Alfred W.	Com.-Sergt. 8th Penna. Cav.	Williamsport, Penna.
Palmer, Arthur S.	1st Lieut. 1st Virginia Cav.	Rono, Indiana
Palmer, Wm. M.	Surgeon	Camden, New Jersey
Page, J. P.	1st Lieut. U. S. Cav.	New York?
Parker, Myron M.	Sergeant 1st Vermont Cav.	Washington, D. C.?
Parnell, W. R.	Lt.-Col. 1st. N. Y. Mtd. Rifles	Columbus, Ohio?
Patton, A. G.	Bvt.-Lt. Col. 1st U. S. Cavalry	U. S. Army, Care A. G. O.
Paul, John C.	Major 4th Penna. Cav.	115 Broadway, New York
Payne, George L.	17th Penna. Cav.	Hanford, Penna.
Peale, James T.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Maj. 4th Pa. Cav.	Washington, D. C.?
Pease, Clark M.	Captain 5th New York Cav.	Crown Point, New York
Peck, Theodore S.	Capt., A. Q. M. 1st Vermont Cav.	Burlington, Vermont
Pedric, W. E.	Captain	Cleveland, Ohio?
Penfield, James A.	Maj. 5th New York Cav.	155 Charles St., Boston Mass.
Perkins, Wm. H.	Captain 1st Mich. Cav.	165 Woodward Av., Detroit.

Phelps, N. B.	Private	Bridgeport, Connecticut?
Pierson, J. L.	Major 2d New Jersey Cav.	Painsville, Ohio
Platt, F. A.	Captain	Chicago, Illinois?
Pleasanton, Alfred	Major-General U. S. Volunteers	Washington, D. C.
Pomroy, Edwin C.	Maj. 3d Rhode Island Cav.	Providence, Rhode Island
Porter, George L.	Bvt.-Maj., Asst. Serg. 5th U. S. C.	266 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Probasco, Jacob O.	Capt. 6th Michigan Cav.	Detroit, Michigan?
Rawie, Wm. Brooks	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Capt. 3d Penna. Cav.	710 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
Reagles, James	Surgeon, Major U. S. Vols.	Schenectady, New York
Rea, John P.	Bvt.-Major, Capt. 1st Ohio Cav.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Reed, J. C.	1st Lt., Adj. 2d Penna. Cav.	New York?
Reeder, Frank	Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.	Easton, Penna.
Reeves, Furman	Captain	Jefferson, Ohio
Reno, Marcus A.	Major 7th U. S. Cav.	Harrisburg, Penna.?
Rice, William	Surgeon 9th Penna. Cav.	Rome, Bradford County, Pa.
Richards, John T.	Major 2d Mass. Cav.	Gardiner, Maine
Richards, Lucius J.	Captain	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Richardson, John C.	Captain	Cambridge, Mass.?
Rittenhouse, N. M.	Corporal Co. C, 2d Penna. Cav.	Foot of Cross St., Baltimore,
Roberts, C. S.	Captain, A. D. C., U. S. A.	Fort. D. A. Russell, Wyoming
Roberts, James H.	Capt. 2d Maine Cav.	Chelsea, Massachusetts
Robinson, O. O. G.	Major 3d Penna. Cav.	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Safford, Charles H.	Captain	Worcester, Massachusetts?
Sargent, Horace B.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Mass. Cav.	Los Angeles, California
Sawtelle, C. G.	Bvt.-Brig.-General	1228 Arch St., Phila.
Sawyer, Henry W.	Major 1st New Jersey Cav.	Cape May City, New Jersey
Saxe, J. L.	Bugler 4th New York Cav.	Waterbury, Conn.
Sayles, Willard	Colonel 1st Rhode Island Cav.	Providence, Rhode Island
Sayles, A. W.	Sergt. 13th Ohio Cav.	1164 West Taylor St., Chicago
Schlund, Fidel	Private 2d Iowa Cav.	Newark, New Jersey
Schoonmaker, Jas. M.	Col. 14th Penna. Cav.	Pittsburg, Penna.
Schrow, Henry	Corp. 2d Mass. Cav.	78 Hancock St., Everett, Mass.
Schwarz, Andrew	Capt. 6th U. S. Cav.	Columbus, Ohio
Seamens, William H.	Captain	Tombstone, Arizona
See, Clement R.	Captain 2d Penna. Cav.	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Seip, Albert N.	Captain 2d Penna. Cav.	919 Westminster St., Wash. D.C.
Serfedel, James A.		Boston, Mass.?
Shattuck, Fred R.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. Signal Corps	44 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.
Shaw, James H.	Private Co. E, 1st Mass. Cav.	Middleboro, Massachusetts
Sneffield, A. A.	Captain	Cheagrin Falls, Ohio?
Shelanie, W. H.	Captain	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Sheppard, J. Henry	Captain 1st New York Cav.	New York City?
Sherer, Samuel B.	Major	Chicago, Illinois?
Sherman, George A.	Surgeon	Lansingburg, New York?
Sleeper, Jacob D.	Bugler Co. I, 1st N. H. Cav.	Rutland, Vt.
Small, S. C.	Major 2d Maine Cav.	Winchester, Massachusetts
Smith, C. H.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen., Col. 19th U.S. Inf.	Wash., D. C. (care Adj.-Gen.)
Smith, Dana	Captain	Boston, Massachusetts?
Smith, Erwin H.	Sergt. Co. C, 1st N. H. Cav.	Peterborough, N. H.
Smith, James A.	Captain 9th New York Cav.	St. Clairsville, New York
Smith, Norman M.	Colonel	Pittsburg, Penna.?
Spencer, Fred A.	1st Lieut. 2d Colorado Cav.	Waterbury, Connecticut
States, Geo. W.	Sergt.-Maj. 24th N. Y. Cav.	145 Tremont St., Boston
Stevenson, James H.	Major	Philadelphia, Penna.
Storer, A. R.	Corp. 4th Mass. Cav.	Winter St. Dorchester, Mass.
Stranahan, F. S.	1st Lieut. 1st Vermont Cav.	St. Albans, Vermont
Sturges, W. E.	Captain 2d New Jersey Cav.	228 Mt. Pleasant Av., Newark, N.J.

Stiles, A. W.	Captain	Jefferson, Ohio?
Sullivan, M. D.	Bugler Co. H, 7th Mich. Cav.	38 Foundry St., Detroit, Mich.?
Sweeney, H. B.	Captain 20th Penna. Cav.	West Chester, Penna.
Tate, Theodore T.	Surgeon 3d Penna. Cav.	Gettysburg, Penna.
Taylor, Alfred	Major	New York City?
Taylor, E. W.	Colonel	Washington, D. C.?
Taylor, John P.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Res. Cav	Reedsville, Penna.
Taylor, Oscar	Captain 13th New York Cav.	700 Quincey St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Taylor, Woodbury M.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 8th N. Y. Cav.	84 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Thaxter, S. W.	Major 1st Maine Cav.	Portland, Maine
Thomson, Clifford	Major 1st New York Cav.	14 Cortland St., N. Y. City
Thornton, James A.	Lieutenant 1st R. I. Cav.	Providence, Rhode Island
Thomas, H. S.	Col. 1st Penna. Cav.	West Chester Penna.
Tibballs, John G.	Sergeant 1st Maryland Cav.	224 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore
Tobie, Edward P.	Lieut. 1st Maine Cav.	Pawtucket, Rhode Island
Towers, Angelo E.	Captain 6th Mich. Cav.	Ionia, Michigan
Treichel, Charles	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Maj. 3d Pa. Cav.	Sold's Home Los Angeles, Cal.
Tremaine, Henry E.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. and A. D. C.	167 Broadway, N. Y. City
Trowbridge, L. S.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen., Maj. 5th Mich. C.	Detroit, Mich.
Tuck, Mathew	Captain	252 W. 123d St., N. Y. City
Turk, M. V. B.	Corporal Co. G, 10th N. Y. Cav.	Elmira, New York
Turner, William H.	Lt.-Col. 1st Rhode Island Cav.	Providence, Rhode Island?
Tyler, G. F.	Captain	Boston, Massachusetts?
Van Clief, A.	Colonel	Harrisburg, Penna.?
Van Slyck, D. B.	Major 22d New York Cav.	Passadena, Cal.?
Vernon, George W.	Lt.-Col. Coles Cav., Maryland	Baltimore, Maryland
Wade, J. F.	Lt.-Col. 10th U. S. Cav.	Wash. D.C., (care Adj.-Gen.)
Wagner, S. C.	Captain 3d Penna. Cav.	Newville, Penna.
Walkon, E. L.	2d N. Y. Cav.	Scranton, Penna.
Walsh, James T.	Bugler Co. G, 1st Mass. Cav.	278 E. Broadway, N. Y. City
Warner, Homer H.	Surg. 1st Mass. Cav.	148 W. 45th St., N. Y. City
Warnke, G.	Colonel	Wash. D. C., (Treas. Dept.)
Ward, G. S. L.	Capt. 3d Penna. Cav.	21 Lafayette Place, N. Y. City
Watkins, E. C.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. A. A. G.	Thompson, Michigan?
Wells, C. A.	Maj. 1st N. Y. Vet. Cav.	New York, Tribune Building
Welles, Thomas G.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Lt. 1st Conn. Cav.	San Diego, Cal.?
Werkheiser, Charles	Bugler 2d N. Y. Cav.	Easton, Penna.
Weston, Henry C.	Private Co. E, 1st Mass. Cav.	Chicago, Illinois?
Wetherill, F. D.	Capt. 3d Penna. Cav.	Germantown, Penna.
White, A. H.	Colonel 5th N. Y. Cav.	91 Jefferson Ave., Detroit Mich.
White, D. M.	Colonel	Peterborough, N. H.
White, H. K.	Capt. 1st Mich. Cav.	La Pierre City, Michigan
Whitehead, G. I.	Maj. Judge Ad., 1st Lt. 6th Pa Cav	206 Broadway, New York
Whitaker, E. M.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Conn Cav	Washington, D. C.
Whitney, W. Scott	2d Lt. 2d N. Y. Vet. Cav.	Glen Falls, New York
Wickersham, Chas. I.	Lt.-Col. 8th Penn. Cav.	Chicago, Ill. (Portland Block)
Wier, H. C.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., A. A. G.	Sugar Loaf, New York
Williams, S. B.	Corp. Co. B. 4th Ind. O. V. Cav.	Dayton, O.
Wilson, C. I.	Major Paymaster	Wash. D. C. (care Adj.-Gen.)?
Wilson, S. H.	Colonel	Boston, Massachusetts?
Wilson, Thomas	Captain	Philadelphia, Penna.?
Winsor, Henry	Capt. 6th Penna. Cav.	174 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
Wood, A.	Asst. Surg. 1st Mass. Cav.	Worcester, Mass.?
Wood, Oliver E.	Lieut. 5th U. S. Artillery	Wash., D. C. (care Adj Gen.)
Wood, S. H.	Sergt. 1st Vermont Cav.	St. Albans, Vermont
Woodruff, Carl A.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., U. S. A.	Fort Riley, Kansas

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Col. MYER C. ASCH
 Capt. AUGUSTUS BACON
 Major THOS. ARROWSMITH
 Col. T. C. BAKER
 Col. J. S. BAKER
 Col. M. H. BEAUMONT
 Capt. JOSEPH BOUTEM
 Col. WM. H. BOYD
 Lieut. A. V. BURNHAM
 Lieut. WM. P. CRAWLEY
 Gen. GEO. A. CUSTER
 Gen. GEO. H. CHAPMAN
 Lt.-Col. WM. H. CROCKER
 Lieut. JOHN H. CLAYTON
 Col. J. HINCKLEY CLARK
 Sergt. JAMES P. COX
 Lieut. BUTLER COLES
 Sergt. MARTIN V. CASEY
 Capt. J. NEWTON DICKSON
 Capt. JOHN DOLAN
 Capt. GUSTAVE EVERS
 Major HENRY J. FARNSWORTH
 Col. WM. FRY
 Capt. NALBRO FRAZIER
 Col. P. LACEY GODDARD
 Major CHARLES H. HATCH
 Col. HIRAM HILLIARD
 Capt. JOHN HALL
 Gen. JOHN HAMMOND
 Major E. L. KINNEY

Capt. L. W. KNIGHT
 Gen. JUDSON KILPATRICK
 Surg. HOWARD W. KING
 Capt. J. T. LOMBARD
 Capt. W. K. LINEAWEAVER
 Col. GEORGE H. LAWRENCE
 Col. CHAS. M. MANCHESTER
 Brig.-Gen. J. P. MCINTOSH
 Lieut. J. P. MAXWELL
 Col. S. B. W. MITCHELL
 Capt. H. C. MUIRHEAD
 Capt. R. F. MASON
 Col. JAMES B. MIX
 Capt. E. M. NEVILLE
 Capt. F. G. POPE
 Col. CHAS. H. PARKHURST
 Surg. R. W. PEASE
 Gen. B. S. ROBERTS
 Surg. W. B. REZNER
 Major O. O. G. ROBINSON
 Lieut. JNO. H. RICHARDSON
 Gen. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN
 Surg. JOHN H. SNYDER
 W. NILES SMITH
 Col. HOWARD M. SMITH
 Gen. A. T. A. TORBET
 Chap. I. W. WOODWARD
 Gen. WM. WELLS
 Col. P. JONES YORK

THE ASSEMBLY.

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan,
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man.

As the closing notes of the BUGLE leave the air silent with no call for more copy or corrected proof, I see in imagination, gathering on its plain the attention, thoughts and memory of comrades of the spur and saddle. The right of the line is held by the mounted men of Maine as becometh their geographical position and their State motto, but on the surface of this midsummer Call stand the members of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States. With them may be seen the daring Southern riders clad in gray, whose bravery it is fair and hospitable to duly praise and honor. We men of years have had our fights and now with the complacency attending gray beards we strive "for the promotion of kindly feeling, the revival of old associations and the collection and

preservation of records of the services rendered by Cavalry during the War of the Rebellion." In this literary field we raise our pens and salute each other with uncovered heads. We emulate the swan as embodied in poesy, floating down the ending stream of life," the sweetest song is the last he sings."

To the "First of Maine" the BUGLE brings a touch of knee and a true charity which has caused warm sunshine to flow into many a heart. Frequent incidents of this gladness appear among the BUGLE Echoes but its wide extent can no more be pictured than the sunshine can be photographed.

"One hour of Battle touch of elbow
Is worth a thousand years of peace."

"Bankey."

The following from "The Eagle" of the Los Angeles

Times will waken a chord in the breast of every true comrade. Our boys all knew "bunkey" exceedingly well, though perhaps not by that name.

You people who are born and brought up between wars, and who die without ever having heard the call to arms, have missed a sensation in life—yes, a whole gamut of sensations. In all the sounds that fall upon the ear there is no duplicate to the long roll on the snare drum, or "to arms" on the cavalry trumpet. What music that is to set the heart hammering like mad! How it chases the quiet from the midnight hours! How feeble is the ponderousness of a Wagnerian score beside the wild throb of those drums, or the startling blare that bursts from the belts of those bugle horns of war! But that is but one of the sensations of war times. There are others—sensations of affection, of comradeship, of exultation, of depression, of joy, of pathos.

You who live in these piping times of peace have not the faintest conception of the joys of being a soldier. What do you know of the affection that comes from drinking from the same canteen? What do you know of having a "bunkey"? Do you even know what a "bunkey" is? I doubt it and so will tell you: He is the royal fellow who sleeps under the same scant supply of blankets with you; who gives you three-quarters of the last hardtack left in his depleted haversack; who goes shy on the last thimbleful of coffee that you, his "bunkey," may have a bracer of that soldier's nectar. He is the fellow—God bless him!—who digs out of the corner of that same haversack one last measly bit of rusty bacon and makes you share it with him, and you, his "bunkey," get the greater share. He is the royal gentleman in tattered blouse,

seatless trousers, toeless boots, but with a carbine that shines like silver, who volunteers to stand guard for you the night you are "off your feed." It is he who goes out to the picket line and carries the mud from your rusty steed when you have got a "pass" to go fishing. He is the grizzly fellow, unshaven and unshorn, who rides along beside you in the rain, smoking a pipe that smells to heaven when turned loose indoors, but which out in the drizzle is as sweet as incense. He is loyal, tender, brave, a hero, a soldier—your "bunkey." The army only develops him. There, too, are the sports of camp, the wild chorus in the quarters before tattoo, the rides through the fragrant forests on the trail of the wily bushwhacker. Once the bugle sounds "Halt! Twos left!" "Count by fours!" "Every fourth man hold horses!" "Dismount!" There is a rattling of musketry going on over there in the woods, and as the dismounted detachment rushes out into the roadway, at the sharp command, "Fall in! fall in!" leaves drop from the boughs overhead. It is the minie balls that are doing this. Hear them sp—t! sp—t! sp—t! in the leaves! And how they whistle! Still that sharp cry, "Fall in! fall in! Right dress! Forward, guide right—charge!"

In the dense undergrowth of a Southern forest an alignment is impossible, hence, instead of a battle line it is a wild rush of the blue-coated cavalymen, helter skelter, but there is method in the movement, just the same. A hundred steps bring the detachment to a bayou waist-deep with water. On its brink there is a pause, and at the moment from the opposite bank a volley is poured into the advancing Federals. It tells. A dozen brave fellows drop dead. Another dozen are sore wounded; but the pause is only momentary, and on rush the now maddened troopers. Ah, God! There on the very brink of the sullen bayou lies your

"bunkey," and there is a crimson spot on his rusty blouse. But you scarce realize who it is that lies there speechless, for the tumult of fight is about you and a battle is raging in your heart. On through the murky waters, with a wild yell, go the pale but undaunted boys in blue. The enemy, content with its ghastly volley, flies before the rush of the charging detachment, but it sends back scattering shots to check the triumphant advance. And see! There are the enemy's horses! They are mounted, and away they go into the dense woods, leaving behind them their dead and our own. It has been a quick, sharp "skirmish." Just a skirmish out there in the woods. It will never be heard of in the dispatches, but your "bunkey" is dead, and you stand over him while the other brave fellows dig his grave out there in the quiet woods, and perhaps you are too brave and strong and manly to shed a tear, but far more likely are you to stand above him and the heaped-up mound of earth and sob your heart out.

What do dwellers in this era of calm know of the lingering days in the hospitals at the front? Those awful days when swamp fever is raging among the gentlemen volunteers of our army. How the grand old fellows die! So patient, so brave, so noble, so uncomplaining! They hear the muffled drums that lead off to the soldiers' cemetery on the hillside. They listen until they grow fainter and fainter, until the plaintive sound is buried by the distance. And then they harken until the drums come back; but now the sound is loud and joyous; there is nothing to muffle the rattle of the snares, and the fifes are playing "The White Cockade," or "Garry Owen." The poor boys lie there thinking, thinking, "When will the muffled drums beat *my* requiem? how long before they will come back from *my* grave playing a lively quickstep?" These are sensa-

tions of a soldiers' life, and you who find peace and happiness under the brilliant radiance of the stars that shine in "Old Glory" may thank kind fortune that there were men at hand when that banner needed defenders. Out of the darkness of slavery they brought it purged of the stains that had made it a byword for the nations of the earth. Out of bondage they brought millions of fellow-men into the glorious dawn of freedom. Out of the tangle of sectionalism and secession and nullification they brought their country solidified and disenthralled. Out of the darkness and into the light, where the sun shines and the stars are, and the roses.

It was worth the price, perhaps but ah! they were royal fellows, these soldiers of the '60's! Light-hearted, jaunty, debonair, generous, brave. No jaunt too hard for them, no rampart too steep to climb, no rain of hell fire from the throats of guns too severe for them. A pot of coffee made in an oyster can over a fire of twigs made them merry, and a haversack full of pilot bread, with a bit of bacon, was an epicurean repast. Under the showers they slept, the rain pouring in their faces and rivulets pouring around them, the only dry accoutrement being their carbines and cartridges. They lived for their country and when their country demanded the sacrifice they died for it. God bless them every one, the dear old tender-hearted, patient "bunkeys" who died and lie asleep away off there in the South where the cypress trees grow in the bayous and the breezes sigh through the canebrakes! Dear old fellows! Some of us remember you with tears.

Somerset Branch.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

Promptly at 7.30 o'clock,
April 10, 1893, the members

of the Somerset branch of the First Maine Cavalry were called to order by the president, Dr. Sumner A. Patten, in the parlor of Hotel Coburn.

Seated around the room were the following members: Dr. S. A. Patten, L. Anderson, Charles Smith, George B. Saford, F. J. Savage, G. A. Savage, B. D. Savage, George E. Goodwin, E. B. Curtis, F. E. Sprague, R. T. Patten, H. J. Varney, Col. A. G. Blunt, Zenas Vaughan, Llewellyn Goodwin, M. J. Allen, John R. Webb, E. F. Fairbrother, F. S. Cairns, F. R. Buck, N. Fowler, E. L. Walker, S. W. Smith, J. A. Dealey, Dennis Murphy, George D. Arnold, Dr. C. V. Richards, F. R. Bickford and S. M. Sawyer.

The records of the last annual meeting were read by the president, in the absence of the secretary, after which the following officers were elected: Capt. Zenas Vaughan, president; F. J. Savage, vice president; J. H. Wyman, secretary, and H. J. Varney, treasurer. After the election of officers several honorary members were voted into the association. At this time, the business of the evening having

been completed by the association, Landlord Haines announced that the dining hall was in readiness for the guests. Stepping into the room two long tables, reaching from the four corners of the room and crossing one another in the centre, thus presenting a cross, met the view of those who had the good fortune to be present. The company marched into the room and remained standing until seated by the president. The following is the bill of fare, which was served as only a good caterer and landlord can serve such things:

MENU.

	Ox Joints	
	Baked Halibut, Brown Sauce	
Browned Potatoes	Lettuce	Olives
Young Turkey, Giblet Sauce		
Parsnips	Mashed Potatoes	Onions
	Banana Fritters	
	Clivet of Venison, Polysade Sauce	
Ham	Pressed Corned Beef	Tongue
Saddle of Cow Moose [special act of the legislature being passed to allow the killing of same]		
Saratoga Chips	Lobster Salad	
	Old Veteran's Punch	
	Snow Pudding, Cold Sauce	
Vanilla Ice Cream	Assorted Cake	
Assorted Nuts	Layer Raisins	Oranges
Bananas	Port Wine Jelly	Rolls
Bananas and Cream	Cheese	Coffee
	Cigars	

Excellent music was furnished by Mr. James Partridge, violin, and Miss Annie Partridge, piano, during the banquet, and they received frequent applause, several of those old selections which always strike a responsive chord

in the veteran's heart, received especial attention, the entire company frequently joining in the chorus. After partaking of the good things, speeches were called for from each of the members, and all were in readiness to respond. Several letters of regret were read, among which was the following from Major H. C. Hall, which was read by F. R. Buck:

“WOBURN, MASS., April 9, 1893.

To S. W. Smith, Sec'y, Skowhegan, Me.:

Dear Comrade—I wish you to say to the boys, especially to those who were members of Company H, First Maine, that I am grateful to them for their kind and continued remembrance of me and that I regret more than I can express, that duties I cannot evade with honor will prevent my accepting your generous invitation to meet with you tomorrow to share the pleasure of your glad reunion in the loyal old borough of Skowhegan, where so many of us were initiated into the mysteries of the cavalry service of our country in the early days of the war.

“I am pleased to know that you have an association composed of the gallant troopers of Somerset to keep alive and perpetuate the memories of that great contest which we helped close on that bright Sabbath morning just twenty-eight years ago to-day. And I sincerely trust that the patriotic citizens of your vicinity and particularly the children, will be permitted to come out to see you once more and to hear you tell the story of your services—of the camp, the march, the fight, the sadness in defeat and the joy in victory,—to tell of the sacrifices and sufferings of the dear ones who returned not with us, whose brave arms

and whose best blood did so much to achieve the grand and final victory you meet to commemorate, and to hear you tell of the virtue, the loyalty and the patriotism that impelled you to offer your services to an imperilled country without stimulus of bounty or thought of pension or any other equivalent save that which comes to the generous and brave as a reward of duty well done; all this that they may more fully appreciate the justice and the goodness of our government and the wisdom and worth of its founders; that they may more fervently love the old flag, and cherish and guard more securely the principles it represents, and that should its bright stars again be eclipsed by a dark cloud of treason or slavery, or should danger threaten it from any source or from any quarter, they may not be less earnest or eager to defend it than you, when you first saw it supplanted by the black flag of disunion and rebellion.

“The 9th of April, Appomattox Day, seems to me to be the great American Passover, and I sometimes wonder that it is not so regarded and celebrated in all the States of the Union, South as well as North. It is the day when the nation came up out of the great red fount of war, cleansed from its great sin, purified and saved. And I want to congratulate you on your thoughtful selection of this memorable day for your annual reunion—the day of all the year the most fruitful in patriotic thought and the most fitting for patriotic utterance.

“I sincerely hope that your reunions will continue and flourish so long as there is a corporal's guard left to sustain them. The more I think of you the deeper the regrets that I cannot be with you to awaken the memories of the past and to live again in thought and feeling amid the stirring scenes of civil war. “Sad memories will, indeed, unbidden come, but we would not repress them.

The darkness and gloom of night make the morning light thrice welcome and joyous; the crimson stripes of the old flag give glory and grandeur to the brightness and beauty of its glowing stars; and so the principles for which we fought are made manifold more dear to us by the immense cost and fearful sacrifice to maintain and perpetuate them.

"I regret that I have not time to rearrange and put in more intelligible form what I have desired and tried to express to you, but I trust the boys will accept it in its crudity and rawness as they did me thirty years ago, and if it will be of any service or satisfaction to them I shall be pleased as I was then.

"Trusting that your reunion will be as successful as your services were generous and valiant, I remain,

"Your friend and comrade,
"H. C. HALL."

Time and room will not allow us to give each individual space, but suffice it to say that each and every one performed the duties assigned him to the satisfaction of all present, and it seemed to be with reluctance that good-bys were said and the party broke up with three rousing cheers for Landlord Haines and his corps of assistants.

Comrades Holding Positions of Honor and Trust.

F. E. SAUNDERS,

Born in 1841 in Sangerville, enlisted from Parkman in Oct. 1861; Went from Dover to Augusta with forty men under

Major Douty and assigned to Co. M, First Maine Cavalry, went on to Washington March 1862. Up the Valley under Banks, in May retreated from Strasburg and severely hurt by fall from horse; discharged at Williamsport by reason of such injury. Enlisted in the navy at Bangor Aug. 1892 for one year; lay at Key West in sloop of war Dale during winter of '62 and '63, discharged at Portsmouth in May. Entered the service Sept. '63 at Bangor and sent to the front; joined Sixteenth Maine Infantry; participated in the battle of Mine Run, stationed at Mitchell's Station till spring of 1864; struck camp May 3d, started for the Wilderness May 4th, in the Fifth Corps and participated in all the battles during the march of the Army of the Potomac to Petersburg was captured at the taking of Weldon railroad and held prisoner for seven months at Belle Isle and Salisbury; discharged at Baltimore in May 1865; returned to Lowell, Mass., and entered the cotton mills as an operative and by close attention to work has risen to a responsible position. Comrade Saunders is a self

made man, a fluent speaker, a well read and an able writer on textile matters, being an expert on the effect of atmospheric changes on cotton fibers. He is a member of Post 185 Lowell, Mass., and a member of the Board of Health in that city.

Union Veteran's Union.

Command No. 13, U. V. U., has been organized in Boston, and will hereafter meet at corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, Old Grand Army Hall, on the second Wednesday of each month. At the last meeting held April 14, Comrade Shevlin, late of First Maine Cavalry, entertained those present with half an hour's talk on the Battle of Antietam, for which it is named Antietam Command. Louis J. Shepherd, late of First Massachusetts Cavalry, spoke of his experience at the great Cavalry Battle at Aldie, Virginia, on June 17, 1863, and was followed by Comrade Gilbert N. Harris, of First Maine Cavalry, which regiment as is well known, came to the rescue and saved the First Massachusetts Cavalry from death, or, what was worse, the tortures of a rebel prison.

Marriage Bells.

Tuesday morning, June 6th, at 8.30 o'clock a small party of immediate friends and relatives gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Benner, Grace street, Rockland, to witness the marriage of their daughter Fannie to L. F. Young of Auburn. The nuptial knot was nicely tied by Rev. J. H. Parshley, pastor of the bride. She was prettily attired in a gown of light tan and heliotrope while the groom wore the conventional black coat and vest with light pants. The girl friends of the bride were present in a body and after the ceremony a very pleasant reception was held and the congratulations were of the heartiest. A very cute feature of the wedding was the distribution of the wedding cake which was done by the little six months old niece of the bride, who with baby hands passed from basket to guest with great enjoyment to herself and the company present. After the reception the young couple started on a carriage drive through the country amid a shower of rice and old shoes. After their trip they will settle in Auburn where Mr. Young

is in business and where he has won for himself an enviable reputation. The bride is one of our nice young ladies and was a general favorite among her many friends in this place who wish her all joy in her new estate. Mr. Young is a Rockland boy. The presents were choice and numerous including an elegant banquet lamp from the bride's Sunday School class and teacher, a chamber set, commode set, toilet set, silverware, china dinner set and tea set, several cash presents and bric-a-brac.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The July Cosmopolitan excels any previous issue in the number of its distinguished contributors and in point of interest. It is unchanged in size and is the most beautifully illustrated number of the Cosmopolitan ever sent out. It contains illustrations by Laurens, Fenn, Toussaint, Stevens, Saunier, Fidler, Franzen and Meulle. It has the unusual feature of three frontispieces, and among the authors whose work appear in this issue are the following: Camille Flammarion, F. Dempster Sherman, F. S. Stratton, Sara Carr Upton, Gilbert Parker, Prof. C. A. Young, Agnes Repplier, William Dean Howells, Charles DeKay, W. D. McCrackan, C. H. Webb, H. H. Boyesen, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, G. H. Knight, Francois Coppee, Robert B.

Stanton, Clinton Scollard, Katharine L. Bates, Lucy M. Salmon, Thomas A. Janvier, Col. S. E. Tillman, Andrew Lang.

"Victor Flyers."

Cycling has become such a universal pastime as well as a healthful recreation and business expedient that some of the largest workshops in the country are devoted to the manufacture of the modern vehicle. But there is only one establishment in the United States in which an entire machine is made, including the steel parts, leather work, rubber tires, nickel-plating, tools, etc., and on this account nicety of adjustment, smoothness of bearing, lightness and strength are insured, all of which are essential elements in a perfect wheel. This great factory is located at Chicopee Falls, Mass., and bears the name of the Overman Wheel Company, familiar to cyclists the world over. This company introduced the safety bicycle in America, and on that account as well as by reason of superlative merit "The Victor" has steadily held first place in popular favor. It is universally preferred because its makers are known to be masters of improved construction. The "Victor Flyer" has undoubtedly attained the highest plane of perfection. The Overman Company has the handsome exhibit in the balcony of the Transportation Building at the World's Fair. It far surpasses any other display in this department, was designed by one of Boston's best architects, and built by the most artistic cabinet-makers of that city. "The Victor" fully deserves its high reputation for the reason that it is made with as much skill and care as the finest piece of mechanism. The vast factories built by the Messrs. Overman were intended expressly and solely for its manufacture, and with the express object in view of turning out the best and highest grade bicycles in the world.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

BUGLE ECHOES.

"One note from out his bugle call
Was worth a thousand men."

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

FORT JONES, Cal., March 23d, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

Enclosed you will find a check for \$2.50 for the BUGLE. Every number seems better than the last.

Fraternally etc.

J. E. CRAWFORD.

Hist. p. 502.

513 Third Ave., SPOKANE, Wash.
March 26th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY,

DEAR Sir and Comrade,—I don't know what excuse to make for not writing to you before to let you know where I am. My wife sent and got a History of the First Maine Cavalry for a birthday present for me. It seems like old times to read it and brings to mind many incidents that were nearly forgotten. I was shot through the right lung in an engagement at Shepardstown, Va., July 16th, 1863, and was sent to the hospital in Baltimore, when I got well I was transferred to Co.E.Twentieth Veteran Reserve Corps and served the balance of my time out. I went back to Maine and stayed until the next March, then I went west and have been there ever since. While in Minnesota in 1866 I thought it was time for me to marry and settle down, I did so and came to Spokane and have been here ever since. It is a beautiful city. W. L. Boyd is a neighbor of mine, also L. B. Merriam. I have seen several

copies of the First Maine BUGLE; I think they are very interesting. Monroe Daggett comes here quite often to see us. He lives in Idaho. We have two G. A. R. Posts here, both in a thriving condition. There are a great many old soldiers in this State but I think half of them do not belong to the G. A. R. I belong to the S. L. Reno Post; we have one hundred and twenty-five members; Sedgwick Post has not quite so many. I am in good health at present, so hope you will not get my obituary just yet. Good bye for this time,

Very truly yours,

ELISHA VOSE.

Hist. p. 523.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, Ohio,

April 24th, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to send you one dollar for the First Maine BUGLE. I received the January number for 1893. I always have a good word for my old comrades in arms, the First Maine Cavalry, also the First Massachusetts. I have not attended any of the reunions of the Army of the Potomac since 1883 in Washington. I am a member of Veteran Post 5 G. A. R. at this place. I remain,

Very truly yours in F. C. & L.

FRANCIS HAVILAND,

Capt. 5th, Pa. Cav.

20 Devens St., MARLBORO, M. ASS.,
May 19th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I have just received the check for the History you sent to the City Library and I will also inclose one dollar for the BUGLE up to 1894. I expect my confederate of the Black Horse Cavalry, Mr. Rucker of Virginia to visit me about the 16th of next month. Am anticipating much pleasure in discussing the merits of the different cavalry fights in which we both took part. We discovered a G. A. R. Post at Petersburg, Virginia, last September. They had just fourteen members and lived in four different counties. They had good quarters and entertained us generously. A few of us sent them thirteen dollars and a half to help them out the 30th. They have 6190 graves to decorate in the National Cemetery, three and a half miles from the city. It is the Geo. H. Thomas Post, No. 45 Department of Virginia.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS J. SANFORD.

Hist. p. 612.

25 Fairmount Ave., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
April 18th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Inclosed one dollar to apply on account of First Maine BUGLE. You First Maine Cavalry are just as aggressive now as you were in 1861 to 1865. When you can't poke a man's physical system with the sabre, you'll stir up his intellect with the pen. In that way you keep men constantly on the picket, not for bodily protection, but rather to be sure and catch sight of the various articles of interest in which you are calling up reminiscences of the days of long ago. You request me to write a sketch of some of the experiences of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry during the closing days of the war, but really I don't feel

qualified for the task. Since leaving the service in 1865 I have lived away from where I could come in contact with any of my old regiment, and it has never been convenient for me to attend a reunion of it. Consequently, cannot so well remember the little details which add interest to an article of that kind, as those who have frequently met and talked over the experiences through which we passed in those stirring times.

If Capt. A. W. Fenton, who is in the Custom House at Cleveland, O., could be induced to unbridle himself he could spin off an interesting article; as also Capt. A. W. Stiles, Delaware, O., Superintendent Girls Industrial Home, or Dr. A. D. Rockwell of New York City, who at one time acted as brigade surgeon temporarily while under Gen. Smith's command. The doctor a few years ago wrote quite an interesting article for the "Magazine of American History," entitled, I believe, "A Ride with Sheridan." Those "rides with Sheridan" were many times very unpleasant as we can all testify, but they were highly effective and got there solidly in the end.

Respectfully,

WM. M. DAVIS,
Late Sixth Ohio Cavalry.

BANGOR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
May 25th, 1893.

GENERAL CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—I received recently a copy of the BUGLE. I have looked it over with interest. I can see that it is of great interest and value, especially to members of the old First Maine, and to Maine soldiers generally. I wish I could have been a member of that famous regiment, but I was living in Massachusetts through all the war. I went out with the Massachusetts 8th.

With many thanks I remain

Yours truly,

JOHN S. SEWALL.

DELAWARE, Ohio, May 16th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir,—Your kind favor of the 20th, inst., with letter of Capt. Davis of Jamestown, N. Y., read. Must plead press of business for an apology for seeming neglect in replying. While in Cleveland last week, I met Capt. Fenton and tried to get him to agree to write the article referred to by Capt. Davis. If I had the time I would try to do it, but would have to depend on memory, as I have no diary for that period.

Am always glad to hear from any of the comrades (late) of the gallant First Maine.

I inclose herewith one dollar for copy of the First Maine BUGLE.

With kindest regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

A. W. STILES,

Capt. 6th Ohio Cav.

Custom House, CLEVELAND, Ohio,
May 31st, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—Your urgent and pleasing letter of April 20th, inclosing under the same cover a copy of a letter to you by Wm. M. Davis, the Adjutant of my regiment the Sixth, Ohio Cavalry, at muster out in 1865, is at hand, accompanied by the January number of the First Maine BUGLE. Permit me to say that I have had compunctions of conscience on several occasions since the first issue of the BUGLE, that I had not promptly become a subscriber. Herewith please find two dollars for which you may send me the issue of 1893, less the January number just received, and deducting therefrom the numbers sent me in 1892. Adjutant Davis is altogether too modest, and I suggest that he be detailed for the duty of writing his reminiscences of campaigning with the First Maine Cavalry from Dinwiddie to Appomattox. We are willing to trust his

memory regarding those stirring days and as he is the only surviving literary officer of the Sixth, we shall expect his experiences in the next BUGLE. Capt. Stiles, no doubt, could write a readable article of his personal experiences along the same line, but like myself he has no confidence in his arms when he takes up the pen. He was a great success in wielding the sabre and I wish he might be induced to write out some of his observations upon the line of march and on the field of battle, and give his old companions of the First Maine a glimpse of what the Sixth Ohio saw when standing to horse or fighting on the lines with that gallant regiment, shoulder to shoulder, in the grand style adopted by Sheridan of pushing his troopers forward dismounted when the lay of the ground or the pine thickets of Old Virginia barred out operations in the saddle. At some later day I may, if time and health permit, write out my recollections of my regiment while it campaigned in 1865 under the gallant leadership of that youthful Captain Matt Geyer in a brigade containing the First Maine, that most peerless cavalry regiment, with Gen. Charles H. Smith as brigade and Gen. Crook as division commander, while the Cavalry Corps of Gen. Sheridan was assisting Gen. Lee and his grand old remnant of a once powerful army to find the last ditch that it might surrender with dignity, or die with glory before reaching it.

Very truly and fraternally, your friend and companion,

A. W. FENTON

Late Capt. D 6th, Ohio.

PORTLAND, May 22, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—I do not know how I can better celebrate the approaching Memorial Day of the service and sacrifice of our gallant sons of Maine than by inclos-

ing one dollar for the First Maine BUGLE, a number of which you sent me, and which I have read with pride and pleasure. When I read that it was yours, a Maine regiment, that led among others in the service in the number of engagements, I was reminded of the word "Dirigo" inscribed on our State escutcheon, and felt like exclaiming, "There let it be perpetuated." Independent of this the publication is so unique, and is so well conducted, that it merits patronage by all who cherish a proper State pride, on the score of literary merit alone. It ought to have a large and liberal patronage.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. EMERY

WESTCOTT, Neb. June 16th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Gen. and Comrade—Inclosed you will find my recollection of the little Washington reconnoissance, if you think this would be interesting to the readers of the BUGLE you can have it appear any time when you have not any thing better. Also notice of a comrade's death. Augustus A. Bangs, Co. L. I do not know the date of his death, but sometime during the past winter, died at his home in Portland, Me. Comrade Bangs never did much duty in the company although it was no fault on his part. He enlisted the same time that I did and was but sixteen years of age, although the history gives his age as eighteen. The morning we arrived in Washington on our way to join the regiment he was taken down with typhoid fever and was carried to hospital; afterwards he came to us for a short time but had not regained his health and did not until after his discharge in 1864. You will also find exchange on Omaha for ten dollars, one dollar and fifty cents to settle my account with BUGLE to close of 1893, eight dollars for two pictures. I have decided to have both pictures appear in BUGLE as

you recommend. If all the comrades enjoy looking at the pictures of the members as much as I do I shall be well paid for the expense. The other fifty cents you can donate to some comrade who does not feel able financially to pay for the BUGLE. Yours in F. C. & L.,

R. R. BANGS.

Hist. p. 685.

The extra fifty cents was used to send a copy of History to Geo. W. Eaton. Vide his wife's letter.

FAIRFIELD, Me., May 20th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

Thinking perhaps some of the old boys might want to hear from one of their many raids and fights, I will relate the following concerning Wilson's raid. It is about the crossing at Stony Creek. The rebels had taken our artillery and turned it on us; Wilson's men were crossing the bridge and we were obliged to swim the creek; my horse was played out and I could not get him down the bank, so I left him, and seeing a horse in the water without a rider, jumped on him and got across. We then had a long hill to climb and the rebels were giving us lead and iron hot, now I tell you. I was separated from my brother, G. A. Savage about ten minutes but I was glad to see him when we met. A. Lincoln said, "Never swap horses while crossing the river," so I swapped just before crossing. I found the owner of the horse shortly after and we talked it over, but then we had no hard feeling.

F. J. SAVAGE.

Hist. p. 646.

LOWELL, Mass., June 16th, 1893.

J. P. CILLEY, ESQ.,

Dear Sir—Your favor of June 12th at hand. In reply will say that later on I will remit to you \$2.50 as I have no desire to take from the boys anything due. I have great respect for our regiment in keeping alive the memory of our service

and the countenances of its members; though I have no time to put in my picture. Like yourself I am a very busy man, holding as I do one of the largest positions as overseer in the corporation. I am also a paid correspondent for Boston and New York textile papers, as well as local agent for securing ads. I am also connected with the Lowell Board of Health as weather observer, having a full set of barometers and thermometers and keeping their records. I have not time to read the BUGLE and contribute to it as its merits demand.

Yours truly,

F. E. SAUNDERS.

Hist. p. 665.

DEDHAM, Mass., June 19th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—Yours of the 15th inst, is received. I think I sent only one dollar before; it comes handy to send that figure this time. I purpose to send oftener though. The BUGLE came promptly. I read it all through at once, The Echoes remind me of—a great many incidents; but one is enough this time, I was a safeguard at Mr. John Gill's, ten miles from Petersburg in May and June, 1865. Thieves and bushwhackers were about and had been to Mr. Gill's in broad daylight. I was waked one night by a noise, evidently of someone trying to force an entrance into the cabin where I slept. It was a cautious operation, but my ears were wide open at once and my thoughts very active. Probably the plan was to lay out the "safe-guard" and then go through the house boldly. But a counterplot was soon started from within. From a door of the hut on the opposite side the guard emerged with a gun in hand and peered round the corner. In the clear moonlight the unsuspecting marauder was in full view, and a ready shot not twenty feet away. But that bullet never started; something happened

—a revelation. As a lamb skin is an emblem of peace and innocence, the great calm that ensued to me may be understood from the fact that near by in the field was a flock of sheep and on a projecting sill of the cabin stood the bell wether dancing, plainly delighted with the motion communicated to the building. As the truth dawned on me I felt a sort of kinship for the fellow on the corner and let him dance. And so it was that I never mentioned this adventure for glory. I remained a month at Mr. Gill's and enjoyed it. Mr. Gill served all through the war in the Confederate army. He was a typical Virginian, courteous and hospitable. He had taken the oath of allegiance and said he should henceforth be loyal to the old flag. Mrs. Gill, the mother, could not see why they wanted to hang Mr. Davis; what had he done? Do you remember going out there one day with an orderly to inquire about some artillery hidden in the woods? To introduce you to the family as my commander was about the only event of which I was really proud. That was Friday, July 2d; the very next day, Saturday, Mrs. Gill sent a basket of berries to you. There is no doubt as to the impression you made upon that family.

Yours in F., C. & L.,

W. F. BICKFORD.

HUDSON, Mass., June 21, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade—Having received your kind letter and BUGLE I hasten to reply. It is to me like taking a drink from the old canteen while reading its pages. It is refreshing to me, and I herewith send you check for five dollars to pay charges rendered on slip, also credit balance of check to my account. I remain yours in F. C. & L.

FREDERICK S. DAWES,

Co. C 1st Me. Cav., and Co. F 1st Bat.
Mass. H. A.

Hist. p. 606.

BELFAST, June 18th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir—Received the April Call all right. George says it is very interesting. He thinks the BUGLE grows better as it grows older. George has been some better this past week; he has not had a chill for four or five days. Inclosed is a money order for two fifty, two dollars for the History, twenty-five cents for the express or postage on history. I am sorry we could not have one with pictures, but the two dollars is all we can afford at present as money is so scarce with us. George has been sick so long and my health is so poorly that I can not do all my work. George does not go out yet; he keeps his pile of BUGLES beside him and reads them over and over again. Very truly,

MRS. GEO. W. EATON.

Hist. p. 400.

The fifty cents received from Comrade R. R. Bangs added to the two fifty remitted enabled me to send History with full illustrations.—J. P. C.

FAIRFIELD, June, 1893.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY,

Comrade—I will attempt to write a line or two for the first time for over a year, being so reduced in health that I could not do anything. I have been confined to the house most of the time and to my bed quite a portion of the time, and have not been able to earn a dollar for nearly two years. So you see that my finances must be small, but I would like to say to our veterans of the First Maine Cavalry and also all soldiers, they deserve the praise of the Nation for the preservation of our flag and country. I have always admired the heroism and sacrifice that our mothers and wives and sisters made. How many of us went into the service and left mothers, wives and sisters at home, some with small children and all with cares devolving

upon them. What lonesome hours they suffered. How anxiously they watched the papers, and when there had been a battle how quickly they would turn to the column of casualties, scanning it and noting such a one is wounded and gone to the hospital, or taken prisoner to be carried into Southern dens. And how many of our noble patriotic women left their peaceful homes and quiet lives, volunteering their services to take care of the sick and wounded, whose Christian deeds are recorded in heaven as well as on earth, they were ministering angels to the sick and wounded, God bless them! "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of my disciples ye have done it unto me." As for myself, I have not much to say for I got an injury soon after I joined the regiment, which I tried to conceal from the surgeon which proved to be a mistake, though I did duty as best I could till we went into the Wilderness and there I was dismounted and went to the rear and was detailed to assist the wounded and we took a lot to Fredericksburg that night and three days after I was detailed to go to Washington, D. C., with a large number of wounded, thence back to Fredericksburg to follow the dismounted men, and I was so lame that I broke down and was picked up by a surgeon of a New Jersey regiment and sent to Washington to the hospital and from there to Patterson Park Hospital where I remained eight weeks at which time I reported for my regiment and was sent to Camp Stoneman to be remounted and after three weeks succeeded in being mounted and returned to the regiment then lying in front of Petersburg. I did some picket duty and some raiding but was not fit for duty, the surgeon called one night and wished to know if I could go on a long raid and I told him I thought I could, he said go to your quarters, and in about an hour he sent an ambulance after me and took me to the

cavalry corps hospital near City Point where I remained a few weeks, after which detention Lieutenant Russell detailed me to take charge of some men to build a coral between City Point and Dismounted Camp which position I held till Lee's surrender. From the day of my spinal injury I have never seen a well day.

Yours in F. C. & L.

A. K. SNELL.

Hist. p. 572.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1893.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

I inclose postal note for one dollar and fifty cents on account of subscription due on First Maine Bugle. I am intensely interested in reading all of the articles it contains from the "boys" of the First Maine Cavalry, a regiment that always seems as near and dear to me as my own "Harris Light." Those who were with us at Brandy Station June 9th, and Aldie June 17, 1863, can never forget the First Maine boys and how well they fought. My curb chain broke at Brandy Station and my horse carried me way up the hill with your boys where the blue and the gray were well mixed. Again at Aldie I was in the charge up the road with you when Col. Douty was killed. My brother Daniel commanded the squadron that led the advance ("Harris Light") that drove the rebels through the gap, or village, and was killed at the hay stacks. His last words to me were an expression of a choice to be shot through the heart if hit in that battle. Those who write on Brandy Station and Aldie battles for the Bugle invariably fail to refer to the great importance of each battle, particularly that of Aldie as we there defeated the rebel General Stuart's whole Cavalry Corps which had been ordered by Lee to take the gap and hold it. Their failure to hold that point, so important in protecting the left flank of the invading

army, doubtless compelled a change of route of the march into Maryland by the confederates and fortunately carried the scene of conflict between the two armies further away from the capitol. I will inclose an original private letter written by myself to my sister June 12th, 1863, which you may print if you think of enough interest as showing how it looked to one of the boys who was there.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. WHITAKER.

Headquarters Harris Light Cavalry,
(2nd, New York Cavalry)

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA.,

June 12th, 1863.

SISTER ADA:

I last wrote you from opposite Fredericksburg, June 6th, the day after our return there from Yorktown. On the morning of the 7th, we again moved for this point, a distance of thirty miles, arriving at 3.30 P. M.

While our regiment was passing through Falmouth, Daniel and I went to see William and found him well as usual. We had only a few minutes' chat and galloped to overtake our column. William was in the hottest of the fight at Chancellorsville. We had not heard from him at all since the battle. Here we found the whole Cavalry Corps under command of Gen. Pleasanton, as Gen. Stoneman has been sent West. At 1 o'clock P. M. of the 8th, we were on the march again, our division to Kelly's Ford, Buford's to Beverly's Ford and Averell's to—I don't know what ford. At daylight on the morning of the 9th, we all forded a crossing, directing our march on the enemy under Stuart massed at Brandy Station from where he was about ready start on a grand raid north. We attacked him with our division on the south, while Buford fought him on the east, when ensued one of the greatest events

of the war;—a grand cavalry battle,—corps against corps, for the first time in America. The movements of our brigade are all I can describe. So soon as we were under the artillery fire of the enemy we formed in the field, the whole brigade in line, that is, each regiment on a line, but in column of squadrons and moved at a gallop towards the enemy's position; over fences, ditches and the railroad where we met them in repeated charges and for hours the most desperate and extensive fighting ensued that I ever dreamed of; charge after charge, retreat and advance, rally and scatter, firing, clubbing and cutting with pistol, carbine and sabre; batteries of flying artillery taken and re-taken on either side, till, in amidst the surging masses, the ground was strewn for acres around with dead and wounded, horses and riders, blankets, baggage, broken arms and equipments. For several hours we kept up this scene till nearly every one of us had met hand to hand and given or received a blow, fired or received a shot. We probably had more than a brigade to oppose us, while at the same time our other brigades were engaged with large forces, equalling if not excelling their own force. Gen. Stuart's headquarters were on our contested ground in a house where we captured their colors and one of the General's aids. Their position was some higher than ours. By means of their railroad direct from Culpepper Court House, large bodies of Infantry were brought during the afternoon and thrown against Gen. Buford, and we had orders to retire from our field and were marched around to the assistance of Gen. Buford; it was so late, from there the command was entirely drawn off, and we re-crossed the river at Rappahannock Station; the others at Beverly's Ford, with some skirmishing in our rear. Our regimental loss is one lieutenant wounded, four men killed, fifteen wounded and twenty-

three missing. Daniel and myself were not hurt, though we had some rough escapes which are useless to relate; in fact, I am tired of hearing adventures of the fight. There are too many who shot three or four and cut another's head off(?) It's enough to say our good fortune is due to our superior strength and skill in use sabre and pistol. Col. Davies had his horse shot under him and received a sabre cut nearly severing his sabre belt without injuring his person, he rode off the field on a nice horse whose saddle I emptied with extreme satisfaction. I am still acting as adjutant, Daniel is commanding the first squadron, (quite an honor), Capt. Coon is commanding the first battalion. We have had no rest for a long time the whole corps was waiting for our arrival from Yorktown. We had a fight on the same ground a year ago last August. The prospects are that we shall have plenty to do soon, the Rebs are still awake and may yet be able to enter the North on a raid. If they get one day the start of us, woe be to the people of Maryland and Pennsylvania. I am in good health. Have just heard from home. Have not heard from you for some time. Give my love to all, and write soon to your

Affectionate brother

EDWARD.

MISS ADA WHITAKER,
Hartford, Conn.

Army letters written when facts of the battle lay hot in one's mind, are very interesting and valuable. Gen. Whitaker's war record covers from April 15, 1861, to August 16, 1865, and extended through the following organizations: Co. A, First Regiment Connecticut Infantry, Co. C and D, First Squadron Connecticut Cavalry (in Second New York Cavalry) and the First Regiment Connecticut Cavalry reaching the position of Colonel of the last with promotion as Brevet Brigadier General, U. S. V. He also served on Kilpatrick's and Custer's Staff.

PORTLAND, ME., June 9th 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

The BUGLE of Campaign 3, Call 2 is at hand and in it I find a note from my old comrade Elisha DeW. Harris. It is to me an atmospheric handshake and I am truly glad to greet my old associate in arms through the medium of the BUGLE since distance makes it impossible to meet in a more tangible way. Now, Elisha says he is just crazy to have the First Maine Cavalry badge. Send him one with my compliments and send the bill to me.

Yours fraternally,

CHAS. W. SKILLINGS.

Hist. p. 544.

NECEDAH, Wis., June 11th, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade.—I received the April number of the BUGLE yesterday. I will own I was glad to get it as I had almost given up getting it. Inclosed find postal note in payment for the balance of the year. Every word in the BUGLE is interesting to me, especially Echoes. Comrade Hunter was a native of my town in Maine, Clinton, and it was a joy to read his letter.

Very truly yours,

J. W. HARRIMAN, CO. E.

Hist. p. 584

Dedham, Mass., June 12th, 1892.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade:—Your note of the 9th, was received today. I am still here in the same place but P. O. address is Dedham. Islington is a little office off in the woods and inconvenient. I am sorry to miss any copy of the BUGLE, but I suppose one or more has gone astray. The last one I received had a marked bill, which led me to think that a remittance I made a year and a half ago had not been received. It was one or two dollars. Perhaps it was received all right. I appreciate the BUGLE and am interested

in the First Maine Cavalry Association, and want to do something for its finances, but there are so many ways for money to go, that I have to deny myself many things I need. The History is a treasure. I appreciate especially the great kindness and patience with which you have kept trace of me and furnished me with information concerning the affairs of the regiment. I want the BUGLE and shall pay for it. Expect my financial condition will be better hereafter.

Yours in the bands of '64-'93,

W. F. BICKFORD.

Hist. p. 488.

Burnside Post, G. A. R.,
TOMBSTONE, Ariz., June 12th, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—Grass is very short with us and we have to refuse others as well as you. I have just written a letter of refusal to the Western veterans. Our comrades here are too poor to do anything. We were with you on Bank's retreat down the valley, also at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862. Ours was the Forty-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, First Brigade, First Division Twelfth Corps afterwards Twentieth Corps.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

J. F. DUNCAN.

437 E. 22d St., NEW YORK,
June 22nd, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade:—Copy the BUGLE just received. I do not know how my account for the same stands but fear I may be delinquent. I beg to inclose check for one dollar, which please acknowledge. The work is extremely interesting and I look for each issue with great pleasure. Please continue to send as usual and very much favor,

Yours fraternally,

E. W. SCHULTE,

13th Mass.

MONSON, Me., June 12th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General:—Enclosed please find check for three dollars and twenty-five cents, as per slip, to pay for BUGLE. I am greatly pleased with it and hope it will continue to blow while a comrade remains to hear it. I want to give you an item of interest, to me at least, possibly to my comrades. My great grandfather, Nathaniel Cobb was a soldier of the Revolution and when my oldest son was born, there were five generations represented alive. He died in 1859 aged over one hundred years. My grandfather, Thomas Poole was a soldier in the War of 1812 and lived to be ninety-seven years of age. I enlisted Dec. 16th, 1863 and joined the First Maine Jan. 12th, 1864. Went on several raids during the winter. Was with Gen. Smith and Major Thaxter in the second detail to go on Dahlgren raid, which failed to join with the first detail. I remember the general well on that trip, it being my good fortune to be detailed head quarter guard that night near the Rapidan river. The general occupied a brush heap with a piece of shelter tent over him. Major Thaxter sharing it with him. It was a rainy disagreeable night. In the morning Gen. Smith arose and said to me, "A bad night soldier," then addressing the Major he said, "I think I will go back to camp today." Turning to me he said "Soldier you can be relieved now and go to your quarters." I saluted and said, "General, if you take an escort today, I should be pleased to be one." This was in the early morning. About eight or nine o'clock the general's orderly came down where we were and said the general wanted me with four or five others as escort, and I shall never forget the wild ride the general gave us that day back to camp near Warrenton. As we rode into camp at dark the general remarked that he should like to know where the regi-

ment was tonight and how all the boys were. After telling us to take good care of our horses he went to his quarters. I with others of the First Maine was sent from City Point to Washington in July 1864 to help repel the rebel attack at the time of the Early raid, and was in the battle of Fort Stevens, where we held the rebels a day and a night, until the arrival of the Sixth Corps. I well remember Geo. W. Gregory who went on the line with me and how he tried to dodge the bullets at first. Poor fellow he was shot at Dinwiddie. How old time scenes come up as I read over the names of comrades in the BUGLE. Reuel W. Porter, Co. M who was wont to remark when his horse wanted to drink, that if he had the Atlantic Ocean to water in, his horse would want to get through to the other side before he would drink. Death has again entered our ranks and taken one of the number: Comrade Levi C. Flint died May 5th, 1893. One by one they are falling, soon they will all be gone. I send you my family history.

I remain, very sincerely yours,

ALBERT F. JACKSON,

Co. M. First Maine Cavalry.

Hist. p. 662.

DES MOINES, IOWA, June 13th, 1863,
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear General:—I have been looking over Call 2, First Maine BUGLE and find many things very interesting in letters of comrades and especially "Scenes and Incidents of a trip to the Pacific Coast," by Comrade Tobie. In fact every article is interesting to me. They freshen the memory of twenty-eight years ago and stir the deep feeling of my heart towards my comrades. I have always been glad that my name was enrolled in the First Maine Cavalry. I consider it the highest honor to have been one of its members. The terrible catastrophe that has recently come to Ford's Theatre in

Washington, D. C. also stirs my memory and brings back to my mind the night I heard Booth play there a short time before President Lincoln's assassination. I was on a furlough and returning from Maine to our regiment in Va. stopped a night in Washington and attended the Theatre. When we received the terrible news, on our return as conquerors after Lee's surrender, that our beloved President was shot down by an assassin in Ford's Theatre, the whole scene flashed before me as I remembered the interior of the building. That was one of the saddest nights of my life, as the rumor settled down into my heart as a fact, the tears ran down my cheeks and I saw other comrades around the camp-fire wipe their faces and turn away with silent heartaches. A little time before we were joyful and happy that the war was over, but now our great Commander was no more, it seemed that the victory and rejoicing of the previous days was but mockery and we must again plunge into battle. I hand you draft on New York to pay my subscription for the BUGLE also pay a year's subscription for another worthy comrade whom you may designate.

Very sincerely,

Your friend and comrade,

M. T. V. BOWMAN.

Hist. p. 458, 502.

The one dollar was used to continue the BUGLE to Comrade H. B. Sleeper, whose letter came in the same mail with Bowman's.

324 Fourth St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
June 12th, 1893.

DEAR GEN. CILLEY,

Enclosed please find ten dollars. With it I wish to pay my subscription to the BUGLE to Oct. 1893 (\$1.50 as per bill received from you yesterday) and I wish you to use the remainder as follows: Send me by mail a copy of one of the

best bound histories of the regiment, and use the rest of the money in sending the BUGLE to any comrades that you think best.

Your comrade in F. C. & L.,

CHAS. B. KENNEY,

Bugler Co. K., 1st Me. Cav.

Hist. p. 464, 517.

In compliance with the above a copy of the History in full sheep, gilt, five dollars was sent him and one dollar credited on BUGLE for '93 to Charles Burgess, same to Otis M. Churchill and one fifty on BUGLE to Arthur I. Gross, all of Co. K.

"For we belong to Gideon's band,

And here's my heart and here's my hand."

ST. ALBANS, Me., June 23d, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

I spent last winter in the South on account of the ill health of Mrs. Stewart. Returned last day of May. The mail matter accumulated during my absence, made a considerable pile, and I have not been able to get through it yet; but yesterday I came upon your First Maine BUGLE, sent me, it seems in Jan. last, by date of your letter accompanying it. I am much pleased with it. Never have seen a copy before. Anything relating to the First Maine Cavalry is always intensely interesting.

Enclosed is check for one year's subscription to the BUGLE, \$1. And I infer from the words "Campaign 111," that it has been issued three years. Please send me, if my conjecture is correct, all the back numbers; and I want also Tobie's History First Maine Cavalry, (which I have never seen) with full illustrations. On receipt of which, with your bill of same, I will send check. What a debt the State and the United States owe to the Maine Cavalry and the Maine Artillery.

Very truly yours,

D. D. STEWART.

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Wednesday, August 23d, 1893.

A Large Attendance Expected.

The First Maine Cavalry Association will hold their 22d Reunion at Peaks Island, Portland Harbor, Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1893.

Comrades will assemble at the boats of the Casco Bay Steamboat Co., Custom House Wharf, at 10 A. M., to take the boat for Greenwood Garden, Peaks Island, where headquarters will be established for the day.

Comrades who come later can take other boats which run every two hours to and from the Island.

Tickets covering transportation to and from Island, dinner, and evening entertainment, will be \$1.00; for sale by the Committee at the wharf, and at the Steamboat office. They can be obtained previous to date of Reunion, by mail, from the Committee.

Transportation over all Maine Roads at reduced rates by *presenting circular sent herewith*, or showing badge of the First Maine Cavalry Association.

Where full fare is charged, Major Thaxter, Committee on Transportation, will give certificates which will insure return within Maine limits.

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Business meeting will be called at 12 M., at Greenwood Garden. Shore dinner at 1.30 P. M. Evening entertainment at Bosworth Post Hall, Free Street, at 7.30 P. M. It is earnestly hoped that every Comrade who possibly can will attend this Reunion.

LERoy H. TOBIE,	} <i>Executive</i> <i>Committee.</i>
SIDNEY W. THAXTER,	
SAMUEL H. SHOREY,	
CALEB N. LANG,	
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FIRST MAINE CAVALRY BOYS IN NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

Comrade Roscoe R. Bangs gives notice that a Reunion of the "First of Maine" will be held at the State Encampment at Grand Island, Nebraska, August 31st, 1893, in the New England tent.

Eight Comrades have promised to attend and it is hoped and expected that all the members of the noted regiment, resident in the State, will answer to their names.

were marched into a small room in the upper part of some large building, so small we could hardly all lie down. We could get no water from the guard and of course nothing to eat. Some rebel deserters and men who would not enlist in the rebel army were confined in the next room. They handed some water to us through a small hole in the brick wall but could give us nothing to eat. We passed a tiresome night on the small and dirty floor. It rained during the night. Two of the boys sat up in the fire-place and the rain covered them with soot, and when they were pulled out by the legs in the morning they were a sight to behold.

As the day wore on a long line of rebel cavalry passed below our windows, each man leading an extra horse. Some of the boys hailed them and told them to give us some arms and horses and we would fight them for our liberty. One lean Johnny called to us, "If you are so full of fight how came you all up there?" This was a dead shot, and all the rebel troopers laughed, while we joined in. It was extremely tiresome, standing about all day in that small room, and we were glad when the order came to "fall in" again for another move. "You all wanted to go to Richmond, now you will go there sure," said one of the guards. Our guards on the train were two young men, or rather boys. They had no ill-will against us. They had enlisted because they were told that the Yankees were worse than brutes, and would destroy everything. We arrived at Richmond next day. We were searched and our names entered in the register of the flourishing Hotel Libby. We did not have much to be robbed of. I had only a box of Ayer's Pills and a volume of Cavalry Tactics. We had no blankets but were in the lightest marching order. There was but one prisoner in the room we were located in. There had been an exchange of prisoners a short time before our arrival. We were shown to the top floor where we were star boarders.

We had a fine view from the west window of our prison. The James river ran near its walls and a canal full of busy boats plied between us and the river. Beyond the river green fields, noble trees and some fine residences appeared. It made us

think of our own New England homes. Would we ever return to them again? The keepers removed the glass from the prison windows and nailed strips of boards across them. They very gently informed us that if we made one cut in these bars or in any other part of the room, all our knives would be taken from us. A stove was in one room and we burned what chips had been left behind by former occupants. The wind blew freely through the open windows and the first few days were chilly and damp.

A few other prisoners came in from West Virginia, having been captured after a hard fight. They had taken refuge in a small church and the Johnnies had to burn it to get the boys out. In a few days our army of pioneers from Chancellorsville came to Richmond; a large portion of them belonged to the Eleventh Army Corps and had been surprised by Stonewall Jackson while cooking their dinner. It was a sad sight for us. The streets were full of them and Libby prison was packed till we could hardly find room to lie down. The rest were sent to other places. We had the top floor, the width of the building and back to the partition wall, with windows on three sides. Packed as we were, we needed all the air we could get. We had two "meals" a day. The morning meal consisted of one-fourth loaf of baker's bread and a piece of boiled meat as large as two fingers of a man's hand. For supper we had some soup made of beans and sides of bacon boiled together. The bacon was bad, and the beans only parboiled. We chose sergeants to divide it, a one-gill dipperful to each man. There was no bread with this soup. This mixture made us sick and nearly every one had the diarrhœa. I only ate one cup of it, and from that on lived on one meal a day. We had to fall in to be counted each day, company front and six lines deep, and were cursed and thumped if we did not fall in quick. Any one too sick to stand up was carried out, we knew not where. Men would try to stand up so they could stay with us.

A servant of Captain Turner came in every day with a paper to sell for postage stamps; money could not buy it. Some of the boys had stamps hidden away in their clothes. The rebs

had tried to buy these stamps, but of course no one would have any, so they would send in the newspaper to find the stamps. We found no good news for us until one morning the paper contained the news of Stonewall Jackson's death. Then it was bedlam let loose. We cheered, howled and stamped, and forgot "where we were at" for a moment. Up came an officer and a guard, who faced us with ready muskets and demanded the cause of the cheering. No one could tell him, and we all stood defiant. He said he had a mind to fire on us, but after cursing us to his heart's content he retired. We fasted that day to punish us, but Jackson was dead! I could not keep my burned and sour cracker any longer, but had to eat it.

One day a guard came in for volunteers to go out to unload a canal boat of goods. We opposed it, but thirty men went out in hopes to be given some food. Some kind women sent their children with food for them, but the guards had orders not to let them have a mouthful. Capt. Turner said we "had enough to eat in the prison; it was giving aid and comfort to the enemy to feed us." When the poor tired boys came in and told us of it we resolved that if another man started to go out to work for the cursed rebels we would throw him out of the window. A call was made for men next day, but not a man moved.

The cavalry boys kept together and did the best we could to pass the time. The vermin over-ran us—it was kill, kill! We have sat undressed an hour at a time and killed them as they charged on us. There was one man sixty-five years old, from Col. Mulligan's regiment, who had his shoes taken from him and walked barefoot many weary miles on his way to prison, and his feet were so raw he could not walk for some days. He swore he would get even with the rebels, and I hope he did. Lieut. Andrews was not confined with us. One happy day we were ordered to fall in. We were to be paroled! If we had been told we were to go to heaven I do not think we would have been one-half so happy. We were formed in a long line in the street and a piece of bread and meat given us. We were asked by many if we would again fight for the "Lincoln government." I think every one said he would fight until the end.

Women and children offered us food. Some were so fortunate as to get a lunch, but the long line of guards had orders to keep the crowd back. Some rebel officers talked kindly to us about the war, but said they expected to win. We finally marched towards Petersburg. As night came on a heavy thunder shower burst on us. It was so dark we couldn't see each other. We fell down and many fell in the ditches. We were passing through a dense wood, when word was passed from one to another to scatter in the timber. In a moment we ran and tumbled down among the trees. The rebs ran about to rout us out, but we would not move. We passed the night in a pouring rain and next morning we marched on. Our old shoes became filled with the fine sand and water, and every step was torture. We passed through Petersburg, and here again many women and children tried to feed us, but guards lined the streets to prevent it, though some few did grab some of the food. Some of the guards said they dared not let us take anything, for Capt. Turner would punish them. We had nothing to eat all that day. We marched on towards City Point, a long line of wretched stragglers. Every man who gave out was carried back. I shall never forget that march. My feet were blistered and worn by the sand till each step was like walking on fire. Timothy Richardson, who enlisted with me, said he could go no farther, but I encouraged him, and by leading him we finally came to the high bank above the wharf at City Point. There lay the steamer James Spaulding with our glorious flag above her. We sat on the bank until the last soldier went on board before we could muster spirit enough to crawl down to the steamer. *We were free*, and under our own loved flag again!

We sailed for Annapolis, where after a short stay, we were ordered to "Parole Camp" near Fort Ellsworth, opposite Washington. It was a long time before my feet were entirely well. Corporal N. B. Catland of Co. B died soon after our arrival at "Parole Camp" from the effects of his imprisonment. We were exchanged in time to meet Gen. Lee and his determined advance on Washington that summer.

The First Cavalry Battle at Kelly's Ford, Va.

BY MAJ. FRANK W. HESS, U. S. ARMY AND THIRD PA. CAV.

(Concluded.)

After a short delay, in which his front was cleared of the wounded of both sides and his regiments formed again, Gen. Averell moved forward his whole command and soon met the fire from Lee's battery of four guns. These guns were well served, and their projectiles were very annoying. Firing sometimes at a single squadron advancing, they very frequently knocked out a horse or man. The firing from our own battery was discouraging, as the ammunition was of very poor quality and the fuses thoroughly unreliable. Prisoners captured in the last charge informed us that Stuart himself, with his chief of artillery, was on the field, and from this we had reason to believe that more than Fitz Lee's brigade would soon be before us. It afterward transpired that Stuart and Pelham were accidentally there. Unfortunately for the artillery of the confederacy, the brave Pelham did not leave the field alive.

As we advanced it was discovered that their cavalry had been formed in line on both sides of their battery, and their sharpshooters opened on us again with effect. It was now found necessary by Gen. Averell to extend his line farther to the left, and to this part of it was sent the Fifth United States Cavalry, until this time held in reserve. The enemy's front was again masked by his sharpshooters, deployed in a heavy line, and they soon commenced advancing and firing rapidly, while his battery of four guns seemed to redouble its energies. Under cover of this he was seen moving forward his main line and preparing for a charge with a very large part of his command. Our whole front at this time was assailable at any point by a charge, and as the enemy's long lines moved forward all felt that the great struggle of the day was about to commence.

He led off with his left wing, heading for the center of our right wing, and at a gentle trot swept down a slope at the foot of which ran a stream that now separated us. Crossing this and forming again, he pressed forward, directing his course on the three squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had been posted on the outer edge of a small wood. The fields in front of these squadrons, through which the charging column was now coming, were heavy, and the horses were sinking from hoof to fetlock deep, and the whole Union line halted to await the attack. In the squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania the front rank had advanced carbines, and the rear rank had drawn their sabers. The men were cautioned to reserve their fire, and await the approach of the enemy that it might be more effective. On came the confederates, but the soft ground, a scattering fire from some squadrons of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, which I think was on the right of the Third, and the steadiness of the troops in their front, who stood like a wall, all contributed to destroy the vim and enthusiasm of this charge.

Before arriving within a hundred yards of its objective, the charging column had lost its momentum, and commenced sifting to pieces. More than half had halted, or were proceeding in a half-hearted sort of way, and a few only of the most daring spirits, on the best horses, arrived within from twenty-five to fifty yards of the objective. Now it was that the volleys from the front rank of the Third were given with terrible effect, and of which, says the *Richmond Whig*, in an issue of a few days after the event, "There were men in our lines who were engaged at Malvern Hill, at Gaine's Mills, in many of Jackson's battles, and with one accord they say that they never passed through such a fearful fire as thinned our ranks in that charge." As this was the fire of cavalry mounted, and from the ordinary Sharp's carbine, not a magazine arm, it is presumable that the effect is overstated. The article from the *Whig*, however, goes to show that the efforts of our men were fully appreciated by the enemy. As soon as Gen. Averell had perceived that it was the purpose of the enemy to charge on this part of the line, he hurried up Reno's command—the First United States Cavalry

—it having been in reserve until this moment, and placed it in position some distance—about one hundred yards—to the left of and slightly in advance of the Third Pennsylvania, with the intention of making a counter-charge on the right flank of the enemy's column, as soon as he had made contact with that regiment.

It is necessary here to explain that previous to this and on the first field after crossing the river, some of Averell's people, as before intimated, too anxious to flesh their maiden sabers, and swayed by the intoxicating enthusiasm of "thundering hoofs," had indulged in some unauthorized charging, which drew from the division commander a very emphatic order, that troops once assigned a position in line, would, under no circumstances, leave it without orders from himself or some one designated by him as competent to give such orders. This order prevented the Third Pennsylvania from charging at the moment the enemy had exhausted himself. To show how difficult it was to obey this order literally, as required, it is only necessary to state that individual officers and men rode forward into the ranks of the confederates and engaged in hand-to-hand contests. Had this charge, composed of the First, Third and Fifth Virginia Cavalry, been delivered, as seemed inevitable when it started, both from its wild cheering and the numbers in the column, and not have ended surprisingly "in air," Reno would have been precisely in the right position to have prevented them, after having been broken on the troops in their front, from retiring to form again, and with the Third and Fourth Pennsylvania, which were on its right and rear, the field would have been cleared and these organizations lost to the confederacy. But the abortive effort of the enemy to reach our line in the face of the withering fire of the Third Pennsylvania rendered the preparations being made for the counter-charge of no avail. The order for the Third Pennsylvania to charge now came, and carbines were dropped and sabres drawn, and the enemy were driven entirely from the field, numbers being captured and wounded.

While the events narrated above were happening, the right of the center, the Fifth United States Cavalry, under Walker,

was pushing forward on the extreme left as rapidly as the deep ditches which traversed the fields here would permit, driving back a strong mounted skirmish-line. Lee now, with his other two regiments (the Second and Fourth Virginia), estimated by our officers at seven or eight hundred (we are told by Maj. McClellan that these two regiments were stronger than the other three), charged on Averell's left, the objective being the battery which was hurrying into position. Prisoners captured from this column stated that the charge was led by Gen. Stuart in person. It was better managed than that on the right, and was driven nearer home. It was gallantly met by the Fifth Regulars, the Sixth Ohio, and by Reno, with his squadrons of the First United States, and repulsed with severe loss to the enemy, who was now driven from this his third position at all points. Reno, with the reserves, did not return to the line at all, but reached a point nearly one mile in advance, where he was joined by the whole command. From this point there was no enemy visible, except flying detachments and two guns.

This left Gen. Averell's command victorious at all points. Not a foot of ground once gained had been yielded by any part of his line. No pursuit could have been effectual. Undoubtedly this command could have gone to Culpeper without serious opposition. But why should it? Lee, who was the true objective, could easily have kept out of the way. The full result hoped for in this expedition across the river, on the enemy's own ground, had been realized. The confederate cavalry had been met with about equal force on a field well known to him, but strange to us, and had been driven from it. To reach him the Union cavalry had effected the crossing of a deep and rapid stream in the face of most formidable obstructions and determined opposition by the enemy. Being an isolated enterprise of a single small cavalry division, whose horses had been weakened by an arduous and engrossing picket duty throughout the winter, and unsupported on this occasion by any co-operation of the army, from which it was separated by a distance of over thirty miles, with a dangerous river between, it is difficult to imagine any sense of duty which would have prompted its com-

mander to have gone farther. It was now 5:30 o'clock; not much of daylight was left. The horses having marched thirty miles over heavy roads the day previous, and seven miles the morning before the action commenced, and after that having been engaged directly with the enemy or in support, making many charges, and rapidly shifting from place to place on the field over soft ground, were much fagged. Reno remained at the farthest point reached by our people, without being assailed by the enemy, and until the field was cleared. The prisoners and wounded were carried across the river and the dead were buried. There were two officers so badly wounded that they could not be taken from the field, and they were left at a farmhouse with a surgeon and some medical supplies. I have since been told by Gen. Averell that he left the bag of coffee for Gen. Lee, with the following note:

"DEAR FITZ: Here's your coffee. How is your horse?"

AVERELL."

The whole division retired across the river that evening without molestation, and encamped at Morrisville, and on the following day returned to the army, bringing with it an experience which thrilled the country and assured the cavalry arm of the service that the days of unjust criticism of its operations had come to an end. The most substantial result of this fight was the feeling of confidence in its own ability which the volunteer cavalry gained. This feeling was not confined to the regiments engaged, but was imparted to the whole of our cavalry. The esprit de corps and morale were greatly benefited. Kelly's Ford was the making of our cavalry. The effect was apparent, too, upon the confederates, for they also had been taught a lesson, and from this time until the end of the war the prowess of their antagonists was, to put it mildly, held in high esteem. The engagements which followed each other in rapid succession during the summer of this year—Brandy Station, Aldie, Upperville, Middleburg, the work on the right flank at Gettysburg, the fights at Boonsboro, Williamsport and Shepherdstown—all go to prove the correctness of this deduction. The troops engaged on the side of the confederates have already been named. The Union

troops consisted of parts of the following regiments, organized temporarily for tactical purposes into three brigades, as follows: First Brigade (Col. Duffie), First Rhode Island, Fourth New York, Sixth Ohio; Second Brigade (Col. McIntosh), Third, Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania; Reserve Brigade (Capt. Reno), portions of the First and Fifth United States Cavalry, and Martin's (New York) Horse battery, commanded by Lieut. Brown. All told, 2,100 men. The losses as reported, and now recorded in Vol. XXV., Official Records of the Rebellion, were as follows:

Confederates:			
	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.
Officers.....	3	11	1
Men.....	8	77	33
Total killed, wounded and captured.....			133
Horses.....	71	87	12
Union troops:			
	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured.
Officers.....	1	12	2
Men.....	5	38	20
Total killed, wounded and missing.....			78
Horses, no report; loss small, except at the fordings.			

The loss at the ford was, killed, two men: wounded, three officers and five men, and fifteen horses killed or so badly wounded as to be of no use.

As showing the humane feeling which often actuated the leaders on both sides, it may be interesting to state that when the two cavalry officers who were left on the field had sufficiently recovered to permit of their removal, Gen. Fitz Lee sent a flag of truce to Averell's picket-line, saying: "Your two officers are well enough to go home where they ought to be. Send an ambulance to Kelly's and you can have them." This was done and the officers went to their homes. It must also be remarked that of the three officers left behind by Lee in his raid on Averell's pickets a few weeks before, two of them died and were placed in coffins and sent under flag of truce across the lines, and the other one recovered and was sent to Camp Chase.

Maj. H. B. McClellan, in the "Life and Campaigns of Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart," devotes over twelve pages to a description of this contest. When we consider that from his standpoint it seemed but a slight affair, and an utter failure on the part of the Union troops engaged, the undue prominence given it, as well as his manner of treating it, gives rise to the suspicion that he feels under some compulsion to explain away the result. As his work is one of the most important contributions to the history of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia that has yet made its appearance, his deductions skillfully drawn, his facts forcibly stated, the literary style and general character of his book such as to give it a place in most public libraries, I have felt that it will not be well to allow his statements to go unchallenged where they appear to me to be incorrect.

Gen. Averell in his official report to his chief of this affair, says: "From what I had learned of Lee's position, and from what I knew of his character, I expected him to meet me on the road to his camp." This seems to have been construed as a slur on Gen. Lee by the author of the sentence, and is frequently quoted and paraded by Maj. McClellan, who exhibits a feeling in his account of this battle which one does not expect to find in the work of an impartial historian. However this may be, something seems to have occurred that has awakened the ire of this writer, and he proceeds to roundly berate Gen. Averell and to belittle his conduct of this affair. He claims that Fitz Lee's command that day, exclusive of the battery, consisted of only eight hundred men. If this be so they were handled in a manner to leave the impression on the minds of their adversaries that there were at least twice as many. This, in itself, would be an eloquent commentary on Fitz Lee's generalship. A participator in that fight, an experienced and cool-headed officer, remarks that it was the "most numerous eight hundred I ever saw."

Gen. Lee in his report does not state his own strength, though he is careful to state that of his adversary at, in round numbers, just one thousand more than he had. Maj. Davis, now in charge of the War Record Office, has kindly made diligent search for,

but has failed to find, any report from this brigade that gives the number of men in it at this precise date. This is unfortunate. The only mention made of the number of men he had occurs in the last sentence of Gen. Stuart's report to Gen. R. E. Lee, forwarding that of Fitz Lee. In the very last sentence he states it to be "less than eight hundred." This estimate may not be exact, and probably was carelessly made; but on account of the prominence of its distinguished author, it seems about to be passing unchallenged into history. It is, however, open to grave suspicion, since it is a part of the same report that contains such glaring inaccuracies as this: "The defeat was decided, and the enemy, broken and demoralized, retired under cover of darkness to his place of refuge (the main army), having abandoned in defeat an expedition undertaken with boasting and vainglorious demonstration." The quotation is verbatim.

All agree that five regiments and a four-gun battery were there. It is said that four squadrons were on picket duty and were not in the fight. Deducting eight companies from fifty, the number in five regiments, there would remain forty-two. Eight hundred men in forty-two troops would mean nineteen men only to each troop. On other occasions not remote from this period, these organizations were found to contain forty and fifty men per troop. In his Chancellorsville address, referring to the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Fitz Lee states that his brigade, which was composed of these same organizations, numbered fifteen hundred men. This information was obtained from his monthly return for March 31, 1863, fourteen days after Kelly's Ford. (See also note on page 225 of Maj. McClellan's book.) Subtracting the losses at Kelly's Ford from the supposed "less than eight hundred"—one hundred and thirty-three officers and men and one hundred and seventy horses—we perceive that there must have been an unusual recruitment in these few days. In the light of the above, before the numbers given by Stuart can be received as even approximately correct, some explanation of this extraordinary condition of numerical demoralization should certainly be given. The four squadrons on

picket are the only absentees which Fitz Lee pretends to account for.

There are many statements in the account given by Maj. McClellan of this fight, which are not corroborated by the recollections of others who were there, and these others are not confined solely to the men who rode under the National colors that day. On page 207 he gives prominence to Fitz Lee's statement that there were but eleven or twelve men in the rifle-pits at the fording during the contest for it, and, later on, on page 217, he admits that twenty-five men were captured there. These men were all taken while running from the pits to their horses in rear, and were captured by mounted men, who saw many others escaping.

For the following letter from the confederate officer who commanded there that morning, I am indebted to Lieut. J. B. Cook's little brochure on Kelly's Ford, published by the Soldiers and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island, at Providence, R. I. It is in reply to a letter addressed to him by Capt. Bliss, First Rhode Island Cavalry, asking for his recollections about the matter. In view of the statements made therein, Gen. Averell's estimate in his official report of the battle—eighty sharpshooters—is a very modest one, and harmonizes well with the truthful and unpretending character of that whole document, which, to be fully appreciated, should be compared with the rhetorical and flamboyant efforts of his antagonists of that day:

BUCKINGHAM COURTHOUSE, VA., June 22d, 1866.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: Your letter of the twentieth instant is just received and I hasten to reply. As I stated to you some time ago, I am dependent almost entirely on memory as to occurrences which took place during the war, having lost all my papers about the time of the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. My memory now is that I carried with me to Kelly's Ford, on the morning of the seventeenth of March, 1863, about ninety men; that I left as a guard with the horses in the edge of the wood, about one-half mile back from the ford, on the road to Brandy Station, five men, taking with me eighty-five to the rifle-pits near the ford. Capt. Breckinridge was already in position, giving me no opportunity to find out his force, and I do not remember what force he officially reported, but am sure he must have had sixty men with him, making in all one hundred and forty-five men. Capt. Breckinridge stated before the Court of Inquiry that he did not fire, being short of ammunition, so all the execution that was done was due to me. I have often wondered how it was that I could have missed the gray horse (referring to Lieut. Brown's), as I fired at him more

than at his rider, feeling sure that if I brought him down the rider would be helpless; besides, the rider had challenged my admiration by his courageous bearing under the trying circumstances. * * * The charge on your part was a gallant one, for few regiments would have undertaken it under the heavy fire that was poured upon them that cold morning.

Very truly your friend,

WM. A. MOSS,
Captain Co. K, 4th Va. Cav.

To CAPT. GEORGE N. BLISS, Providence, R. I.

This letter speaks for itself, and may be useful in establishing facts, inferentially at least, which seem hard to get at in a manner more direct. Let us see; this officer was a captain, and the record of the day shows that there were field officers with that regiment. He therefore most probably had a captain's command only, which, at most, would have been a squadron of two troops, and these, it seems, he "carried" with him to the ford and got eighty-five of them in the rifle-pits, finding, on his arrival there, another command consisting of not less than sixty men. If horseholders from this squadron had been left in rear, in the manner prescribed in the drill-book, as is intimated on page two hundred and seven of Maj. McClellan's book, then this squadron had eighty men in it. Here we have two squadrons of eighty and ninety men respectively, forty and forty-five men to the troop, which is about the average number found present for duty mounted, except at the end of severe campaigns. Let us be generous and assume that there were but forty men (average) to the troop throughout the brigade, and we have forty times forty-two, which equals sixteen hundred and eighty men. This comports with the estimates that day made by the most conservative of Gen. Averell's officers. If Gen. Lee's command was so abnormally reduced on this occasion, it is remarkable that he should have made no mention of it in a report which bears the marks of carefulness in its preparation. This is especially so when we consider that it would have been the very best excuse he could have made to his chief for the ground he lost that day, and for his failure to attempt the punishment of his assailants when he ceased his pursuit of him and withdrew across the river.

Page two hundred and ten: "The regiment (Third Virginia) swept down the line of stone fence which separated them from

the enemy in the wood beyond, delivering the fire of their pistols. The enemy's line wavered throughout its length and the utmost exertions of the federal officers were required to keep their men from flight. But no outlet through the stone fence could be found, and the regiment turned across the field to its left and moved down toward Wheatley's ice-house." It is hoped its reception here was as cool as it had been warm when going in the opposite direction. No officer in that column had, at that time, or has had since, a suspicion of this "waving" or attempt at "flight." If the major is not laboring under a misapprehension about this, it strikes me that this would have been a good time for his regiment to have stopped its sweeping by halting and pouring its pistol-fire across the fence.

A line which is "waving throughout" is easily assisted to flight. But we are led to presume, throughout this account, that it was not the Yankee horsemen who gave Maj. McClellan's friends any uneasiness that day. It was the fences, stone and other, with which the Union commander persistently kept himself surrounded. Had he not at this moment had his fence with him we may presume that there would not have been left enough of the "certainly not less than three thousand horsemen with a battery" (see Fitz Lee's Report, Volume twenty-five, page sixty, Official Records) for the remainder of this terrible eight hundred to have made a light lunch of. A few moments later the First Rhode Island and Sixth Ohio moved through a wide opening in this same fence into the field through which Maj. McClellan's friends had been wildly cavorting, and, forming line, proceeded to charge and rout another column which came from the same direction as did the last. The major's friends may have been so preoccupied in looking for the "waving" which did not materialize, that they could not perceive the broken wall which was certainly there.

The last we "Yanks" saw of them they were not engaged in looking for a hole in that wall. It seemed to us to be a case similar to that of the young bear hunter, who gave as an excuse for quitting the trail he had been following, that it was getting too fresh. Of this charge Lieut. J. B. Cook, previously quoted

from, says: "The First Rhode Island Cavalry went at them with a will, led by Capt. Gould. They retreated in disorder, hardly waiting to feel the saber, pursued by the First Rhode Island with great spirit, which took many prisoners, among them being Maj. Breckinridge, a cousin of the ex-vice president of the United States, who was captured by Lieut. Fales."

Page two hundred and twelve; "It should not be forgotten that all this fighting occurred in the vicinity of Kelly's Ford." Though Maj. McClellan may not have intended it, this is misleading. The map opposite page two hundred and seven in his own book shows by the scale that Lee's last position was fully three miles from where the fighting commenced, and his artillery was still half a mile further back.

Page two hundred and thirteen. He says, after describing a charge of Lee's whole line, the last charge he made, in which he states no reserve was kept to rally on: "A year later in the war Lee would hardly have ventured on such a charge." This is perhaps true, and he might have added that a year later he and Stuart would hardly have ventured to make just such reports as they did of this little battle. In his criticisms of the Union general's conduct of this affair, there is a hostility and temper shown, the cause of which is difficult to comprehend. Our author becomes absolutely spiteful at times, and presents the singular anomaly of one of the parties to a "difficulty," retiring from the arena whipped, but muttering imprecations on the successful party for not beating him more thoroughly.

Listen to him: "We cannot excuse Gen. Averell's conduct. He ought to have gone to Culpepper Courthouse;" and again, "Now, indeed, there was a chance for Gen. Averell to rout or destroy Fitz Lee's brigade;" and, "He had a large force in reserve, and two fresh regiments, one on either side of the road, could have swept that field beyond the hope of recovery." Wherefore? It was already beyond that. It was not recovered. It was presented to them. Averell had no further use for it, and when he went home he left it there.

The difficulties with which information of the strength and position of the enemy in a community where all residents are

his friends, is obtained, has been previously remarked, and the statement has been made that for such information we had to rely almost wholly on personal observations. Military operations are based on the best obtainable information. This is often misleading. When the scouts and pickets of an expedition into the enemy's country—they are the general's eyes and ears—report that drums have been heard beating, there are two most probable inferences for him to draw: One, that infantry is in the vicinity; the other, that the information is false. When the night patrols or pickets report that large campfires have been seen where the general knew that no camps existed but a day or two previous, the report is worthy of consideration, and suggests the possibility of increased strength. That the enemy should have had a brigade or more of infantry at Culpeper, or on the railroad between that and the bridge over the Rappahannock, would not have been wonderful.

If such an impression had taken possession of Gen. Averell's mind, in view of the reports that had been made to him, he would have been blameless. Whatever his opinion on this subject may have been, it did not affect his action that day, as it has been seen that he accomplished satisfactorily the only purpose he had in view. Gen. Stuart's reports and orders on the occasion, and Maj. McClellan's description of the affair lead one to suppose that they thought Averell's purpose to have been to crush the entire rebellion and put an end to the war. That is a mistake; he only meant to defeat Fitz Lee if he could, and that he did. The running of cars on the railroad was heard by many, and Gen. Lee has said since that it was done by his order to create the impression that help was coming to his side. It is more than hinted that he may have deemed this quite as necessary to cheer his own men as to demoralize Averell's.

Maj. McClellan's experience as a staff officer during a war which engrossed the attention of the civilized world for more than four years must have familiarized him with the uncertainty of information obtained on a battlefield. In the vicinity of the chiefs the air is laden with rumors. Every particle of information gathered on any part of the lines, or by patrols or scouts

in the neighborhood, is hurried to these points. To quickly sift the grains of truth from the chaff of rumor and exaggeration is the most difficult task for the generals and their advisors. To do this without error always, to draw rapid conclusions, formulate and give the proper orders is not possible for even the greatest.

Maj. McClellan therefore does himself injustice when on page two hundred and sixteen, referring to Gen. Averell's report, he rings all the changes in startling italics on "*imaginary drums beating retreat and tattoo. * * * Imaginary earthworks and rifle-pits which could not be easily turned. * * * Imaginary infantry * * * seen at a distance to my right moving towards my rear. Imaginary cars heard running on the road in rear of the enemy, probably bringing up reinforcements,*" etc.

Hostile criticisms on military operations in the light of subsequently-obtained information, or under the glare of that which could not possibly have been in the possession of the commander criticised are not, as a rule, damaging. It is rare in war that the commander of the attacking forces knows all that would be interesting to him about the defense, and vice versa. Even at this late day I fail to perceive what good purpose could have been gained by further pursuit. Lee's horses were quite as fresh as Averell's, and he could have kept out of the way indefinitely.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, a letter received from the secretary of the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association informs me of the death of the gallant Browne, who led his platoon across the river in the face of the terrible fire from the confederate rifle-pits. He was wounded in the night attack on his regiment at Middleburg, Va., seventeenth of June, that year, so severely that he never fully recovered. He has been "mustered in" to the army of the great majority, where, according to the beautiful conceit of the old Northmen, as given to us by John Hay

"A chosen corps, they are marching on;
In a wider field than ours
These bright battalions still fulfill
The scheme of the heavenly powers.

And high, brave thoughts float down to us
 In the echoes of that far fight,
 Like the flash of a gistant picket's guns
 Through the shades of the severing night.
 No fear for them! in our lower field
 Let us toil with arms unstained,
 That at last we be worthy to stand with them
 On the shining heights they've gained.
 We shall meet and greet in closing ranks
 In Time's declining sun,
 When the bugles of God shall sound recall
 And the battle of Life be won."

John P. Kelly.

BY REV. F. DENISON.

(During the war, Rev. Frederic Denison, Chaplain First Rhode Island Cavalry, was brought in contact, officially, with John P. Kelly, owner of the land adjacent to Kelly's Ford, and thus tells the story of the visit in verse.—ED.)

How fact than fancy is more strange
 Is often shown in history's range;
 That human expectations fail
 And brighter laws than man's prevail.
 In Pope's campaign we held the van
 From Bull Run to the Rapidan;
 Our sabers bright and drawn en route,
 Prepared for onset or pursuit.
 We found a planter at the Ford
 Who ranked as a Virginian lord;
 Once holding eighty slaves; a claim
 Which gave him envied southern fame.
 Lord of plantations rich and large
 Along the Rappahannock's marge;
 With mills for weaving negro cloth
 Too tough for tooth of meanest moth.
 He numbered one and eighty years
 And so outlived his lordly peers;
 And ah! how changed was all to him
 Now sick at heart and lame of limb.
 The war had trod down his estate
 And left him poor and desolate;
 Twice through his lands confederate arms
 Had swept with ruin and alarms.

His looms they had to Richmond borne,
And rifled all his cribs of corn;
But what was worse, his negroes fled
And left the old man nearly dead.

We found him groaning in his home
Awaiting his impending doom;
And, talking of his former years,
He broke into a flood of tears;

And prayed that we would interpose
To shield him from all further woes,
That he, at last, full shrived, might die
And quiet 'neath the daisies lie.

His mansion, nigh the river bank,
Still bore the marks of former rank,
When hospitality and pride
Were with the lordly roof allied.

That Ford became a battle-scene
Of hot and sanguinary mien,
When forward charged the Union Stars
And backward fell Rebellion's Bars.

Six times his lands, by armies trod,
Bore proof of plunder and of blood;
And all the country wailed, too late,
Secession's just and humbling fate.

The old man lived to woeful reap
What he had sown, and bitter weep
The ponderous, swift and fated stroke
That he, once proud, had helped provoke.

He found that wrong changed not to right
However for it men might fight;
And learned that God had made decree
For brotherhood and liberty.

In him what analogue we see
Of Slavery's confederacy,
That built its fortunes upon slaves
And found its destiny in graves.

Ye lords of proud Virginia
Who aimed our nation's life to mar,
Of treason's fate ye proved the types;
Ye saw law's Stars and felt her Stripes.

The Country For Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.—THROUGH NEVADA, UTAH, AND COLORADO.

On the morning of Wednesday, June 15th, Ed and I awoke in a sleeper on the Southern Pacific Railroad, near Truckee—up in the mountains—and had a fine ride in the early morning amidst the ever-varying mountain scenery, with abundance of vegetation all around, until we reached Reno. Then we settled down in the expectation of a long, dull, dreary ride, for we had been kindly warned, at Riverside and elsewhere, by those who had been over the road, that there was “nothing to see between Reno and Ogden,” and that the ride would be very tedious. We did not find it so, however. To be sure, the mountains were not so grand, the peaks were not so lofty, the valleys were not so fertile, and really there was not so much to see, as on some portions of the trip, but all was new and strange, and we did not get lonesome even there. We wound around hills all day, with a goodly variety of scenery—some desert and some fertile land, and with no dearth of incident or of chat with fellow travellers. So we enjoyed this ride, but I found the same difficulty that I had experienced on the outward trip, viz.: a lack of guide book or companion who could answer the many questions which came into mind in going through even this so-called uninteresting portion of our great country. Simple questions they may have been, would have been to the experienced traveller, but the answers thereto would have made my ride that day more enjoyable. At Battle Mountain, along in the afternoon, we had an experience of which we had often read but never before realized. As the train stopped, a tramp crawled out from under the car, where he had been riding—stealing a ride—since morning. He said he got on at

CLIFF DWELLERS.

Reno, and that he meant to go to Ogden, and on that train. As we glanced under the car, and saw where he had to crawl and in what cramped quarters he had to ride, I concluded that if he had the nerve to ride there he ought to go through to Ogden, and many of our party evidently thought so too, for there was a quite general desire to encourage and even to help him. Money was given him with which to get a lunch and many kind words were said to him. How much of this was due to his pluck, and how much to the feeling that we were assisting some one to beat a railroad company, every one must judge for himself—there is human nature in either theory. I did not see him get under the car again but as we left the station he was nowhere to be seen, and I have not yet recovered from the hope that he did get through. We could see snow on the mountains in the distance all day, and in the afternoon, when we came nearer, the snow looked more like snow and less like white rocks. In the afternoon, also, we had a fine ride along the Humboldt river, where we saw some good grazing country. We got sight of a few scraggly-looking Indians during the day—much less noble-looking than their brothers in New Mexico and Arizona, if that were possible—certainly the poorest specimens of humanity we saw anywhere. We had also a forcible reminder of the wild life in that part of Uncle Sam's domain, at Carlin, where were posted, by the road side, just before reaching and just after leaving the station, signs bearing the writing, "Vigilance Committee at Carlin, so Beware." Then in the afternoon we had some of the "unprecedented weather" in the shape of rain, which was most welcome, and later in the day saw signs of heavy rain, the river being very high and the ground very wet.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Thursday morning we reached Ogden, where we bade good-bye to the Southern Pacific Railroad, with thanks for our safe transportation and with the pleasantest memories of our miles of travel over that road, and took the train on the Rio Grande Western Railroad for Salt Lake City, where we arrived after an

hour's ride. Here we spent the day, and an interesting day it was. Salt Lake City was a disappointment and a revelation. Six years before I had visited this city, and at that time I thought it was the most beautiful, most restful city I had seen. With its wide streets, clean and well-kept, with the running brook of clean water in every street, with its cozy, white dwellings, green lawns, gardens and orchards, with the evidences of thrift everywhere, with that sense of completeness which everything seemed to have, and with the look of peace and quiet over all, the city was a cordial invitation to stop and rest awhile. There were no public improvements in process, no streets were torn up for sewer, water, or other pipes or for railroad tracks, no buildings were in process of construction, but everything seemed to be finished, and the city completed for all time. It was beautiful everywhere, with a promise of always remaining so. There were no street cars, none of the fussy, so-called "modern improvements" but all was quiet—refreshingly quiet after a season of travel. Aside from its many points of interest, it was one of the pleasantest places to visit and to stop in. At that time the city was under Mormon control, and improvements were out of the question. At this last visit things had changed—wonderfully changed—and hence the disappointment. The Gentiles had obtained control of the city, and the spirit of modern progress was visible on every hand. Large business blocks had been erected and others were in process of erection; more than three-score miles of electric railways had been constructed and were in operation; extensive city and county buildings were partially finished; there were hurry and bustle everywhere; and the quaint, quiet, finished town had become a hustling, growing "booming" city. As an instance of its rapid growth, it is stated that the assessed value of property sprang from sixteen million dollars in 1889 to fifty-four million dollars in 1890; that seven banks were founded in 1890; and that six million dollars were invested in new buildings and additions to old ones in that same year. This tells its own story—the story of Gentile control. The city is "booming" wonderfully, but has lost its old-time restfulness and quiet; hence the disappointment and the revelation.

MORMON POINTS.

But we found much to occupy our attention and interest during this visit. We looked with a feeling akin to awe, at the famous Mormon Temple, as we thought of the thirty-seven years of labor which had been given to it—of the patience and religious energy of the builders—of the bringing of the greater portion of its snow-white granite from the quarry, fourteen miles away, with ox team, each team carrying one stone and being two days on the journey each way in accordance with the Biblical day's journey—of the faith which had kept this labor continuing for so many years. This temple has since been finished and dedicated, but when we were there a year ago still needed some inside finish. Unfortunately for us, the work of taking down the staging had begun, so we were prevented from climbing to the top and from there obtaining a view of the surrounding country. We visited the Tabernacle, one of the architectural curiosities of the world—a building capable of seating thirteen thousand people under a single arch without a supporting pillar or post—the largest arch roof in the world with a single exception. We found there a kindly-disposed Mormon in charge, who pleasantly answered our questions, told us much about the building, and showed enough of the Gentile spirit to try to sell us photographs of Mormon buildings and books of Mormon doctrine. At his suggestion we went to the further end of the immense room, more than two hundred feet away, where we could distinctly hear his lightest whisper, and he heard and answered our whispers, and where we could hear a pin drop, such are the marvellous acoustic properties of this building. We looked with interest at Brigham Young's residence, or rather the residences of his extensive family, and paid a visit to his private graveyard. Perhaps neither of us dropped a tear over his grave, but we gazed at it respectfully, as we did also at the graves of six of his wives, who are buried near him. We found here a Mormon whose speech proclaimed his German ancestry, who took pleasure in answering our many questions, some of which may have seemed to him to be lightly asked, though we tried not to be disrespectful, as we were endeavoring

to learn what we could about the manners and customs of this strange people. And we found him an intelligent and willing informant. He was shrewd, too, and managed once or twice in the course of conversation, to get in a good "shot" at some of the customs of people who are not Mormons.

SKIRMISH DRILL.

We took a ride out to Fort Douglas, some three miles away, at the base of the mountain, going by the electric railroad. This gave us several good views of the city, and of the great Salt Lake in the distance, so the ride was an enjoyable one. On arriving at the fort, I had one of the finest experiences of the whole trip—an experience which called up old memories wonderfully, which would have called up old memories for you, comrades. Connected with the fort were two companies of Indians, and one of these companies was having a skirmish drill with ball cartridges. I watched them with more than ordinary interest. The targets were but a little distance from where we stood, and we could see that the red men were doing some very good shooting. They were pretty well drilled, and advanced firing and fell back firing, just as you, comrades, did on many a field. I failed to see that they, although "regulars" and under daily drill, kept any better line than you used to, or obeyed orders any more promptly. But they were as earnest in their work as though they had an enemy in their front, and I considered it very fortunate that we visited the fort in time to witness this drill. These were the only Indians we saw during the whole trip for whom we could get up any enthusiasm. A little further along was a company of white soldiers firing by volley at a target one thousand yards away, and we could see that they too, were doing good work, but had less interest in that than in the skirmish drill.

BATHING IN SALT LAKE.

Of course we visited the great Salt Lake and took a bath therein. Otherwise our visit to Salt Lake city would have been a lamentable failure. This was an experience such as one

can get nowhere else in the wide world. We did not swim in the lake—that is simply impossible for the ordinary swimmer. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is impossible to sink, and head and feet stick out of the water at the same time. Consequently the moment one attempts to swim he finds it necessary to put forth so much force to keep his feet under water to have the water to push against, that he has little force left with which to push. But one can float there all day. It is a saying that one cannot drown in Salt Lake, but one may strangle. I know this is true. At least I know one cannot sink in the clear water, and I also know that the water is fearful to get into the mouth, and I have no doubt that a very few mouthfuls would strangle one to death. We found many—gentlemen and ladies—in bathing, and having all sorts of fun in the strange bath. All went where they chose, without paying any attention to the matter of depth, only being careful to keep the water out of the mouth, and they floated and paddled around with perfect freedom and safety. Lying on the water, even walking on the water, is no miracle at Salt Lake. We sported around in it to our hearts' content, and then had a season of watching others. Then we wrote down the visit to the great Salt Lake as one of the wonderful experiences of the trip. The following description of bathing in this lake tells the story better than I can tell it:

“A first bath in it is always as good as a circus, the bather being his or her own amusing trick mule. The human body will not and can not sink in it. You can walk out in it where it is fifty feet deep, and your body will stick up out of it like a fishing cork from the shoulders upward. You can sit down in it perfectly secure where it is fathoms deep. Men lie on top of it with their arms crossed under their heads and smoke their cigars. Its buoyancy is indescribable and unimaginable. Any one can float upon it at the first trial; there is nothing to do but lie down gently upon it and—float. But swimming is an entirely different matter. The moment you begin to ‘paddle your own canoe,’ lively and—to the lookers-on—mirth-provoking exercises ensue. When you stick your hands under to make a stroke your feet decline to stay anywhere but on top; and when, after an exciting tussle with your refractory pedal extremities, you again get them beneath the surface, your hands fly out with the splash and splutter of a half-dozen flutter wheels. If, on account of your brains being heavier than your heels, you chance to turn a somerset and your head goes under, your heels pop up like a pair of frisky didapper ducks. You cannot keep more than one end of yourself under water at once, but you soon learn how to wrestle with it

novelties and then it becomes 'a thing of beauty' and a joy for any summer day. In the sense of luxurious ease with which it envelopes the bather it is unrivaled on earth."

AT A MORMON MEETING.

So Ed and I roamed around at our own sweet will all day in this strange city and among its strange people, riding here and there, visiting this and that place of interest, and enjoying every moment. In the evening we attended a Mormon meeting in Assembly Hall, another of the historical Mormon buildings. Candor compels me to say that we went there purely out of curiosity—we wished to see the Mormons at their worship, and we wished to see the inside of this building, which was closed during the day. This hall is particularly interesting from the fact that the ceiling is elaborately frescoed with scenes from Mormon history, and although these scenes were meaningless to us, yet we gazed upon them with much interest. The services were not different from those in many a church in our own New England, this being a gathering in the interests of the Sunday School, and consisted, while we were there of an address by some venerable Mormon. We had not time to remain till the service was completed, but so far as we heard, I could not see but the remarks would apply to any Sunday School gathering.

A RIDE AMONG MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

About nine o'clock in the evening we took the cars on the Rio Grande Western Railroad, to continue our homeward journey. There is where we made a mistake. We learned afterwards, that we missed some very fine scenery by not going over this road in the daytime. But we had not then really learned how to travel, though we fancied that we were becoming pretty good travellers. Nor could we have then spared the time to continue our journey all the way by daylight, had we realized the benefits of so doing. So we lost much that was worth seeing, but we had a good night's rest, the cars being the smoothest riding of any in which we rode. In waking moments during the night, I had to listen carefully to satisfy myself whether or not we were moving at all.

The next morning we were awakened in time to change cars at Grand Junction, where we took the train on the Denver and Rio Grande narrow guage line for a ride which beggars description—a ride, to use the language of another, “which condenses in a four hundred and twenty-five mile run grand and varied scenery enough to have rendered the world picturesque if God Almighty had made it everywhere else a desert plain.” Here we found what I had been looking in vain for ever since we left home—viz.: guide books, or books which gave us some idea of the country through which we were riding. The Rio Grande Western and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroads are well provided in this respect, and the books are so breezy and attractively written as to be very good reading even when one is not traveling over the lines, so vivid are the descriptions given.

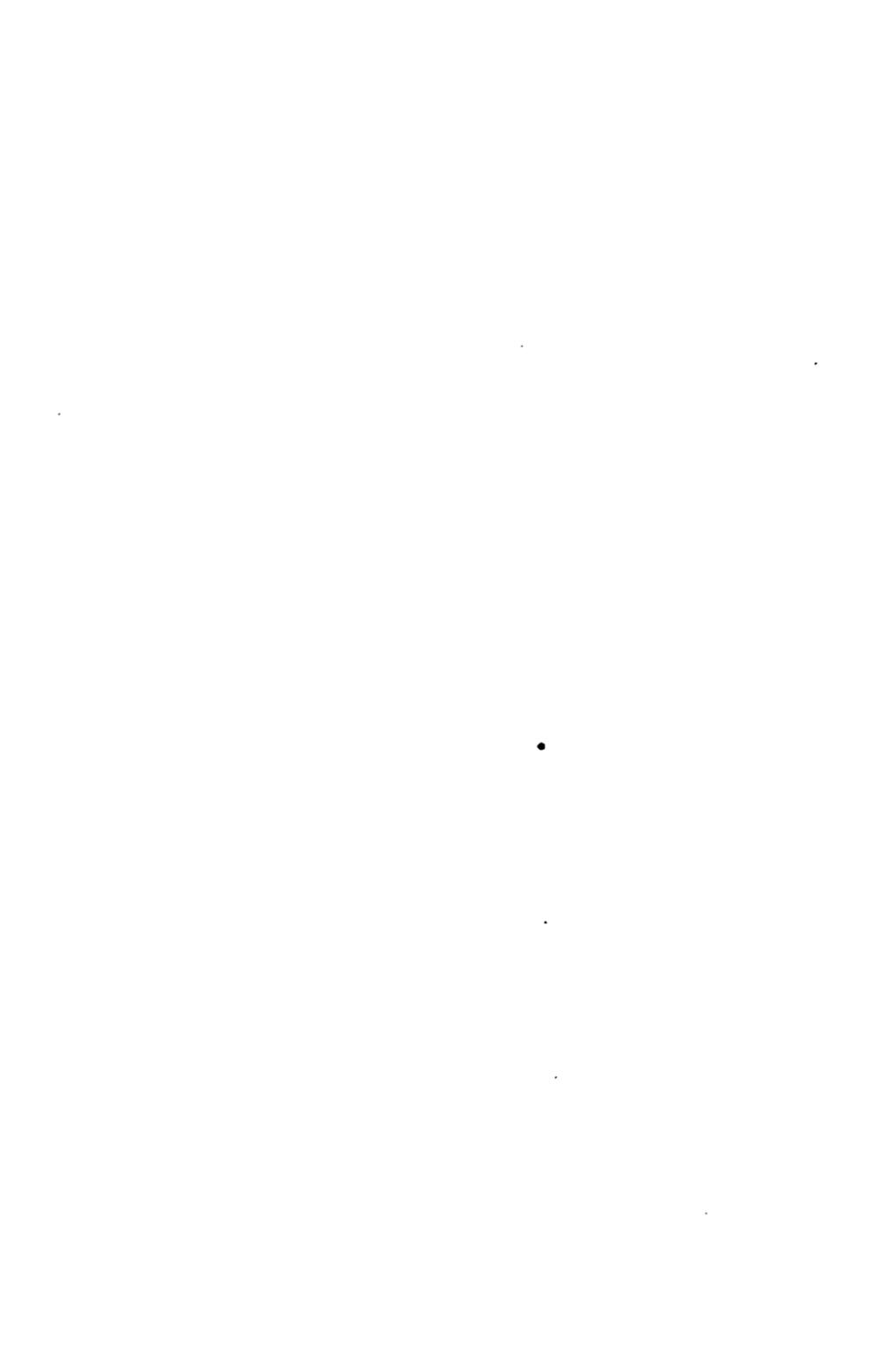
We were in the mountains when we started, and remained in the mountains all day—now with them close beside us, and now in the distance, but always mountains. At first we rode by the side of huge, high black rocks, with the sides straight up in the air or seeming to hang over us, with a vein of different color and formation near the base, giving us a sense of insecurity, or looking as if the rocks might fall over upon us. For miles we had the bluffs on one side and the Gunnison river on the other, with smaller bluffs beyond the river and further away. All along were strange hieroglyphics on the rocks—Nature’s handwriting—the history of ages long past written in characters unknown to the present day and generation. The bluffs were on our left, very high at times and then low, now near now afar, and the rocks of which they were composed of varied formation. At Bridgeport we rode through a tunnel more than two thousand feet long, which only added variety to the ride. At times the mountains suggested the palisades of the Hudson—now they took on shapes describable and now indescribable. Occasionally returned a sense of insecurity, as huge crevices seemed to threaten the toppling over of the whole mass. We gazed at heavily crowned towers with a sense of wonder and of fear; at battlements, crags, peaks, mounds and castles, with ever-varying emotions, till we welcomed the change when the

track crossed the river and from the same window we had a different scene—the river and vegetation, with mountains in the distance. Yet we could not rest easy without crossing the car and looking out to see if the mountains and hills were the same on that side as they had been on this. We found them much the same, but with snow clad peaks in the distance. After passing Delta, fifty miles from Grand Junction, we left the Gunnison river and followed the Uncompahgre river for a while. The valley was broader, the mountains further away, with more vegetation, and more signs of civilization. We were in a good farming country, with evidences of fruit-growing in pleasant abundance.

THROUGH THE BLACK CANYON OF THE GUNNISON.

As we rolled into the station at Montrose, more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, we were greeted with a familiar face and form—those of Charles A. Lee, one of the Essex family and a resident of our own city. We had neither seen nor heard from him since we bade good bye to the Essex, three weeks before. He had been roaming around in Nevada, among friends, while we spent the time in Southern California. He proved to be a delightful traveling companion during the few days he was with us. At Cimarron we had a splendid dinner, and when we boarded the train again found our enjoyment enhanced by "observation" cars attached to the train. These cars were simply cars without either top or sides above the back of the seats, thus giving the passengers an unobstructed view above, below, and all around. We wanted the view in all these directions, for almost before we knew it, we were riding through the famous Black Canyon of the Gunnison. For fourteen miles we rode between two solid walls of God's masonry; walls two thousand feet high, and so close together there is only room for the river and the railroad—indeed, in many places there was not room for the latter until a road bed had been blasted out of the wall. The walls, of a dark hue, give the canyon its name, yet there is red sandstone in many places, and in crevices and on the top shrubs and cedars grow,

LIUM CURVE.



while the river has a deep, sea-green color. While passing through this canyon, I did not wish to speak to any one, or to have any one speak to me, even to call my attention to some special feature in the wonderful scene. I wanted to look and look, undisturbed. I did not then care to know that a certain lofty, graceful peak was called "Currecanti Needle," or that the beautiful, misty and almost mystical waterfall which came dancing down the mountain side was called "Chippeta Fall." It was enough for me to look upon these mighty works of Nature and drink them in as much as I could in our rapid passage, without being called back to earth by hearing them named by poor humanity. It was a ride never to be forgotten—a ride which can never be described. Thus the poet sings:

The midday sun in this deep gorge
 Resigns his old-time splendor,
 His palace walls of dreamy gold
 The rose-hues warm and tender.
 The cleft is dark below
 Where foaming flows the somber river,
 The wild winds sigh and blossoms shiver,
 And violet mists ascending
 Obscure the Orient glow.

O! rushing river emerald-hued,
 How mad thou art and fearless,
 No frowning gates, though granite-barred,
 Can curb thy waters peerless!
 The silent gods of stone
 Revoke their ancient laws of might
 When through the gorge with wing-swift flight
 Thy wind-tossed waves are speeding,
 Each moment wilder grown.

On massive cliff-walls Nature's hand
 Has turned time's sun-worn pages,
 In faces carved and figures hewn
 We trace the work of ages.
 The gold-tipped spires sublime,
 That pierce the sky-like shafts of light,
 But mark the measureless heavenward height
 Of Nature's own cathedral,
 Whose stern high priest is Time.

OVER MARSHALL PASS.

Soon after emerging from the canyon, we resumed our seats in the ordinary cars, the observation cars being left there to take the next party of tourists back through the canyon. Then came a ride full of ever interesting scenery, to Sargent, where we began the ascent of Marshall Pass, and then came a ride of new wonders. With two engines, puffing and straining and working almost like human beings, we wound in and out among the mountains, doubling on our track now and again, climbing higher and higher all the time. At times we could see the track over which we had come but a few moments before far down below us, often seeming to us that we were going down grade so much steeper was the grade we had passed than the one we were just then riding over. As we climbed higher and higher, we could see three or four tracks winding below us, and began to realize what it meant to travel sixty miles in order to get thirteen miles on our way. The higher we climbed the wider and broader our view of the mountains around us, till we were well nigh lost in awe at the immensity of the view and of Nature's handiwork spread out before us. Still we climbed until we rode through the snow sheds, and at last were at Marshall Pass, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then we had a grand view. We were more than two miles above the sea level—nearly twice as high as the summit of our own New England Mount Washington—and could see mountains and mountains until they were lost in the dim distance. We suffered no inconvenience from the atmosphere at that dizzy height, only as some of the party started to run to the top of the tower to get a still broader view, they realized that something was the matter, and that they were easily out of breath. We had a game of snow-balling—think of that, on the seventeenth of June—but most of the time was passed in gazing on the wonderful scene. Then we descended. At times we could see snow away down below us and at the same time green trees high above us—or at least that was what appearances indicated. At one time we could see two tracks close by, over which we rode, riding over a mile to make a distance of ninety

feet. This reads like nonsense, or as if the road were built in that way for the sake of amusing tourists, but it only needs for one to look at the situation, when he will be disabused of that idea, and instead will admire the engineering skill which has surmounted all these natural obstacles. Thus says the poet of Marshall Pass :

Upon the summit of this crest
Columbia's eagle built his nest.
The plumage of his mighty wings
From sea to sea its shadow flings.
Sheltered beneath this faithful breast
A continent doth safely rest.
Guarded by piercing eyes so true
His beak holds firm the banner blue.

Then came another ride full of interest, to be sure, though seeming somewhat tame after the experiences of the Black Canyon and Marshall Pass, and late in the afternoon we reached Salida. We had learned something about traveling and did not propose to lose any more by traveling in the night time, so stopped at Salida over night, that we might pass through the Royal Gorge by the light of the sun.

THROUGH THE ROYAL GORGE.

At Salida we had the good fortune to again find the Raymond excursion party, and to meet the friends from home whom we had last seen at Los Angeles. The next morning, as there was no train until noon, we hired a carriage and took a ride along the Arkansas river—a wild road, with the river on one side and overhanging bluffs on the other—a different kind of ride, but a very pleasant experience. At Wellesville we took a bath in the famous hot springs. We three, Mr. Lee, Ed and I, had the bathing house all to ourselves, and as the water was “so nice and warm and soft,” we remained in there an unconscionable length of time, and sported about as we used to do when we were boys, so many years ago. At noon we took the train again, and this time had a ride along the Arkansas river—grand all the way, with hills and overhanging rocks now on one side, now on the other, and now on both sides, and with vegetation

here and there—ever-varying formations, shapes, and scenery, until we arrived at the Royal Gorge, the narrowest portion of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. I have no words to tell you of the wonders of this work of nature, and will let another tell it for me :

“After the entrance of the canon has been made, surprise and almost terror comes. The train rolls around a long curve close under a wall of black and banded granite, beside which the ponderous locomotive shrinks to a mere dot, as if swinging on some pivot in the heart of the mountain, or captured by a centripetal force that would never resign its grasp. Almost a whole circle is accomplished and the grand amphitheatrical sweep of the wall shows no break in its smooth and zenith-cutting facade. Will the journey end here? Is it a mistake that this crevice goes through the range? Does not all this mad water gush from some powerful spring, or boil out of a subterranean channel impenetrable to us? No, it opens. Resisting centripetal, centrifugal force claims the train and it breaks away at a tangent past the edge or around the corner of the great black wall which compelled its detour and that of the river before it. Now, what glories of rock-piling confront the wide distended eye. How those sharp-edged cliffs, standing with upright heads that play at hand ball with the clouds, alternate with one another, so that first the right, then the left, then the right one beyond strike our view, each one half obscured by its fellow in front, each showing itself level-browed with its comrades as we come even with it, each a score of hundreds of dizzy feet in height, rising perpendicular from the water and the track, splintered atop into airy pinnacles, braced behind against the almost continental mass through which the chasm has been cleft. This is the Royal Gorge.”

Oh! the power that piled these wonders,
 As the mountains took their stations;
 As a great red belt rose upward in a glittering zone of fire.
 Oh! the crash of blended thunders
 Shaking earth to its foundations,
 As each struggling cliff rose upward, climbing higher, ever higher.

Oh! the crashing and the groaning,
 And the deep and awful shudder
 As that great red belt was parted and the mountains crashed in twain;
 And the Arkansas came roaring,
 Raging with its dreadful thunder,
 Sweeping through the mighty chasm dashing madly toward the main.

Oh! this myriad crested canon,
 With its walls of massive marble,
 With the granite and red sandstone piled in peaks that pierce the sky;
 Where no bird dare dip its pinion
 In the narrow veil of azure,
 Where the solemn shadows linger o'er the river rolling by.

ROYAL GORGE.

After passing through the Royal Gorge we had little taste for the ordinary scenery of mountain travel, but each seemed to be busy with his own thoughts, and before nightfall we three were at Manitou. My own feelings at the end of this ride from Salt Lake City were something like these: "If it ever comes possible, I will ride over all the railroads between Denver and Salt Lake City, both ways, in the day time, for in this way alone can one get a satisfactory idea of the wonderful scenery of this wonderful portion of our great and glorious country. And I would like to commence this ride right now."

MANITOU.

Manitou! What memories does this magic name call up—memories of hours of delightful rest, mingled with new and wonderful experiences and 'mid charms of Nature in her most fanciful mood—now strong and rugged, now delicate and tender; memories of an afternoon stroll through the famous Garden of the Gods with wonders on every side; of a walk through Williams Canyon, which gave us a better idea of these works of Nature than did either the Black Canyon of the Gunnison or the Royal Gorge, because we were nearer to the mighty walls and could examine them and the various formations of which they are made at leisure; of a visit to the Cave of the Winds and all the varied emotions of a stroll under ground; of a little city nestled in among the foot hills of Pike's Peak so cosily as to be a standing and most cordial invitation to the stranger to rest awhile, and so much in the hills that the houses all seem to be built on different grades; of the springs with which it abounds in which bubbles up water impregnated with almost any mineral one might desire; of the views of Pike's Peak from the distance and the ride to its summit—a ride never to be forgotten; and of breathing air which brought content with every breath, with beauty all around, and with a feeling, "Here's the place where I want to remain forever." I had been pleased with Chicago; I had been more pleased with San Francisco, and fancied that I would be satisfied to live in either city; I had enjoyed the rest and quiet of Riverside amid its beauteous surroundings, until I

thought I would like to remain there always; but Manitou surpassed them all, and at last I found the place where I knew I would prefer to live above all other places I had seen.

Mr. Lee, Ed and I arrived at Manitou Saturday afternoon after our ride through the Royal Gorge, and found comfortable quarters at the Continental Hotel. We learned that the Raymond excursion party had arrived that afternoon, and of course we went over to the Cliff House to see our friends. We passed a very pleasant evening, especially as one of the excursionists had received a bundle of papers from home, and we had the opportunity of learning something of what had been going on in our own city during the week or more which we had not heard from there.

IN THE SADDLE AGAIN.

Sunday morning we were up bright and early, and made our way to the station on the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway, in the hope of making the ascent of that famous mountain, the goal of my young ambition. On arriving at the station, however, we learned, to our disappointment, that the train was to run only half way to the summit, and at first we were inclined not to go; finally we decided to go as far as we could that day and make that do. So we boarded the train, headed by the funny-looking little Italic engine, and started. The result was that this part of a ride gave us such a desire to make the whole trip that we decided then and there to remain another day, and see the top of Pike's Peak. So I will leave the description of the ride until the next day. At the half-way house, however, we had an interesting experience which belongs in the record of this day. We found there in waiting, several horses and burros, saddled and ready for a trip up the mountains to Grand View, and Ed and I, with several others, took this little trip. My emotions as I found myself in the saddle for the first time for a score of years, really needed some vent, and I had to shout and shout. The way I made those rocks ring with the old army orders and commands, was enough to make my fellow travelers look at me as though they thought I had gone "clean daft."

But that did not interfere with my enjoyment of the ride in the least. How quickly my thoughts went back to the famous Luray raid, and our march over the mountains in the crisp December air, way back in 1863, and how the memories of that raid came back to me. Verily we had a great ride—or I did—though a short one, climbed the mountain, and from the summit had a wonderful view in all directions.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

In the afternoon we three took a stroll through the Garden of the Gods. Words would fail to give a description of this garden that would convey any just idea of it or the wonders it contains. It seems to be the result of a grand upheaval of Nature in one of her fiercest frolicsome moods. Here, on a level plain, acres in extent, she has thrown up masses of carnelian-colored sandstone in curious and often grotesque figures, suggestive of forms of life, of architectural effects, and of fancy's wildest dreams of shapes. Two lofty tablets set directly opposite each other, about fifty feet apart, and rising to the height of three hundred and sixty feet, form the portals of the gateway to the garden. Formations of similar character have been given the name, "Cathedral Spires," their crests being sharply splintered with spire-like pinnacles. These are only the grandest of the works of Nature here. The garden abounds in massive rocks in varied hues, which assume strange forms, and the imagination is kept busy discovering resemblances to figures of beasts and birds, of men and women, and of strange freaks in architecture. We roamed at will among these wonders, gazing with awe now, and now with surprise, as some rock which had at first appeared to be without definite shape slowly assumed some recognized form. We looked at the various wonders of Nature's imagery which have been shown to visitors for years, and we amused ourselves finding new forms and shapes as the different masses of rock were viewed from different standpoints. We even were able to trace, here and there, resemblances to peoples whom we knew. We found the Garden of the Gods of equal interest with the canyons—as grand, though

with a different sort of grandeur—and we left it with a feeling that we had but just begun to become acquainted with the works of Nature, after all, and were inclined to sympathize with the poet who writes :

As if to bar the dawn's first light
 These ruby gates are hung;
 As if from Sinai's frowning height
 These riven tablets flung.

This greensward, girt with tongues of flame,
 With spectral pillars strewn,
 Not strangely did the savage name
 A haunt of gods unknown.

With torrents wild and tempest blast,
 And fierce volcanic fires,
 In secret mounds has Nature cast
 Her monoliths and spires.

TO THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

The next day we were at the station of the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway early, and learned, to our joy, that trains were to run to the summit, and that we were to have the pleasure of climbing the mountain in the first train of the season. This day was my long ago ambition satisfied, and I stood on the summit of Pike's Peak. What a wonderful ride it was. Before trying to give you some idea of this ride, a few words about this railway, "the highest and most wonderful in the world," may not be out of place :

In two respects only does this railway differ to any great extent from ordinary railroads. The first and foremost of these is the very heavy grade, that, in a few feet short of nine miles makes an elevation of 7,518 feet; and the other is the system of rack rails that forms a continuous track upon which the ninety different cogs of the locomotive operate. These rails are two in number, set 1 5-8 inches apart, and they vary in weight from 21 to 31 1-2 pounds per foot; the heavier ones being used on the steeper inclines of the grade. Each rack rail is eighty inches long, and so placed as to break joints; the teeth are staggered also, thus always giving the six different cog wheels of the locomotive a bearing on the rack. The track is of standard gauge, with a roadbed from fifteen to twenty-two feet in width. The four bridges are constructed of iron resting firmly upon granite foundations of solid masonry. There is a conspicuous absence of trestle work on the whole line. To prevent the moving or sliding of the track, which is within the dim shade of possibility, owing to its enormous weight and the effect that the varying temperature has upon the iron and steel, no fewer than one hundred and forty-six anchors have been firmly set into the solid rock, or,

in the absence of that material, deeply embedded in the heavily ballasted roadbed. These anchors are placed at from two to six hundred feet apart, according to the grade. The exact length of the road is 46,992 feet and the average elevation overcome 844.8 feet to the mile, making an average grade of sixteen per cent. The maximum grade is twenty-five per cent. The locomotives are peculiar in appearance and weigh twenty-five tons each. They push the cars on the ascent and precede them on the descent, thus giving perfect control over the coaches, which not being coupled to the engine, can, if desired, be let down independently of the engine. Extending from the sides of the locomotive cog wheels, are the six corrugated surfaces upon which the steam and hand brakes do their work. Either of these brakes is sufficiently powerful to stop the locomotive and train in case of an emergency. The cylinders of the engines are also fitted with the water brake and are utilized on the downward journey as air compressors, and by their use the speed of the train can be further regulated. The coaches are elegant, largely of glass to facilitate observation along the route. Each has a capacity for fifty persons, and the seats are so arranged that passengers have at all times a level sitting.

I was not very much interested in the fact that we were passing the Shady Springs, or Gog and Magog, or that Echo Falls were on the right, or in any of the details of the grand scenery all around. As while in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, I was attracted by the whole. Perhaps, after making the ascent several times, I might become so well acquainted with the scene in its entirety that I might be interested in the details. But on this, my first trip, I wished to look and look and look and see all I could. And I did. We rode through and among rocks and woods, and rocks and woods, all the time climbing higher, all the time finding new and grand and ever varying scenery. I was as one enchanted. Even after we were above the timber line, where were no vegetation and less variety of rock and mountain, the charm still remained, for we had a broader and wider view, and could see mountains that were miles away. And still the little Italic engine puffed and struggled, as if striving its best to reach the summit, and working so hard that there was at times a feeling as if one ought to get out and help it draw up the car of excursionists. Above the timber line we found snow in large quantities, and for a mile or more we rode through a cut in the solid snow reaching half way to the top of the car windows. We were told that the snow does not entirely disappear from the mountain during the summer, and we believed it, for here it was the latter part of June, and the snow was two or

three feet deep and packed in so closely that the cut through it was like a cut through the solid rock. We had been told so many stories of the ill effects of the rarified air at the top of mountain and the unpleasant and often serious results of a visit, that some of the party were a little anxious. Now and then one found a little difficulty in breathing, or noticed that the voices of the others sounded far away, or experienced some slight discomfort, but there was nothing to really take away any of the pleasure of the trip. I noticed a slight ringing of the ears, once or twice, similar to that which I experienced at the lowest altitude we reached on the outward journey, but the inconvenience was fleeting. At last we were at the top, and more than fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The view here was broad enough to satisfy most any one. On the one hand we could see a range of mountains more than a hundred miles away, and one hundred and thirty miles long. On the other side was the plain, where the eye roamed at will without regard to distance. Some of the party said they could see Bunker Hill, but they were New Englanders, and very likely prejudiced. Perhaps an idea of our height may best be given by stating that we could look down upon the city of Colorado Springs, seven miles from the base of the mountain, and could see only the streets. We were so high that anything no taller than the biggest house in that city did not show at all—but the streets were plainly defined, being of a different color. It was a strange sensation, being so high that a city of considerable size was as nothing, and we received a new idea of how very small are the works of man, after all, compared with the works of Nature. We had a lunch at the top—the highest meal we ever ate, though the price was very reasonable. The ride down was somewhat faster than the ride up, and the little Italic engine did not have to work so hard. But it was just as enjoyable, and we left the little station at the terminus of the road with the lines of the poet running through our minds:

Into the boundless air so thin and cold,
Far up above the line of living green,
Rises thy granite peak, gray, grand, serene.
Thy seamed sides, all broken, rugged, bold,

Speak of volcanic ages yet untold,
And tow'ring high through riven clouds is seen
Thy summit glistening in the sunlight sheen,
All undisturbed by storms that thee enfold.

The morning sun gilds first thy top. His last
Ray fires thy crest—an oriflamme it seems,
While shadows deepen over vale and plain.
In thy deep chasms th' eternal snows held fast
Keep ever fresh and full the living streams,
That in cascades now fall and fall again.

CAVE OF THE WINDS.

We still had two or three hours for sight-seeing before the train left for Denver, but among so many points of interest as Manitou contains it was difficult to decide how to pass that time. Ed and I finally decided to visit a cave. But there are two caves at Manitou—the Cave of the Winds and the Grand Caverns. We were told that one was as interesting as the other—that each had its particular attractions, but both were well worth visiting. The matter was settled when we were told that the Cave of the Winds was up Williams Canyon. We had not even then had enough of canyons, and wished to see one under different circumstances. So we chose the Cave of the Winds. We found ourselves in the canyon almost before we were out of sight of the Cliff House, and had we not found the cave we should still have been satisfied with the walk. All canyons are different, though all have some general characteristics, but any canyon looks differently according to the standpoint from which it is viewed—whether it is merely glanced at while flying through on the train, or examined at leisure while walking through it. This was our first experience of the latter manner of view, and we enjoyed it so much that even to-day we are unable to determine which canyon left upon us the most pleasant memories. There we were, mere mites amid our surroundings, standing between hills which arose on either hand hundreds of feet, nearly perpendicular now, now broken by the forces of Nature during hundreds of years, now shelving—always changing. We felt remarkably small as we walked through that canyon and beheld all around us those immense masses of rock

and mountain. By and by we thought it about time to look for the Cave of the Winds, but for awhile our search was without result. Then we saw, two or three hundred feet above us, what looked as though it might be an entrance into the side of the mountain, and after a little further peering about far up in the air we discovered that this was what we were looking for, as we found running here and there, and zigzagging every way, steps which led thereto. So we climbed until we could appreciate the remark that this is called the "Cave of the Winds" because the wind caves before one reaches it. We found a Grand Army comrade in charge, who kindly, seeing the button in my collar, volunteered to guide us through the underground labyrinth himself. It was well for us that he did so, for without a guide we should have quickly become lost, while with a good guide, as he proved to be, we could see much. I will not attempt to describe all the wonders and beauties we saw during our three-quarters of an hour in the heart of the mountain, but will merely say this visit was a very interesting one, and added one more to the variety of our experiences on this trip so full of new and strange experiences. We saw many wonders and even many beauties, strange as it may seem to talk of beauties underground.

HOME AGAIN.

We bade good bye to Manitou with many regrets and with the hope of paying the pleasant little place another visit some time, and took the train for Denver, where we arrived before sundown. Here Mr. Lee found friends and left Ed and I to our own devices, but we did not get lonesome, though he had proved a most delightful and helpful traveling companion. We were too tired for sight-seeing that night, and went early to bed. Next day we roamed around Denver, filling ourselves with admiration for this splendid city of brick and stone. With miles of travel about the city we did not see a wooden building—dwelling or for business purposes. That night we took the train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road—which seemed like "getting home again," for Chicago, where we arrived safely

after a ride full of incident and interest, but which might seem tame compared to some other portions of the trip. We remained long enough in Chicago to visit some of the Essex family, to transact some business, and to see the Vice President of the United States nominated. This last was doubly interesting, from the fact itself, and because the convention was held in a finished wigwam where but a few short weeks before, on our outward trip, we had seen the work of erecting the immense building begin. This gave us a realizing sense of how they "push things" in that great city of the World's Fair. Then came the ride home, paying a visit now and then to old friends and schoolmates on the way, and arriving safely on the twenty-eighth of June. And notwithstanding the pleasures of travel, there was quite as much pleasure in getting home again, in meeting kind friends once more, and even in settling down into the ordinary routine of every-day life.

Comrades—My story is finished. To you who have followed Ed and I patiently as we have wandered over this great country—for which you and I fought and for which so many of our brave comrades died—I will express the hope that you have not found the trip very tedious; that you have perhaps gained a better idea of the extent and grandeur of these United States; and that you may all have a realizing sense of the fact that there is more and grander scenery in this country than in any other part of the globe, and that every true American citizen should make himself acquainted with his own country before going abroad for sight-seeing. So Ed and I bid you a kind good bye.



With the First Maine.

Comrade Riley L. Jones—"Jones of G"—now a resident of Saginaw, Mich., recently prepared a paper on his service in the army for the benefit of the class in United States history in the High School of that city, and read it before Gordon Granger Post, G. A. R., the members of the history class being present. The paper is an excellent running resume of the service of our regiment, interspersed with personal recollections, and is very readable for any comrade, whether he served with this or any other cavalry regiment, or even if he were a "doughboy." The following distinctively personal experiences and observations, are taken from the Saginaw *Courier-Herald*, which printed Comrade Jones' paper entire:

I was a member of an organization known as the First Maine Cavalry, organized in October, 1861. For five long months we endured the rigors of a northern winter amid snow and ice, sleeping in canvas tents, wading through snow sometimes two feet deep on the level to care for our horses, perfecting ourselves in drill and the sabre exercise with frost bitten fingers and noses. We endured all that men can endure from cold and exposure until it is estimated by good authority that the regiment lost more than two hundred men by death and disability on account of the weather and the insufficient means of protection; that was the hardships of war without glory or fame, but those who survived had proved themselves picked men, capable of enduring all that humanity can endure, and their record when in active service is further proof of that fact. The regiment had a record of one hundred and seven engagements, being more than any other regiment in the United States service. I say this in no spirit of boasting over my comrades because I know of other troops recruited from the same cities and towns, just as good men, equally as willing, just as faithful to duty, who saw very little active service, simply because they were not given the opportunity. But there were hundreds of

regiments in the Union armies who fought more battles during our civil war than have been fought by the British army during the past one hundred years, and the armies of the Union fought more battles than have been fought by the English armies since the days of William the Conqueror. And these are the men whom our present day pot-house politicians are so fond of denominating, "skulkers in the rear," "pension grabbers," "coffee coolers," etc. Out upon the vile rabble and scum who thus seek with foul hands to tear the laurels from the brows of as noble a body of men as ever fought for human liberty or human rights.

The first engagement in which the whole regiment, or nearly the whole of it, was under fire was on August 9th, 1862, at the battle of Cedar Mountain. This was the first battle field I was ever over after the fight, and the scenes of that day will never be effaced from my memory. A few days later began the retreat of Pope's army from the advanced position it had taken beyond the Rappahannock river, and on August twentieth we were nearly surprised while on outpost at Brandy Station, but the regiment rallied and held the enemy back from eight in the morning until two in the afternoon and until Pope's artillery and trains were safely across the Rappahannock river. On the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of August we were engaged at the second battle of Bull Run. When the army first began to give way in that battle our regiment was drawn up in line in an effort to stop stragglers, and that is about the only time I ever knew the First Maine to fail to do what it was ordered. On our way to the battlefield another comrade and myself, while foraging for something more palatable than hard tack, captured two rebel soldiers whom we escorted to our lines and turned over to the provost marshal. During the summer of 1860, while visiting a cousin by the name of George W. Nye, he made the remark that if he ever met me on the battle field he would expect to see me with a book in my hand. During the second day of this battle I met George for the first time in two years. He recalled the remark he had made and laughingly pointed to a volume of Macauley's History of England strapped to the saddle in front

of me. Two days later, at the battle of Chantilly, poor George gave his life for his country, being killed by a solid shot at the same time and near the same place that the lamented Gen. Kearney was killed, and for over thirty years has filled a soldier's grave near Alexandria, while I remain to tell the story of our chance meeting on the field of battle. Such is the fortune of war.

From March to November, 1862, we lost in action and worn out in service seven hundred horses; how many men I cannot say. You see they kept better count of the horses than the men. At that time the horses cost money, while the men volunteered.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, which begun on December eleventh, the regiment crossed the river on the lower pontoon on the morning of the twelfth, and was exposed to a heavy artillery fire during most of the forenoon. At noon my company and one other were detailed to support the skirmish line and advanced mounted to the foot of Mary's Heights. We were soon relieved however by infantry, for which we were not at all sorry, and rejoined the regiment, which was drawn up in squadrons supporting a battery of the regular artillery. Here we were exposed to a heavy artillery fire for most of the rest of the day; we had but few men wounded and I think none killed, but every man in the regiment thought he was gone sure every time one of those big shells came hurling over our heads from Mary's Heights. It is the most trying position in which a soldier can be placed, to stand still doing nothing and be shot at, and we were not sorry when the day was over.

On April 6th, 1863, we took part in the parade of the Army of the Potomac, and were reviewed by President Lincoln and Generals Halleck and Hooker. That was the only time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, but I shall never forget how he looked as he rode down the line. There were twenty-seven regiments of cavalry on the field, but I had the impression that he saw but little of them, as he appeared to take but little notice of what was going on around him.

At daylight we started back (on Stoneman's Raid) and that night, May fourth, went into camp near the Pamunky river and

had a night's sleep for the first time since we started, having been in the saddle almost continuously for five days and four nights. I presume some of our young people think they have at some time in their lives been tired and sleepy, but my opinion is they have a very faint conception of the meaning of the words. I stood picket that morning about half an hour and while expecting every minute to receive a shot from the woods in front, and with the most determined efforts to keep my eyes open, I presume I went to sleep thirty times in as many minutes.

On our return charge (at Brandy Station) I bore a little too much to the left and coming down near a large white house, came suddenly from the upper side to a terrace about four feet high; no time to stop or turn, my horse took it with a flying leap of about twenty feet through the air, coming down stiff legged; the jar nearly drove me through the saddle, and I surely thought my backbone must be four inches shorter at night than it was in the morning.

How many times we were engaged during the Mine Run campaign I am unable to remember. That portion of it which is most forcibly impressed upon my memory is the night of December 1st, 1863. The army was falling back across the river and we were, as usual, rear guard; it was a bitter cold night, which we passed standing by our horses. The army had all crossed the river by noon of the next day. Our regiment, bringing up the rear, crossed Ely's Ford and halted on the north bank about half an hour before the rebel cavalry appeared on the other side. We skirmished a little with them across the river but they made no attempt to cross. During that day and the preceding night I had a raging toothache added to my other discomforts. While the skirmish was going on the surgeon happened to pass. I hailed him, and sitting down by the foot of a tall pine tree was soon relieved of the offending molar and was happy once more, though the bullets were still whistling through the branches.

At St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as I was firing from behind a fence where I had taken position, a comrade came behind me and suddenly

fired his carbine so close to my head that it gave me a terrible shock, whether from the concussion of the report or a blow from the recoil of the piece I could never tell, but I fought for the rest of the day with blood running from my ear and, almost blinded with pain in the ear and head. I know I rated him in very expressive language for firing so close to my head, and then went on loading and firing as fast as I was able. Just as the shades of night were falling around us our line retired into the edge of a wood; I saw the rebel cavalry come charging upon our line and fired the last shot from my carbine when they were not more than fifty feet away. The next instant I felt a stunning blow on my right shoulder and fell at full length on my face with a useless right arm flung above my head. Over and around me I heard as in a dream the rush and tramp of horses' feet, the clanking of scabbards, and above and clearer than all the shrill "Hi-hi" of the rebel yell, And, alas, it was no dream. I staggered to my feet, to find I had been shot through the shoulder, and that my right arm was totally disabled. I was covered with dust and blood from head to foot, and apparently every nerve and muscle in my body was quivering with pain as the result of the terrible strain and suffering of that terrible day, and to-day as I write, twenty-nine years after, I feel the throbs of pain through the nerves of my right hand, that have never left me from that day to this, and I have never heard a sound in my left ear since that day. I wonder how many of the soldier haters who are shrieking themselves hoarse about pensions would dare the experience of that day for all the gold in the United States treasury to-day. I venture to say not one; the cowardly curs would be dead with fright before the day was half done. To cap the climax of my misery I was a prisoner in hostile hands. Weak from loss of blood, helpless from pain and exhaustion, I was robbed of watch, money and trinkets, and stripped of boots, hat and handkerchief. In this condition I was marched two miles through the woods in stocking feet, and lay upon the ground all night without food or water, burning with thirst and wishing for relief or death, it mattered not which, to end my suffering. Here ends my personal recollection of the cavalry service in the army of the Potomac.

Comrade Leroy H. Tobie's Military Career.

Leroy Harmon Tobie, son of the late Edward Parsons and Jane Harmon Tobie, was born in Lewiston, January 18th, 1843. He was educated in the public schools of that town, and when the war broke out, had just commenced business life in the office of the Franklin Company's cotton mill. He was brought up on abolition bread and milk. His father voted the Free Soil ticket when his was the only Free Soil vote cast in the town, and for years kept a station on the underground railroad. Many a time in his younger days young Tobie arose in the morning to find strangers of a dusky hue at the breakfast table—runaway slaves bound for Canada, who never felt safe even here in Maine until they had crossed the Canada line. He remembers particularly "Box" Brown and Sojourner Truth; Box Brown so called because he escaped from slavery by being boxed up and sent North in a wooden box shaped like a coffin, with small holes to breathe through.

The whole atmosphere of the household was liberty and equality in its broadest sense, and young Tobie breathed it in every day, consequently when the slaveholders rose in rebellion against the government he was ready, from inborn and inbred love for freedom and for right, to answer President Lincoln's call for troops. But he was just turned eighteen years of age, and the parental consent must be obtained. His father could not consistently say "No," and did not, but his mother was away from home under medical treatment and he hesitated about speaking of the matter to her in the fear that to do so might act upon her unfavorably. At last the time came when he could speak to her without ill effects, when he received the welcome permission to enlist. Within twenty-four hours he was on the way to the front. The First Maine Infantry, having served three months and returned home, was reorganizing as the Tenth Regiment, and he enlisted in Company K, Capt. Geo.

H. Nye, early in October, 1861. The departure of the regiment from Portland Sunday, October 6th, in a pouring rain, the long night of seasickness on board the leaky, creaky steamer "State of Maine" from Fall River to New York, the jumping overboard of Capt. Nye in Long Island Sound to save a drowning man, the hearty reception and bountiful collation in the old "Cooper Shop" at Philadelphia, the night in the depot at Baltimore, the beautiful camp at Patterson Park, the winter quarters at the Relay House while the regiment was guarding the Washington branch, B. & O. railroad, and the arrival of the regiment on "secesh" soil at Harper's Ferry in March, 1862, are matters of history. At the Relay House young Tobie was detailed as assistant to Chaplain Knox, (who volunteered to act as regimental postmaster) and served in that capacity as long as Company K remained at headquarters.

April and part of May passed pleasantly enough with Company K at Kearneysville, a few miles west of Harper's Ferry, although through some miscalculation their rations did not come up and they "lived off the country" for seven or eight days, for which Capt. Nye reimbursed the suffering farmers out of the company fund. Elijah Gould well remembers when Tobie and he confiscated the two dozen eggs and fried and ate at them one meal, and the juicy pig which Elias Webber, the company cook, baked in the bean hole.

Upon the sudden departure of the regiment from Winchester the day before Banks' retreat, young Tobie with some others was declared by Surgeon Perry unfit to go, and so, much against his will, was left back at Harper's Ferry, while the *lucky* boys in better health went into the long talked about and eagerly wished for "active service."

Surgeon Perry's daughter died just about this time, and owing to the panicky condition of things, she had to be buried hurriedly in a rough box made by Tobie and a comrade from Company B. The body was afterwards disinterred and sent home. That night about midnight they were awakened by Dr. Perry and told to "get across the bridge, over into Maryland as quickly as possible, as the rebels had got Bolivar Heights and

were coming right in on us." The stampede across that trestle on the ties, fifty feet above the Potomac River, in the darkness of a cloudy night will never be forgotten by those who were there. One man just a little ahead of Tobie either slipped or was crowded off the bridge, and the dim form in the air, and the shriek for help was all that was known about it, and he probably fills some nameless soldier's grave.

Young Tobie was sent first to the hospital at Frederick, Md., in the stone barracks built for the soldiers in 1812, and as soon as he could get away, went to "camp of distribution" on the heights back of Alexandria, where, with thousands of others, he waited to be sent to the front. When the regiment came along after Pope's retreat he joined his company, glad enough to be with the boys once more, and declaring he never would be left behind again, unless under ground. His subsequent record is the record of the regiment to its muster out in Portland, May 7th, 1863. He went through the hard-fought battles of South Mountain and Antietam untouched, except having his rubber blanket spoiled and numerous holes put through his woolen blanket by a bullet which must have gone by within two inches of his left ear (the blanket being rolled up and hung over his left shoulder like a horse collar), and having his eyes filled full of the blood and brains of a man on his left who was shot in the right temple while crossing the "ploughed ground" at Antietam. Gen. Mansfield was shot from his horse a little to the right front of him, a lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania to the contrary notwithstanding.

Asa Reed, his "chum," had a presentiment that he would be killed in that fight, and so stated while they were making "bean swagen" in a quart dipper, the night before. He was one of the first men killed, and was found after the battle with a bullet hole through his head, the ball going in just under the eye.

After the battle of Antietam young Tobie was detailed as chief clerk in the Post commissary at Berlin, Md., and remained there until after the Twelfth Corps had crossed the river and the post was discontinued, some time in December, when he rejoined his regiment at Fairfax station. While in the commis-

sary at Berlin, he was sent, but didn't go, to the fiery depths of Hades, by a captain and division commissary, on account of a barrel of whiskey which came to the post one afternoon too late to be hauled away, and was placed in the ware house.

When Capt. Reed sent for it ('twas for his own use) the next morning, the barrel was there but the whiskey had leaked out in the night through a hole bored up through the floor and into the barrel. Of course nobody knew anything about it, but some of the company cooks in the camp of the Tenth Maine on the side hill missed several of their camp kettles and couldn't find them for some days, and when they did find them they smelled very strongly of commissary whiskey.

He was with the regiment at Fairfax station and Stafford court house until the expiration of its two years term of service the following May, when he was mustered out with the regiment and went home.

On arriving home he entered the repair shop connected with the Androscoggin mills, S. I. Abbott master mechanic, to learn the machinists' trade. He was fond of his work and had a natural liking for the business, but at times the desire to go back—to do more, if possible, for the country and the flag—was well nigh irresistible. During the summer of 1863 there was trouble at Kingfield concerning the draft, known as the "Kingfield Draft Riots," and so threatening did matters become that the Governor ordered the Lewiston Light Infantry, Capt. Jesse Stevens, reinforced by about thirty men from Augusta, to proceed to Kingfield to protect the officers and the people. Now it happened that many members of that organization were suddenly very much devoted to business and could not possibly go with the company, so they did the next best thing—they secured substitutes. It was only a short time after the Tenth Maine arrived home, and to the veterans of the Tenth did the very busy militiamen look for assistance and release from the duty of serving the State. They found the Tenth boys ready and willing to go—aye, anxious, for to them there was promise of plenty of fun—and about a dozen of them were secured, among whom was the subject of this sketch. It is real fun to

hear him tell the story of that campaign, and it is worth while to print the story, in brief, here, as it has rarely been publicly told. The Tenth Maine boys had a "picnic" on that campaign such as boys never had before on a campaign in time of war. They were old campaigners, and they proposed not only to show the militiamen how to "soldier," but to have some fun with them. They did, and kept the raw troops pretty well scared for the greater portion of the time. They donned their old uniforms, which were serviceable if they did not look so well; they wore their old army "brogans," and could march all day, straight away, while the militiamen, with neater looking shoes, couldn't march a little bit. They had smelled powder, had faced the brave men of the southern army in hard-fought battles, and did not think of being frightened until they saw something to be frightened at. The command went to Farmington by rail, and there camped one night on the common. Such were the harrowing stories of the blood-thirsty and desperate character of the rioters and the people at Kingfield, that before starting on the march for that place the next morning ammunition was issued and the men were ordered to "load in nine times." At this one of the militiamen became so nervous that he dropped the cartridge into his rifle ball foremost, and was then neither good as a soldier, a militiaman or a hunter. The Tenth Maine boys took the advance and easily kept far ahead of the column, picking berries, etc., fretting the captain and keeping him pretty busy shouting "Hold on; if you don't keep back nearer the column you will surely be killed by the bush-whackers." But they only laughed in their sleeves at him, not being at all frightened at the thought of bush-whackers in the good old State of Maine. At one time, while far in advance of the column, they fired a volley of half a dozen guns at a flock of crows, which set the column into serious and half-scared commotion. The men were drawn up in line of battle and waited some time for the expected attack, and then cautiously advanced again. The column reached New Portland in a thunder shower and the men first took shelter in a barn at the outskirts of the town, and then in the hotel, where the citizens

received them with open arms and doughnuts. They had lunch there, and after half an hour of "Copenhagen,"—think of it, ye veterans who campaigned only in the South—and the singing of patriotic songs, the line of march was taken up for Kingfield, only six miles away. By this time the militiamen had become "tenderfeet," and were transported in hay racks, while the Tenth Maine boys trudged along cheerfully with many a joke at the "weak sisters." They were cautioned to keep well together and not straggle, as the rioters had thrown up fortifications and had pickets out on the road. As the column neared Kingfield the militiamen heard the sounds of martial music and were seized with a trembling, but ere long found out that the Tenth Maine boys, who as usual were some distance in advance, had discovered the Kingfield brass band—big drum, little drum, cracked fife and cornet—waiting to escort the invading army into town, and had induced that band to play "Dixie" for the benefit of the militiamen in the rear. In short, the Tenth Maine boys just played with those poor militiamen during the whole campaign. The troops were welcomed with hospitable arms, but not to bloody graves.

A camp ground was selected in a hay field, tents were pitched, and the command made ready for the night. Young Tobie was put on guard at nine o'clock, but believing the country to be safe, he left his post, lay down behind a hay stack, and in five minutes was fast asleep, not waking till morning. When the corporal of the guard, a militiaman, discovered that this post was empty, he remarked, with much vigor, "Damn that Tobie, and all the rest of them Tenth Maine fellers—I guess he's all right, though," and he put another man on his post. The next day the people of Kingfield gave the invaders a royal picnic dinner. In the afternoon the troops were withdrawn, took teams for New Portland, where they had a dance that evening, went to Farmington the next day in teams during a heavy rain storm, and arrived in Lewiston that night, wet through, but the "Tenth Maine fellers" were jolly. Thus ended the Kingfield campaign.

But the young patriot could not rest easy at home, and as the clouds which hung over our country grew deeper and deeper

he became more and more impressed with the idea that in order to do his full duty he must again go into the field. He finally decided to do this, and in the summer of 1864 he enlisted in Company G, First Maine Cavalry, joining the regiment in time to be in the engagement at Boydton Plank Road, October twenty-seventh, an engagement in which the regiment lost eighty-two men out of five hundred rank and file engaged—rather a rough introduction to the cavalry service.

He shared the fortunes of this gallant regiment on the Bellefield raid, with all the hardship and exposure of campaigning in an enemy's country in severe cold and stormy weather, and in the engagement at Hatcher's Run, February 5th, 1865, as well as the arduous picket and other duties of that winter, and the comfort and pleasures of winter quarters. He was one of the jolliest boys in camp. He was all the time full of music and fun, no matter how unpleasant the surroundings or the circumstances, but his fun was clean-cut, not such as would bring trouble upon him or any one else, but such as tended to infuse his comrades with his jollity. One evening his big brother, who was on duty at regimental headquarters, heard the noise of unusual hilarity in rear of the colonel's tent, and started out to put a stop to it, filled with the importance of his mission; but when he saw a young contraband dancing for dear life on the top of an overcoat box, with his little brother patting for him to dance, with a crowd around enjoying it, he forgot that he came out to stop the noise, forgot that the colonel might be disturbed, but joined in the laughter until the dance was finished.

After the fight at Hatcher's Run, where the regiment was attacked while the men were getting breakfast and there was no chance to get anything to eat all the long day of dismounted fighting, the regiment was sent back into some pine woods to remain all night. The horses had been taken still further to the rear and the boys could not get at them. Blankets, haversacks, canteens, everything, even to the overcoats in some cases, had been left on the saddles when the men were suddenly called upon to grasp their carbines and repel an attack upon the rear guard, so they were ill prepared for camping out—nothing to

eat, nothing to keep them warm, no axes with which to cut wood to build fires, no rail fence near. They were in a pitiable plight, and to add to their misery there came a storm of rain sleet and snow, with the weather all the time growing colder. It was probably the most uncomfortable night the First Maine Cavalry ever passed. It happened that young Tobie's big brother had his horse with him and with it his haversack and canteen—one of half a dozen in the whole regiment so fortunate. With some difficulty he found water and filled the canteen, and borrowing the use of a little fire in an artillery force in bivouac across the road, made some coffee, which the two brothers drank, and he says he never had anything that did him so much good in his whole life. With the hard tack in the haversack, and that was all they had to eat, they had a meal which they relished better, far better, than any meal they have had since. The next morning they were to repeat this pleasant banquet and he again went after water, his heart beating high in anticipation of another drink of good, hot, army coffee, and more hard tack straight. But when he returned and was about to prepare this feast, it was discovered that the haversack had been stolen. How great the disappointment was, only soldiers similarly situated can fully realize, but he couldn't, under the circumstances, blame the fellow who stole that haversack, and he passed it off with a good-natured anathema on the "dough-boy" who did steal it—of course he could not believe that a cavalryman would do such a thing.

Young Tobie was with the regiment when it started out on what proved to be the last campaign of the glorious old Army of the Potomac, but was severely wounded in the ankle early in the engagement of March thirty-first, at Dinwiddie courthouse, (the first day of the famous and successful battle of Five Forks) the most severe and hardest fought engagement of that gallant regiment. He was disabled but his pluck was not abated in the least, and at night, as he was about to leave the field hospital, he sent his brother a note full of courage and encouragement; but his courage was put to a severe trial, and this is best told in his own words in a letter written long years ago to the writer:

“ Just about sundown one of the surgeons came in and told us that our line was falling back and the church would be in the rebel lines; that if anybody could walk they better be going, and that the ambulances were full and gone already. I didn't like the idea of being left there, for if there was one thing I dreaded more than another all through the war it was being taken prisoner. As luck would have it a chum of Henri Haskell of Company B, who was shot through the body, came after Henri with the latter's horse. Henri told him it was no use, he could not possibly ride, but to save himself and leave him there. So chum offered me the horse and helped me to mount. We passed by lots of our troops in the woods getting their suppers (it was then dark) until we caught up with the ambulance train. We went to wagon after wagon, asking each driver if he hadn't room for one more, and receiving the same answer from each one that he was 'Chuck full,' and I was beginning to get discouraged, my leg paining me all the time as if it would drop off, until just as I was getting the same answer for, I should think the twentieth time, a voice behind me said, 'Are you wounded, my man?' 'Yes, sir,' says I. I turned around in the saddle and there was Gen. Gregg of the Second Brigade. Says he, 'You go back to Gregg's headquarter wagon and tell him that Gen. Gregg told you to get in there.' I thanked him, and after much trouble, for the road was crowded with men, horses and wagons, I managed to get back and get into the headquarters wagon, and there I lay on my back the rest of that night (and I never saw a longer night) with a big bag of sugar for a pillow, and my leg held up in the air as the easiest position I could get. Oh, what a night that was, and what a road. About every half mile, and I don't know but oftener, the train guard had to lift the wagons out of holes or over logs or something. It seemed sometimes as if the old wagon was going upside down, sure. About daylight we brought up at the military railroad station away out on the left. Of the next three or four days my impressions are very faint but I think we got down to City Point in box cars, about night, laid in the hospital there until Monday afternoon, then

were put aboard the steamboat and reached Washington (Mount Pleasant hospital) some time, I don't know just when, staid there until about the first of May, and then I was transferred, with fifty others, to the Cony general hospital at Augusta."

While at the hospital the dreaded gangrene appeared in the wound, and for a while the fear of losing the foot was added to the pain of the gangrened wound. But even under these trying circumstances he did not lose his good spirits. He was full of song and joke and story.

And when it became necessary to strap the wounded limb to the bed that it might be kept in one position, and he was forced to lie flat on his back, he would play on his tambourine and sing and joke till every sufferer in the ward had forgotten his pain and his homesickness; and the surgeons said his presence in the hospital was better than all the medicine in the dispensary. He was at one time in great danger of losing his foot, but that trial was averted—the skill of the surgeons, his own faith and good spirits, and the prayers of his father and mother, bringing him through; and though he suffers from the wound to-day, it is a good deal better than no foot.

He was discharged from the service July 27th, 1865, for disability arising from wounds. He was "only a private in the army"—

"Only a man in the ranks, that's all."

He was appointed commissary sergeant of the Tenth Maine in the winter of 1862-3, but declined, and was offered the position of quartermaster sergeant of the Twenty-ninth Maine at its organization, but preferred to be a private in the cavalry rather than a non-commissioned officer in the infantry—a choice which he never regretted.

After his discharge he went back to his apprenticeship in the machine shop, remaining there a while after he had finished his trade. He then went to Lisbon to take charge of the repair shop connected with the mill there, remained there a year or two and returned to Lewiston, and went to Portland in 1871, entering the employ of the Portland company. With this company he remained several years, serving some years as clerk in the office.

He was appointed inspector in the Portland custom house by Collector Fred N. Dow in 1883, and remained there until about the middle of President Cleveland's first term, when he entered the employ of the Sewall Car Heating Company, and in this business traveled three or four years in the West. He resigned that position in the summer of 1891, and entered the employ of the Pullman Car Company at Kansas City. Personal matters imperatively demanding his return to Portland, he was obliged to resign that position, came home, and in May, 1892, was reappointed to a position in the custom house, where he now is.



Twenty-Second Annual Reunion

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The twenty-second reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association was held in Portland, Wednesday, August 23d, 1893, it having been found inadvisable to hold it in Lewiston, as was voted at the previous reunion. As the comrades arrived in the city by the early morning boats and trains, they were met by members of the local committee of arrangements and escorted to the hall of Bosworth Post, Grand Army of the Republic, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the association during the day and evening. At ten o'clock the comrades, to the number of one hundred and more, very many of them being accompanied by their families, took passage on the steamer for Peak's Island, where the exercises of the day were held. At the wharf, the comrades were aroused by the familiar strains of the old bugle, sounded by Bugler Maloon, Company G, who waked the echoes and the old memories grandly. Cordial greetings and comradely salutations had begun long before this—with the first flush of dawn, as the Boston boat steamed to her dock—and by the time the happy party was fairly on the sail down the harbor, the air was full of them. There were the usual meeting of the old comrades who had not seen each other for years, and of some who had not met before since the muster-out; there were the usual exclamations of surprise and of joy as a comrade recognized one whom he thought he should never forget, only after long scrutiny and many hints; there were the usual expressions of real pleasure at meeting comrades to whom one was bound by some particular circumstance in the service; there were the usual number of such expressions as "I rather see you than any other member of the regiment," or "I would not have come if I had not expected to see you." In short, there were all the usual pleasures of a reunion of old

comrades, which seem to grow deeper as the years roll on. So the sail down the harbor was all too short, for the real pleasure of the reunion was just beginning. At the island, the comrades at once proceeded to Greenwood Gardens, which had been placed at their service by the manager, Comrade J. W. Brackett, of Co. B.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

After an hour or more of free interchange of cordiality and comradeship, the business meeting was held. The president, Comrade Caleb N. Lang, called to order, and welcomed the comrades in behalf of the Portland comrades. The report of the auditing committee on the report of the treasurer, Gen. J. P. Cilley, for 1892, was read and accepted. The treasurer then presented his report for 1893, which was read and accepted after the report of the auditing committee thereon.

(Both of the Auditing Committees' reports for the year of 1892 and also 1893, and the Treasurer's report for 1893 have been printed and placed in the hands of all the comrades in an extra issued in September, 1893.)

The financial condition of the association caused a long and serious debate. Several measures of relief were suggested and finally it was voted to choose three trustees to whom the whole matter was referred, with power to sell. Comrades Sidney W. Thaxter, Charles F. Dam and Charles W. Skillings were chosen said trustees. On motion of Major S. W. Thaxter, it was voted, after some discussion, that the association cease its pecuniary responsibility for the publication of the First Maine BUGLE after this year.

Comrades Edward P. Tobie of the field and staff, Albion C. Drinkwater of Co. A, Melville B. Cook of Co. B, Eben Andrews of Co. C, Thomas B. Pulsifer of Co. D, Lorenzo B. Hill of Co. E, Charles W. Skillings of Co. F, Volney H. Foss of Co. G, Henry C. Hall of Co. H, Benjamin P. Lowell of Co. I, Charles W. Ford of Co. K, Austin A. Fish of Co. L, and George Doughty of Co. M, were appointed a committee to select three localities from which to choose the place of reunion next year, and also to nominate officers for the ensuing year. This com-

mittee retired, and after due deliberation presented the names of Skowhegan, Pittsfield and Eastport. From these Skowhegan was unanimously chosen for the next reunion. This committee also reported the following as the list of officers :

President—Sergeant Peter J. Dresser, of Lewiston.

Vice President—Sergeant George E. Goodwin, of Skowhegan.

Treasurer—Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, of Rockland.

Secretary—Charles A. F. Emery, of Medford, Mass.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. Orin S. Haskell, of Pittsfield.

Finance Committee—Maj. Sidney W. Thaxter, Lieut. George F. Jewett, and Albion C. Drinkwater.

Executive Committee—The first five officers and Lorenzo B. Hill, Augusta; Charles A. Smith, Skowhegan; and Frank J. Savage, Fairfield.

Comrade Dresser declined election as president, and Sergeant George E. Goodwin was nominated in his place, while Albert Edgecomb, of Boston was nominated for vice president. As thus amended the report was accepted and the list of officers elected.

Votes of thanks were tendered to Comrade Brackett, for the use of the hall and grounds; to President Lang for his labors the past year in behalf of the association, and to the local committee of arrangements, and the business meeting adjourned.

DINNER.

At noon the following named comrades and their families sat down to a glorious " shore dinner " at the Peaks' Island House :

Samuel H. Allen, Thomaston	Frederick A. Cummings, Saccarappa
Melvin J. Allen, Skowhegan	Albion C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.
Eben Andrews, Willard	George Doughty, Augusta
Wm. G. Bease, Lewiston	Peter J. Dresser, Lewiston
Charles Burgess, Bath	Edward B. Deering, Knightville
Otis H. Barnard, East Auburn	Albert Edgecomb, 123 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Isaac Bingham, Clinton	Edwin T. Edgecomb, Kezar Falls
James W. Brackett, Peaks' Island	Geo. M. Emory, Buxton Centre
John P. Carson, Mount Vernon	John Emery, Hampden
Charles C. Chase, 3 Davis Place, Portland	Wm. H. Farnum, Rumford Centre
George H. Chase, New Gloucester	Austin A. Fish, Woburn, Mass.
Jonathan P. Cilley, Rockland	Charles W. Ford, Portland
Horatio M. Cleaves, Saco	Volney H. Foss, Bangor
Charles W. Coffin, Shapleigh	John French, Lewiston
Henry R. Colesworthy, W. Gorham	Daniel W. Gage, No. Cambridge, Mass.
Melville B. Cook, Friendship	

- Charles W. Goddard, Portland
 Stephen S. Goodhue, Haverhill, Mass.
 George C. Goodwin, Skowhegan
 Henry C. Hall, Woburn, Mass.
 Gilbert N. Harris, Melrose, Mass.
 John E. Hart, Burnham
 Ira B. Harvey, Lewiston
 Simeon C. Hasting, Sidney
 Nathaniel S. Hawkes, Rangeley
 Lorenzo B. Hill, Augusta
 Albert N. Higgins, 108 7th St., So. Min-
 neapolis, Minn.
 Edwin M. Higgins, Somes Sound
 William H. Howard, 432 St. John St.,
 Portland
 Charles E. Jack, Weymouth, Mass.
 Sylvanus Judkins, Athens
 Charles B. Kenney, 325 Front St., Brook-
 lyn, N. Y.
 Alfred W. Knight, North Whitefield
 Jas. M. Knight, 39 Fifth St., Dover, N. H.
 Thomas F. Killan, Dedham, Mass.
 Leander Lane, Keen's Mills
 Caleb N. Lang, 237 High St., Portland
 Thos. J. Long, 40 Warren Ave., Boston, Mass
 Benjamin P. Lowell, Lewiston
 Franklin B. Lowe, Waterville
 Fernando F. Mason, Turner Centre
 William Maloon, Auburn
 Isaac S. Maxwell, Lewiston
 Wm. O. McFarland, Searsmont
 Edw. P. Merrill, 55 Bramhall St., Portland
 William Morang, 57 Alder St., Portland
 Charles E. Moulton, Orr's Island
 Russell B. Murray, 27 Washington St.,
 Charlestown, Mass.
 Danville Newbegin, Shapleigh
 Alexander M. Parker, Deering
 John M. Perkins, 31 Cornhill, Boston
 Alfred Pierce, Arlington, Mass.
 Geo. Prince, 16 Davis, St., Boston, Mass.
 Thomas B. Pulsifer, Yarmouth, Mass.
 James K. Reynolds, Hallowell
 Charles H. Robbins, Biddeford
 George S. Royal, Yarmouth
 Thomas J. Sanford, Marlborough, Mass.
 Samuel Shorey, 21 Spruce St., Portland
 Chas. W. Skillings, Preble House, Portland
 Charles Smith, Skowhegan
 George M. Smith, South Portland
 Henry H. Smith, Jeffrey St., Lynn, Mass.
 James H. Smith, New Gloucester
 Sewall W. Smith, Skowhegan
 Asbury E. Soule, Lewiston
 Horatio B. Soule, Yarmouth
 Rodney Sparrow, 65 Merrill St., Portland
 Sidney W. Thaxter, 356 Spring Street
 Portland
 Edward P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.
 Leroy H. Tobie, 15 Becket St., Portland
 John F. Tolman, Six Mile Falls
 Levi Toothacher, Brunswick
 David H. Whittier, Athens
 Henry J. Varney, Skowhegan
 John W. West, Lewiston
 George M. Young, Portland

The afternoon was spent in various pleasant ways. The headquarters of the Fifth Maine Association, with its wealth of war relics, was thrown open to the inspection of the comrades, and there were many avenues of pleasure in the garden, but the comrades for the most part preferred the quiet chat with each other, and the hours flew quickly till the time arrived to take the steamer for the return to the city.

THE CAMP FIRE.

In the evening exercises were held in Bosworth Post Hall. The comrades and their friends assembled in goodly numbers

and received a cordial greeting from the president and Portland comrades. After a thorough inspection of the comfortable and well furnished rooms belonging to the Post, the assemblage was called to order, when President Lang, after a few words of welcome, introduced Comrade Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., as toastmaster. Comrade Tobie commenced by reading the following letters from invited guests who were unable to be present:

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 15th, 1893.

COMRADE DAM,

Secretary First Maine Cavalry Association,

I have just received your kind invitation to attend the reunion of your regiment on the twenty-third instant, and I wish to thank you very kindly for the same, and I shall try to see you on that day if possible.

Yours in F., C. and L.,

JOHN WILLIAMSON.

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 15th, 1893.

DEAR COMRADE,

Yours received with thanks; shall try to be on hand. I will see that the Fifth Maine building is yours for the day, and your boys can visit it as much as they please

Yours truly,

GEO. E. BROWN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 16th, 1893.

MR. C. F. DAM,

My Dear Sir—I regret that I am obliged on account of public duties here to decline your kind invitation to be present at the Annual Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry August twenty-third, at Peak's Island. Sincerely hoping you will have a full and pleasant reunion,

I am very truly yours,

T. B. REED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 15th, 1893.

CHARLES F. DAM, ESQ.,

Dear Sir and Comrade—Accept sincere thanks for the cordial invitation to participate in the reunion of the glorious First Maine Cavalry at Peak's Island on the twenty-third instant. I can think of nothing more delightful than a trip down Portland Harbor with the gallant fellows who rode to victory with Dosty, Smith, Cilley, Thaxter and Brown. But my outpost duty is here now and I do not think it will be possible for me to be in Maine on the twenty-third. Please give my heartiest greetings to the comrades and assure them that there are still some of us on the banks of the Potomac who have not forgotten who saved the life of this Republic.

Yours cordially,

C. A. BOUTELLE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17th, 1893.

C. F. DAM, Secretary, etc.,

Dear Sir—Please accept very cordial thanks, and extend the same to the members of the First Maine Cavalry for your kind invitation to their reunion at Peak's Island on the twenty-third instant. I am sorry that my duties here will prevent my giving

myself the great pleasure of being present to pay my tribute of respect on that occasion to one of the most gallant regiments that went to the front in the war for the suppression of the rebellion. They have my admiration and affectionate regard.

Yours truly,

S. L. MILLIKEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17th, 1893.

DEAR SIR,

I should be very glad to accept your invitation to attend the Annual Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, at Peak's Island, on the twenty-third instant; but the condition of the public business is such that I am unable to make any engagement for that time. With all good wishes for the occasion,

Yours very truly,

EUGENE HALE.

CHARLES F. DAM, Secretary, etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17th, 1893.

C. F. DAM, Portland, Me.,

My Dear Sir—I have received your courteous invitation to be present at the Annual Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association. I should be delighted to accept it but regret to say that under the circumstances it will be impossible. Please accept thanks. I am very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

AUGUSTA, August 15th, 1893.

CHAS. F. DAM, Secy. and Treas.,

My Dear Sir—I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable to be present at the evening reception of the First Maine Cavalry Association, on August twenty-third, as a previous engagement requires my absence from the city. With cordial good wishes for your association. I am very truly,

HENRY B. CLEAVES.

COBourg, ONT., August 22d, 1893.

S. W. THAXTER, Portland,

My greetings and best wishes to the old boys. God bless them. Wish I were with you all.

C. H. SMITH.

CHICAGO, August 19th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General—It has been my intention for the last year to be with you and the regiment at this reunion, but this "financial war" has upset all my calculations and I find myself obliged "to fight it out on this line" and I can see that it is going to "take all summer" and perhaps a good share of the fall and winter. With kind regards to you and the boys of the First Maine, I remain

Sincerely yours,

PERLEY LOWE.

The toastmaster also read the following poetical greeting, which was very warmly received:

A CAVALRY RAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AFTER TAPS."

Unfurl the old flag, let it thrill you anew,
 Flung out from your housetops the red, white and blue;
 Hang out the bright yellow and make the town gay,
 For the old First Maine Cavalry ride here to-day.

Not with bugle and sabre and carbine they ride,
 Not as warriors all nerved for the battle's red tide;
 But with peace on their guidons, repose on their brows,
 In the spirit that bravely earned freedom endows.

It is many a year since I saw the old State,
 And many the changes recorded by fate;
 But I know that her blessing is still at the claim
 Of the blue-coated boys who once marched in her name.

For when the war sounded its tocsin of woe,
 A Spartan, old Maine bade her patriots—"Go!"
 And on many a field, swept by traitorous guns,
 Was shed, for the Union, the blood of her sons.

A price above rubies she offered to save
 The land of her love from Rebellion's wild wave;
 Not in vain was that pathway of loyalty trod,
 For in peace she is crowned with the favor of God.

Still reigns her proud country, united and free,
 Her fortunate ships whiten many a sea,
 While the fruit of her spindles is borne round the earth,
 And her statesmen bring fame to the home of their birth.

Oh, well do I know where your Boothby is laid,
 For to that very spot oft in childhood I strayed;
 I know the green sod that his brave form enshrines,
 And the threnodies sung by the sorrowing pines.

Peace be to his ashes! and peace to them all
 Who shrank not from duty though Death rang the call;
 And honor to all the old heroes to-day
 Who now, in life's autumn, are wearing the gray!

So fill up your glasses but not with Tokay,
 For wine would be treason where water holds sway,
 But with friendship's pure vintage that makes the heart glow—
 No State in the Union wine warmer can show.

Run up the old flag, then, and bless every thread,
 With a cheer for the living, a tear for the dead;
 Bring out the bright yellow and make the town gay,
 For the old First Maine Cavalry ride here to-day!

The toastmaster called upon various comrades for speech or story, and then followed an hour or two of enjoyable talk, mainly in a reminiscent vein. Gen. J. P. Cilley spoke strongly of the bond which binds the comrades of the regiment together and how that bond is kept more firmly by the letters of the comrades in the BUGLE; that each word written in the Echoes

is heard by a thousand men who wore the cavalry colors in the ranks of the First of Maine. Major Sidney W. Thaxter gave an account of his experience in passing the regiment through the city of New York, when it went to the front in the winter of 1862, he having been detailed for that purpose. The story was new to all, was very interesting, and was a good commentary on how much the volunteer officers had to learn in the early days of their service. Major Henry C. Hall gave a humorous touch to some reminiscences of the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac. Comrade Albion C. Drinkwater called up memories of the grand reunion in Boston in 1889. Comrade Thomas B. Pulsifer presented a rather comical, though not overdrawn, sketch of the first horse he rode in the regiment—long-bodied, long-legged and awkward—and of his experiences with that horse in the initial campaigns. Comrade Samuel H. Allen spoke briefly of his connection with the regiment. Capt. Charles T. Chase told a story of the fight at Sailor's Creek, three days before the surrender of Gen. Lee, and how his report "the enemy are breaking" helped to win the day. Comrade Charles W. Skillings spoke vigorously, paying a high tribute to Lieut. Col. Boothby, both as a soldier and as a man. Hospital Steward Emery T. Getchell interested the comrades with hospital reminiscences, among which was a story of a comrade who was cured of a long illness by a liberal and persistent use of brown bread pills. Comrade Charles E. Jacks spoke eloquently, first paying tribute to the ladies, and then drawing remarkably vivid pictures of the main incidents of the last grand campaign. Comrade Joseph B. Peakes spoke patriotically, and in the course of his remarks so alluded to our late comrade Winsor B. Smith, as to bring up many recollections of his fidelity and bravery. Comrade Leroy H. Tobie told the story of the First Maine Cavalry and the watermelons, which everyone appreciated and enjoyed. Brief remarks were also made by Surgeon Alexander M. Parker, Comrades Gilbert N. Harris, Melville B. Cook, Charles B. Kenney, Albert Edgecomb, the newly elected vice president, and others. During the evening the toastmaster read the following, prepared for the occasion:

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

MY OLD ARMY HORSE.

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE.

I couldn't have called him a beauty—oh, no;
 He wouldn't have taken the prize at a fair;
 He hadn't the points of a thoroughbred steed—
 No signs of Arabian pedigree there;

But no horse rode by Grant, or by Sheridan brave,
 No historical charger with high-sounding name,
 No pet of the race-course, no king of the road,
 Ever better deserved to be honored by fame.

He did his full duty through four years of war;
 What horse could do better, what man can say more?
 He was true to our colors in camp and in field,
 And he gave up his life for the land we adore.

Untrained were we both when we went into camp,
 Together we took our first lessons in drill;
 He learned how to carry me, I how to ride.
 And each to obey a superior will.

So we grew up together in war's cruel ways,
 And he stood by me always, a friend good and true;
 We shared the same dangers, the same hardships bore,
 As together we served for the red, white and blue.

Together we marched over many a mile;
 Oft in darkness of midnight, o'er pathways unseen,
 When he carried me safely, this good horse of mine,
 With his foot ever sure and his eye ever keen.

When with march and with scout and with raid, night and day,
 We were weary and worn and in sorrowful plight,
 I oft slept in the saddle, while he plodded on
 And kept in his place in the column all right.

We stood picket together on many a night,
 And he was as good a vidette as was I,
 For he warned me oftimes, with his vigilant ears,
 In the darkness and stillness, that danger was nigh.

And I always depended on him in the dark,
 To take me to camp when from picket relieved,
 For his instinct was sure where my reason would fail—
 I trusted him fully and ne'er was deceived.

In the charge, wild and grand, with confusion supreme,
 The least motion of rein or of spur he'd obey,
 As if he understood, in the battle's wild din,
 That I only could bring him safe out of the fray.

He often went hungry, so often did I,
 Till starvation threatened and all was forlorn,

But we shared with each other, we brothers-in-arms,
And oft ate a lunch from the same ear of corn.

Together we slept, many times, he and I,
As I lay on the ground with his rein o'er my arm
And he stood close beside me, this comrade of mine,
Like a sentinel faithful, to guard me from harm.

Thus together we shared in the fortunes of war
Till the cloud of surrender hung low over Lee
And we made our last charge on the enemy's lines,
When the same southern bullet struck him that struck me.

I thought not of him as I rode from the field,
Nor noticed that he, my best friend, had been hit,
But when he had borne me well out of harm's way,
He lay down and died—had e'er man better grit?

Are there horses in heaven? Then my old army horse
Is in heaven with winged heels, and is waiting the day
That I'll mount him again, then to course, he and I,
O'er the green fields of Eden, forever and aye.

The president made a few remarks of farewell, and the exercises closed. Then ice cream and cake were served, and the comrades and their friends passed a very pleasant social hour. Much credit is due to the local committee of arrangements—Comrades Leroy H. Tobie, Sidney W. Thaxter, Samuel H. Shorey, Caleb N. Lang, William H. Howard and Charles F. Dam.

The following notes of the reunion are taken from the Portland papers:

Among the comrades present was William Maloon of Auburn, who acted as bugler. He was the old bugler of Co. G, the "gray horse" company, and had with him the very bugle which he used in the old campaigns. The yellow cavalry cord that held the bugle to his side was also the identical one used in the war, and a faded stain on a portion of it marked where it was wet with its owner's blood at the cavalry fight at Deep Bottom, on the James River, in the days when Grant was closing in on Richmond.

One of the pleasant features of the gathering was the meeting of eleven "charter" members of Company F who spent the winter together at Camp Penobscot, Augusta, during the winter of '61 and '62. They were Alfred Pierce of Arlington, Mass., James A. Smith of Intervale, Me., Levi Toothaker of Brunswick, George H. Chase of Intervale, H. B. Soule of Yarmouth, F. A. Cummings of Freeport, N. S. Hawkes of Rangeley, George S. Boyd of Yarmouth, Charles F. Dam and Charles W. Skillings of Portland. Charles F. Dam and Charles W. Skillings are the only two surviving members who enlisted from Portland. These comrades of F had a picture taken and sent to their old companion, Joe Darling, Malaga, Cal.

THE ASSEMBLY.

The war has ceased; and now in peaceful halls
 I'm called upon to sound the bugle calls.
 I, too, shall cease; but not, I pray, until
 Some veteran's son and grandson learns to trill
 This bugle's call "To Arms," and "Boots and Saddles."

Turn to the Assembly of July Call, 1893. Read again the editorial note of that issue wherein, unconsciously, the very substance of the conclusion of the Portland reunion vote was anticipated. Turn also to the occasion of our birth and baptism at Augusta, September 26th, 1872, when you applauded these words, "I further speak for myself and for a host of others, both present and absent, that we stand ready now and henceforth, even as fortune has or shall favor us, to contribute of our abundance towards the interest of this Association." Read also the burning words of James G. Blaine, uttered August 7th, 1878, at Augusta, Me., before crowded galleries, and in the presence of many representatives of the Russian empire: "I am sure the First

Maine Cavalry has glory enough in its annals not to die out in the generation that originated this occasion and furnished the heroes. But I am sure, as long as the results of that war in which they fought are appreciated by man, that the remotest descendants of those who are here to-night will look back with pride and with triumph to the record that their ancestors made in that great war." Similar sentiments have been the key note of all our gatherings. The fact that the issuance of our annual proceedings, as well as our quarterly publication, have been discussed and questioned in two of our reunions, is not to be ignored. It has been argued that the First Maine Cavalry has no need of blowing her horn; that her record and her losses stand unequaled

in the cavalry service; that such record needs no further publishment. But is it wise to shut our mouths and go to sleep as regards our service and our comradeship before the natural and inevitable period for such final sleep? Shall whitening years benumb our hearts and hands to the memories of a glad and happy past at this season of our lives? God forbid now, as in the time of war, we die before our time for dying comes. Let us live while we do live, with a heart and hand and ear for each comrade of the dear old regiment and for every other good comrade of the red and blue insignias who stood with us or for the good cause in the years of 1861 and 1865. With this issue the First Maine BUGLE dies as the financial child of the First Maine Cavalry; but as the organ of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, as the mouth-piece of the "Men of Maine" who served in the war of the rebellion as artillery, infantry or cavalry, with a prestige and record typified in a remarkable manner by the State motto, the "Maine Bugle" will from January, 1894, blow four times a year.

Its echoing notes your memories shall renew
 From sixty-one until the grand review,
 Where elbows touched and troops rode boot
 to boot,
 Triumphant 'neath the flag that South and
 North salute.

Outside the Fort.

A few years ago, when the improvement in artillery and explosives had rendered many of our fortifications obsolete, the Secretary of War asked Gen. Sherman what he would do in case he was called upon to defend these forts. Gen. Sherman replied: "If I were called on to defend these forts from the assault of an enemy I should go outside of them." If a call on the First Maine Cavalry Association is made for help or rescue, we are forced to go outside the State of Maine and call upon Massachusetts.

BOSTON BRANCH ASSOCIATION

The startled air had hardly ceased its vibration over the vote of August twenty-third when ten men of Massachusetts, after a hurried consultation, told your treasurer to go forward with the BUGLE; that they would stand as his financial backers.

MASSACHUSETTS.

This is the ratio: Whereas the average of payments from

the nine hundred surviving members of the association in Maine, although a few have given right royally, have averaged less than one dollar, the ratio of giving by the members of the association living in Massachusetts have averaged near one hundred dollars! Yet the comrades in Maine grumbled while those in Massachusetts continue their loyal support.

ASLEEP.

Every member of the old regiment outside of Maine, by letters affectionate and generous, shows himself alive to all the good interests of our organization, while many a member in Maine is asleep, or dulled by an apparent indifference that is akin to virtual death, to the memories and record of our regimental life.

How to Be Alive.

A SPIRITUAL REUNION.

Capt. D. H. L. Gleason, who with his squadron of the First Massachusetts Cavalry charged the enemy at Ground Squirrel bridge and held the rebel force that was crushing our regiment and for which service he received no mention or credit in our history, but the credit and

thanks are given to another regiment, thus illustrates the effect of his laborious two years work as statistician of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, vide page 313, History First Massachusetts Cavalry:

For two years I have been living over again the incidents and scenes of army life. Again I have seen the faces and heard the voices of brave, manly fellows who were your comrades and mine; again have I stood by the side of a brave comrade who has given his life for his country, or by the wounded, who, with lips compressed to conceal his suffering, declines the proffered help, and resolutely refuses to leave the field, or, if forced to do so, complies with reluctance and regret. The dreary camp and picket duty, the shot and alarm, the bugle call, camp song and jest, the letter sent and received, the long line of horses with their ever restless movement, like waves of the sea—all these memories, with many more, come thronging to my heart and brain, effacing time; and again we are present in person, as we were twenty-five and more years ago."

Branch Associations.

Every county or large town should have one, and once every year gather around a common table in the name of the old regiment. The Androscoggin, Skowhegan and Knox branches are most beneficial and enjoyable. Houlton, with its right pleasant memory of a glad reunion, should organize one.

A Reunion of Company I

Will be held at Biddeford some time this fall. Corporal Geo. E. Perkins has consented to informally act as secretary. He desires the addresses, if still living, of the following comrades. If any comrade has any knowledge of any in the list will they write at once and give comrade Perkins all the facts?

Alfred Abbott, John P. Abbott, Walter Allen, Edward Bassett, Nathan P. Baston, Moses Bedell, John Blennerville, Charles Briggs, Francis Brooks, Lawrence Bryant, Verano G. Bryant, Luther H. Butler, Daniel C. Carlton, George Clarke, Frank Cleaves, Joseph E. Colby, Levi M. Colby, Albert Conant, Robert Cross, Elisha E. Cunliffe, William B. Davis, John Doxey, Edwin G. Durgin, George M. Emory, Samuel H. Fowler, Columbus B. Frost, George Gearnar, Alden Gilchrist, Robert J. Gilmore, George W. Gipson, Andrew J. Goodale, John H. Goodrich, William Gould, Thomas Griffin, George D. Hall, William H. Hall, Austin D. Hanson, Peter Jennings, Rufus Johnson, Albert H. King, Lyman Leach, Benjamin F. Libbey, Oliver B. Littlefield, George W. Mann, Alexander L. McDonald, Oliver H. McIntire, Stephen W. Merrick, Jacob C. Merrifield, Delmont Moore, Murray Moores, Alonzo D. Morgan, Angus Morrison, Eugene Newbegin, Chas. W. Newell, George E. Oakes, Kendall Pollard, J. H. Pray, Franklin B. Ricker, John C. Roberts, William J. Roberts, Thomas D. Rogers, George A. Royal, Augustus Sanford, Asa W. Seavey, Charles E. Smith, Eugene A. Smith, Rufus A. Smith, Wm. Stackpole, Ezra H. Stewart, John P. Stiles, Samuel Strout, Jr., Edward Taylor,

Byron D. Tibbetts, John H. Trafton, Nahum G. Tripp, Marcellus Wells, Edwin Wheeler, Charles A. Woodman, Wm. F. Woodman, David Y. Dudley.

The Nebraska Reunion.

By your request I write in regard to the First Maine boys meeting in Grande Island, August thirty-first. Am sorry to say there were but three to answer to their names, James V. Wood Co. I, Wilber J. Stevens Co. E, and myself. Comrade Wood was with my company (L) at First Corps headquarters in 1863 and it was like meeting one of my own company. Have not met him before since we came out of the service. He is a farmer and from his appearance is prospering finely. His address is David City, Butler County, Nebraska. Comrade Stevens is a farmer and also shows that he is a successful one. I do not remember of meeting him before; his address is Hartwell, Kearney County, Nebraska. Although there were but three of us we had a very enjoyable visit. It was more like meeting brothers than men who were very nearly strangers to me. We three are to make an effort to get all of the First Maine boys

in Nebraska together at the State Encampment. I mentioned the matter of pictures for the BUGLE to Wood and Stevens and think they will have theirs appear. I see that the association at their last reunion voted not to be responsible for the expenses of publishing the BUGLE any longer. Will you be able to continue to publish it or not? Hope you can, for I would not miss receiving the BUGLE for double the present cost.

Yours in F., C. and L.,
ROSCOE R. BANGS.

Marriage Bells.

A beautiful and fashionable wedding occurred at the Church of Immanuel, Rockland, at high noon Tuesday, September twelfth, when Grace Thurbur Cilley, only daughter of Gen. J. P. Cilley, was married to Capt. Walter Greenough Tibbetts of San Francisco. The pulpit platform was tastefully decorated with a wealth of golden rod, palms and hydrangeas, the work of a committee from the Shakespeare Society. The church was filled with guests, places being especially set apart for relatives and the members of the Shakespeare Society of which Miss Cilley has been president. Miss Marianna Blood of Auburndale, Mass., a schoolmate of the bride at Wellesley, was maid of honor and Miss Mabel, daughter of Commander A. Sidney Snow, U. S. N., and Miss Mary, daughter of Dr. F. E. Hitchcock, bridesmaids. Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., brother of the bride, was groomsman, and A. Ross Weeks, F. Ernest Holman and A. H. Sturtevant of Rockland and James D. Lazell of Roanoke, Va., cousin of the bride, officiated as ushers. At twelve o'clock Mrs. James Wight, who presided at the organ, opened with the strains of Lohengrin wedding march, and the bridal procession filed in stately fashion up the broad aisle, the ushers preceding, followed by the dainty little bridesmaids in pink silk and pink shoes and stockings, bearing baskets of fresh pinks, the maid of honor, in a lovely pink chiffon over pink silk, and then the bride, beautiful in white silk with tulle veil and train, leaning on her father's arm. They were received at the altar by the groom and his best man, and the ceremony

was impressively performed by Rev. W. M. Kimmell of Portland, formerly of the Church of Immanuel, of which the bride is a member. The organ sounded softly all through the ceremony, a beautiful air from "Patience." At its conclusion, to the organ notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march, the procession passed up the aisle and from the church. A wedding lunch was served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bird, and on the afternoon train the wedded couple started west. They stopped en route at Saxton River, Vt., visiting the bride's grandmother, thence to the World's Fair and on to San Francisco, their future home, out of which port Capt. Tibbetts has been successfully voyaging since he went away from his Rockland home a dozen years ago, and upon which voyages hereafter his bride will accompany him. Miss Cilley has been one of the city's best known young women, of education and talent, and her going away is a loss to Rockland's society. Capt. Tibbetts came east the first of the summer on a visit to his boyhood home, and the engagement and marriage

which has resulted from his visit is not without a dash of romance, and we are very sure will be fraught with all the happiness that hosts of friends have so cordially united in wishing them. Among those present from out of town to attend the wedding were Mrs. Dr. Clapp of Boston, who was bridesmaid of the mother of the present bride, and lifted from the bride's face on that occasion the same veil which she lifted this day from the face of the newly-married Mrs. Tibbetts; Miss Marianna Blood of Auburndale, Mass., a schoolmate of Miss Cilley at Wellesley; James D. Lazell of Roanoke, Va., cousin to the bride; Albert Tolman of Portland; and Mrs. Rogers of Bath, nee Palmer, a bride of last June, who was guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bird. Miss Fannie Lazell, an aunt of the bride, came from Saxton River, Vt., but was called home Sunday by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Lazell. The bride was the recipient of many wedding presents. Noticeable among them was a magnificent diamond and pearl ornament, the gift of the Shakespeare Society; a beautiful present from

the Ladies' Auxiliary Society of the First Maine Cavalry, and gifts from other members of her father's regiment.

The home of Mrs. Winsor B. Smith on Spring street, Portland, was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding the afternoon of Tuesday, September twelfth, when her daughter, Winnifred H. Smith, was married to Arthur P. Howard of Portland. The rooms were handsomely decorated with flowers. The families and immediate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. John Carroll Perkins. The young people received generous remembrances from their friends in the shape of many choice presents. Mr. and Mrs. Howard departed on the evening train to North Conway, whence they journeyed towards the World's Fair, stopping en route at Montreal and Niagara. Upon their return they will reside at No. 291 Spring St.

At Rockport, July 26th, 1893, Delia E., daughter of Avery Small (Hist. p. 486) of Rockport, was married to Bertram W. Hunt of Rockland.

Caleb N. Lang.

Our Association has been noted for electing men who were in the ranks to its highest offices. Our last president was a sample of this procedure, and the dignified and graceful manner in which he presided proved the wisdom of such choice.

Mr. Lang is a man who, by square dealing and strict attention to business, has won the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends. He came to Portland when but a mere lad, and has always been identified with the city's interests in every way. He withstood the temptation to go West in his youth, and has as yet had no cause to regret his choice of a home. While he has not amassed a fortune, he has by hard work, strict attention to business, and square dealing with his customers, built up an income of no mean proportions, and at the same time won the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends. He served the country faithfully in the late civil war and as a member of the city council conscientiously discharged his duties. In the many societies to which he belongs he has held positions of trust and his efforts were always crowned with success. His career has been that of the representative business men of the Forest City, to whom the great progress the latter has made, is due. Caleb N. Lang is the son of Joseph B. and Betsey L. (Libby) Lang, and was born in Pownal, Me., May 3d, 1844. Caleb attended the town schools and in 1861 his father moved to Portland where the former continued his studies at Nesmith's Academy, attending evenings. He went into the grocery store of Lemuel Dyer at Tukey's Bridge as clerk

and served in that capacity until the summer of 1864. Although but twenty years of age Mr. Lang early manifested an interest in the War of the Rebellion and had enlisted twice, each time being rejected because he was under age and his father would not consent to his enlistment. In September, 1864, he enlisted in Company K of the First Maine Cavalry, and his father, no longer able to control his movements, accepted the inevitable and bade him Godspeed. In the year Mr. Lang was with the First Maine Cavalry he had plenty of hard work, and saw fighting enough to satisfy the most belligerent soldier. Unlike the infantry his regiment had very few moments when they were not actively engaged either in fighting or preparing for it. He participated in every battle of his regiment during the last year of the campaign including the engagement in front of Petersburg, when his brother, Chas. F. Lang, was mortally wounded, and in spite of his youth was considered a veteran among veterans. At the close of the war he returned to Portland and entered the employ of Barrows & Smith, grocers, on Portland street. He remained with this firm until the spring of 1866, when he purchased Mr. Barrows' interest in the business and for two years the firm was Lang & Smith. In 1868 Mr. Smith retired from the business and Mr. Lang took a partner in the person of Frank H. Chase. The firm of Lang & Chase thrived for three years and then Mr. Lang sold his interest to Mr. Chase. Mr. Lang was not to remain long in idleness however, and immediately opened a store at the corner of Green and Portland streets, and took his father in as a partner under the firm name of C. N. & J. B. Lang. Nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of things until March, 1883, when J. B. Lang retired from the firm. In January, 1891, Mr. Lang moved into the building cor-

ner of Portland and High streets, where he is now located. He has a fine store, carries a large stock and has for customers some of the first families in the city. He is very much attached to his business and may daily be found behind the counter. Notwithstanding Mr. Lang is a very busy man he has been identified with several secret organizations, joining many of them at their organization, and assisting them in every way possible. He was one of the first members of Bosworth Post, G. A. R., signing as a charter member September 17th, 1867, but was not mustered in until after the post was organized. He has held several offices in the post, and was post commander in 1876. He became a member of Bramhall Lodge, K. of P., twenty years ago, and is also a member of Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F., Machigonne Encampment, Ancient Landmark Lodge of Masons, Greenleaf Royal Chapter, and Portland Commandery. Mr. Lang is also president of the First Maine Cavalry association this season, and has been very active in looking after its interests. In politics Mr. Lang has always been an ardent Republican. He was a member of the City Council from ward five in 1885 and 1886, and was offered the nomination for alderman but declined, as his business had reached such proportions that it demanded his whole attention. In November, 1867, Mr. Lang married Ellen A. Cummings, and two children have been born to them.

Kilpatrick's Cavalry Association.

An organization was formed from Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division, representing the Eighth Indiana; Fifth, Ninth and Tenth Ohio; Ninth Michigan, Ninth Pennsylvania, and First Alabama. Gen. L. G. Estes of Washington, D. C., Kilpatrick's old Adjutant-General, was elected president, and E. J. Hammer, of

Indianapolis, was chosen secretary. All veterans who served in the Third Cavalry Division, Army of the Mississippi (Kilpatrick's) are requested to correspond with the secretary at Indianapolis, that proper arrangements may be made for a place of meeting at Pittsburg in 1894.

War Talks with Confederate Veterans.

Compiled and edited by George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Va.; published by Fenn & Owen, Petersburg, Va. This intensely-interesting volume of true war tales by "boys in gray" ought to meet with a hearty welcome. It presents the "other side" vigorously and picturesquely. All the statements made are believed to be, and great care has been taken to

have them, correct. The work is neatly illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings and half-tones, and is a valuable contribution to the library of any veteran of the late war who wore either blue or gray. The subjects treated are: The Early Days of the War; the Maryland Campaign of 1862; Chancellorsville; an Escape from Point Lookout; the Wilderness; the Defense of Petersburg; the Battle of the Crater; a Daring Expedition; Last Days of Lee and His Paladins; Last Days of Johnston's Army; included under these titles being statements of general and other officers on both sides, though mostly on the confederate. Casualties are given on the confederate side in different regiments at the battle of the Crater.



BUGLE ECHOES.

We love it, we love it. Its memories all.
No halt in our loving the Bugle Call.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

RIDGEVILLE FARM, DELAPLAINE, VA.,
Nov. 23d, 1892.

MY DEAR SANFORD:

Your last letter duly received, but for want of time I delayed the pleasant duty of writing, in fact, I have been so much from home that I have not kept up my correspondence. Shall keep a lookout for such articles as I can get for you. I inclose a confederate note for your eldest daughter. Tell her it is from a good looking old confederate. Have obtained a sabre that was captured from your command at Upperville. The history of its capture I am unable to give, except that it was taken from a dead Yankee on the field. I hope to be able to get many little things for you. It will be very difficult to get a confederate flag as those who have them hold them very dear. I will write to my son in Richmond, Va., to try to buy one, also a rebel cavalry jacket. I am sure you boys who smelt powder will appreciate the motives of us poor boys who look on these old flags under which we risked all that we then considered high and holy, as almost part of ourselves. Just think of it, wherever that emblem was unfurled, whether in the heat of the sun or sleet or rain or snow, whether with our little handful of boys to meet equal numbers or ten times our numbers, we were ever ready to uphold it, but alas, fate was against it, and we furled those little flags forever. They

are still very precious to the men who furled and still hold them. Unfortunately for us who followed those flags, you fellows had so reduced us financially that the old rags of gray we wore during the struggle we had to continue to wear until most of them were beyond use. But I am going to try and get one of those confederate cavalry jackets for this Yankee brother of mine. In regard to getting souvenirs of the war, I must say that most all the things our boys had, were furnished by the Northern Army and we captured them from you. Our entire brigade of cavalry, Fitz Lee's, was armed at the outset with double barrel shot guns which we loaded with a ramrod. All the sabres we had during the second and third years of the war were U. S., some of which your command furnished us, for which if not too late, let this Johnny thank you. Now bear in mind I do not thank you for the hard fighting that you fellows did, for my blood runs cold when I think of it now. I learned of a sabre in possession of a family near Middleburg that was taken from the body of an officer who fell just north of the pike near the school house in the edge of the town of Middleburg about the twentieth of June, by a boy of ten years of age. It is a very fine blade engraved nearly the entire length. The belt is gone and there is no name or mark of any kind on it. Should you be

able to find out to whom it belonged I could obtain it for a small sum. I entered the army in April, 1861. We were first at Bull Run and supported our infantry as best we could, and we were the first to cross the stream. I captured the first Yankee overcoat, also the first Yankee sabre, and that night I was selected to carry a report of the battle to Pres. Davis at Richmond, Va. Sanford, it will be pleasant to talk over old times when I visit you in May. I look forward to that time with much pleasure. When you visit me in '94 we will give you an old fashioned Virginia reception. Remember that the latch string always hangs out at the home of W. A. Rucker for his Northern friends.

Write soon, from your friend,
W. A. RUCKER.

READFIELD, March 17th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir—I owe you an apology for delay in acknowledging receipt of First Maine BUGLE addressed to my late husband, Hezekiah O. Nickerson. I am interested in the BUGLE because everything concerning my husband is of interest to me. I am saddened with the thought that he cannot read its pages and enjoy its contents. My husband, after three years of feeble health, passed away September 17th, 1891. The date of our marriage was June 14th, 1864. My maiden name was Georgia C. Packard; my home Kent's Hill, Readfield, Me. Four children have been born to us, three of whom are now living on the old home farm with me. Their names are Annie B., born April 8th, 1865; Arthur S., b. Sept. 27th, 1866; Walter A., b. Dec. 23d, 1869; James Owen, b. Feb. 9th, 1878, died in infancy. Enclosed please find \$3.75 for which I desire the *Scientific American* for one year addressed to Walter A. Nickerson, Readfield, and the BUGLE to my address.

Hoping you may be prospered in your efforts to preserve the records of the First Maine, I am
Sincerely yours,

GEORGIA C. NICKERSON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March, 27th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear Sir and Comrade:—Inclosed you will please find one dollar which please place to my credit for First Maine BUGLE. The compiling and publishing of the BUGLE is a wonderful piece of work for a regimental association, it indicates the same grit shown by your regiment from 1861 to 1865. Am pleased to know that you have among your subscribers a large number of comrades who served in our division.

Fraternally yours,
W. A. COLLINSWGD,
4th, Pa. Cav.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 21, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My dear Sir:—I have your favor of thirteenth inst. together with copies of the BUGLE, for all of which please accept my cordial thanks. I would like to become a member on the basis you suggest and will in a day or two send you a photograph as requested. Any surplus in the remittance please apply on subscription to the BUGLE. You should be most royally supported for the efficient work you have done, and are peculiarly capable of doing, in preserving the memory of the grandest regiment that ever "drawed" a sabre. I hope you will be able to secure the Fir t Call and keep me regularly supplied hereafter as they come along. Keep me advised of any indebtedness which may arise hereafter, from time to time I will most gladly remit. I remember you so well at Capitol Hill, that dreary, cheerless place, and later up the Shenandoah. Do you know what ever became of Dr. Haley?

With kind regards, yours very truly,
FRANK S. DOUTY.

SUNNYBURN, YORK CO., Pa. Apr. 17, 1893
J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade:—I received a pamphlet commending the history of your regiment, which has a very good war record and beats any that I have seen yet. I remember well the the eighteenth of August 1864 when your regiment marched past the twenty-first, dismounted on the Weldon Railroad and went in on our left. It was a hot day. I would like to ask about two of your men, one, Frank Ingram, lost a leg on the Weldon Railroad on the eighteenth of August, 1864; and the other, Nelson A. Dodge, was a sergeant and wounded on the twenty-first of October, 1864, Boydton Road fight. He was hrought back the next day to the yellow house by one of my company. His leg was broken by a ball. I was sent in November to the hospital at City Point, Va., and got acquainted with those men, if they are living now I desire to write to them. Yours in F.C. & L.

H. T. BURNS,
Co. A 21st, Pa. Cav.

The following letter, directed to David H. Strother, Capt. U. S. Army, attached to Gen. Banks staff, was given to Capt. Cilley to deliver to the person addressed, well-known to the literary public as "Porte Crayon." Capt. Cilley's wound at Middletown and his enforced absence from the field thereby, prevented him from delivering the letter. He found it a short time ago among his papers. Strother being dead he concluded to open the letter, and now gives it to the readers of the BUGLE for its historical value and slight indication of the hopes of the Union people in the state of Virginia at its date.

BERKELEY SPRINGS, Va.,
9th May, 1862.

DEAR DAVE:

This will be presented by Capt. Cilley, Company B, First Maine Cavalry, his

company being stationed here nearly two weeks, we have seen much of him and become quite attached to him, we regret his departure. I wrote to you last week by mail and again on Wednesday by Tom Trittapoe. If Pierpont is in Richmond before the day of the election we will have a strong vote. Many have fixed in their own minds that event to decide their position. If there could be a full vote under the reorganized government it would be equivalent to a repeal of the secession ordinance and a restoration of the state to the Union. We have been informed that some soldiers who had been encamped in the field next to Norborne had been allowed to cook in the kitchen, but it having become an intolerable nuisance the family withdrew the privilege, at which the men became angry and stoned the house, breaking the windows. The information did not come from the family. Miss Delaplain brings the news.

Yours truly,
JAMES L. RANDOLPH.

WAHPETON, N. D., June 12th, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Comrade:—I ought long ago to have acknowledged the receipt of the BUGLE which you have so kindly sent me for several years and which I have read with much pleasure. Enclosed find \$1, toward what I owe you, will remit when I can. Poor health has deterred me from foraging amid the fields of wealth; and to educate my three motherless children I have to read (not sound) the BUGLE and charge the wolf as we charged the Johnnies long ago. I have not met a comrade for twelve years and the BUGLE and memories of the past are the only ties not severed by the sword of time.

Yours in F. C. & L.

H. B. SLEEPER.

FORT MCPHERSON, GA.,

June 22nd, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—I inclose one dollar for subscription. That story of Llewellyn Green's, p. 73 et seq. Campaign 111, Call 2, reminds me that in 1863-65 we were a little shy of a man who said he had never played poker, because we had had experience with that sort of fellows before; the experience being about all we had when we quit playing. Comrade Green starts out by saying that he is no hand at telling a story and then proceeds to tell the most straightforward, bit from the shoulder, unpretentious, modest, unvarnished and therefore most striking one that I have listened to or read for many a day. The capture, standing in the water, the Johnnies going through him for his hat and boots; the trip across the field beside the bony horse, with "not meat enough on him to rot his hide;" "the cold breath of that revolver in his ear;" the captain (evidently a Home Guard fellow) that cussed him; how the guard drew the prisoners' rations, are all blended in a way to make a picture in the memory that cannot fade. Look out for Comrade Llewellyn, if he says he can't play, you just get on your horse and go back to camp and send your money straight home. Don't tell him I said this; he may be a preacher now, but I doubt it.

Yours truly,

FRANK W. HESS,
Major 3rd Pa. Cav.

15 Park St., BELFAST, Me., June 25, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—We have received the copy of the History all right and we thank you a thousand times for your kindness in making it up to three dollars. George is delighted with it, he has laughed more since he has been reading it, than he has for the last six months, for it brings everything back so plainly to his mind.

I tell him I think it will keep him from having the blues so much now. I think it is very interesting myself. George is about the same as when I wrote before. He has not had the chills so often lately. We also received the other day a magazine from you; we thank you very much for it, it is very interesting and you were very kind to send it. A short time ago George and I were speaking of you and wishing we had one of your pictures. Well, we found it in the History; George was so pleased. I wish George could have had the money to spare to have his picture in the History, but he could not. George sends kind regards to you, the same from myself.

MRS. GEORGE W. EATON.

26 H St., N. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 26th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

My Dear Sir:—I have just completed the last of the manuscript for my book, entitled, "Gettysburg," which gives a full history of both armies from June 2nd, 1863 to the 4th, of July 1863. Through the politeness of Gen. E. W. Whittaker, a personal friend of my own, I was shown your BUGLE Call. My attention was called by the General to a letter of Maj. John H. Kemper of the 10th, N. Y. Cav. Vols. relating to the "Hot Bed" at Upperville June 21, 1863. I must admit I was never more surprised in my life than I was to peruse the statement Major Kemper makes as to the cavalry charge of the detachment of the 10th, N. Y. at Upperville. In justice to the cavalry arm of the service, I shall ever be willing to do credit to the knights of the saddle; but I shall picture the facts as taken from official records, which are authentic, and then let the "Stretcher" of truth peruse the facts—and say no more. On the 21st, of June, Gen. Alfred Pleasanton with 14000 cavalry with three batteries of light artillery met Job Stuart

at Upperville, where a general engagement took place and where four brigades of Cav. were closely engaged, the 3rd, brigade 2nd, division participated, also part of the 1st, brigade 2nd, Div. The 3rd brigade consisted of the 1st Me. Cav. Vols., 10th N. Y., 4th Pa. and 16th Pa. Vols. The 1st, brigade of 3rd Div. consisting of the fifth N. Y., eighteenth Pa. 1st, Vermont and 1st. West Virginia Cav. also took a most prominent part in this battle and with all the severe fighting that was done for two hours there was not an officer killed on the Union side. There were twelve enlisted men killed, thirteen officers wounded, one hundred and seventeen enlisted men wounded, one officer missing and sixty men missing—total two hundred and nine—all including the twelve killed. I am a New Yorker and was in the Ira Harris Guards, but I say without fear or favor, likes or prejudices, that the 1st, Maine Cavalry was the best regiment of "mounted devils on horse back" that served in the war of the Rebellion, and next this noble command let me meritize a list of warriors worthy of my pen. 1st, West Va. Cav., 5th, N. Y. Cav. (Ira Harris) 1st, Vermont, 2nd, N. Y. Harris Light, 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th, Mich. Cav. 6th, N. Y. 4th, Pa. and 1st, Ind. The 18th, Pa. Cav. of our brigade (1st, brigade 2nd, Div.) was never known to charge up a precipice or ride their horses up the sides of trees; but they were one of the four links of our brigade chain

JULIUS D. RHODES.

Late Capt. Co. D. 4th, U. S. Cav.

Capt. Rhodes is the sole Pension attorney in Washington who has been awarded a Medal of Honor by act of Congress.—Ed

WEST PARIS, Me.. June 29th, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir:—The April BUGLE was gladly received. I love to read it; every

word uttered in its pages by or about the boys is interesting to me. I have been able to meet them but a few times and shall probably never see them again until the roll is called by the Great I Am. I have been unable to do any work or follow my trade since 1884. Since that time I have not earned enough to support my family. Was stricken with partial paralysis on the 24th, of Feb. and it is now only a question of weeks with me.

Respectfully,

G. W. BRYANT.

Hist. p. 632.

RONO, Perry Co., Ind., July 5, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—I have received three numbers of the BUGLE and answer to the Roll Call. I am not in good health and not financially in condition to make a remittance for your valuable paper sent to me, so kindly accept thanks for favors past. I hope the BUGLE may long survive. I was shot at Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863, and my horse was shot at the same time in three different places. I have had five different horses shot while I was on them. I was shot through the right leg and went on crutches five months, causing varicose veins to appear on the left leg. I then laid crutches aside and went back to the front again but now must wear an elastic stocking to keep the veins from bursting. My horse was shot at Hanover, Pa., on June 30, 1863. I got another and he was shot three times on the third of July in the charge on the stone fence where Farnsworth was killed. I also had horses shot in the Valley at Wytheville, and at Lynchburg; I was with Gen. Crook in Fisher's Hill fight where we jumped the breastworks and took three guns and everything they had. We also charged the breastworks at Winchester on Sept. 19th, 1864, with Gen. Averell I have been in fights in all the Gaps in Blue

Ridge, Paris, Snickers, Ashby's, Brown's, Thoroughfare Gap, Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville, Manassas, Blue Run, Brentsville, Salein, Rapidan, Kelly's Ford, Falmouth, Front Royal, Rood's Hill, Newmarket, Mt. Jackson, Culpepper, Slaughter Mountain, Gordonsville, Dumfries, Chambersburg, Pa., Luray, Harrisonburg, Liberty, Port Republic, etc. I was in three fights at Winchester and was driven over the Potomac at Williamsport by Fitz Hugh Lee and flanked while on picket at Falling Waters and ran for it. I swam the Potomac with twenty men and got over safely. Always in the front, you bet! I have been in seventy-five battles and skirmishes. I was with a dozen generals: Was with Shields and promoted in the first fight at Winchester, March 23, 1862. With Stahl, Windham, Custer, Pleasanton, Powell, Torbet, Averell, Buford, Bayard, Kilpatrick, Farnsworth, Sheridan, Heintzleman and others.

Your friend and comrade,

ARTHUR S. PALMER,

Late Lieut. 1st Va. Vol. Cav. 61-65.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade:—Four of the First Maine BUGLES trumpeted into my hands last evening and you can rest assured they were cordially appreciated. I have suspended all business in my office to peruse the writings of those dear knights of the saddle. If there is any one thing I like and one a little better than another, it is to hear from those modern Murats of the War of the Rebellion who knew what it was to devour "sow be ly," mule meat with the hair on, gutta percha pork and hard tack that would test their dental formations; such comrades hold a dear nook in my American chest that nothing but time can ever obliterate from that sacred chamber of "bosom and memory" and as I yearly advance on the roadway of life the fond

memories of that excitable past reflect back dark shadows, as well as golden tinted sunbeams of unspeakable joy. I have just returned from the historic field of Gettysburg, where it was my pleasure to extend the warm hand of comradeship to those old veterans who under the cloud of battle shared with me the joys of victory and felt also sympathetic condolence over reverses. The meeting was unspeakably grand, and the day was one to ever be remembered by the "dough boys," and "chicken thieves" as we cavalrymen were termed, but oh! how cruelly false was the title. Who ever knew of a cavalryman stealing? Echo answers from the shady vales of the sunny South—no one! No infantryman was ever near enough to our cavalry to know what we did for had there been, eponyms of praise would have been louder than thunder in our honor. They only saw us when we were returning from our victories, which was miles in the infantry's advance, and when they would see a whole ham dangling by the side of the saddle, or a secession rooster tied on the pommel of our raw hide chair, they innocently supposed the fight was over a smoke house or hen roost. The poor infantry, plodding along like Jew peddlers, with their packs, (knapsack) weighted down with sixty rounds of moulded death, an old gun and haversack that was as empty as a Free Will Baptist contribution box. Who could blame them for feeling antagonistic to the "mounted death" on horseback? I for one, sympathize with the poor dear boys and say from the depths of my heart—God bless them. They did well, while we need no one to say what the cavalry performed, because the records of the war depict our glory with captured artillery and battle flags. Three cheers for the infantry, and two tigers for the cavalry.

JULIUS D. RHODES,

Co. F 5th, N. Y. Cav.

The following letter from Gen. Smith in explanation of his article in April Call and concerning Lieut. Libby's "Cavalry Reminiscences" in same Call will be found interesting.

1728 Q St., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 11th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

The April BUGLE is just received. I did not intend to imply that there were mounted men in front of the dismounted men at Appomattox. The dismounted men protected their own front; the men with horses protected their own front and outer flank. If the New York Rifles were not where I have always thought and said they were, I hope someone will discover where they were and make their position plain. It would not disturb me much to discover that I am mistaken.

Yours truly,

C. H. SMITH.

1728 Q St., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 11th, 1893.

MY DEAR LIBBY,

I have just read with pleasure your "Cavalry Reminiscences" in the April BUGLE. If you had referred to my account of our famous night's ride in the History, beginning at page one hundred ninety-three, I think you would have avoided a few errors. We started from Sulphur Springs; Amisville is nearly six miles westward, some three miles beyond Jefferson. Thornton's Gap cuts the mountain at Sperryville, some four miles beyond Little Washington; the regiment went to the latter place, a detachment went on to Sperryville. When cut off by Hill's corps near Amisville on our return we acted with deliberation. I deployed two companies before I ordered the retreat. During the retreat to Gaine's cross roads Boothby was at the head of the column and in command there. I do not think he took any gait faster than a walk for any considerable

distance. He certainly did not gallop the column four or five miles. I withdrew the two deployed companies and followed at a walk and captured two prisoners who followed us in our retreat. At Gaine's cross roads I again waited for the column to pass and until the pickets were called in. Boothby continued at the head of the column with the little colored guide. I was unable to pass the column in the woods until it had passed beyond the knowledge of the guide when it had to halt. After that I rode at the head of the column. A small advance guard preceded the column. You write, the colonel kept this guide with him and directed the movements of the column from the rear, the meaning is not clear. When we encountered the Twelfth Virginia while I was instructing a volunteer how to ride into camp and ascertain which command it was, Thaxter with his usual directness rode into camp himself. I had no intention of charging through. My policy was to avoid the enemy and get out, not to engage him. There was no retreat at that time. There was no "Fours right about," except for the advance guard, which returned to the main column. The head of the column simply turned to the left through a gap in the fence. At Centreville I learned that our division was at Fairfax Station and started to go there when I met Gen. Warren who was returning from Meade's headquarters. He informed me that Meade authorized him to take charge of any cavalry that he could find, and send it to the front to find the enemy. We had been resting substantially for twenty-four hours, I do not think any objection was raised to our going. That evening we marched to Fairfax Station, not to Fairfax Court House. The former is four miles southeast from the latter. Papers like yours do a world of good. They serve to correct erroneous impressions. I hope you will give us through the

BUGLE the benefit of others. I am writing this in haste and confusion. Hope to hear from you. Yours sincerely,
C. H. SMITH.

BOSTON, Mass., July 17th, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Your interesting letter came to me just as I was about departing for the Dirigo State to take a much needed rest of four weeks, the longest that I have had at one time in twenty-eight years—at the beautiful village of Skowhegan, where I tarried with my brother-in-law, George D. Safford, who is an honorary member of the Skowhegan Branch Association at that town. He takes as much interest in our grand old regiment as does any Vet. of the First Maine. He is a veteran of the Eleventh and Twenty-ninth Maine, and a "jolly good fellow is he." I thought to have replied to you while at Skowhegan, but the fact is I was so busy taking a rest that I had not time or inclination to do anything else, as I devoted myself most earnestly to that purpose! Several comrades of the regiment are living there. I had the pleasure of meeting many of them, among whom was jovial George Goodwin, and Charlie Smith. Like the most of us they are all busy with the activities of life. I return full of the "Pine tree" air, and of love for my native State. As the aborigines said, it did me "heap good." I have to confess that the article was written before the history was published. The "Reminiscences" had been previously printed in the *Boston Journal*, which brought up the question of guides. Two comrades asserted that we had only one guide, and that one was a white man. I sent to you all the clippings from the *Journal* and your reply settled the question of guides, which proved that I was correct in my statement, and also brought out the further fact that we had three guides during the night. The BUGLE

article was a more elaborate statement of the *Journal's* story. My attention was not called to any errors at that time. It is not at all probable that we galloped the entire distance; we trotted part of the way. When we encountered A. P. Hill's corps at Amisville we changed direction by "Fours right about" which brought the left of the regiment to the front of the column, and Company C being the rear company when right in front was now at the head of column. I was with the advance guard and the colored guide was at my side until he left us. Lieut. Col. Boothby was in command and rode at the head of the column. I do not now recall how many men I had with the advance, but I remember during the march that Maj. Thaxter came up and ordered two men further to the front, which was done. As we were approaching that part of the country with which our little guide was not familiar he said he knew a white man who would guide us. It was reported to Lieut. Col. Boothby, who thereupon ordered me to take a few men and go ahead with the guide, which I did. We found the house, which, standing some distance from the road, I placed a guard at the road-side with instructions to have the regiment halt should it come up while at the house. I returned with the guide to see the rear of the column passing on. I pressed forward to the head of the column, which soon halted, and the man was turned over to you. Was that the "portly" guide we had? My impression was that you found he was not of any use to us. That was the last I know of guides on this memorable night. Up to this time the guide was at my side with the advance. Thereafter the instructions came from the rear, presumably from the head of the column. After our little guide left us I recollect that we started in a wrong direction and word came to the advance to go another way. It was said

at the time that had we kept on we would have encountered a brigade of the enemy's cavalry. When we halted in the vicinity of Warrenton the regiment was still left in front. When the discovery of Major Thaxter was made known the command "Fours right about" was given and the column was again right in front, and C was in its proper position in the rear company again. We trotted back a short distance and then to the right into the field and thence onward. I remember that there were some conjectures among us as to the probability of the Johnnies charging down some of the roads we had to cross. Of the statement that you demurred at the request of General Warren I have no personal knowledge. I recall that some officer made the remark at the time. I find that I have made several errors in regard to localities. You are correct. I thank you for calling my attention to them. It is important in these matters that the details be made correct. We were too busy at the time to make any note of them. Many of the events made a vivid impression; others are but a faint memory. Many years have passed since those brave days, and in writing of them in these latter years it is not unusual that errors are made. In compliance with instructions from Massachusetts Headquarters, G. A. R., I was detailed with other comrades to other schools by the commander of our post, U.S. Grant Post 4, of Melrose, to address the school children in the Mary A. Livermore school, on the experience of some comrade. The exercises were very interesting, consisting of patriotic recitations and singing. When I arose to speak what a joyous clapping of hands. I thanked them for their cordial greetings to the Grand Army of the Republic, which I had the honor and pleasure to represent. I then told them about the cavalry service, what it was, and its beauties, and with a map

pointed out the movements of the army which led up to the adventure we had on the memorable night spoken of. I then said that my colonel had written a very interesting account of the night's adventures, which I would read, as it was much better than I could tell it. I thereupon read your narrative as related in the History, and it goes without saying they were very much interested in it. These exercises occurred the day before Memorial Day. I am, dear general,
Sincerely yours,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

PETERSBURG, VA., July 28th, 1893.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir—I owe you many apologies, which I now make, for my delay in replying to your letter of the twenty-ninth of April, suggesting an exchange of "War Talks of Confederate Veterans" with your publication, a number or two of which you sent me and which I read with very much interest. I will take very much pleasure in making the exchange for our camp library. There are many old confederates, especially cavalymen, in our camp who will be, like myself, interested in reading the accounts given by the federal veterans. If you were to make up the party of old federal soldiers and come down to Petersburg, get horses and ride through Dinwiddie over the old battlefields I am satisfied that you would receive a hearty welcome. Without exception, according to my experience and observation during the now nearly thirty years that have elapsed since the close of the late war, whenever ex-federal and ex-confederate soldiers who saw active service in the field meet, their interviews have been pleasant. There were many such agreeable meetings in this city and in Richmond last September when a large number of members of the Grand Army of the Republic visited these cities. Yours, very respectfully,
GEO. S. BERNARD.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Aug. 21st. 1893.

COMRADE

J. P. CILLEY:—I am sorry it happens so that I shall not be able to be present at the reunion, but as one of the boys of '61 of Co. "I". I fail to pen my feelings in regard to it and if I am permitted by the Lord's help to see another year, I shall do my best to attend. I find the BUGLE growing in interest and enjoy it hugely. I will remit my subscription next month and wish to have my picture in the same. Wishing you and the rest of the old boys of the old First Maine Cavalry a pleasant and happy time With God's help and blessing I remain yours

In F. C. and L.,

C. B. TABOR.

WINN, Aug. 27th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—I have just received a BUGLE. I thought I was out in the cold as I had not received one since last fall, but I thank the Lord, and the giver of this most pleasant gift. I wish that I was able to give a thousand to my regiment; it would go there as freely as water, but I have not a dollar to my name. I thought I would write a word to the boys about the Thanksgiving dinner we had in Philadelphia, or had it to get. We started from Bangor for the front and stopped at the place mentioned. There we were used well and had a good time. We had the fun of hearing a black man play the Yankee Jew's Harp with a mouth that God gave him. Those few days were days of pleasure to me and, I think, to all who were present in the barracks. But the dinner the citizens got up! It was not a small affair, but bounteous and large. We were as jolly as jolly could be, but our joy of anticipation did not last long, for at ten o'clock in the morning orders came to march. We got ready and marched to the boat and crossed the river and ate

our Thanksgiving dinner in the cars. It was not the spread dinner but Uncle Sam's rations, and miles and miles behind us was a Christmas banquet. We went on to Warrenton. I said then, God bless the people of Philadelphia, and I say it now. If I could have the wish of my heart I would wish that all of the First Maine Cavalry that are now living might meet in that generous and noble city of brotherly love.

Yours in F., C. and L.,

ORRIN F. LEWIS.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.,

Sept. 13th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade—I remember the First Maine Cavalry as one of the bravest and most efficient of cavalry organizations, and regard the BUGLE as a most admirable exponent of our three great tenets, as well as that which stirs the heart of every man who ever bestrode a horse and swung a sabre, but I am so deeply occupied with the problem of how to live upon fourteen dollars per month, with a useless right arm (witness my penmanship) and a broken constitution that I really cannot see my way to spare the funds. My own old cavalry regiment, (no braver ever existed), has a history of its one hundred and seventy-two actions which I have had to forego for the same cause. I think you will see the force of my reasons. Yours heartily,

R. W. EDWARDS,

5th N. Y. Cav.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 14th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Sir and Comrade—I received two copies of the First Maine BUGLE from you, April and July numbers, the first I have ever seen. The BUGLE makes very interesting reading for all First Maine Cavalry boys. General, I am poor; I am living in Milwaukee on my pension, but I can

afford to take the BUGLE. Inclosed please find one dollar for the BUGLE from April last. If I can ever afford it I will send for a First Maine Cavalry badge.

I remain, very respectfully,
REDMOND O'CONNELL.

AUBURN, Me., Oct. 6th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir—I have the extra issue of the First Maine BUGLE. I had heard something of the action of the association in relation to the matter, and am pleased to learn that the BUGLE will continue to blow. I feel that under your efficient management this publication is of personal interest to every ex-soldier as well as a contribution of permanent value to the history of the late war. If I understand the cabalistic signs upon the fourth page of this issue, I am somewhat your debtor, and I herewith hand you check for two dollars in payment of what I owe and for another year. Wishing you and the BUGLE the most abundant success, I am

Yours very truly,
MILTON F. RICKER.

Hist. p. 633.

70 Winter St., PORTLAND,
Oct. 5th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL,

Extra of September, 1893, Call 4, Campaign III., is received. I believe I did not send you anything for last BUGLE, and one before last, for the reason that I was away both times and did not have time to even look at them. I am very sorry I could not get to the reunion. My time is not my own and it came when I was very busy. My will was good enough. I heard from the boys as regards finances. I am in favor of keeping the BUGLE going. Let her blow. I'll pay for one blast at least. Inclosed please find five dollars. Yours very respectfully,

JAMES H. MERRILL.

Hist. p. 536.

GARLAND, Me., Oct. 5th, 1893.

COMRADE CILLEY,

I have always wished to meet with the regiment at the reunions but have never been able to on account of my health being too poor. I remember all the comrades as I was a member of Company A, First Maine, for four long years, and would like to see them all.

Respectfully yours,
C. D. FURBUSH.

BROOKSVILLE, Me., Oct. 5th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—The First Maine BUGLE Extra just received. The twenty-five cents that I owe on the BUGLE please find inclosed. I am not prepared to send in the dollar for it just now, but for each copy as I receive them I will remit the twenty-five cents.

Yours in F., C. and L.,
A. P. FRIEND.

Hist. p. 612.

If the other comrades who find it difficult to send one dollar would adopt the above plan and send twenty-five cents as they receive each Call, they would find no financial difficulty in paying for the BUGLE.—J. P. C.

NEWPORT, Me., Oct. 6th, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL AND COMRADE,

Your circular came to hand yesterday and I hasten to answer it lest I should let it slip my mind. I send you postal note for fifty cents which will carry me up to the next year. Then I will take the BUGLE and will pay one year in advance just the same as I do all my other papers. I do not wonder in the least that you do sometimes get discouraged knowing as we both do that it is negligence on the part of the comrades. We do not consider that these bills for the BUGLE have to be paid just the same as others. I hope in the future you will not have any occasion to prompt me to a

known duty. I want the BUGLE sent right along and will try to do my duty. Hoping this will find you well,

I remain your comrade,

O. M. HARRINGTON.

Hist. p. 401.

M. S. Lake, captain Fourteenth Wisconsin, Trinidad, Colo., writes: "On our march to the sea with Sherman seven of us were sent to Millen Prison. We found, abandoned in one of the mud huts built by the prisoners to protect them from sun and rain, the body of A. A. Russell, First Maine Cavalry, so decomposed that we could not move him. We got his letters out of his pocket, and on our return to the army we handed them to the adjutant general, who said he would return them to the writer with the above statement. I would like to hear from some of Russell's friends."

There was an Alvarado Russell (Hist., p. 626), but the above must refer to George A. Russell of Company E, (Hist., p. 530) who is reported as prisoner June 24th, 1864, at St. Mary's Church, and died in prison at Andersonville September 12th, 1864—grave number 8557.—ED.

A SUGGESTION BY EDWARD P. MERRILL.

History records show that every war, like that of 1861, no matter which party succeeded, within thirty years there after, the opposite party came into power, has been followed by a second war more fierce and bloody than the first. With this fact in mind the ex-soldier, lame and old, ahead of his time, with his pension cut off, will watch with interest the present rapid moving of events. After the victors have slept quietly at Gettysburg thirty years, they are forced to move to make room for a railroad! Abraham Lincoln sealed his devotion with his blood, Grover Cleveland secured a pauper out of the poor house and sent him as a substitute. Each act was a measure of the man. Life has its compensations, as we grow old present memory and eyesight become dull but the events of long ago loom up clear and distinct; as age comes, we may be indifferent about today, may forget the house we live in, but the BUGLE Call will make Antietam, Spottsylvania and Appomattox real while mind lasts.



GENEALOGICAL.

"There is no honor in rank or title or official station, no pride of family or of wealth, like the honor and pride which belong to the survivors of that great struggle which preserved constitutional liberty on the face of the earth."

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; d., died; dau., daughter; disch., discharged; en., enlisted; Hist. history; m. married; p., page; res., resided.

GEORGE W. BRYANT,

Born in the town of Greenwood near the shore of Bryant's Pond, Me. on Aug. 17, 1840. Son of Samuel and Rebecca (Stevens) Bryant. My father died in 1881, aged eighty-one years. My mother is still living. At the age of sixteen I became a laborer on the engineer department of the A. & St. L. Railroad. In the spring of 1863, I became foreman of work in the same department of said road, the name having been changed to the G. T. R. I continued at this work until Feb. 1864, at which time I enlisted as commissary sergeant of Co. G First District Columbia Cavalry. In August of this year, (this regiment having been nearly destroyed), I was transferred with others to the grand old First Maine Cavalry and placed in Co. L., as a surplus non-commissioned officer and was one, among others of this character to apply for a muster out. From some cause never made plain to me we were held and I tried as best I could to do the duties assigned me, in fact, was, I believe in every move the regiment made from that time until mustered out on Aug. 1, 1865, I desire to say here that I was used with all the respect and courtesy necessary to make membership in that company pleasant by all its subordinate officers and men whose promotion would have been sure had it not been for myself and

others. On returning home, was again offered work by the G. T. R. Co. and although broken in health was continued in its service as long as I was able to care for and arrange the work for my men viz Oct. 1884. Was married April 29, 1866, to Mary Ellen, daughter of Moses and Lucy (Swift) Houghton. Our only child, Nina B. was born on Feb. 18, 1872. I was raised to the S. D. of M. M. in Jefferson Lodge, No. 100 at Bryant's Pond, Me. in March, 1862, and passed under the Living Arch in Oxford Royal Arch Chapter No. 29, at Bethel, Me. in Aug. 1869. Received the Scarlet Degree in O. F. in Mount Mica Lodge No. 17 at South Paris, Me. in 1877. One brother was in the Tenth Maine Infantry, one in the Twelfth Maine. I believe in the Christian religion and am a Methodist. Was appointed postmaster in this village in April, 1889, with my daughter as assistant, and was superceeded in April 1893.

ALBERT P. FRIEND.

Albert P. Friend, (Hist. p. 567); b. Aug. 5, 1840, at Bluehill, Me. m. July 4, 1863, Hannah E. Roberts, who was b. July 4, 1844, at Brooksville, Me.

CHILDREN.

Abbie E., b. July 4, 1864; d. Oct. 19, 1864.

Addie L., b. Oct. 28, 1876; d. May 10, 1885.

Nellie M., b. Sept. 10, 1869.

Erna H., b. June 7, 1870; d. Aug. 10, 1872.

Gertie B., b. Oct. 31, 1886; d. Mar. 29, 1887.

Occ. farming; Republican; res. Brooksville, Me.; en. Feb. 16, 1864, in Co. G, First Maine Cavalry; was taken prisoner at Boydton Road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864, and was confined in Libby Prison four months, contracted a disease while prisoner of war for which he is now receiving a pension. He is now a member of the James A. Garfield Post, No. 46, Blue Hill, Me. His grandfather, John Friend, was b. Dec. 5, 1773; d. 1847; his wife, Abigail, b. Aug. 30, 1778.

CHILDREN.

Elisha C., b. June 9, 1799.

John, b. Sept. 20, 1800.

Lurena, b. Sept. 17, 1802.

Robert, b. Sept. 13, 1804.

Moses, b. May 15, 1805.

Abigail, b. Oct. 13, 1807.

Phoebe, b. Feb. 13, 1811.

Hannah, b. April 12, 1813.

Eunice, b. Oct. 15, 1815.

William, b. Sept. 12, 1818.

James, b. Feb. 1, 1821.

Of this family four are now living. His father, Elisha C. Friend, b. June 9, 1799; d. Mar. 1868. He m. Rebekah Eaton of Tremont, Me. She was b. 1800; d. Sept., 1883. Their family numbered thirteen children; four are now

living: Albert P. and Wilbert P. (twins), Louisa A., Annie L. Wilbert served three years and eight months in the late war as a member of the Fourth Maine Battery. Two children were drowned at sea, one died in California and one in Arkansas.

DANIEL JACKSON.

Daniel Jackson, b. Mar. 11, 1814; m. Lucy E. Poole, b. Nov. 14, 1814; d. Nov., 1865.

CHILDREN.

Albert F. Jackson, (Hist. p. 652), b. June 23, 1837.

Laura A., b. Nov. 28, 1840; d. Sept., 1865.

Geo. F., b. Aug. 20, 1843; en. Dec., 1863, Co. E, 1st Me. H. A.

Albert F. m. Ann M. Elliot, Dec. 13, 1857.

Res. Monson; occ. merchant; Republican; Freewill Baptist.

CHILDREN.

Walter C., b. Sept. 3, 1858.

Lelia E., b. Oct. 22, 1860, d. May 18, 1879.

Carrie L., b. Aug. 22, 1862; d. Oct. 6, 1865.

Amy F., b. Mar. 19, 1864.

Carroll L., b. Apr. 13, 1867.

Walter C. Jackson m. Grace C. Harlow June 5, 1882.

CHILDREN.

Earl H. Jackson, b. Nov. 5, 1884.

Cecil E., b. Jan. 16, 1888.

TAPS.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Alonzo J. Bagley

Died in Islesboro, May 4th, 1893. He formerly belonged in Belfast; was a member of Company B and among those transferred to the navy in the spring of 1864; prior to his enlistment in the cavalry he had served in the infantry.

Lieut. Henry S. McIntire

Died in Peru, February 7, 1893, of heart failure. He had been a sufferer from kidney trouble for many years, although able to go about and care for the sick, in which capacity he will be much missed. The funeral services were under the charge of the Grand Army. Rev. A. C. Abbott preached the sermon from John III., 14. Mr. McIntire was quartermaster sergeant of Company G. He enlisted October 4, 1861; was acting first sergeant summer of '62; commissioned Sup. second lieutenant September 1, 1862, and mustered out February 1, 1863, by the order rescinding the recognition of that grade. He was for several years one of the selectmen of Peru, and at one time represented his district in the Legislature. He leaves a wife, five sons and one daughter to mourn his loss.

James Alvin Rice.

By his remarkable coolness and intrepidity while in the cavalry service, this soldier won from his comrades the title of "the bravest boy in the company."

Indeed at times he was so unconscious of danger that his conduct seemed reckless. He was of slender form; five feet, four inches tall; of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes. His birth occurred at Natick, December 26th, 1841. His first enlistment was in the Eleventh Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry in Company K, May 8th, 1861. Weakened by sickness soon after his regiment began its field-service at Washington, he found himself unable to fulfill his duties as a private with comfort or satisfaction; and when ordered forward to meet the enemy at Manassas he became entirely prostrated, and was left behind. Medical care did not seem to recruit his energies and he applied for a discharge. In this he was seconded by his brother in the same company and by his captain, but without avail. His brother writes, "James is not stout enough to bear the hard service of a soldier, and I think his only chance for life is a discharge." Under repeated disappointments and continued ill health, he took the unsoldierlike course of helping himself by abruptly leaving the army in August, 1861. In this he was successful. This act, however, so far as all the facts go to show, was not done under the influence of any unworthy motives. On arriving home, he told his friends that he must join the army again as soon as he was able, and this promise he fulfilled in

October following by enlisting in the first cavalry regiment of Maine. Even while unfit for service he loved to sing out in clear tones the soldier's well-worn ditty:

"A soldier, a soldier, I'm longing to be;
The name and the life of a soldier for me!"

And several of his letters came home bearing the couplet as his chosen motto. The cavalry service, with its dashing encounters, its thrilling incidents of scouting and hairbreadth escapes was well adapted to his enthusiastic temperament. He was ever ready and even eager to go on a scout, and was always found among the very foremost when intrepidity was required. It is to be regretted that, while he wrote often to his friends at home, he never describes events in their details, and so his narrative must be meagre and dry where it should be filled with intense interest. Yet his jaunty expressions seem to delineate forcibly his own heroic spirit, while they mark with graphic brevity the scenes in which he bore a part. To say, for instance, of the second Bull Run battle that "We had a good smart fight, and I am all right," conveys a most emphatic idea of this youthful cavalier. So also of the engagement at Cedar Mountain, August 9th, 1862, (the first at which he was present) "It was a good fight and I had my horse shot under me." He was at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam; also at Brandy Station, Va., June 9th, 1863; at Fredericksburg under Burnside; and at Gettysburg—concerning which none of his letters are now found to speak. On the second of May, 1863, while on a scouting party near Louisa Court House, he, with fourteen others, was taken prisoner, and held at Richmond for several weeks, when he was paroled and came to Alexandria. He tersely sums up his treatment while in rebel hands by writing, "They stripped me of everything, and tried to starve me." While on parol he

obtained a furlough and came home. During this visit he was arrested as a deserter from the Eleventh Infantry Regiment. After a few days of confinement in the county jail and at Fort Independence, he was carried South in handcuffs, having twice attempted escape. He desperately resolved and declared that he would never be returned to that regiment, and when in the vicinity of Washington he gave a stunning blow to his guard and made good his escape, and found his way to his cavalry comrades, who gave him protection until his exchange as a prisoner, which occurred soon after. He was exchanged October 11th, 1863. October thirty-first he writes, "We had a hard fight at Freeman's Ford and came near losing our whole regiment. December 7—We fought two hours and gave them the worst of it. I believe I am the luckiest man that ever lived. May 15, '64, near Harrison's Landing—We have been on the move ever since the second, and a number of fights have been the consequence, but I have had my old luck. Five of my companions were killed at my side. I almost believe that a bullet can't hit me. Yesterday, about three miles from Richmond we had a good fight that lasted six hours. We got the advantage and took two pieces of artillery and two hundred prisoners. June 3—We go scouting every day. My company with two others, went towards Culpepper yesterday, and saw about sixty rebels, and then we turned and ran for camp, disgracing the whole army. August 20—A fight is coming soon. I trust in the One that has safely carried me through all the battles. August 22—We have had two good fights north of the James. I am the luckiest man living. I go where others don't care to go, yet I have never been hit; but I have had another horse shot under me." After the Weldon Railroad fight, where he was greatly exposed and several of his

near comrades fell, he again speaks of his fortunate escape from personal harm. On a raid to Richmond at an earlier date, March 1st, 1864, he writes of one of his hardest-fought battles, "The cavalry went in dismounted to charge a rebel battery, whose well-directed fire of grape and canister compelled a retreat, which the rebels followed up, capturing many of the men and horses." At a skirmish near Rappahannock Station the rebels were driven, and in following them up our cavalry boy gave chase to two of them and having the better horse soon came within a short distance, when he ordered them to halt and surrender, at the same time giving them a threatening flourish with his revolver, which was innocent of powder or ball, he having previously discharged all its contents in the fray. Seeing his resolute attitude they concluded to yield to him a conqueror; and under fear of his harmless pistol, backed by his daring determination, he brought them triumphantly to camp. By a letter dated August 29th, 1864, (but with no mention of locality, as was the case with many of his letters,) it appears that, his regiment having come up with a body of rebel infantry, and his colonel wishing to ascertain their number and position, he volunteered his services as a spy. He writes, "After I had taken off my boots and stockings and all my military gear except my revolver, I contrived, by creeping on my hands and knees for about one hundred rods, to pass their pickets unperceived, and having secured the needful information, I came back the same way. I knew that the chances were I should be shot, but I would not have it said that Rice was less fearless than any of his comrades. I mean when I leave the army to leave a good name behind me, or not leave it alive." But the fates were not always to protect him from harm. In the engagement which ensued he was wounded twice; a pistol-shot making a

hole through his thigh, and a musket-ball passing through the calf of his leg, and killing his third horse. He was carried to the hospital, but he could not bear to be away from his company. The wounds that others would call severe and gladly make the reasons for absence from service he regarded as too slight to detain him in a hospital. He writes, "My captain came to see me and I told him I could ride very well and I wanted to go back with him; and after he had seen the doctors he took me back with him to the regiment." The next severe engagement at which he was present was at the Boynton Plank Road, October 27th, 1864, and this was his last. He received a wound from a minie ball that passed completely through the lower part of his chest from side to side, which proved to be fatal. His last communication to his friends at home was dated at Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C., and was written by the hand of an amanuensis. It says, "I am wounded as you know by a minie-ball that came very near taking my life, and it is not impossible that it may be the means of my death yet, but I hope to live to see you again. Give my love to mother and tell her I shall write as soon as I am able." He lingered in much pain until November twenty-third when death came to his relief. In closing this sketch it is proper to say that though in some respects his impetuous temperament made him appear externally uninviting to refined characters, yet there is reason for believing that at heart there was more real goodness than was possessed by some others of smoother accomplishments. He entertained no malice—not even towards his enemies. "If I am ever killed in battle," says he in a letter, "don't lay it to the rebel soldiers, but to those who caused the war." It cannot be reasonably believed that anyone, after considering the service he rendered with such

ardent enthusiasm while a cavalryman, will he willing to speak, except in the mildest terms, of his indiscretion in deserting his post in the Eleventh Regiment of Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers.

Rev. Preston B. Wing

Died in Hopkinton, Mass., April twenty-third, aged fifty-six years, from angina pectoris. He was born in Mt. Vernon, Me., June 16th, 1837, the son of Greenleaf and Roxana R. (Gibson) Wing. He received his education in Levant High School, Hampden Academy, East Maine Conference Seminary, and Maine Wesleyan Seminary. He enlisted in Company A, First Maine Cavalry, in 1861, but on account of ill health was

discharged in 1862. In Bangor from 1863 to 1865 he was clerk in the Internal Revenue Department and Provost Marshal's office; at Wilmington, N. C., from 1866 to 1869, deputy collector and assistant assessor in the Internal Revenue service. In 1870 he was in business at Auburn, Me., giving some attention to reporting on an editorial staff. He was led to prepare for the ministry and graduated from the Bangor Seminary in 1879. He supplied at Winterport and Minot Centre; went to Freeport May 26th, 1879, was ordained pastor June 28th, 1880; dismissed October 1st, 1886, and installed as pastor at Hopkinton, Mass., December 1st, 1886. He married Miss Aurilla B. Hunt of Auburn, Me., who survives him.—*Belfast Journal*, May 11, 1893.

CONTENTS OF CAMPAIGN III.

	Call.	Page.
AFTER APPOMATTOX, No. VI.—THE YANKEE REBEL, MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.	I.	66-69
APPOMATTOX, INCIDENTS OF - - - - - GEN. CHARLES H. SMITH.	II.	41-45
APPOMATTOX, RECOLLECTIONS OF - - - - - J. L. PRAY.	III.	19-24
ASSEMBLY, THE - - - - - Notes, The Roll Call, Capt. John H. Harmony, Sons of the First of Maine, Subscriptions, Genealogical, Maps.	I.	93-96
ASSEMBLY, THE - - - - - Notes, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Androscoggin Association, Skowhegan Branch Association, The Massachusetts Branch, Teaching History with the Stars and Stripes, Comrades Filling Positions of Honor and Trust, Tribute to a Comrade.	II.	60-66
ASSEMBLY, THE - - - - - Notes, Bunkey, Somerset Branch, Comrades Holding Positions of Trust, Union Veterans' Union, Marriage Bells.	III.	80-87
ASSEMBLY, THE - - - - - Notes, Outside the Fort, Boston Branch, Massachusetts, Asleep, How to be Alive, Branch Associations, Reunion of Co. I, The Nebraska Reunion, Marriage Bells, Caleb N. Lang, Kilpatrick's Cavalry Association, Confederate Veterans.	IV.	72-80
BATTLE SCENE REMAINS, THE—Poem, - - - - - GEORGE S. BERRY.	III.	54
BICYCLE RIDE, A TWENTY-EIGHT HUNDRED MILE JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.	II.	33-41
BUGLE ECHOES, - - - - - Daniel J. Meeds, Mrs. Florence M. Chadbourne, H. S. Cole, Mrs. Harriet Munson, Perley Lowe, Wm. G. Hills, Nelson S. Forsyth, A. B. Lawrence, Francis Haviland, A. L. Knauff, John Hannan, Artemus Coombs, Thomas B. Pulsifer, Wm. Trimble, F. C. Needham, Edwin C. Burleigh, Geo. F. Bliss, A. P. Friend, Lieut. Howard Aston, Jos. Grasille, Thos. H. Flint, Mrs. P. P. Spratt, Orren M. Harrington, James Hayes, C. H. Smith.	I.	97-104
BUGLE ECHOES, - - - - - William P. Coleman, William Trimble, Reuel W. Porter, E. M. Tuton, Elisha DeW. Harris, James B. Peakes, W. E. Bailey, C. A. Wentworth, James L. Bowen, John H. Kemper, Frank W. Hess, Mary A. Coffin, Cyrus Case, Llewellyn Green, Charles F. Davis, Monroe Daggett, Henry G. Bartlett, W. Murray Weidman, M. O. White, L. A. Albee, D. W. Davis, C. A. Stevens, Charles Trichel, George F. Jewett, E. G. Ingalls, James H. Merritt, Alfred Pierce, I. Newton Ritner, F. S. Dickinson, A. P. Friend, C. E. Thurston, John C. Lineham, S. A. Fuller, George F. McDonald, Christiana Hutchinson, Batiste LeSault, W. A. Vinal, Alvin Hunter, J. K. Lowden, Alonzo Annis.	II.	67-85

BUGLE ECHOES,	III.	88-98
<p>J. E. Crawford, Elisha Vose, Francis Haviland, Thomas J. Sanford, Wm. M. Davis, John S. Sewall, A. W. Stiles, A. W. Fenton, George F. Emery, R. R. Bangs, F. J. Savage, F. E. Saunders, W. F. Bickford, Frederick S. Dawes, Mrs. George W. Eaton, A. K. Snell, E. W. Whitaker, E. W. Whitaker, (Edward,) Charles W. Skillings, J. W. Harriman, W. F. Bickford, J. F. Duncan, E. W. Schulte, M. T. V. Bowman, Albert F. Jackson, Charles B. Kenney, D. D. Stewart.</p>		
BUGLE ECHOES,	IV.	81-92
<p>William A. Rucker, Georgia C. Nickerson, W. A. Collinswood, Frank S. Douty, H. T. Burns, James L. Randolph, H. B. Sleeper, Frank W. Hess, Mrs. George W. Eaton, Julius D. Rhodes, G. W. Bryant, Arthur S. Palmer, Julius D. Rhodes, C. H. Smith, C. H. Smith, Horatio S. Libby, Geo. S. Barnard, C. B. Tabor, Orrin F. Lewis, R. W. Edward, Redmond O'Connell, Milton F. Ricker, C. D. Furbush, A. P. Friend, James H. Merrill, O. M. Harrington, Edward P. Merrill.</p>		
CAVALRY SOCIETY, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, Constitution, By-Laws, Officers for 1893-4, Proceedings of Annual Meeting, Boston, June 27 and 28, 1893, Banner and Bugle, Captured, Petite Banquet, Carriage Drive, Boston Hospitality, Three Generations, New Victory to Win, Next Meeting, Badge List of Members, Deceased Members.	III.	63-79
CAVALRY SERVICE, INCIDENTS OF C. W. WILES.	II.	48-50
CONFEDERATES, PEN PICTURES OF PROMINENT ALBERT E. SHOLES.	I.	69-73
COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE (Illustrated) LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	I.	44-64
COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	II.	20-32
COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	III.	32-45
COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE (Illustrated) LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.	IV.	24-45
DISMOUNTED CAMP, DETAILED FROM LIEUT. SAMUEL C. SMITH.	III.	24-26
FIRST CAVALRY BATTLE AT KELLY'S FORD, VA., THE MAJOR FRANK W. HESS.	III.	3-16
FIRST CAVALRY BATTLE AT KELLY'S FORD, VA., THE MAJOR FRANK W. HESS.	IV.	8-22
FIRST MAINE, WITH THE RILEY L. JONES.	IV.	46-50
GENEALOGICAL,	II.	86-93
<p>Job C. Adams, Artemus Coombs, George E. Closson, John Henry Dolben, William H. Daniels, Howard M. Doyen, Charles F. Davis, William H. Farnum, Albert R. Fogg, George D. Frost, Samuel A. Fuller, Simon Garvin, Elijah Gay, Abner Grant, Alvin Hunter, Charles L. Marston, Benjamin F. McKusick, Daniel J. Meeds, Nathaniel L. Owen, Henry L. Patch, Edward E. Proctor, Albert A. Robinson, Gardiner A. Savage, Gardiner Stewart, William A. Vinal, Edmund W. Whitney.</p>		

GENEALOGICAL,	IV.	93-94
Geo. W. Bryant, Albert P. Friend, Daniel Jackson.		
GETTING THE WEATHER GAGE OF THE MARINES, .	III.	55-62
HENRY F. BARTLETT.		
GOING DOWN THE HILL, Poem,	I.	65-66
CHARLES C. HASSLER.		
JOHN P. KELLY, Poem,	IV.	22-23
REV. FREDERIC DENISON.		
KILLED BY THE COMMITTEE,	II.	50-51
KNOX COUNTY BRANCH ASSOCIATION,	II.	54-59
Banquet, Speeches and Stories, Address by Gen. Cilley, Stories by Sergt. Melville B. Cook, Official Order of Gen. Meade, Poem by Miss Anna E. Coughlin.		
LEROY H. TOBIE'S MILITARY CAREER,	IV.	51-61
LITTLE WASHINGTON RECONNOISSANCE,	III.	46
ROSCOE R. BANGS.		
MY MULE,	III.	17-18
CHAPLAIN SAMUEL A. FULLER.		
OLD CAMP GROUND, THE, Poem,	III.	30-31
C. C. HASSLER.		
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LAST SPEECH,	II.	51-54
CHARLES D. JONES.		
PRESTON'S HISTORY, A TRIBUTE TO	II.	46-48
GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY.		
PRISON LIFE AND ESCAPE,	II.	3-11
CAPT. ANDREW M. BENSON.		
PRISONER OF WAR, MY EXPERIENCE AS	III.	26-30
MARCELLUS M. PARKER.		
PRISONER OF WAR, MY EXPERIENCE AS	IV.	3-7
MARCELLUS M. PARKER.		
REMINISCENCE, A CAVALRY	II.	13-18
LIEUT. HORATIO C. LIBBY.		
REUNION, TWENTY-SECOND, AT PORTLAND,	IV.	62-71
ROLL CALL,	I.	3-43
SUNSHINE AND SHADES OF ARMY LIFE,	III.	47-53
CHARLES. W. SKILLINGS.		
TAPS,	II.	94-97
Gen. John W. Freese, Capt. Warren Mansur, Edmund W. Whitney.		
TAPS,	IV.	95-98
Alonzo J. Bagley, Lieut. Henry S. McIntire, James Alvin Rice, Rev. Preston B. Wing.		
TWENTY-FIRST OF MAY, Song,	II.	11-13
CAPT. T. D. BLACK.		
UP SHENANDOAH VALLEY AND ON TO APPOMATTOX,	I.	74-92
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.		
WHEN HE WAS A SOLDIER BOY, Poem,	II.	19
MARY STEWART.		

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